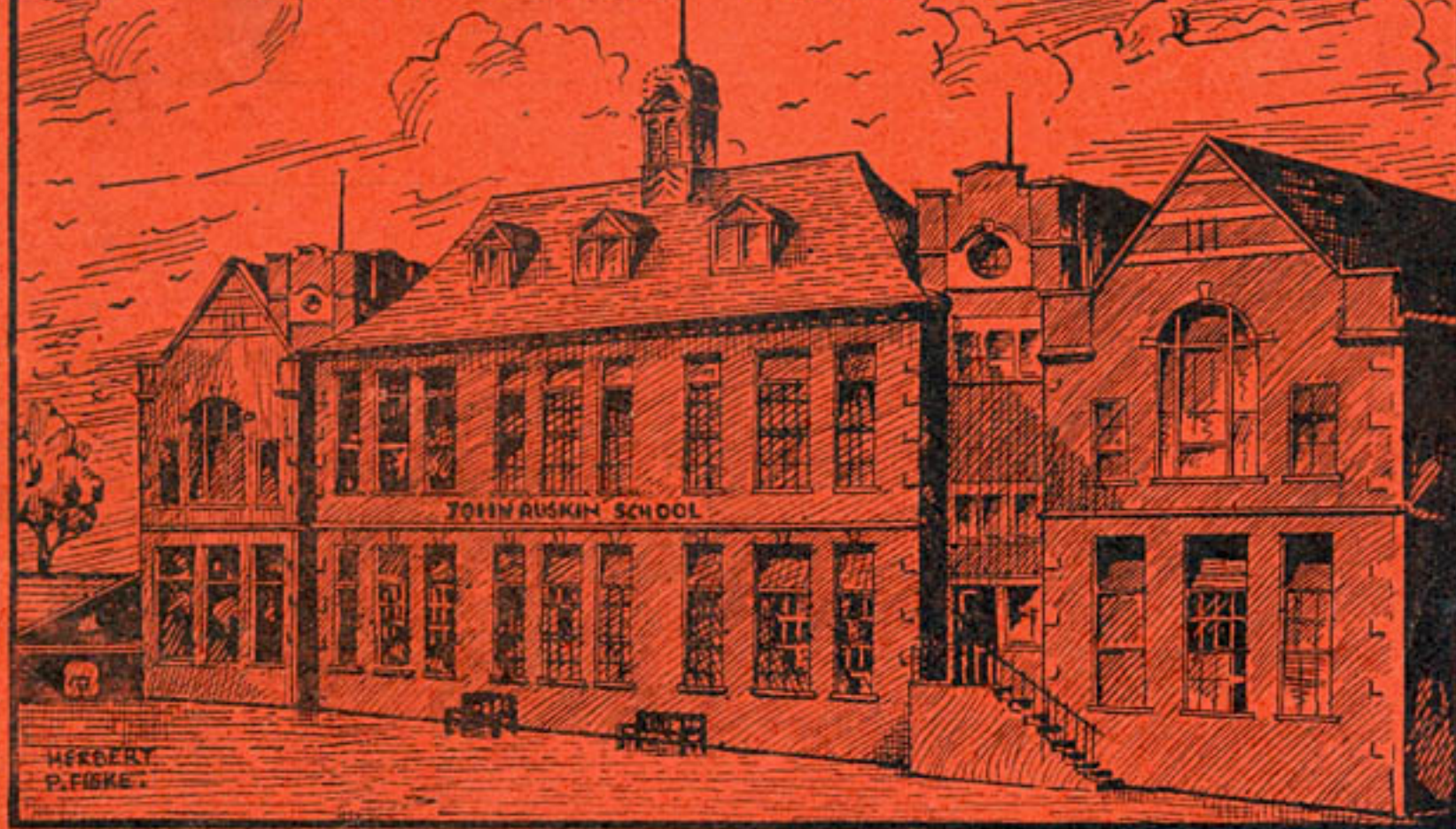


BRIAN ADECK

THE JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE



July



1938.

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The John Ruskin School Magazine

JULY, 1938.

EDITORIAL.

Monsieur E. M. Stéphan, of the French and the Phonetics Departments of University College, London, is famous among scholars, but as the Chief Lecturer in French to the B.B.C. he has a nation-wide circle of pupils and admirers. We, in this School, know his voice over the wireless. But we are to know him in person. He has promised to give away the prizes at our next Prize-giving, and we are intensely proud of the honour. The date is not yet fixed, but this preliminary notice is to warn Old Boys and parents to make sure they do not miss the great occasion.

* * * * *

We would draw the attention of our readers to the article specially written for us by our distinguished contributor, Mr. Wilson Midgley, to whom we tender our gratitude. His reference to the "organ music" of Ruskin's writing is interesting in view of the extract in this number. *Praeterita* is the last of Ruskin's books and is in his later, simpler vein. It has not the mighty harmonies of his earlier prose to which Mr. Midgley refers. But this passage has a lyrical beauty that enchants anyone with an ear to hear. Read it aloud and you will delight in its loveliness.

We also acknowledge our indebtedness to Captain James Stevenson for a timely article on the Scouts.

* * * * *

It is with regret that we say goodbye to Mr. Boxall who, in his short time here, has done so much for the School. Those boys who have experienced his persuasive teaching, and his sympathetic, firm government; those whom he has coached in boxing; and those whose House-master he has been, will most feel his loss, but we are all in his debt.

We congratulate him on his appointment as Headmaster of the Oval Junior School, and we wish him great happiness and equal success in his new post.

* * * * *

Three boys who recently left have been successful in the Civil Service examination for Clerical Classes—Geoffrey Gillings, Robert Alldridge and Roland Worger. We congratulate them. We note that Gillings took 68th position out of 7,600 candidates.

John Peduzie, who is still at school, was successful in the recent L.C.C. examination for clerkships, and he too has our congratulations.

* * * * *

On Friday, 9th September, from six o'clock to ten, we shall hold our Annual Swimming Gala at the Croydon Baths. We had a splendid attendance last year and a first-class display. We hope once again to have the invaluable assistance of the Old Boys, and if possible, to outdo even last year's record. So we ask everyone to book the date.

* * * * *

In our last number we offered a prize to the Third Form boy who sent in the best model in any way connected with puppetry. So keen was the competition and so excellent the models submitted that that single prize multiplied itself into eight awards. Even Fifth Form boys asked permission to compete. The winners are: J. Cutler, G. Brown, R. Baker, J. Chapman, N. Hart, F. Draper, P. Wadey, D. Russell. But all the boys are to be congratulated on their admirable work, and all had their reward in the joy of the making.

* * * * *

The preparations for the new school go steadily forward. The Education Committee are appointing an architect to submit plans for what will be known as *The Addiscombe Grammar School*. The name is new but our tradition will be there from the start.

It is a duty, and it is a very great pleasure, to acknowledge generosity. We would therefore express our gratitude to Mr. Bertaut, Principal of the Gregg School, Croydon, for giving the best of help to three of our boys who would otherwise have been sadly handicapped in their work through Miss Pye's absence.

* * * * *

The lettering on pp. 12 and 13 is by Geoffrey Gillings.

* * * * *

We congratulate G. Apps (age 13), of Form 4c, who gained first place and was awarded a gold medal in the Surrey Boys' Diving Competition held at Cheam on the 5th July last. The competition is open to all Surrey boys under sixteen years of age.

A NOTE TO THE BOYS

By THE HEADMASTER.

On Friday evenings I see the members of the Chess Club intent upon their "incomparable and princely exercise"; brooding over the chequered board with an unwonted gravity. An enthralling but exhausting game! Montaigne would have none of it: "I hate and avoid it because it is not play enough, and because it is too serious as an amusement, being ashamed to give it the attention which would suffice for some good thing . . . What passion is not stirred up by it: anger, spite, hatred, impatience?" He protests too much. This is the invective of one who has loved the game overwell. Let us counter it with Mr. E. M. Forster's eulogy: "Chess, that inestimable possession, that precious game made and moulded by history, and by our desire for intellectual happiness, that game which the experts have not yet ruined and which has drawn together different races and classes for centuries, that man's game . . ."

I had a friend much of Montaigne's opinion till he learned the moves from curiosity, condescended to a few games that his knowledge should be more than theoretical—and suffered quick conversion. Soon he was playing for a club, poring over problems, and even carrying on games by correspondence. One of these, I remember, had the condition attached that a quotation from Shakespeare should accompany each move. Shakespeare's own preoccupation with the game then became evident. The opening, P—K4, carried the comment: "Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't"; and critical moments were marked thus: "Let's consult together against this greasy knight"; "By gar, me vill kill de priest"; "This castle hath a pleasant seat"; "Here comes the Queen,

whose looks bewray her anger"; "Poor Queen"; "The King is moved"; "For my part, I'll resign unto your grace."

They stand upon the board, king and queen, bishop, knight, rook and pawn, as on a battle-field. What business (you may ask) have queen and bishop in the ranks of war? None at all! When, in India, the field was first set, king and counsellor, elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, made the army, as they did when Porus fought the great Alexander by the banks of Indus. Queen and churchman stayed at home.

In its Indian form, chess reached the Persians, who later taught it to the Arabs; and they, conquering in the names of Allah and his Prophet, and riding between Sahara and sea till the Atlantic turned them north at the Pillars of Hercules, brought war to Spain and this innocent war-game to the Christian West.

The Arabic names were not well understood by the Europeans. The piece called *shah* was identified; a shah was known to be an Eastern king. *Faras* (horse)—the piece was recognizable—was surely a knight. And the front-rank men, so many of them, were certainly footsoldiers—pawns, then. But *fil* (elephant) was a puzzle; he must have been ill-shaped, for he was re-named at pleasure, page, count, bishop, fool—till the bishop won the day. *Rukh* (chariot) was another difficulty, solved by continuing to use the name of rook. The queer word, *firz* (counsellor), given to the piece next to the king, was taken to mean "queen" since the pieces seemed to go in pairs; you will find Chaucer still using the Arabic name:

Atte ches with me she gan to playe,
She stal on me and took my fers.

As for "chess" and "check," they both derive from *shah*, and when you say "check-mate" you have said *shah mata*—the king is dead.

An old game, then! first played in Europe somewhere about 1000 A.D. and soon popular with the mediæval nobles who found in it, during the tedious winter nights, entertainment not unfitting their warlike trade. Even the edge of the board was raised high to suggest a city wall.

Long before this, Haroun al Raschid, Commander of the Faithful, Caliph of Baghdad—your friend of *The Thousand and One Nights*—had sent to Charlemagne among other presents—an elephant, a water-clock, the keys of the Holy Sepulchre—a number of chessmen. (Doubtless they were magnificent). But not then did the *game* come to Europe although the authors of the romances of Charlemagne and Arthur wrote as though chess was played in those heroic days. It is mentioned in the famous story of *Huon of Bordeaux*. That tale would interest you. Huon, by ill chance, slew the son of Charlemagne. The Emperor, persuaded with difficulty to spare his life, set him a desperate task in expiation: to go to the ruler of great Babylon, the Admiral Gaudys, and demand of him as he dined, tribute for Charlemagne—a thousand hawks, a thousand bears, a thousand boarhounds, a thousand young varlets, and a thousand fairest maidens; to strike off the head of the greatest lord of that court; kiss the daughter of Gaudys three times; and seize from the Admiral himself a handful of his beard and four of his largest teeth. (That word "admiral"—but never mind! How these etymologies buzz in one's head!) Huon met adventures enough upon his way. At last he came to a magic wood where dwelt the King of Fairyland, Oberon, son of the Lady of the Secret Isle and of Julius Caesar, "three feet high and crooked shouldered, but he hath an angelic visage." (So Oberon entered our literature—as Alberich the dwarf, to guard the Rhine-gold; and as Oberon, to keep his revels "in a wood near Athens" upon a certain Midsummer Night). With magic gifts from the Fairy King, Huon went forward to slay a giant, to enter Babylon and to win the beard and teeth—and, of course, the princess Claramond. There were adventures, too, on the homeward journey. He told King Ivoryn that he could play chess well. Ivoryn said: "I have a fair daughter

with whom thou must play, on the condition that if she win, thou shalt lose thy head, and if thou canst mate her, I promise that thou shalt have her to wife. . . ." The princess, in right romantic fashion, lost her heart to Huon—and the game too, that he should keep his head; whereupon he left her, poor lady, for his Claramond.

There is mention of chess in the tales of the *Mabinogion*, where we find King Arthur playing with golden pieces upon a board of silver. Strange was the adventure of Peredur, who, at the Castle of Wonders, "came to the hall, the door was open, and he entered. And he beheld a chessboard in the hall, and the chessmen were playing against each other by themselves. And the side that he favoured lost the game, and thereupon the others set up a shout, as though they had been living men."

Those "living chessmen" remind me of the famous eighteenth century automaton—a mechanical figure in Eastern dress seated before a chessboard placed upon a box—that played against all comers and nearly always won. It defeated Napoleon himself, the great master of strategy—but he was no champion at chess. It was exhibited throughout Europe, and the secret was so well kept that many were persuaded it was really mechanical, whilst others as strongly held that there was some cleverly hidden player with an ingenious device for recognizing and making moves. You, familiar with the marvels of machinery and familiar equally with the cunning of the great conjurers—the Maskelynes and Devants, who, by the waving of a wand, dissolve bodies into air and then restore them—will know what to think.

But the tale of tales where chessmen "come alive" is *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Chess is justified of its existence if only to have contributed to Lewis Carroll's story. It should be the duty—and oh, the delight!—of every member of the Chess Club to read that immortal book at least once a year.

In the other "Alice" story, the Duchess tells us that "everything's got a moral if you can only find it." Morals enough have been found in chess. The famous book that Caxton printed, *The Game and Playe of the Chess*, was largely a sermon on the duties of men of all ranks, from King to commoner. For us, the stanza of Omar Khayyam comes

most readily to mind. The human scene! he says:

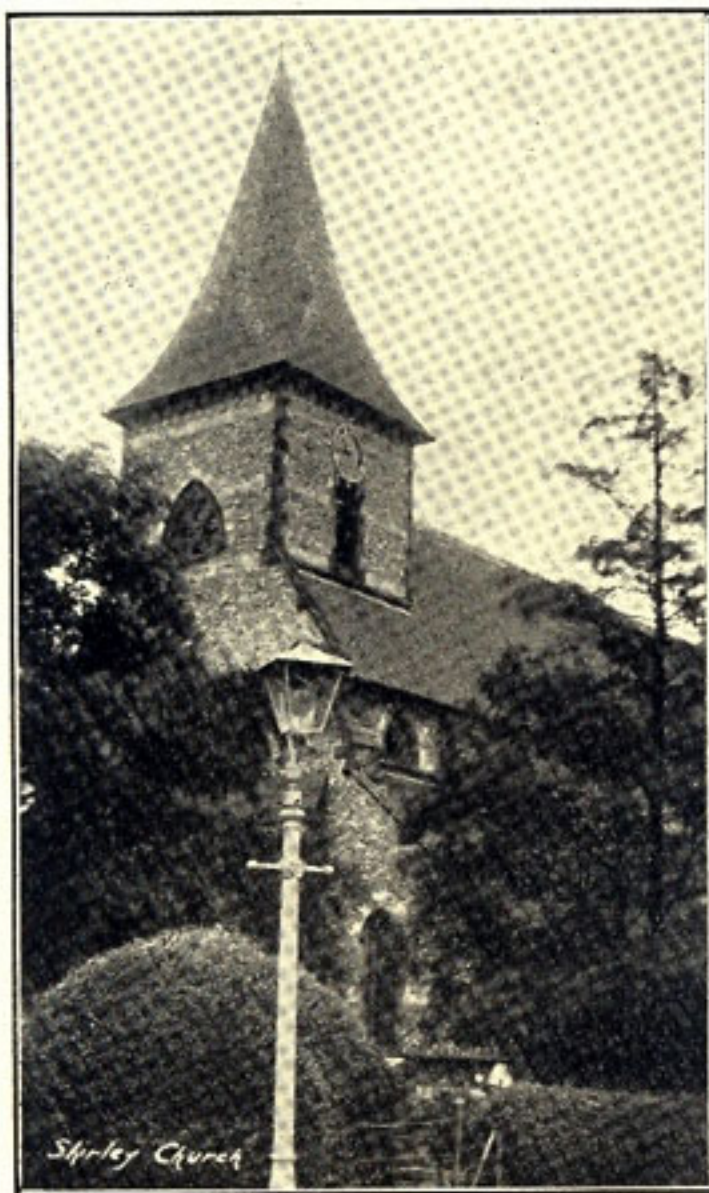
'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Golden verse, but a doctrine of despair. You will hold a braver belief: that man, however straitened by circumstance, is yet the player and not the piece; is somehow free to think and will and act.

Chess waned in popularity when cards came in. Here were games delightful in their variety—ombre, quadrille, piquet, loo, cribbage, whist; games for the gay and the serious alike; making for sociality; with always an element of chance, so that skill

counted but luck was a great leveller; and appealing therefore to our love of the "sporting chance"—to our very human desire that victory should not go inevitably to the strong.

Your chess-player is of sterner stuff; he scorns the irrational; for him the rigour of the game and the triumph of calculation. He has a key to that strange kingdom where the abstractions of the mathematicians inhabit. There the fever and fret of the unpredictable world pass him by; in sweet content he will meditate an hour by the clock upon a single move. Continue, then, just and happy members of the Chess Club, with all your concentration, all your intellectual force, to crack your chess-nuts; pursue your princely exercise, your "man's game."



SHIRLEY CHURCH.

Ruskin's father and mother are buried in Shirley Churchyard. In the epitaph which Ruskin wrote for his father's tomb he says: "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is, to all who keep it, dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak truth, says this of him."

THE RHONE AT GENEVA

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of

the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone,

never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it for ever from her snow.

The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces

of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been millstreams, and were looking for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two;—and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire.

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

READING, WRITING . . .

by

WILSON MIDGLEY.

Mr. Wilson Midgley needs no introduction to the School. We all remember that unorthodox, humorous, wise address on Prize Day; we remember the prizes he so generously gave; and if we had forgotten, his recent magnificent scheme and vigorous campaign in "The Star" for a south bank to the Thames in London worthy of the mighty city would have told us that here was a great journalist who had most decidedly got his yarn on to the bobbin of every good Londoner. After all that, need we add that he is Assistant Editor of "The Star"? We are most grateful to Mr. Midgley for his engaging and practical article.

The world is full of people who think they can tell teachers how to teach, and yet any teacher would know better what to say to boys about writing than I do. Still some notes on my craft as a writer might prove acceptable. The craft of the word "notes" will be remarked. It absolves me from writing a serious article which, for me, is just a job of work, though it may incidentally be a pleasure.

That is one point about writing. Nobody is ever neutral about it, that is, nobody who has to do it. He either hates it, like fetching in coals, or revels in it. I can never believe that all the writers in Fleet Street are really in the second class. It seems impossible, for instance, that anybody should actually enjoy writing about financial affairs, commercial markets, police courts or the lesser sports, and yet men seem to thrive and write on all these subjects.

Some of them, by their looks, their habits and their conversation would seem the last men to enjoy writing, yet I suppose all of them in general enjoy writing, just as at this moment I feel myself warming up to the task of writing this.

Writing has two purposes, of course. A wise old blacksmith I used to know, would only have admitted one. He had heard me make a youthful speech, and as we walked home together across the Yorkshire Moors, he talked to me for the good of my soul. He told me it was a very good effort. I thought so too. He said it was well-arranged, carefully prepared and so on, and I was in hearty agreement.

Then he went on to speak of the mills in our district where yarn was spun. "The point is," he said, "you have not only to get the yarn off the bobbin, you have to get it on to the other."

Then very quietly and kindly, he said: "You got your stuff off splendidly to-night."

The point has never, I hope, been lost on me, and to many people who have shown me "fancy" writing, I have taken a pleasure, not unmixed with a touch of malice, in explaining the necessity for getting your stuff on to the other fellow's bobbin.

My blacksmith friend didn't recognise, perhaps, the self satisfaction there is in getting things off your chest. He himself had spent many hours of study and tramped miles to address small meetings because he felt he had a message he must deliver.

I think it is a good thing for many writers to keep these two things in their minds. I am sure teachers and examiners would be grateful if they did. Writing, as such, is a pleasure, and one of the purest pleasures. To feel your ideas taking orderly rank, to feel the little ones respectfully standing aside for the big ones, to realise that they are like an army, or at least a well-drilled stage crowd, rather than a mob, and then to feel that, dressed in appropriate sentences of serviceable khaki, with a touch of colour here and there, they are forming fours and columns on the parade ground of your paper . . . here I pause to ask myself if the simile will appeal to my readers and to wonder if I have overdone it, or made it too complicated, and decide that I have not if the long sentence comes to an end with a click. I go on and write . . . to carry your arms into every country. This, I decide, is carrying metaphor too far. It is time to come to earth. The way to do that is by a homely touch. But here again, the idea must not come down with a bang like a crashed aeroplane. So I try: This is to know the joy of creation, of bringing order out of chaos.

And notice that word "try." I nearly used "write," but decided that "try" might be more likely to win the reader over by suggesting that I was not quite confident myself, so he had better not be too hard on me.

That is the way one journalist's mind works as he writes. It is like the actor who, all the time he is on the stage, is asking himself, consciously or unconsciously, whether he is "getting it over." The great orator has this quality highly developed. He feels, like a sensitive plant, whether his

audience is with him or not. Sometimes it is a deadly gift. A speaker pursues the path which he thinks is popular with his hearers. He may pursue it too far. Then next day he is astounded at his own words—and blames the reporter.

W. T. Stead, who, with some of the vices of journalism—and they exist—combined some splendid virtues, was once asked how he came to write such vivid, direct articles.

He was thinking of this point, when he said: I always see my typical reader sitting across my desk. A writer for a modern newspaper would be hard put to it to visualise his typical reader; but, unless he has a strong sense that he is writing to be read by someone somewhere, his writing is likely to have that fault in any art, of blurred outlines and indefinite detail.

It can be seen in painting, in sculpture, in architecture. The painter who is not quite sure where he wants a line to be—with a gesture puts in five or six lines, there or thereabouts. The sculptor hides his uncertainty with deliberate fuss, and the architect who has no confidence in his line and proportion, muddles the whole issue with bits of decoration.

The cure for this defect is to realise that a man can only do with his fingers what he can conceive with his brain. Long practice, it is true, seems to give a man's hands a cunning of their own. The act of moving a pen on paper or tapping a typewriter seems to help the flow of words. But one of the best aids to good, clean writing is a little preliminary clearing of mental decks before beginning to write.

I don't know whose damned column I'm in,
Nor where I'm trekking or why,

as Kipling once wrote, is a bad state of mind for a soldier and worse for a writer. I always like to have an idea where I am starting and above all where I am going to: (an instance, I submit, of a case in which it is permissible to end a sentence with a preposition).

It is the first step that counts, and I have had many an article submitted to me, which failed entirely, or indeed, hardly began to be an article, because it had neither head nor tail, was in fact without form and void.

One of the earliest few guineas I ever earned by writing was through the use of a trick to overcome this. I had written an

article on a holiday in which I had carried my tent on my shoulders and tramped and camped in the Lakes. It seemed to crawl aimlessly on its belly. So I wrote a first sentence: I have just had the ideal holiday.

Then I headed it "The Ideal Holiday." I wrote in this phrase at the beginning of various paragraphs, and I finished up by saying the price of the holiday was almost ideal. The article suddenly became taut and springy like a dance, and it shot an editor right through the heart the very first time.

Ever since then I have had a passion for opening sentences. A speaker can dodge the issue. No writer should; but many writers do. It is always a mild excitement to me to open a new book and wonder what the first sentence will be. The man who started his book, "'Hell,' said the Duchess," had got the right idea, if he applied it crudely. Some grand books begin badly, but I think

few of them end badly. But the subject of beginnings and endings is almost worth an expert study.

One more thing I would like to say, and that is that those writers who have taken the most trouble with their writing have certainly been the plainest and most direct. There is a delight for both reader and writer in a sentence which with a lovely curve like a bird uprising soars with the reader's emotions caught up in it. Ruskin's organ music with one stop after another joining in to swell the grand and rolling harmonies is a delight to me. But few of us have the power to carry the sword of King Arthur. Most of us should feel content to tell a plain story plainly, to describe things as they are and not as convention says they should be, to speak our minds, and if we want to improve our writing, not merely to polish our words, but to deepen and enrich the source from which they come.

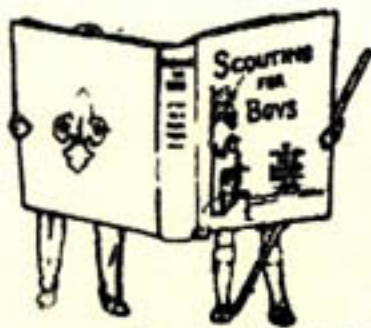
SCOUTING FOR BOYS

by

Captain JAMES STEVENSON, J.P.

(District Commissioner, Boy Scouts' Association).

No Scout, no boy, no man who was once a boy in Croydon, needs to be told who Captain Stevenson is, he who has been so very good a friend and so great a helper of boys individually and in their societies and clubs. We give him our best thanks for an article on a subject on which he has especial right to speak.



In 1908, Lieutenant General R. S. S. Baden Powell, C.B., F.R.G.S., as he then was, published his book, "Scouting for Boys." It appealed to that sense of adventure and love of

open-air life which is so strong in youth. But beyond this it stirred those sentiments of knightly chivalry, of playing the game—any game, earnest or fun—hard and fairly, which constitutes the most important part of the British system of education. Success was immediate and far reaching.

The sub-title of the book was: A Handbook for Instruction on Good Citizenship; and this sets out the Chief Scout's main object, which was, building up the character of the boy and evolving a sound, useful citizen prepared to face life with confidence and cheerful courage.

Was it surprising, therefore, that boys, ever ready to see if there is any good in "things", should have organised themselves into troops and patrols? Within twelve months boys all over the world were putting the new idea into operation, and through their irrepressible demand one of the most fascinating pursuits of youth took birth. The first meeting of Scoutmasters in Croydon was held on November 19th, 1908.

Chile was the first foreign country to start Scouts, and in that first year, 1909, the movement sprang into being in Sweden, Norway, France, Mexico, Argentina, India, Singapore, Canada, Australia, and South Africa.

Girls, too, caught the enthusiasm, and had joined up as Scouts, either together with boys, or in separate patrols of their own. In 1909 there was a rally of 11,000 Scouts at the Crystal Palace and a rally of 6,000 in Glasgow. The Chief Scout, ex-

pecting to see only boys, asked a troop of girls who they were, and was amused at their reply, "We are girl Scouts"; so naturally there was formed the Girl Guides movement, a separate but parallel organization.

Scouting went to the United States through a good turn by an English Scout to Mr. William D. Boyce, of Chicago. In 1909 he was in London, and on one occasion was trying to find a difficult address. A boy—not in uniform—saw he was bewildered and went to his assistance. Instinctively Mr. Boyce offered him a tip, but the reply promptly came: "No, sir, I'm a Scout. Scouts do not accept tips for good turns." This surprised Mr. Boyce and he asked for more information regarding the movement. A visit to Headquarters convinced him that here was something of first importance, and on returning to America he became its pioneer.



The Scout Brotherhood is now playing a great part in the scheme of uniting nations in a closer and better bond of mutual understanding and sympathy. All members of this great world-wide Brotherhood pursue exactly the same ideals, obey the same Law, and follow exactly the same course in regard to politics, religious problems, and militarism. A Scout organization recognized as a member of the world-wide Brotherhood must

- (1) subscribe to the same Scout Law, particularly in regard to God and Country;
- (2) be a voluntary organization;
- (3) be entirely non-political;
- (4) not be a military movement—although this does not mean that it is anti-military.

In old-time wars, a scout was a soldier chosen for his cleverness and pluck to go out in front of an army to find out where the

enemy were. Modern warfare has altered all that in a large degree, but there always have been, and will be, required men and women who will carry out work which demands the same kind of abilities in peace time.

That will call to your minds boyhood heroes in all ages who have carried the flag to the outposts of Empires, be they British, Spanish or Roman, all down the centuries. We remember those pioneers, explorers and missionaries who were real Scouts in every sense of the word, thoroughly up in Scoutcraft, finding a meaning in every sign and foot track, knowing how to keep well and healthy, self-reliant, strong and plucky, ready to face danger and keen to help other people.

"A Note to the Boys" by the Headmaster sometimes conjures up pictures of a voyage with Anson or a 'bus ride to the Abbey, with visions of Livingstone, Scott, Franklin, Lincoln—just a few heroes to remind us what Scoutcraft can do with a life.

Scouting also brings practical reality into fields and woods. The love of Nature and the out-of-doors is inborn, and when presented by the Scout method it helps us to appreciate the wonderful works of God and the beautiful in Nature, and the joy of finding Him everywhere. Whenever a Scout enjoys a pleasure, or has a good game, or succeeds in doing a good thing, he is expected to thank Him for it, just as one says grace for a meal. It is better to do good than to be good. A Scout is not passive in being good, but active in doing good.



Scouting has many branches: it began with Scouts; now we have Wolf Cubs for boys over eight and under twelve years—the jolliest game ever invented. In a Croydon School the Headmaster was enquiring

as to the hobbies in a class, and said to one boy who gave a different reply: "I thought you were a Wolf Cub"; and received the answer that Cubbing was not a hobby, but a full time job—and it is.

Then, of course, the big fellows become Rover Scouts with a special flair for SERVICE, a thing you do but don't talk about. Then there are Handicapped Scouts, Sea Scouts, Deep Sea Scouts, and Old Scouts. Dr. James Marr, the famous scientist, started as a Boy Scout and went on a Polar expedition, first with Shackleton on the *Quest*, and then on the *Discovery* with Sir Douglas Mawson. Some day you will be reading what Scouting has done for many another lad. Some of these adventures you will find in "Scouting Achievements", recently added to the Croydon Public Libraries, which, by the way, have a special catalogue of books on Scouting and Guiding.

The essential principles may be summed up as:—

Scout Promise and Law;
The Good Turn, Usefulness and Service;
Training through personal leadership;
Individual training in character;
Physical fitness;
Mutual understanding and friendship;

Handicrafts and hobbies.

And withal, Scouting is a jolly game worked out so as to develop good citizenship and men of character. Camping is the peak of good Scouting, and the word CAMP spells to every Scout, *cleanliness, activity, manliness, and pleasantness*; it is regarded not only as the way to a good time, but the way of finding out how to live happily with the other fellow.

Just a word of tribute to our great leader, Lord Baden Powell of Gilwell. He has received every honour that can be given, and always gives the movement he founded the credit. He is one of the greatest contributors to the health and happiness of this and other countries' youth. He is a clever artist, and can use both hands equally well; the illustrations here shewn are his handiwork. Long may he be spared to see his movement prosper.

This is a little hymn we often sing which epitomises our work:

Now as I start upon my chosen way,
In all I do, my thoughts, my work, my play,
Grant as I Promise, courage new for me,
To be the best—the best that I can be.

I think every John Ruskin boy will subscribe to that.

INSURANCE AS A CAREER

By J. C. JONES, F.C.I.I.

Before discussing the relative merits and demerits of engaging in insurance as a profession, it might be advisable to explain the function of the business, as I must confess that when, some years ago, I was appointed to the staff of an insurance corporation, I had little or no idea of what insurance was or did. Briefly, insurance has been designed by the business community to protect itself against losses from unforeseen and accidental causes. It was first practised as long ago as 900—700 B.C., when Romans agreed among themselves that the loss of one ship should not be borne by the owner alone, but should be spread equally over the whole of the owners. In the course of time, the practice of the profession has developed, and to be insured, it is always necessary to pay a premium in advance, rather than after the occurrence of a loss. At this stage, it is opportune to mention that there is no essential difference between insurance and assurance: the latter term being used

usually for life business and the former for fire, accident, and other classes.

Insurance is divided, so far as employment is concerned, between companies, corporations and underwriters as one group, and brokers and agents as another group. Each functions in a different way, and arising out of this, their outlooks are usually opposed. The first group underwrites policies; that is to say, they exist by accepting various risks, making profits (and not infrequently in these days, losses) by the difference between the premiums charged and the cost of claims, expenses and commissions. They must therefore be able to estimate the likelihood of losses arising from propositions submitted to them, which in turn necessitates the establishment of statistical, surveying and other similar departments. The brokers as a group are concerned with the placing of business with the underwriters: they solicit proposals from the general public, and offer them to the

companies. Their remuneration is derived from the companies, who pay an agreed scale percentage of the premiums. Personally, I know very little of the broker's side of the business, and the following remarks apply almost exclusively to the underwriting.

Companies transacting insurance have by stress of intense competition developed from specialist companies, i.e., insurers willing to accept a particular class of business only, to composite companies writing all forms of insurance and assurance. In the middle of the last century, companies merely accepted, for example, fire insurance, and a separate company had to be approached for life assurance. Now it is the exception rather than the rule for a company to specialise (although a few offices do so with excellent results in the life field).

The composite company has four major departments of business, viz. :—

- (1) *Life*, which is concerned with providing a sum of money on death or in old age, and with the provision of pensions (known in insurance parlance as annuities).
- (2) *Marine*, which, as its name implies, concerns itself with perils of the sea. Ships and cargoes are insured against all perils to which they may be subject during transit by sea or water.
- (3) *Fire*, which protects business people, householders, and other owners of property susceptible to damage, against losses from fire, and in some cases other perils such as explosion, floods, storm, etc.
- (4) *Accident*, which, although the youngest, is rapidly assuming greatest importance to most insurers to-day. Among other risks, this department caters for such things as compensation for personal injuries by accident and/or sickness, burglary, third party, compensation to injured workmen, embezzlement, motor, and plate glass.

In most of the composite companies, each of the above departments is run as a separate company would be, so far as its own particular features are concerned. At the head office a departmental manager is responsible for the acceptance or rejection of all business; his aim being to produce a profit for the company as a result of the

year's working. He controls the underwriting department, which obtains all the information necessary to estimate the risks involved, and to assess the premiums payable. This necessitates, particularly in the fire section, the employment of surveyors, who call and report on the actual construction of buildings, processes used, materials handled, etc. He also controls the claims section, in whose hands the reputation of the company rests. Further sub-divisions deal with accounts, reinsurance, policy drafting, endorsements, statistics, etc.

These functions of the head office department are in turn delegated to a number of branch offices in the most important towns and cities throughout the world. Each branch manager underwrites his own business and is responsible for its results, subject always to the discretion of the head office.

The foregoing will make it quite clear that there are a variety of clerical positions available, but in addition, the new business side of the profession appeals to those who do not wish to spend their lives tied to an office stool. New business is actively competed for, and is received by the offices from brokers and agents, who may be whole or part time employees. To develop the new business, companies employ representatives known as inspectors, corresponding roughly to commercial travellers. Their job is to obtain new business, and they appoint agents to introduce prospective insurers, and solicit insurances from the general public. It is this aspect of the work which is particularly interesting and varied, and almost inevitably success in business production leads to promotion. Almost every company draws its branch managers from the ranks of the inspectors. Many writers assert that a good inspector is born and not made, but from my own observation, I should say that a good working knowledge of the business will go far towards ensuring reasonable success.

Education is essential if a boy intends to obtain promotion, and although experience *can* be very valuable, a course of study directed on correct lines is more likely to yield quick results. The Chartered Insurance Institute conducts examinations annually, and its diplomas are of great value to the ambitious. Associates and Fellows may use the letters A.C.I.I. and F.C.I.I. respectively, but it is not so much that the holder

has passed the examination that is of value as the fact that by passing it he must have assimilated a considerable amount of useful knowledge. Evidence of satisfactory education (the Oxford School Certificate, etc.) must be produced before permission to enter the exams. is given, but this is not likely to give trouble as most companies insist on this standard before engaging staffs.

So far as financial rewards are concerned, on appointment a junior clerk would receive £50 per annum in the provinces and rather more in London. Annual increases of from £10 to £20 per annum would be granted for satisfactory work. After some five or six years' inside experience, a junior might expect to be appointed a probationer inspector, more particularly if he has in the meantime passed some of the C.I.I. exams. and shewn promise of reasonable ability. He would then receive a special increase, and in due course become entitled to expense allowances and bonuses. Further salary increases would largely depend on his results, but a reasonable measure of success would be rewarded by annual increases averaging £25 per annum. If the junior is not attracted by the business-getting side, there are many well-paid positions available, but promotion is necessarily slower, and it is often a question of waiting for 'dead men's shoes'.

Insurance offers many amenities to those employed. Staffs are usually housed in modern, well-ventilated and well-lit buildings, and the hours are normally from 9 a.m. or 9.30 a.m. to 5 or 5.30 p.m., although occasionally pressure of work necessitates overtime being worked. Well-equipped sports grounds are run and maintained, where facilities for almost every type of sport are available. In addition, the institutes and the companies organise a huge variety of social events appealing to all tastes. All the larger companies have pension schemes with extremely generous conditions, many of them being non-contributory, and in addition, some companies offer their staffs specially advantageous terms for Life Assurance.

In conclusion, the profession offers a reasonable measure of security, variety of employment, plenty of interest, and the possibility of adequate financial reward. Hard work is the key to success, and given this, there is no limit to the progress which can be achieved.

BICYCLE RIDE.

Round go the wheels,
Faster the pedals;
Up hill and down dale
Journeys the rider,

Past drowsy cows,
Across quiet brooks,
Over steep bridges,
Through clucking hens,

On through the country,
The farms left behind,
Back to the suburbs,
And tram-lined towns.

Here busy people
Bustle on thoroughfares.
Up the long hill
Is the grey house, home.

K. MERCER (IV.b).

SPEED-BOAT.

Beware! the flashing monster comes
A mass of foam and spray,
It cuts the water like a knife
And roars away.

The wash flies high on either side,
A foaming wake behind;
The spray upon some people falls,
A rushing wind.

It circles, heels, and leaps up high,
And skims across the sea,
Then, turning round, it flashes past
Towards the quay.

R. GREENFIELD (IV.b).

OGRE.

Those close-set eyes,
Those queer-shaped ears,
That shaggy old beard,
All egged on my fears!

It was coming closer,
That frightful thing!
I stood up and cried,
And my arms I did fling.

It came ever so near,
It suddenly spoke . . .
Then out of my dream
I quickly awoke.

S. PARKER (IV.b).

The Pine Forest. Shelley.

.. We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under Heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.....

The Path.

Shelley.

The path thro' which that lovely twain
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;

Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew;

Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders thro' steep night,
Has found a cleft thro' which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground



SCHOOL EXCURSION TO PARIS.

This year, with a more favourable rate of exchange prevailing, we decided to spend a week in Paris.

Accordingly, on the Tuesday following Easter, a party of boys under the supervision of Mr. Myers, Mr. Cresswell, and Mr. Manning, left East Croydon Station, bound for Paris via Newhaven and Dieppe. After a very enjoyable crossing, an incredibly fast express brought us to Paris. There was an amusing interlude at the Gare St. Lazare, when the coach-driver who was to take us to our hotel found himself unable to manoeuvre his large vehicle successfully through the narrow station exit, owing to the presence of an obstructive taxi.

Wednesday morning found us viewing the sights of Paris from a luxurious motor-coach, with stops at the Madeleine, a church built in the form of a Roman Temple, the famous Arc de Triomphe, under which lies buried the Unknown French Warrior, and the Invalides, where we saw Napoleon's magnificent tomb.

Later in the day, we spent some time in the interesting Cluny Museum, and the Panthéon, which contains the tombs of many famous Frenchmen and where are portrayed in mural paintings scenes from the life of Ste. Geneviève, patron saint of Paris.

Returning home, we dined in true French style, finding "la cuisine française" not unlike our native fare, except for "le petit déjeuner", which consisted of fresh rolls and butter and coffee, a welcome change from eggs and bacon.

Continuing our sight-seeing on Thursday, we went to the Louvre, where we admired some of the finest art treasures in the world. In the afternoon, we explored the Ile de la Cité, the island in the Seine on which the original Paris was built, and visited the cathedral of Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Conciergerie, where many people, including Marie Antoinette, were tried and sent to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

As a change from the fast-moving town life, we motored, on the following day, into the more peaceful countryside to visit Malmaison, former residence of Napoleon and Josephine, and the royal palace of Versailles, so rich in that period of French history which extends from the glorious splendour of Louis XIV. to the tragic fate of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

On Saturday morning, the Eiffel Tower proved the attraction. Unfortunately, the mist prevented any extensive view, but we were able to gaze on Paris from a height of one thousand feet. When we eventually came down to earth again, we found we were late for lunch, so, commandeering taxis, we all crowded in and sped back to the hotel to sit down to our meal only fifteen minutes late.

After lunch we spent an interesting afternoon viewing comparatively modern works of art in the Luxembourg Museum. As a rule, pictures are not hung in the Louvre until the artist has been dead seven years, during which period they are very often exhibited in the Luxembourg.

By way of relaxation after a strenuous day, we went after dinner to a cinema to see a new film, "La Marseillaise", depicting the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Our last two days were occupied by visits to the Zoo, the famous Sacré-Coeur, a church built on the Butte de Montmartre and commanding an extensive view of Paris, and the Bois de Boulogne, which we reached by river-steamer, passing through Sèvres and St. Cloud.

Monday morning and evening were spent shopping, Tuesday again saw us aboard the train on our way home, and we reached Croydon safely after a much rougher crossing than on the outward journey.

D. Helmore (VI.a).

P. Booth (VI.a).

BILL'S PAL.

Bill Regan had been a gamekeeper for almost as long as he could remember. As a trainer of dogs for shooting Bill was unrivalled, his skill was supreme.

He had now been head-keeper for nigh fifty years and he had trained some wonderful animals. He had been offered large sums from envious visitors for his dogs, but Bill was not a seller. He would never part with any, for if he had sold one it would have been as bad as parting with his own son.

Bill had now long passed his seventieth birthday, a good age for a man who has to rely on a good eye, and strength to carry a gun all day. Many a village lad would have given his left eye to have been such a good shot as Bill was at the age of 73. He looked years younger.

Old Sir Henry Southaill, his master, Bill had known for years and they were the deepest of friends. Bill had often thought of the day when there would be a new master at the Hall. New masters are not always kindly disposed to old servants.

One day in mid-September Bill went striding up the gravel path to the Hall to receive his orders, not knowing that Sir Henry would never give an order any more. Bill came blindly away from the Hall, sat down on a mossy bank and sobbed.

After a while he felt a nudging at his elbow and glanced down with half-dimmed eyes. Peter, his faithful dog, was beside him, his muzzle nestling inside Bill's coat,

waiting for the usual tit-bit. His large brown eyes looked up sympathetically. Bill patted its soft black head and pushed it gently but firmly away, and he buried his face in his hands again.

Peter was puzzled. He waited a little while, but his master did not move. Peter came forward as if to touch Bill's elbow, but he stopped suddenly, his ears cocked, and he dashed off into the undergrowth. Bill felt rather ashamed of himself for his exhibition, but he thought that such a good man as Sir Henry was well worth crying over. Who would take over the Hall, for there were no near relations and Sir Henry had been a bachelor? He was brought to his senses again by the thump of Peter's tail on the turf beside him. He had forgotten his grief, if only for a minute, for there stood Peter with a sleek water-hen in his mouth. Bill swiftly wrung its neck and said to Peter, "Good boy." Bill thought he detected pride in its eyes.

* * *

His new master, Mr. William Londale, was breezy, swift in his actions, and a hard man, and Bill was not much taken with him.

"You are very old," Bill was greeted, "I want good shooting. I am afraid you will have to go. I want the best guns down here."

Bill pleaded with him and at last got a trial; if he came through he could stay on. Londale selected the spot for the trial. He sent beaters into the spinney. A cock pheasant shot out from the trees. Bill fired, and the bird swooped into the trees on the other side of the clearing. "Missed him for a certainty," said Londale. Bill turned without a word. Londale was right, his eyes were failing. Peter swept away and Bill stood there with a great fear.

And then Peter burst from the wood. In his mouth was a cock pheasant, in his eyes a light of triumph. He came to Bill as straight as an arrow. Bill bent down, clasped the bird's neck and swung it quickly.

"Great shooting," said Londale, "you win." Bill patted Peter's head affectionately.

Only the two of them need ever know that the bird had been untouched by shot.

J. O'Sullivan (V.a).

ATOM SMASHING.

Chemistry is my hobby.

You may have guessed it from the title of this little tale.

I don't know whether it was the subtle meaning lying behind a few amusing (but nevertheless, true) lines of poetry that I once read at the beginning of a very interesting book on Chemistry, or whether it was the lure of those lines of shining glass bottles, retorts, burettes, beakers, balances, and pipettes, or whether it was just because I'm mad. However, Chemistry is my hobby.

Now don't mistake me, I don't mean the Chemistry of the old bald-headed man with his beaming smile, standing behind a glass counter in and on which are all the latest beauty and toilet preparations, including, among other things, shampoos, lipstick, shaving soap, brilliantine, hair tonics and creams, tooth paste and brushes, razors, blades, shaving brushes, and every other imaginable thing but chemicals. In fact, the chemicals that a boy wants are more easily obtained at a post-office, or more likely, the general stores at, or around, the corner. No, I want to be a real Analytical Research and Works Control Chemist.

Now perhaps you *will* understand that real Chemistry is my hobby.

* * *

One hot afternoon in the holidays, feeling rather bored, tired and miserable, besides having nothing else to do, I thought that I might as well pass away the time with my chemistry set. I laboriously unpacked the whole lot, stacked it on the table, and searched for an 'interesting' experiment. To my dismay, I found that about the only experiments that I hadn't done were absolutely elementary 'colour-change' experiments. Still, they were something to help pass away the time, so I half-filled a test-tube, added something from a box and shook it up. I felt thirsty, so I put the tube in the stand, and helped myself to some lemonade. Feeling very slightly refreshed, I again took the test-tube, added another crystal of something, held the test-tube carefully up to the light, and waited. . . .

The liquid began to change; it grew, larger, larger, larger. The test-tube was no longer in the stand, it was round me. I

felt myself falling, falling, falling. I woke with a start. Dear me! I was falling asleep, I mustn't do that. Now where is my notebook? Ah! Here it is!

Weight of beaker . . . Weight of beak'-
and-water . . . Weight . . . water . . . beaker
. . . hydrogen. * * *

"Here you are, sir!"

"Good," said the old man, "Oh, by the way, would you please help me try my atom gun? I think that there are only a few adjustments to be made now." He led me through half a dozen massive steel doors, into a huge vault, in the middle of which was a huge 'thing', something like a telescope.

How queer he looked, the small old man with his small beard, white smock, and large horn-rimmed spectacles, striped trousers, gentle but strange smile, and grey hair. How queer, against that—that monster, that Leviathan, that indescribable thing, standing there shining, grinning, and dwarfing us in that massive room. We seemed so powerless against that malignant-malicious-malevolent miracle which seemed to leer at us and say, "You puny little brats, how dare you come here and look at me?"

Yet the old chap walked calmly over to a kind of portable desk, something like the console of a cinema organ, sat down, and began moving various switches.

The gun began to move round; slowly at first, then it gathered speed, and then—stopped. The muzzle came lower, and lower, and lower. It was fascinating. I took a step nearer, and then, shrank back in horror! It was pointing at me!

I tried to yell! My tongue stuck! I tried to . . . I was . . . It . . . was turning, everything was turning around me, faster, faster, faster, up and down, round and round, faster, faster, ever faster; it grew mistier, I was lighter, lighter, rising, rising, rising. It was mistier, thinner, thinner, clearer, clearer, it was GONE!

* * *

I ran to get a brush and dust-pan to sweep up the shattered test-tube lying on the floor, hoping that the chemicals would not stain the rug before I could mop them up.

P. Wadey (V.b).

GUNNISLAKE BRIDGE.

Gunnislake Bridge, which spans a narrow part of the River Tamar and joins Devon to Cornwall, is situated in the most picturesque surroundings in the two bordering counties. On either side are steep hills, like giants looking down and guarding the peaceful valley through which the Tamar flows, a glittering ribbon of blue.

Perched upon the brow of the Cornish hills is the little village of Gunnislake, and from there down to the bridge is a road, which in the summer is traversed by long lines of cars packed with sightseers.

The bridge itself—over which the road passes—has about half-a-dozen spans through which the water tumbles with an eternal ripple. It is constructed completely of bricks, and is wide enough to accommodate two lines of traffic. People passing over the bridge have to get close into the waist-high walls when any vehicles go by. Apart from two ferry services in the Devonport district—Saltash and Torpoint,—this bridge is the only other way for cars and coaches to enter either county.

There are, of course, two bridges, Callington and Saltash, which cross the Tamar, but these are for railways only. Therefore, as can be judged, Gunnislake has a ceaseless stream of traffic passing over it.

As the road continues onwards, it climbs up the hill on the Devon side through a pine forest where the air is filled with a delightful aroma from the surrounding trees. The crest is at last reached, and "one last, lingering look" is taken of the little bridge that nestles so comfortably in the valley.

S. Howard (IV.c).

MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

She heard the last few steps of her mother's feet as she descended from the sick room; final good-byes were exchanged; the front door was slammed; a car engine previously ticking over was "revved" up; gears scraped; and no other sound was heard from the deserted road. . . . Mother and father had gone to London on essential business.

Oh, yes, she had been boasting about not being afraid to be left by herself. But now . . . now it was different. Twilight was fast turning into the darkness of night. Silence; just silence.

She lay in bed drowsily thinking, when a sharp rap, which seemed to come from the

landing window, brought her sitting bolt upright in bed. Three more knocks . . . She could hear her palpitating heart thumping away in her feverish body. All was silent again. She dare not leave her bed for fear of catching cold; but then perhaps it was only the window-cleaner, but surely not at that time of the evening. A few more knocks succeeded in making her really frightened.

Tremblingly, she groped for an electric torch on a small table near her to see what was in the room; she touched something round and cold, and automatically it found its way into her hand. She pointed it at the window and flicked the switch forward.

The light flashed on for a split second, during which she imagined that she saw a face at the window, then the torch refused more light.

By now a regular knocking had been established, and the girl was in hysterical terror. Then, with ghosts and murders in her brain, she flung back the clothes, jumped out of bed, switched on the light, flung wide the bedroom door, and screamed.

The knocking stopped.

D. G. Rowland (V.a).

A STORY OF THE NORTH.

Slowly Stemaw, the Indian trapper, emerged from his tent—meditating; then, as if he had made up his mind on some point, he re-entered his wigwam and began to pack a little food, slung his gun and a sack over his shoulder, and went out.

He made a picturesque figure in the usual costume of the Cree Indians. A large leathern coat, very much overlapped in front, and fastened round his waist with a scarlet belt, protected his body from the cold. A small rat skin cap covered his head, and his legs were cased in ordinary blue cloth leggings.

After a good half-hour's walk he slowed down and listened. The rattling of a chain came from the undergrowth near where he was standing. It was under that bush he had put a trap the day before last, so that something was in there, most likely a fox not wary enough to escape the strong steel jaws. Stemaw brushed away the snow-covered leaves and there, struggling in the trap, was a black fox. A sharp hit on the snout and the unfortunate animal was dead. Then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he dropped it in his sack.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

Suddenly a noise attracted his attention; it was the padding of a bear loping up the trail where Stemaw had come. Quickly the Indian trapper dropped his sack, unslung his gun, made sure the priming was dry, and waited behind a tall pine whose upper branches crackled and groaned under the weight of snow upon it. In two or three minutes the bear appeared, stopped, looked round, sniffed at the ground, and then made its way to the place where Stemaw was hiding.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Stemaw took careful aim, but just as he was about to fire, snow, dropping from the tree, fell on his gun so that the shot went wide. As the gun was not a repeater, but only an old-fashioned muzzle loader, the bear was on him before he could load again. Stemaw dropped it and drew his long hunting knife, his only weapon.

Slowly the bear closed in, manoeuvring into a position for attacking, and then, the death hug, but Stemaw followed every movement closely. Then, just as the bear was in the middle of its deadly rush, the trapper jumped aside and buried his knife in the creature's eye. The bear fell with a thud to the ground, giving one spasmodic shudder.

Stemaw grasped his sack, and, with one last glance at the dead bear, resumed the round of his traps. D. London (IV.c).

NOSTALGIA.

Along the sea-blue sky floor
Swift, full-sailed clouds chase.

Above the sky-blue sea floor
Gulls snow lines interlace.

Lime-washed houses

Lean on the hillside,
Smile at white other-selves
In the cobalt harbour.

Haie! Haie!

Mevagissey!

R.B.K.S.

We were not at all pleased when Wednesday, June 1st—the glorious first—resolved itself into a gloriously wet afternoon when we had accomplished little more of our programme than the Hundred Yards, the Jumps, and the Obstacle Race. It was our own fault, we were told. We had dared the weather gods in choosing Derby Day.

But there was a silver lining to the clouds, for on our second attempt on Saturday, July 9th, despite a threatening morning, we completed our programme beneath an improving sky and before an assembly that numbered far more fathers than usual, Saturday being for them the more convenient day.

There was the usual excellent running and jumping, but we will confine our comments to a few items that gave especial pleasure.

The Gymnastic Display of exercises such as are part of the normal school work was given with notable efficiency. The boys, keen as the proverbial mustard, and thoroughly enjoying the business, showed skill and grace and rhythm, and testified to the splendid training they receive from Mr. Manning and Mr. Boxall.

The Morris and Sword Dancing by the Fourth Forms—an innovation in our proceedings—was a delight. The boys were literally “on their toes”; the beans were set with precision; the flowers of the “Country Gardens” were gay; the swords clashed; and all the while the bells jingled bravely. Mr. Cracknell must have been pleased with his Fourth Formers. There were many appreciative comments from parents on the Dancing and the Gymnastics.

The Cricket Match, School v. Fathers, which rounded off the day, was most enjoyable, especially, the boys thought, because the School won handsomely by six wickets. But some of the Fathers, whose team was captained by Mr. Boggis, were a little out of practice. One of them, not the least active in the field, had not handled a bat since 1914.

The Fathers' balloon dribbling race was great fun, since, fortunately, “loud the wind blew.” The Mothers shewed their usual skill in manipulating eggs and spoons.

It would be ungracious not to acknowledge here the great help in preparing the ground given to the Staff by many of the boys; notably by Baxter, Drake (IV.c), Legg, G. Wood, A. Wood, Eels, L. Annetts, and Gamon.

Mothers who had so kindly made track flags for us must have felt rewarded as they saw their colours fluttering so bravely in the breeze.

We hope to be able to print photographs of some of the events in our next issue, as we saw Derek Lamport busy with his camera.

RESULTS.

80 yards (under 12)—1, Wall; 2, Heard; 3, Ware. 100 yards (12-13)—1, Hodges; 2, Daniell; 3, Sutherland. 100 yards (13-14)—1, Brooker; 2, Drake; 3, Lambert. 100 yards (14-15)—1, Leigh; 2, Jackson; 3, Borrowman. 100 yards (over 15)—1, Peduzie; 2, Wallis; 3, Harris.

High Jump (over 14)—1, Murrill; 2, Tiffin; 3, Mason. Long Jump (under 14)—1, Mitchell; 2, Drake; 3, Bashford. High Jump (under 14)—1, Mitchell (G.); 2, Holloway; 3, Mitchell (R.), Bull, Little. Long Jump (over 14)—1, Murrill; 2, Borrowman; 3, Powell, Mason.

Slow Bicycle Race (under 14)—1, Ridge; 2, Lomas; 3, Ridgewell.

440 yards (under 14)—1, Tapping; 2, Kearns; 3, Shearman. 440 yards (over 14)—1, Riley; 2, Peduzie; 3, Skilton.

Obstacle Race (over 14)—1, Hughes; 2, White; 3, Walmsley.

80 yards Hurdles (under 14)—1, Baxter; 2, Tapping; 3, Griffiths. 80 yards Hurdles (over 14)—1, Williams; 2, Davis; 3, Gill.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 14)—1, London; 2, Kearns; 3, Salter. Throwing the Cricket Ball (over 14)—1, Murrill; 2, Tiffin; 3, Seymour.

220 yards (under 14)—1, Brooker; 2, Lambert; 3, Dyer. 220 yards (over 14)—1, Riley; 2, Noakes; 3, Skilton.

Organised Games Contest (3rd Forms)—1, Delta and Beta; 3rd, Alpha; 4th, Gamma.

Shuttle Relay Race, 80 yards x 4 (3rd Forms)—1, Beta; 2, Gamma; 3, Alpha. Shuttle Relay Race, 80 yards x 4 (4th Forms)—1, Gamma; 2, Beta; 3, Alpha.

Relay Race, 110 yards x 4 (5th Forms)—1, Gamma; 2, Beta; 3, Alpha. Relay Race, 110 yards, 220 yards, 220 yards, 110 yards (6th Forms)—1, Delta; 2, Beta; 3, Gamma.

Mothers' Race (50 yards Egg and Spoon)—1, Mrs. Hart; 2, Mrs. Tapping. Fathers' Race (50 yards Balloon Dribbling)—1, Mr. Frewer; 2, Mr. Failes.

House Points—1, Gamma, 70½; 2, Alpha, 58; 3, Beta, 55½; 4, Delta, 36.

CRICKET.

The following boys have been awarded 1st XI. Cricket Colours:—

Booth, Watson, Eels, Hills, Lucas, Lambert, Walmsley, Morgan, Annetts, Borrowman, Tiffin.

The result of the 1st XI. matches is far from satisfying this year. Without any of last year's 1st XI. to form a nucleus, it became necessary to build afresh with a view to future years. Of the younger members

of the team, Lambert, who is not yet 14 years of age, has kept wicket well; Lucas bowls and fields well—a catch in the slips by this boy against Heath Clark School deserves special mention; Morgan is a most promising bat who will be able to hit the ball harder after another year's experience, while Annetts should be at school next summer.

The junior eleven contains some very promising material. Brooker should try hard to develop as a batsman. Dyer, Griffiths, Gravener, Little, London, and Yeomans are all boys with the ability to bowl well. Charles, Gunston, Bonneywell, and Kippen are all keen cricketers of whom we expect much in the future.

The following boys are awarded Under 14 XI. Colours:—

Brooker, Dyer, Gravener, Little, London, Charles, Yeomans, Bonneywell, Gunston, Griffiths, Bedford, Ridge.

1st XI. RESULTS.

21st May—v. Sutton County School 1st XI.	
School 46; Sutton 143 (Fletcher 64)	Lost
11th June—v. Archbishop Tenison's School 1st XI.	
School 38; Archbishop Tenison's 76	Lost
18th June—v. St. Joseph's College 1st XI.	
School 17 (Miller 2 for 6, Wade 5 for 6) and 65 for 9 (Hills 34 not out); St. Joseph's 26 (Eels 6 for 10, Hills 4 for 14) and 81	Lost
25th June—v. Old Boys' 1st XI.	
School 56 (Young 4 for 25, Williams 6 for 20); Old Boys 86 for 5	Lost
2nd July—v. Heath Clark School 1st XI.	
School 76 for 3; Heath Clark 75 (Booth 4 for 15, Eels 3 for 15)	Won
9th July—v. Parents XI.	
School 62 for 4; Parents 57 (Hill 5 for 14)	Won

Considerable interest was taken in this game, so the detailed scores are given below:—

PARENTS XI.

Mr. Holcombe, l.b.w., b. Hills	8
Mr. Sutherland, c. Borrowman, b. Lucas	4
Mr. Boggis, c. and b. Hills	13
Mr. Ridgewell, l.b.w., b. Hills	0
Mr. Failes, l.b.w., b. Hills	6
Mr. Mills, c. and b. Booth	1
Mr. Parker, b. Booth	1
Mr. Morgan, c. Morgan, b. Booth	0
Mr. Bond, b. Hills	0
Mr. Palmer, c. and b. Eels	7
Mr. Mead, not out	18
Extras	0
Total	58

Fall of Wickets:

1 for 14, 2 for 25, 3 for 26, 4 for 31, 5 for 32, 6 for 32, 7 for 32, 8 for 33, 9 for 33.

Bowling:

	O.	M.	R.	W.	A.
Booth	8	2	11	3	3.7
Lucas	3	0	21	1	21
Hills	5	0	17	5	3.4
Eels	2	0	9	1	9

SCHOOL.

Eels, c. Parker, b. Holcombe	11
Watson, run out	12
Morgan, b. Sutherland	1
Hills, l.b.w., b. Boggis	14
Booth, not out	10
Annetts, not out	4
Walmsley	} Did not bat				
Borrowman					
Lambert					
Tiffin					
Lucas					
Extras	10
Total					62

Fall of Wickets:

1 for 18, 2 for 22, 3 for 36, 4 for 55.

Bowling:

	O.	M.	R.	W.	A.
Holcombe	7	1	13	1	13
Sutherland	7	2	10	1	10
Boggis	1	0	4	1	4

Messrs. Mills, Failes, and Morgan also bowled.

CHESS CLUB NOTES.

The Chess Club has done very well this year by winning the Briant Poulter Shield, the final scores being:—

John Ruskin	22½ points.
Whitgift Middle	15 „
Lilleshalle Road	3 „

As you will see, there have only been three schools participating this year, but next year there will be six or seven, thus ensuring more competition.

The Senior Championship has not yet been decided, but it has been very close, the present scores being:—

Wheadon	3½ points.
Walmsley	3 „
Martin	3 „
Marchant	2 „
Singer	1½ „
Helmore	0 „

The Junior Championship is not quite so close, nevertheless there have been some very good games, the positions being as follows:—

Gardner	3 points.
Beadle	3 „
Organ	1 „
Gravener	1 „
Cox	0 „

The Keable Cup this year goes to House Alpha, but only after a very keen contest right up to the finish, the final positions being:—

House Alpha	16 points.
House Beta	11½ „
House Gamma	10½ „
House Delta	10 „

The Handicap has lacked the support I should have liked to see, but the games that were played were very keen, the final positions being:—

Cox	7 points.
Beadle	6.8 „
Wheadon	6.6 „

Just one more thing: we always want more members. If you cannot play chess it doesn't matter, I shall find someone to teach you if I cannot do so myself. We have plenty of beginners.

This is a chance for you third formers who could not come this year owing to the "field." Last year the thirds gave me about a dozen new members, which showed that they were keen about it, especially as they have been regular in their attendances. Now then, see if you can do the same; I shall be looking forward to seeing many present third formers next year.

F. Wheadon.

TRIOLET.

'Canst lend me a horse?' cried Uncle Joe,
 'For I ride many miles this day.
 That you have a nag right well I know,
 Canst lend me the horse?' cried Uncle Joe.
 'This journey am I forced to go,
 And when I get there I'll be gay.
 Canst lend me a horse?' cried Uncle Joe,
 'For I ride many miles this day.'

D. ROWLAND (V.a).

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.

O.B.A. REPORT.

We are pleased to be able to report that at the time of going to press, subscriptions to the William Field Memorial Fund amount to £35 12s. 0d. At this juncture, the amount collected is fairly satisfactory, but we feel that progress is rather slow, as we cannot keep the fund open indefinitely to would-be subscribers. Our aim is to obtain a sum of at least £50, which amount, it is computed, would enable us to endow a School Prize Fund in perpetuity. Many of the masters of the School, past and present, have subscribed generously and we appeal to those old boys who have not yet subscribed, to overcome their inertia and follow this example. This is your one chance to show appreciation of Mr. Field's work and influence in a way that we feel sure would have met with his approval.

Some of our older members will remember Mr. G. S. Groom, who left the School many years ago to take up a headmastership at Crewe. Mr. Groom recently wrote to our Hon. Secretary and an extract from his letter is reproduced here.

“With the passing of Mr. Field, a master of his craft has gone, and I join in the tribute which the meeting (the annual general meeting) and everybody who knew him must have paid to his memory.

“My connection with the John Ruskin School recedes farther and farther, as I recognise each time when new names appear on the list of officers. Time was when I knew all—now, only the minority.

“However, my interest does not die and I positively look forward to the magazine, and sometimes indulge in day-dreams on reading the Secretarial circulars. I still have hopes of calling in at one of your major functions.”

We feel sure that Mr. Groom will not object to our printing his remarks to the Hon. Secretary, inasmuch as they are of such interest to the Association at large. We thank him for the interest that he continues to take in us, and very much hope that he will, in fact, come to see us one day, perhaps at one of our reunion suppers.

The Annual Reunion Supper, held at the Greyhound Restaurant on April 30th, was a most successful gathering. There were present more masters, old and new, than ever before, and old boys attended in good numbers. We were particularly pleased and honoured to have with us Mr. McLeod for the first time. Mr. McLeod foreshadowed forthcoming changes in the fortunes of the School and he emphasized that whatever form the changes took, he hoped that boys of the John Ruskin School would always look upon the new School as their own. Mr. D. H. McSweeney urged that members should give more whole-hearted support to all of the Association's activities. Space does not permit of our saying more about this function, nor perhaps is this necessary, since a full account appeared in the local Press. As regards next year's supper, the Committee would welcome any suggestions for improvement or offers of assistance with entertainments.

Most Old Boys will probably have heard of the Council's decision to transfer, in September, 1939, all pupils of the John Ruskin School to a new secondary school, to be named the Addiscombe Grammar School. Many will regret the loss of the name of John Ruskin, a name which has become a talisman of inspiration to us in our work in the School and in the Association. Whatever are our feelings in this respect, there can be no doubt that all of us will join in an expression of congratulation to the boys of the School on their good fortune in being raised to secondary school status in such a well-equipped building as the Addiscombe Grammar School promises to be. We feel sure that the influence of John Ruskin will abide with them and that the watchwords “Age Quod Agis”, inscribed on his father's tomb at Shirley, will remain the standard of their endeavours.

We should like to offer our congratulations to the Football Club on their being declared joint holders of the Sportsmanship Cup for the past season. The Club has always had a good record for its clean play and good team spirit, and has previously gained four

sportsmanship certificates. The award has, therefore, provided a fitting culmination to a consistently good standard of conduct both on and off the field. We have no doubt that this achievement will provide a criterion of the Club's future activities.

The Chess Club has completed a season's good play, and is desirous of increasing its personnel to include some of our older members. At present, the constituents of the Club are fellows who left school in the last year or two. There must be at least a few of our more mature members who devote some of their time to this ancient pursuit. Let them remember that the Chess Club is anxious to welcome them. The Club would also be very pleased to initiate strangers to the art into its pleasurable intricacies.

May we enrol some new members among the boys just leaving School? Remember that the subscription for the first year, including copies of the Magazine, costs only 2/6. Particulars of how to join are contained in a notice in the School Hall.

The Hon. Secretary has booked the Queen's Hall, South Croydon, for dances to be held on November 19th and February 18th. We hope that you will book these dates now, so as to ensure that our successful dances of the past season shall be repeated in the next.

JOHN C. SPURLING.

WANTED!

The Hon. Secretary is in urgent need of an envelope-addressing machine or of an offer to address envelopes from one who has facilities for the work. We are in possession of Addressograph plates; would someone please help us with the rest?

NEWS OF OLD BOYS.

We offer our best wishes for the happiness of "Jock" Quedsted, A. C. D. Smith and R. W. (Bobby) Wells, all of whom were married on June 4th. A. C. D. Smith has recently been elected an Associate of the Institute of Gas Engineers.

CRICKET.

The unexpected inability of several of our stalwarts to play regularly caused consternation amongst the officers of this Club, and

it was with great regret that we found it necessary to cancel the first fixture for the season.

To our joy, however, a good number of young fellows responded to the appeal for members, and to our great surprise we succeeded in winning the first three matches.

Against Thos. Cook & Sons Sports Club (in the first match) we snatched a good win by 6 wickets (155—163 for 4) before rain stopped play. In this game we realised the weakness of our attack without J. C. Jones and W. P. Davies, but saw that in R. Goward we have a batsman of great promise.

West Wickham Ill. eleven entertained us at West Wickham and we recorded a comfortable win (151—58). Arthur Young pleased everybody with his bowling in this game, and his ability to keep a consistently good length brought favourable comments from our opponents.

The Saturday before Whit Sunday game produced a most satisfactory and exciting result. With a fair supplement of the younger members just from School, we feared a heavy defeat. Unexpectedly, however, these fellows batted steadily against a good and most varied attack, so that our total of 100 was no mean performance. The bowlers, strengthened by the return of W. P. Davies—who has retained all his old guile and steadiness (of bowling, of course!)—supported by very keen fielding, pulled us through to victory by one run.

A keenly fought game—with such a narrow margin—could anything be better?

It is interesting to note that for the first three games, we had a different skipper and wicket-keeper on each occasion!

We visited Claygate to play the local team on their very pleasantly situated ground, to find their first three batsmen in brilliant form, whilst our bowlers could not obtain the upper hand as we would have wished. We lost the match by a fair number of runs, but it was good to meet such pleasant conditions and company, and for our younger members (Wicks, Loveless and Goward) to receive such deserved congratulations for their brilliant fielding and batting. We sincerely hope that it will be our good fortune to visit Claygate again.

These notes are written (as far as secretarial work is concerned) at a most inconvenient time, but at the date of publication

FOOTBALL CLUB.

there will be two months left of this season, so gloriously started. So that you may share in our pleasures, the fixtures for this period are listed below. Your company at our matches would be encouraging and your presence on the School ground on Tuesday and Thursday evenings for net play might give you the opportunity of playing for us during the holiday season, when team building is so difficult.

Further details will be supplied most readily by F. R. Buckley, of 68, Moffatt Road, Thornton Heath, or by myself.

July 23—Harrodian Club	Barnes
„ 30—Marlborough Sports Club	Home	(Waddon)	
Aug. 6—St. George's Services	do.
„ 13—Galpins C.C.	do.
„ 20—Tolworth Sports Club	do.
„ 27—Thos. Cook & Sons	do.
Sept. 3—Croydon Electricity Dept.	C.C.		do.
„ 10—Tolworth Sports Club	Tolworth
„ 17—Galpins C.C.	Mitcham

This issue of the magazine would be incomplete without a record of good wishes to L. W. Midmer, our skipper for several seasons, who is marrying in August and will leave the district to reside in Salisbury. We have had the pleasure of meeting the prospective Mrs. Midmer at our games, and we wish her and our skipper everything that we would wish ourselves.

J. T. PAXTON,
41, Clarendon Road,
West Croydon.

L. W. Midmer has been kind enough to write a farewell letter to members of the Cricket Club. We thank him for his letter and have pleasure in reproducing it here.

“It has been my privilege and honour to captain the Old Boys' Cricket Club for the last two or three seasons.

“As many of you know, this is my last season with the Club, and it is not without a tinge of regret that I find it impossible to continue as a playing member.

“My association with the Club has been an extremely happy one, and memories of many enjoyable Saturday afternoons will go with me to Salisbury.

“Before hiding myself in the country, I should like to express to all members my sincere thanks for their very loyal support.

“I shall follow with interest the activities of the Club and trust that the future will provide many happy and successful seasons.

“Good batting!

L. W. Midmer.”

Although many of us are in the midst of another series of cricket matches, we are busily arranging our programme for next season, and meetings are as frequent as Test Match centuries.

We finished last season by being awarded jointly the Sportsmanship Cup of the Thornton Heath League, and those 23 people, not all members, who attended the distribution can testify to a jolly evening. The trophy is lodged at the School, by kind permission of Mr. McLeod, and we trust that all members will bear in mind the main points considered in awarding this cup, particularly that of fielding full teams in every match. A great loss to the football circles of Surrey, especially Croydon, was the recent death of Mr. W. E. Dobb, the donor of the Sportsmanship Cup. We were interviewed by Mr. Dobb last May when this matter was having the attention of our League.

Several points have needed our consideration. Dealing first with the question of our ground, we announce that Messrs. Kennards cannot grant us further use of the field in Pampisford Road. They have disbanded their outdoor sporting organisations, and rather than maintain a long and costly lease, the directors have decided to sell the property. There were few alternatives for us, and we were certainly faced with a paucity of other pitches from which to choose, and with little time in which to settle our plans for the future. Finally, we decided to apply for the use of a pitch every Saturday at Purley Way for first and second team games, while application has been made for permit pitches on Wandle Park, Duppas Hill and other recreation grounds, for third team games. It has been necessary to make this choice, as applications for such pitches expire on May 31st, which was also the last day for renewing membership of the Thornton Heath League. At the same time, we submitted our third team for membership, and at the League's Annual General Meeting we were unanimously elected with four other clubs. They, like us, already have teams competing in the League, and a further 10 new clubs, out of 15, had to secure admission. Thus we possess three teams, all to engage in competitive games next season, and in addition to the Cup competitions that we usually enter, our second team will be submitted for the Surrey Junior Cup and our third team for the Thornton Heath Charity Cup.

We shall require every possible support from our members, including EARLY payment of subscriptions and early application for League forms. Let us impress upon our members that their names must be registered at least one week before playing in League games, which will begin early in September. It is manifest that we cannot register those who do not sign, and people are slow, not to say lazy, in asking for forms which are issued free of charge. Here lies one of our chief difficulties at the beginning of the season. We have only a bare complement of registered players with which to open our League games, and two to three months later we are overwhelmed with applications from those who expect at once to step into our teams in a regular position, in spite of their not having troubled to join earlier. At the beginning of the approaching season we shall require 33 registered members for our three opening league games.

Besides those straight from School who wish to join us, we offer a hearty welcome to the many footballers who are now Old Boys and wish to continue their game. We invite our present members to assist in these "scouting" campaigns.

Our own Annual General Meeting is fixed for June 29th (before the appearance of these notes) when we shall be ready with the registration forms. We hope for a far larger gathering than is usually our pleasure.

Further details of our programme will be issued later, but if in the meantime you can induce anybody to join, or you know of any Old Boy who wants further information, please let us know at once.

A. G. BOYDEN,
18, Brooklyn Road,
South Norwood, S.E.25.

CHESS NOTES.

The lull before the winter season is an ideal time for taking stock. The first flood of pioneering enthusiasm has subsided, and we are able to review the concrete results achieved in our first year. As a match-playing club we have held our own with the

best junior Chess Clubs that Croydon affords. Individual members have prospered in Senior Chess, but as a social unit, the club's position calls for examination and improvement.

We have not received the influx of members hoped for from the main body of the Association. Our recruits have been mainly from the School, and in consequence we have not been able to knit the Club into the commonwealth of all ages which is our social end. But Time is on our side, and Victory, perhaps, in the future. Nevertheless, we distrust victories in the future. We cordially invite all Old Boys with any interest in the Queen of Games to visit the Club at the School any Thursday evening.

As this is largely a statement of affairs, a few figures and facts are not inappropriate. Games played in matches gave the Club a score of twenty-seven wins, five draws and eighteen losses. A. H. Challis, our Match Captain, won the Croydon Handicap (Winter) Tournament with a score of 83.3%. In the "End of the Season" Lightning Tourney organised by the Croydon Chess Club, three of the four semi-finalists were Old John Ruskin players. H. Clapham reached the final, and was unlucky to lose the first prize. Both he and R. C. Worger have shown excellent form of late and will enter for the Surrey Boys' Championship in October. We have joined the Croydon District Chess Association, consisting of ten clubs, and our Chairman and Secretary occupy similar positions in the new Association. J. T. Keable has also been elected to the Executive Council of the Surrey County Chess Association.

Prospective members should apply to the Hon. Secretary, R. C. Worger, 21, Thornhill Road, West Croydon, who will be very pleased to receive members' suggestions for the coming season.

A final word to both members and non-members—all J.R. Chess news is published in the "Croydon Times" Chess column on Tuesdays.

JOHN KEABLE,
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