

NOTTS COUNTY F.C.--SPECIAL PHOTO AND ARTICLE

The Boys' Realm 1^d

of Sport & Adventure



"CAPTAIN JACK"

*A STIRRING STORY
OF LEAGUE FOOTBALL.
By A. S. HARDY.*



REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Long Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fascinating School Tale.

"A friend of ours."
And Ransome made a sign unseen by Redfern minor.
The landlord of the Green Man understood, and breathed more freely.
"All right, Master Ransome! Is he coming in?"

"Better not!"
Ransome drew back again, and went to the door of the outer apartment. He unlocked it, and opened it quickly, and stepped out, closing the door behind him.

Arthur Redfern stepped back, surprised by this sudden action.

But it was only for a moment. He came closer again, his fists clenched, and his eyes gleaming.

"So you're here!"
Ransome nodded coolly.

"Yes. Have you come to see me?"
Arthur made a gesture of rage.

"Where is my brother?"

"Eh? Your minor?" said Ransome, to gain time.

"Yes, Sidney. Is he here?"

"Have you come to look for him?"

"Yes!"

"And why?"

"To take him back if he is here."

"Hold on," said Ransome quietly. "He's here, but—"

"Let me pass!"

"Wait till I have explained—"

Arthur breathed hard.

"Let me pass, Ransome. I don't want to hit you. But if you try to stop me I'll knock you down. You understand? I told you all along I wouldn't have my young brother mixed up in this. Heaven help me! He sha'n't grow to be a blackguard, as I am. Let me pass, you cad! I'm going to take him away!"

Ransome did not move.

"Unless you want to be expelled from St. Dolly's to-morrow, and your minor, too, you had better listen to me," he said icily.

"What do you mean?"

"Sidney is here; but you need not be afraid that he is following in your footsteps," said Ransome, with a sneer. "He did not come here to smoke or drink or gamble. He wouldn't, if I wanted him to. He's not that sort."

Arthur winced.

"Then why is he here?"

"To save you!"

"What? How?"

"He's fighting the Chicken," said Ransome quietly. "He's fighting him for a purse of twenty pounds; and he intends to hand the cash to you to settle your debts."

"Impossible! I will not accept it! I—"

"Cunliffe will take your paper up to the

Head if you don't settle up by Monday. What are you going to do?"

Arthur groaned.

In the haste and excitement of thinking about his minor, he had for the moment forgotten his own position.

"I don't know. But I won't sacrifice Sidney—"

"Sidney is all right!" said Ransome, with a sneer. "And your scruples are coming rather late in the day. You can leave Sidney alone."

"But—but you are mad! What chance has a boy like that against the Chicken? You must be out of your senses!" said Arthur hoarsely.

"He is getting the better of the fight after two rounds."

"But—but it can't go on! It sha'n't go on! Hang it! I'm a prefect of St. Dolly's, and to allow this to go on—"

"I told you nothing about it, and you should have kept away. The best thing you can do is to go straight back to St. Dolly's, and allow matters to take their course."

"I—I won't!"

It is well said that he who hesitates is lost. Arthur's resolution was already wavering.

After all, the twenty pounds would save him. And then to turn over a new leaf; to have done with all this wretched deceit and lying and prevarication. It was a prospect to tempt him. He forgot that on a previous occasion the same prospect had tempted him, and he had cleared himself by one more sin—that of betraying the Lexham match—and then afterwards had fallen back into the old ways. It is the way of a weak nature to catch at straws.

Ransome was watching him closely.

"Now, be sensible," he said. "The kid is all right. He will lick the Chicken. The twenty pounds is as good as in his pocket. Leave matters alone, and you stand clear, able to do as you like."

"You are a demon, Ransome!"

Ransome shrugged his shoulders.

"Let well alone; that's all I advise."

Arthur wavered.

"Does Sidney know I am here?" he said weakly.

"No!"

Arthur stood silent, thinking—or trying to think. He did not see the bitter sneer on Ransome's face.

"Better get back to the school," said Ransome at last. "You don't want your absence to be noticed."

Arthur started a little, nodded without speaking, and, turning, strode away into the gloom.

Ransome watched him disappear, and gave a low, scornful laugh. Then he re-entered the shed.

The fight had recommenced.

Well Matched.

REDFERN MINOR did not know that it was Arthur who knocked. From what Ransome said, he imagined that it was one of Mr. Cunliffe's set, and, the alarm once over, gave no further thought to the matter. He had no time to think about it, either. The interrupted contest recommenced, and he was called upon to face the Chicken once more.

And the Chicken gave him plenty to think about.

The young boxer had ceased to swagger, ceased to grin and wink at his friends in the audience, as if his contest with the schoolboy was a farce, and the joke of the season. He had learned too much of Redfern's quality for that.

It was dawning upon his mind that the contest was far from being a joke; that it was deadly earnest, and that if he wanted to win the purse he would have to put his beef into it.

And as soon as he realised that he became a more dangerous adversary.

In the third round he fought with less swagger and more care, and Redfern found that he had plenty of work to do.

But the junior was in fine form, and there was little doubt that, though younger than the Chicken and less burly, he was the superior in science and in mental quickness, which counts for a great deal in a glove contest.

The audience watched keenly during the round.

They were beginning to see, too, that it had been a little reckless to lay money so lavishly on the Chicken, and there were already murmurs that Redfern was a "dark horse," whom Cunliffe and his gang had sprung upon them.

There were few there who had not laid money against the junior; almost all, with the exception of those who were in the "know"—Ransome and his precious friends.

And they had laid at long odds, too. Hence the keen anxiety with which they began to watch the fight. And Redfern was giving them good cause for anxiety, too.

The third and the fourth round were indecisive; but the fact that Redfern was not vanquished and knocked sky-high, showed that the general calculations on the subject were all wrong.

Redfern was fully holding his own against the Chicken, and the Chicken was getting perplexed and angry.

Ransome patted the junior on the shoulder at the end of the fourth round.

"How do you feel, kid?" he asked, almost kindly.

Redfern was going to put a big sum of money into his pockets, and Ransome felt kindly for once.

Redfern grinned.

"Right as rain."

"Wind all right?"

"Sound as a bell."

"Mind you don't let him get too close and slog you. But you know that as well as I do. Keep him on the go; and as soon as he has bellows to mend, wade in and finish him."

Redfern minor nodded.

"That's all right."

"My hat," said Ransome, "you're 'fresher' than I expected after four rounds! You are in splendid form! Look here, kid, you could pick up a small fortune in this line if you did as I tell you."

Redfern's brow clouded.

"I don't want to pick up a fortune, big or little, at this game," he said. "You know why I'm doing this; it's the first and the last time."

Ransome shrugged his shoulders.

"Time!"

Redfern minor stepped into the ring again. He toed the line so freshly, so cheerily, that even the most prejudiced partisan of the Chicken could not help observing how keen he was, and glancing doubtfully at the duller and heavier professional.

But the Chicken was game.

The fifth round was marked by punishment on both sides, both letting themselves go a little, and hitting out. Both looked a little groggy at the end of it, but neither could be said to have gained an advantage.

The Chicken was looking savage now. He came up, at the call of time, with a sullen and angry expression upon his bull face. His attack was sharp and spiteful, but Redfern was "all there" all the time.

The Chicken pressed the attack, and Redfern had to give ground; but the efforts of his assailant to corner him were all in vain. Redfern seemed like an eel to corner.

Once the Chicken thought he had him for certain, and Redfern gave him a crack on the ribs, and sent him staggering, and got away again.

The baffled Chicken was slogging now, too angry to be careful. Redfern minor was not the fellow to let a chance like that pass unimproved.

The blind slogging of the angry Chicken gave him his chance, and he took it. He guarded clumsy blows, and gave a postman's knock in return, which made the Chicken stagger back, dropping his hands.

There was a gasp from the crowd. Ransome shouted in excitement; but Redfern did not need telling.

Right forward he leaped, and his right crashed home, with most of his bodily weight behind it, fairly on "the mark."

The Chicken gave a grunt, and dropped upon the boards with a resounding crash. He lay there, fairly gasping.

"Bravo!" yelled Ransome, in delight.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

SIDNEY REDFERN, a bright, fun-loving lad, who is a new pupil at St. Dorothy's School.

ARTHUR REDFERN, Sidney's elder brother, who is a prefect in the Sixth Form. Arthur Redfern is inclined to be easily led, and is under the by-no-means good influence of

RANSOME, another Sixth-Former, a slacker, and a good-for-nothing.

SKELTON and BROWN, two Eighth-Formers, and leaders of the Classical side of St. Dorothy's.

TAFFY MORGAN, YERNON, and RAKE, the leaders of the Modern side at St. Dorothy's, deadly rivals of Skelton and Brown.

At St. Dorothy's there is a deadly and everlasting feud existing between the Classical and Modern sides.

Sidney Redfern allies himself to the Classics, to the rage and humiliation of the Moderns.

Ransome and Arthur Redfern have got themselves into difficulties with a bookmaker named Cunliffe, who threatens to report them to the head-master unless they pay him the money they owe him.

Sidney learns of Ransome's true character, and refuses to tag for him. The Sixth-Former informs the boy that his elder brother is heavily in debt to Cunliffe, and that unless Arthur can scrape together twenty pounds with which to pay the bookmaker, Cunliffe will report him to the Head. This would, of course, mean the expulsion of Redfern major.

Ransome knows Sidney to be a clever little boxer, and offers to show him a way by which he can earn twenty pounds, and save his brother.

Ransome's plan is that Sidney shall participate in a boxing contest for a purse of money. Sidney at first refuses scornfully, but then it occurs to him that Arthur must be saved at any cost; so he falls in with Ransome's plan.

The following night the Sixth-Former and Sidney make their way down to the Green Man, Cunliffe's public-house, where the boxing match is to take place.

Sidney gets badly knocked about in the first couple of rounds, but later finds his feet, and has his opponent practically beaten when a loud knock resounds at the door.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Arthur Surrenders!

KNOCK! knock! knock! The knocking rang, with a hollow sound, through the silent room. The noisy crowd were silent now—silent and uneasy.

Mr. Cunliffe was startled. Ransome deadly pale. The Chicken, with a grin and a shrug of the shoulders, sat down on a chair at the corner of the ring, and crossed his legs. Redfern minor remained standing where he was, the gloves still on his hands, his face startled and pale.

If it should be someone from St. Dolly's! That thought was in the minds of both the senior and the junior. Suspicion had been awakened lately at the school, they knew that. It was quite possible that a master, or perhaps Lunsford, had tracked them to the public-house.

To be discovered engaged in a prize-fight! The thought made Redfern's senses swim. That his motive was good, that he was doing this to save his brother, would count for little in the eyes of the doctor—or, rather, would count for nothing, since he would not explain and injure Arthur. For once in his life, Redfern's courage came near failing him; and he stood, mute, motionless in the ring.

Knock! knock! Ransome, with a desperate look, stepped quickly through the canvas screen, and hurried to a little window which overlooked the door.

The light in the dressing-room was extinguished now, and he could look out of the window without being seen from outside.

He pressed his face to the glass.

Knock! knock! In the dim starlight he caught sight of the figure standing outside the door, knocking upon it with imperious knuckles.

The cad of the Sixth gave almost a sob of relief.

It was Redfern major.

"Arthur!" muttered Ransome; and in a moment he was coolness itself again.

He looked back into the other room.

"It's all right!" he muttered.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Cunliffe uneasily.



Cunliffe retreated a step as Lunsford moved forward. "So you are here, Redfern!" cried the captain of the school, gazing fixedly at Sidney.

"Hurrah!" gasped Mr. Cunliffe. "Hur-blessed—rah!"

Redfern looked down upon his opponent. The timekeeper was counting, and the Chicken made a heroic attempt to stagger up.

"One—two—three—four—"

The Chicken half rose, and collapsed again.

There were anxious faces looking on now. The bookmakers were grinning. They stood to lose heavily to the persons in the "know." But they stood to win from all the reckless backers of the Chicken. All were thinking of their bets—whether they would win or lose—whether they would yet have a chance of hedging; no one seemed to give a thought to the wretched youth sprawling helplessly on the boards, in pain and exhaustion, striving in vain to rise.

"Five—six—seven—"

There was a hush.

"Eight—nine—"

The Chicken staggered up.

Redfern was quite within his rights—his duties, a pugilist would have said—in waiting for the Chicken to rise, and sending him crashing down again with a blow before he was able to defend himself. Such are the amenities of the prize-ring. But they did not fight like that in the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's.

Redfern stepped back, and allowed the Chicken to gain his feet untouched.

There was a gasp of amazement from the spectators; an exclamation from the referee; a yell of rage from Ransome.

"You young fool!"

Redfern did not even look at him. The Chicken, as much amazed as anyone, sparred feebly up to him, and kept up some sort of a fight till time was called.

Ransome scowled blackly at the junior as he came off for the end of the sixth round. Cunliffe and Spooner and the rest were scowling, too.

"You young idiot!" said Ransome, between his teeth. "You could have smashed him—finished him! Do you hear? One blow, then, and he was done!"

Redfern tightened his lips.

"I'm fighting that chap," he said, "not you. And I'll fight in my own way, or not at all."

"It's in the rules of the ring—"

"Hang the ring! I'm not a prize-fighter, and I don't care a hang for the ring, or any of its rules. The rules of fair play are enough for me."

"You fool, you've given away a chance—"

"That's my business."

"You may lose the fight over it."

"I don't care."

"You don't care!" burst out Mr. Cunliffe furiously. "You—you rat! You don't care! What about my money?"

The lad's eyes turned upon him fearlessly.

"Hang your dirty money! I don't care if you lose it. Why should I? How much do you care for that poor chap who's getting slogged to win you your filthy bets?"

Mr. Cunliffe spluttered, almost speechless.

"You cab—"

"You've called me some pretty names," said Redfern. "How would you like me to walk out of the place without another round? For that's what I'll do if I don't have more civility."

"Let him alone," said Ransome hurriedly.

And Mr. Cunliffe choked back his rage, and was silent.

Time was called again, and the combatants faced one another for the seventh round. There was a murmur of excitement from the spectators, and every eye was bent eagerly upon the two active forms in the ring.

Caught!

THE Chicken, though he had been spared in that last round, was decidedly groggy now. That crashing blow upon the "mark" would have knocked out some fighting men; but the Chicken was game. He meant to do his best for his patrons, and he toed the line again with grim determination.

But even upon the Chicken's mind it was borne that the tide of victory was running in his younger opponent's favour.

Redfern's freshness, considering what he had gone through, was wonderful. He seemed tireless. A healthy and careful life, and constant exercise, had kept him in a state of fitness which stood him in good stead now.

The lad who could stand an hour and a half of hard, slogging football was not likely to give way under any ordinary strain.

The Chicken was still trying his pressing tactics, and he succeeded in getting in one or two body blows that made Redfern grunt; but Redfern put "paid" to each of them, his lightning counters rattling home on the Chicken's jaw or chin.

The most obstinate of the Chicken's backers had to admit that the seventh round was the beginning of the end.

Redfern had the advantage all the time, knocking the Chicken about, and driving him round the ring—a reversal of the earlier rounds.

The Chicken was plainly glad when time was called and he had a chance to rest. Ransome grinned with satisfaction as the junior came back to him.

"You'll do!" he said.

Redfern nodded without speaking.

"The next round ought to be the finish," said Ransome eagerly. "He's lost his wind now, and you want to see that he doesn't get it back. He was gasping like a porker all that

round. Push him hard. Don't give him a moment's rest, and try for the mark again."

"I know what to do!"

Ransome bit his lip.

"Go it, Chick!" came several voices as the Chicken came up to time once more. "Go it, old man! Don't let a kid slog you!"

The Chicken snuffed angrily. The advice was very ill-timed, for it angered the Chicken, and anger excited him. He needed all his coolness to struggle through that round.

But he was not cool. He was exhausted, angry, and half blinded by swellings round his eyes. He rushed in savagely, feeling that if he did not finish Redfern quickly, Redfern would finish him.

"Go it, Chick!"

Redfern gave ground at first before the furious assault of the Chicken; but he hooked in a blow that made the prize-fighter's head swim, and the Chicken's attack became still more clumsy.

Rap, rap came Redfern's fists upon his face in an echoing postman's knock. The thin prize-ring gloves softened the blows but little. The Chicken's nose was already swollen to a great size, and glimmered crimson. Those sharp raps brought the water to his eyes with a rush.

Rap, rap!

The Chicken's defence was nowhere.

"It's all over, bar shouting!" murmured Ransome in Mr. Cunliffe's ear, and the landlord of the Green Man nodded and grinned.

"Knock him out, Chick!"

The Chicken did his best. He rushed in desperately, hammering away. The attack was so furious that Redfern had to give ground, and twice the Chicken's fists came home upon his chest and face.

The hopes of the Chicken's backers rose. It was still probable that if the powerful right arm could get in one heavy drive, the fight would be ended on the spot. There were encouraging shouts.

"That's the game!"

"Give it him!"

"Right on the mark, Chick!"

But the Chicken's final furious effort was quite expended now. He slackened the attack, and as he slackened, breathing heavily, Redfern rushed in. The prize-fighter's guard was swept to nowhere, and Redfern's right came crashing in—in a terrific uppercut that caught the Chicken on the point of the chin.

Right back went the Chicken, hurled fairly off his feet by that terrible blow—right back, falling with a crash upon the boards.

"Bravo!" yelled Ransome.

The Chicken lay still, hardly breathing. Redfern, exhausted himself, stood quiet. The timekeeper once more began to count.

"One—two—three—four—"

No movement from the Chicken—hardly a gasp!

"Five—six—seven—"

"He's done!" said Ransome.

"Eight—nine—"

"Back up, Chick!" said an anxious voice.

The Chicken did not stir.

"Ten!"

The timekeeper snapped his watch shut.

"Gentlemen, the fight is over," said the referee. "The boy wins!"

There was a deep, hoarse growl from the spectators. The result of the fight was not popular; but there was no getting away from the plain facts, and the referee's decision. Redfern minor had won!

The junior took off the gloves. Now that the fight was over, he realised what a strain it had been. He was tired, weak, and aching. He had received plenty of punishment, and his lip was out, his nose slightly swollen on one side, and bruises were forming on his face and chest. He threw down the gloves, and Ransome drew him into the dressing-room.

"You've won, Redfern! I knew you would! My word, if you hadn't— But never mind that now. You've pulled it off, and earned twenty pounds."

"Well earned the twenty quid!" said Cunliffe, coming in. "Hark at the boys! They don't like losing the stuff."

Muttered oaths and growls could be heard through the canvas from the adjoining room. Ransome chuckled.

"They can like it or lump it!" he said.

"They made their bets with their eyes open. This is a coup for me, and that's all I care about. They grinned when I brought my man in, but he laughs best who laughs last."

"What ho!" said Mr. Spooner, chuckling. "The kid's a marvel. It seems a pity that he should be wasted in a school. What a pug he would make!"

Redfern was bathing his face. It felt aching and inflamed, and his head was whirling a little. The fight had told upon him more than he had imagined at first. Ransome and his friends were thinking only of their money, and no one even glanced at Redfern.

Rap!

They started round as the sharp rap came on the door—a rap of heavy knuckles.

"Hang it!" muttered Mr. Cunliffe. "Is it that fool back again?"

Ransome grinned.

"Too late to bother us, if it is!"

A voice rang through the door—a voice that made Ransome start and drive every vestige of colour from his cheeks.

"Open this door!"

"Lunsford!"

It was the voice of the captain of St. Dolly's. Redfern stood with streaming face over the

bowl of water. Ransome was transfixed. What, in the name of all that was unfortunate, brought Lunsford there at that moment?

Had Arthur told him? Impossible! Did he know? What did he know? Ransome's senses swam for a moment, but only for a moment. Then he grasped the money—bank-notes and gold—hurriedly, and thrust it in his pocket. A single bound took him into the adjoining room, where the spectators of the fight stared at his white face and hurried movements in amazement.

Ransome did not give them a look. He ran across to a window, tore away the blind, and threw it open. He plunged out into the gloom, and disappeared among the shrubberies of the garden in a twinkling. In his selfish terror for himself, he had utterly forgotten the existence of Redfern minor.

And Redfern? He stood where he was, dazed and bewildered. He was too exhausted to think of following Ransome's example. Besides, he knew that Lunsford must have come there to look for him. Somehow, the captain of St. Dolly's had learned what was going on. There could be no other explanation of his angry summons at Mr. Cunliffe's door.

Redfern was not given many moments to think, either. It was only a few seconds after Ransome had disappeared that there came a crash on the door from outside.

Lunsford, of St. Dolly's, was not the fellow to be trifled with. As the door was not opened, he guessed that it was remaining shut to allow somebody time to escape, and he did not stand upon ceremony.

A heavy wooden garden bench, whirled by Lunsford's powerful hands, crashed upon the door—once, twice—and at the second blow the flimsy door flew inwards. Lunsford's angry face glared into the shed.

Cunliffe started forward with an oath.

"What does this mean?" he blustered.

"What do you mean breaking in my door, you young hound? I'll have the police—"

"Don't talk to me, you cad!" exclaimed

Lunsford, in a tone that made Mr. Cunliffe retreat a pace or two. "You've got a junior belonging to St. Dolly's here—"

"Look here—"

"Redfern!" Lunsford caught sight of the

junior's white face. "Redfern!"

"Yes, Lunsford!"

"So you are here!"

Redfern smiled bitterly. The game was up now with a vengeance.

"Yes, I am here, Lunsford."

"Get your things on," said the captain of St. Dolly's roughly, "and come with me. Don't waste time!"

"Yes," said Redfern dully.

He towelled his face and donned his clothes. Lunsford watched him grimly. Redfern's appearance, the boxing-gloves on the floor, the money on the table, sufficiently explained what had happened to the captain of St. Dolly's.

Mr. Cunliffe began to bluster again. Lunsford turned on him, and pushed back his cuffs.

"Don't talk to me of the police!" he said.

"You know you're afraid for them to know what's been going on here. Don't talk to me at all. I've come to take this boy away. I'll lick anybody who interferes!"

No one interfered. Redfern was not many minutes; but before he followed Lunsford from the shed, he turned to Mr. Cunliffe.

"You've got twenty pounds for me?" he said quietly.

Lunsford turned on him like a flash.

"What's that, Redfern?"

Redfern's heart sank.

"I've won the money, Lunsford! I've won the purse, and—"

"You young blackguard!"

Redfern winced.

"Lunsford—"

"Come with me! You shan't take it! You shan't touch a penny of the blackguardly money!" said Lunsford sternly. "If that's what you've disgraced yourself and your school for, you will be disappointed. Come!"

Redfern panted.

"Lunsford, I—I must have the money! I—I tell you—"

The misery in his voice, his look, moved the captain of St. Dolly's somewhat. But he did not relent, or think of relenting.

"You cannot touch such money as that, Redfern!" he said. "Come, we've wasted too much time already!"

His hand fell heavily upon Redfern's shoulder. The boy followed him dumbly, despair at his heart.

It had all been useless, then! He had, as Lunsford said, disgraced himself and disgraced his school. And it was all useless; he could not save Arthur.

They went into the darkness, followed by a jeering laugh from the blackguards in the shed. Lunsford gritted his teeth; but Redfern did not heed it, did not even hear it. He was stunned by the turn events had taken.

"Come!" said Lunsford sharply.

"You are going to take me to the Head?"

Lunsford stared at him.

"Can you ask?"

"No. I suppose you must."

And after that, as they moved on in the darkness towards St. Dolly's, Redfern spoke no word.

(Another splendid long instalment next week.)

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PROSPECT A.F.C. (average age 15-16) require home and away matches within five miles of Bradford.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, H. Lambert, 11, Airedale Road, Otley Road, Bradford.

UPTON JUNIORS F.C. (average age 15-16, weak) require home and away matches. Ground, Wanstead Flats.—Apply by writing to Hon. Secretary, E. S. Simpney, 31, Disraeli Road, Forest Gate, E., or by telephone to H. S. Thompson, Stratford 365, between 9 and 10 a.m.

WANTED: fixtures for a team in Attlecliffe (average age 15); must be respectable in dress and ways. Also needs (average age 18). Subscriptions.—Apply for full particulars to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Arthur Landley, 44, Baitnal Street, Sheffield.

BIRSTALL ST. PATRICK'S F.C. (average age 18) will play any clubs within a radius of four miles of Birstall, away; nearly all dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, Martin P. Lyons, Church Street, Birstall, near Leeds.

ST. JAMES'S ARGYLE F.C. (average age 18, weak) require home and away matches.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, S. Skinner, 15, Westbourne Road, Barnsley, N.

THREBXEDLE STREET DOCKETS F.C. (average age 14, weak) require away matches within six miles' radius of City only.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, 4, The Albany, Albany Road, S.E.

PARK RANGERS F.C. (average age 15, medium) require home and away matches within ten miles' radius.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, J. Rinch, 280, Queen's Road, Upton Park, Essex.

WESLEY JUNIORS F.C. (average age 16) want matches with junior teams within three miles' radius of Richmond, Surrey. Will forward list of vacant dates on application.—Apply to Assist. Secretary, G. G. Fisher, 10, St. John's Grove, Richmond, S.W.

BELLE ISLE UNITED F.C. (average age 15) want home and away matches; most dates open. North London preferred.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, C. Lewis, 22, Frederick Street, Caledonian Road, N.

BEAUFORD F.C. (average age 18, weak) want to meet a Bristol team on December 27th, at Bristol.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, 18, Beauford Square, Bath.

AVENUE F.C. (average age 16) require home and away matches within three miles' radius of Westbourne Park Station; all dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, B. Harrington, 32, Caird Street, Paddington.

STOCKPORT (Lancs).—A Manchester League team have one open date, and they challenge any Stockport League team to play them at Manchester on Boxing Day as representatives of their respective leagues. They have good ground and dressing-rooms. State average age.—Write at once to Hon. Secretary, H. C. Fearnley, Brunswick Street, Pendleton, Manchester.

TWO LADS (age 16) would like to join football team within three miles of East Ham; dressing-room required. Inside-right and goalkeeper.—Apply to Ellen, 47, Loxford Avenue, East Ham.

LAD (age 14) wishes to join club in or around Leeds. Will pay all subscriptions.—Apply to H. Calvert, 15, Elham Place, Woodhouse, Leeds.

FORWARD (age 17-18) would like to join club in Westminster, Chelsea, or Fulham; can also keep goal.—Apply to Church, 41, Willow Street, Rochester Row, S.W.

SANDFORD A.F.C. require a few more members to complete the number; also a few football players required for all parts of the field.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, H. Skidmore, 19, Date Street, Waltham, S.E.

WANTED: a few respectable boys (aged 12-15) to join football team in Edge Lane district; all positions. Willing to pay small subscriptions.—Apply to F. Coxhead, 10, Grampian Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

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