

THE JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE



JUNE, 1945.

John Ruskin School Magazine

EDITORIAL

On the first day after the Easter holiday, Mr. Greenwood, B.Sc., M.Ed., Deputy Education Officer, and Mr. Pascoe, M.A., who is in charge of higher and technical education, visited us to convey the good wishes both of the Chairman of the Education Committee and of the Education Officer, who greatly regretted their inability to be present.

Both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Pascoe addressed the School, emphasizing the advantages of becoming a Grammar School. The text of Mr. Greenwood's talk will be found on another page.

We welcome the return of Mr. Cresswell, B.A., to the Staff, and the addition of Mr. V. J. Gee, A.R.C.A., who is in charge of the Art.

It is with great pleasure that we record the following awards to Old Boys of the School, and offer them our heartiest congratulations:

Wing-Commander Arthur H. C. Roberts, D.F.C., R.A.F.O., (1929-1934), has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order. In December, 1944, states the citation, Wing-Commander Roberts captained an aircraft in an attack on the airfield at Mulheim. Intense and accurate anti-aircraft fire was encountered over the target, the aircraft being badly damaged. Nevertheless he pressed home a successful attack. Before leaving the target area the aircraft was again hit. Displaying outstanding airmanship Wing-Commander Roberts flew his severely damaged bomber to an airfield where he executed a masterly landing. This officer, who has completed a large number of sorties, has invariably displayed the highest standard of courage, skill, and resolution.

Flight-Lieutenant Ronald A. Marsh, R.A.F.V.R., (1931-1936), has been awarded the D.F.C. This officer, says the citation, has participated in numerous sorties. On his tour of operational duty he destroyed a Dornier 217 and three enemy trains. During a second tour he has taken part in attacks against a large variety of targets. Throughout, his courage and steadiness in face of the enemy have been most praiseworthy.

Flight-Sergeant C. B. Jolliffe, (1925-1927), missing since October, 1943, in air operations over Germany, (officially presumed killed), has been awarded the D.F.M. The citation states that this airman has completed numerous operations against the enemy, in the course of which he has invariably displayed the utmost fortitude, courage, and devotion to duty.

We offer congratulations to the Rev. J. Douglas Ashley, (1924-1929), on his appointment as Minister to the Guildhall Street Congregational Church, Canterbury.

It looks as though we shall have to wait some little while before the alterations in our present building are effected; and longer still before the new school at Addiscombe is built. The Committee are anxious to get the work done at the first possible moment but we have to recognize the prior claims of bombed houses. Even the fencing of the Playing Field is impossible at present, with the result that cricket pitches are ruined by unauthorised use and by the traffic of people who seem to think they have a right of way across the centre of the ground even if a match is in progress.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SCHOOL

24th April, 1945,

by

N. GREENWOOD, Esq., B.Sc., M.Ed.,
Deputy-Education Officer and Inspector

As Mr. McLeod has just said, this is the greatest day in the history of the John Ruskin School. Up to now you have been a Selective Central School, but you and those who have gone before you have done so well that you have been judged worthy to enter that small and select group of schools called Grammar Schools.

Your Headmaster will tell you that these schools were formed long ago for the study of grammar which was in the main Latin and Greek grammar, without the meaning which that word has since acquired. But the main point is that they have for hundreds of years produced the leaders of our nation. My own school has turned out one great statesman, a very great poet, and famous engineers. There is no person on this platform who could not say the same of his own school. You boys here this morning will begin a tradition, which I have no doubt in course of time will be as famous as any which is represented here. To make a worthy tradition is your responsibility.

As a Grammar School you will have your Sixth Form. Until you get there you are kept so busy acquiring knowledge that you have little time for thought. But in the Sixth Form we expect independence of outlook and a critical judgement. There will then be in the School that interplay of mind on mind—the older boys with the younger ones and both with the masters—which will stimulate you all. No one can take the whole of knowledge to himself and if I think Clerk Maxwell and Newton to be the finest flowers of the human spirit, Mr. McLeod will show you Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. Your other masters will hold up other figures for your admiration and delight, and you must take your choice among them. Having decided whom you will follow you will have a master who will lead you into knowledge which will be a joy to you as long as you live.

The Education Officer who has done so much to get this School recognized as a Grammar School, and the Chairman of the Education Committee, wish to be associated with you on this occasion. On their behalf, and on my own, I wish you well.

A NOTE TO THE BOYS

By THE HEADMASTER

When we read in class how once

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree,

we did not pause upon those names, nor care whether here was fact or fancy. Poetry, not history, was our concern. Still, as you know, there was a Khan Kubla, who did indeed build that summer palace, and enclose within the ambit of its towered wall, exquisite gardens "bright with sinuous rills"; and who might well have heard, in the tumult of the running waters, "ancestral voices prophesying war", for he was Emperor of China by conquest, and came of a warrior race, this grandson of the terrible Jinghis Khan, this lord of Tartary.

Not Tartary of the poet's rhyme with "bird-delighting citron-trees in every purple vale", but the dreary steppes to the north of China, high on the Mongolian plateau, and stretching thence for thousands of miles with never a break across the heart of Asia and into Europe to the curve of the Carpathians. Here was the home of the horsemen—all akin, whether called Huns or Turks or Tartars or Mongols—forever on the move with their flocks and herds, and forever looking with hungry eyes on the rich lands around—Europe and Persia and China. The frontiers were rarely free from their raids; and when some mighty chief arose—an Attila, an Othman, a Tamerlane—to weld the jealous tribes into unity, then kings and kingdoms toppled before them, as China did before Jinghis Khan—most dreadful of these lords of slaughter—who burst through the Great Wall and took Peking early in the thirteenth century. He hated the cultivated country. "Let us stamp out all the Chinese that grass may grow," he said, "and our horses will have pasture." Then he and his hordes turned westward. Perhaps he has had one rival only in the ruin and misery he brought upon mankind: By the middle of the century the Tartars were masters of an empire that stretched from the Yellow River to the Danube, from the Persian Gulf to the forests of Siberia. For a hundred years they imposed their will upon Asia, yet proved strangely tolerant in matters of religion.

So it was that while the Pax Tartarica held, merchants and friars from Europe for the first time could make their way to the mysterious East of which such fantastic tales were told, and whence came the precious spices and silk, gold and jade and gems. The barrier of Islam was down for a while and before it rose again, certain daring venturers had left a record of their discoveries.

Greatest was the Venetian, Marco Polo, who, with his father and uncle, set out in 1271—he was seventeen years old then—for the court of the Great Khan. By desert ways and mountain tracks—by paths not trodden again by Europeans till the nineteenth century—they came at last, after three and a half years, to Kubla's presence. The Grand Khan was gracious. He took young Marco into his service and soon discovered his ability. He sent him on

missions through the length and breadth of China, and beyond, to Tongking, Cochin China and Malaya. Marco noted everything with that quick, curious eye of his, and his reports instructed and delighted his master. Meanwhile the elder Polos went prosperously about their business as jewel merchants.

The years passed, and at last the Polos would go home. Kubla was hurt at their ingratitude and they promptly forgot their wish. That was wise. Kubla was still a Tartar. Then a ruling prince in Persia desired as wife one of Kubla's daughters. It was decided she should go to him by sea but the Persian envoys would only venture if Marco, who knew something of the dangerous passage, could accompany them, and the Khan reluctantly agreed. After a voyage of eighteen months the little fleet reached the Persian Gulf, and the Polos journeyed on to Venice. They had been away for twenty-five years and their relatives hesitated to own these strangely-clad, disreputable-looking strangers; but when they ripped up the seams of their clothes and poured out a wealth of precious stones they were recognised at once by their affectionate kinsmen.

We might never have had the book of Marco's travels had he not been taken prisoner of war by the Genoese. He whiled away the tedium of captivity by recalling the great adventure of his youth, and a fellow-prisoner wrote it all down as he talked: the long road to the East—the sun-steeped plains, the icy Roof of the World, the haunted Gobi desert; vast China, its incredible wealth and swarming cities; the Golden Chersonese and ultimate Japan; strange peoples and stranger customs; and always the might and magnificence of the Great Khan. "On his birthday the Great Khan dresses in wondrous robes of beaten gold, and twelve thousand barons and knights also dress in the same colour and after the same fashion. But though their robes are of the same colour and fashion, yet they are not so costly; but all the same they are of silk and gold. And all of them have great golden belts. This raiment is given them by the Great Khan. And I assure you that some of these robes are adorned with precious stones and pearls to the value of ten thousand gold bezants. And you must know that thirteen times a year does the Great Khan give robes to these twelve thousand barons and knights." But for the book, Kubla would have been to us hardly a name—a lord of dust—and Coleridge would not have crowned him with the coronal of romance. Europe heard the story and wondered and only part-believed. Chaucer heard; his Squire tells—alas! only half tells—"the story of Cambuscan bold". Do you recognise Jinglyhis Khan—Chingis Khan—in Cambus Can? A hundred and fifty years after the book appeared, a Genoese sailor pored over it in a Latin version, made notes in the margin—"gold in great plenty," he would write—and dreamed of a voyage to Cipangu and Cathay, not by any eastern route, but westward, through unsailed seas.

Yes, a great traveller, Marco! but for all his bright eye he missed the soul of China and the quality of its civilisation—its poetry, the perfection of its painting, the deep wisdom of its sages;

all then manifest, for China's golden age was that of the Sung dynasty which Kubla overthrew. Perhaps he came nearest, in his appreciation of the "noble and magnificent city of Kin-sai" with its splendid waterways and countless bridges and its happy, friendly people. And he must surely have delighted in Kubla's gardens, lovely with all that Chinese art could devise. A recent traveller tells of such an imperial garden, fallen now into utter decay from long neglect, but exquisite still. He writes of its pavilions: "Their vermilion-red masses are crowned with roofs covered with tiles of a rich yellow, heightened by borders of peacock blue; the frames of the doors and windows are of smooth white marble; lacquer and enamel in green and rose and gold everywhere lace the restful surfaces like delicate embroideries." And he goes on: "The whole imperious ordering of the park, over which are scattered lakes, groves, artificial mounds crowned with pavilions, and whose spaces are ornamented with porticoes and triumphal arches, intersected with wide marble roads or furrowed with flowery byways, unfolds successive beauties interlinked like the stanzas of a poem. Everywhere the charmed eye is tempted by depths and distances finely disposed and nobly conceived. Broad terraces, the upward soar of a pagoda, the restful bulk of a vast palace, or the steep clusterings of the fantastic roofs of the 'Uneasy Pavilions', the gracefully exaggerated curve of a one-arched bridge, the supple scrolls of the 'Marble Ship', meet the eye here and there, among the aged trees, the beds of flowers, as if to affirm more definitely than ever the sovereign will which has realised this perfect marriage of Nature and Art." But a wild confusion of plant life blots out the noble lines of the park. "These palaces belong to some Chinese Sleeping Beauty in the Wood who will lie thus till Prince Charming's kiss shall wake her. Will she wait for ever? We cannot believe that these adorable places will disappear little by little, that these dream palaces whose golden roofs are edged with magic blue, will, little by little, crumble to dust . . . And yet they will."

And yet they will. Beauty passes. What equal paradise will the new world create, upon whose verge we stand?

TWILIGHT

The countryside's at peace,
The darkness starts to creep,
The birds their singing cease,
The cattle fall asleep.

As the dusk draws on
The lights in houses wink,
Then one by one are gone
And into darkness sink.

The fields are quiet now,
And everyone at rest,
Except the gliding owl
Who knows that night is best.

CHRISTOPHER MORT.

THE LITTLE THINGS

by

H. M. TOMLINSON

Mr. Tomlinson refers below to his first book. He doesn't make much of it—but then he wouldn't. You must find out for yourselves that *The Sea and the Jungle* is a very great book indeed, a piece of rare writing, a revelation of the beauty and terror of the Amazon and the Amazonian forest, a classic of travel. He knows the world as few men do. He has travelled far; and the harvest of a marvellously keen and visionary eye, a critical and deeply reflective mind, a heart not over-sanguine but never hopeless and always compassionate, and a genius for lovely writing, is gathered up in his books. Let us name a few of them: *Tidemarks*; *London River*; *Old Junk*; *Out of Soundings*; *All Our Yesterdays*; *Gallions Reach*;—books that will live. It is good to know that he has a new novel about to come out: *The Light of Morning*—a tale of the sea of a hundred years ago.

You boys may be very proud that Mr. Tomlinson has written for you. You will treasure this number of the Magazine, and often read and ponder his words. And we would give him our gratitude.

In a letter to me, my friend, Mr. McLeod, who is your Headmaster, mentioned that he could foresee his retirement from office, and that before overlong he would be absent from the John Ruskin School. I thought I detected in his reference to it a restrained note of melancholy, which I understood. I know what the feeling is, that of "the last time" of anything in life; of looking back, from the gate, on leaving the old home; of vacating a chair of office, in which for years one had directed a public affair, hoping for the best, though doubtfully; and then, one day, shutting the desk, and handing its key to another man. And what good did you do, you cannot help asking yourself, as you go out over the familiar threshold for the last time and turn away; what good was done while I was busy there, anyway? No answer comes. You are not told. Only the gods are aware, and they never say.

You don't feel like that on leaving school; or I didn't. Leaving school is only the release to the great adventure. I can still see the figure of my headmaster, an admirable man and scholar, of equable temper, when I went in to tell him I must go. I was glad. He was not. He made it clear he had not yet done enough for me. There still was more than enough to do. He seemed quite sorry about it. Well, he has been in the fields of asphodel for many years, and I trust he knows now—what I myself did not know when I said farewell to him, so how could I tell him?—how much I owe to him. Only years later did that fact make itself plain, and then he wasn't here to be told. How full of significance, though we are unaware of it at the time, are some of the odd and trifling incidents in life! At the moment, you see nothing important in one of them, except that you are suddenly alert, and wondering. Something new has happened, but you don't know what. My headmaster, like yours, was superior to the school curriculum. He was apt to make irrelevant and queer asides about this subject and that, when it was the burden of the hour, and

somehow one's attention was fastened. One afternoon of summer—English grammar and analysis, if you please, on such a day—our teacher found, and said, we were greater fools than ever. What we were analyzing was a passage from Milton's epic. Our headmaster entered the room, looked on sadly for a few minutes, and then said, "Allow me." He took Milton from the teacher's hand, and read a length of the great poem. He had a strong baritone voice, a black beard, and a presence. As he read, I sat up. Still I can hear his voice; for I heard that afternoon, for the first time, the emotion in high utterance, which is music; past all argument, above logic, not to be explained mathematically, never to be analyzed. An arrangement of the letters of the alphabet, yet embodying a mystery, for the spirit of life stirs in its clay at the sound. But all I felt that afternoon was astonishment that the passage I'd been dissecting till I was sleepy over it had more in it than I thought; had enough in it to wake me up, very gratified, but perplexed.

Now I'll ask you. Haven't you often at school heard Ruskin named, and for a reason not always as plain as a big bomber just over the house tops? Haven't you at times felt a surmise of something new and strange—a surmise gone in the next bit of excitement—at advice given in school not strictly pertaining to the matter in hand? You have, and I can tell you that not till later years will its full meaning become clear. We get, from a wiser mind, an indication of an ultimate value; a standard for measuring; the hint of a spiritual quality which will, in later life, make much that is deemed important, and popular, seem poor and cheap. But, at the moment when we get it, it is imperfectly apprehended. Time and events will bring to light its full significance. That is how civilization is made and kept. Yet, at school, we are not expected to understand that; and what is more, we don't.

I suppose—in fact I am quite sure—your Headmaster has always hoped that, by a fortunate word of his, the lamp of one fellow in a form would be lighted. One only would do; one would be justification enough. But, if that happened, he was well aware that he might never know it. So what kept him at it? Faith. He trusted in the good that he knew. He must leave it at that. Faith, we are often told nowadays, is dead. Never believe it. We can't board a bus without faith of sorts, that the bus will keep going. Whether we want to or not, we must live by faith. No decision in life can be made without trusting that the presiding powers will look on kindly. But faith in what? That's the question. There were those who trusted in a swastika. Others trust in this or that political party; or they trust a friend at court; or their faith is now that very common one—they are in adoration before the divine compulsion of engines of all sorts; engines will get them out of all their troubles, all of everybody's troubles, if expertly organized and driven; and this last faith, to my way of thinking, is the latest lovely form of Mumbo Jumbo. I'm not sure that it isn't a kind of devil worship.

The faith of good men takes a bit of explaining, and I'm not the man to do it; but I can say that it rests secure with a value which is out of sight of the market place, of the Board of Education, and even of Parliament. Their trust is in a standard by which all the activities of the week are measured, even those of the Church. Their faith is in something not ourselves which makes for good, they are not sure how, and they don't ask. The lives of all the world's great musicians, artists, poets, teachers, and scientists, attest to this. And there is seldom anything in it but duty; not much money, if any, and rarely any publicity. They get publicity, now and then, when they are dead. All the same, they have a zest for their work, and enjoy life; and what more do you want?

I'm afraid I'm off the line somewhat. What I was really trying to do was to hint that the little things of life, a bright word caught which blew along by chance, apparently, but took your wondering interest; or a note of music which very unreasonably sounded a chord in the mind; or a demonstration in the laboratory that was an incomplete revelation, and set you speculating; such little things may make all the difference in life's long run. We are round a corner, facing a new direction, and are rarely aware of it. We ought always to be ready for it, though, in some measure; and that is what drudgery at school, or anywhere else, is for.

I remember that one Easter I chose for reading Bates' "Naturalist on the River Amazons". I had never before heard of Bates, nor bothered about the Amazon, but was fond of natural history. That Easter I was lost in a dream. I came under the spell of the Amazon; which was, of course, by the magic touch of Bates. I know now that his book is one of the classics of travel. Still, what chance has a fellow in an office of ever voyaging on that greatest river of the Tropics? None. It will ever remain for him where it always was, in the first chapter of Genesis. He isn't such an ass as to expect to travel there. But I followed up the matter for the fun of it—useless knowledge!—and at last knew more than one ought to know of Brazilian geography and what not.

One night a relative called. He always gave a call when home again from sea. Just before he went I asked casually where he was off to next. The Amazon! Also a long, long way inland; a voyage up the river's greatest tributary, the Madeira, and it had never yet been entered by an ocean-going steamer. Even Bates didn't know the Madeira.

This was curious. I begged for more information, and got it. I wrote for a daily paper a little story about the oddity of this coming voyage. Its editor, the next day, met me on the stairs, and remarked, smiling, that my story was an entertaining lie. Very gravely I informed him that it was written in the name of British enterprise and navigation; and as a proof of good faith, but as a joke, I told him further that I had been offered a berth aboard. This was quite true, but it was also ridiculous. "Then," said he, "you must take it, and go." Did he mean it? I asked doubtfully. Yes, he meant it. And that, by the way, is how my

first book came about; no important matter that, but one's first book is one's first.

You have noted, I hope, that the beginning of it was when, many years before, my headmaster, unaware of the effect of his voice when reading poetry to a class, roused an interest in the use to which words could be put. So it is safe, quite safe, to assure your Headmaster, that though he surrenders his chair to another, there are those who know, or will know later on, what they owe to him. I say this as a genuinely old boy.

LATITUDES

by

Petty Officer PHILIP WADEY, R.N.

There are no prizes for the correct answer, but can you name a place north of the Equator where it is hotter in winter than in summer, where the ripe oranges are green, not yellow, where the "black" men are brown, where the day is always about twelve hours long, and white men do not work in the afternoon if they can help it?

Well, it's obvious that the place is near the Equator, and if you know your isotherms you will know that it is "The White Man's Grave", or West Africa. However it is not quite the grave it used to be, for while malaria is still too common it is not nearly so common or so deadly as it used to be. The breeding places of the mosquito are either completely destroyed or made exceedingly uncomfortable by liberal use of oil which is supplied free to the native population, and special dress minimises the chance of infection, while daily doses of quinine or a synthetic substitute increase the resistance of the blood of those exposed to risk of infection.

Still, in spite of this and other improvements, West Africa is not an ideal holiday resort, though I find it difficult to imagine anything much more pleasant than an evening spent cruising along under a bright tropical moon with a gentle warm breeze effectively removing any chill from the air, for the night can be, and often is, extremely cold. But even better and more glorious is a night at sea further north when there is no moon. One comes from a stuffy messdeck below to have a breath of fresh air, and is enveloped by the inky blackness of the night, until, looking astern, one sees a bright line stretching away to the horizon like the tail of a fiery comet. Curiosity aroused, the puzzled watcher finds his way to the ship's side, and leaning over, is filled with awe at the sight which greets him. To his amazement, the whole of the ship's side from waterline to keel is ablaze with light more spectacular and glorious than Piccadilly Circus or Trafalgar Square. The cause of this phenomenon is that the sea in these latitudes is full of phosphorus due to a marine animal that lives in warm waters, and everywhere the surface of the ocean is disturbed, the spray shines as if all the glow-worms in creation were holding a carnival there.

Lagos, the port of Nigeria, and the most important of the British West African ports, is worthy of mention because there it is possible to obtain a large bunch of delicious bananas for a pair of old overalls or trousers. Fifty cigarettes (costing me about eighteen pence) have more purchasing power than a ten shilling note. A little patience is needed in these transactions, for an article is always quoted at ten or more times its value; e.g. a bag may be worth fifteen shillings, but you may be asked as much as five pounds; whereupon you offer ten shillings, and so the bargaining goes on until you finally get the bag for between twenty and twenty-five shillings.

Every climate seems to have its own characteristic colour. In the tropics everything was a shade of brown. The merciless sun never gave anything a chance to be green for long. Even the green of the palm leaves seemed faded as if tired by their continual endurance of the soulless heat. By the way, don't get the impression that England does not get as hot as the tropics. It does. But while in England such heat is outstanding, and if lasting more than a day is called a "heat wave", in the tropics this scorching continues without interval throughout the greater part of the year, getting neither hotter nor cooler, until one is worn out by its inhuman monotony.

In the region of the Mediterranean, however, a change comes over the scene, and the universe takes on a concentrated glare far more cruel in its intensity than in the weighty world of the south; but when at last the sun sinks to rest, and the azure sky turns to royal, and then navy blue, while the stars begin to twinkle merrily until the sky is a canopy of majestic velvet covered with a myriad of glittering diamonds, and the harsh, stern, white and yellow buildings become soft and gentle under the mellowing radiance of the moon, the day of rush and bustle, of strife and intrigue, is submerged in an atmosphere of mystery and romance.

In contrast again is the spirit and colour of the scene that greets the eye of the traveller as he is carried gracefully up Lough Foyle to Londonderry. No inspired poet needed to christen Ireland the "Emerald Isle". An illiterate child could hardly have called it anything else. Yet somehow the very richness of the shamrock seemed a little too good to be true. It seemed deceptive, as if luring the unwary to rest on its evergreen bed, and sleep, like the Lotos-Eaters, never to awaken again to reality, until this suspicion grew in the mind like poison, turning the beauty into mistrust and fear.

Scotland is known for its ruggedness of people and of land, and a journey through the Minch and the Orkneys is typical of Scotland. But in no sense is this ruggedness unfriendly. Exact-ing, yes; plain, yes; forbidding, no. If one will accept it for what it is, take it as one's own, become as it is itself, it can be a friend; a friend that is always by you, so that in the bleakest island, in a gale that only the Atlantic knows, still, one is not alone. But I do not like ruggedness; I like gales even less, so I was not sorry to turn south once again, until—

After months of sea, I was away on a train bound south. I looked out of the windows. On both sides I saw land: farm land, fields of barley, of wheat, factories, orchards, rivers, towns, rain, sunshine, all one after another in a happy, careless mixture. I saw faces. Not the faces that I had gazed at across the messtable for weeks on end, but new faces: a farm labourer, a doctor, a soldier, a little girl, a clergyman, a W.A.A.F. No sense, no rhyme or reason; and yet in all this inconsistency, there was a common bond; one common bond that tied us individuals into a nation. A nation of individuals that, when tyranny threatened, stood together—alone. When all was lost, defeated in the field, hammered from the air, nearly strangled from the sea, then, in their greatest humiliation—"This was their finest hour".

How did I know all this, who had been away and seen such glorious things in other lands? How could I feel all this when, on that train, I said not one word to another soul?

I knew, because, as I looked out of that carriage window, as I looked at those "strange" faces, I knew that I was home.

SOUTH ITALY

We are accustomed to hear the south of Italy spoken of as a beautiful country. Its mountain forms are graceful above others, its sea bays exquisite in outline and hue; but it is only beautiful in superficial aspect. In closer detail it is wild and melancholy. Its forests are sombre-leaved, labyrinth-stemmed; the carubbe, the olive, laurel, and ilex, are alike in that strange feverish twisting of their branches, as if in spasms of half human pain:—Avernus forests; one fears to break their boughs, lest they should cry to us from the rents; the rocks they shade are of ashes, or thrice-molten lava; iron sponge whose every pore has been filled with fire. Silent villages, earthquake shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to hillside; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken: the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above, in thunder-blue serration, stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impudence of volcanic cloud.

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

TRIOLET

Victory's here
With joy and shout;
Be of good cheer,
Victory's here.
Gone is all fear,
Flags flutter out;
Victory's here
With joy and shout.

J. SIMMONDS.



J. BROOKES (5b)

IN MEMORIAM

Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay.

A. E. Housman.

- Gunner J. W. PENSON, R.F.A. (1937-1940). Killed in action April 19th, 1945, aged 19.
P./O. RAYMOND W. GRIGGS, R.A.F. (1933-1937). Missing since June, 1944, now presumed killed. He was a wireless operator on a Lancaster bomber.
Flt./Sgt. C. B. JOLLIFFE, D.F.M., R.A.F. (1925-1927). Missing since October, 1943, officially presumed killed.
Sgt. FRANK H. COBURN, Lt. A.A. Regt., R.A. (1925-1928). Wounded on November 19th, 1944, after heavy shelling in a pocket of resistance in Holland; died the same evening. Buried at Nijmegen.

MISSING

- Sgt./Pilot JOHN LEIGH, R.A.F. (1934-1939).
Pilot/Officer JACK FEATHERSTONE, D.F.M., R.A.F.V.R. (1932-1937).

MAJOR RONALD ADAMS

(1926-1929)

In the splendid record of the Old Boys of this School in the present war, there is nothing more gallant than the story of Ronald Adams, Major in Fergusson's "Chindits".

He was marked for distinction from the day he left his O.C.T.U., leading the "Passing Out" Parade before Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. He went to India in 1942 as a Captain in the Reconnaissance Corps, and there, promoted to Major, had the honour of being chosen to lead a Chindit column into Burma in General Wingate's daring adventure, which was intended not only to gather information but to throw the enemy into doubt and confusion and disrupt his communications.

Many of the Chindits flew in, but Brigadier Fergusson's men marched, often through jungle so dense that they could only hack a passage of a couple of miles a day, where starvation was almost certain if air-borne supplies failed, and where the little water they could carry—eight pints per man was a maximum—was soon exhausted and thirst became a torment. And there was the ever-present threat of attack by the strongly-based, swarming Japanese forces.

Fergusson's special mission was to cut a vital railway line, and after a fierce encounter with the Japanese, it was necessary to divide the force, Major Adams taking command of one party. His men were out of water and a fresh supply must be obtained. They had been without for forty-eight hours. Major Adams himself set out in search with a small party. He came to a river and crossed it with a few men to make a quick reconnaissance, but the Japanese had machine guns trained on them from an ambush and Major Adams fell, shot in the thigh. He knew his men could not move him. He asked them for ammunition and then ordered them

to leave him, which they did with the greatest reluctance. And that is the last we know. We can only hope that he was picked up by the Japanese and taken to hospital.

In a letter to Mrs. Adams, Major-General Lentaigne, who succeeded General Wingate, spoke of him in the highest terms as a man of "Special Force" and therefore as one destined to undergo far greater hazards for far longer periods under infinitely worse conditions than an officer in a normal unit, and described him as a man without thought of self, of high courage and loyalty.

Amongst other things, Brigadier B. E. Fergusson said: "I can only tell you what a splendid officer he was and how hard his loss has hit not only his Regiment but the Brigade as well. You do not need to be told how much he was loved by officers and men alike. All that he was in peace and all that he promised to be in action, was amply fulfilled in the Field. He was a tower of strength to his Colonel and his rapid rise in rank was fully justified when the time came to command his men in battle. . . . The Regiment will feel the loss of him irreparably. . . . I say what I say, not because it is the sort of thing that one feels one must write, but because every word of it is true."

RUSKIN SKETCH CLUB

A Sketch Club has been formed in the School with the object of binding together members in the pursuit of a common interest. We have the name of a very great man upon whom we can look as an inspiration not only for the School, but more particularly for the Club; and it behoves us to see the Ruskin Club lives up to the name it bears.

The first meeting was held on the 16th May when the following were elected: B. Thorpe, Chairman, B. Robinson, Secretary, and J. Brookes, Treasurer. It is hoped to elect a Committee later. Various suggestions were made in discussing the programme for the year, among which it was proposed to hold out-door sketch parties. Further suggestions will be most welcome at the next meeting, when a criticism of the monthly compositions has been arranged.

Tickets at a reduced rate, available until August 11th, are being obtained for the Royal Academy Exhibition.

V.J.G.

CASCADE

Tumbling in a stream of white
Over rock and boulder mossed,
Glancing in the golden light,
Then in a sullen black pool lost;
Rushing from the sable murk
Through a narrow cleft and tall,
Beneath the shade of pine-trees dark,
Rolls the foaming water-fall.

FERNLEY HILLIER.

VE DAY IN TOWN

The great day at last! We alighted from the bus at Trafalgar Square and mingled with the surging crowds. The four sentinel lions looked placidly on, surmounted by those who wanted a point of vantage. The "dummy" information bureau still stood in the Square, still denying information even on a day like this. Everyone seemed to be waving a flag or rattling a rattle, shouting or singing. As someone said, there was the deuce of a din. The fashion in paper hats ran to inscriptions like: "Hi-ya, Toots", or "Squeeze me".

We fought our way along Whitehall through the press of people to Parliament Square, where the crowd seemed even denser. The athletic swarmed over the other "bookstall" or to the plinths and shoulders of statues in the hope of a better glimpse of the Prime Minister. The incessant ringing of church bells drowned intelligible conversation. The sun blazed down upon our sweltering, seething mass. Big Ben boomed the half-hour and a neighbouring church clock confirmed him with a resonant clang.

After the Prime Minister had spoken, he drove to the Houses of Parliament in an open car amid the prolonged cheering of an admiring crowd. But he was to be seen again in the procession of the Members of Parliament to the Abbey for the thanksgiving service. First came the Sergeant at Arms bearing the mace, then the Speaker, Mr. Churchill and his Cabinet, and the other Members of Parliament, amongst them the portly Mr. Bevin and the cadaverous Sir William Beveridge. There was more cheering.

The scene changes to Piccadilly Circus at eight o'clock in the evening. There was a huge crowd pushing and jostling but all in good humour. We were in the middle and just went helplessly where the crowd willed we should go. We found ourselves drifting towards the Rainbow Club, where Doughboys were throwing doughnuts from the windows. I have kept one as a souvenir—as hard as concrete now. The revelry continued till far into the night. While I was watching a fire by the Circus a bag of flour dropped from above and hit me—me out of all those thousands.

Looking paler than before, I returned to Trafalgar Square to see the floodlit buildings. Then we decided that it was time to return home; but the last bus and train had gone, so we began to walk, under a sky aglow with fires. It was midnight when we started—tired out, for we had been on our feet all day. At one-thirty every curbstone had become a mountain. Finally we arrived home, exhausted and dishevelled, (I with flour in my hair), bearing triumphantly between us a doughnut which will forever be a reminder of a unique day in my life.

RONALD SMITH.

A VISIT TO A FARM

Marjorie, the land girl, thumps on your door and whistles loudly, as is her wont. Blear-eyed and tousle-headed, you reach for your watch hoping for ten minutes' respite, but the inexorable hands point to six o'clock. It is still dark outside, and the morning's work, viewed in this leaden light, seems even less inviting than usual. However, there's nothing for it, so down the rickety old stairs, for this is an ancient Manor house, and to the kitchen whose light blazes across the darkened hall, warmly inviting entry. Marjorie is collecting our lunch boxes, filled the previous night.

Outside, there is only a thumbnail clipping of moon; the gaunt trees wave their menacing arms; the bare earth stretches coldly away, and a faint wind stirs the trees, caressing you, and at the same time gripping you by the throat. You shiver and are glad of your thick sweater. You pedal slowly in thick, clumsy gumboots. You struggle to describe the scene, composing sentences in your mind—vague words, grandiose phrases occur—but you give up, disgusted at the lack of spontaneity in your thought. Your headlamp picks out interminable hedgerows, your eyes turn back in their sockets with the strain of looking into the darkness on either side. At last the familiar fence, the brick wall, the out-houses, then the yard, knee deep in straw. The day's routine has begun.

You collect your two buckets and stumble to the engine room, where Mr. Turner has already got the decrepit engine working which provides us with a milking machine; you take two mugfuls of dried milk for the calves, inwardly anathematising the owner of Priory Farm for giving such inferior stuff to such young bovine stomachs.

The older calves nose forward, and try surreptitiously to steal the young ones' dried milk, but thud! goes the stick between their budding horns and they shake their heads, look at you out of the corners of their eyes, and sidle away.

Bats flit to and fro across the lightening yard, pale gleams of light shoot across the sky, and indescribable feelings stir in you at the beauty of the morning.

Marjorie introduces the note of reality again; in a monotone she calls the cows in. In meek Indian file they troop by, their hooves clacking on the concrete floor of the cowshed. Each waits with the patience of custom for the chain round her broad neck, fastening her to the stall.

Your job is to take the churns of milk and weigh them in the cooling room. You trundle them along professionally, lift them, and then tilt them so that the creamy milk, still warm, splashes into the register bucket; then you read the weight and with Turner's stub of pencil enter it against the cow's name on the milk list. As you pass, you dip your half-gallon mug into the container and drink slowly and luxuriously.

Luigi, the Italian prisoner (no! soldier, as he himself puts it; Mr. Turner is his "big boss", Marjorie, "little boss", myself, "boy", himself, "soldier");) comes across the yard with his usual leap over the muddy patch, his big boots clattering on the concrete. "Hullo boy, how air you?" he says, grinning and showing his white teeth. Luigi is homesick for Italy and talks yearningly of his own herd of white cows.

The air outside is still fresh and cold, trees and houses take form, and the sky brightens, putting the flaring hurricane lamps to shame. You all gulp down steaming coffee from Luigi's flask. Then comes the job of cleaning the cow-house with a hose, a delightful task, though detrimental to your clothes.

There is really no need for that look between Turner, Marjorie and you, that means "Are you hungry?" The answer is plain. You reach the hostel gates once more, and stumble to the kitchen for some breakfast. Some? A poor word, that. You do the fullest justice to the meal and then decide that farming's the life, after all.

JOHN YOUNGER.

OFF TO THE COUNTRY

What magic there is in the phrase! Perhaps it's a trip to Edenbridge, fishing; or a ride to Dorking; to the lake at Earlswood; or, maybe, a day on the river at Windsor. Each gives some excitement, and pleasure and pride in the accomplishment.

Ah! but this time it was to be different. No Edenbridge for us. Dorking! Why, it's only "round the corner". Kingston—pooh! We wanted adventure—and adventure we had. Our destination was North Wales; seventeen days in the saddle and not one that we did not enjoy.

What do I remember most clearly? There was Wookey Hole and our old guide, happy among his stalactites and stalagmites, in a world of his own. There was Cheddar Gorge, challenging a climb. (What inevitable cuts and scratches we sustained en route.) At Cheltenham there were toe-clips in plenty; why, in London, are they as scarce as bananas? Then the cathedral clock at Wells with its ingenious face, supplying such a medley of information, except perhaps the time. There was the ride from Salisbury to Winchester—a less pleasant memory; a road that stretched for twenty miles over unending hills or winding switch-backs and a sixty miles an hour headwind. But there was the road from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere to compensate; a gently undulating twenty miles—a cyclist's paradise.

How well I remember our first Welsh town, entered, somehow, on the back of a lorry. The dialect, the people, were strange. Now came our first encounter with the Welsh hills as we climbed the long, tiresome road to Macshaven. We were told—or so it seemed—that the hostel was "about a hundred yards on the right". It was nearly two miles to the left. What memories!

Thursday, the twelfth, was our red-letter day. There before us lay Colwyn Bay in its splendour; the grassy plains and golden shore, the blue shimmering sea under a hot sun, and far on the horizon the gleaming white cliffs of the Isle of Anglesey. (There are also recollections of amusement arcades and cakes and ices.) Along the narrow strip of coast to Bangor we went, finding ourselves ten minutes late for supper. That was serious. Through Caernarvon to Snowdon, misty and forbidding, and back to Caernarvon in pouring rain on Saturday, and Caernarvon still unknown to us. Such is Wales and the Welsh climate.

The homeward way was easy after such hills, and in leisurely fashion we knocked off the miles: Hereford, Gloucester, Stratford-on-Avon (the disappointment at Anne Hathaway's cottage!) were all surveyed; Oxford and Eton (with a trip on the river) and to our last hostel at Streatley. Was it some learned philosopher who said that the best part of a journey was coming home? Great minds are sometimes wrong. But it was with not much regret that we spied the outskirts of Croydon and with some relief, as though we had expected the town to have vanished. And then under the admiring eyes of the neighbours we sped down the road home, brown and untidy, but gloriously happy after a wonderful seventeen days.

JOHN SALKELD.

FISHING

The day was young and promised to be all that I could wish. A thin white mist hung low over the sleepy water whose current was imperceptible but for the tiny eddies at the bank.

My intention was to fish. As I prepared my tackle, a bright blue flash caught my eye. I looked swiftly and saw rings of sparkling ripples on the calm water. Then the kingfisher appeared with a gleaming victim in its beak.

With this good example in my mind I returned to my fishing. My first fish, a silvery form, was quickly on the bank. A golden ray of sunlight broke through the mist which soon mysteriously vanished. As the day warmed the fish ceased to bite, no matter how tempting the bait, but swam lazily a little below the surface. With a sigh I put aside my tackle and prepared to eat my lunch.

At the sight of my paper bag, a gorgeous drake and a duck swam rapidly towards me. A graceful gull, high above in the cloudless sky, perceived the business below and wheeled downward. He touched the water with wonderful grace and elegance. The birds stretched their lovely necks in eager anticipation. I watched the pieces of bread I threw to them devoured almost as soon as they touched the water. I fed these beautiful creatures until I realized that I should soon not be able to feed myself. On seeing they would get no more the ducks swam off in search of more delicacies from generous anglers and the gull soared away over the horizon.

Thus deserted, I collected my things and returned home.

MICHAEL CADDY.



A. SMITH (4a)



D. OUBRIDGE (5b)

TRIOLET

A cloth of gold
Beneath blue skies!
Richly unrolled
(A cloth of gold)
Joy to behold,
The cornfield lies—
A cloth of gold
Beneath blue skies.

ROGER BARRELL.

WINTER

O, for the driving rain and sleet
Of the long, dark, winter night,
For the snow to drift and flutter down
And cloak the world in white.
O, for the howl of the homeless wind
As we sit round a glowing fire,
And watch the flames dance as they feed
On the oak and the root of the briar.
O, to be out in the snow and hear
The crunching under my shoe,
And see the trees by its weight bowed down—
Royal oak or yielding sloe.
O, for the mystery that lies
In the dark of a winter night—
To look o'er the snow-swept plain and see
The frost-fires twinkle bright.

GERALD SOUTHGATE.

THE SHIPWRECK

They listen to the sullen roar,
They know that death is at the gate,
And they may never reach the shore.
The jagged rocks are very near,
And all the crew most tensely wait—
They wait in mingled hope and fear.
Then suddenly a mighty crash!
The great boat shudders and heels o'er—
Again the rock and iron clash.
They struggle to the boats too late;
The ship's great bows rise in the air,
She slips and settles to her fate.
Then as the wild waves swirl around
And the crew sink beneath the foam,
Again that sullen roaring sound.

BERNARD JOHNSON.

VE NIGHT ON WADDON ESTATE

At ten o'clock on the night of Tuesday, May 8th, I left my home to see how Waddon Estate was celebrating Victory in Europe.

Going in the direction of the Airport I was attracted by a great red glare and clouds of black, evil-smelling smoke and I saw on a grass verge a bonfire blazing and crackling. Children ran and danced around it, while soot-begrimed little boys scurried hither and thither with flaming firebrands. I stopped for a while to contemplate the scene and then went on my way.

Everywhere were flags and streamers, flapping in the chill evening air; in windows gleamed lights, red, green, blue and orange; and people passed along, all smiling and laughing.

In every street fires burned fiercely, scorching the hedges and melting the surface of the road so that the tar flowed in hot sticky streams into the gutter.

On reaching the junction of Crowley Crescent and Fosse Avenue, a picture reminding me of Dante's *Inferno* came before my eyes. To my left a fire was consuming an old mattress, black-out screens and curtains, and an effigy of Adolf Hitler; while boys and girls, men and women, danced hilariously round the red and yellow tongues of flame. On my right Fosse Avenue was bright with yards of multi-coloured hunting and numerous flashing illuminations in addition to a fire which stretched across the road.

Ahead of me lay the Church of St. George—a ghostly silhouette in the glow of the greatest of all the victory bonfires on Waddon Estate. The pile of fuel here was over nine feet high, the flames were higher, and highest of all red-hot sparks ascended heavenward to vanish in the dark sky. An ancient piano had been hauled out of a house and a young girl played skilfully an accompaniment to the whirling revellers.

People were attracted to this crackling heap like moths to a candle-flame, bringing fuel of every kind. Paper and rubbish of all sorts, boxes and cases, planks and sleepers, pram bodies and wicker cots, even chairs and sofas were flung alike into the ever-hungry, roaring inferno. Over a hundred and fifty people must have been gathered round it. At intervals a gust of wind would blow blazing embers like feathers over our heads. The heat and smoke were almost overpowering.

Suddenly I thought, on looking at the sky, how like it was to that sky of May 12th, 1941, when Goering's Luftwaffe was emptying its load of death on burning London. But times have changed since then. It was the same deep crimson sky, blazing defiance, as then; but now, defeat also, to Teutonic and Prussian militarist ideals.

I returned home to bed at two on Wednesday morning, tired and much impressed by all I had seen and heard.

TERENCE MORRIS.

LIVERPOOL DOCKS

During the period of evacuation I was billeted in Liverpool, a great town, a very great port, and full of interest. What most impressed me was the journey by the Overhead Railway alongside the docks, thirteen miles of them altogether; truly something well worth seeing.

One can board the Railway at Seaforth and travel their whole length to Garston. The train stops at each dock—Gladstone (where there is a dry dock large enough to take the *Queen Mary*), Huskisson, Alexander, Nelson and the rest. Here come ships from all over the world.

Among the many vessels I saw was the *Drottningholm* on her errand of mercy, bringing back repatriated prisoners. In startling contrast to all the other ships in their war dress, she was painted a brilliant white, yellow and blue, and bore in Swedish, German and English, the statement that she was a "protected" vessel.

There was also the *Mauretania* majestically sailing up the river, her siren clamouring for a berth in which to discharge her freight of troops. Among the other vessels were aircraft-carriers, destroyers, corvettes and merchantmen.

It was a wonderful sight, filling one with pride and with admiration for the men who have sailed and who still sail in those ships, facing incessant danger to bring us food and materials. I thought of the hymn that we often sing, and the words took on a deeper meaning:

" From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go."

VICTOR CARTER.

THIS ENGLAND

An old white castle, a wisp of smoke from the railway track three hundred feet below—the train has long since passed by—occasional faint sounds floating up from the road far beneath, the steady drip, drip, drip of water for ever falling in the caves, the pleasant humming near by of a bumble bee, and the sun's rays beating hotly down—all these things contribute to the feeling of peacefulness and languor that lingers in the air on this quiet, warm, summer's day.

Yet far away to the East, our soldiers and kinsfolk are waging a fierce and terrible war.

I look above, below, around me. I see the mid-day sun in an azure and cloudless sky, and a hovering sparrow-hawk. I see the white road from Buxton winding away through Matlock and Derby. I see the grey caves, the bleached castle, the grassy and wooded slopes of the further side of the valley. This is our England—and well worth fighting for.

WILLIAM BLOW.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

Having completed a full fixture-list during the period September-December, 1944, the School teams, under the playing-name of Howden Athletic, had a very successful series of matches during the remainder of the season. Playing in the North-East Surrey League, the School finished as League Champions in Division II and as runners-up in Division III.

D. Hambidge and L. Brown captained the respective teams, whose records were as follows:—

| | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-----------|--------|----------|---------|
| 1st XI. | ... | Played 7. | Won 4. | Drawn 2. | Lost 1. |
| 2nd XI. | ... | Played 7. | Won 7. | Drawn 0. | Lost 0. |

Among the players who so ably represented the School in these games were Stephens, Salkeld, Pilcher, McCluskey, Barnes, Dunning, Fox, Dash, Connelly, Beenham, Prockter, Packham, Maney, Pace, Totts, Brooks, Langdon.

CRICKET

As may be seen from the following list of results of the matches that we have played so far, the season has been reasonably successful.

It must be admitted that the batting still leaves much to be desired, but the bowling has been so strong that our comparatively small batting totals have still been considerably higher than those for which our opponents have been dismissed on each occasion.

RESULTS:—

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------------------------------|
| St. Mary's, Addington | ... | ... | School lost by an innings and 7 runs |
| Norbury Boys' Club | ... | ... | School won by 23 runs |
| Norbury Boys' Club | ... | ... | School won by 17 runs |
| Elmwood County School, Hackbridge | ... | ... | School won by an innings and 4 runs |
| Norbury Boys' Club | ... | ... | School won by 26 runs |
| Boys' Brigade | ... | ... | School won by 46 runs |
| Old Boys' XI | ... | ... | School won by 10 wickets |

Best in the batting averages are scores of 38 (Connelly); 24, 20 (Salkeld); 23 (Tasker); 20 (Knight); 19 (Brown); 16 (McCluskey).

The bowling figures are much better, as the following analysis shows:—

| | | | Average |
|-----------|-----|------------------------|---------|
| Brown | ... | 20 wickets for 53 runs | 2.65 |
| Salkeld | ... | 21 wickets for 89 runs | 4.2 |
| Warren | ... | 15 wickets for 29 runs | 2.0 |
| McCluskey | ... | 12 wickets for 95 runs | 8.0 |
| Barley | ... | 6 wickets for 13 runs | 2.0 |
| Russell | ... | 5 wickets for 37 runs | 7.4 |

ATHLETICS

Last season a running track had already been marked out on the School Ground when the advent of flying-bombs brought sport to a standstill.

It is hoped that, when the grass on the playing-field has been reduced to a reasonable length, it will be possible to arrange for Athletics practice and inter-House competition during this season.

TABLE TENNIS

Two matches were played, both against a Thornton Heath Church Club. The School team won on each occasion by 7 games to 2.

D. Hambidge, L. Brown, B. Newman and J. Salkeld represented the School in these matches.

We regret that a further fixture with the Spartan Club had to be cancelled.

An American Tournament and a Handicap Competition proved D. Hambidge again to be the School champion, and "discovered" P. Milton as a new and capable challenger.

Further knock-out competitions and House fixtures are being arranged.

GYMNASTICS

Following the lead set by J. McCluskey last year, three other boys of the School, after completing the course of training, have now been awarded their Physical Efficiency Certificates and Badges.

The successful gymnasts were R. Seager, D. Oubridge and R. Joyles.

D. Batchelor, 1940-44, also gained this award during the present year.

We recommend these courses to all athletically-minded boys in the School.

SOON

When I leave school
To work I'll go.
What shall I do?
Fill office stool,
Use craftsman's tool,
Or dig and hoe?
Perhaps I'll mow
In fields of green;
Or sail a boat
To lands unseen.
Will it be fun?
Or shall I find
In leaving school
Fun's left behind?

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