# AMONG THE TREE-TOPS

### A Charming Nature Story

By

### CLIVE R. FENN

Would be far wiser to trek south for the winter. He flicked his red bushy tail as he advanced this opinion. Flash, his companion, who was of a lighter shade of brown, but just as firm in his views of what was right and proper, declared it was all nonsense.

"It is really warmer up here," he urged, and there are plenty of nuts. You see if I am not right! We can collect quite a

respectable store for the bad times."

White Eye blinked a few times, and moved his tail very fast, but he knew he would have to give way. He knew, too, that there was more food in the woods further down towards the sun, with bigger woods, and a rare lot more cover. But there are very few things in this world worth arguing about; White Eye realised it, and gave way.

For weeks the two close comrades worked hammer and tongs to get their larder in a fit and proper state of preparedness. They had the freehold of a very old hut which had long since been abandoned. The hut had been forgotten. It was situated in the depths of a wood, on a little shelf which overlooked a stream that went brawling its way over the rocks, to join a larger river miles distant.

"We haven't got half enough yet, you know," said Flash, as they inspected their supplies one day, when there was the first chill of autumn in the air. "You know how peckish I am on the cold days."

White Eye said nothing. He generally fell



For weeks the two squirrels worked to get their larder into a fit and proper state of preparedness for the winter.

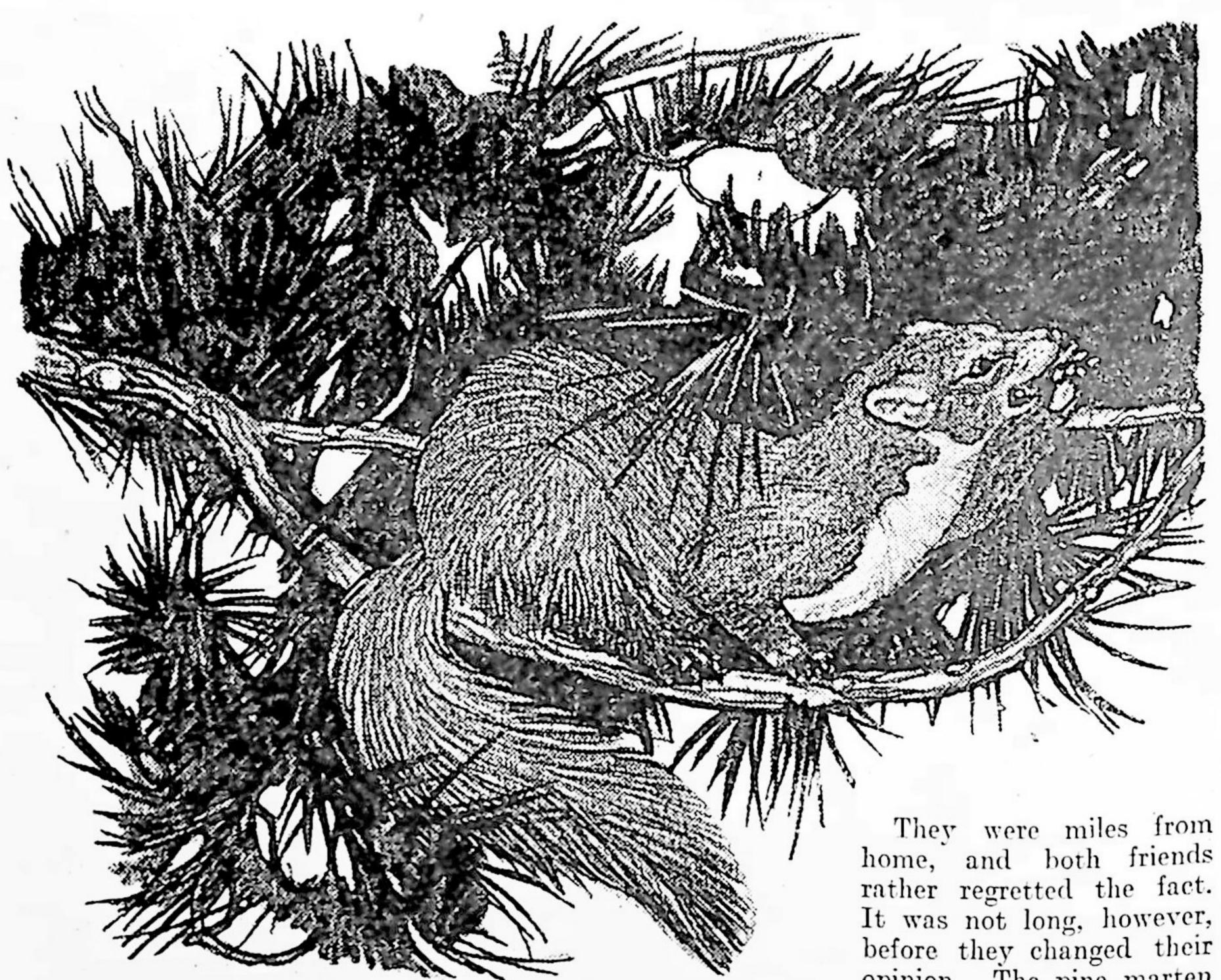
with in the views of his friend. So the two squirrels went scouting all over the country for further provender in readiness for the bad weather. They skipped across the glades where, here and there, a blue flower still carried on, though the season was at an end. They were happy days in the wilds. Sometimes the sun shone from early morning till the white mist curled over the blue lochs as evening came.

"We've got enough," said White Eye, one day as dusk fell. "I think—" He stopped

speaking and sniffed.

"I say, Flash, did you notice anything?" he asked.

The other squirrel swung himself from the



bough on which he was perched, and stared at his chum, who was several stages further down.

"Yes," he replied, in a frightened voice; "and between you and me and that fir tree, I don't like it at all. It reminds me of weasels and polecats. I know! It's a marten! It's a nasty, vicious brute. We'd better clear at once."

What they had detected was the presence of Melkin, the marten, sure as eggs are eggs. In another minute the nut-hunting comrades made out their enemy. The stranger was peering at them from the shady depths of an ash, his eyes glittering in the gloom. He was a fairly dark chocolate-brown colour, with a distinctly handsome orange shirt-front.

"He thinks we live here," murmured Flash. "He would! Just what a marten always does!" replied White Eye scornfully.

opinion. The pine marten

scampered along a branch, making straight

for the squirrels, whisking his tail.

"A squirrel for supper with nut saucethey are bound to live close at hand-will suit me at a pinch," he said to himself, as he twitched his tawny whiskers. "Here's for it!"

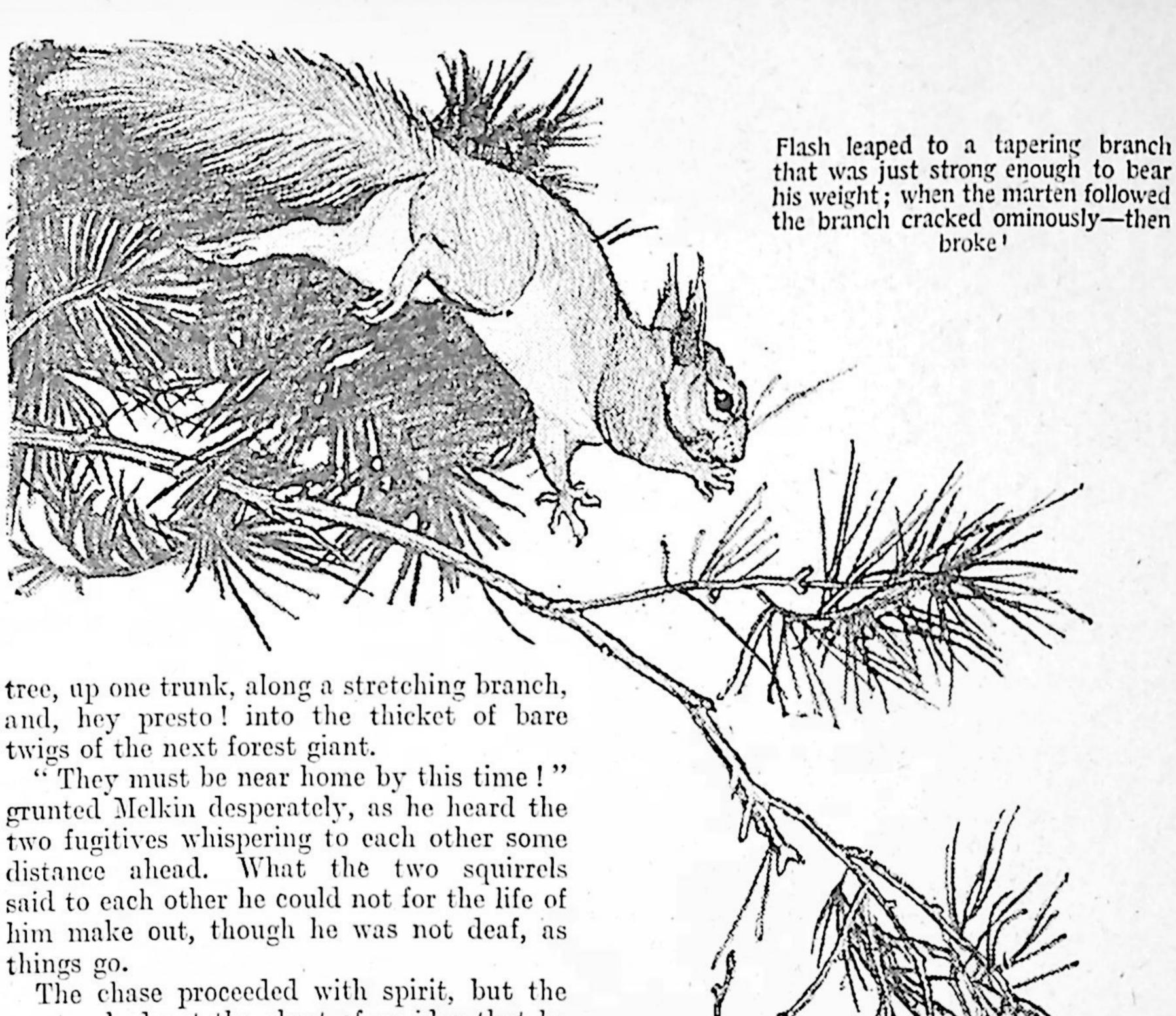
But planning the menu was one thing. To supply the goods was quite another thing.

"They'll have got their store in one of

these trees," he said to himself.

It was in his mind that it would be a case of two birds-or rather, a pair of squirrelswith one stone, but he had counted without his host. White Eye and Flash had been up and down in the world of trees all their merry young lives, and it is trees that count, as they knew well.

Away they danced, springing from tree to



The chase proceeded with spirit, but the marten had not the ghost of an idea that he was being led further and further from the squirrels' headquarters. They knew the country far better than he did, and they had led their enemy right up the valley where the trees grew out of the sides of a gorge right over the tumbling river. On and on went White Eye and Flash, so light they hardly

seemed to touch the boughs.

Suddenly the marten saw the foremost squirrel give a spring, and, forgetting prudence, he followed. But the tapering branch, which was just strong enough to bear Flash, snapped beneath the marten's weight, and the next second, so far as he was able to estimate anything, he was whirling down and down, plosh, into the waters far below. His head struck a stone, and he was terribly dizzy until the rush of the river brought him round.

He had such a job to get to the bank, although he was quite a respectable swimmer, for the current was strong!

WARWICK

PEYHOLD!

He thought he heard a laugh floating along the foaming water towards him, as, at last, he was seated on a mossy stone removing bits of rubbish from his fur. It is just possible, though it may have been his vivid imagination. But, anyhow, the squirrels did laugh as they raced for home.

THE END

The great fight was interrupted by the arrival of the Head in the fourteenth round.

On the historic battleground behind the school chapel, many fierce and famous fights have been fought throughout the generations. Some I have witnessed myself; some I have actually taken part in; but the most famous fights of all took place long before I came to Greyfriars. I am indebted to various Old Boys for details of these stirring encounters.

In 1875, there was a terrific "scrap" between Tom Power, the captain of Greyfriars, and Fowkes of the Fifth—a big, blustering fellow who had earned for himself the nickname of "The Terror." Bullying was rampant in those days, and Fowkes was the arch-bully of Greyfriars. He was feared and hated on every side, and none of his Formfellows had the courage to tackle him. Few of the Sixth cared to face him, for that matter. Such a domineering tyrant did Fowkes become that Tom Power realised that his prestige was being undermined, and that he would have to put Fowkes in his place if he wished to retain his authority. So he challenged the burly Fifth-former to a fight.

AND what a fight it was! I am informed, by an eye-witness, that it lasted fifteen rounds, and was waged with a sternness which

FAMOUS SCHOOLBOY FIGHTS!

By GEORGE WINGATE

Captain of Greyfriars

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amounted almost to ferocity. Tom Power was a muscular giant, and the idol of the fags, who gathered round in a ring and cheered him to the echo; but he had all his work cut out to cope with the savage rushes of Fowkes. Indeed, the captain of Greyfriars was several times in danger of defeat; but in the fifteenth round, when all seemed lost, he rallied magnificently, and piled heavy punishment upon his powerful opponent. Fowkes was down at last, with all the fight knocked out of him; and from that time onwards he ceased to terrorise the smaller fry, and wisely dropped his bullying ways.

THE great fight of 1899 is still discussed, when two or three Old Boys are gathered together. This was a tremendous sloggingmatch between Harcourt and Hawkes, of the Sixth. There had been no feud or quarrel; the fight was to decide who was the champion fighting-man of Greyfriars. So evenly matched were the participants that neither could claim the advantage, though both received terrible punishment. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek, with a vengeance! The fighters were in such a deplorable state after ten rounds of mutual hammering, that their friends called upon them to stop, and call it a draw. But neither Harcourt nor Hawkes would consent to this arrangement, and the fight went on. It was interrupted by the arrival of the Head in the fourteenth round; and no decision was arrived at. Subsequently, however, the two seniors met again, in the seclusion of Friardale Wood; and after a gruelling fight the verdict went to Harcourt.



"I'm a little ray of sunshine, that's wot I am!" said Gosling, as he took the half-crown.

M I 'appy?" said William Gosling, in reply to my query. "Of course I'm 'appy! I'm a-brimmin' an' a-bubblin' over with 'appiness, as ever was! My name ought never to 'ave been William Gosling. It oughter 'ave been Mark Tapley!" I smiled.

"Well, you've changed since I last saw you, Gossy," I said. "When I interviewed you on a previous occasion, you were as grumpy and surly as a bear with a sore head."

"Ah! I was a pessimist in them days," said Gosling. "But now I've blossomed into a cheery hoptimist. I halways looks on the sunny side o' things, an' views life through rose-coloured spectacles. I sings to meself, sings I:

"What's the use of worritin'?

It never was worth while;

So pack all your troubles in your old kitbag

And smile, smile, smile!"

And Gosling smiled—the broad, elastic

smile of a ventriloquist's doll.

"Mind you," said Gosling, "I don't 'ave an easy time of it in this 'ere seat o' learnin'. My dooties are wot you might call—"

"Multifarious?" I suggested.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH HARRIED

A Cheery Interview with Gosling, the Greyfriars Porter

By A

"Holiday Annual" Representative

"That's a good word; I'll back it both ways. I never gets a minute's peace, from the risin' hup of the sun unto the goin' down of the same. I'm hup with the lark to ring the risin' bell. Then I gets my broom an' sweeps away the autumn leaves, or the winter snow, or the summer dust; also the litter wot all the young rascals 'ave made in the Close. You'd be surprised at the things they strews about—paper bags from the tuckshop, an' 'orse-chestnuts, an' tops, an' marbles, an' all manner of hodds an' hends. One mornin' I swep' hup a five-pun note!"

"Great Scott! Did you discover the owner

of it?"

"Yus; it belonged to young Lord Mauleverer. 'E throws bank-notes about as if they was waste paper. Nice to be rollin' in riches, ain't it? But I'm jest as 'appy as 'is lordship, for all 'is wealth! Money don't make 'appiness. I'm 'appier than the 'Ead, too. I ain't got all 'is worry an' responsibility. 'Uneasy lies the 'Ead wot wears a gown,' as the sayin' goes. My dooties are never done. I'm a-racin' an' a-chasin' about all day long, at everybody's beck an' call. It's 'Goslingthis 'an' it's 'Gosling-that,' an' it's 'Goslingthe-other,' till I sometimes wonders whether I'm on me 'ead or me 'eels. But I'm quite 'appy through it all, bless yer 'eart! I'm wot they calls a phil-phil-"

"Philosopher?" I hazarded.

"That's it! Wot I says is this 'ere: a merry 'eart goes all the day, an' all the year, for that matter. I'm finished with growlin' an' scowlin' an' snappin' an' yappin'. I'm a little ray of sunshine now, that's wot I am!"

I slipped a half-crown into Gosling's horny palm and strolled away, leaving the "little ray of sunshine" beaming all over his dial.

THE END

## Greyfriars Champions



### WILLIAM WIBLEY

(Champion Impersonator)

The praise of Wibley I proclaim,
An actor most deserving,
Who later on will win the fame
Of Tree or Henry Irving.
No matter what his chosen part,
King Richard or Othello,
He is a genius at the art—
A really clever fellow!

He sets the table in a roar

With all his pranks and prattling;
We rock with laughter more and more

Until the china's rattling!
He gives us extracts from the plays,
Both gleefully and glibly,
Until we gape in sheer amaze,
And stammer: "Bravo, Wibley!"

At which he has no equal;
Though when he chooses to unmask
There's oft a painful sequel.
He is a master of disguise,
He shows delightful daring;
It needs a pair of eagle eyes
To pierce what he is wearing!

The school would be a duller place,

If Wibley wasn't in it;
We love to see his cheery face,

And wonder, every minute,

What "stunt" he's planning in his mind

To make us laugh in chorus;

When Wib's in form, we always find

A feast of fun before us!

## Aircraft at Sea

A LTHOUGH the Atlantic Ocean has been flown by an aeroplane, it is an accepted fact that the heavier-than-air craft are suitable only for comparatively short-distance flights. Because the Navy needs aircraft, and because our war vessels traverse aircraft, and because our war vessels traverse thousands of miles of ocean, it has been necesthousands of miles of ocean, it has been necesthousands of special ships which are, in effect, floating hangers.

The top part of the plate opposite gives a side view and some particulars of an aircraft carrier. From such a vessel, aeroplanes can rise, do whatever work is required, and return to the mother-craft without even sighting land.

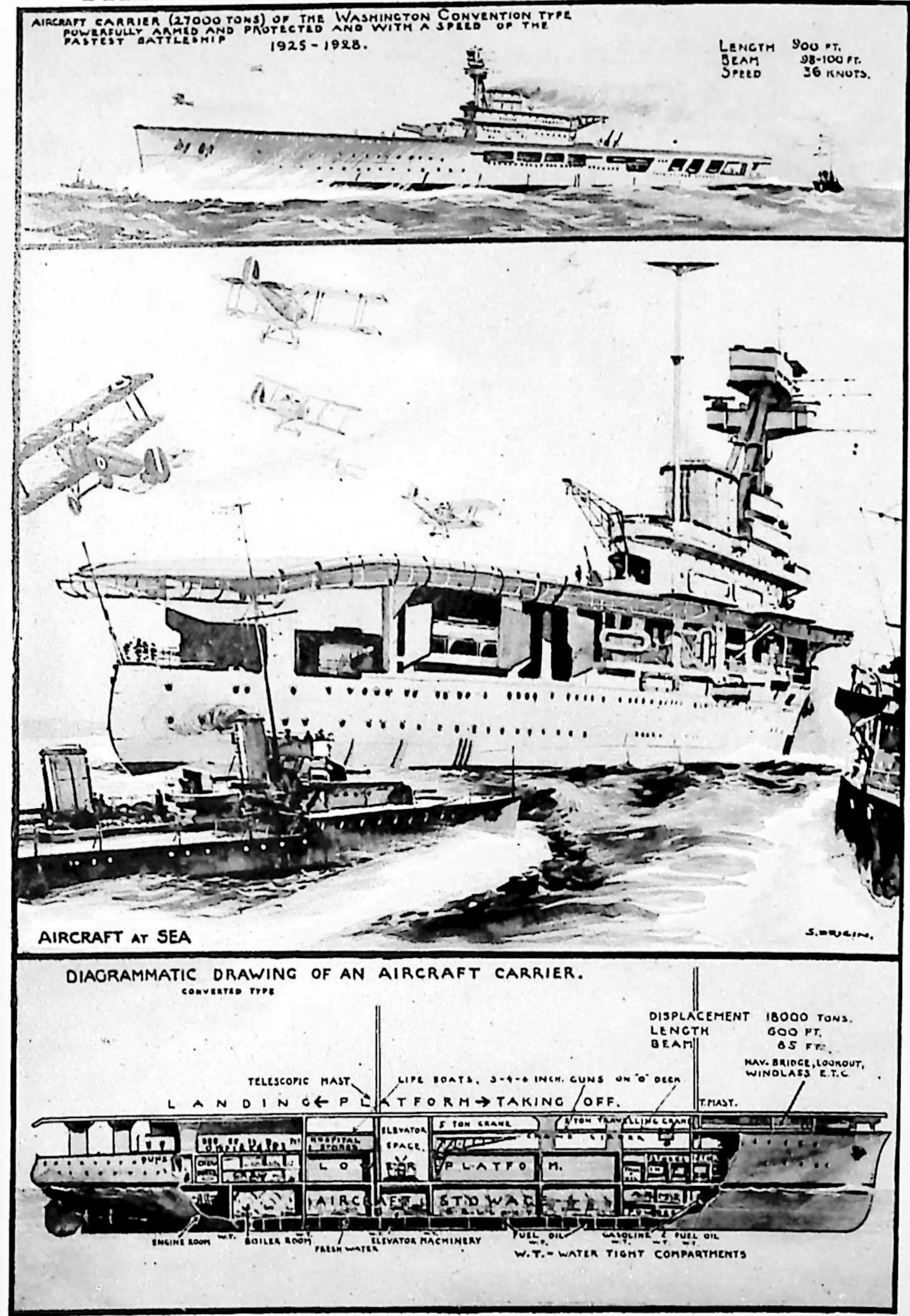
On the carrier, 'planes are re-fuelled, over-hauled and repaired just as effectively as they might be at an aerodrome. Naturally, of course, the pilots need great skill, because of the restricted space available for landing or taking off. There have been many inventions and suggestions for making certain that a machine shall land safely, but hardly any have proved practicable.

An aeroplane has to attain a certain minimum speed before it will rise into the air; in some small fighting machines, this speed is very high indeed—seventy or eighty miles an hour, or even more. Naturally, when the machine is landing, it will touch the deck of the aircraft carrier at the same speed at which it takes off, with only a run of under three hundred yards in which to come to a dead stop.

Safe landing depends very much upon the skill of the pilot. It is possible to "stall" a 'plane in such a way that the air itself acts as a brake, and so checks the speed before the machine actually touches the deck.

The central part of the photogravure plate shows a typical scene on an aircraft carrier, and the picture below gives a very clear idea of how the vessel is planned. The aeroplanes, it will be seen, are stored away in the heart of the vessel, being brought by an elevator to the landing and taking-off platform on deck.

## THE "EYES OF THE FLEET" AT SEA!



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An Important Unit in the British Navy—The Aircraft Carrier

Drawn by S. Drigin

## SPORTING RECORDS OF 1926

### By GEORGE WINGATE

(Captain of Greyfriars)

#### CRICKET

We are now at the tail-end of the cricket season, which has been a keenly exciting one at Greyfriars. Once again the old school has covered itself with glory; for the First Eleven has won twenty matches out of twenty-six. Two games were lost, and the remainder drawn, chiefly owing to inclement weather.

A School record, which had remained unbroken for 28 years, has been beaten at last. Prior to this season, the highest score ever made by the Greyfriars senior eleven was 640 for 5 wickets (declared). This was against

Friardale Village in 1899. It would seem well-nigh impossible to eclipse this gigantic score, but the impossible has been achieved. Playing against the very same club—Friardale Village—the School ran up a total of 672!

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Patrick Gwynne, the tall Irish senior, carried off the chief honours in this remarkable match. Batti g in dashing, fearless style, Gwynne obtained 226 not out, which is nearly—but not quite—a school record. The record for the highest individual score in Greyfriars

cricket is held by H. V. Clifton who, many years ago, scored 244. Clifton's great record is not likely to be disturbed for many years.

The chief bowling honours this season have fallen to Tom North, who in one match clean bowled six men for no runs. Remarkable as is such a feat, it has been excelled; for on delving into my Wisden I find that on July 31, 1891, playing for South Hants v. Ventnor, Mr. V. E. Archer Burton clean bowled 9 wickets for no runs.

WE have very few big hitters in Greyfriars cricket to-day; and the feat of R. B.

Standish, who in 1906 hit a ball clean over the roof of the gymnasium, still remains unequalled. Here is a chance for one of our budding Jessops to show what he can do in the smiting line.



The feat of R. B. Standish still remains unequalled; he hit a ball clean over the roof of the gynnasium.

#### FOOTBALL

boast splendid traditions as a footballing school; and we may look back upon last season's performances with pride. Both senior and junior elevens acquitted themselves well; and, curiously enough, their records are identical. Played, 40. Won, 27; drawn, 8; lost, 5.

THERE were many outstanding performances. The seniors trounced Courtfield Athletic by 10 goals to nil-on the Courtfielders' ground, too. The Remove eleven, in their last match of the season, fairly ran riot against Burchester Grammar School, and won by the amazing score of 14 goals to 1. The latter score is not a record, however, the highest score ever obtained being 17-1, against Wapshot Juniors.

GEORGE BULSTRODE, the Remove goalkeeper, conceded only 10 goals in 40 matches.

His skill between the posts is remarkable, and he already has the makings of a famous custodian.

THE Public Schools' Challenge Cup has been won by the Greyfriars Remove on five occasions—in 1895, 1896, 1904, 1924, and 1925. Now for the "hat-trick"!

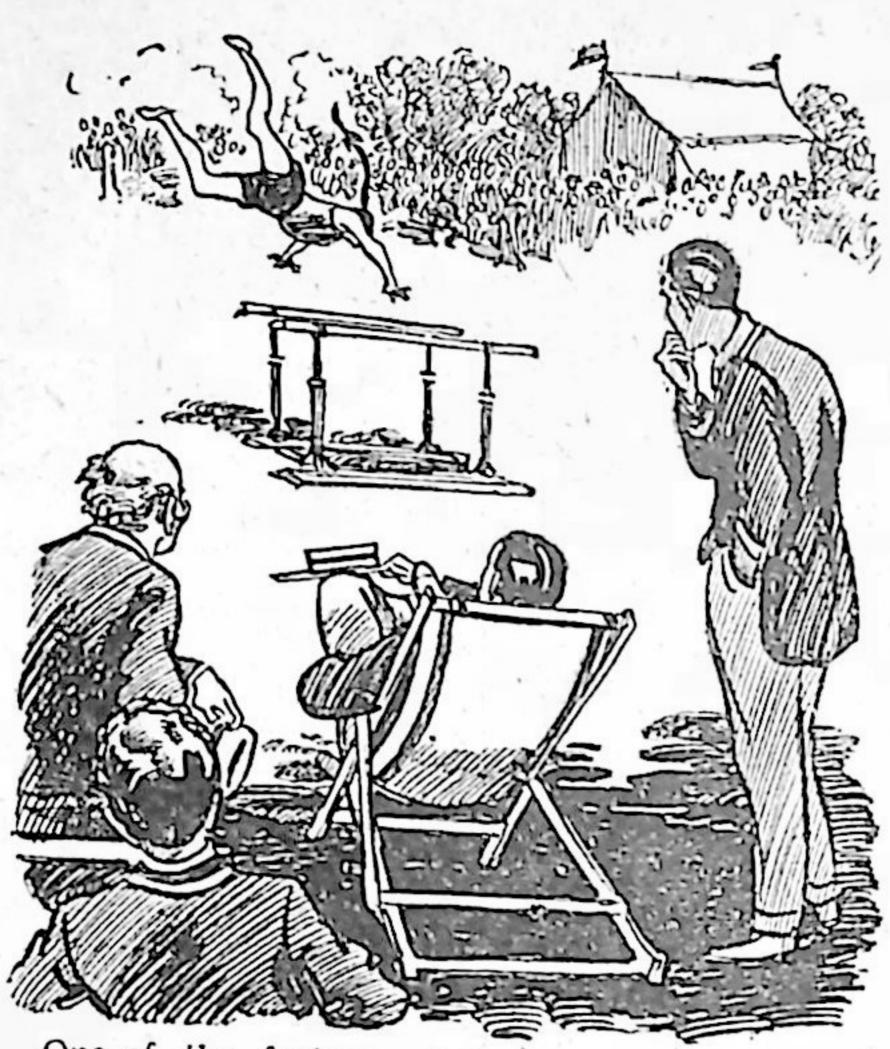
### GENERAL NOTICES

AMMERSLEY, of the Sixth, won the Senior Boxing Championship this year, whilst the junior honours fell to Bob Cherry.

HARRY WHARTON again proved himself the champion swimmer of the Remove.

A DISPLAY of acrobatic feats by little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was one of the features of Sports Day.

Tom Brown won the junior cycling championship of Greyfriars; and the annual Marathon Race was won in heroic style by Mark Linley.



One of the features of Sports Day was a display of acrobatics by Wun Lung, the Chinese junior.

HORACE COKER, of the Fifth Form, was to have given an exhibition of trick riding on his motor-bike. Unfortunately, however, the jigger absolutely refused to start at the critical moment. Coker, panting and puffing, pushed the machine at a smart trot the best part of half a mile without result, whereupon he retired amidst much laughter and cheers.

Mr. Paul Prout's offer to entertain the visitors by an exhibition of marksmanship with the identical rifle which—according to Mr. Prout—did so

much execution amongst the grizzly bears of the Rocky Mountains in the 'eighties, was not accepted by the Head.

Coker of the Fifth scored in the tug-of-war, the team which he skippered beating Blundell's team after a stout tussle in the final heat. As Blundell was heard to remark, it was a case of brawn beating brain.

THE Masters' Race (220 yds.) was won by Mr. Lascelles from scratch. Monsieur Charpentier, with 50 yards start, made a great race of it, and was only beaten on the post by a yard.

Hoskins of the Shell scored a great personal triumph on Speech Day. He was allowed to play "a little thing of his own" on the piano before the assembled guests. So weird and wonderful were the sounds that resulted, that everyone agreed that Hoskins must be awfully clever!