

GRAND DERBY, CRICKET, AND FOOTBALL STORIES!

THE Boys' Realm 1⁹

The Great Saturday Sports Journal



THE "BUCKING UP" OF ST. ESMOND'S
A RATTLING NEW SCHOOL TALE BY S.S. Gordon

JACK NOBLE'S PICNIC.

A Screamingly Funny Complete Tale of Pelham School.

...and a sunny and warm, and a...
 ...Clifford, Bayne, and a...
 ...the big, main...
 ...Pelham School and...
 ...the quad. They were clad...
 ...and really in damels and blazers...
 ...between them a commodious hamper...
 ...of an edible nature...
 ...Alligator Island...
 ...up a dip, and some...
 ...have a dip again in the...
 ...and pull back again in the...
 ...it won't take...
 ...the evening...
 ...of the junior eleven at Pelham...
 ...and a heavy scowl marked his...
 ...They had just reached the big...
 ...and Clifford...
 ...were coming to the right...
 ...Clifford was...
 ...he almost yelled...
 ...Clifford that Jack Noble with Mac and...
 ...they've got a hamper with them as...
 ...they must be going down to the boat-...
 ...allow them to get there before...
 ...in great excitement...
 ...of recent tub...
 ...the Fourth-...
 ...two craft were...
 ...at the school boat-house by the...
 ...the old tub, usually...
 ...and the other a light...
 ...four-oared skiff. It had...
 ...Clifford's intention to make use of the...
 ...the river expedition...
 ...Clifford Noble of the...
 ...he had rivalled him. Clifford...
 ...with rage, and then a sudden idea...
 ...and his last cleared...
 ...he cried...
 ...I know what we'll do, said...
 ...out across this field...
 ...we'll get there in good...
 ...after all...
 ...place told Mark and Bayne that...
 ...was right, and lugging the heavy...
 ...between them, they dashed across the...
 ...and climbed over the five-barred gate...
 ...to the field beyond...
 ...a test for those measly fags when...
 ...we've been the best boat," chuckled...
 ...in huge delight as he hoped along...
 ...he'll be satisfied with the mousiey...
 ...he said...
 ...Clifford was counting his chickens...
 ...they were hatched, as was his usual...
 ...he had great confidence in his...
 ...a misplaced confidence that when...
 ...into more than one serious scrape...
 ...moment he was patting himself...
 ...and, marvelling inwardly at his...
 ...in thinking of taking the short...
 ...he to imagine the field to be...
 ...occupied, and he was not made aware...
 ...the last until a sudden yell of terror...
 ...from Bayne, made him almost jump...
 ...the rainbow-hued socks...
 ...yelled Bayne, dropping his...
 ...the hamper with a crash to the ground...
 ...Look!"...
 ...Clifford followed the direction of his chum's...
 ...fingers, and what he saw caused his...
 ...together with fright. Advancing...
 ...the field came an enormous...
 ...bait, looking like a massive head, and...
 ...to tumbled angrily. As it came...
 ...to a rumbling bellow, and...
 ...waiting to see or hear any more, Bayne...
 ...his heels and sprouted for the nearest...
 ...and Mark were not long in follow-...
 ...the example. Only stopping...
 ...the hamper, they set off...
 ...the rough ground...
 ...hurry!" puffed...
 ...the brute's glance...
 ...use! It's all your fault, you...
 ...your silly mouth!" breathed Clifford...
 ...Bang! Bang! went the contents...
 ...the broken piece of crockery...
 ...struck strongly to the...
 ...and with...
 ...it came thunder-...
 ...the Fourth-Formers like a...
 ...and unwieldy, and with a ten...
 ...the uneven handicap by ten...
 ...after wriggling halfway through...
 ...the waving grasslands in the...
 ...and Mark had no time to follow...
 ...the procedure, even had they...
 ...the top of the...
 ...they followed head-over...
 ...the back of his neck in a...
 ...of a second later, Another

...eight of a second and the pursuing bull struck...
 ...the ledge on the further side with a rattling...
 ...crash of rending branches, and Bayne emerged...
 ...from his leafy retreat into safety like a cork...
 ...of cork...
 ..."You, over, help! I'm killed!" moaned...
 ...Clifford. "Every bone in my body's broken! I...
 ...bleeding to death!"...
 ..."You utter ass!" hissed Bayne, sitting up...
 ...and rubbing that part of his anatomy which...
 ...had come in violent contact with the hard, un-...
 ...sympathetic ground. "You fraibons, fat-...
 ...headed idiot. It's all your own fault. You...
 ...ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum!"...
 ..."Look! Bullfoot! Look!" yelled Mark, crawling...
 ...mainly to his feet. "This wouldn't have...
 ...happened if it hadn't been for your maniacal...
 ...idea of taking a short cut across the field...
 ...I hope you've broken your confounded neck!"...
 ..."How did I know there was a rotten bull...
 ...in the heathly field?" shrieked Clifford, who...
 ...was beetling with thorns like an angry hedgehog...
 ..."Do you think I arranged it for my own...
 ...enjoyment?"...
 ...For the next five minutes there was a deep...
 ...silence, broken by an anguished groan and...
 ...yells as Bayne and Mark rubbed their bumps...
 ...and bruises, and Clifford extracted six-inch...
 ...thorns from every portion of his body...
 ...At last the "first-aid" work was concluded...
 ...and, picking up the mousiey-lattered hamper...
 ...the three Fourth-Formers continued their...
 ...scrambled journey to the school boat-house...
 ...with all possible speed. Their arrival there saw...
 ...their worst fears realised...
 ...Drawn up by the bank was the light, four-...
 ...oared skiff they had contemplated putting to...
 ...the use that afternoon. Here in the stern...
 ...was Jack Noble, a commodious hamper set...
 ...between his legs, while Bob Russell and...
 ...Fighting Mac were at the sculls, preparing to...
 ...push off...
 ...Clifford nearly choked with rage and mortifi-...
 ...cation, as he realised that he and his cronies...
 ...would have to make use of the unwieldy old...
 ...Ark...
 ..."Here, I say, you rotten fags!" he howled...
 ...striding down to the river's bank. "Get out...
 ...of that tub! We've bagged it for this after-...
 ...noon!"...
 ..."Eh, beg pardon?" drawled Jack, looking...
 ...lazily up...
 ..."I say hop out of that boat, quick and...
 ...lively!" shrieked Clifford, turning purple in...
 ...the face...
 ...We want it! It's our boat!"...
 ..."Go and chew coke!" replied Jack...
 ...politely and sweetly. "Push off, Mac. Don't...
 ...mind those tramps. By-by, Clifflif. I'll lend...
 ...you my steam yacht if you're good. You'll...
 ...find it on the mantelpiece in my study...
 ...Pawell!"...
 ...Mac attempted to push the skiff off from...
 ...the bank with one of his sculls, and at the...
 ...same instant, blind with rage, Clifford leaped...
 ...over and made a grab at the bows of the boat...
 ...intending to hold it back. Unluckily for him...
 ...Mac's push-off was a good, strong one...
 ...Out into mid-stream swung the skiff, and...
 ...missing his hold Clifford lost his balance as...
 ...well, and pitched face foremost into three feet...
 ...of slimy, sticky mud. He landed with a...
 ...horrible, sucking squelch, and a roar of laughter...
 ...burst from Jack Noble and his chums...
 ..."Ha, ha, ha! Look at that Clifflif diving...
 ...for cork. My hat! Look at his face!"...
 ..."Taking a mud bath, Clifflif? What an...
 ...extraordinary chap you are! Ha, ha, ha!"...
 ...Clifford scrambled to his feet, and a pitiful...
 ...spectacle he presented. From head to foot he...
 ...was coated with slimy, dripping mud. His...
 ...mouth, and nose were full of it, and it...
 ...ran down his arms and dropped from his...
 ...fingers in great drops...
 ...Clifford danced, yelled, choked, and screamed...
 ...and ended up by losing his footing and sitting...
 ...down again with a smack the seat a shower...
 ...of mud all over Bayne and Mark...
 ...Then, just as Clifflif was scrambling out for...
 ...the second time, a crowd of juniors came...
 ...running up, and burst out laughing as they...
 ...caught sight of the unfortunate skinned...
 ...And then the skiff skimmed lightly out into...
 ...mid-stream, the two rowers doubled up with...
 ...laughter over their skulls...
 ..."Good-bye, old stick-in-the-mud," Jack...
 ...called, and the boat vanished around a curve...
 ...in the stream...
 ..."Where are we bound, Captain Noble?"...
 ...asked Mac ten minutes later, when they had...
 ...got over the laughter and mirth caused by...
 ...Clifford's diving feat...
 ..."I vote we go to Alligator Island," suggested...
 ...Jack, leaning back and basking in the bright...
 ...sunlight, with the rudder strings over his...
 ...shoulders. "We can run in the little creek on...
 ...this side, have a swim while the kettle boils...
 ...an have tea afterwards..."...
 ...The idea was backed with enthusiasm, and...
 ...Mac and Bob put their backs into their work...
 ...and fairly sent the light skiff streaming...
 ...through the smooth waters of the River Pel...
 ...Alligator Island was only a mile and a half...
 ...up-stream, and they reached it in just under

...fifteen minutes. Jack steered the craft skil-...
 ...fully into the pretty little creek, almost hidden...
 ...to the casual passer-by by a screen of green...
 ...rushes, and Mac leaped out and made it fast...
 ...The bank of the island there was carpeted...
 ...with soft green moss; and out came the...
 ...hamper with its succulent contents, towels...
 ...bathing costumes, and Bob's fishing-rod...
 ...Ten minutes later the three boys were gam-...
 ...boling and splashing in the clear waters of...
 ...the Pelt. After a race to the other bank of...
 ...the river and back, which Jack won by a good...
 ...two lengths, they emerged, cool and refreshed...
 ...and dressed again...
 ...Then Bob temporarily subdued matters by...
 ...trying conclusions with his fishing-rod, while...
 ...Jack and Mac spread out the teachings and...
 ...lit the first lamp. Bob's total catch amounted...
 ...to two in cans, and a mouldy old boot coated...
 ...with barnacle, and a tiny roach three-...
 ...quarters of an inch long, which Bob signified...
 ...his intention of having stuffed and presented...
 ...to Dr. Hillingford...
 ...Jack and Mac strolling inland in search of...
 ...a bird's nest while the kettle boiled, returned...
 ...to find Bob still gravely watching his irri-...
 ...tatingly immovable float. It was then that a...
 ...strange discovery was made...
 ..."Who's pinched the plum cake?" yelled...
 ...Jack suddenly...
 ..."And the sardines?" howled Mac angrily...
 ..."They've gone! an' I laid them out there on...
 ...the cloth myself!"...
 ..."You greedy glutton, Bob! You've jolly...
 ...well wuffed them!" accused Jack...
 ..."Woffed your grandmother!" denied Bob...
 ...indignantly. "I haven't moved from here...
 ...I had a late five minutes ago..."...
 ..."Then where the dickens have they—?"...
 ...Jack stopped short, with a gasp of amaze-...
 ...ment, and pointed to the ground...
 ...Mac followed the direction of the out-...
 ...stretched finger, and suddenly was a prey to all...
 ...the emotions that must have overwhelmed...
 ...Robinson Crusoe on his discovery of Man...
 ...Friday's tracks. For there, plainly stamped...
 ...in the soft, moist earth, was a footprint, and...
 ...the print of a very big foot at that. A yard...
 ...away was another, and then another, leading...
 ...straight towards a dense clump of shrubbery...
 ...And then, before the three boys could make...
 ...a move to investigate their suspicions, there...
 ...was a rustle in the undergrowth, the bushes...
 ...parted, and a greasy dirty tramp strolled into...
 ...view. His face was red and unshaven bea-...
 ...ding remarkably ugly, and in one hand the...
 ...new-come held the missing plum-cake, from

which a big, irregular bite was missing, and...
 ...in the other the vanished tin of sardines...
 ..."Hecusce me, young gent," leered the...
 ...tramp, in a husky, heavy voice. "Kin yer...
 ...oldest me wiv a tin-hopper?"...
 ...There was a moment's surprised silence, and...
 ...then Bob burst out with angry indignation...
 ..."You dirty, rotten thief! What do you...
 ...mean by pinching our grub? Hand it over at...
 ...once, or I'll hand you over to the police!"...
 ...The tramp banished his ingratiating air, and...
 ...thrust his jaw forward ominously...
 ..."Now then, I don't want none but yer lip!"...
 ...he roared, advancing a step threateningly...
 ..."Keep a curb on yer tongue!"...
 ..."You go and chew coke!" said Jack grimly...
 ...and, his anger getting the better of his dis-...
 ...cretion, he stooped, and, picking up a new-laid...
 ...egg from the cloth, he let fly with unerring...
 ...aim...
 ...The missile flew true to its mark, and caught...
 ...the tramp fairly on the forehead. The egg...
 ...burst with a plop, and the slimy quip ran...
 ...down over the greasy, dirty face...
 ...For a moment the tramp seemed nonplussed...
 ...at this defiance where he had expected none;...
 ...and then, with a wild yell of rage, he flung...
 ...himself at the three lads, swinging his arms...
 ...like flails...
 ..."I'll arf murder you, you young scut!"...
 ...he bellowed...
 ...But he had not reckoned with Jack and his...
 ...companions. Though they were small and...
 ...light they were strong, fit, and agile; and...
 ...before the tramp quite knew where he was...
 ...Bob thrust his foot between his legs, and he...
 ...came down on his face with a crash. He...
 ...struggled up, only to be sent flying for a...
 ...second time; and Mac pinned him down by...
 ...sitting on his head while Bob held his ankles...
 ..."What shall we do with this thieving...
 ...rotter?" panted Jack. "Give him a good...
 ...tanning!"...
 ..."No, no! Heave him in the river!" cried...
 ...Bob Russell. "The brute doesn't look as if...
 ...he'd had a wash for ten years!"...
 ...Bob's suggestion met with instant approval...
 ...and, despite his threats and whines for mercy...
 ...the unfortunate tramp was lifted in the air...
 ...and carried to the river's edge...
 ..."One, two, three—and a coshter!" cried...
 ...Mac, as they swung him backwards and for-...
 ...wards. At the last word they released their...
 ...hold...
 ...Out over the stream shot the tramp with a...
 ...wild yell, and vanished with a tremendous...
 ...splash, to resurface above the surface a moment...
 ...later, puffing and blowing. Though he could...
 ...swim, it was evident that he had not indulged...
 ...in aquatic sports the days of his youth...
 ..."You young scut!" he bellowed...
 ..."Just wait till I get ashore! I'll wring your blessed...
 ...necks for you!"...
 ..."You're not coming ashore here!" said Jack...
 ...grimly; and, grabbing up a clod of earth, he...
 ...hurled at the oncoming ruffian...
 ...It caught him on the top of the head and...
 ...burt like a shell...
 ...*(Continued on the next page.)*



Then, just as Clifflif was scrambling out for the second time, a crowd of juniors came running up, and burst out laughing as they caught sight of the unfortunate skinned shell.

