

THE JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE



April



1939.

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The John Ruskin School Magazine

APRIL, 1939.

EDITORIAL

The death of Mr. Alderman Peet has been deplored by all Croydon; his services to the town have been so great as to be difficult to measure. We also would pay our tribute to his memory for he was one of the members of the Council specially "attached" to this School.

* * * * *

Sir Frederic Williamson, too, has passed away. He had recently become another of our attached members and had shown the keenest interest in our doings, visiting the School and attending our various meetings. We deeply regret the loss of so good a friend.

* * * * *

Our very sincere thanks are due to Professor F. J. Weaver for the essentially practical and stimulating article he has generously contributed to our pages; and to the two Old Boys for their article on Banking.

* * * * *

The two drawings of Monsieur Stéphan, one faithful, one with a suspicion of delightful caricature, are by Mr. Drummond, who leaves us further in his debt.

* * * * *

How powerful is a good example! Mr. Manning set it and Mr. Alexander follows it, for he is to be married during the Easter holidays. The congratulations and good wishes of the School, boys and Staff, are whole-heartedly his.

* * * * *

We are glad to record the successes of three boys who have recently left: Eric Murrill, in the L.C.C. Examination for General Clerkships, in which he took a high place; and John Banks and Frank Aloof in the Civil Service (Clerical Classes) Examination.

Roy Andrews, Ronald Rose, Harry Clack and Ronald Noakes have passed the R.A.F. Apprentices Examination and have entered the Service.

* * * * *

The *William Field Memorial Prize* will be awarded for the first time this year. Mr. Field's chief interest was in French, so the prize will go on this occasion to the boy in the Sixth Forms who achieves the most faithful and happy translations of given passages. Particulars will be posted in the Form Rooms immediately after the Easter Holiday.

* * * * *

Sports Day is arranged for Wednesday, May 24th. We look forward to a warm sun, good sport, and a record crowd of parents.

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Hitherto the Dramatic Society has played to School audiences only. We hear that public performances are promised for the end of the year—November or December.

* * * * *

When a boy leaves school with its familiar routine and its friendliness, to enter upon his first job, what fears may beset him as to his adequacy in the ruthless business world! Some employers—but happily not all, and indeed not most—expect him, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to be the complete article, the experienced, infallible employee, acquainted with the details of a strange business, instead of what he usually is, an eager, willing, intelligent youngster, able to adapt himself quickly to whatever his work demands. But the fears pass, knowledge comes, and there are joys in store. Here is a paragraph from a recent letter to the Headmaster:

“ Although my duties are, as yet, only of minor importance, they are, in the main, very interesting. Fresh from the classroom, I was bewildered at first by the innumerable telephones, all of which seem to ring with piercing insistency; by the clicking typewriters tapping out those confusing ‘ . . . Routine Orders.’ But I am bewildered no longer. Gone is that feeling that I am an interloper. Only a week has passed since first I put a timorous hand to the green door leading to the offices of the staff. And yet I feel that I have been going up to Town for years. Last Thursday I was paid my first wages. Oh, the joy of that day! Croesus never thought himself as rich as I did. My . . . shillings, to which the original . . . had shrunk after the deduction of ‘ widows and orphans ’ and the like (though why I should have to provide for my widow and orphans at the age of sixteen I cannot think) made my pocket bulge very noticeably. But I got it home safely.”

A NOTE TO THE BOYS

By THE HEADMASTER.

The pirates who shed lustre on their profession—Kidd, Morgan, Blackbeard, Teach and company—seem to have spent a deal of time in burying their treasure. Let them light on a desert island or deserted beach and they must plant the stuff—and then forget to come back for it. Yet there is none left for you. The heroes of a hundred tales have dug it up. Edgar Allan Poe began the business in *The Gold Bug*. He has almost all the properties—the cipher on ancient parchment, the chest of gold and jewels, the skeletons; whilst there is the golden beetle, to add, as he himself would say, something of the bizarre. He lacks the rival gang, but they were to sail in presently with Long John Silver. Recently Mr. De Vere Stacpoole’s heroes and rascals have lifted what little remained. It is no longer worth your while, even if you have a map, to charter a schooner for Treasure Island, Poison Island, Bird Cay or the lonely beach of Los Muertos. (For all that, most of us will soon be setting out hopefully with Mr. Masfield for the Coast of Dead Ned, where there is rumour of emeralds worth a king’s ransom).

But these, you may say, are the fictions of the story tellers. Those islands are not charted. What of authentic treasure in lands certainly upon the map?

Let us make the most we can
Of Araby and Timbuktū
And Nineveh and Yucatan
And Patagonia and Peru.

Well! there are historic hoards. “ In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships ”—there is the Armada galleon in Tobermory Bay; but too many have failed at that. There is Jerusalem’s torch, the Seven-branched golden Candlestick, which, with ivory and gems, lies, it is said, in the slime of the Tiber. I

doubt whether Signor Mussolini will allow you to dredge for it; or for the treasure of Rome in the grave of Alaric the Goth who sacked the imperial city. Gibbon tells us: “ By the labour of a captive multitude, the Goths forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel; and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.”

You must go further afield. What about Peru?

When I was very young I liked my history picturesque; romantic, too, if possible. At that time of life most of us do. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon gleam fairer than Covent Garden or Spitalfields. I once knew a boy, idly turning leaves in a library, who chanced upon the splendid name of Lamoral, Count of Egmont, and was so charmed with its beauty and dignity that he read the whole story of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* in Motley’s stately pages. What a reward was his! But as you progress up the school your attention is ever more sternly directed to modern and very modern history—to the policies of statesmen; to kings and tsars and kaisers and dictators; to Chartists and Reformers; to Poor Laws and Corn Laws; to Trade Unions and the League of Nations; to the confusion of the world to-day;—and this in the bare and colourless pages of a text-book. It is all very important, but sometimes you sigh for the old enchantment. Why not fall under the spell again in the

moments when you escape from study? (For you do escape. I have even known you to read detective tales). Just for entertainment's sake, give the greater historians a chance—the men who take “ample room and verge enough” to trace their characters, to whom history is an art as well as a science, who write with grace and power. You might try Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*.

Macaulay said that every schoolboy knew who strangled Atahualpa. Schoolboys like Macaulay did. So will you, if you read Prescott. And you will be on the trail of treasure. You may gain a clue to the hidden hoards of the Incas.

When Balboa (who had in his company a certain Francisco Pizarro) first of all Spaniards in the New World stared with eagle eyes upon the Pacific, he heard marvellous tales of a kingdom to the south:

There violet mountains rose to taintless skies
Beyond deep vales of million-coloured flowers,
Where free as air an angel-race did run,
And the mild Inca heard through breathless hours
In the gold arches of his Paradise
The chanting of the Virgins of the Sun.

He heard, at any rate, of a kingdom where men ate and drank from vessels of gold—the metal was so common—yet had no currency and needed none; where land and food in sufficiency were portioned to all; where writing was unknown, yet records were curiously kept with knotted cords; a civilisation that could engineer great roads and could bridge chasms, yet knew nothing of the wheel; a realm ruled by the godlike Inca—the Child of the Sun.

Balboa was beheaded for treason before he could undertake the venture. That was left for Pizarro and his partner, Almagro, men already in their fifties. Time and again they sailed south, hugging the coast, and landing here and there for signs of their El Dorado, to toil, in helmet and quilted mail, famished, fainting, stricken by disease, ambushed by Indians, through morass and almost impenetrable forest, beneath tropic rain and burning sun. Yet they persisted. On one occasion the governor of Panama sent a vessel to bring the madmen back. Pizarro drew a line upon the sand with his sword. He pointed to the south. “On that side,” he said, “are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.”

Thirteen men stepped across the line with him.

At last Pizarro came to the coast from which he could reach the realm of the Inca—the great plateaux, eleven thousand feet above the level of the Pacific, that lie between the seaward Andes and the Andes overlooking the Amazonian forest, where those twin ranges diverge most widely. With sixty-two horsemen, one hundred and six infantry, and a few cannon, he climbed to conquer an empire. In the wild mountain passes the Indians could have swept the Spaniards to destruction, but Atahualpa, the Inca, allowed their passage, permitted them to enter Cajamarca, where, amidst 30,000 fighting men, he held his court, and allotted them quarters there.

Pizarro invited Atahualpa to visit him. He came in his litter upon a golden throne, attended by his nobles, all of them unarmed. You must read for yourselves the perfidy of the Spaniards—how with cannon and musket and cavalry charge, they cut down four thousand of the defenceless Indians, and seized the sacred Inca himself to be hostage for their safety. You must read the sequel: the completion of the conquest; the vast spoil; the nemesis that overtook the conquistadores.

When Atahualpa saw their incredible greed for gold he tried to buy his freedom.

The conquered Inca to Pizarro said:

“I swear to fill this hall with virgin gold
As high as any Spaniard here can hold
His steel-gloved hand, if thou wilt spare my head.”
Then streamed the ingots from their rocky bed:
For weeks and weeks the tide of treasure rolled
To reach the mark; but when the sum was told
The faithless victor strangled him instead.

Not ingots only! rare works of Incaic art—salvers, vases, ornaments—filled the great chamber, only to be destroyed and melted down. Treasure was still coming along the trails when the Inca was killed. Legend says that most of it never reached the Spaniards; at the news it was buried, sealed in secret caverns, thrown into profound lakes; the gold, for example, upon the backs of 11,000 llamas, each carrying a weight of one hundred pounds; the chain of pure gold, thirty-three yards long, that two hundred Indians could not lift; the great golden disc from the Temple of the Sun; the golden statues of dead Inca kings; incalculable other wealth.

That is the treasure awaiting you in Peru in five separate hoards each far richer than

Monte Cristo's millions; but Prescott will give you neither map nor cipher to show its hiding place. Perhaps it is as well, if the Indian tales are true of its vengeful guardians—angry and implacable ghosts of the

outraged Inca kings. But in this tragic history, told in his dignified and sometimes splendid prose, he gives you a different and sufficient treasure.



CONISTON LAKE AND OLD MAN, WITH PEEL ISLAND,
from near Brantwood, Ruskin's home in the Lake District.

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MY DOG WISIE

He was a white Spitz, exactly like Carpaccio's dog in the picture of St. Jerome; and he came to me from a young Austrian officer, who had got tired of him,—the Count Thun, who afterwards fell at Solferino. Before the dog was used enough to us, George and I took him to Lido to give him a little sea bath. George was holding him by his fore-paws upright among the little crisp breakers. Wisie snatched them out of his hands, and ran at full speed—into Fairyland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him; but they told me he "ran like a hare and leaped like a horse."

At last, either overcome by hunger, or having made up his mind that even *my* ser-

vice was preferable to liberty on Lido, he took the deep water in broad daylight, and swam straight for Venice. A fisherman saw him from a distance, rowed after him, took him, tired among the weeds, and brought him to me—the Madonna della Salute having been propitious to his repentant striving with the sea.

From that time he became an obedient and affectionate dog, though of an extremely self-willed and self-possessed character. I was then living on the north side of St. Mark's Place, and he used to sit outside the window on the ledge at the base of its pillars greater part of the day, observant of the manners and customs of Venice. Returning to England, I took him over the St. Gothard, but found him entirely unappalled by any of the work of Devils on it—big or little.

He saw nothing to trouble himself about in precipices, if they were wide enough to put his paws on; and the dog who had fled madly from a crisp sea wave, trotted beside the fall of the Reuss just as if it had been another White Dog, a little bigger, created out of foam.

Reaching Paris, he considered it incumbent upon him to appear unconscious of the existence of that city, or of the Tuileries gardens and Rue Rivoli, since they were not St. Mark's Place,—but, half asleep one evening, on a sofa in the entresol at Meurice's, and hearing a bark in the street which sounded Venetian,—sprang through the window in expectation of finding himself on the usual ledge—and fell fifteen feet to the pavement. As I ran down, I met him rushing up the hotel stairs, (he had gathered himself from the stones in an instant), bleeding and giddy; he staggered round two or three times, and fell helpless on the floor. . . . I sent for what veterinary help was within reach, and heard that the dog might recover, if he could be kept quiet for a day or two in a dog-hospital. But my omnibus was at the door—for the London train. In the very turn and niche of time I heard that

Macdonald of St. Martin's was in the hotel and would take charge of Wisie for the time necessary. The poor little speechless, luckless, wistfully gazing doggie was tenderly put in a pretty basket (going to be taken where? thinks the beating heart), looks at his master to read what he can in the sad face—can make out nothing; is hurried out of the inexorable door, downstairs; finds himself more nearly dead next day, and among strangers. (*Two miles* away from Meurice's, along the Boulevard, it was).

He takes and keeps counsel with himself on that matter. Drinks and eats what he is given, gratefully; swallows his medicine obediently; stretches his limbs from time to time. There was only a wicket gate, he saw, between the Boulevard and him. Silently, in the early dawn of the fourth or fifth day—I think—he leaped it, and along two miles of Parisian Boulevard came back to Meurice's.

I do not believe there was ever a more wonderful piece of instinct certified. For Macdonald received him, in astonishment,—and Wisie trusted Macdonald to bring him to his lost master again.

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

“PITY THE POOR EXAMINER!”

by

F. J. WEAVER, M.A., F.R.Hist.S.

Professor F. J. Weaver, M.A., was the first Headmaster of the County High School, Braintree, Essex. When he relinquished that post, which he held for nineteen years, he became, for a time, organising secretary of the Royal Historical Society, and subsequently an Examiner in History for the University of London.

In spite of his many duties Mr. Weaver finds time both to edit and write a number of books, including some useful text-books for schools. His most recent volume, “The Material of English History,” appeared last Autumn, and forms an authoritative guide to the sources—archaeological and literary—of English History.

As a Headmaster, Mr. Weaver's kindly and genial personality made school life a thing of joy to those who were fortunate enough to be his pupils, while, at the same time, he strove to inculcate in them a love for all that was best in life. A keen student of History himself, he had the faculty of arousing in those who studied under him an abiding interest in a subject that he himself confesses is “one of the most difficult to deal with.” As an author, Mr. Weaver writes with sympathy and insight, combining extensive knowledge of his subject with lucidity of expression and a penetrating sense of humour.

Perhaps you think that the printer has made a mistake, and that “Examiner” should be “Examinee”. If so, you are wrong, for I am hoping to show you that the task of the examiner is by no means an easy one. Of course I am not sorry that my examinee days are over. I shall not deny that I prefer to sit on the examiner's side of the table at an oral examination, although

the effort to put an examinee at his ease when face to face with the inquisitor is often a very painful business. Looking back, I well remember that, subconsciously at least, I used to hold the strange belief that the examiner was a kind of natural enemy of the examinee—a sort of FE-FI-FO-FUM athirst for his blood. Now, however, I know, from a long experience of examiners

and their ways, that an examiner is only too delighted to come across an answer to which he can award the maximum mark. In other words, he is on the look-out all the time for good points in the "scripts"—the sets of written answers—that he has to mark, and is happy when he finds them. Time and again I have known an examiner to exhibit to his colleagues an excellent answer that has come his way, with a sort of pride in his discovery. But he must deal with the material as he finds it. He must not "give" marks—they are not his to give—he can only award them where they appear to him to be due. I am sure that many candidates who fail to obtain a pass mark would be surprised if they knew how anxiously the examiner has looked through their scripts for the second or even the third time in the hope of finding some justification for passing them.

Most of my own examining experience has been connected with some branch of History, a subject which is by common consent one of the most difficult to deal with. Let me point out some of the difficulties, for in doing so I may perhaps be able to help candidates in that subject to set out their wares to the best advantage.

The first difficulty, of course, is in the setting of the paper. It is usual for two examiners to share this responsible work, each criticising the other, and then for a third, who is called a "reviser" or "moderator", to discuss the paper with them, having carefully considered all the questions beforehand. In History papers there is nearly always a choice of questions, so all the questions must be as nearly as possible of equal difficulty and must also require answers of about the same length. They must not overlap, for candidates who chose overlapping questions would be wasting their time by writing the same thing twice over. The syllabus, or period, must be covered reasonably well, otherwise candidates who are particularly interested in one part might find it neglected, and so suffer in comparison with those who have specialised on subjects which happen to be well represented. There must always be a certain amount of "luck"—good or bad—in a paper from any particular candidate's point of view, but the better balanced the paper is, the less on the whole is the element of luck. Equally difficult is the actual wording of the questions. The examiners must try to be both clear and concise, but

in their attempt to be concise they must weigh very carefully the possible meaning of every word to avoid misunderstanding. Long questions by their very length are likely to be either misleading or confusing, and they would probably look so formidable that the candidate would be inclined to exaggerate their difficulty. It is well for the candidate to know and remember that the exact wording of questions has been carefully thought out, and that he should on his own side read them carefully—even looking through the question again when half-way through his answer to make sure that he is still on the right track. Nevertheless, I have often wondered whether one might not try the experiment of adding a warning to certain questions. For instance, when asking for a brief account of the political career of a statesman, how would it do to remind the candidate that we do not want to be told where he was born and educated, what he looked like, or even his character? In this way examination papers might be made more amusing, if less dignified, than at present.

What I have already said about the difficulty of setting suitable papers by no means exhausts the subject; but I must pass on to the equally difficult work of marking the scripts. It ought to be obvious that each question demands approximately the same amount of time for the answer, when a choice is given, but even good candidates are often guilty of omitting to notice the little word "brief". Perhaps I was not a "good" candidate, but I well remember making such a mistake when I sat for London Matric., away in the days of Good Queen Victoria (long before there was any kind of General School Examination). One of the subjects was a brief account of the introduction of Christianity into England, and I had read with enthusiasm all that John Richard Green had written about that subject in his delightful (and now, alas! strangely neglected) "Short History of the English People". As soon as my eye caught sight of that question I started on it; and I kept on writing and writing, entirely oblivious of examination conditions, for a solid two hours! Then I realised that I had left myself only one hour for the remaining four (or five) answers, and a shiver went down my back. The examiners must have been kind (as examiners usually are), for they let me through, and even placed me in the First Division. But I put myself

before you as a **FEARFUL EXAMPLE**. That is one of the troubles of the marking examiner—the overlong answer, which often omits important points, and makes it difficult for him to mark it sufficiently high to make up for the candidate's loss of time and neglect of other questions. Good essays may not be good answers, remember, although the style and composition of an answer in History must often tell in its favour. Some candidates, too, seem to think they will be marked well for their "much writing", even though the handwriting is so hurried as to be almost unreadable. How often have I groaned inwardly while struggling to decipher almost illegible writing, or to trace essential facts amid a mass of verbiage. Nevertheless, be it understood, it is not facts only that are looked for. Examiners do not count "facts" and give so many marks to each, otherwise their task might be fairly simple. A brief, well-balanced answer, mentioning only the chief points but showing some appreciation of their relative importance, is likely to gain more marks than a much longer answer with a multiplicity of facts, both relevant and irrelevant, tumbling over one another. Part of the business of the History examiner is to give due credit for any signs he may find of intelligent understanding and of interest taken in the subject, and not merely to a text-book or note-book memory of facts and "points".

The task of marking History scripts, always heavy and often dull, is sometimes enlivened by the unconscious humour of candidates. I have a large and growing collection of so-called "howlers", many of which were due to mere slips of the pen. Let me hasten to add that an examiner does "take off marks" for such slips; his business is to award marks where they

appear to be justified, even when facts and ideas are somewhat crudely expressed. I fear that no marks would be awarded to the candidate who, in answer to the question "What do you know about Thomas Cromwell?" replied "His name was not Thomas, it was Oliver"; but the candidate who told me that "the chief follower of John and Charles Wesley was George Grossmith" happily mentioned the name of Whitfield in a later part of the answer, so no harm was done. I was favourably impressed by a description of Sir Robert Peel as "a man who thought deeply before acting, and was even said to have betrayed his party on some occasions, owing to his habit of clear thinking on all points of view", although that was rather hard on his party! But what credit would *you* award to such statements as the following?—"Virginia was named after Queen Victoria"; "Cromwell drilled some men until they became invisible"; "Disraeli took his leap in the dark into the cave of Adullam"; "as a good moral influence Walpole was a failure"; "when James II had a son they knew he was a Roman Catholic"; "Archbishop Laud was an Armenian"; "Napoleon defeated the Marmadukes at the battle of the Pyramids"; "the English ships ploughed the Spanish Main" (mainland of South America); "the 1715 rebellion was led by a man who was nicknamed Mars"; "Henry VII amassed money, so his son was able to live corpulently". These are among the statements I have had to consider.

Examiners are human, and have all been examinees. They feel the weight of their responsibility, knowing that a few marks in their subject may make all the difference between success and failure in the examination as a whole.

BANKING : A CAREER

By TWO BANK CLERKS.

The first thing a boy should consider when choosing a career is the prospect of attaining those things that he desires in life. We shall therefore give a short idea of what may be expected by those who contemplate a banking career.

If a boy should desire the opportunity of becoming extremely wealthy, the prospects of doing so in a bank are almost negligible. If he prefers to be in a position where he knows that he will be almost safe from un-

employment and be assured of an income on which he can live in moderate comfort, he might consider entering a bank.

Entrance to the staff of a bank has to be obtained through an introduction from a manager known to the boy's parents, and after a fairly simple examination and being favourably considered by the staff department, the prospective new entrant is placed on a waiting list. In due course he is appointed to a branch, which may be anywhere

in England, as a junior clerk at a salary of about £50 a year. This sum varies slightly, as also does the scale of increments, in different banks; but in all cases the boy's parents must be prepared to assist him financially until he is twenty-one, at which age he may expect to earn enough to be self-supporting. After this, provided the clerk is honest and does his work with reasonable efficiency, he should be assured of a comfortable living, with a pension of about two-thirds of his salary on reaching the age of sixty.

The foregoing is an account of the prospects at the present day, but conditions are likely to change as time goes on. There is a tendency for salaries to become lower, and new scales have been introduced for new entrants, below those formerly prevailing. There is also a tendency for the higher positions to be taken by men from the Universities, who thus block the path of promotion for the rest of the staff. The possibility of nationalization of banks and the consequent redundancy of staff would also have the effect of diminishing prospects of promotion. The introduction of mechanized means of book-keeping might subdivide banking employees into only two classes, executive officers and book-keeping clerks.

With regard to conditions of work in the banks, many people are under the misapprehension that a bank clerk works only from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. The new junior soon finds that this is a mistake, for he has to arrive at 8.30 a.m. and is seldom finished before 5 p.m. In many offices, between 6 and 7 p.m. is the usual time of departure.

The junior clerk's first duties are of a somewhat menial nature. He has to carry

the books and cash up from the strong room, see to the post, and act as general runabout. Progressing from this lowly station, he becomes a real clerk and begins to keep books, for which work the chief requirements are an ability to write quickly and to add, or cast as it is called, correctly. When he has been in the bank for about ten years, he may become a cashier and his work changes from being rather monotonous, becoming quite interesting. He comes into personal contact with the customers and is dealing with actual cash for the first time. The main essentials of a good cashier are an ability to get on well with the customers, to be accurate in counting, to possess plenty of common-sense in order to be able to answer the many questions put to him, and to be acute enough to prevent the bank's being swindled.

If the clerk is lucky enough eventually to become a manager, there are many attributes needed. He must be popular with the customers, have a fair knowledge of almost every occupation, and be able to discriminate between customers to whom the bank may safely lend money and those who are not good banking risks.

We have given a very brief account of conditions in an ordinary branch bank, but the new entrant may find himself in a department at Head Office. As a rule, this means more of a routine job at first, but care and common-sense are still important requirements.

If after reading this article a boy decides to try a career of banking, he will find a very decent set of companions in any of the banks and opportunities to participate in sport of every kind.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

The Annual Distribution of Prizes took place in the North End Hall on Wednesday, 14th December, 1938. Monsieur E. M. Stéphan very kindly gave the prizes away and Mr. Alderman H. J. Morland, M.A., J.P., Chairman of the Education Committee, presided. Amongst those present on the platform were Mrs. M. M. Wood-Roberts, the Rev. Canon G. W. Scott, M.A., Alderman and Miss Betteridge, Captain and Mrs. Lethbridge-Abell, Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers, F.L.A., Mr. N. Greenwood, B.Sc., M.Ed., Mr. E. Healey, M.A., M.Ed., Mr. F. R. Porter, Mr. J. T. Paxton, Mr. E. Bolingbroke, and Mr. Briant Poulter, who

presented his chess trophy, the Briant Poulter Challenge Shield, which had been won, on the first occasion that it was offered for competition, by the School Chess Team.

The Chairman, in his usual trenchant and compelling manner, packed a vast deal of wisdom into his brief introduction, emphasised the need for the new School so long promised us, and then called upon Monsieur Stéphan.

Our visitor presented the prizes in the most charming way and had some comment of wit or wisdom for each boy. Then he prefaced his address by declaring that he



was present for three reasons—he knew the Headmaster of the School and liked and respected him, he knew the worth and reputation of the John Ruskin School, and lastly because, he confessed, he liked prize givings.

In a manner sparkling with Gallic wit, he told of prize givings in France in his own days. The inhabitants congregated in the village square, the local band was hired for the occasion, and all the school children assembled, complete with best bib and tucker. A paper crown of laurel was presented to the winner as in the Olympic Games.

Then in reminiscent mood, he told of his coming to England as a master in a secondary school. He was immediately labelled "Froggy" and considered not "quite nice". Whereas an Englishman was an Englishman all the world over, a foreigner was looked upon as not being quite the "thing".

To illustrate this point he told the story of the Englishman and his wife, who were admiring the "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre. Their view being obscured by other people, the Englishman turned to his wife and remarked that it was a nuisance having their view obstructed by foreigners. Whereupon his wife reminded him that in Paris they

were the foreigners. "Oh! no!" replied the husband; "We are not foreigners, we are English."

The old view of the French, held by the English, was that Paris was rather a wicked place, where they performed strange dances, and indulged in weird foods. On the other hand, the French had equally queer notions about the English.

Monsieur Stéphan told how he travelled from Southampton to London in a carriage full of people, none of whom uttered a word. All had newspapers which they began to read at the back page, and as the train neared London he saw the headline on the back page of one of the papers—"Collapse of Kent". He was then unacquainted with the Englishman's love of cricket, and thought that some terrible disaster had overtaken the county, possibly an earthquake.

Dealing with the peculiarities of English spelling and pronunciation Monsieur Stéphan described his bewilderment once in Liverpool on seeing an advertisement for a pantomime carried by a sandwich-board man—"Aladdin—pronounced success."

But, our speaker proceeded, all these prejudices disappear as we get to know each other, and come to see each other's point of view. One of the best ways to achieve this understanding was through education, since the culture of the mind was essential. School, he continued, was the main training ground for the struggle of life, and the years spent at school were the most decisive of one's life. It was good for all to work and we should make a wise use of our leisure by cultivating a hobby. The essential thing



Monsieur E. M. Stéphan.

was to make effort for the sake of the effort, not the result. The result of the effort would only last for a time, but the effort would last for all time because it helped to form character. However unimportant we might be, we could all be part of the anonymous chorus which was helping to make humanity and civilisation. No-one is useless in the world; no action, no thought of ours dies, so we must all do our best—seeking truth, doing good, and giving happiness. On the giving of happiness Monsieur Stéphan quoted the French proverb—

THE STALLION.

From afar the sound came,
Yet nearer and nearer;
Like the thundering of waves
The great stallion came charging.
Gallop madly, it came ever nearer,
Until with a toss of its mane
He drew level, and stopped,
Plunging and snorting.
Up on his back I mounted with ease,
To be borne away in a whistling breeze;
Never stopping, never slackening,
The great stallion flew on,—ever on.
Until in the distance a palace appeared,
All covered with ivy, a heavenly dream.
Through wide gates we passed, to stop in
the courtyard,
To come face to face with a tall, lovely
queen.
But there, to my sorrow, came an end to my
dream.

S. Daniell

THIS LIBERTY.

There he sat, a nimble, lithe little form resembling at once a cat and a snake. His dull, colourless eyes twitched to and fro as he panted, just visible in the grass and leaves. He had travelled far since his escape, and was resting after a tiring run. He was a ferret.

His escape was made easier because when his door had been closed the hook had caught in the wire netting of the cage, and on its being re-opened for his next meal, part of the wire split. It was through this gap that he had eased himself. He had torn his shoulder a little, but that was forgotten, except, of course, for an occasional twinge. A rabbit had come his way, so he did not now want any food, but he was out of breath and he would have liked a drink. He had

“Le bonheur est une denrée remarquable. Plus on en donne, plus on en a.”

Another interesting event of the evening was the presentation to the Headmaster by Mr. Frank Porter, Chairman of the Old Boys' Association, of the Trust Deed establishing the William Field Memorial Fund. Mention of this will be found in the Old Boys' Section of the Magazine.

Songs and carols by the School Choir, most beautifully sung, ended a happy evening.

been free for about two hours, and in those hours he had almost made up for the three weeks he had spent in captivity. He had not forgotten his favourite haunts, and had almost made a complete tour of them.

Suddenly his nose stopped twitching and he turned his head, then he was gone,—a swift rustle, and that was all.

He had scented something more than the pine needles or the dead bracken; something had crushed a bramble-shoot, and it wasn't a fox either; he knew, and he trusted his instincts.

But he was not meant to be free. The noise he had heard was of a man returning home after setting three traps,—three traps for him.

He halted a little way down the path and turned his nose towards a vague smell. It was a rabbit, but a queer sort of rabbit, so he set out to investigate. Just as the smell was strongest he blundered into a wire cage, similar to his old one, and the door sprang shut.

There was a mutilated rabbit in one corner, a rabbit which he would not touch because of the strong smell of man lingering on it. He examined the cage with his nose and concluded that it was to be his last home; there was no way out.

After a time he heard, and smelt, the approach of a man. He heard the clinking together of the two other cages which had not succeeded in their purpose. As it grew nearer he bared his teeth, and uttered the queer noises only uttered by ferrets. The noise ceased for a moment as the foliage covering the cage was carefully removed.

He blinked in the strong light up at the huge creature towering above him; then a hand came down and lifted the cage to chest level. The door was unfastened and a well-

known hand reached down and gently picked him up.

Only then did he realize what a mistake it was to attempt to escape.

H. Clack

CHAINED MONKEY.

Dance, little captive, to the organ's jig,
Think, placid mind, of Indian skies so blue;
Reach, little hand, for the sticky fig
The timorous-forward child is offering you;
But dream of the land across the sea,
The land where you were happy—and free.

Strive, little clown, to draw the crowd's
applause,
Though it but gain you sickly, tasteless fruit
From grubby boxes fouled by human paws.
What sense in sullenly staying mute
And deaf to the whirling, shouting throng
Drunk with the fair-ground's lights and
song?

C. Newson.

FIRESIDE TALE.

Come gentlemen all, and draw up your chairs,
And I'll tell you a tale that will banish all
cares.

'Tis a story of England that once used to be,
An England that's gone from you and from
me.

The moon it was high and the night it was
clear,

And the sound of the coach-wheels came
nearer and near;

The highwayman stood waiting, half hid in
a gloom,

And his three-cornered hat shone bright in
the moon.

Then "Stand and deliver, my good people
all!"

Said he over pistol and powder and ball.

"And hurry, my friends, for I'm minded to
be

Away from this coach and your good com-
pany.

But two Bow Street runners spurred after
the coach,

And spurred they the harder at his bold
approach.

He heard the hoofs clattering far down the
road,

And he turned and he galloped, not waiting
for load.

And the chase it was long, and the chase it
was fast,

And well the rogue knew that his horse
could not last;

So when round a bend he was quite out of
sight,

He leapt, and the horse galloped on in the
night.

Then he crouched in a cornfield that bordered
the way,

Behind the stooked corn-sheaves he listened
and lay,

Till he heard the "Street" runners go
galloping by,

And he laughed, and he thanked all his stars
in the sky.

There's an inn near the spot, "Coach and
Four" it is called,

It's oak-panelled, low-roofed, and heavily
walled.

And its landlord is—well, you should know,
For, carved in the mantel, are stooked
sheaves of corn,

And above it are pistols, much battered and
worn.

J. Mott.

ON THE FACE OF IT.

If one day I should leave this native land
of mine and settle abroad, I might perhaps
look back and try to think of all those smells
and sounds and sights which I could treasure
amidst a new existence, as memories of the
Mother Country.

Perhaps I should remember the smell of
the streets after a refreshing summer shower,
or the fragrance of a cluster of violets in a
dark wood. Perhaps I should recall the
rumble of city traffic in mid-afternoon, or
the eerie quiet of the countryside very early
in the morning.

But certainly I should never forget the
shape of that historic bulwark of Britain,
that doyen of clocks, to which the unroman-
tic English affectionately refer as "Big
Ben."

Often, as the mist clears from the river,
have I seen its round, jovial face peer
through its clinging canopy of fog to wish
me a bluff good-morning in the mellow tones
which I love so well.

Often, as I hurry over the bridge after a
tiresome day's work, has its cheerful note
flown after me to speed my lagging foot-
steps and to ease my heavy load.



And as, at times, proudly I gaze upon it, the thought sometimes occurs to me that here may be found the symbolisation of all that is good in the make-up of John Bull; it quietly works at its allotted task, it is mute until it has something worth while to say, and then it says it in no uncertain manner with a firmness in its voice which implies that it will brook no argument. Surely can we turn to this as the one thing that is Britain;—more, the British spirit.

But as I glance upwards towards its Olympian heights, one obstinate thought persists in troubling me.

Why are there *Roman* figures on its face?

C. Newson.

AN OLD HORSE.

Drowsy, old, with matted mane,
Soft, cloudy eyes that brighten no more;
Unwanted, helpless, he gets no grain,
Useless, despised, with withers sore,—
Forgive us, horse, for all our cruelty:
You carry your last burden oh, so patiently.

S. Gravener.

OUR TOWN.

It is large, our town,
Our widened streets
With jangling trams
And traffic jams.
On our Bargain Days
From fetid shops
To buses that roar
The shoppers pour.
Though we often rave
At the rush and din,
Yet we would grieve
Our town to leave.

P. Salter.

I like to see
A new-mown lawn;
I like to see
The break of dawn.
I like to hear
The train go by;
I like to hear
The birds on high.
I like the scent
Of fresh-cut hay;
I like to smell
Sweet blooms in May.

A. C. Martin.

THE DYKE.

It is midnight, yet the dyke is a line of flickering lights, and many men are moving, ant-like, up and down the slopes of it. On one side is the sullen river, racing silently, implacably striving with its weight to burst those restraining walls of earth; on the other side stretch low, level fields, dark now, and far off there are farmsteads where pin-points of yellow light show in the darkness.

The toiling men dare not stop. A whistle shrills; there is danger and urgent need further down the bank! Lorries with tired, grim-faced men swiftly move off. Soon fifty men are dumping sacks full of earth into the ever-widening gap. Slowly its black, snake-like shape lengthens, widens; the river, the relentless river, is winning; the waters seem to set themselves directly against the gap.

But more men are coming. Strangely speaking men in khaki are on the scene, sappers, it is rumoured. Shrubs, bushes, wood, concrete, anything and everything is dragged from ranked lorries and used to check the cruel waters.

For an hour the men work in concentrated strength. For an hour there is the unending stream of lorries, the ceaseless heaving and pulling, till hands are bleeding and legs tremble.

Then a ragged cheer rises. The gap is closed. The frustrated river swings past to seek another entry.

It is Sunday morning, but no hymns rise from the churches. The womenfolk, even the children, are needed; the vicar, too, is there on the dyke, pulling, lifting, dragging with the others, men whose strength is now but a little thing.

Late on the Sunday afternoon a shout goes up, a shout, not of urgency, but of joy. The river is falling! It has fallen an inch in an hour!

A watch is set, the lorries are parked, the fighters straggle away, but not straight home. Not yet. Group by group, with tired feet dragging, they enter the church. The hymn is exultant.

N. J. Gardner.

COMMANDING OFFICER.

Every Wednesday, wet or fine, you may meet the still soldierly figure of the Colonel striding through the little town and beyond

into the country on what he calls a "route march". With regulation step, clad in heavy boots and stout, plain cloth dress, he stalks away out, out as far as ten miles, and he is on the wrong side of sixty now.

The country inns are, to him, barracks at which one may stay to rest and eat bread and cheese and drink a tankard of ale. His home is headquarters, the cook and maid are orderlies.

When he is walking none dare dispute his way. His cane taps shrewdly on the heads of urchins, his heavy build and florid, be-whiskered face make him an object on whom no grown-up dare impose.

He has no band to play him on, but a deep, droning hum, not unlike the greatly magnified song of a bee, accompanies him. Admittedly, it always sounds the same note to passers-by, but to him it is a full military band playing stirring tunes as it swings along before him.

Every afternoon, on the battlefield of his drawing-room table, model soldiers fight fierce engagements. He commands one set; his crony, who once served in the Guards, commands the other. Needless to say, the Colonel invariably wins. His friend knows too much to get the better of him!

C. Newson.

AND SO HOME!

Hasting, rushing, pushing, tearing,
Now the busy day is done;
Weary people, long past caring,
Now it's home for everyone!
Buses crowded, tube trains packed;
Standing, moaning that we lacked
More frequent means for each, as yet,
To get home to his wireless set.
Well, it *would* come on to rain.—
Umbrellas up!—the queue's worst bane.
Ah, here comes a bus at last!
Well, the dashed thing's gone straight past!
Would you move your 'brolly', please?
It's dripping water down my neck.
All right! don't bother, here's a bus!
Ah! room upon the upper deck!
What on earth is that man smoking?
It's only fit for demons' stoking.
Good! here's the stop where I get off.
Not far to walk, that's one blessing.
I'm at the door.
The key—
I'm in!

Thank goodness now, I'm in the warm.
I've braved the cold,
I've braved the storm.
Thank goodness now, I'm in the warm.
Now for the fireside, that's the thing;
I'm home, the one place where I'm king!
A. Woodroof.

THE HILL.

Standing dark against the sky
A hill!
People climb its grassy slopes
At will.
Cars traverse its winding road,
And this changing, motley load
It still
Bears. Patiently across life's page
The serried centuries mark its age,
This hill.
P. Bailey.

RIVER SCENE.

A little tug was fussing about the ships at anchor in midstream. It pushed a large tramp steamer sideways to a quay, and immediately churned off after other work. As it chugged down the river a bank of fog writhed its slow way round colliers, warehouses, and rumbling cranes. The tug pushed its blunt nose into this new land of shadowy forms and wailed on her siren.

From out the grey shadows appeared a black, high bow. One quick turn of the wheel, and the tug was at work again. As it gently guided the ship to its berth, grotesque forms wailed, shrieked or whistled their way by. Strange hootings came from distant craft, and far-off men's voices sounded close at hand. With three short, muffled hoots a police launch nosed past, its engines softly murmuring, apparently oblivious of the fog that pressed down on everything.

Its job finished, the powerful little tug wailed again, and sent volumes of black smoke to mingle with the grey fog, and went on its way. It was an eerie world it moved in, a world where the whining of wire on wire, the rattling of winches, the hiss of escaping steam, the shouts of men mingled inextricably with the voices of the ships out in the open river.

Our tug, setting up a creamy wave of river water at its bow, rushed to the aid of a fog-bound steamer that was hooting with desperate abandon as she wallowed in the

swell of another vessel that had passed her.

Just as the ropes were passed to the tug, a pale sun peered down through the murk, and while men were saying the fog was lifting, it was gone.

A. Cox.

IS SILENCE GOLDEN?

Pale ghosts of old men, where did you lose your hearing? In the far-off battle-fields? through disease? or did the outer silence come gradually to you, unperceived?

Many of the sounds you heard have changed, or have gone with your hearing. From the streets the sound of the posthorn has gone for ever, replaced by the hoarse squawk of the klaxon. Gone are the pleasant sounds you knew, replaced by modern sounds for modern people.

Lost for ever is the sound of crinolines rustling over London's cobbled streets, streets with which you were familiar. You listened to soft waltzes, now you cannot hear the blare of the brass in the frantic music of our "swing" bands.

You cannot hear the sound of the trilling larks high in the heavens on spring mornings; for you there is no chirp of the grasshopper, no hooting of the owl, no rustle of wind through the leaves. Nor is there any radio screaming "variety" or shouting the news of the latest madness of our world. When you walk in some country lane you will miss many pleasing sounds—laughter of children, sound of ball on a bat, and the chatter of running water. But you will not hear the shouts from the "charas", nor the machine-gun chatter of the passing motor-bikes.

And though at the seaside you will not hear the sound of sea lapping against the harbour wall, nor the ships' sirens as they pass the headland, you will have your compensations. You will miss the voice of the ice-cream vendor as he calls in Cockney tones the prices of his "lovely cornets". You will miss the piercing shrieks of the young women, the shouts of the merchants on the beach, and the steam whistles from the near-by "Fun Fair".

Perhaps this is all for the best, poor ghosts. Yet why do you wander disconsolately? Is it that you remember the sounds that you heard and loved, and, remembering, regret?

G. Batt.

CHESS NOTES.

Again this term our chief drawback has been lack of members. One or two boys from Form Six have turned up, it is true, but they are not enough. There are at least ten good players in Form Six alone, and we are always willing to teach newcomers, who do not have to pay their subscription till they have been taught, and know whether they are going to like the game or not. Six Parallel has not been represented once this term. Surely that form has some boys who can play Chess?

It is because of this lack of members that we are not doing as well as in the 1937-38 season, when we won the Briant-Poulter Shield (which is now displayed among the many other trophies in the lower hall). The results of our matches with other schools are:—

John Ruskin	0	v.	Sutton County	7
Morden	3	v.	John Ruskin	4
John Ruskin	5	v.	Heath Clark	2
Whitgift	6	v.	John Ruskin	1
Selhurst	6	v.	John Ruskin	1

We have not yet received any entries for the "Best Game" competition. Surely someone wants the prize awarded by our founder, J. Keable, to the boy who, in his opinion, has played the best game of the season. If you think your game has been a good one, describe it to one of us, and it will be noted.

An innovation has been started this term in the form of a library. We have books by well-known players which contain hints and tips for improving one's play, problems, games, etc. These may be borrowed, free of charge, by members of the Club, upon application to the Secretary. We should be grateful if boys who possess books or magazines on Chess would kindly lend them to us.

We must thank those members of the Staff who remain in the School to look after the Club each Friday.

Reverting to the beginning again, we need more members. Several newcomers from the Fourth Forms are turning out to be quite good players. Chess is *not* a game without an element of amusement. There are several games disproving this. One of them is being played more and more. In it, three take part, two as players and one as referee. The players sit in such positions that they cannot see each other's moves. The players move anywhere, providing the referee tells them it is permissible. The

latter has the full game on a board. Usually he has the most amusing part of the game. The bewilderment and laughter come in when one player moves to a position where he thinks his opponent's piece is. Neither player knows the position of any enemy pieces once the game has started, except those that he guesses.

D. Organ (Hon. Sec.).

G. Fisher (Hon. Treas.).

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Our members have continued to meet regularly this term every Tuesday. In numbers we are still quite strong, although the average age is rather young. We have therefore confined our readings to the simpler one-act plays, but from these we have derived considerable enjoyment and profit. Among them have been Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon," Conan Doyle's "Waterloo," and Harold Chapin's cockney comedy, "It's the Poor that 'Elps the Poor." This latter play was thoroughly enjoyed by the full cast of thirteen.

We are now preparing for the usual end-of-term entertainment. A cast including Wadey, Apps and Organ (veterans now!) is tackling J. J. Bell's "Thread o' Scarlet," described as "a grim play, but intensely dramatic," while, in contrast, Smith and Parker lead another cast in A. A. Milne's ever-popular "Man in the Bowler Hat."

Next season we hope to enlist the support of more of the older boys and attempt certain excerpts from Shakespeare that we have in mind. Perhaps then, too, we shall have a Dramatic Evening when parents may be able to see how talented some of their children really are!

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The competition announced in the last issue of the Magazine has not yet been judged. It is being held open until the return of the boys touring Belgium so that additional entries may be made by members of the Society who are making the journey. This should add interest to the competition and to the display of photographs entered, which will be arranged as soon as the results are available. All members should note, therefore, that there is still time to enter for the competition. In these circumstances they should make every effort to use the

darkroom to do their own developing and printing, so that they may enter for the most interesting and most difficult class.

Several boys in the upper part of the School continue to take interest in developing and printing. This is quite satisfactory, but the darkroom is not in use as frequently as it should be.

C.G.K.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY NOTES.

I must begin by apologising for the postponement of one lecture and one meeting of the Chemical Section, because of the examinations which the 6th Form boys had at the end of this term.

While speaking of the Chemical Section, I should like to thank Mr. Pearman warmly for conducting these meetings, and for staying on Thursday evenings. I shall also take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Cresswell for supplying the Meteorological Section with daily weather maps, and the readings obtained at the main towns and holiday resorts in the British Isles.

I should like to congratulate Juniper, Lewis, and Fisher, who gave talks during the term. I am sure that there is no need to remind members of the subjects of their lectures. As for non-members, I do ask them to read the article which will be published in the summer issue of the Magazine; I shall be incorporating the Scientific Society Notes with it; and if you do read this article carefully, and think carefully before answering the question that I shall ask, I shall feel that my work has not been wasted.

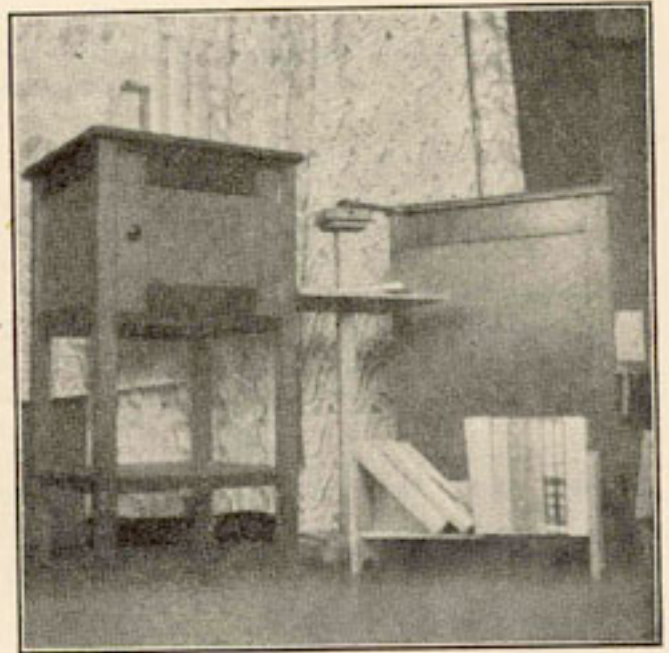
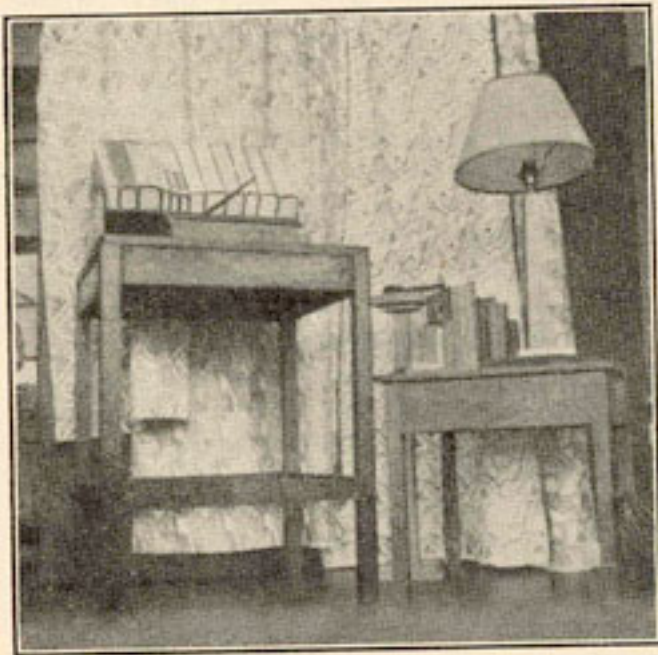
For the 'members' of the Society, I have an important announcement.

I start by thanking you all for the excellent way in which you supported the debate which I arranged, and I must also thank A. White and Crawley for their unstinted aid, not forgetting E. Clarke, who took Juniper's place at the eleventh hour. As you appeared to like the debates, I looked for more ideas. I managed to find some, and although all of them would not be suitable for debates, they should make excellent subjects for discussion. But I am going to let you choose the subjects you like best.

I have listed them below, and I should like you to read them, and some time during the first week of the coming term I want you to hand in on a piece of paper this list



OUR PUPPET THEATRE.



WOODWORK AND DESIGN BY THE BOYS.

of subjects in order of preference. As you have chosen the one you like best, I want you, during the holidays, to do a little research on your subject, so that when we hold the discussion, you will be able to contribute to the information, which, I hope, will be collected by many of you. Don't be afraid. Remember, these will be discussions of your choice; so please come and help swell the audience.

Here are the subjects:—

1. The Freedom of the Press.
2. Does Science make men happier?
3. Ought a novel always to have a happy ending?
4. Should games be regarded as a duty or a pleasure?
5. The advantages and disadvantages of trial by jury.
6. Secret Societies.
7. A citizen's duties and responsibilities.

P. Wadey (Hon. Secretary).

NOTES ON FOOTBALL.

Fewer inter-school matches than usual have been played this term. Bad weather caused the cancellation of our fixtures with Heath Clark School, St. Luke's, and Redhill Police Orphanage, and the half-term holiday was responsible for yet another blank Saturday. Strangely enough, however, the weather has not interfered unduly with the inter-form football programme, which has been carried through with greater enthusiasm than ever.

The first eleven has recorded good wins over St. Joseph's College, Archbishop Tenison's, and Sutton County School, though a depleted side was well beaten by Stanley Technical School in a fast and open game in which superiority of weight was a deciding factor in our opponents' success. Indeed, lack of weight has severely handicapped our defence on several occasions. The backs have tackled courageously, but not strongly enough, and their kicking has not had sufficient length. As a result, much has depended on Kearns in goal, and he has performed with great credit. Some of his saves against Sutton County were remarkably good.

Among the half-backs, Morgan has been most prominent. London (D.) is full of good ideas, but he is too slightly built to put all of them into practice. Dunmore has plenty of ability, but from time to time his

enthusiasm for the game appears to wane.

The forward line has great potentialities; it tries to make progress by accurate passing and intelligent positioning, but it is handicapped by the lack of inches of two of its members. Hill and Gunston, though clever and plucky, are too small to be really thrustful. Brooker, with his speed and enthusiasm, is the most dangerous individualist of the line, but his left foot is weak and he must learn a few more ways of beating his man. Annetts is a splendid shot and is very strong on the ball; and Lambert is a clever schemer with good ball-control. Both are whole-hearted, determined players who lack just that quickness off the mark that turns half a chance into a real opportunity.

Once again the second eleven record makes rather disappointing reading; but there are several good reasons for their lack of success. The side is very young—the youngest second team we have had for years—and it lacks size, weight, and experience. However, the team has always fought well, even when completely out-played, and players like Locke, Griffiths, Kippen, London (N.), and Robinson have shown very commendable grit and determination. It is greatly to their credit that they have continued to play hard even when several goals in arrears. Young boys like Mills (4c), Little, Mitchell (A.), Charles, and Mills (S.) have gained valuable experience which will stand them in very good stead next season.

The record of the Junior eleven is not quite so imposing as last term's. The forwards have played well, but the defence has conceded too many goals. Chilton has played as well in goal as his small stature has allowed him, but the positional play of the defence has often been faulty; marking has been haphazard; there has been insufficient covering, particularly covering of the goal-keeper. Leach has played some good games, though he is severely handicapped by being largely one-footed. Bonnywell, a natural footballer with plenty of ability, must learn to mark more closely and recover more quickly. Stracey, though he lacks speed, tackles well and kicks cleanly. Yeomans is a good attacking centre-half, but his defensive work is often slipshod; his dribbling is better than his tackling. Harley and Nudd-Jones have both shown considerable promise in the right-half position. The approach work of the forwards is good, the inside forwards making good

use of their wingers, and the irrepressible Dyer supplies plenty of bustle in the middle. But often their finishing leaves much to be desired; there is too little first-time shooting. Mitchell (R.), Bashford, Sawyers and Gamon are all clever footballers with good ball-control, but they often delay their final shots at goal until too late. Dyer is more of an opportunist, but he lacks a good left foot.

Colours have been awarded as follows:—

First Eleven—Annetts, Kearns, Leigh, Josey, Morgan, Dunmore, London (D.), Brooker, Hill, Lambert, and Gunston.

Second Eleven—Griffiths, Locke, Kippen, Shearman, Gambel, Lucas, Chandor, London (N.), Robinson, Mills (4c), Little, Charles, Mills (S.), and Mitchell (A.).

Junior Eleven—Dyer, Chilton, Leach, Malcolm, Bonnywell, Harley, Nudd-Jones, Yeomans, Stracey, Gamon, Sawyers, Bashford, and Mitchell (R.).

Once again we wish to conclude these notes with an expression of thanks to Messrs. Alexander, Pearman, Cresswell, and Cracknell for their invaluable assistance throughout the past season. The boys have been greatly encouraged by the genuine interest in their games shown by these masters.

COMPLETE RESULTS.

Date	Opponents	1st XI.'s	2nd XI.'s
Jan. 14	Old Boys'	... Won 5-2	
" 21	Redhill Police Orphanage	Cancelled	
" 28	Heath Clark	... Cancelled	Cancelled
Feb. 4	St. Joseph's College	Won 3-1	Lost 2-4
" 11	Archbishop Tenison's	Won 3-1	Won 3-2
" 18	St. Luke's	... Cancelled	
" 25	Half-Term		
Mar. 4	Stanley Technical	Lost 0-2	Lost 1-6
" 11	Sutton County	... Won 1-0	Lost 1-6
" 18	Streatham Grammar		
" 25	Old Boys'	...	
Apr. 1	Heath Clark	...	

The results of the end-of-term House matches will be published, together with the league tables, in the Summer issue of the Magazine.

JUNIOR XI. RESULTS.

Date	Opponents	1st XI.'s	2nd XI.'s
Jan. 14	Croydon Town	Lost 2-4
" 21	Croydon Town	Lost 5-7
" 28	Heath Clark	Cancelled
Feb. 4	St. Joseph's College	Won 5-3
" 11	Archbishop Tenison's	Lost 3-4
" 18	St. Joseph's College	Won 6-2
" 25	Half-Term		
Mar. 4	Stanley Technical	Won 2-0
" 11	Sutton County	Won 3-2
" 18	Streatham Grammar	
" 25	Ballard's School	
Apr. 1	Heath Clark	

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 for inclusion in this Section should be sent.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Twelfth Ordinary Annual General Meeting of the Association was held at the School on February 28th, under the chairmanship of F. R. Porter, Chairman of the Association.

A. W. Jackson, to whom thanks are given for his past services, did not stand for re-election to the Committee, which now consists of F. R. Porter, Chairman; J. T. Paxton, Hon. Secretary; E. R. Bolingbroke, Hon. Treasurer; W. A. Cormack, L. R. C. Munton, and J. C. Spurling. The Hon. Secretary's address is 41, Clarendon Road, Croydon.

COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1938.

It is with very much pleasure that the Committee reports on the Association's activities for the year 1938.

The year opened with the retirement of Mr. W. A. Cormack as Secretary of the Association after fulfilling that position for many years, and the appointment of Mr. J. T. Paxton to fill the vacancy.

It will be remembered that at the Annual General Meeting held last year Mr. Locke reported the death of the Association's first President, and suggested that the Old Boys' Association might like to join with the School in a form of Memorial to the School's first Headmaster. The Committee, with the full co-operation of the School, thought that an appeal to former members of the John Ruskin School should be made, and the William Field Memorial Fund was opened, to which all Old Boys were invited to contribute.

Many letters were distributed, which were supported by notices and letters in the local Press. Generous subscriptions by the

School, present and past members of the Staff, and Old Boys' contributions, resulted in the sum of £42 10s. 0d. being collected. A formal Trust Deed, suitably engrossed in hand by Mr. J. Graham, our Hon. Solicitor, and stamped, was handed over to Mr. A. W. McLeod—as the senior of the three Trustees under the Deed—at the School Prize Distribution in December last. The Deed provided for the investment of the Fund in Government Stock and for the utilisation of the income therefrom towards the purchase of a prize or prizes.

Although the arrangements for the formation of the Fund and Trust were specially made so that the control thereof remained in our hands, the Committee's action and achievement received the full approval and approbation of the Education Committee.

We would remind Old Boys that the Fund is still open for subscriptions, and we hope that these will be readily forthcoming from all members who have not yet contributed.

Annual Reunion Supper.

The Eleventh Annual Reunion Supper was held at the Greyhound Hotel on 30th April, 1938, and we were honoured by the presence of Mr. A. W. McLeod, the Headmaster of the School and the President of the Association, who attended for the first time, Mr. Locke, who acted as Chairman in his usual genial manner, and five other members of the Staff. Never before have we had so many Masters present at a Reunion.

Mr. R. Smart proposed the toast of the School, to which Mr. McLeod replied, whilst Mr. McSweeney proposed the toast of the Association.

Dances.

During the year 1938 we held two dances, in conjunction with the Lady Edridge School Past Pupils' Association, as previously. The first of these, held at Zeeta's Café, had a record attendance, and on the strength of this we were encouraged to book the Queen's Hall, South Croydon, for both of the dances for the 1938-9 winter. Of course, last November's was again well attended and resulted in a reasonable profit, but for some unknown cause the number present at the dance on 18th February last was more than halved. A loss was made on this function, which is not included in the accounts under review.

We would remind our members that they always receive lengthy notice of all Old

Boys' Association functions through the Magazine and circulars, and we look to them to attend these to ensure financial success. Nowadays there is never any doubt as to the social success of our functions.

Membership.

There is an increasing difficulty in obtaining new members of the Association. The Committee has considered this problem at its recent meetings, and as a result a questionnaire was prepared and issued to all members. Many of the postcards have been returned, but owing to the short period of time between the date of issue and this meeting, it has not been possible to summarise the replies. We hope that every member will complete the card.

The Committee has had printed a supply of Application for Membership forms, and these are now being issued to boys who have recently left School, and any other Old Boys who may be interested in joining the Association.

Sub-Sections.

The Sub-Sections, which are the life blood of our organisation, continue to operate with their customary efficiency under their respective officers. The Football Club is running four teams this season, three of these being in the Thornton Heath League. The Cricket Club had a most successful season, whilst the Old Boys' Chess Club was formed by some of the younger members. It is interesting to note that this Club is one of the leading members of the Croydon Junior Chess Association, which it helped to inaugurate.

Accounts.

Copies of the Accounts and Balance Sheet, as at 31st December, 1938, were issued with the notice of the meeting to give all members an early opportunity of examining the results for the year.

There is a surplus of Income over Expenditure for the year of £5 6s. 5d., after charging the non-recurring expenses of the William Field Memorial Fund Appeal, which amounted to a few pence over £5.

It will be realised, of course, that the satisfactory result is due mainly to the profits derived from the dances held during 1938.

* * *

The Committee expresses its thanks to Mr. McLeod for assistance and advice always so willingly given, the School, who always provide accommodation for our meetings, and the many Club Officers for their services readily rendered during the past year.

PRESENTATION OF THE WILLIAM
FIELD MEMORIAL FUND
TRUST DEED.

A feature of the School Prizegiving held at the North End Hall on December 4th, was the handing to Mr. McLeod, as Senior Trustee, of the Trust Deed named above. In presenting the Deed to Mr. McLeod, Mr. F. R. Porter made the following speech. Mr. Chairman, Mr. McLeod, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is my privilege to-night, as Chairman of the Old Boys' Association, to hand over the Trust Deed of the William Field Memorial Fund in commemoration of the first Headmaster of this School. Before I do this, it is only fitting that I should tell you something about the Fund, and briefly refer to Mr. Field's work.

On the death of Mr. Field in February this year, the School invited the Old Boys' Association to join with them in the provision of a suitable Memorial. We felt it would be the wish of every Old Boy to be associated with such a Memorial, but we suggested that we should open a special Appeal Fund, and that if sufficient money were forthcoming, we could then endow a School Prize Fund. I am pleased to say that we succeeded in raising sufficient money to achieve this object. The income from the Fund now in existence will be enough to provide more than one prize annually, but, as the Chairman has stated, we shall be open to receive further donations so that we may provide more prizes, or prizes of a wider type.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have worked so hard to make the appeal a success—the School, who collaborated with us and gave a handsome donation of their own, Mr. Paxton, the untiring Secretary of our Association, who is with me on the platform, Mr. Davies, the Treasurer of the Fund, and all those who have subscribed. One further point of interest is that not one penny has been taken out of the subscriptions for expenses. The cost of printing, postage, and such-like charges has been paid out of the general funds of the Association, and through the kindness of our Honorary Solicitor, who is himself an Old Boy, we have incurred no legal costs. He has drawn up the Trust Deed which I am to hand over in a few minutes, and it is a work of art in copper-plate writing, with an imposing array of signatures at the foot. I cannot profess to

understand all the legal phraseology, but I can say that we are very deeply indebted to him.

My remarks would be incomplete without some reference to Mr. Field: I will be brief, for some of the things that I could say have been published elsewhere. Two things stand out most vividly in my mind. First, Mr. Field's practical outlook on education, and secondly, his devotion to the School. Old Boys who worked under Mr. Field will not need to be reminded of his insistence on discipline and hard work, and they will always remember with gratitude the efforts of himself and his staff in coaching them for examinations, and his success in placing boys in positions when they left School. As to his devotion, that would be difficult to describe in words, but it was a very real thing, and it must have been a tremendous wrench for him when he retired from the Headmastership in 1934.

A virile institution like the John Ruskin School cannot stand still, however, and the work that Mr. Field inaugurated is not merely being maintained, it is being enlarged and widened. I notice from the School Magazine that there are many new features in the School life that did not exist in my time—such as the Photographic and Scientific Societies. It is not within my province to-night to deal with the present. All I would say is this—that as long as there are Old Boys of the John Ruskin School who worked under Mr. Field, so long will his name be remembered with respect and very sincere gratitude. We are proud to have been members of the School and we shall always follow its future—a future which seems to hold promise of great things—with very keen interest, and we hope that we may always look upon it as our School. To future generations of scholars the name of William Field may only be of historic importance, but we should like them to know that he was the first Headmaster and that pupils of his day held him in high esteem.

I have very great pleasure in asking you, Mr. McLeod, as the Senior Trustee named in this Deed, to accept the custody of this document, with the hope that the Fund that it endows will, in some small measure, be of benefit in the work which Mr. Field began.

Mr. McLeod and Alderman Morland acknowledged the gift. Mr. McLeod said that the gift was a great testimony to the feel-

ing in which the Old Boys' Association held their late Headmaster. It was also a testimony to the character of the boys themselves. It was a very gracious act of piety, one of those things which were "lovely and of good report".

In a letter to Mr. McLeod, written by Mr. H. Roberts on behalf of the Croydon Education Committee, Mr. Roberts said that he was instructed to convey to the Association the Committee's appreciation of their generous effort on behalf of the object in view.

We learn with satisfaction that the first prize to be given under the terms of the Trust will be for French, in which subject Mr. Field was so interested and in the teaching of which he took such pains.

DANCE.

The second and final dance of this winter was held at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, 18th February, and for an inexplicable reason the attendance dropped to just half the expected number. The attendance and enthusiasm aroused by the November dance led us to believe that all was well with our social functions nowadays, and we expected, at least, a similar number of Old Boys to be present with their friends. Anyhow, the absence of many made the enjoyment of the few even greater, for there was more room for the fancy and complicated steps and the chance to greet all their friends.

Mr. G. Graham again acted as M.C., and it would be difficult to find a more energetic and suitable fellow for the job. We admired his freshness of view in the interpretation of those military instructions in the allocation of the so-called 'spot' prizes, especially as Mrs. Graham and the Hon. Secretary secured one of the prizes.

REUNION SUPPER.

The Twelfth Annual Reunion Supper was held at the Greyhound on March 11th, and although the attendance was disappointing, the function was socially a great success.

W. K. Duke, in proposing the toast of "The School", gave an eulogy both of the School and its present Headmaster, whose pupil he was before joining the John Ruskin School. He praised Mr. Locke's philosophical influence and told some amusing stories about life at the School in its early days.

Mr. McLeod was glad that the toast was received so cordially. It was amazing how few people could find it in them to say anything good about their old school in novels and reminiscences. He was glad to see so many Old Boys at the School Prizegiving, and congratulated F. R. Porter on his speech then. Mr. McLeod likened the School to "The river that flows, but is always the same river", and said that if the name changed the river would be continuous. He spoke of Mr. Locke's sound philosophy of life and his fine influence on the School, of which he was a veritable pillar. He appreciated the difficulty of recruiting younger members to the Association, and said that the best way of approach was probably through the sports clubs.

Mr. Manning proposed the toast "The Association" and spoke regretfully, but not despairingly, of its declining membership. He could not believe that the decline was owing to the increase of 1/6 in the subscription. He searched for an explanation, and said that although he had heard that "Cupidity is the root of all evil", in this case he was inclined to blame Cupid. He thought the Association fortunate in its officers, but he wanted to see the Swimming and Badminton Clubs started again. He was very glad that both Mr. Locke and Mr. McSweeney, who had been ill for many weeks, were able to be present.

F. R. Porter, in replying, was very glad to welcome the Masters, for whose support he was grateful. He thought that the Association might become too much in the hands of those over thirty, and he mentioned the need of some younger members on the Committee. Speaking of possible changes in the School's future, he said that it would be a mistake for the Association to go out of existence. The psychological effect of the name "Grammar School" might be the making of the Old Boys' Association.

A. E. Hunt proposed a toast to "The Chairman". Mr. Locke, who acknowledged it with gracious expressions of thanks, captured his audience with points of retrospect and prospect.

Archie Palmer cleverly amused and mystified the company with his 'magic', and a pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing, with Les. Munton at the piano.

NEWS OF OLD BOYS.

We give our best wishes for the future happiness of E. E. Noyes, who was recently married.

Congratulations to J. C. Jones on the arrival of a second daughter in January of this year.

OBITUARY.

Will Edward Brun. February 11th, 1939.

By the death of W. E. Brun, at the age of 22, we have lost one of our younger and most enthusiastic members. As a Sergeant of No. 19 Elementary and Reserve Flying Training School, Gatwick, he was flying solo a R.A.F. fighting aeroplane which crashed at Brighton in foggy weather.

Brun was endeared to many Old Boys by his kindly good nature, and a number of them attended at his funeral at Bandon Hill.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Since our last notes we have played most of our league games, and while the results have shown more losses than gains, we have some satisfaction in knowing that our third team has justified the experiment of competing in league matches.

Balderson and May are in attendance every Monday at our 'fixture meetings,' and although some of the time is monopolised by the first team representatives, full consideration is given to Greenwood's second eleven and further thought to the fourth eleven. Watson has captained this last team since Powell left us to join H.M. Forces.

With a membership of 50, there was no doubt that we should run a fourth team, and with Watson in charge we are carefully given the capabilities of each new member. He has been such a capable recruiter that we now have Seymour, Walmsley, Murrill, and Marchant with us. Here again, the success of this team has not been complete, but they have a good programme and the support given is as good as that shown by the three league sides.

On looking at our records we find one or two bad weeks, particularly in the second and third teams, when on two occasions it was necessary to fill five places on the day before the match, in order to play a full side.

We sympathise with 'flu sufferers, but we have yet to solve the problem of the Friday night cold which compels Club officials to make frantic 'phone calls and to scribble hurried postcards.

A review of our games shows that we are meeting teams of greater height and weight.

This has been particularly noticeable in the first team games.

We are pleased that Mr. Manning has joined us again, but the absence of Binstead and Davis, the latter through injury, has made it difficult to field a regularly strong team in every match, even with the addition of an occasional second team member, much to the detriment of that side. Late 'scratchings' have given us little opportunity to play an eleven of the standing expected of this team.

There are still one or two positions yet to be settled, and it seems that they will remain open as we have nobody to fill them suitably. The position of outside right is one.

Our second team continues its programme fairly well, but here again we lack suitable players, and we have tried many members throughout the season. The side has suffered to some extent in that Crepin and Goward have been included in the first eleven, and their places have not been filled by substitutes as able as themselves.

In the third team there are many players from which to choose, but their experience is still limited from a league soccer point of view, when we remember that it is this side's first season of such fixtures. A problem arises when we need to promote players to our first or second elevens. Apart from occasional changes through 'scratchings', the team has included much the same players, and a regular goal-scorer is lacking. Burness, a former prominent first eleven player, prefers to be ranked in this side, and we hope that on his return we shall see a larger number of victories.

The league table shows that we are keeping off the bottom rung of the ladder, and we hope with the return of our many experienced players, at present unable to turn out for various reasons, to improve our positions before the season ends.

As regards the fourth eleven, we are proud that a full programme has been supported by the younger members, to whom we shall continue to give encouragement. When many of them have become accustomed to senior football, we shall find ourselves with a further source of useful players.

A. G. Boyden,

18, Brooklyn Road.

South Norwood, S.E.25.

CRICKET CLUB.

The length of our notes for the December issue precluded the publication of the batting and bowling averages for last season. These, to ensure proper record being made, are given hereunder.

BATTING.

	Inns.	Times n.o.	Best Score	Total Runs	Avg.
Taylor, D.	4†	3	60*	101†	101.0
Williams, J. M.	14	2	100*	311	25.9
Paxton, J. T.	15	3	54*	223	18.6
Davies, W. P.	12	1	60	177	16.1
Wicks, D.	15	0	58	217	14.5
Bolingbroke, E. R.	13	2	64*	159	14.5
Goward, R. G.	14	0	42	192	13.7
Snelling, A. V.	11	1	30	136	13.6
Loveless, R.	14	0	43	151	10.8
Loveless, Mr.	5	2	17	30	10.0
Knight, E.	9	0	37	88	9.8
Young, A.	9	3	11*	41	6.8
Vincett, M. D.	7	0	9	27	3.9
Buckley, F. R.	10	2	7	27	3.4
Ashmore, E. A.	7	1	7	16	2.7

BOWLING.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Avg.
Young, A.	118.2	32	307	40	7.7
Williams, J. M.	136.5	36	435	56	7.9
Goward, R. G.	35	4	156	12	13.0
Davies, W. P.	100	16	319	24	13.3
Loveless, R.	33.3	1	153	11	13.9

Our comments on the averages were made in the last issue, so that further observations are unnecessary.

We look forward to the coming season with a fair amount of confidence. We understand that our numbers will be strengthened by the return of J. C. Jones, whose steady bowling and strong batting was sorely missed in the early part of last season. This, together with the experience gained by our younger members, is our reason for this feeling of confidence.

We would welcome any boys who, having left school, desire to join a club where enjoyable games are keenly played. Further improvements on the school ground to the square and net-pitches have been made. We use the ground for evening net-play and our home matches. Details of all the arrangements for the season will be available by the date of publication of this magazine.

Should you require any information, please do not hesitate to write to F. R. Buckley, at 68, Moffatt Road, Thornton Heath.

CHESS CLUB.

Looking back, we can say that the results of this season have been very encouraging.

Not that our numbers are such as we should like, yet we have discovered some gratifying talent among our members. In consequence we have been able to uphold the prestige of the Old Boys in the Croydon District Junior Chess Association Minor League, by winning four of our five matches this season.

When we started off the season by beating the Occupational Centre, one of our strongest opponents, it looked as though we had a chance of finishing at the top of the league. Unfortunately, just before Christmas many of our team were ill, and we were forced to default our match with the St. Helier Chess Club. They were unable to give us another date and consequently we had to lose the point. To this match our players had eagerly looked forward, as previous matches with this Club had always resulted in a close finish.

Next, we played the Y.M.C.A. and won another valuable point after some very exciting end-games. When we played the Croydon Chess Club's second team on February 10th, this newly-formed team gave us a very enjoyable match, the final score of which was 5-1 in our favour.

Our final league match was with the Whitgift Middle School Old Boys, and this resulted in another win for us, 5-1. Meanwhile, the St. Helier Club have won each of the three matches they have played, and our final position in the league table depends on the results of their two remaining matches.

On March 6th we spent a very enjoyable evening with our Badminton Section at the Occupational Centre. Our team, although handicapped by illness, were able to win the match, and we spent the rest of the evening playing games with the other members of their Club. We hope that the Old Boys' Association will be able to arrange more of these evenings, when the various Sub-Sections can unite and play other clubs.

Two representatives of our Club are at present competing in the Croydon Minor Championship, and several of our members have joined the Croydon Chess Club, and we are doing well in their tournaments. H. Clapham is leading their Winter Handicap Tournament, and A. H. Challis and J. Keable are both doing well in the Croydon Championship matches.

R. C. Worger,

21, Thornhill Road,

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