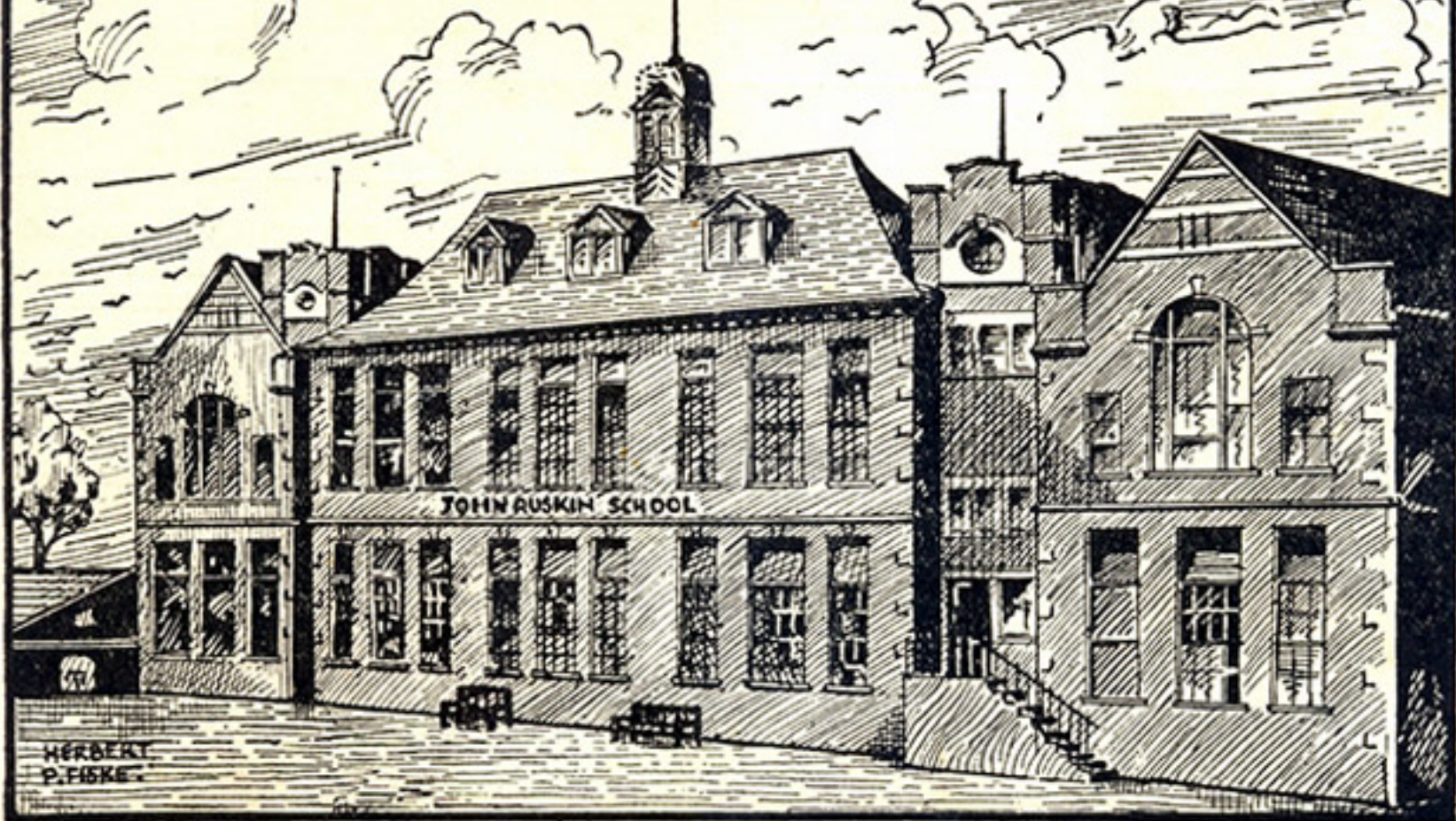


BRIAN Ascock V<sup>th</sup> Form 1936

# THE JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DEC.



1936



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# The John Ruskin School Magazine

DECEMBER, 1936.

## EDITORIAL.

It is our privilege and pleasure once again to present to our readers the Christmas issue of the School Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

With each successive issue our list of benefactors grows greater, and in this number we have the honour to print eight poems specially contributed by the distinguished poet, W. R. Childe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Master of the Guild of St. George (Mr. T. E. Harvey) has most generously presented to the School *The Life of Ruskin* by E. T. Cook. This is a very full, finely written and authoritative account of Ruskin, and the School sends its gratitude to the Master.

The Guild was founded by John Ruskin in 1871 and still carries on its beneficent work. Mention of it was made in the Headmaster's Notes to the Boys in the December, 1934, number of the Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

This term we said good-bye to Mr. Lewington on his appointment to the Mitcham County School. We wish him the very best of luck in his new school.

We extend a hearty welcome to the three new members of our staff—Mr. G. T. Pearman, B.Sc., Mr. C. Boxall, and Mr. W. Cracknell, B.A.

To Miss G. A. Pye we offer our heartiest congratulations on gaining her M.A. (English) degree of London University.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School has been very fortunate recently. Mr. C. H. Drummond, to whom we are greatly indebted, has very kindly added to our Art Collection a picture of a scene in Boulogne, painted by himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

John Keable, who left last term, has presented a silver cup to the Chess Club, a society which he founded and in which he continues to take great interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have just had installed in the School an up-to-date wireless set, so that various classes are now able to follow the "Broadcast" lessons.

\* \* \* \* \*

Owing to our change of premises we felt we would like to have a cover representing our new building and, with this object in view, boys were invited to submit designs. The winning drawing, which has been used for this number, was executed by Herbert Fiske. We congratulate him on the excellence of his work.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a Swimming Gala held on 15th October at Lambeth Baths, Frank Hogben won the Gardner Shield for Back Stroke Swimming (Boys under 14) in a competition open to all London.

\* \* \* \* \*

We congratulate R. Simmons and D. Marchant on their success in winning prizes for lettering at the Surrey Handicrafts Exhibition.

\* \* \* \* \*

We also congratulate Frederick Clements, Victor Snelling, and Sidney Inkley and Frank Rainbird, who left only the other day, on their success in the recent Civil Service Examination for Clerical Classes. Clements and Snelling left School last year.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Headmaster wishes to thank the boys who brought books and toys as Christmas gifts for the St. Christopher's School.

\* \* \* \* \*

To all our contributors and readers we offer our best wishes for a pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year.



# A NOTE TO THE BOYS.

(By THE HEADMASTER).

A map hung before the class, and, for all it was a geography lesson, the master was repeating:

When I was but thirteen or so  
I went into a golden land,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,  
Took me by the hand.

South America has been happy in her travellers, so many of them great naturalists: Darwin in Patagonia, Wallace and Bates by the Amazon, W. H. Hudson on the Pampas, and Charles Waterton whose heart the forests of Guiana stole away.

Waterton! If ever child was father of the man it was so with him. At seven years old he was climbing a roof for a starling's nest; at nine scrambling up so many trees that his master tried to beat the habit out of him, but only beat it in, for, an old man of eighty-three, he was still nimbly scaling the tallest trees in his park at Walton Hall.

Once he weakly used a ladder to prune a pear tree. The ladder swerved and he fell so heavily that his life was despaired of. But a bone-setter succeeded (as bone-setters will) where the surgeons failed. He manipulated the crippled arm, and then smashed by main force the callus formed in the dislocated joint, incidentally cracking the elbow too. Waterton had determined not to utter a sound during this fearful wrenching—nor did he—and soon was well again. But no more ladders!

When he visited Rome he climbed to the top of St. Peter's, ascended the cross and then thirteen feet higher to leave his gloves on the point of the lightning conductor; and at the Castle of St. Angelo he "contrived" to get on to the head of the guardian angel crowning that massive fortress and there fantastically stand on one leg.

Among other boyhood adventures he mounted and rode a cow (till he pitched over her head); he was one day to ride a stranger steed. And he steered a tub across a pond—and capsized; he was to have a more dangerous ducking later on.

At his first school he was well and often birched; once, in agony, he bit the Reverend Joseph Shepherd's leg, so poorly protected by a worsted stocking. He always knew when danger threatened, for his master wore a wig with one row of curls when he was

taking school, but a peruke of pride, powdered and with a double row, when visiting Durham.

But Charles soon went to the Jesuits' college at Stonyhurst. There the wise Fathers, knowing such a boy would certainly break bounds in search of nests, turned the poacher into game-keeper with a commission to destroy the rooks and foxes and the swarming rats. These last he slew with crusading zeal for they were *Hanoverians*.

Waterton came of an old Catholic family which had suffered for its religion under the penal laws, so that he did not read history from a Protestant angle. Henry VIII., that "ferocious brute" as he called him, "Dutch William," the Hanoverian kings and the Whigs, were his villains. And as he strangely believed that that loathsome plague-carrier, the brown rat (which reached Europe from Asia in the 14th century), first entered England in a ship from Hanover just after Dutch William came, it was a symbol for him of all that he hated in history.

When he left school he visited his uncles in Malaga and lived through a plague of which 14,000 townfolk died. Then came the voyage which led to fame. In 1804 he went to Demerara to manage the family estates and fell in love with the tropics. In 1812 he got rid of the property, and during the next thirteen years made the four journeys in the forests of Guiana that he recorded as *Wanderings in South America*.

You will find his style a trifle old-fashioned. He will call you kind or courteous or gentle reader; use "thou" and "thee"; quote frequently the Latin authors he loved; write with something of 18th century diction—fish for him are our finny brethren; but he will delight you with his humour, his vigour, his gusto, his courage. You will come to love your Waterton.

You will also come to believe that the dangers of tramping barefoot the tropical forest have been exaggerated. He does not deny that in this paradise "replete with everything that can please our imagination or administer to our wants" there are some little drawbacks, some few obstructions, some thorny plants; but that is all. You need only a hat, a shirt, a light pair of trousers, a hammock, and a sheet to sling



overhead at night. There are snakes, but they are never first to attack. This is how to handle them: "One day, wishful to see how poison comes out of the fang of the snake, I caught a labarri alive. He was about eight feet long. I held him by the neck and my hand was so near his jaw that he had no room to move his head to bite it. This was the only position I could have held him in with safety and effect. To do so, it only required a little resolution and coolness."

On another occasion, with the help of two negroes, he captured a fourteen-foot snake. During the struggle Waterton unloosed his braces and used them to tie up the snake's mouth. Now you know why you must not forget your suspenders, Best Beloved.

You may get covered with bloodthirsty ticks; but make a large fire, stand close to it, and they will all fall off. Then there is the chegoe. It buries itself between the toenails and the flesh, lays hundreds of eggs—and an ulcer forms; but take it out with a knife or needle before the mischief starts. And there is one infallible cure for all ills: open a vein and let some sixteen or twenty ounces of blood flow. "Since my twenty-fourth year," he says, "I have been blooded about one hundred and ten times, in eighty of which I have performed the operation with my own hand."

So his cheerful pages run. You will read of his search for the wourali poison, of his study of the slandered sloth, of his ride on an alligator, of snakes and birds and bats and beasts.

In 1825 he came home, never again to set foot in the New World. But adventures are to the adventurous even in Europe. Once he shot his finger. He washed the wound, replaced the ruptured tendons which were hanging down, put on a bandage and bled himself (twenty-two ounces). He recovered the full use of his finger.

Tramping barefoot to Rome from Baccano—shoes and socks in his pocket—he noticed blood on the pavement. Yes, there was a piece of jagged flesh hanging from his foot. He couldn't push it back so he twisted it off, forced on his shoes and limped forward. Two months' rest remedied that.

He was in a collision at sea. He fell overboard at night in a dock basin but was rescued in the nick of time with no worse penalty than a cold and a fever—easily cured by bleeding (twenty-five ounces).

At last he settled down at Walton Hall in Yorkshire. The house stood on a small island in a lake of twenty-five acres, with a park encircling all. Round the whole property he built an eight-foot wall at a cost of £9,000 and turned the place into a sanctuary for its wild creatures (except the Hanoverian rat). Not a shot was fired in his park; no dog or keeper ranged the woods. Here he happily watched and made friends with bird and beast.

He slept on the floor of his room wrapped only in a blanket and with a block of oak for a pillow. He got up at three. From four to five he prayed in his chapel. Then he read, wrote, or stuffed birds till eight, when he breakfasted on dry toast, watercress and tea. He spent most of the day in the open air, went early to bed, but rose at midnight to spend a few minutes in the chapel in prayer.

He was a most generous man and did his alms-giving in secret. He always carried an old knife on his walks, and when he met an ill-shod tramp gave it to him to carry to a shoemaker in Wakefield who had orders to supply the bearer with a pair of shoes. Once when he forgot the knife, he handed over his own shoes and stockings and walked home barefoot. Yet the gift that cost him most he made as a boy when an old woman begged from him and he had not a half-penny in his pocket. He nobly gave her the dearest possession he had with him, a fine darning needle he used for blowing eggs. It was his widow's mite.

His favourite book—you would never guess—was *Don Quixote*.

Are there any Watertons to-day, or have they perished from a world where the herd is more and more and the individual less and less? There was a recent Canon of Windsor, according to a brief *Times* obituary, who would not read a newspaper; despised all modern inventions; lived in rooms tropically heated; was amazingly generous; feasted choirboys royally but for himself esteemed a few brussels-sprouts smothered with cayenne pepper a sufficient banquet. When a canon shows such promise we must not despair of future Cobbetts and Watertons.

It was a map of South America that called Waterton to mind. Whenever you have to journey in imagination

"Beyond the blue, the purple seas,

Beyond the thin horizon's line,"

remember to consult the travellers. They can tell you about it. They have been there.





THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL AT CONISTON.

*G. P. Abraham (copyright), Keswick.*

### BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Nearly every great and intellectual race of the world has produced, at every period of its career, an art with some peculiar and precious character about it, wholly unattainable by any other race, and at any other time; and the intention of Providence concerning that art is evidently that it should all grow together into one mighty temple; the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to heaven.

Now, just fancy what a position the world, considered as one great work-room—one great factory in the form of a globe—would have been in by this time, if it had in the least understood this duty, or been capable of it. Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories.

Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks,—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans,—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage.

You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew, and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illuminate.

All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored



its pathlessness to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries.

You will perhaps think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is *still* necessary for that develop-

ment? Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art-treasures are into battle-fields? For that is what they are doing even while I speak; the great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment, just as it has done in past time.

From John Ruskin's "*A Joy for Ever*,"  
by kind permission of the authorised  
publishers, Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

## EIGHT POEMS

by

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE.

Mr. Wilfred Rowland Childe is a poet of "the proud old lineage" and not of that modern fashion which cannot bear that words should make sense or verse make music; his work is strong and lovely to the ear because of his craftsmanship in rhyme and rhythm and metre.

It is twenty-five years since the writer of this note bought a small book bound in grey paper—"The Little City"—and read there of a pilgrim

"That walked to Walsingham under the blue,  
Dreaming of Syon, on the road, alone."

And that, in "The Escaped Princess" and a succession of volumes is a note that is never lost. For Mr. Childe we are pilgrims "walled in with rocks of hearing and of seeing" seeking the Heavenly City and recognising in the beauty of earth and sky (of which he sings such lovely songs) signs and memorials of the paradisaical place.

He is a mystic, telling his visions and his faith, and often dreaming of the Middle Ages in their noblest aspect with "gem-glassed chapels," golden spires and happy little towns of coloured streets.

A volume of his "Selected Poems" has just been published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, which gives some idea of the range and beauty of his verse.

He is a lecturer in English Literature at Leeds University, but it is as a poet we think of him.

He has written for us the poems below. We do not know how sufficiently to thank him, but we are most proud and grateful.

### THE TRUTH OF IT.

This is the age of Science, not of Nature,  
Some say; they let loud wheels roll in their brains,  
They quite forget the clouds, the dews, the rains:  
The iron times the face of Earth defeature.  
"The world is too much with us"—come away  
From where the mob and the machine control,  
Rest tranquil, "loaf" then and "invite your soul",  
Consider there is a miracle in each day.  
So I, freed from the city for a space,  
Heard the loud larks shrill in the naked blue,  
And watched the sooty ash-buds on slim boughs  
Almost at point to open, on my face  
Felt the fresh wind blow. Now dead hopes arouse.  
What Really Is is almost too good to be true. . . .

\* \* \*

### MORNING REDNESS.

The morning red flushed in the East and turned  
The old bent houses into rose-tinged flame,  
The innocent and splendid Aurora came,  
Into a flower of fire the whole town burned.



The windows flashed back liquid gold i' the ray  
Of the young Sun and I, scarce waked from dreams,  
Bathed opening eyes in bright dawn's pulsing streams  
'Twixt twin eternities of night and day.

Between the misty gulfs of drowse-bloomed sleep,  
And the slow light with all its tasks and tears,  
I had surprised the Kiss of Heaven and Earth—

The ecstatic virginal moment when from the deep  
The Everlasting Dawn for an instant appears,  
And cherub-wingèd Joy springs into birth. . . .

\* \* \*

### THE DESERTED GARDEN.

Bare trees yet without vesture from the Spring,  
Whose soft winds in the budding branches sough—  
The rose-tints blossom from the almond-bough,  
As though touched by the dreaming silver wing

Of April's delicate Angel as he passes  
Betwixt the pure heaven and the awakening earth,  
Bringing the virgin raptures of rebirth  
To poplar-leaves and springing herbs and grasses.

At the feet of these naked trees the ground  
Gleams blue as if a fragment of the sky  
Had fallen and lay subtly smiling there,

Where myosote with many a child-like eye  
Of star-clear turquoise looks up at the sweet air,  
Enchanted by the wind's aërial sound. . . .

\* \* \*

### THE HERITAGE OF APRIL.

The bents are almost white in the strong sun;  
The hillsides whiten in his wind-flecked ray,  
Or in cloud-shade shine purple far away;  
Up to the sky their soft-bloomed summits run.

I lean upon the wall; beyond the wold  
I see the little misty hill-town raise  
Into the blue mid-noon her towers of praise,  
A city from a Psalter wrought in gold.

O land of pastoral, O upland town,  
After so many woes on sea and land  
Again on your dear threshold rapt I stand.

My cloak of scarlet I have on again,  
And at my belt my pipe, and I am fain  
To tread your streets again seeking my crown. . . .



### PSYCHE VESPERTINA.

The dark green orchard broods under evening's gray,  
The soft clouds loom above the cloudy leaves,  
Earth in her clayey slumbrous chamber grieves,  
While Hesper folds away the cloths of day.  
Under my feet out of the thick crushed grass  
The tiny moths rise up in crowds and skim  
On soundless plumes, so delicate and dim,  
They make no noise at all, but soul-wise pass.  
Now the grave twilight shoals amid the trees,  
And round my feet, motes of the dusk, they flit  
Small sisters of the shadow, ghosts in streams;  
Now is all wrapped up in deep reveries;  
Sleep and the comforting dove-breast of it  
Sink on the boughs, moth-pale with rustling dreams. . . .

\* \* \*

### THE DEAD SWIFT.

This that was once an arrow of swift joy,  
Yes, as "an arrow from the Almighty's bow,"  
Lies still now, long and narrow wings folded,  
And a film over its black shining eyes.  
  
It will no longer circle in the sunset  
With its companions, uttering sweet shrill cries,  
Nor high, high up in the evening blue  
Wheel like a speck in the pure aëry stillness.  
  
Air and fire it was, and a little heart  
Brave for life—now it lies so silent,  
And I will lay it away in the roots of the flowers,  
And into the bosom of Nature its Mother return it.  
  
But whither is gone that keen spark of its joy,  
And the fire within it that made music at sunset?  
This was an atom of the Infinite Love,  
This has returned to the Spirit from whence it came. . . .

\* \* \*

### NEW ENGLAND.

The calm of endless Sabbath evenings  
In gray-roofed country towns after long rain,  
When the last drops are rolling down the pane,  
And in the quiet air the worn bell rings—  
  
Along the garden wall the golden rod  
Lifts plumes of tranquil fire, the far off sea  
Shoals palely silver blue: this is to me  
The Homeliness and Friendliness of God.  
  
In sober skies the flocks of Autumn birds  
Pass with quick flicker of unnumbered wings,  
Tracing a maze of aëry patternings:  
  
Cool as frail bubbles now my poet's words;  
Emptied of hate and anger and desire,  
I lie and dream beside the glowing fire. . . .



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

When amid narrow streets of ancient towns,  
The Child was wiser than his heart was ware;  
A certain Presence brooded everywhere,  
And images with alabaster crowns  
Spoke to him of a world more permanent  
Than he was used to: he looked up to find  
Calm statues withering gently in the wind  
Upon the crest of some carved monument,  
An æry steeple lone amidst the blue,  
Round which doves circled, and their gracious speech  
Of solitary dumbness made to him  
More sweet appeal than most things wont to do;  
His blue eyes burned with love, and he would reach  
Visions most welcome to the Seraphim.

## ALLITERATIVE VERSE.

*(Form 5a has gone "all modern" and experiments excitedly with the verse form of our barbarous ancestors).*

Alliterative verse—  
Very alluring—  
Printed on paper  
For poets of name  
Seems very simple;  
Seen by ourselves  
Accent and rhythm  
Are hard to exclude  
When we try writing  
This weird-sounding verse.

J. Tiffin (5a)

## THE MILK CART.

One Monday morning  
through the misty haze,  
When the frost spangled  
the fragrant flowers,  
I saw the milk cart  
clumsily come;  
Heard it rumble on  
along the roughened road.  
Many a time  
on a misty morn  
Had I heard that sound  
with a happy heart;  
But the milk cart  
with its merry music  
Of jingling bottles  
and bouncing bread  
Rarely received  
from my returning senses  
So grateful a greeting  
as on this glad morn.

E. Murrill (5a).

## LONDON FOG.

In lonely London lamely I walked,  
A fog falling yellow around.  
I met a policeman, pondering a meet,  
Pricking with pin probable "also-rans."  
He started and stared, snorted in anger,  
Gnashed his teeth, toyed the day's tip.  
"What d'yer want?" woofed he.  
I answered, I asked.  
"Board bus," boomed bushy browed he,  
"Take thee there, 'twill."  
From dismal depths deep amber came,  
Mobile machine moving nigh curb.  
"66c" saw I.  
A weird word wandered from a bus  
Seemed to sound like a conductor-swear.  
I shuddered, shrank, then shot forward.  
Hazy lights: language hateful,  
But I had boarded a bus!  
After heartbreaking hours home I got.  
Never again; agony not!

James Grant (5a)

## HOMES.

The sun shone down  
on the town's slums,  
Where children cried  
and called aloud,  
Where dreary houses,  
dingy and dull,  
Shadowed by passing years  
stood, a sickening sight  
To normal eyes,  
but nevertheless natural  
To these people  
poor and penniless,  
Where Nature moves no more,  
lost amid modern man.

R. Seymour (5a).





D. FLANAGAN (5b).



J. GRANT (5a).



## WHY THE WIND WAILS.

Long ago in the icy wastes of Northern Tibet there lived a mighty magician named Clud-go. This sorcerer knew well the forbidden books of Bon, and was skilled in all the practices of Bron, the Yah Demon, and he was feared throughout the land.

Clud-go had a beautiful young wife, Mané Lha-mo (scent of the lotus flower), whom he very dearly loved; but though she strongly objected to his practising the Black Art, his love for her was not strong enough to allay the power of his desire to explore the supernatural. And Clud-go was not content with knowledge of the unknown, he desired to control it also. The thought of power over the sun, moon, wind and stars kept drumming through his mind.

The sorcerer, by reason of his magic, gathered all the birds of the air together and bade them fly in pursuit of the wind, catch him, and bring him back, bound. But the wind laughed at the birds and their master, and his scornful laughter was heard throughout every land on earth. The birds were beaten by him, he tore off their wings with his great gales, so that they dropped to earth like stones and died.

Clud-go perceived the failure of his birds, and, gathering all the clouds of the earth together, bade them form a wall around the home of the wind so that he could not escape. But the wind blew and carried all the clouds on the blast of his blowing, and he dispersed the clouds into thousands of tiny cloudlets, and with them he made a whirlwind and swept over the land scattering and destroying everything that he could move. Then he rolled all the broken pieces together and of them made a great top-shaped mass and he rolled it round and round in the air, and he spun the cloudlets around it, faster and faster, until they were dizzy and faint. And the wind blew the great mass onwards towards Clud-go.

And Clud-go perceived the great cloudy mass approaching, and he sang for joy and said, "Ai! Ai! Ai! My clouds have captured the wind spirit, and he now will serve me as all the other spirits serve me." But the clouds came overhead and fell as a thick fog, and with them fell all the dirt and loose stones of the world that the wind had collected. Clud-go awakened next morning beneath a mountain of rubbish, and many were the aches in his angry head.

The sorcerer now sent his seven familiars, who were very evil and ugly, and told them to fetch the wind to him or he would change them to rocks. But the cunning wind spirit flew high in the air, and as the seven evil ones flew after him they came near to the Lord Buddha, who sits below the four Regents of Heaven, and the evil ones died and fell to earth as meteors.

Clud-go now constructed a net of lightning and he determined to set a trap which the wind could not avoid. So he travelled southwards to the great mountain, Queen of the Snows, and ascended it, and there on the summit he placed his beautiful wife Mané Lha-mo, and he bade her sing to the wind. And as she sang the wind heard her, and he came from afar to discover who sang so beautifully. And when he beheld her beauty, as she stood there with her hair flying out behind her, he was so amazed that he stood still.

Then Clud-go sprang from his hiding place and enmeshed the wind spirit in his lightning-net, and lo! the wind spirit was his prisoner, for with his freedom went his strength.

Then Clud-go looked round for his wife, but the tip of the wing of the wind spirit had touched her. At the bottom of the abyss she lay dead.

Clud-go, in a voice vibrant with grief, spoke to the wind spirit and said, "I shall release you; you shall go freely where you will. But one duty I lay upon you. Whenever I remember, or whenever you remember the beautiful Mané Lha-mo, then you shall cry and wail in your grief for what you have done."

And Clud-go withdrew his lightning-net and Clud-go died there on the summit of the Queen of the Snows.

But sometimes the wind remembers, and when he remembers, he wails.

A. L. Bain (Vib.)

## SHOP STUDIES.

### I.

It was a small, unobtrusive shop in the High Street, nestling comfortably between two large, comprehensive emporiums which had ever the appearance of trying to jostle it out in order to provide a little more "elbow room" for themselves. Any newcomer to this town, which, although small, was fast becoming "modernized," would





D. SOMERSCALES (5a).



H. TICKNER (5c).



have wondered that this old, curious little shop had remained so long between such neighbours. He would have thought that it should have gone long since. Had he, however, dared to make this suggestion to one of the townsfolk, the first emotion in the minds of the latter would have been horror. They did not, you see, care much for progress, at least they did not care so much for it as for old Mrs. Jane, who kept the shop. She was, so to speak, one of the "reference points" in local history.

A small boy, with a penny in his grimy hand, shyly pushed open the door of the little shop, then stood looking around. Behind the counter old Mrs. Jane was sleeping in her rocking chair. Quietly, the boy shut the door, and waited. Mrs. Jane did not awaken.

The atmosphere of the shop was exceedingly drowsy. The mixture of scents was conducive to sleep: soap, cheese, perfumes, and a strange, musty, indefinable smell. Altogether they had the lulling effect of an anaesthetic. The interior of the little shop was in perpetual twilight, with here and there odd corners of darkness. An old cuckoo-clock in the background tick-tocked away ceaselessly. Mrs. Jane's snores sounded with rhythmic evenness.

There was an old, curious vase in a corner, with a dreamy pattern of leaves upon it. It reminded the boy of the pattern upon his bedroom wallpaper at home. At the back of the shop, behind the vase, was a dusty picture of an old gentleman with bearded face and greyish hair. The little boy could have sworn that he had seen that man before, somewhere, he could not recollect where . . .

The cuckoo-clock cucked six times very abruptly. Old Mrs. Jane awoke with a start. She rubbed her eyes with her knuckles. Then she looked around the shop, and saw the little boy.

"Good evening, sonnie. I hope I haven't kept you waiting long. It's a shame for a lazy old woman like me to go to sleep in my shop and keep customers waiting. What might you be wanting, dearie?"

R. S. Kirby (Via.)

## II.

It was a very ordinary shop, really. But to Freddie it was an enchanting Paradise. He revelled in winding in and around the

big bales of cloth so brightly coloured; he rejoiced when he smelled the myriad different scents . . . Although, in this shop, Freddie's world was one of up's and down's, he really loved to be among the sizzling gas lights, and to touch and feel all the coveted goods on the counter.

Freddie was clinging to his mother's basket, so that she could not wander off for a bargain and lose him. He had another reason for holding the basket, though not the most important. Reposing on the top of the parcels was a little round box of chocolate buttons. Freddie liked chocolate.

But Freddie soon forgot the buttons when he saw, standing in a rose-arched doorway of a tiny cottage, Santa Claus himself. Here he was, dressed in red, with spotlessly white fur edging his coat; and best of all, he was handing mysterious packages to a crowd of little children who surrounded him. Freddie dashed over to the benevolent old gentleman, and in his turn held out his hand expectantly.

"Give me your ticket, sonny," rumbled Father Christmas.

"Do I have to have one?" asked Freddie, innocently.

Then Santa Claus changed his attitude, and took on a tone of voice such as Freddie had never heard before. He was told in a harsh, almost snarling voice, to "sling his hook," or, as an alternative, have his ears boxed. Freddie backed away, terrified. He felt a curious dryness in his throat, as though he had swallowed a plum, whole. He experienced a burning desire to bury his face in his mother's protecting lap.

Turning sharply, he ran sobbing along the aisles between the counters, regardless now of the bales of cloth, not noticing the smells . . . He hated the shop . . . He wished he had never come in, and longed to find his mother.

After what seemed an aeon of time, Freddie saw the familiar fur coat and the kind, smiling eyes. He rushed to meet her, and clasped her happily round the waist. With sympathetic murmurs and kisses his mother quietened him, and then wiped his red, tear-stained face. Freddie sobbed to his mother that he did not want to come in here any more . . .

P. Lorden (Via.)



## THE OTHER SIDE.

The shrubbery was well known to me, for I had explored it on nearly every Saturday that I could remember. The thick outer edge (there was only one way through this, and no grown-ups had ever discovered it) seemed to be a rampart round the inner, wider spaced hedges, ending in the small clearing that contained two stunted trees. I always hoped to see a rabbit run from one of the half-filled holes beneath their spreading roots.

One Saturday afternoon, two weeks before the school closed for the summer holidays, I crawled through the entrance to this retreat. No sooner had my head entered the shrubbery than I noticed something peculiar about the clearing. It was not the manner in which the sun shone, though that somehow seemed odd—but that there was only one tree. Where was the other?—and what was strange about this one? I still lay on my stomach, staring stupidly at the tree, which had grown taller and broader, when I noticed the door.

It was built into the tree, just above the roots, and fitted the bark perfectly. Timidly I approached it, with a hand outstretched to push it open. It did not budge. My curiosity, now fully awake, made me determine to see the other side. I stepped back a pace to regard it more thoroughly. At that moment a breeze swirled round the bushes and the door swung open. I hastened through, then stopped abruptly. A passage led straight through the tree, ending at another door.

Feeling rather disappointed, I opened this further door, and stepped out into the open again. At first I thought I was still in the shrubbery, but a glance around me dispelled this idea. I admit that everything seemed normal. The bushes were in their usual places, and as for the two trees—I swung round suddenly as the memory of them returned. Yes, they were both there, although they appeared to be coloured more brightly than I had ever seen them before.

But the beautiful colours that shone in the trees and were repeated in the bushes did not hold my attention for long. It was attracted by the people. Surely they had only just arrived? Surely I could not have missed them if they had always been there?

Yet they wandered about, as much at their ease as if they owned my retreat, clothed in many different garments. Their clothes, indeed, ranged from primitive coverings of fur and skins to the wonderful brilliancy of the Tudors, and there were even one or two in the dress of the last century, though none was clothed in quite modern dress.

I stood still, just in front of the two trees, and watched, fascinated, this parade of fashions. It was then that I noticed the most puzzling thing about this mixed company of people. Although the stately gentlemen, dressed in the satin and lace ruffles of two hundred years ago, talked gaily to the ladies of the same period, they completely ignored, indeed, they did not even appear to see the people of other ages. I realized then that although the whole shrubbery was crowded with these people, everyone moved wherever he liked, and had plenty of room to do so.

My thoughts came to an abrupt stop as two knights walked towards me, their steel breastplates and helmets shining in the sun, their leather boots, fastened with thongs of hide, making scarcely a sound on the smooth grass above which their sword points hung, keeping time with their steps. They talked to each other as they advanced, and, so far as I could make out, for their speech sounded to my ears as strange as any foreign tongue, they were arguing about the qualities of a new Spanish steel; one of them was favouring its use in the English army, the other avowed that the broad swords then in use were good enough.

As he said this, he raised his head and saw me standing before him, an interested spectator of the scene. With a yell that startled his companion, he raised his sword above his head. I leapt behind the stouter of the two trees, just in time to escape the downward sweep of the sword, which hacked off a slice of bark from the tree before me. As this slice fell to the ground the knight disappeared.

Looking round, I saw that the other people had also gone. The colours of the plants were normal, and all that was left to remind me of the adventure was a piece of bark, blown now towards the bushes.

D. Roberts (VIa.)



## STAMP COLLECTING

by

W. H. O. JACKSON.

Stamp Collecting, or Philately as it is called in the "Upper Circles," has been described as the "King of Hobbies." Why the "King" of Hobbies? you may ask. Is it because kings collect? No; but if at any time you have collected in a serious way, you will agree with me it has an absorbing and continual interest. Even those who have ceased collecting always have a friendly feeling towards it. It may even be said to come within the realm of a science, for it embraces not merely 'collecting' but the knowledge of paper making, methods of printing, postal history, and even the history we all have studied at some time or other.

Kings, Princes, and Presidents find it a pleasant and fascinating recreation from their arduous duties. The number of collectors is legion, but it is to the collector who takes the hobby in all seriousness that its many attributes bring the satisfaction of something attempted, something done. There are many avenues for research, into which it is not the purpose of this article to enter.

A glance at one of the standard catalogues will soon convince anyone of the vast number that have been issued since the first stamp appeared in 1840, and of the impossibility of attempting to make a collection of the whole world. Apart from the difficulty in obtaining some of the very rare items which we should all like to possess, a purse filled to overflowing would be needed.

For the beginner, I would encourage him to collect all that come his way. He will then learn more about the scientific side of the hobby, such as kinds of paper, types of printing, water marks, perforations, etc. He should not, however, include in his collection stamps that are torn, thinned, badly centred or heavily postmarked, but endeavour to collect bright, clean, well centred, lightly and clearly postmarked copies so that the design is visible. By so doing, he will add greatly to the appearance and interest; but a little latitude may be used with stamps of high values, and also when a stamp is very scarce. The stamps should be mounted neatly with proper mounts, and as I am assuming the beginner will start with a small printed album, such as Gibbons' "Strand," I need not say anything about

arrangement, as stamps will be mounted on the pages provided for the various countries.

Many collectors collect "mint" stamps, that is with the gum untouched; others collect used only. It is purely a matter of taste; but in my opinion, used copies are the more interesting, and in many cases are harder to obtain.

A time will come when the collection will reach a considerable size; it is then the collector must begin to realise that he will have to confine his efforts to a group of countries, a continent, or the British Empire. He may even elect to start at a certain year, say 1900, for the countries he has chosen to build up. To-day new issues come in rapid succession and there is a constant output of stamps commemorating some national or special event, whether it may be justified or not. It is almost futile to attempt to keep pace with them, and therefore a choice has to be made of the countries which are to receive continued attention.

There is much more praise due to a well displayed collection of one or two countries than to a collection of a scattered assortment of many countries.

I would suggest making a start by purchasing from a reputable dealer a packet of, say, 500 stamps. Most dealers will make up a special packet if certain countries only are wanted. Some of the Baltic States, such as Latvia, Poland, Estonia and Finland would make a very interesting, attractive, and inexpensive collection without having a lot of rubbish. Do not, however, buy a lot of post-war continental issues in mint state; they are simply so much 'waste paper.'

Be careful in handling stamps. Do not finger them more than is necessary; better still, spend a shilling or so on a pair of tweezers and learn to use them instead of the fingers. It will soon become natural to use the tweezers when working.

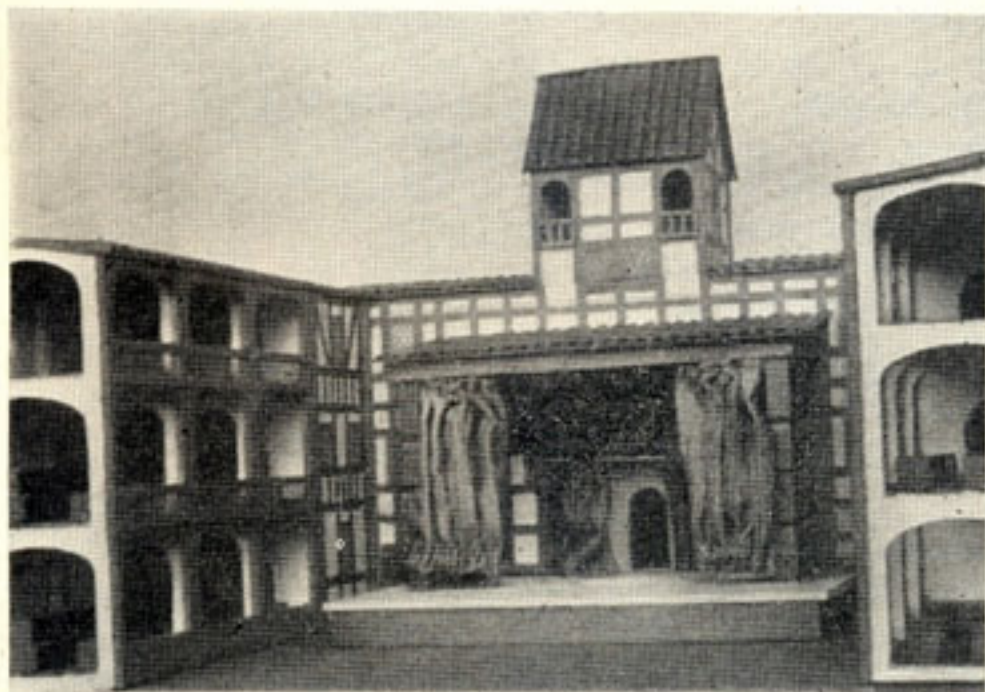
Now a few words concerning "soaking" stamps off paper. Do not use hot water; a saucer of just tepid water only is all you need. Immerse the stamps, not too many at a time, and in a few minutes they will be ready to pull off without tearing. There are certain stamps the colour of which, if left too long in water, begins to run, but experience will teach which they are, so watch carefully as they are soaking. After the stamps are taken from the paper, they should be turned face downwards on a clean piece of blotting paper to dry.





**"THE GOLDEN HIND."**

This detailed model was made in the Woodwork Room by Michael Woodbridge and took a first prize at the Surrey Handicrafts Exhibition.



**AN ELIZABETHAN STAGE.**

This scale model was made in the Woodwork Room by Douglas Taylor.



I have given this advice as the beginner so often attempts to tear the stamps off the paper or put them into hot water. No doubt the experienced collector, like myself, remembers his early days of collecting when stamps were torn off the paper and stuck in the album, and when told by an old hand at the game that it was not the way to do things, felt a bit of a sinner.

There are, of course, many more sides to the hobby upon which much could be said, but space forbids and therefore, although I fear I have made this article a short general talk on stamp collecting, and have given a certain amount of advice to the beginner, I hope, nevertheless, that it may be of some help.

### COMPETITION CORNER.

In the Christmas holidays there will be no homework and no fretting about the indigestible dates that are packed so tightly in text books of history; only the singular form of the word "physics" need disturb you, and geometry, as a recreation or hobby, will cease to attract.

But to have no mental nuts to crack is to have a dull time, and a dull time produces a desire to interfere with younger brothers' clockwork toys, and we all know where that leads.

So, out of the kindness of his heart and the ingenuity which setting irksome tasks has bred, the Competition Editor has devised two competitions. And there are two prizes offered, one for each section. Indeed, if his seasonal generosity overflows into 1937, he may add to them, especially if the entries are many.

Here are the details:—

I. A prize is offered to the boy in the 3rd or 4th Forms who makes the most amusing sentence, or sentences, by taking in turn each letter of the title JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE and using that letter as the initial letter of a word. (Like this: Jasper Overstrom hated new red uncles . . . and so on). Of course, if you wish to use the letters over and over again, you may do so, but you must keep them in their proper order.

II. A prize is offered to the boy, not in the 3rd or 4th Forms, who writes the most amusing piece of prose which fulfils the following conditions:—The first paragraph

must consist of words of one syllable, the second paragraph must contain only words of two syllables, the third paragraph words of three syllables only, and so on in succession to the "nth" paragraph, which must be made of words of "n" syllables only. That will help the merely mathematical to understand).

OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL,  
LENGTH—MERE LENGTH—WILL BE  
AN ADVANTAGE.

The Editor's decision is final.

Address your attempts to the Competition Editor, c/o your Form Master.

### FOOTBALL.

Early in September the whole School welcomed the new arrangement whereby each form visits the School Field for games once a week, instead of once a fortnight as previously. Keeness has reached a high pitch; inter-form matches are eagerly anticipated and vigorously contested.

Non-footballers now play Willesden Handball with great enthusiasm, though it is to be regretted that they often find the ball wholly superfluous, indulging in hearty, good-natured scrimmaging which has much the appearance of a mass all-in wrestling contest.

House matches have produced some enjoyable football, but interest has somewhat evaporated in some cases as a result of the marked disparity in strength between the rival Houses. House Delta teams have played with commendable pluck and doggedness against overwhelming odds—eleven games for the meagre reward of three points! Let them not despair. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they have won more admiration by their grit than have their opponents by their cleverness. Nevertheless, it is a most unfortunate state of affairs which can only be remedied by a recasting of the personnel of the four Houses, a step which many boys would regret.

There are grounds for much satisfaction on two points.

i. Boys throughout the School have shown a pleasing disposition to play thoughtful, scientific football instead of resorting to the familiar (but deplorable) kick-and-rush tactics.



ii. Boys are playing more quietly. Silly, plaintive appealing for off-side and other infringements has been frowned upon and is dying out.

These notes would be incomplete without a reference to the boiler and baths installed in the pavilion. Hot water is now available for washing after School games, an amenity for which all boys are grateful.

Finally, we wish to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Mr. Loveless for all he has done in connection with the ordering and installing of the boiler and the baths. Without his advice and help the scheme would not have been practicable. To him, to Mr. Pearman and to Helmore we also extend thanks for services rendered as referees in School games.

At the end of this term we lose the School Captain, Ratcliffe. It will be a severe loss. He is a fine natural footballer, blessed with admirable ball control and a fine sense of position.

G.E.M.

### 1st XI. NOTES.

So far a most successful season; only once (against St. Joseph's) was the team outplayed. The standard of play has gradually improved and the side has developed into a keen and capable combination. Kester has served the team excellently in goal. The backs, Claxton and Loveless, are fast and fearless and tackle with vigour, but are apt to get panicky under pressure. The wing-halves, while plying their forwards with many good passes, have been prone to neglect defence for attack. Of the forwards, King has been the most successful goal-getter; fast, strong, aggressive, he is a constant menace to opposing defences. Sansome and Prosser are attractive footballers, both with an unfortunate tendency to hold the ball too long. Tomsett, a fast and determined winger, lacks ball-control. Freeman, two-footed and with good ball-control, lacks speed and weight.

H.R.

### 2nd XI. NOTES.

Six games have been won and three lost. Two of the three defeats were due to unavoidable, late changes in the team which

played havoc with the combination of the forwards. Adcock is proving a very capable successor to Fuller; he fields a greasy ball well. Outstanding in a defence which lacks weight is Mumford, a centre-half who thrives on work. Terry is plucky and tackles well; Byford uses the ball intelligently; and Leach is a useful half-back. With the exception of the dashing Sherer, the forwards are small; they are tricky, however, and combine well. Poor shooting is their greatest failing. Chamberlain, a much improved player, and Goward have done well on the wings, but they often delay their centres, with fatal results.

### JUNIOR XI. NOTES.

Six matches have been won and only one lost. Despite frequent changes in its personnel, the team has usually combined well, and on several occasions good constructive football has been played. Lewis has settled down in his new position as left-half to play consistently clever football; he has captained the side very successfully. Noakes has been outstanding in the defence; he is another thoughtful player. Dunmore has worked hard at centre-half and shows much promise. Borrowman, shooting well with either foot, has scored many goals. Gill is a thrustful leader, and Clarke a clever inside-forward. Howe is fast and tricky on the right-wing, but has a tendency to be greedy.

Of the new boys, Lambert has performed well in goal, Gunstone is a small but elusive winger, and Little is a useful half-back.

### 1st XI. Results.

Date	Opponents	Goals For	Goals Agst.
Sept. 12	Mr. Manning's XI. ...	4	3
" 19	St. Luke's ...	3	2
" 26	Old Boys ...	1	2
Oct. 3	St. Joseph's College ...	2	8
" 10	Heath Clark ...	8	1
" 17	Shirley Wanderers ...	2	1
" 24	Ballard's ...	1	1
" 31	Tenison's ...	Postponed	
Nov. 7	Stanley Technical ...	5	0
" 14	Streatham Grammar ...	3	1
" 21	Addiscombe College ...	5	0
" 28	Ballard's ...	3	4
Dec. 5	Streatham Grammar ...	5	3
" 19	Tenison's ...		



## 2nd XI. Results.

Date	Opponents	Goals	
		For	Agst.
Sept. 19	Old Boys' 3rd XI. ...	2	3
" 26	Gregg School ...	9	6
Oct. 3	St. Joseph's College ...	4	5
" 10	Heath Clark ...	10	2
" 17	Reedham Orphanage ...	3	2
" 24	Ballard's ...	3	4
" 31	Tenison's ...	Postponed	
Nov. 7	Stanley Technical ...	5	0
" 14	Streatham Grammar ...	7	2
" 21	Gregg School ...	6	1
" 28	Ballard's ...	5	2
Dec. 5	Streatham Grammar ...	Cancelled	
" 12	Redhill Police Orphanage ...	Cancelled	

## Junior XI. Results.

Date	Opponents	Goals	
		For	Agst.
Sept. 26	Gregg School ...	6	0
Oct. 3	St. Joseph's College ...	4	3
" 10	Heath Clark ...	5	1
" 24	Coulsdon Boys' Club ...	4	5
" 31	Tenison's ...	Postponed	
Nov. 7	Stanley Technical ...	3	0
" 21	Gregg School ...	8	3
Dec. 5	Streatham Grammar ...	5	1

## CHESS CLUB NOTES.

The sponsors of the Chess Club believe that they have detected a demand that the John Ruskin School shall possess a social life of its own. Boys and masters, lessons and text-books are not enough. A school worthy to bear the name of John Ruskin must have more than that.

We intend to add to the School Clubs already in existence. A School Choir, a Scientific Society, and a Photographic Society testify to the social side of our School life. At present, we have at most a score of workers for that cause, those who have glimpsed "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is enough!

The Chess Club is one of our first attempts. It is successful! For the moment the Chess Club demands our attention. But to every boy in the School, we would say this: "Possibilities for active work are unlimited—the battle is with you."

Details of Chess Club activities may interest those outside the Club. The present Chess Season began with a simultaneous display on 25 boards by the President, J.

Keable. The School was defeated on 23 boards, but we are pleased to say that our two top board players secured draws.

The Handicap Tournament is in full swing. The present leaders are:

1. Worger—100%.
2. Woodbridge—80%.
3. Marchant and Wheadon—75%.

For the first time the House Conflict has been waged over the Chess board for the Keable Cup. The present scores are:

- |            |            |
|------------|------------|
| Gamma—70%. | Beta—58%.  |
| Alpha—50%. | Delta—20%. |

The majority of the games have been keenly contested, giving evidence that School Chess strength is increasing. On November 19th the School Chess Team encountered the Whitgift Chess Team, in a set match of 10 boards aside. After a keen contest the Whitgift team won by six games to four.

### Future Attractions.

A tourney is being arranged to decide for one year the Chess Championship of the School.

The Handicap Tournament is to be reorganised with a reduction in the number of classes.

Future matches with outside organisations are contemplated. It is hoped, for instance, to arrange a match with a team of Old Boys.

In conclusion, the Chess Club is what our American friends would call a going concern. Come inside the Club, and help to make it go! Where is it going? Once inside the Club, *you* can help to decide that!

R. Worger.

## A MEMORY.

I remember a beach and a sandy shore,  
A tall chalk cliff with a green grass cap,  
The sea-birds wheeling with flapping wings  
o'er,  
'Tween sea and shore by that white surf  
gap.

I remember the blue and cloud-flecked sky,  
With wispy ghosts by the sea-wind borne,  
And when I remember I sadly sigh  
In the gloomy town, as I sit forlorn.

F. G. M. Parker (5c).



## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY NOTES.

Three times a year, we are privileged to tender our report to the School. We tell how many boys we have interested in science, and say like Ruskin that we have "tried a little, succeeded a little, and failed a lot." Perhaps we do not expect to succeed a lot, for we cannot all be scientists.

We have suspended temporarily our individual talks, and have allowed our sections to retire from the limelight. We desire instead to attract the interest of the non-scientific brethren by visits to places of local interest. Some details may give substance to our report.

Accompanied by Mr. Cresswell we visited the Science Museum at South Kensington. No report of what we saw is possible, since once inside the Museum, we dispersed and lost each other. May we commiserate with Mr. Cresswell on the unhappy accident of finding us again?

The Gas Works received us next. We were marshalled into two parties, allotted to our guides, and soon all was gas and gaiters. For two hours we were gassed, but owing to the excellent first aid work of Mr. Pearman we arrived home safely.

Through the good offices of Messrs. Furnston and Myers, we saw the Telephone Exchange. About 20 boys were initiated into the technicalities thereof, aided by three guides. Several boys were able to 'phone their parents from the Exchange itself.

Having tickled the palates if not the thoughts of our readers, let us pass to the epic of last term, the Oil Discussion. The Publicity Section filled the laboratory for us, and while our visitors were examining the analytical works and drawings exhibited, we were pleased to welcome Mr. McLeod and Mr. Greenwood. The exhibition lasted an hour, and in manuscript form it will last, we hope, as long as the John Ruskin School.

As we write, the manuscript for a new talk and lantern lecture lies before us. It is entitled "The Great Machine," and is to be given by R. Norman. When this reaches our readers, they will know more about it than we do now, so we will not commit ourselves!

The pleasant atmosphere of Christmas now pervades our thoughts, and we wish all members of the School, whether members of the Scientific Society or not, a very happy Christmas and a Scientific New Year.

R. Worger.

## OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

EXAMINATION, July, 1936.

The School congratulates the following boys on their success:—

George Adams *	Sidney Inkley *
Daniel Banham*	Arthur Jones *
William Barnes*	John Keable*
Reginald Belcher	Harold Knight*
Alfred Belsey	Ronald Marsh*
Frank Broadway*	Campbell Matthews*
Alec Carter	Edward Maynell
Geoffrey Gillings*	Charles Mayow*
Samuel Green	Ronald Poole*
Basil Greenwood	Stanley Quarterman*
Richard Guy	Frank Rainbird
Stanley Harvey	Eric Rayner*
George Haybittle	Roderick Rose
Ronald Hodges	Elkan Silverstone
James Hood	Cecil Wallis
Sydney Huggett	Norman Watkins
Hugh Hughes	Peter Wills

\*With Matriculation exemption.

\* Killed during the War 1939-45

## ANNUAL SWIMMING GALA.

### Results.

The letter in brackets is the House initial.

Form Races: IIIc.—1, G. Apps (A); 2, L. Rockcliffe (A); 3, P. Griffiths (B). IIIb.—1, K. Anderson (A); 2, A. Ridge (G); 3, S. Parker (G). IIIa.—1, V. Joanes (G); 2, W. Kearns (A); 3, D. Legge (B). IVb.—1, D. Tapping (G); 2, L. Clark (A); 3, R. Willis (G). IVa.—1, E. Williams (G); 2, M. Sloan (A); 3, R. Rose (D). Vc.—1, F. Parker (G); 2, C. Partner (A); 3, E. Ray (A). Vb.—1, D. Gill (B); 2, R. Simmons (G); 3, A. Goddard (A). Va.—1, E. Hills (B); 2, P. Booth (G); 3, P. Seal (B). VIc.—1, J. Sansome (A); 2, D. Edwards (C); 3, R. White (A). VIb.—1, G. Jarvis (B); 2, S. Anderson (D); 3, J. Freeman (B). VIa.—1, R. Tomsett (G); 2, A. Ward (A); 3, J. Featherstone (D). VII.—1, I. Draper (A); 2, W. Barnes (A); 3, Taylor (B).

Learners' Race: 1, D. Bristow (G); 2, R. Greenfield (D); 3, C. Sanford (B). Junior Breast-stroke: 1, Booth (G); 2, Tapping (G); 3, Arrow (D). Senior Breast-stroke: 1, Barnes (G); 2, Draper (A); 3, Ward (A). Junior Back-stroke: 1, Hogben (A); 2, Williams (G); 3, Hill (B). Senior Back-stroke: 1, Edwards (G); 2, Kester (B); 3, Ward (A). 100 yards Championship: 1, F. Hogben (A); 2, Simmons (G); 3, Gill (B). Junior Relay: 1, Gamma; 2, Alpha; 3, Beta. Senior Relay: 1, Gamma; 2, Alpha; 3, Delta. Novelty: 1, Hill; 2, Arrow; 3, Featherstone. Old Boys' Race: 1, Bird; 2, Bouracier; 3, Funnell.

Junior Diving: 1, Alpha and Gamma tied; 3, Beta. Championship: 1, E. Hogben (A); 2, Hill (D); 3, Williams (B). Senior Diving: 1, Gamma; 2, Alpha; 3, Delta. Championship: 1, Barnes (G); 2, Edwards (G); 3, Taylor (D).

1. Gamma	...	83½ points.
2. Alpha	...	78½ "
3. Beta	...	44 "
4. Delta	...	22 "

by from  
all killed  
in War  
B



# Old Boys' Section.

## ASSOCIATION REPORT.

We are still without a sub-editor representative of the Old Boys' Association for this section of the Magazine, and I have again taken on the job.

May I invite offers for the position? The Committee are looking for someone with a journalistic flair who can put together whatever news we have, in an interesting form, collect sub-section reports, and follow the activities of the Association and its affiliated clubs by coming to some, if not all, of our meetings.

Amongst the achievements of Old Boys, that of Bernard Cornes is outstanding. Brilliant at school, he has crowned his phenomenal successes in the examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, by earning the distinction of being appointed a partner in his firm of well-known London Chartered Accountants. One other Old Boy is in practice on his own account in another profession, and has taken a Ruskin boy into his employ. He is the first Old Boy that I know of, in business entirely on his own account, who has done this. His business must be flourishing, and he knows where to come for competent assistants evidently!

Our first dance of the season was causing some anxiety. Attendances at dances slackened off in the early part of this year, and we were apprehensive. On top of this, the day—31st October, 1936—was wet and unpleasant. Our fears were belied, for the attendance was good, close on a hundred, I believe, and the new band we engaged, led by Les. Dangerfield, evoked approval. The next dance will be held at the Grandison Hall on Saturday, 23rd January, 1937.

The tenth Annual Dinner in November will show the usual unwelcome deficit, but socially was a great success. The attendance was 44. This is a normal average, but another twenty would just about put the function on a sound financial footing, and widen its appeal as a Reunion. The speeches were good. Jimmy Paxton had used his frequent visits to the School to good purpose, and was almost encyclopaedic in his

information on the activities and amenities of the School. Mr. Drummond replied to this toast, and continued in the lighter vein which Paxton happily struck. We were pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Manning, one of the newer masters, who proposed the Toast of "The Association." Many of our members knew him before, but not through the main Association. He told some good stories, and his appeal for better support at the Annual General Meetings deserves emphasis here. Jeff. Graham replied in robust style and should be congratulated on his spontaneous sense of humour. Messrs. Midmer, Munton, Smart and Watkins have the honours for the entertainment, which, with the exception of a turn by a couple of outside artistes, was devised by ourselves.

I am leaving the financial side to our Treasurer. His report is outspoken, but not pessimistic. That is as it should be. We do appreciate the other side. Circulars do easily get overlooked, we know, but those who believe that the Association is worth supporting should make a mental effort to overcome this inertia.

The Club at Welcome Hall, Scarbrook Road, will continue throughout the winter every Thursday evening. There is scope for larger support in this activity.

Our Secretary, Will. Symes, 93, Colliers Water Lane, Thornton Heath, is always pleased to have the names of prospective members, and welcomes suggestions and ideas.

F. R. Porter.

## O.B.A. TREASURER'S REPORT.

So far this year, the financial record of the Association has proved to be most disappointing. This has been due to two main causes. Firstly, the attendances at the dances have been below those of previous years, though the present season holds better promise we think; secondly, and chiefly, there are, at the time of writing, still 39 members who have not paid their 1936 subscriptions (including 11 who have not settled their accounts for 1935).



This position, eleven months after subscriptions are due, is most unsatisfactory. I should like to add to my four previous applications, by appealing to those members in arrear to send me their 1936 subscriptions of 2/6 without further delay.

Quite apart from the satisfaction that it would give the Committee and myself, to be able to report a fully paid up membership (there are 145 on our books at the present time), I am afraid that it is only by immediate response on the part of all defaulting members that we shall be able to avoid drawing upon our reserves. To have to do this would be more than unfortunate; it would be the biggest blow the Association has suffered during the ten years of its lifetime.

E. R. Bolingbroke.

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### NEWS OF OLD BOYS.

Congratulations to Bernard Cornes, who achieved a very high place in the Final Chartered Accountants' Examination and has since been made a partner in his firm.

Congratulations also to Rowland J. Feakins who has successfully taken the Final Examination of the Incorporated Accountants, and has now been admitted as a member of that body.

Old Boys enter married life and we hear of some of them. Others seem to keep it secret. We were surprised to learn that Ananim had joined their ranks some time ago, though we did not hear of it until recently.

Tom Wheeler was married to Doris Oliver of the Dramatic Club. The bride is the sister of John Oliver, well-known at J.R. We extend felicitations to them, and also to S. E. Coldman on his marriage.

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### FOOTBALL CLUB.

Winter and football are now with us, together with an ever increasing number of new members, many straight from School, a pleasant fact to record, and others introduced by our regular players.

Our matches commenced this year on our new ground at Kennards' Sports Ground, Pampisford Road, and we feel justified in having made this step, as the improved dres-

ing accommodation and washing facilities will prove an asset during the days of "real" football weather usually experienced about this time of the year. Heavy rain has already caused League matches to be abandoned and foggy days are sure to return.

Let us look into our actual strength as many may have already gathered a false impression of the chances of playing regularly for us. Our books have shown a membership of 46 soon reduced to 44, as two members decided to play for the "firm," and now, a series of injuries and illnesses has diminished our actual playing strength to a total of 38 members for our three teams engaged each week.

Our most serious setback is the absence of B. Jennings, first team captain, who, we were sorry to learn, broke his arm in a cycle accident during September. He was compelled to enter hospital for re-setting, but our latest news, we are pleased to say, is that he has returned to the "Stock and Share" world with a healed arm, and football may see him again early in the new year.

Others who have not yet taken serious part in our games so far, are Will. Symes and A. V. Snelling, another newcomer, but well known to many of us, of whom we are expecting great things. A sudden wave of chills kept many away for about a couple of weeks.

To complete our reductions in members, M. B. Watts, perhaps our best player, has been persuaded to sign on for Carshalton, the well known Southern Amateur League team, and our first team promoted to the 1st Division of Thornton Heath League football only this season, from the 3rd Division, is feeling that its strength is diminished by this great loss.

Thus, for a short period we shall be able to give nearly all members a game each week and we ask for full co-operation and support, especially as we are not including a reserve in all regular League games.

Our chief source of complaint is not confined to the question of subscriptions, although now overdue, but to the many scratchings that are being made each week. In the early season we had to replace 12 players in three teams, and although possible when we could call upon 44 players, it was a very unsatisfactory position. The matter is



of great concern to the Selection Committee, especially as we must regretfully say that the chief offenders are amongst the younger members, many of whom must realise that it is necessary to field a full side in every match, and that we expect a notice of their absence. Even now we are still registering four scratchings each week. This is not good enough, and those unable to play should give us early notice, in order that their names are not included in our Selection Committee meetings every Monday evening, rather than wait until our notices are posted, and then allow the matter to stand any time up to the evening before the match.

As for our games, we commenced by meeting the School, as without these fixtures our programme is not complete. This match proved to be successful, thus reversing last season's result. Here, many fellows were able to play old school companions, and Poole commenced the season by scoring the first Old Boys' goal.

We are able to show a full fixture card for all three teams, as it is our endeavour to play, if possible, three games each week, and it will be noticed that many of the opposing clubs such as Mouldrite, Hampton Sports, Coulsdon and Purley Highways, St. Edmund's, and Thornwood are entirely new opponents, whilst others such as Acc. and Tab., St. Saviour's, and Dictograph need no introduction.

The League teams have only played a few games in their respective divisions of the Thornton Heath League, and whilst finding that the games are against sterner opposition, some good performances are being made. Not that we are not sometimes beaten, as was the case when Croydon Y.M.C.A., occupying a lowly position in the first division, defeated our first team, once occupying first place, by 4—2, and then Kenley 2—0.

Puffett has found his old scoring form, and in two matches found the net eight times. Pitts, Junior, who is deputising as first team captain during the absence of Jennings, has also been successful, and King and Robertson are proving to be the regular second team scorers. In the defence, there have been many changes through injuries, and we are still experimenting with various players in all positions, especially at centre-half to replace Watts, and we have several names in view, including Malcolm, Robin-

son, Goodborn and Davis. The latter is one of our senior members, who has kindly made himself responsible for the success of our football cards, by which means we are hoping to augment our funds.

Of goalkeepers, we can boast half-a-dozen. Apart from Palmer, Etheridge and Slydel still with us, there are three new names—Mason, Phillis, who unfortunately has had to stand down through illness, and Fuller, a keen junior from school, who has given some excellent displays.

To complete our report, we would like to thank those who are looking after our three teams on Saturday afternoons, carrying along the footballs, attending to goal-posts at Mitcham Common, and the many duties that are necessary in friendly as well as League games.

Meantime we are continuing our programme, and trust that we shall be successful in satisfying all those members who are registering with us for the season.

A. G. Boyden,  
18, Brooklyn Road,  
S.E.25.

P.S.—There are several home friendly games which must be refereed, and we should like to hear from people who would care to take a match.

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## CRICKET.

The last issue of the Magazine reported the first game which our Club lost last season. After our sad failure at Tolworth, we encountered a very bad patch.

We were soundly beaten by the Old Norcolians on their ground. The next game, against St. George's Services at Eden Park, resulted in a win for us, but this was due solely to a splendid innings of 51 not out by Archie Palmer.

The game at Banstead, after we had got their 3rd XI. out for 41 runs, was abandoned owing to rain, and thereafter we lost the next five successive games. All this makes rather dull news, but it must be borne in mind that we played four of these five games at Waddon when conditions were not suitable for cricket.



This is not a reflection on the state of the pitch. The enormous amount of work put in to the square by several of my colleagues resulted in the preparation of some excellent wickets. Owing to bad weather, three of these wickets were not used, and so that we could give our opponents a game, stumps were pitched off the square on worn and rough places.

The return game with Tolworth Sports Club—which many of us look forward to as the match of the season—unfortunately found our opponents rather weak owing to holidays. This also applied to us, but the resulting victory in our favour was really quite welcome and deserved.

The last game of the season, against Lensbury XI., resulted in a draw. We required less than ten runs for a win when the last over was called. The result of the game—one member suggested that it was a moral victory for us—emphasized how much we were indebted to Jock Quested for splendid bowling and a fine innings of 40 not out.

The “final reckoning” of the season (don’t let us refer to it as a summer) was:

Games won	...	...	...	7
„ lost	...	...	...	7
„ drawn	...	...	...	2
„ unfinished owing to rain				2
„ not started owing to rain				2
				—
				20
				—

After consideration, we might consider the whole results to be satisfactory. Certainly we are extremely weak and hard pressed for players during the holiday period. Every season, our results are very poor at this time.

We could surmount this difficulty if we could run a second eleven during the early part of the season and field only one team throughout August. The whole Association would welcome the formation of an extra team, but at the present time there would appear to be an insufficient supply of players. All cricket officials have to contend with a lot of difficulties—chiefly the attraction of other events to members,—but with a second eleven to call upon during August, my biggest worry would be removed.

An alternative would be for Old Boys with certain obligations to fulfil on Saturday afternoons, to join us as “occasional members.” Not only would they be able to play in matches more-or-less on request, but they would be able to join us on the field for net-play, and so add greater variety to that. If this appeals to any of my readers, I would be pleased to discuss particulars with them at any time.

Arrangements for next season have already been commenced. A Sunday game with Gaflac is included in the fixture list.

With the improvements to the School ground, and the proved strength of our younger members, we can confidently expect another enjoyable season’s play of our tantalising game.

J. T. Paxton,  
41, Clarendon Road,  
Croydon.

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#### DRAMATIC CLUB.

As production was somewhat delayed at the commencement of the present season, the O.S.A. show usually staged early in December has been postponed until Wednesday, January 20th, when the Club will present “The Two Mrs. Camerons” at St. Peter’s Hall, South Croydon.

The play, by Winifred and Edith Carter, has something new in the way of plots and may be fairly described as a mystery generously leavened with comedy. It should therefore appeal to most tastes, and we earnestly trust that a fair amount of support will be forthcoming.

Remember, tickets are cheap and a good evening’s entertainment is always provided—few will deny that!

And if, after the performance, you have any useful constructive criticism to put forward or any helpful suggestions to make, please let us have them. In this way we shall know to some extent how the show has been received, and shall know also something of the wishes and expectations of our audience.



In short, we should like all connected with the two schools to feel that they have a personal interest in the O.S.A., whether or not they are subscribing members.

Enthusiasm is the life-blood of such a Club as ours and large audiences are our greatest safeguard against anaemia. Our existence is, to that extent, entirely in your hands. We can only entertain you after having attracted you, and it must be confessed that the latter task usually proves the more difficult.

Let us have your name and address and we will undertake to send you whatever tickets you may desire, not only for this show, but for all succeeding shows.

Requests for tickets or information should be addressed to the Club Secretary, Joan Evans, at 64, Silverleigh Road, Thornton Heath.

Finally, YOUR SUPPORT ON THE 20th JANUARY IS ESSENTIAL.

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#### BADMINTON CLUB.

The commencement of the fourth season of the Old Boys' Badminton Club has been very encouraging. It was feared at one time that the membership would not be sufficient to maintain the Club. These fears, however, have been dispelled by the advent of several new members who have been heartily welcomed and are doing well at the game. This is not to imply that our members' roll is full, by any means. There is still ample room for any Old Boys to join

who wish to take up the game. We still meet every Monday evening at the Tavistock School, from 6.30 to 10.30, and new members will be made very welcome. The subscription for the season January to April is 10/6. For further particulars concerning the Club write to Mr. R. Read, 133, Penshurst Road, Thornton Heath.

The playing strength of the team has improved this year and our match results are far more encouraging. Although we have still to win a match in the Surrey League, we have given much more opposition to our opponents. Results of the matches to date are:—

Oct. 26—v. Norbury Methodist	F.	Won 9-0
Nov. 2—v. Malden Wanderers	L.	Lost 2-7
„ 13—v. Croydon M.O. XI.	F.	Won 5-1
„ 19—v. Kingston Congregational	C.	Lost 3-6

F.—Friendly; L.—League; C.—Cup.

J. H. Queded.

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#### SWIMMING CLUB.

We reported in the last issue of the Magazine that the activities of this unit of the Old Boys' Association had been temporarily suspended, due to the difficulty in getting officers with sufficient spare time to devote to the organisation.

We are pleased to report that plans are afoot for the revival of this formerly popular section, and those interested should get in touch with L. Rabbitts, 14, Southwell Road, West Croydon.

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#### I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,  
A cottage on the moor,  
Bordered by bush and tall pine tree,  
With roses round the door.

It was indeed a paradise,  
Wherein I once did play,  
Among the rugged, rolling moors  
With heather gay.

C. Connor (5c).



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# GREGG SCHOOL SUCCESES

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS EXAMINATIONS  
PUPILS OF THE GREGG SCHOOL, CROYDON,  
HAVE BEEN AWARDED

*FIRST and SECOND* *for*  
*PLACES in the* *ENGLISH* (Advanced  
*BRITISH ISLES* *and* - FIRST)  
*SHORTHAND*  
(120 w.p.m. - SECOND)

In the Civil Service Examination *Clerical Assistant*,  
Grade I (October, 1936), one of the schools' pupils has  
been placed *5th out of 1801 Candidates*.

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