

ST. JIM'S POINTS OF VIEW

Prominent St. Jim's Juniors make some very pointed remarks on other fellows and topics in general. It's all a matter of opinion.

FAGS—By Jack Blake

FAGS are a tribe of extremely backward savages inhabiting certain regions reserved for them in both Houses at St. Jim's.

Where these barbarians come from and what they are is a mystery. Judging by the colour of their skins, most of them are of negro origin. According to one legend I heard, their ancestors used to live in trees in Rylcombe Woods. But these are mere guesses, unworthy of the attention of serious students.

Whatever the truth, the Fags are a race apart, living in their own peculiar way and carrying out their strange, primitive customs, just as though they had never come into contact with civilised human beings.

In appearance they are small and agile, like the pygmies of Central Africa. Left to themselves, they are noisy and quarrelsome. When brought into touch with civilised Fourth Formers or Shellites, they usually quieten down, but, to make up for that, indulge in weird rites such as poking out their tongues, extending their fingers from the nose and pulling fearful faces.

Probably with the idea of terrifying their enemies, they daub themselves liberally with red and blue and black

ink, and the effect of this war paint on their mud coloured skins is truly frightening to strangers who inadvertently enter their territory.

Their principal weapon of offence is a tube, through which they blow peas with terrific force at unsuspecting travellers through their domain.

Their diet consists principally of herrings crudely toasted on improvised toasting forks in the shape of pen-holders.

They speak an obscure dialect unrelated to any known language.

With careful handling they become quite tame and in time learn to eat out of your hand.

And now, gentlemen, chaps and fellows, you know all there is to be known about Fags!

But they must be seen to be believed.



The effect of inky and dirty fags, armed with their principal weapon of offence, is truly frightening to strangers.

OLD FOGEYS—By Wally D'arcy

OLD FOGEYS are the weird old buffers belonging to the Fourth and Shell.

Some of my pals in the Third get frightfully annoyed with them. But Old Fogeys only amuse me.

How they fancy their luck! They strut across the quad. In twos and threes, with their noses up in the air just as though they owned the giddy earth! Curly Gibson once said they

reminded him of Prussian Guardsmen he once saw on the pictures doing the goose step in slow motion. My own idea about it is that they look like a collection of lop-eared turkey-cocks chucking their weight about a farmyard!

The fact is dear readers, they put on far too much side. It's not only the way they walk—it's the way they talk, too. To hear the old dodderers bleating "By Jove!" and "My hat!" you'd imagine they were all headmasters at least! But it doesn't irritate me. It just makes me laugh!

In the Third, we're plain, natural men, without any old buck. But the Old Fogeys are full of old buck and you have a rare job to find anything natural about them! When we dislike each other in the Third, we punch each other on the nose. When they dislike each other, they glare and make acid remarks. It's a scream to watch the old idiots bursting with conceit while they're doing it!

Of course, they have their uses. My major, fathead as he is, certainly does help me with my prep., and those old buffers, Merry and Blake, are always willing to give a chap a few hints on footer. But when all's said and done, there's one word and one word only that sums up the Old Fogeys of the Fourth and Shell.

That word is SWANK!

SKIMPOLE ON SOCCER

WHEN my pedal extremities first established contact with the

terrestrial adjuncts of this scholastic edifice, a juvenile known for his sporting proclivities asked me whether I went in for Soccer.

Having previously been under the impression that St. Jim's was a seat of learning, I erroneously concluded that Soccer was an obscure Oriental dialect. I therefore answered: "No, my good youth. My linguistic studies are at present confined to Latin and French and German, and I frankly confess that Soccer is unknown to me even by repute."



How the Old Fogeys fancy their luck! They strut across the quad, with their noses up in the air, as though they owned the giddy universe.

For reasons which I found difficult to comprehend at the time, the juvenile promptly betrayed signs of risibility. Afterwards I found a certain amount of justification for his mirth. Soccer, it appeared, was not an Oriental dialect, but a recreative pastime associated with the propulsion of a spherical object known as a football across a measured portion of the earth's surface known as a football pitch.

I endeavoured to interest myself in this strange ritual, and have been endeavouring ever since. So far, I must admit, I have encountered a striking lack of success!

How is it possible to experience excitement over the vicissitudes of a leathern sphere subjected to the pedal and cranial impulses of 22 juveniles ludicrously attired in woollen jerseys and abbreviated nether habiliments is to me a profound mystery.

Over Darwinism, Determinism, and a number of other "isms" propounded

by my mentor, Professor Balmycrumpet, I admit to becoming occasionally enthusiastic. But over Soccer—no, my good youths, that can never be!

WHO'S COCK HOUSE NOW?

By Clifton Dane

ALTHOUGH our official opinion is that all New House men are born idiots, we've always been willing to admit that they have their redeeming features. One of the redeeming features is Figgins' proven merit as a long-distance runner. We cheerfully grant that when it comes to a cross-country run, old Figgy is a regular human antelope. We can confidently assure you, old sons, that he takes a rare lot of whacking!

For that reason, School House long-distance men went into pretty strict training for last Saturday's 8-mile marathon. New House don't often get the chance of a chortle over us these days, and we wanted to avoid giving them one, if possible.

Figgins was made sole scratch man in the handicap drawn up by Kildare, but rather than put up with the indignity of a start, Tom Merry decided to ignore the handicap and begin dead level with the New House leader.

Twenty men lined up for the start—twelve School House and eight New House. The course was over rough country to Wayland Moor, across the railway between Rylcombe and Wayland and through the quarries, then back by footpath and road via

Rylcombe—a gruelling run, sufficient to test the stamina of the toughest!

After the first mile, Merry forged ahead of Figgins, and began rapidly overhauling the others. At the level crossing beyond Wayland Moor, the School House chief was leading the pack, with Figgins well back among the smaller fry. Figgy knows how to bide his time in a marathon!

About a quarter of a mile north of Rylcombe, Figgins settled down to win the race, and spectators who finished the course with the runners on their bikes report that he streaked ahead for a minute or so as though nothing could stop him. At Rylcombe he had left the rest behind and was fast overtaking Merry, who was by this time showing obvious signs of wear and tear. Mellish offered ten to one on Figgy at this stage and found no takers, so you can judge it looked pretty good for the New House!

But Merry plodded on desperately,

and Figgins began to realise that it wasn't going to be a walk-over for him, after all. With St. Jim's in sight, he made a great spurt and drew level—and then, for the last two hundred yards the two rivals ran neck and neck.

Amid cheering such as is rarely

heard at the finish of a marathon, Merry and Figgins breasted the tape together. The great race had ended in a dead heat for first place!

So for once in a way, the question "Who's cock House now?" can't be answered by either side with any kind of certitude.



Amid cheering such as is rarely heard at the finish of a marathon, Merry and Figgins breasted the tape together.

GUNNER ON GUARD

By **ARTHUR NEWCOME**

(of the Fistical Four of Rookwood)

SAID Peter Cuthbert Gunner when
A merry crowd of Fourth Form men
Were going swimming in the pool
Where water is so calm and cool ;

“ Look out, the river’s rather deep,
So mind you silly asses keep
Within your depth, or else you’ll shout
For help when nobody’s about !

I’ll tell you what—I’ll come and stand
In bathing costume near at hand,
And when you cry for help, I’ll dive
And bring you to the shore alive !

A life-guard—that’s the right idea !
You’re safe enough when I am near ;
I’ll stand on duty at the brink
To rescue you before you sink !”

“ You silly fathead !” Lovell said,
“ You dive just like a lump of lead,
And swim the river like a stone—
You’d better leave the job alone !”

And Raby added, “ If we yelled
For help, and found ourselves compelled
To wait till help from you arrives,
We’d go on drowning all our lives !”

But Gunner let us laugh and scoff,
Determined not to be put off ;
So in we went, and said no more,
But left him standing on the shore.

The life-guard strutted, full of swank,
Upon the margin of the bank ;
Then trod upon an empty tin
And missed his footing, and fell in !

A fearful howl of wild despair
Rang sharply through the summer air ;
“ Help! Rescue !” came in tones of fear.
Said Silver : “ Gunner’s chance is here !”

Alas ! The voice was of our guard,
Whose plight was desperate and hard,
But Silver grasped him as he sank,
And towed him to the river bank.

He staggered up and left the pool,
And trailed back wearily to school ;
And there he vowed that nevermore
He’d be a life-guard on the shore !

