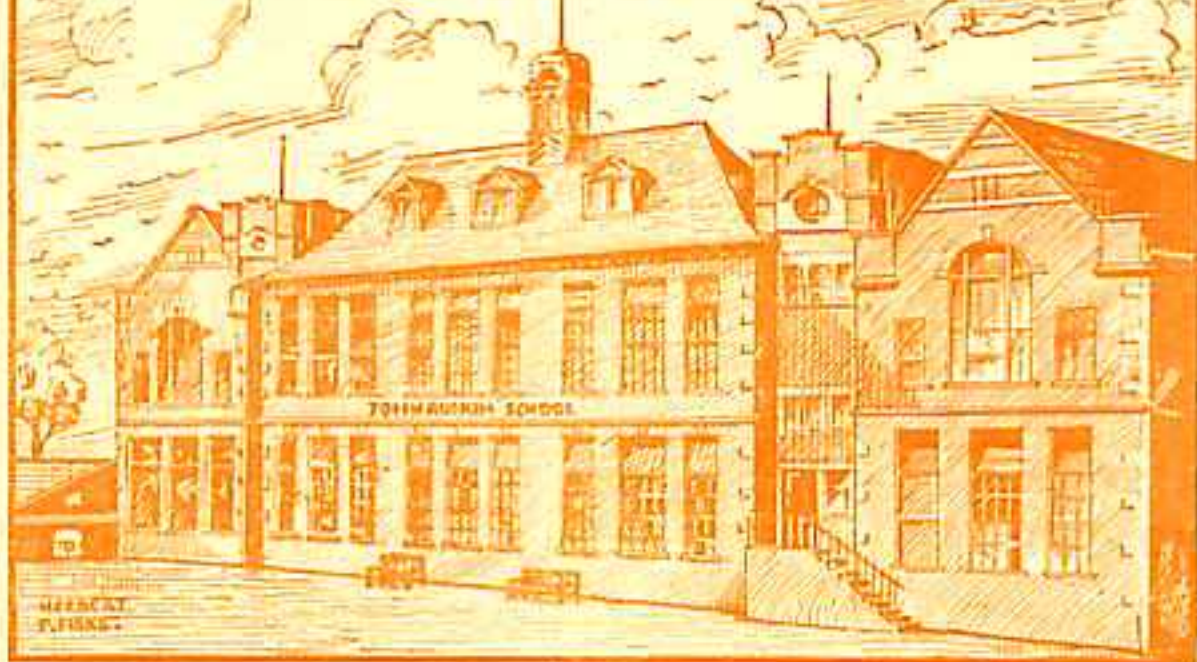


THE
JOHN RUSKIN
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



April



1938

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The John Ruskin School Magazine

APRIL, 1938.

EDITORIAL

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. William Field, M.A., first Headmaster of the John Ruskin School.

Those of us who worked with him will always remember how he lived for his School, devoting to it all his time and energy. He constantly had the best interest of the boys at heart, and it is in large measure due to his efforts that many past pupils now occupy high positions in the business and professional worlds.

Mr. Field maintained the dignity of work and of learning, insisted on the closest application, and earned the gratitude of the hundreds of boys who passed through his hands.

Fitting tribute was paid to him in the local Press and a fine appreciation on behalf of the Old Boys' Association was also printed.

The Committee of the Old Boys' Association is considering in what form a worthy memorial to Mr. Field may be established.

We congratulate R. T. Hall on his success in the December School Certificate examination, A. Goddard, G. Harmer and E. Sutton, who passed the R.A.F. Apprentices' examination, and John L. Barker, who left School quite recently, on his success in the Civil Service examination for Clerical Classes.

* * * * *

To P. Wadey we offer heartiest congratulations on winning first prize in the Essay Competition on the "unknown little boy" who walked so far and talked so entertainingly with Mr. Wilson Midgley on his way to our Prize Distribution, and of whom we then heard so faithful an account. Wadey chose three books—"How and Why for Scouts," "The A.B.C. of Chemistry," by Crowther, and "The A.B.C. of Atoms," by Bertrand Russell. Actually Mr. Wilson Midgley, to whom we were already so greatly indebted, proved better than his word, giving additional prizes to R. G. Crawley and E. E. Juniper, whose work interested him.

* * * * *

The School, continuing its policy of acquiring modern aids to teaching, now possesses a first-rate epidiascope, which is proving invaluable for illustrating lessons.

* * * * *

Mr. Smoothey's demonstration of the delights of the puppet theatre has aroused great enthusiasm among the Third Forms. Puppets are being fashioned, plays written, and the stage is ready. "Oliver Twist" is being presented first. An ingenious system of lighting will cast a romantic glow over the scene, and we owe to Mr. Cutler, to whom we give our warmest thanks, the battery which he has made specially to provide the current for the lighting set.

A prize is offered for the best model in any way connected with puppetry made by a Third Form boy from the suggestions given in Mr. Smoothey's article in this number on the "Model Theatre." Further information about this competition can be obtained from Mr. Smoothey.

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We regret that through unavoidable delay our special article by a distinguished contributor does not appear in this number.

* * * * *

The Annual Sports will take place on the School's Playing Field at Waddon, on Wednesday, 1st June.

A NOTE TO THE BOYS

By THE HEADMASTER.

I read recently in the newspaper that when the Judge on Circuit leaves Newcastle for Carlisle, the Sheriff gives him a guinea as "dagger money." There was a time when raiding Scots would lightly carry off a judge and hold him to ransom; so the Sheriff escorted him with a retinue of two hundred armed men. The Sheriff to-day is spared that expense, but still the old custom is held in golden recognition.

Then, as so often happens, I came immediately upon a similar paragraph, this time in Trevelyan's *Grey of Fallodon*, and again it takes us to the Border. When Sir Edward succeeded to the Fallodon estate in 1882 it was burdened with a payment of half-a-crown a year to the owner of Dunstanburgh Castle for the privilege of driving the Fallodon cattle into the castle enclosure in time of Scottish invasion.

A wild place once, that Border! For three centuries the scene of bitter warfare, of raid and reprisal, from the day when Edward I. on his way to the conquest of Scotland caused the streets of Berwick to run with blood, to the day when the sixth James of Scotland became the first of England, and the long feud was stayed.

Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide,
The blazing bale fires burn no more;
No more the steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.

It was from this Border region and probably from those troubled years that the haunting ballads came which some of us have been reading. We have them in a book, but formerly they lived only in the memories of the people.

Thus the old tales have reached us, wandering
down,
The tales belov'd in many an ancient town:
Told to the children, who their children told,
Long, long before our printed books were sold.

Times changed, letters spread, and the ballads began to lapse from remembrance. Luckily men like Ritson and Walter Scott were not too late to salvage some of them.

Who first made them we do not know—"the song is saved, the bard is lost." There is great debate among scholars as to their origin and authorship, but that need not concern us now.

One of the finest of the ballads was strangely omitted from our collection—*The Rhyme of True Thomas*. You know the story: how Thomas of Ercildoun (and he was once a living man) met the Queen of fair Ellsland and was beguiled by her to the realm of Faerie.

You do not believe in fairies. You make that very plain to me. You have never seen them at the bottom of the garden nor dancing their ringlets in the Croydon parks—only in children's picture books and in the pantomime, all gauze and tinsel and with shiny stars in their hair.

But these are not the true fairies—the People of the Hills—who must never be confused with that "painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of impostors." These are not the fairies the Borderers knew—and feared. For they were to be feared, who could craze the brain and wither the heart; steal human children and leave wizened changelings in their place; and lure grown men and women from the land of the living. The last man upon the Border said certainly to have seen a fairy was a grandfather of Hogg, the poet and friend of Sir Walter Scott; but Mr. W. B. Yeats could find you eye-witnesses in Ireland even now.

Who were the fairies? Some say: pagan gods of the ancient world, especially the lesser and familiar spirits of house and wood and well—sylvans, lares and the rest—banished by Christianity, but for long lingering in the hearts of country folk to whom the new faith was strange or unknown; so they were denounced by the Church as demons, and in later days became the fairies.

Or an old tradition says that when rebel angels were cast out from heaven, some fell into the sea to become the merfolk, some into the abyss to become the demons, and some to earth, and these are the fairies.

In the gloss which Coleridge wrote for *The Ancient Mariner* is a curious passage which tells of "invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels . . . They are very numerous, and there is no climate

or element without one or more." These are the elementals—sylphs of the air, salamanders of the fire, gnomes of the earth, and undines of the water. One day you may read Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; he tells us that when a small boy, he saw a salamander in the heart of the fire. His father boxed his ears soundly that he should never forget that rarest sight. Benvenuto may not impress you as an altogether reliable witness, but I wonder what you would make of that strange elemental—we should call him a poltergeist to-day—who played such uncomfortable pranks with the famous Wesley family at Epworth Rectory. The children named him "Old Jeffery," as though to mask their uneasiness by familiarity. You would not doubt *their* evidence. Read about it in a biography of John Wesley. Poltergeists are not unknown to-day. Perhaps the fairies are these elementals.

There are other, and, maybe likelier, theories, but I will give only one more. When these islands were conquered by the Celts, the remnant of the little dark people whom they dispossessed took refuge in caves amongst the most inaccessible hills. The generations passed and still they lived hidden and secret, working what harm they could on the folk who had taken their heritage—stealing cattle or maiming them, and carrying off fair children. Belated travellers would tell fearfully of pattering feet and dim-seen, goblin forms about them in the darkness, and of strange fires in lonely places. Mr. Buchan has written an eerie tale round this idea; and it has some plausibility.

All proper boys love the ballads. Fourteen-year-old Walter Scott forgot his dinner one day, he was so wrapped up in a ballad book. Bevis, in Richard Jefferies' glorious tale, would recite *King Estmere* till "he forgot himself, for he could see 'the bold men in their deeds,' he could hear the harper and the minstrel's song, the sound of trumpet and the clash of steel." These stories, so swiftly, simply, magically told, stir our hearts, and that is why we read them.

But for a moment let us look at *True Thomas* for its fairy lore alone. The ballads often preserve for us beliefs and customs which come from the childhood of the world.

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales.

The harper in *Binnorie* takes three locks from a murdered maiden's hair to string the harp he has made from her breast bone. Suddenly the harp says (and it is the dead girl speaking) that she was drowned by her false and jealous sister. That is a brilliant stroke of the poet, but may not be his invention. It is an old, old belief that the human soul lives in the bone and hair. And so, in *True Thomas* and similar ballads, we find, not merely fancy about the fairies, but what once seemed certain fact.

There is a dark shadow on all fairy joy. Young Tam Lin says:

Pleasant is the fairy land
For those that in it dwell,
But ay at end of seven years
They pay a teind to hell;
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh
I'm feared 'twill be mysell.

He had been carried off as a boy to Elfland for the reason that True Thomas was taken, to be the teind—the tithe—the fee—paid to Satan, in place of a fairy. But Tam Lin was saved by his brave love who snatched him back on Hallowe'en (the one night of the year when rescue could be made) as he rode in the fairy troop.

About the deid hour o' the night
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

Thomas also was restored to earth because of the love the Queen of Elfland bore him. Doubtless he thought he had been but a few days in the Other World, for time is an illusion there, but it was seven years. He was not free from the spell, however. Seven years went by and then a hart and a hind appeared in the village street. "It is the sign," he said, and took again "the road that winds about the ferny brae" and was seen no more.

The other day I found Form VI. entranced by the wild and lovely music of the Tannhäuser overture. How strangely like was the fate of Tannhäuser to that of Thomas of Ercildoun. He also was bewitched by a lady, "beautiful exceedingly,"—Venus herself—and passed seven years in revelry in the heart of a Thuringian mountain. He too came back to earth and again returned to the faery land, east of the sun and west of the moon.

Elfyn-land lies under ground. It was within the Fairy Hill at Aberfoyle in 1692 that the Reverend Robert Kirk, M.A., dis-

appeared. Not all his learning nor his cloth availed him. Indeed, he knew too much of "kelpie, wraith, and ghaist, and fairy dame," as he showed when he wrote *The Secret Commonwealth*. Moreover, he was a seventh son. And when Thomas made his journey:

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs of that countrie.

Those streams are in full flood today.

The Queen who enchanted Thomas was of human stature as the fairies usually are; she was no atomy to creep into an acorn cup. Her skirt was of the grass-green silk; and the shoes Thomas was given were "of the velvet green." Celtic folk tales tell of green dogs, green men, green dwarfs, green ghosts. It is the favourite and fatal fairy colour.

Many are the ways in which the fairies can enthrall a mortal. He is theirs should he eat among them (and that reminds you of Persephone, in the Greek myth, who ate the pomegranate seeds). He must not speak on enchanted ground:

But Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elflin-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie.

(Falstaff knew that when he said: "They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die"). And he must not touch them. Thomas was daring indeed—he kissed the Queen. Yet he fared more fortunately than the knight you know of, who shut the "wild, wild eyes" of La Belle Dame, "with kisses four."

Thomas was called "True" only after the Queen had rewarded him with an apple from an Elfland tree; an embarrassing, unwelcome gift, for it gave him a tongue that could never lie, and, as he indignantly pointed out, unfitted him for polite society. But it made him an infallible prophet—he foretold the death of Alexander III. and the Battle of Bannockburn. One of his riddling rhymes that seemed long ago to have failed has been fulfilled in our own time. Now perhaps you will believe in the fairies.

When I began this note, I meant to develop a different theme. Somehow I have gone astray. That, too, is the work of the fairies.

MORNING.

I awoke;
I yawned; the yawn was snapped off short
As the edge of the mirror caught the dancing
ray of the sun which flitted into my room
And flashed and painted it with colours no
picture ever saw.

The dust drifted slowly through the shining
splinters of light, and by my drowsy
yawn, was stirred.

I watched its slow meandering there.

I got from my bed, pulled aside the curtains,
And was just in time to see a whistling milk-
man push the gate and leave the milk,
which in its turn also caught the sun.

But, too busy, the hurrying milkman never
saw

The light which gleamed on the knocker of
the door.

He pulled the reins, the horse responded
quickly,

And I listened to the quickening measured
clip of his hooves upon the cobbles.

The postman came.

One car

And then another

Until the quiet peace of that spring morning
was darkened by the smother
Of exhaust, of fumes of other man-made
things,

As though the Creator were pulling the
strings of a vast (but in His sight puny)
marionette show.

And the strings were the dancing, flashing
rays of light.

A. Woodroof (V.a).

A TRIOLET.

On my way to school,
(Though it wasn't my fault),
I slipped in a pool
On my way to school
And I looked such a fool
That I had to halt,
On my way to school;
(Though it wasn't my fault).

Donald F. Drake (V.a).



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BRANTWOOD AND CONISTON LAKE.

John Ruskin's home in the Lake District. His desk stood in the "oriel window" shown in the photograph.

LITTLE JOHN RUSKIN READS THE BIBLE.

I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music—yet in that familiarity revered, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my

reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs,—and none from any visitings or

excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound. . . .

But it is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise,—toil on both sides equal—by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn these paraphrases, and chapters (the eighth of 1st Kings being one—try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!) allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the “of” in the lines

“Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?”—

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents), on reciting it with an accented *of*. It was not, I say, till after three weeks’ labour, that my mother got the accent lightened on the “of” and laid on the “ashes,” to her mind. But had it taken three years she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it,—well, there’s no knowing what would have happened; but I’m very thankful she *did*.

I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible,—a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King’s Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32nd Deuteronomy, are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother’s list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me, for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:—

Exodus,	chapters	15th and 20th.
2 Samuel,	”	1st, from 17th verse to the end.
1 Kings,	”	8th.
Psalms,	”	23rd, 32nd, 90th, 91st, 103rd, 112th, 119th, 139th.
Proverbs,	”	2nd, 3rd, 8th, 12th.
Isaiah,	”	58th.
Matthew,	”	5th, 6th, 7th.
Acts,	”	26th.
1 Corinthians,	”	13th, 15th.
James,	”	4th.
Revelation,	”	5th, 6th.

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life,—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education.

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

LIKES.

I like the taste of strawberry-ice,
I like the taste of all things nice.
I like the sea with its salty taste,
I like potted anchovy paste.
I like the pictures on the walls,
I like the old oak-panelled halls.
I like the smell of musty books,
I like films of gangsters and crooks.
I like to bathe within the sea,
I like to play upon the lea.
I like to hear the thrushes’ song,
But I like best—the dinner gong.

C. Dart (IV.b).

THE CHILD.

I can see a little child sitting on the sands,
Building little castles with his chubby hands,
Bathing in the sunlight, happy little child,
Nothing here can frighten thee, nothing
great and wild,
Nothing here can harm thee, tiny little child.
Thou canst see no harm in thy tiny life,
No politics, no famine, pestilence, or strife,
Sitting in the sunlight, sitting on the sands,
Building little castles with thy chubby
hands,
Nothing here can hurt thee, nothing, little
child.

D. Helmore (VI.a).

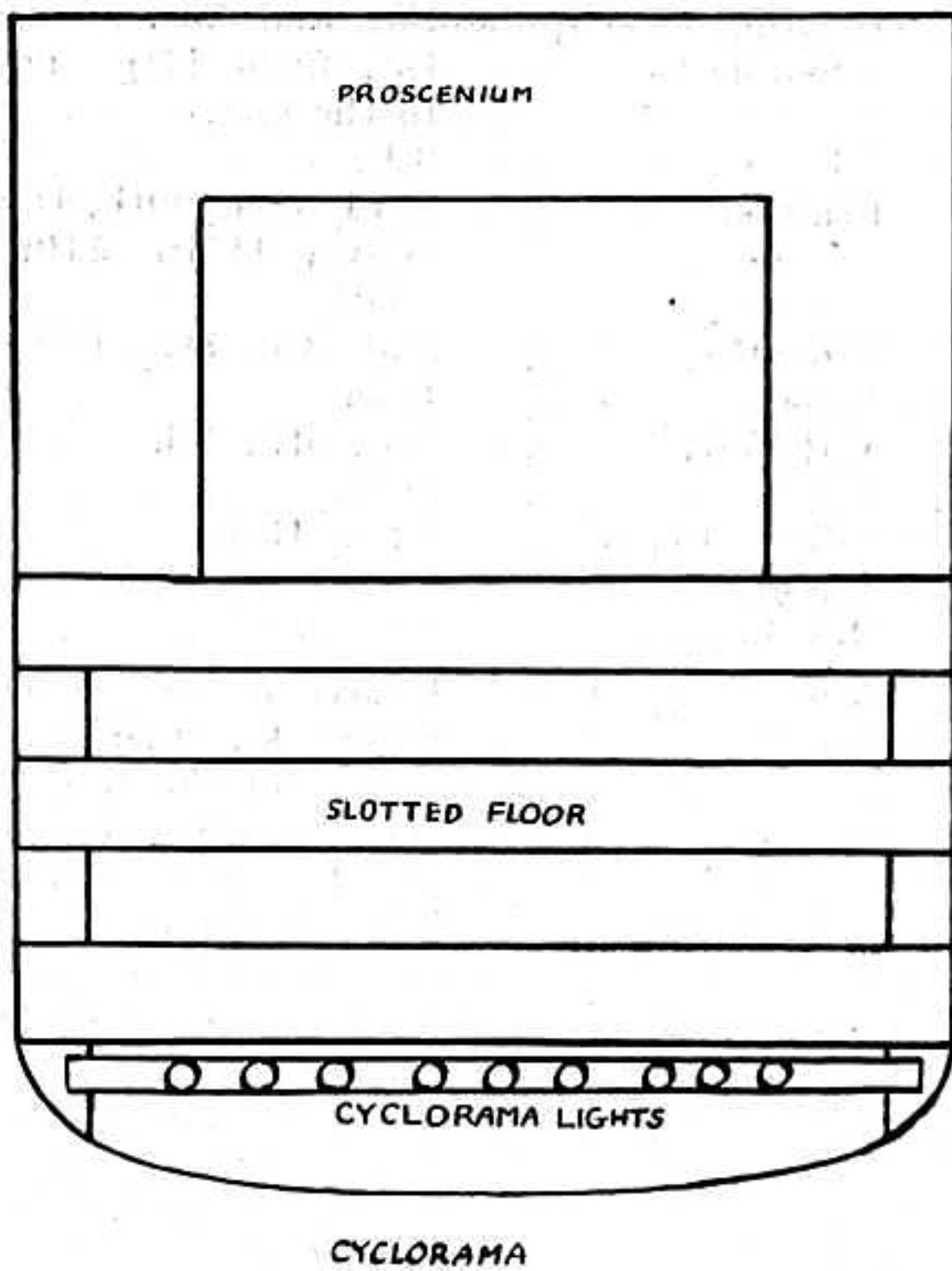


DIAGRAM OF PROSCENIUM ARCH AND STAGE FLOOR

VERTICAL SECTION OF PUPPET THEATRE.

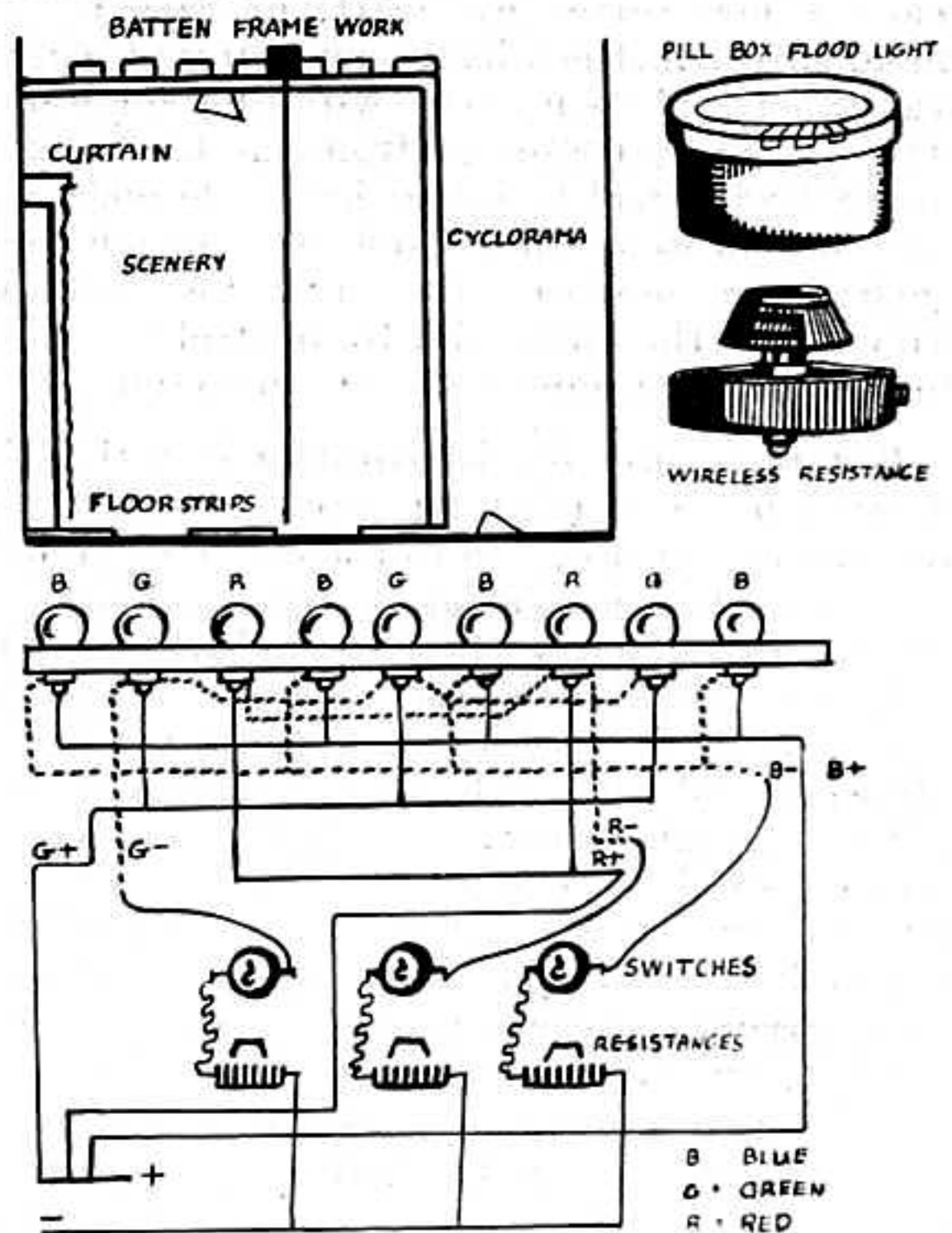


DIAGRAM OF CYCLORAMA CIRCUIT.

PUPPETRY

HOW TO MAKE GLOVE PUPPETS AND A SIMPLE GLOVE PUPPET STAGE.

By R. W. Smoothery.

The first thing one must think about when commencing puppetry is the stage, the equipment and construction of which will vary according to the type of puppets which are going to be made—glove or string puppets. A glove puppet stage is the more simple and will be dealt with in this article.

Limitations of materials and the size of puppets will govern the size of the stage, which may be made from cardboard or wood. The proscenium arch must be made first, and its height should be two thirds its width, thus, if it is two feet high it should be three feet wide. This part of the stage should if possible be cut out of a single sheet of cardboard or plywood, since this prevents the necessity of covering up joints to stop light showing through to the audience. The opening of the proscenium arch should be surrounded by a narrow strip of wood (see sketch) as this gives it a better appearance.

Now a framework must be made to form the base of the theatre, to which the proscenium and sides of the stage may be fixed. An old picture frame will do admirably for this purpose if a small theatre is being made. A frame work (as in sketch) should be made to carry battens from which one may suspend scenery, and to one of which will be attached overhead lights. The only other necessary fittings now are a pair of curtains at the front of the stage and one large curtain at the back of the stage. At the front draw or drop curtains may be employed. The former may be fixed on a railway system, lengths of which are easily obtained at any hardware store. Leaden weights should be inserted into a hem along the bottom of the curtains in order that they hang well and draw close together. A very simple type of curtain is the drop curtain, which should be made from material glued on in small folds

to a sheet of three-ply wood which slides up and down just behind the proscenium arch in two pieces of slotted wood fixed on either side of the stage. Two cords passed through holes in the upper edge of the sheet of ply and over small pulleys at the top of the arch to the back of the stage, will enable the curtain to be raised and lowered quite easily. Where this type of curtain is used it is necessary to have a high front to the proscenium arch to prevent the audience seeing its action. The back curtain may be fixed permanently. A small theatre of the type described may be made quite easily from a plywood tea chest or any large wooden or cardboard box, and with such a theatre glove puppets may be worked either from behind the back curtain or from below the stage. Extensions of the theatre may consist of a cyclorama and a slotted floor. The former is a curved piece of cardboard or ply painted a very pale blue, on to which various mixtures of coloured light may be thrown to obtain sunset, dawn, storm, night and mist effects, which greatly enhance the atmosphere of a production. The slotted floor (see sketch) limits movement to a certain extent, but makes the stage look more realistic, and enables some settings to be built up on the strips of wood instead of all being hung from battens, which gives one much more scope in the design of settings.

The stage constructed, a lighting system may be built up, for which one will need a fair number of torch bulbs, old switches, and wireless resistances, and an amount of flex. Old pill boxes about two inches in diameter make admirable flood lights—they should be glued to strips of wood and bulb holders screwed inside them, with the flex to the bulb holders passing out through the back of the strip of wood. The centres of the pill box lids should be cut out to leave about a quarter inch margin all the way round, and then circular pieces of various coloured gelatines (red, blue, green, amber, straw) should be placed on top of them and kept in place with adhesive tape (see sketch). They may then be placed on any particular pill boxes in the required strips of lights to obtain the desired colour effect. About nine pill box floods will be needed for the cyclorama, the same number for overhead lighting, and some may be fixed to the sides of the theatre to act as spot lights. Old wireless resistances (as in sketch) act

very well as dimmers, and enable one to control the amount of light on the stage and cyclorama, and to mix the various shades of colour in different proportions. On the cyclorama blue, red and green mediums should be thrown and these used in various proportions will enable one to produce the effects previously mentioned. A great deal of experiment is needed, of course, before correct proportions are obtained. Wiring of the lighting is quite a complicated matter, and should be worked out first on a piece of paper to make it easier. A simple diagram for the lighting circuit of the cyclorama is shown. The lighting of a puppet or model stage can afford endless hours of amusement and fun. But for those who are unable to fix up a miniature system an ordinary house bulb (60 watts) attached to an extension flex plugged into the main lighting circuit and fixed just above the theatre, will serve admirably the purpose of illuminating the stage for a puppet show.

Scenery may be made from ply wood, cardboard, and paper, and should as far as possible be kept in proportion to the puppets, and need not be elaborate to be effective. Match boxes, cigarette and chocolate boxes, are sometimes useful for making furniture, steps, pillars and walls, etc. If the stage is a bottomless one all scenery will have to be hung from cross battens, and should be made, as far as possible, from rigid material, to look effective, since if it is so made from paper or some similar substance, the slightest breeze caused through movement of the puppets or those working the puppets will cause it to sway, which might be quite effective in a ghost play, but certainly not in "Oliver Twist" or "Jason and the Golden Fleece." Painting the scenery can be quite interesting, and after a time one will learn the effect of the various coloured lights on colours used in the settings. Opaque colour should be used, and generally speaking high lights and shadows emphasised.

Before making the puppets themselves, the play to be produced must be decided upon. This may be completely original or adapted from a short story, and should not last more than about five or ten minutes when glove puppets are used, and should if possible be confined to one setting. Characters in an original play may be as weird and wonderful as one pleases; full vent may be given to the imagination, and the possi-

bilities of the supernatural and grotesque fully explored. In this respect the puppet theatre has fewer limitations than the real stage.

Now for the puppets themselves. Heads and hands should be made before the costumes. Balsa wood, plaster of paris, potter's clay, plasticine and glitter wax are some of the materials from which one may do this part of the work. Plasticine is perhaps the simplest medium, and the following method should be employed. Tubes of cardboard should be made, one to fit the thumb, one to fit the forefinger, and one to fit the little finger of each person working a puppet. A piece of plasticine should be pressed firmly round the end of each tube and modelled into a hand or a head as desired. Realism need not be a governing influence when making the heads, one must pick out the essential characteristics of the persons or animals the puppets are to play, and exaggerate them, and distort them if necessary, in order that the audience may fully realise who and what they represent. Hands should be fairly large in proportion to the heads, since a great deal of the expression of a play depends upon their motions and attitudes.

Small pieces of newspaper about half-an-inch square should be pasted all over the heads and hands when they have been com-

pletely modelled, until there is a layer at least one sixteenth of an inch thick all over them. This done they may be painted, plenty of white paint being mixed with the colour in order that the news-print may be completely covered. Crêpe hair, wool, string, tow, paper shavings and pieces of fur may be stuck on the heads for hair and will give additional charm to the puppets.

A sister comes into her own in this next stage of puppetry—the making of the costumes. Firstly, "sleeves" must be made, and to the arms and neck of these sleeves the hands and heads of the puppets must be sewn very firmly. The costumes may then be sewn on to these sleeves. With regard to trousers and the like they must be sewn flat on the outer surface of the sleeve facing the audience, and another pair sewn on the back, while other parts of the costumes may be sewn right round the sleeves.

The puppets made and the stage ready, practise in the manipulation of the puppets may be started. The head slides on the forefinger, one hand on the thumb, and one on the little finger. By bending the wrist and forearm in various directions, effective postures may be obtained, while quite a lot of movement is possible in the hands and head by moving the respective fingers.

At last, when all is ready, a performance of the play may be given to an audience.

Careers.

A STOCKBROKER'S CLERK.

By Gordon M. Hames.

In any discussion of a career in a Stockbroker's Office, one should first of all give the lie to a very popular fallacy. So many people have the impression that any connection with the Stock Exchange must of necessity mean very short hours and a fantastic salary. Although such pleasant conditions may be the lot of a lucky few, they do not apply to the hard-working majority.

Unlike the bank clerk or an insurance clerk, a worker on the Stock Exchange does not have fixed or reasonably regular hours; he must expect the length of his working day to vary with the activity of markets. If business is 'quiet' he does, admittedly, have a soft time, but in active or 'boom' times, he must be prepared to work to a very

late hour. There is, of course, the comforting fact that the Stock Exchange believes in long week-ends, and a five-day week is therefore the rule. In a similar way, a clerk's income varies with the prosperity or depression of the times. Most firms pay their staff on the 'bonus' system. A small fixed salary is paid, and this is augmented during busy and prosperous years by a proportion of the profits.

Another way in which Stock Exchange work differs from that of many professions is that there is no necessity to enter for a series of tedious examinations, with the attendant 'swotting,' to be sure of a measure of success. Most Stock Exchange knowledge can be gained merely by years of actual practice. As long as a boy has a good memory, is honest and adaptable, and remembers to put his firm's business first, he should make reasonable progress. I should also add that luck is another im-

portant factor in all aspects of Stock Exchange life.

When a boy first begins work in a broker's office, besides doing the routine work of a junior clerk, he must also help in the delivery of stock and the collection of cheques from other offices in the City. After some months of this work he will be appointed to one of the various departments of the office, such as: Clients' Ledgers, Transfer Department, Contracts, Statistical Department, or Jobbers' Ledgers, in any of which there is plenty to be learned. It is possible that an opportunity may soon arise to enter the 'House.'

The first step in this direction is to become a Settling Room Clerk or 'Red-button.' The duties consist of checking the previous day's bargains each morning in a large room underneath the Stock Exchange and once every fortnight to engage in the settlement of the account. Here one meets representatives of all Stock Exchange firms, and it certainly helps to strengthen the voice!

As to the 'House' proper, entry is first made as an Unauthorized Clerk or 'Blue-Button.' I should say that these coloured buttons are worn in the buttonhole of the left lapel as a form of pass. An Unauthorized Clerk is allowed entry of the Stock Exchange merely for the purpose of obtaining prices and for the general 'running' on his firm's behalf; he is not allowed to carry out actual transactions in stocks or shares. This work in the 'House' is very interesting, one meets with many different types of men, and there is no limit to the knowledge to be absorbed concerning markets and general Stock Exchange practice.

Provided that a 'Blue-button' shows that he is attuned to the work and given a fair amount of luck, Authorization to deal should follow after a period of a few years. An Authorized Clerk has most of the benefits of membership of the Stock Exchange, except that he is not permitted to set up and trade on his own account. When a clerk has served five years in the 'House,' he may put his name on a very lengthy waiting list for Membership without 'Nomination.' This means that when he reaches the top of the list he can become a member for about £600 instead of possibly £2,500.

Although, to my mind, the 'House' side of the work is the more interesting, from the financial point of view there are equally

good jobs to be had by sticking to the office side of the business. It is certainly less wearing to the feet!

Considering the subject of Stock Exchange careers in a general manner, one can say that if a boy decides to enter office life, that in a broker's affords as many opportunities as most, and is in all probability more interesting. As I have already indicated, income is rather apt to fluctuate to a degree, but there are usually as many 'fat' years as there are lean ones. If a clerk is fortunate enough to have a few rich friends or relatives who wish to invest in stocks or shares, he can make 'a little bit on the side,' as Stock Exchange firms return a goodly proportion of their commission to members of their staff who introduce business.

Stock Exchange work seems to have quite an attraction for John Ruskin boys as there are a large number employed in and around the 'House,' and I think most of them are quite content with their choice of career.

There is a very good Provident Society run for the benefit of Stock Exchange clerks, and boys leaving School desiring to enter a broker's office could not do better than get in touch with the Secretary of this concern.

MY FIRST LECTURE.

It was at our Annual General Meeting I decided to do it. I was sitting out in the front, with the rest of the Committee—note book and pencil in hand so that it looked as if I intended to do some work—and Mr. Pearman made an appeal for more lecturers, speakers, debaters.

I went home, got "Modern Chemistry" out from a pile of other books, and flipped over the pages, and thought "The story of Radium? The Elements? The Atom and Beyond?" The story of radium is a little advanced for the first lecture. The audience might not understand it. Who? The audience! Ah! that's a good one. The audience. Why, I didn't even have an inkling of it yet.

Now which shall it be? Atoms? or Elements? Ah, yes. Atoms. "The Atom and Beyond. Right!" I put the book down and went off to a Scouts' meeting.

Next day I went up to Mr. Pearman and told him that I was willing to give a lecture. He gave me a queer look as if he doubted my sanity a little, and "Yes, what on?"

“ THAT BOY ”

(One of the essays submitted in Mr. Wilson Midgley's competition).

“ The Atom and Beyond,” I replied, feeling nervous all over, and beginning to doubt my sanity myself.

“ That ought to be interesting. When will it be ready? ”

“ By next Thursday if you like, sir,” came the meek reply.

“ You're sure? ”

“ Yes, sir.” And the nervousness got distinctly more pronounced—to me, anyhow.

“ H'm. Will you require the lantern? ”

A short pause. Then “ No, sir.”

“ Just a plain lecture? ”

“ Yes, sir,” came the reply, by now faded almost to a whisper.

“ Oh, right. Thanks. I'll tell Norman about it.” With that he walked away along the hall with his books under his arm. Then I had the biggest fright of my life.

I had promised that within a week, within seven days, I would give a lecture on a subject that I knew absolutely nothing about. Mind you, I hadn't even glanced at the first paragraph in that chapter. And that chapter was my only source of information.

Well, all I could do was just read that chapter and hope for the—er—best. Oh! by the way: there is a saying that there is method in madness. This also applied here. You see, I simply wanted to read that chapter; in fact, I had tried, but I couldn't understand a single syllable of it.

Just wanting to understand anything doesn't help me in the least. I can read anything by wanting to, but that does not help me to understand it. So I had to find a good excuse for myself. The opportunity came, I took it, and there I was.

Most people pick out the best bit of wood, make it fire-proof, then make boats of it, put their boats in the water, and then pretend to burn them. But I had first of all burnt the wood, made a boat from the remains, waited for a nice strong storm, put the boat in, whereupon it got smashed to pieces; I then jumped in, picked out the smallest bit of ash I could find, and strange to relate, survived the storm. Now I am in the middle of another one.

P. Wadey (Vb).

There are two types of boy, the one who wishes only to leave school as soon as possible, and thus to forsake the finer things of life as quickly as he can, and the other who realizes the wisdom and delight of true learning. It is obvious that Mr. Midgley's companion belonged to the first class. He had no real liking for school, but, longing for the time when he could make a start in the business world, was resolved in the meantime to bear as patiently as possible the boring years which yet separated him from his desire.

His attitude towards prizes was indicative of his whole mental outlook. If he had gained one he would have been pleased, but as it was, having made scanty toil for which he had received little reward, he had antipathetically resolved to leave it at that. But that attitude is all wrong. Man never won anything by saying, “ Oh, I cannot do that; I am no good.” It is by dint of perseverance that the finer rewards of life are achieved.

Owing to his ineffectiveness in obtaining recognition of his scholastic toil, the boy slackened off in everything he did at school, and so in the course of time he came to hate both school itself and all that it strove to teach him. Accordingly, on reading Shakespeare and other great men for possibly the first time, he had been unable to understand, and thus unable to appreciate the excellence of the writings. True to his attitude, he had very unreasonably pronounced Shakespeare “ cissy ”, and strenuously refused henceforward even to consider his unfair decision. That his antagonism to the poet was unfounded was obvious, for even he had to admit that “ deboshed fish ” and the like do not seem to possess unmanly qualities; but like most ignorant people he was prejudiced, and refused even to consider fairly that which offended him before censuring it unconditionally.

Unfortunately, however, the “ child is father to the man,” and so any deep-rooted objections which he forms in early youth are hard to eradicate when he attains to maturity. That possibly is the reason for the relative unpopularity which Shakespeare and other poets of name, together with exponents of the other arts, enjoy to-day.

People never like what they cannot easily understand, but their lives are generally empty as a result of it. To take the case of literature again, roughly all that is written may divide into two parts—firstly that which will bear constant discussion and re-reading, say Hamlet, and secondly, that which is quite absorbing at the first reading, but after that leaves something to be desired. The newspaper may be taken as an example of the second case.

But, the staunch newspaper reader may argue, I get much information that is valuable from the newspaper; I receive an accurate knowledge (if I read the right newspaper) of what is happening to-day, which is more than I could ever obtain from Hamlet. Besides, some of the finest writers of to-day work on newspaper staffs, and they write so that they can be understood.

Well, quite possibly that is true. The newspaper does contain much that is worth reading, for undoubtedly there are experts at work in the production of the "Sun" or the "Moon" or any other daily paper. And it is also probably true that Hamlet does fall short in supplying modern news. But then surely that is not Shakespeare's fault. He wrote for his generation.

There is, however, a danger of accepting one's opinions ready-made. It is very true that the more that is put into a mind the greater the capacity of the intellect is increased, but it is just as true that a jug, when more is poured into it than it can hold, will overflow. A mind is not a jug, but it can be made very like one. If knowledge is constantly added to it, it will be found to have become elastic and will hold all that is required of it. If, on the other hand, the "muscles" are not used they will lose their expanding power and will never be able to do very much owing to disuse. Thus if one confines one's attention to, in effect, trivial things like newspapers only, then the desire for the greater things, which desire is, after all, innate in every one of us, will be left unsatisfied. But should one strive to dig beneath the surface of something that has withstood the storms of centuries and yet has emerged even greater than hitherto, then, and only then, will the true pleasures of life reveal themselves.

Many people dislike Shakespeare because they think his language is boring. Bernard Shaw was reported in one periodical to have

made the same remark, but a footnote at the end of the article proved rather illuminating. It said, "Shakespeare's writings have, for three centuries, drawn the tributes of really great men and will continue to do so for a thousand years after Shaw's have been forgotten." Shakespeare is not really regarded as boring, nor even as "cissy." The crux of the whole matter is that the unenlightened individual refuses to say honestly that he cannot understand it, but tries to convince himself with excuses which are entirely unconvincing.

In a similar way, of course, the other arts are frequently condemned without rhyme or reason. Recently Epstein roused another storm about his head when he put another statue before the public, and here again it was the layman in the mysteries of art who so bitterly denounced the values which he could not possibly comprehend. There is much truth in the old proverb, "Empty bottles make the most noise," and it is only to be hoped that Mr. Midgley's protégé may seize the warning in time, especially as he received a special early edition of an excellent speech.

J. Peduzie (VI.a).

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S DREAM.

The sun glinted on the dancing waves, the gulls flew listlessly about—and nature rested in the heat of a summer's afternoon. The lighthouse keeper who had just been relieved, blinked drowsily as he let the magazine he had been reading slip to the floor. Soon he began to nod, then he slipped into a peaceful, well-earned sleep.

As his subconscious mind took over control he dreamed of his colourful career as a guardian of the "men who go down to the sea in ships." He dreamed of a late afternoon long ago, when he had been instrumental in saving a gallant ship and her crew.

The afternoon had been as bright as could be expected for the time of year, but as the day wore on angry, leaden clouds began to obliterate the sun in its pale golden glory. By evening it became evident that a storm was brewing, and the smaller fishing boats began to scurry for the shelter of the protecting harbours, and the surface of the water became broken and troubled as if it were the boiling cauldron of some denizen

of the deep. Then the storm broke with the ferocity typical of the channel. The wind lashed the already seething waves into an incensed, heaving mass of turbid green water. The racing billows with foaming apex crashed down into the deep troughs as they were driven by the ever-increasing wind.

A ship came into sight as an extra large wave crashed on the rocks at the foot of the lighthouse. She was a tramp steamer, battling with the mountainous, overwhelming seas as she rounded the dangerous headland. Then as suddenly as she had come into sight, she hit the rocks, and the keeper on duty, alive to the situation, fired a distress signal for the lifeboat which, after a terrific struggle, rescued the crew of the ship.

The keeper awoke with a start and blinked in the warm sunshine—he stared vacantly out to the headland and then to the silent lifeboat station.

John Mott, IVc.

THE FOOTBALL.

John was wandering down the High-street one day when he came across a small shop tucked away between two large stores. He looked in at the window and saw, among many other things, a football. He had always wanted a football, and this seemed a very good one; it was only five shillings. John racked his brains trying to think of a way in which he could obtain five shillings. He knew it would be no use asking his parents. Then he had an idea.

When he returned home his mother noticed a change in his behaviour. For one thing, he wiped his boots on the mat! Then he asked if he could do anything to help. His mother gave him the task of polishing the drawing-room floor.

He fetched a tin of polish, a piece of cloth, and commenced operations.

After five minutes had passed his mother came to see how he was getting on.

She found him kneeling on the floor, which had a thick layer of polish on it. He had polish on his knees, polish on his hands, polish on his clothes, and polish even on his face.

“Oh, dear,” sighed his mother, “what a mess. Go and clean yourself, and I’ll see if I can clear up all this polish.”

Crestfallen, John walked slowly to the bathroom to wash himself. When he returned downstairs he found that it was nearly tea-time. He decided to lay the table. He took a pile of saucers and plates and walked to the table. Unfortunately, he did not see the cat. His mother, aroused from her afternoon nap by the terrific crash, came running in and found him sitting amidst the scattered remains of what had been a good tea-service. He tried to explain that the cat had got in his way, but his mother would not listen.

“I’ll stop your pocket money for five weeks to pay for this,” she said firmly.

John saw all hope of a football fading away, but he did not quite give in. He soon thought of another idea. He searched all over the house for some of his old belongings. He took them all to a second-hand shop and, laying them on the counter, asked the shopkeeper how much he would give for them. The man looked at the various articles of clothing, a broken clockwork mouse, two rubber balls, twenty broken toy-soldiers, an engine, a torch case, and sixty marbles. Then he spoke—“Sixpence.”

“Sixpence for all those! Why, they’re worth a shilling at least.”

“Sixpence,” came the firm reply, “not a penny more.”

After five minutes of bargaining, John came out of the shop with sixpence in his pocket.

“Sixpence,” he remarked bitterly; “the old miser!”

But it was no use grumbling. He had at least made a start, although he had still four and sixpence to get. As he walked home he had a brilliant idea. He turned back again and wandered along High-street until he came to a shop with a notice in the window which read BOY WANTED. It was a newsagent’s shop, so John thought, “I expect I shall have to deliver papers.”

He was right! When he had been “taken on” the newsagent said, “I want you to be here at six-o’-clock on Saturday morning. Understand?”

“Yes. How much do I get?”

“That depends. I daresay, if you’re all right, it’ll be one and sixpence a week.”

John thanked him and hurried home. One and sixpence a week! That meant he

would have to wait three weeks before he earned the required sum. The only drawback was that the football might be sold by then.

On Saturday morning at half-past five John rose, dressed himself, and slipped quietly out of the house. He had not told his mother of his job.

"If I do," he thought, "she may stop me. Besides, I can hurry and deliver the papers and get home before she is up."

So, at five minutes to six, John arrived at the shop. He was given a pile of papers and told to deliver them. He started off full of spirits, and by seven o'clock he still had half the papers to deliver, and he had to be home by half-past seven. So when he heard the half-hour striking he hurried home, and hid the papers in the back garden, intent on delivering them after breakfast.

When his mother entered the bedroom at a quarter to eight, she found him asleep, as she thought, so she shook him and said, "Wake up, John!"

He pretended to wake up, but kept well under the bedclothes, as he still had his clothes on.

"Hurry and get up," said his mother, "I want you to help me with my housework this morning, as we've got visitors coming."

John went cold all over. That meant he would not be able to deliver the papers till afternoon. He tried to get out of helping his mother, but it was no use.

At one o'clock, he started to finish delivering the morning papers, and when he had completed the job, he went to his employer and inquired about his wages.

"Wages!" roared the newsagent, "wages!" "You've made me lose half my customers, and then you start talking about wages. Where are those papers I gave you?"

"I delivered them," stammered John.

"You delivered them?"

"Yes. You see, I didn't have enough time this morning, so I waited till this afternoon to finish them."

"You waited till this afternoon," exploded the newsagent. "Do you think I gave you those papers so that you could wait till this afternoon? You're sacked! Clear out; go on; and don't talk to me about wages, or I'll wring your neck."

Once again, John saw all hopes of a football fading away. As he passed the little shop, he glanced in at the window.

The football was still there, and it was still five shillings.

When he returned home, he found his mother engaged in conversation with a visitor. He spent the rest of the day in his bedroom, reading. When he went downstairs again, he found his mother's visitor just leaving. As she said good-bye to John she pressed something into his hand. When she had gone, he opened his hand and disclosed two half-crowns. Without even waiting to put on his cap, he rushed out to the little shop, and arrived breathlessly at the counter.

"I want that five shilling football you've got in the window, please," he gasped.

"I'm sorry, sonny," said the old lady behind the counter, "I sold it only this afternoon to a lady."

John's face fell. He walked slowly out of the shop, and home again. When he got home, his mother called him and said,

"John, I've got a surprise for you. I know you've always wanted a football, so I bought this one while I was out with Mrs. Jones."

And she produced the cause of all John's troubles, the five shilling football!

John sat down weakly, and told his mother everything. When he had finished, his mother also sat down, and laughed until she cried, and soon John joined in when he realised how peculiar it all was.

E. Clarke (V.b).

DOCKS.

So commonplace and ugly,
So dirty and begrimed,
So horrible the docks are
To the dainty, pretty mind.

By day they are obnoxious,
They smell of filth and grime.
Their beauty and their ugliness
Depend upon the time.

By night they gleam of diamonds,
Red rubies, emeralds green,
Their quays are lit by glow-worms,
And all's in Beauty's sheen.

II. Nye (IV.b).

SUSPENSE.

"Have you got the tickets for to-night's show, Henry?"

"N-no, my dear, I——"

"Well, for goodness' sake hurry. The show starts at half-past eight, and here we are at a quarter to eight and no tickets."

Mr. Pothlewaite was in a dilemma. He had bought the tickets the night before, but had completely forgotten where he had put them. He had about half-an-hour in which to find them. He daren't tell his wife that he had lost them, for she had insisted on paying for them, and besides, they were seven-and-sixpence each. He did not wish to pay out for them again if he could possibly help it.

All through the day the thought of his loss had troubled him, and even the manager had asked him if there was anything the matter, he looked so distracted. He had managed to ward him off with a casual "No, I am all right, thanks."

He could *not* think where they were. He had hunted through all his pockets; he would have to make an excuse to get there in front of his wife; that was the only possible way, and purchase two more tickets. Quarter past eight came, and from the upper regions came a voice, "Are you ready, Henry?"

"Yes," said Henry, resignedly, and they went outside. It was then that Mrs. Pothlewaite started an account of Mrs. Jones's holiday. Poor Henry could not get a word in edgeways. At last they reached the dreaded theatre, and Mr. Pothlewaite was just going to reveal the truth to his wife, when she exclaimed,

"Henry, whatever is that sticking out of the brim of your hat?"

Henry felt. It was the long-lost tickets.

"Oh, I just put them there," he sighed.

D. F. Drake (V.a).

FIRST ATTEMPT.

It happened several years ago—I was only nine at the time. When it happened it seemed rather a catastrophe, but now, when it is mentioned it always causes much laughter.

Bruno, that is the name of my dog, had rather a shaggy coat, somewhat like a sheep-

dog, and this required a lot of washing, especially in dry weather, as he liked then to roll about in the dust.

One Saturday morning I heard my mother say to my father, "Bruno does need a wash; perhaps if you have time you might give him one." On hearing this an idea came into my head. Why shouldn't I wash him? This seemed a good idea, so I decided to do it secretly, and then tell my mother after.

The weather was fine, so I went out into the garden, presumably to play. My first difficulty appeared when I realised that I had nothing to put the water in. But luck seemed with me, for I found a bath which had not been put away, by the shed. Then I had to fill it with water. I had no means of procuring hot water, so I decided to use cold; this was soon secured from the garden hose, which proved hard to turn on and off. But at last the bath was nearly filled.

It did not take me long to secure a tablet of soap from the bathroom—and then everything was ready. Or was it? No! I needed Bruno.

At last I found him; he was playing with a ball. As soon as he saw me he stopped, waited until I was in reach of him, and then ran off. This "catch-me-if-you-can" game continued for some time, but at last I caught him.

Now Bruno did not like being washed, so you can imagine that when he saw the bath he made a valiant, but unsuccessful, attempt to escape. The next difficulty was to get the "patient" into the bath. This was done after much splashing and a loss of several pints of the water.

Then the washing really began. First of all, I began to rub soap over Bruno's back; then I started——. But I got no further. Suddenly, with a bark of joy, Bruno leapt out of the bath. But, alas, he tilted it, and over it tumbled, pouring the contents over me.

For the few seconds all was confusion, and my mother, hearing my screams, rushed out to find me sitting in a large puddle, thoroughly soaked.

I was soon dried, and dressed in dry clothes once more.

Then followed the retribution, which I would rather forget.

E. Juniper (V.b).

FROSTY MORNING.

As the sun hangs low in the eastern sky,
Caught in the trees that shiver and sigh,
Red as the robin that flits near by,
Sing hey, for a frosty morning!

As the grass is a-glitter beneath our feet,
The sparkling dew drops so tiny and sweet,
And the muddy duck pond's a frozen sheet,
Sing hey, for a frosty morning!

Come out, come out, whilst the sun is red,
Awake the sleepy heads from their bed,
Over the crunching hills to tread,
Sing hey, for a frosty morning!

The frost is all melted, the sun is out bright,
Beams on your head with radiant light,
The river is flowing with joyous delight,
Sing hey, for a frosty morning!

R. Palmer (IV.c).

THE GARDEN.

In all the garden's far-flung sea
Of rolling lawn and towering tree,
There is no sweeter, fresher close
Than that retreat where blooms the rose;
A tiny arbour, rustic bough'd,
(Gloom reigns there in wafting cloud)
Beyond the mellow crumbled wall
It lies, the fairest nook of all.

Pleasant it is in the summer noon,
This sequester'd close, where Nature's tune
With lilting cadence, changeless key,
Plays on in glorious symphony.

But sweeter far this tiny dell
Now rain has kissed and cast its spell
O'er rustling leaf and stirring flower
Refreshing June's fragrant bower.
Transforming rain, all sparkling bright,
Decks the woods in diamond light.

From azure sky, the golden rays
Glint thro' the interwoven bays;
Dancing on the rain-drops rare,
They glisten on Earth's jewels fair.

This lowly, leafy, slumbrous glade
Shines in splendour yet to fade;
As an Eastern jewelled store
Houses the wealth of common ore
So are these leafy tapering stems
Adorned with priceless, earth-born gems.
Smould'ring rubies, velvet-set
Lustrous sapphires couched on jet,
Glossy pearls, shining white,
Pierce this gloom as deep as night;
Turquoise, duller amethyst
All in precious, hazy mist;

Such is the glory of this bower
When rain caresses tree and flower.

Thro' the calm unruffled cool,
To the fern-fringed placid pool,
O'er the jutting, smoothed stones
Chatters the brook in silv'ry tones,
That murmur gently thro' the dell
Like the note of a tinkling fairy bell.
Beneath the mythic oak's gnarled arm
It jingles with a dainty charm,
Meandering, in sinuous rills,
Sinking, laughing in the stills
Of the waters—rainbow hued
In that pool of solitude.

Fast-fading violets yield their place
To banks of roses in sweet grace;
At the farthest end of the tiny glade
The trees recede and there display'd
Along the alleys cool and green
Far in the distance may be seen
A fountain playing in the sun's
Bright glare, near which the streamlet runs.

Borne on the hush of hot noon-day
Twelve chimes float in soothing lay;
'Tis time to leave the enchanted spot,
This haunt of bee, this fernèd grot.

J. Peduzie (VI.a).



J. Sweetman (V.b).

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY NOTES.

During the past term our meetings have not been very frequent. We need a greater number of really interested members to run the Society successfully. We *must* have more talks, lantern lectures and debates, or the Society will stagnate.

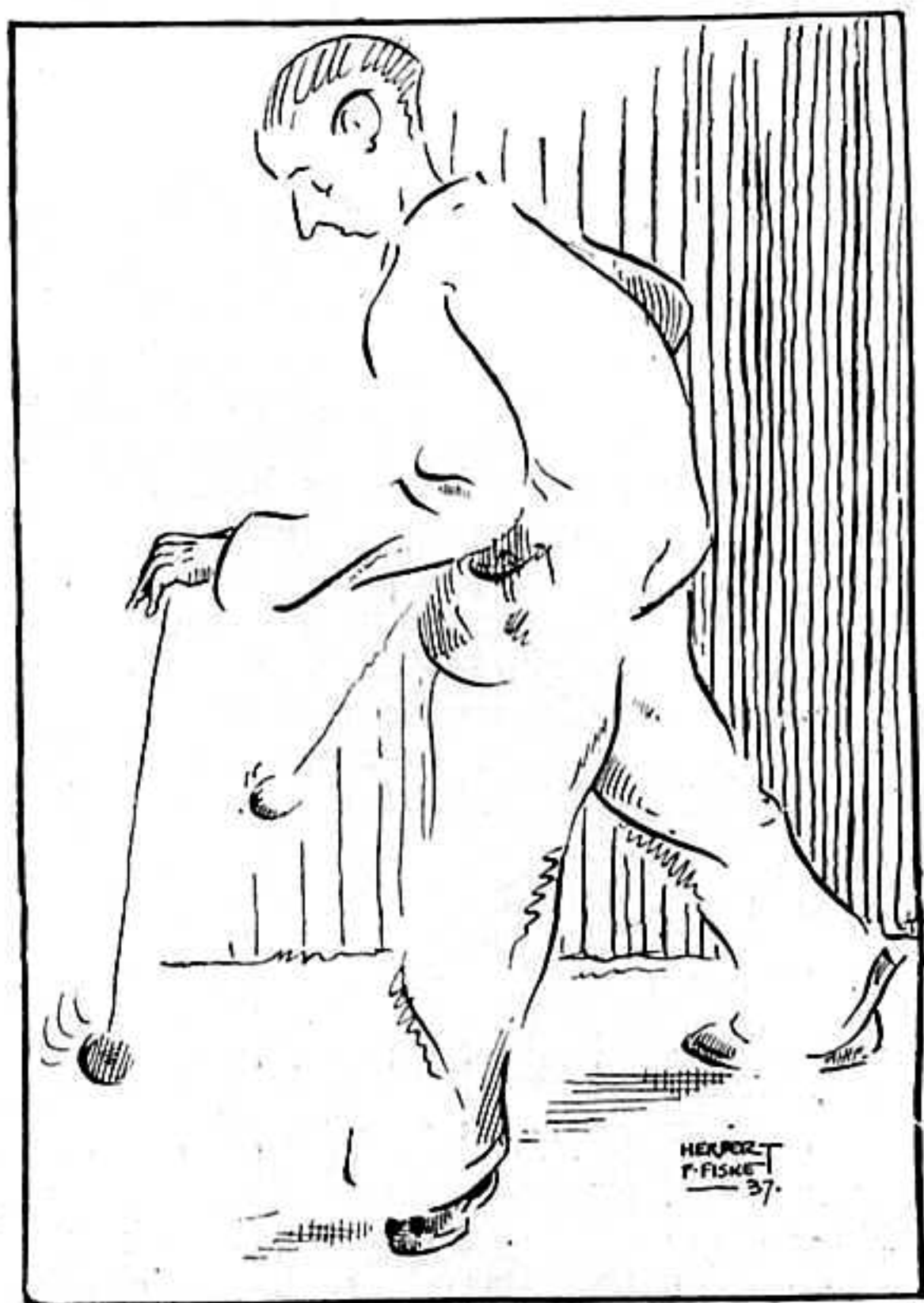
At the beginning of the past term, P. Wadey gave us another talk on the "Elements," which was very interesting, though poorly attended.

Mr. Kennell has given us several interesting lectures on "The Steam Engine," illustrated by diagrams and pictures projected on to a screen by that great source of attraction, the epidiascope.

The Chemical Section has had several meetings during this term, and we hope to have many more during the coming term.

With an increased membership, more outings could be arranged and more activities undertaken.

R. H. Norman (*Secretary*).



8.55 ON MONDAY MORNING, or
THE LATEST CRAZE IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The results of the competition held at the end of last term are:—

Class A. Scenic photographs: E. Hall (5a).

Class B. Photographs of moving objects: E. Hall (5a).

Class C. Unusual photographs: A. Woodroof (5a).

Class D. Essay: No award.

Although a large number of photographs was submitted, there was only one essay. It is to be hoped that next year many more essays will be entered, so that a fourth prize may be awarded.

All photographs entered for the competition will be exhibited and a series of lectures given next term to assist members in producing work worthy of exhibition—particular attention being paid to photography of moving objects and subjects of unusual interest.

Members may borrow old copies of "The Amateur Photographer" and "The Kodak Magazine" by applying to the Secretary—A. Peirce (6a).

C.G.K.

CHESS CLUB.

I am sorry to say that the membership of the Chess Club is slowly diminishing, and I wish to emphasize the fact that if the Club is to be a success we must have a good attendance.

Croydon and District Junior Chess Championship.

At present there are only three schools competing for the C.D.J.C.C. Shield, namely, the Lilleshale Road Boys' Central School, the Whitgift Middle School, and ourselves, the present score being:—

L.R.S.	W.M.S.	J.R.S.
1		6
	5	2
$\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	
0		7
	0	7
—	—	—
$1\frac{1}{2}$	$11\frac{1}{2}$	22
—	—	—

Thus we have a lead of $10\frac{1}{2}$ points, and although the Whitgift Middle School have yet to play the Morden School, even if they beat them 7-0, we shall still win the Shield by $3\frac{1}{2}$ points.

House Matches.

These matches are showing very keen competition, the present places and points being:—

Alpha	...	16 points.
Gamma	...	14 „
Beta	...	10 „
Delta	...	8 „

Once more I should like to ask the House Chess Captains to pin up the teams at least on the Wednesday before the match.

Senior and Junior Championships.

There is not much that I can say about these championships—except that they are also showing keen competition—because they have only just started.

F. Wheadon.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

We have good reason to be satisfied with the progress of this our youngest society. Attendances on Tuesday evenings have been consistently good, and we have found both the talent and the enthusiasm requisite for success.

The small productions given to the School at the end of last term were quite creditable for a first attempt. It is perhaps invidious to single out names, but no one will begrudge a word of praise for Rose and Apps for their efforts in "The Grand Cham's Diamond" and "The Trial Scene from the 'Merchant of Venice'" respectively. We were also fortunate in having a number of willing and able back-stage hands, who (under skilful direction) were responsible for properties and for the erection of a proscenium.

We have had several readings of short plays this term—among them "The Man in the Bowler Hat," "The Dear Departed," "The Monkey's Paw," and "The Boy Comes Home"—and we are preparing "Five Birds in a Cage" for end-of-term production. In addition, the boys in the Fourth Forms are tackling another excerpt from Shakespeare, this time the "Thief-robbing" scene from "Henry IV., Part I."

In conclusion, we have to thank Mr. Paxton, of the Old Boys' Association, for presenting us with innumerable past copies of the "Amateur Theatre," which will be of great interest and use to the Society.

FOOTBALL.

As another football season draws to a close we may look back with satisfaction on the achievements of our three school elevens.

The first eleven has recorded good wins over Heath Clark School, Archbishop Tenison's School, Stanley Technical School and Streatham Grammar School. It was defeated only by the narrowest of margins by Ballard's School and Sutton County School. Two heavy defeats by St. Joseph's College were due largely to the superior weight and speed of much older opponents.

During the Christmas term we were indebted to the dashing individualism of King for most of our goals. Since his departure the forwards have tried to achieve by combination and manœuvre what King achieved by speed and enthusiasm. Gill, Seymour, Borrowman, Watson and Annetts are all clever young footballers who know the value of a well-placed pass; but they are all of slight build and lack thrust. Booth, who has captained the side since Christmas, has played some splendid games. He has good ball control and a fine shot, but he is temperamental and is apt to be easily discouraged. Noakes is the most improved player of the year; he is enthusiastic and seemingly tireless; he has, moreover, a footballer's brain and plays with more thought than most. Lewis and Davis, too, are neat and resourceful players, but they, too, have been greatly handicapped by lack of weight. Murrill, Mason and Hills have been robust, hard-kicking full-backs, fearless and industrious, but they are too easily outmanœuvred. Thirteen-year-old Lambert has served his side very creditably in goal. He has a safe pair of hands and fields the ball excellently. He tries to make up for his lack of agility by intelligent anticipation and sound judgment. Unfortunately, his promotion to the first eleven deprived the Juniors of their best player.

The second eleven has an even better record than the first team, as it has victories over Sutton County School and Ballard's School to its credit. Here we have had a splendid team spirit which has often carried the side to victory against much heavier and taller opponents. It says much for the determination and tenacity of the second team that they have frequently fought back and won after being a couple of goals down.

The Juniors have been rather a problem. They began the season well, and then struck a bad patch in which they appeared to lose confidence in themselves. They became easily rattled, marking was haphazard, team-work grew ragged. Lately, however, under Mr. Pearman's guidance, there has been a revival of confidence and the team has resumed its winning vein. Actually, when the ball is running well for them, the Juniors can play very attractive football. London, Little, Bedford and Gunston have played consistently well, and, of the new-comers, Malcolm, Sawyers, Leach, Mills (3c) and Hott have all shown fine promise.

Very popular among the Juniors has proved the new series of inter-House matches inaugurated in connection with the Cresswell Trophy. Gamma beat Delta in a spirited match before a large crowd of partisans, to become first winners of the new trophy.

House football has been keenly contested. Never before has there been such fierce competition for Championship honours. Present placings show how close is the struggle:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Delta	14	7	6	1	15
Alpha	14	6	5	3	15
Beta	14	6	7	1	13
Gamma	14	6	7	1	13

Colours have been awarded this season as follows:—

1st Eleven: Booth, Lambert, Murrill, Hills, Noakes, Lewis, Annetts, Watson, Seymour, Gill, Borrowman.

2nd Eleven: Agate, Leigh, Gostling, Dunmore, Eels, Walmsley, Buck, Howe, Cable, Davis, Mason.

Junior Eleven: Hott, Kearns, Malcolm, London, Gambel, Little, Whitfield, Hill, Brooker, Bedford and Gunston.

These notes would be incomplete without reference to those masters who have so willingly given up their time on Saturdays to referee or supervise school games. Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Pearman and to Mr. Cresswell. Their help has been invaluable. We wish, moreover, to express our appreciation of the service Mr. Pearman has rendered to school football by his sympathetic coaching of those boys who are not endowed naturally with footballing ability but who are desperately keen to become better players.

Finally, we extend our sincere thanks to Helmore for his services as a referee. He has refereed Junior games on numerous occasions and has done so extremely well.

RESULTS (School scores first).

Opponents.	1st Eleven		2nd Eleven		Junior Eleven	
	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.
Heath Clark School	7-1	7-0	—	3-2	8-12	8-3
Archbishop Tenison's	3-0	3-0	12-1	8-5	7-2	2-7
Stanley Technical	6-0	6-0	2-0	—	6-2	2-7
Ballard's School	2-4	6-7	3-2	3-7	—	4-1
Streatham Grammar	6-5	2-4	6-0	8-0	—	—
Sutton County Sch'l	—	1-2	6-2	2-2	—	—
St. Joseph's College	2-11	0-12	2-6	1-5	8-8	14-0
Gregg School	—	—	2-4	2-6	—	16-0
Old Boys	3-3	1-4	1-3	1-9	—	—
Redhill Police Orph.	—	4-1	—	—	—	—
Reedham Orphanage	—	—	6-1	—	—	—
Croydon Town (Boys)	—	6-0	1-1	—	4-3	0-16
St. Joseph's Lower School	—	—	—	—	2-6	7-4
Salesian College	1-8	—	—	—	—	—
Gilbert A.F.C.	4-3	—	—	—	—	—

Old Boys' Section

Conducted for the Committee of the John Ruskin School Old Boys' Association by J. C. Spurling, to whom, at 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2, all items intended for inclusion in this Section should be sent.

O.B.A. REPORT.

WILLIAM FIELD MEMORIAL FUND.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the appeals for subscriptions to this Fund have already met with encouraging response. Donations have been received, not only from present members of the Association, but also from many old friends, never forgotten, but whose paths have lately seldom crossed our own. One of the relieving brightnesses of this undertaking, in the commission of which

the respectful memory of Mr. Field is often revived, has been the fresh contacts it has given us with many of our old schoolmates. One might justly predict that a new impetus will be imparted to the Association because fellows will have been brought to realize, incidentally, that the Old Boys' Association is a really active organization. Indeed, we have already received requests for more information about the Association, from some of those who have contributed to the fund.

In the promotion of this venture, we have been, as always, indebted to the School for their invaluable help. The names and addresses which they gave us, added to our own store, enabled us to dispatch some 1,300 letters. The local Press has also been kind in helping to widen the scope of our plans, by publishing appeals in their journals. It is natural that many of the letters sent out bearing the addresses of boys when at School, will miscarry owing to changes of address. It is for this reason that we ask you all, whenever meeting Old Boys, to discuss the subject so as to make it known as widely as possible. One can scarcely place too high a value upon the personal touch in these matters, and it seems certain that if we are to provide a School Prize Fund worthy of its object, ultimate success will depend upon the number of individual encounters that are made in its support. All contributions, no matter of what amount, will be welcomed, and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. W. P. Davies, Barclays Bank Limited, Whyteleafe, Surrey, to Mr. H. B. Locke, at The John Ruskin School, Tamworth Road, Croydon, or to the Hon. Secretary of the Association, Mr. J. T. Paxton, 41, Clarendon Road, Croydon. Amounts may be paid in to the credit of the William Field Memorial Fund, Barclays Bank, Whyteleafe, at any branch of Barclays Bank.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGS.

The Eleventh Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the Association was held at the School on February 19th. Mr. Locke took the chair, and before opening the formal business of the meeting, announced that Mr. Field had passed away on the previous day. This sad news was received in shocked silence, and all present stood up for a minute or two in solemn tribute to the memory of our late Headmaster.

The business of the meeting was carried out quickly and efficiently. The Hon. Treasurer's report was reassuring and showed that at the end of the year we had a surplus of income over expenditure of £3. When it is recalled that his report of the previous year's working revealed a deficit of £10, it will be conceded that the Association has strong cause for self-congratulation on its speedy financial recovery. Following is printed a copy of the accounts submitted to and approved by the Meeting.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

for the year ended 31st December, 1937.

				<i>Expenditure.</i>			£	s.	d.		
To	Magazines	9	9	0			
„	Postages	4	11	0			
„	Printing and Stationery	1	8	10			
„	School Prize	1	1	0			
„	Blazer Cloth—amount written off	1	1	6			
„	Club Room—										
	Rent	£8	18	6					
	Less Levies and Profit on Refreshments	6	18	9					
							1	19	9		
							19	11	1		
„	Balance, being excess of Income over Expenditure for year to date	2	19	10			
									£22	10	11

				<i>Income.</i>			£	s.	d.		
By	Subscriptions and Donations	17	8	6			
„	Commission receivable	1	15	4			
„	Dances (profits less losses during year)	2	10	10			
„	Interest on Savings Certificates realised		16	3			
									£22	10	11

BALANCE SHEET as at 31st DECEMBER, 1937.

				<i>Liabilities.</i>			£	s.	d.
	Subscriptions prepaid	12	6		
	Sundry Creditors	6	10	0	
	Accumulated Fund—								
	Balance as at 31st December, 1936	£7	2	9			
	Add Surplus for 1937	2	19	10			
							10	2	7
							£17	5	1

				<i>Assets.</i>			£	s.	d.
	Savings Certificates at cost (in name of Mr. F. R. Porter)	4	0	0	
	Deposit on Dance	10	6		
	Debtor for Blazer Cloth sold	1	4	0	
	Commission receivable	1	15	4	
	Cash in hands of Treasurer and Secretary	9	15	3	
							£17	5	1

Examined and found correct,

E. HARDING,

E. E. NOYES, A.L.A.A.,

Hon. Auditors.

12th February, 1938.

E. R. BOLINGBROKE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

W. A. CORMACK, *Hon. Secretary.*

Honorary Officers and Committee for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

Chairman: Mr. Frank R. Porter.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. J. T. Paxton, 41, Clarendon Road, Croydon.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. E. R. Bolingbroke, 102, Stanley Road, West Croydon.

Committee: Messrs. W. A. Cormack, A. W. Jackson, L. C. Munton and J. C. Spurling.

Owing to pressure of business, W. A. Cormack did not seek re-election as Hon. Secretary, but was prevailed upon to continue to help with Committee work. We gratefully acknowledge the many years' hard work Mr. Cormack has done for us. He has been our Secretary from the beginning of the Association's life, a period broken only by a lapse of three years' absence necessitated by his residence oversea, during which time his place was taken by W. F. Symes.

We also thank E. E. Noyes for his past services. Mr. Noyes had to give up his duties as one of our Hon. Auditors, owing to his impending move to the North of England to take up an important post there. We wish him all success in his new sphere of work.

In J. T. Paxton, our new Hon. Secretary, we have a man whose grip on Association affairs is well-known. We are confident that his unflagging energy and organizing powers will serve us well in the future. Mr. Paxton is connected in a secretarial capacity with several of our sub-sections, and he asks particularly to be relieved of some of his responsibilities to the Cricket Club. We hope that somebody will come forward to give a hand there.

Reports of the meeting appeared in the local Press and evoked the interest of several Old Boys who wrote asking for further particulars of the Association.

ANNUAL RE-UNION SUPPER.

This event will be held at the Greyhound Restaurant on Saturday, April 30th. We are looking forward to a very special gathering this year as Mr. McLeod, President of the Association, has kindly promised to attend. This will be the first of Mr. McLeod's appearances at any of our social

functions, and we expect an attendance worthy of the honour he is doing us. Mr. Locke will be our Chairman once again, and we hope that his staunch support may long be our privilege. Many others of the School's staff, past and present, will be there and we must give them a living exhibition of our strength and enthusiasm to-day, by making this Reunion a superlative success.

Tickets are 5/- each and may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary or from any of the Committee. Devotees of Bacchus are assured of an extension of licence until midnight.

DANCE.

Our Dance held on February 19th at Zeeta's Café was an extraordinary triumph for its organizer, W. A. Cormack, and provided a fitting climax to his year's work. Under the presiding genius of the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Geoff. Graham, the 179 who attended enjoyed a remarkable evening of jollity and pleasant social intercourse. The number present far exceeded our expectations, otherwise we should have taken a larger Hall. Fortunately, for the first time at our Dances, we had arranged for a bar. This proved a welcome overflow resort, so that at no time was anyone seriously incommoded. The success of this Dance and its forerunner have proved that we were probably wise in running only two during the season. We have certainly largely recouped the losses sustained on our Dances during the previous season.

ARTICLES ON CAREERS.

The article in this issue by Gordon Hames exhausts our stock, in spite of previous appeals for help in this valuable work. May we please have an early offer of an article to be written in time for the summer issue of the magazine?

NEW MEMBERS.

As we have often said, boys leaving School are cordially welcomed to the Association. Full particulars of how to join are set forth in a notice appearing in the School Hall.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

The present effective membership of the Association stands at 138. There is no reason why this number should not be doubled this year in view of the wide publicity recently given to our affairs.

* * *

The Clubroom at Welcome Hall is now closed until the autumn. The Committee reports a satisfactory year's working, and thanks are due to those whose unselfish efforts there have enabled us to continue this important side of our social work.

* * *

Blazers in the Old Boys' colours at 37/6, and badges for them in the School's design at 3/6, as well as ties, silk squares and tobacco pouches, may be obtained from Messrs. C. Hewitt & Son, of Church Street, on production of a voucher signed by the Hon. Secretary or the Hon. Treasurer.

* * *

No apparent interest has been evinced in the proposed Golfing Society suggested by a correspondent in our last issue. Letters for publication here are always welcome.

John C. Spurling.

MARRIAGE.

We hear that at Buenos Aires on February 3rd, Alfred Tebboth married Dora Frost, who also hails from Croydon. We extend our best wishes to the happy couple.

SWIMMING CLUB.

A Special General Meeting will be held in the School at 8 p.m. on Friday, April 22nd, to consider the future of this Sub-section. All swimmers, actual or prospective, are invited to attend the meeting or, in default of this, to write to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. L. A. Rabbitts, of 14, Southwell Road, Croydon, giving him their ideas on the subject.

CHESS CLUB.

This Sub-section meets on Thursdays at 7.30 in the School Hall. The Hon. Secretary is R. Worger, of 21, Thornhill Road.

CRICKET.

It is too early, at the time of writing these notes, to give any details for the season, but these will be issued to all members as soon as possible. Any other Old Boys interested in the game are invited to communicate with me. We would welcome some more players. There must be a few cricketers among those fellows who have recently left School, and the Old Boys' Club is the only one for them.

The usual secretarial work has been carried out through the winter. Further labour has been spent on the playing square, so that conditions of play should be improved for us once again.

Owing to additional duties to perform for the Association, it will be necessary for me to relinquish a certain amount of the Cricket Club work. Victor Snelling readily expressed his willingness to take over some of the duties, and I hope that another of the younger members will be as willing to assume some responsibility in Association affairs.

The batting and bowling averages for 1937, excluded from the last issue for lack of space, are as follows:—

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Runs	Innings	No. of High't Times Score not out	Average	
Wormald, E.	100	5	56*	1	25.0
Jones, J. C.	111	6	56	1	22.2
Wicks, D. ...	144	10	55	—	14.4
Smart, R. ...	65	6	40	1	13.0
Midmer, L. ...	136	11	42	—	12.4
Snelling, V. ...	119	10	44	—	11.9
Loveless, R.	103	11	38	2	11.4
Claxton, G. ...	63	10	42*	4	10.5
Young, A. ...	62	9	28*	—	6.9
Paxton, J. ...	80	14	42	—	5.7
Bolingbroke, E.	74	14	15	—	5.3
Goward, R. ...	48	10	16*	1	5.3
Buckley, F. ...	42	8	17	—	5.2
Davies, W. ...	36	8	10	1	5.1

*Signifies a "not out" innings.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs	Maiden Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Davies, W. ...	112	21	336	33	10.2
Young, A. ...	88	15	294	28	10.5
Wormald, E.	32	5	85	8	10.6
Jones, J. C.	61	13	189	15	12.6
Claxton, G. ...	24	3	90	6	15.0
Loveless, R.	18	3	63	4	15.7
Goward, R. ...	39	5	151	7	21.6
Smart, R. ...	71	20	233	10	23.3

J. T. Paxton

BADMINTON.

Unhappily, there was no response to the appeal for new members made in December last. As the Club did not function during the 1937-8 season, no report of play can be made.

For next winter, surely there are fifteen or so Old Boys sufficiently interested in the game to form a Club. Just a little enthusiasm is required by this number and we could then record the revival of this Sub-section.

From experience I can state that the Old Boys' Badminton Club was a very cheap one to administer, so that the subscription need not be excessive. I will reply to any enquiries that Old Boys care to make with the greatest pleasure.

J. T. Paxton.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

When earlier in the season our membership showed a total of only 20 players we were rather inclined to doubt the successful running of our two league teams. The formation of our third team gave us some concern, too, as it would have been the first time for many seasons not to have formed this friendly side.

However, as membership increased, our registration forms dwindled away, and we found our books gave a total of 48 actual playing members, numerically less than in other seasons, but with a decidedly greater playing strength. One suggestion was to run four teams, i.e. two league teams and two friendly teams, but the accumulation of members occurred only about Christmas-time, and our ground bookings had been fully covered by the additional games secured for our third team so as to give every member as many games as possible.

It has not been hard to find opponents. Apart from our fixtures with old rivals such as St. Luke's, Emmanuel, and Mouldrite, we were approached by teams including George Street, Harper's, Thornville, Croydon Y.M.C.A., and Croydon Boys' Club. Other enterprising clubs such as Belvedere and St. Joseph's enquired about 1938-39 bookings. We shall bear this in mind.

With our membership so strong and big, we have felt a little disappointed that after choosing eleven players for each game, we have finally fielded a less number. We have been asked why we do not play full sides regularly. Certainly the Committee has done its share, and Balderson, together with many more, including May, Mason, Martin and Zoller, have tried to show that the Old Boys can and will do credit to our name. There are too many who so readily fail us for other engagements, and too many feeble excuses given for not playing. On two or three occasions we have played with only nine men, but happily the number has never been less than this. On the other hand, many games have been played with a full eleven.

The first team has a good record, and luckily we have been able to obviate the possibility of playing short by taking advantage of many kind offers to fill the breach if necessary at the last moment. Our side has fielded much the same players each week and Allard has suitably filled a doubtful position in the half-back line. Pitts, Junr., our Captain, may claim to be chief goal-scorer with 29 goals. In the defence, Davis, our veteran left-back, continues to give his usual splendid displays, and we receive praiseworthy comments from both spectators and opponents. Watch his clean kicking, sound tackling, and great headwork! Our chief assets have been Mr. Manning and King, who considerably strengthened our attack. Unfortunately, Mr. Manning had to rest after three games, as his leg troubles, caused by seasons of football with Carshalton, recurred. King, with his strong and bustling style, continues to play at outside-right, but he should score more goals. By this we mean that he misses too many opportunities after cleverly beating the opposing defence. Our league position is low, as we have dropped many points to clubs which should have been beaten, such as Old Thorntonians, who defeated us 3-2 at home. Doubtless they feel proud of this recent victory, as it is the first win they have gained over the Old Boys in a period of six seasons. On the other hand, we drew 1-1 with Croydon Ramblers, who are holding third place in the league, and beat Coulsdon and Purley, the second placed team, 1-0. In the latter game we fielded two reserves, Prosser and Loveless, who both gave displays worthy of their inclusion in first division soccer.

The second team has recently developed a winning vein, and Greenwood is greatly pleased with the team of which he took control only this season. Here again, the players have turned out well, but on one or two occasions our Match Secretary has had to report short teams. Our members should remember that the Thornton Heath League requires an explanation of its clubs playing short teams, and the Match Secretary of the Old Boys is responsible for the games where we field less than a full team. We can forgive Loveless who, with his office colleagues, was locked in at business on a certain Saturday afternoon, but these Thursday/Friday colds are too frequent. This team, whose leading goal-scorer in the season was Pitts, Senr., a left-back, with his winning penalty kicks, now finds its forward line in form, and Taber kicked five goals when we beat Imperial Airways 10-0.

On the whole, we have had a satisfactory season, helped by the addition of many keen new players, and whilst we have not been able to give everybody a game each week (a fact our members seem to realise and appreciate) we can say that we have endeavoured to arrange a programme for the

whole Club wherein the membership is being fully utilised to satisfy the playing needs of all.

In our referee work, Mason has kindly attended many matches, and we wish to thank Malcolm's brother-in-law for his continued attendance at our first-team games, where he has acted as linesman to the great help of the referees. In addition, he has acted as our first-aid man, and thus has been of particular benefit to those four or five first-team members who, in successive weeks, received injuries which compelled them to rest for a while. Our latest "cripple" is Goodborn, our sturdy right-back, who fractured his ankle when we played Imperial Airways on our ground on March 5th.

There are still a few remaining league fixtures to fulfil, as well as a number of third-team games, and we expect to publish favourable results later. As usual, we must mention subscriptions. A few outstanding amounts have still to be settled.

A. G. Boyden,
18, Brooklyn Road,
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