HERE, I SAY! - - DON'T MISS THIS!

The Boys' Realm · 1d

· The Great Saturday Sports Journal ·

THE "BUCKING UP" OF ST. ESMONDS'

A RATTLING NEW SCHOOL STORY · BY S. S. GORDON.

No. 420. Vol. IX.] EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY. [Week Ending June 18, 1910.

VALENCE THE MUTINEER.

A Screamingly Funny Complete Tale of Pelham School.

THE 1st CHAPTER.
Valence Places Up.

"NOW then, you chaps, put your spines into it!"

"My hat! Hark to our clever coxswain!"

"He talks as if we were a lot of galley-slaves!"

The remarks flickering in the morning sunshine were those of four-eared boat moved away from the landing-stage. It was leading upstream, and was manned by prominent members of the Fifth and Third Eleven. The bow thwart was occupied by Valence, Macalpine was at No. 2, Russell at No. 3, while skipper Jack Noble, who had set the stroke oar with the full-blooded vigour and dash that he put into footer play.

The Fifth-Form lines were held by Lawson minor, who proved to find the position of coxswain quite to his taste. Beneath him and around him he stowed many baskets and packages, and a generous supply of eatables and bottles.

The juniors intended to spend the long summer day on the river. They meant to do just as much rowing as was convenient, lightening the labour by rests on the bank and frequent dips. When there was no more tucker left to scoff on, they would go back to the school.

Accordingly, the crew left the landing stage easily. Then Jack Noble gave the word, and behind. Then Jack Noble gave the word to the real work to begin.

"All ready? Right! Give way!"

All the oars did give way, and so did those of the stretcher. At least, that is how Jack Noble's stretcher occurred. But the Fifth-Formers accounted for what occurred. But the Fifth-Formers accounted for what occurred. But the Fifth-Formers accounted for what

"Ha, ha! How's that for a fancy dive?"

"Good old Valence! You're a better acrobat than mutineer yet!"

"I say, how many legs has he got? Looks like a giddy centipede."

"Giddy's right, my son. Makes me giddy to look at him."

"That's the way, baby. Kick about like a good little man. Have its nice bath, and then it shall have its nice bread and water, bless it."

But the merriment of the Third-Formers was soon changed to grim earnest. Not one of them saw the danger until the damage had been done.

"You ass!" yelled Jack Noble. "Now you've done it."

The three in the rear, when they saw what had happened, groaned in chorus. It was indeed a tragedy, but like many other tragedies, it had been brought about very simply.

Valence had owed his upset to the unstable position he had been standing in, rather than to the force of the shock. On the outer bank the water was deeper than on the others, thus the boat had merely felt the sand, and was not really aground. As the mutineer struggled to his feet, he stumbled, and went lurching against the stern-post. The blow was sufficient to send the lightly-poised craft sliding off into the deep water again.

Valence scarcely heard Jack Noble's yell. He was glaring as if fascinated at the boat, which had swung away from the bank, well out of reach. Soon the current caught it, and bore it majestically along the deep channel between the two sandbanks. It passed between the skipper and the mutineer, both of whom were quite powerless. Even if he had wished to, Valence could do nothing now; and with all the will in the world, Jack Noble could do no more.

On went the boat, bearing with it the shoes and socks of the hapless Third-Formers. And their luncheon also. Ah, that tucker! Alas! they might one and all be glad of even wet sandwiches before the day was over.

On went the boat. It was soon clear of the shoals, and its speed increased as the main stream current caught it. Soon a quick bend of the river took it from sight altogether.

The skipper and the mutineer were left glaring at one another across the channel. Needless to say there was not much of an entente cordiale between them just then.

"You bufflehead!" shouted Jack Noble grimly. "You chump! You colossal idiot! You were going to keep the boat until we cave in, eh? Well, now that you haven't got the boat to keep, what are you going to do about it? Don't know, eh? Well, then, I'll tell you. You're jolly well going to stay where you are, like a blessed damp Robinson Crusoe, until we find the boat and come back for you. It'll likely be a long job, and we may be some time away. But there's nobody else to pick you up, so you'll just have to have patience. And if you get tired standing, you can sit down, and fancy you're having a slipper bath. And when we get back we'll give you wet sandwiches—and beans. So long!"

Noble turned, and splashed away back to his chums.

"Come on, you chaps," he said briskly. "We'll have to clamber up on to the bank. Then we'll hurry down-stream, and try to pick up the blessed boat. Come on; follow your Uncle Noble!"

Under Jack's guidance the passage through the shoal water to the bank was safely managed. Shaking themselves like so many retrievers, the Pellhamites started off down-stream, keeping as close to the bank as they conveniently could. Barefooted as they were, their progress was a good deal more painful and less speedy than they would have liked. But they stuck to it like the young toughs they were, being one and all resolved to suffer anything rather than be beaten by such a muddling mutineer as Valence had proved himself to be.

"No sign of the boat yet," grunted Russell, as they trotted in gingerly fashion along a rutty path, from which at intervals they could see the wide sweep of the river.

"Perhaps we've passed it," puffed Lawson dolefully.

"Hard a mewnit, lads," said Macalpine. "Here's a bonnie bit tree. It'll mebbe save time if I jist gang up it, and tak' a craw's-eye view o' the countryside."

"That's the ticket, Mac. Scotland for ever!"

Macalpine's muscular arms and bandy legs took him up the tall trunk with the sureness and agility of a squirrel. He only remained aloft a few seconds, and when he slid down again, his eyes were twinkling humorously.

"Well?" said the other three eagerly.

"Captured!" said Mac laconically.

"What's captured?"

"The boat!"

"Who's got it?"

"Weel," returned the Scot, with provoking calmness; "I canna jist richtly say who or what's got it. But it looks vera like some kind o' a river monster. It's aboot six feet long, and it's got the real Rule Britannia colours—red, white, and blue!"

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
A Battle by the Boat.

THE three looked at one another as if they didn't believe their ears; they looked at Macalpine as if he had taken leave of his senses. But the canny Scot only grinned.

"Wheesht!" he whispered, in answer to their excited questions. "You'll see it a' for yourselves in half a mewnit. It's only a wee bit further on. The boat's ashore, and we've only got to capture it back again. Come on, but come canny. Not a word!"

Led by Macalpine, the little group made its way stealthily along a winding path among closely-planted trees. They could hear a lot of shouting and laughter from somewhere ahead, which made them tingle with eagerness to get upon the scene of action. It was a great relief when the Scot held up a warning hand. They had arrived.

They found themselves on the edge of a clear space of grass, which sloped gently down to the river's edge. Two boats were drawn up on the bank, one of which they recognised as their own. But for the time being all their attention was being concentrated on a strange figure that was standing erect in the full blaze of the sunlight in the midst of the clearing. They could see now what Mac's queer remark about the river monster in Rule Britannia colours had meant.

The figure was that of a very heavily-built man, well over six feet in height. His face and his bare shoulders, arms, and legs were of the hue of a boiled lobster. So much for the red. As for the white and blue, they appeared in the broad stripes of the bathing costume which formed the gentleman's sole attire. He had been enjoying a swim when the Pelham boat had drifted down upon him. He had promptly captured it, and drawn it ashore.

When the Third-Formers caught sight of him, he was busy sampling the cargo. With his head bent well back, he was holding to his lips a bottle of ginger-pop, and letting the contents gurgle down into his roomy interior.

"Well, I'm blessed," muttered Noble; "it's Jim Gridley!"

The others nodded ruefully. Gridley was one of the leading louts of Pelham village, and it was not the first time that the Third-Formers had come into contact with him. His three companions, all fully dressed, were clustered round the Pelham boat. They were rummaging it thoroughly, and seemed to be highly pleased with what they were finding.

"Blue look out for our lunch," murmured Lawson.

"Never say die, man," returned Macalpine. "They canna have done much harm yet. We mauna grudge Gridley that bottle o' pop. It'll spoil his wind, if it comes to a fight."

The last of the pop just then gurgled into the red, white, and blue abyss. Gridley threw the bottle away with a scornful laugh.

"Poor stuff that," he roared. "Let's see what the solids are like."

One of his chums left the boat and came staggering forwards, holding before him a large pie.

"Here's a pye," he gurgled, "and such a pye. I never did see such a pye!"

"Crumbs!" groaned Lawson. "It's the steak and kidney!"

"Ready for a rush, lads!" hissed Macalpine.

"We'll show them steak and kidney!"

"Rather!" said Noble. "Now then, all together. We'll rush the pie first, and then the boat."

Jim Gridley was smiling a genial welcome to the portly pie, when something very like a thunderbolt struck him full and fair in the soft part of his portly white and blue. Over he went like a peppered bunny, his great wet limbs glistening in the sun. His overthrow was due to a terrific charge by the sturdy back of the Pelham Third Eleven, but Gridley was too much surprised to notice that. Over he rolled, bellowing like a dozen bulls.

"Well tackled, Mac!" roared Russell.

Jack Noble promptly seized the pie from the other lout's grasp.

"Now for the boat!" he yelled. Keeping well together, the four juniors, with the skipper and the pie in the midst, ran down to the bank.

The other two villagers, who were busy with the baskets and parcels, made an attempt at defence. But it was of no avail. Russell caught one of them a fair old pile-driver on the jaw, and knocked him on to his back in the water. Macalpine tackled the other, and soon consigned him to the same destination.

Noble deftly placed the pie in the boat, which he began to push afloat. The others helped him lustily. But before they could get the craft clear, Jim Gridley came charging towards them, his big face like boiled beetroot. He expected to make very short work of the juniors who had interrupted his picnic, but he got up against something that proved a little too much even for him.

That something was Macalpine, who seized an oar from the boat, and stood on the defensive.

"Keep back!" cried the Scot grimly. "There's naethin' o' yours here, my mannie! Ye've had the pop, but that's a' you're goin' to get the day!"

Gridley paid no heed to the warning, and the next moment the blade of the oar prodded him briskly in the place where the ginger-pop had gone.

"Yow!" he yelled. Mac prodded him again, and again he yelled. The other louts seemed to think discretion the better part of valour. They left the red, white, and blue champion to fight it all out on his own.

The Scot's defence was impregnable. He prodded away with the oar as if he had been hoeing a garden bed. Beside himself with fury, Gridley tried to catch hold of the oar that was tickling him up so busily. Macalpine dodged aside.

"That's the ticket!" yelled Jack Noble from behind. "There! Take that!"

Bloof!

Mac thought a heavy shower of sleet was falling. Blinded and reeling, Jim Gridley staggered back and sat down suddenly on the grass. His eyes and nose and mouth were full of something soft and sticky and cold; his red face was covered with it, and bits of it were scattered generously all over his white and blue bathing-costume.

"Ha, ha! How's that for a bread-poultice!"

It was the ploppy packet of wet sandwiches. Jack Noble had caught it up, and launched it with all his force at the critical moment of the fray. It burst in splendid style on Gridley's broad face; went off, in fact, like a grand set-piece of Crystal Palace fireworks.

"Come on, Mac!" laughed Noble. "Got in, my buck! We're off!"

They were. The Scot clambered over the side, and in a couple of seconds the boat was well away from the bank. They settled to their places calmly, Lawson minor taking Valence's place at the oar.

"Ha, ha! They're moving! They're getting their boat off! They're coming after us! Good! It'll be a giddy regatta, after all. They'll have a run for their money!"

On the bank the louts were in a terrible time. Jim Gridley had recovered, and was bawling out language that would have scraped the bread-poultice off the face of a classic features. The boat was well out of the six-footer took the water in pursuit, but the glory of his read, white, and blue had departed.

"Now then!" said Noble. "Now then, lads!"

It was a stern chase, and a long one. The louts rowed like demons, but at every interval between the boat and the shore Lawson minor began to laugh. He knew that Gridley in his present state was quite incapable of running them down. There were no sandbanks in this part of the river. But relief came in an unexpected form.

"Ha, ha! Oh, good man!"

Gridley had put on a spurt, but he had overdone it or rather suddenly. At all events, his wet legs shot suddenly up in the air, and his head catapulted into No. 3's lap, and the boat became a scene of many and confusion.

"Weel," said Mac drily, "I've only man that can catch crabs. never caught sic a monster yet."

The louts were now quite out of sight, and soon they were out of sight of each other, with all his might, for he was very much about Valence, who had been left in but a comfortable position.

After the departure of his chums, consolate mutineer had had time to times what a large-sized ass he had He had nobody to blame but himself.

His chums could do nothing for him of it until they came back. He river anxiously, both up and down but there was no living thing in sight.

Stay, though! What was that wards him?

A swan. Valence felt rather heard some strange stories about were sometimes very awkward tackle. This one, which was and majestically towards him, as if it might be capable of anything.

It circled round him, eyeing the the jetty-black crest on its thought it was manœuvring for an the rear. So, as it swam round in the water, he kept turning round, keeping his face to it.

"Great Scott!" he groaned, this up, I'll soon be dizzy. Get away. Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo, I tell you!"

Valence told it several times, but did not seem to understand what meant.

"I'll drop soon," groaned the mutineer, "and then it'll have it its way. Get out! Shoo, you brute! Sh

"Valence, ahoy!"

He turned and saw the boat gliding him swiftly. As he answered Noble's swan soared away towards the far in a thrice the marooned mutineer the bank.

A little later luncheon took place was looking very doleful. But he up wonderfully when Noble handed generous helping of steak and kidney pie.

"Don't stare at it, old chap," said per, "it's not wet sandwiches. I gave away to Jim Gridley."

"I—you—what—Gridley—" gurgled ence.

"Yes," grinned Noble, "to Jim and we owe you a vote of thanks for thoughtfulness in sweeting them, old Very lucky it was. If they had been wouldn't have spread so well. And a poultice is no use unless it spreads Shall I?"

Valence shook; he didn't understand affair at all. But still, as he tackled steak and kidney, he felt very much bread-poultice had been needed down the

(Another splendid Jack Noble yarn next week.)

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

More Interesting Facts About the Great Aviation Craze.

THE great topic of the hour is the conquest of the air. Even the weather has to play second fiddle nowadays, and when folk meet, before they remark on the climatic conditions, they discuss the relative merits of the biplane and the monoplane, or talk of the latest startling events in the world of aeronautics.

A week or two back Mr. Grahame-White's famous Farman biplane was on view upon the broad, green lawns of Ranelagh, and during the afternoon a fashionable throng gathered round the wonderful machine. Upon Mr. Grahame-White's manager announcing that the famous airman would be willing to carry passengers for a five-minute flight for a fee of ten guineas, there were at once a number of folk eager to avail themselves of the offer. Lady Alely had the honour of booking the first place, and willingly paid the sum of twenty-five guineas for a ten-minute journey through the air.

It is officially announced that Mr. White will not only give exhibition flights throughout the summer at Ranelagh, but will also make frequent ascents at the Crystal Palace, so that visitors to that popular place of amusement will have an opportunity of witnessing the famous aviator's aerial feats during the coming weeks.

Bournemouth's Mammoth Programme.

The official programme of the great international flying meeting to be held at Bournemouth from July 11th to July 16th has now been issued, and a most attractive one it is. The contests number ten in all, and there will, in addition, be a number of highly exciting exhibition flights, which will doubtless be witnessed with bated breath by many thousands of enthusiastic spectators. The following are the contests set down in the programme:

DISTANCE.—1st prize, £300; 2nd, £150; 3rd, £50; 4th, £40. The winner will be the airman who completes the greatest number of circuits of the course without touching the ground.

SPEED.—1st prize, £1,000; 2nd, £400; 3rd, £100; 4th, £50. The winner will be the airman making the fastest flight over five circuits of the course (8 miles 1,620 yards). A prize of £100 will also be awarded to the competitor completing the fastest lap.

ALTITUDE.—1st prize, £1,000; 2nd, £400; 3rd, £100; 4th, £50. Minimum height, 500 feet.

WEIGHT CARRYING.—1st prize, £350; 2nd, £150; 3rd. £50. Competitors will make one circuit of the aerodrome, carrying a minimum weight of 25 st.—pilot, passenger, and dead weight if necessary—in order to win the prize.

STARTING.—1st prize, £250; 2nd, £50; 3rd, £25; 4th, £25. The winner will be the airman who rises into the air after the shortest run along the ground.

ALIGHTING.—1st prize, £250; 2nd, £50; 3rd, £25; 4th, £25. Competitors will fly over a line, stopping their engines as they do so. After a vol plane, or aerial dive, each airman will attempt to alight as near as possible to a landing-point marked on the aerodrome.

COMPETITORS' ASSISTANTS.—1st prize, £60; 2nd, £40. Awarded at the end of the meeting to the assistants of the two competitors who have covered the greatest number of complete circuits of the course.

SLOWEST CIRCUIT.—One prize of £100. Awarded to the airman completing one lap in the slowest time.

GENERAL MERIT.—1st prize, £500; 2nd, £300; 3rd, £150; 4th, £50. These awards will be made at the end of the meeting to the airmen who have, in the opinion of the judges, achieved the best all-round performances.

SEA FLIGHT.—1st prize, £800; 2nd, £400; 3rd, £100. Competitors will make one circuit of the aerodrome, then fly out round a buoy near the Needles and return to the aerodrome. The approximate distance will be over 60 miles, of which eighteen miles will be over the water. The winner will be the airman making this journey in the shortest time.

The special events of the above meeting will, of course, throw into relief the competitors' have to prove their dexterity in handling their quickness in starting, while the great flight will also be one of the most interesting and exciting events taking place at the international meeting.

The Newspaper Man.

It is no light task to be special reporter for a big daily newspaper. journalists have of recent times had of sleep and passed through many ventures in order to obtain good well-known aviation expert relates that vious to the eventful day last year Bleriot crossed the English Channel plane he had no more than two hours' sleep during the previous twenty-four waiting for favourable weather conditions that Press men were afraid to go to they should be literally overcome with

But this test of endurance was nothingness when compared with some terrifying and hair-raising experiences aviation reporter have been called upon through during the last few weeks.

THE END.