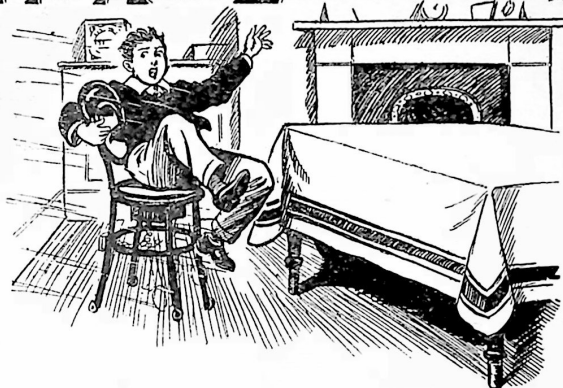


MY ALL-ELECTRIC STUDY



By
BERNARD GLYN

(The St. Jim's inventor)

Bernard Glyn's all-electric study is the last word in inventive skill, according to Bernard Glyn. But such a study has its drawbacks!

I HAVE an all-electric study.

To look at it's more or less like any other study in the Shell passage at St. Jim's. But when you examine it in detail you'll notice one or two small differences.

As you step on the mat outside the study, for instance, an illuminated sign prints out the word "WELCOME."

I'm taking it for granted, of course, that you don't belong to the New House. If you're a New House waster, "WELCOME" is replaced by the words "BUZZ OFF!"

As soon as the greeting has flashed on, the door automatically opens and the mat carries you in.

An electric "footman" removes your cap and smooths down your hair as you roll slowly through the doorway. This puts you at your ease and makes you feel quite at home, especially if you're already accustomed to electric footmen.

As you roll past the "footman," an electric record of my voice sings out the words, "Hallo, old chap! Wherefore the honour of this visit?" and an artificial hand swoops down from the ceiling and claps you on the back. I don't have time to do this myself,

so it's the easiest way I know of making my guests feel that I'm glad to see them.

After an interval of two seconds the gramophone sings out: "Take a pew, old bean! No charge, you know!" Simultaneously an electrically-controlled chair glides across from the wall, scoops you up and carries you to a table.

Now you may be calling on me for any one of a variety of reasons; but whatever the reason is, I can usually meet it satisfactorily by mechanical means.

Perhaps, for example, you've trotted in to tell me some funny stories. It's ten to one I shan't have time to listen to them; but that needn't worry you. Every time you finish an anecdote a roar of appreciative laughter rings out from the electric gramophone, and a screen in the corner shows a close-up of your humble grinning like a hyena!

Possibly you've merely looked in to kill time and amuse yourself? You couldn't have come to a better place. In response to my pressure on a small switch in the wall, my electric Robot marches forward and performs juggling and conjuring tricks for hours on end, if necessary.

I think I can claim to cater for all comers in my all-electric study. Fellows who're dodging prefects or Railton or anyone else, for that matter, need only switch on the invisible ray machine and any part of the school they choose to look at flashes up on the screen just as it is at the very moment. The Glyn Electric Amplificator records any talk that may be floating about at the same time. My study is a regular dodgers' paradise, with all these convenient gadgets about!

—woe betide the New House bounder who tries to raid me! As he enters, a bell will clang out a warning, a loud speaker in every study in the School House Shell and Fourth will bellow: "New House waster in Glyn's study!" and the door will securely lock him in till someone chooses to release him from outside.

I haven't forgotten Baggy Trimble, either! Next time the jolly old Falstaff comes in on a tuck-raiding expedition he'll find that all cakes in my cupboard are supplied with electric batteries that will make his teeth chatter for hours!

By this time you'll have gained the impression that my all-electric study is rather a weird place. But I feel quite at home in it myself, and I'd rather have tea, do prep., play games and read books in it than in anyone else's den.

All these things are done on different lines, of course.

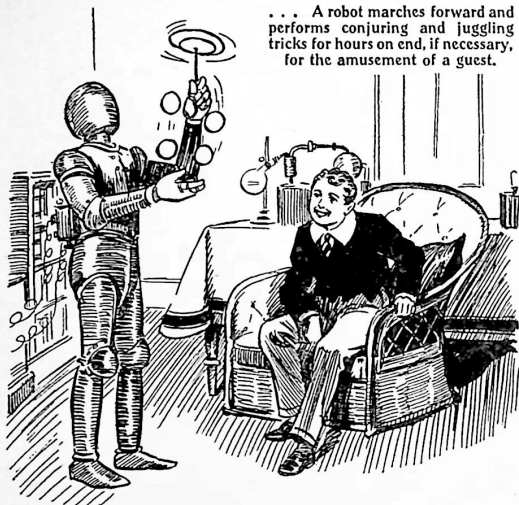
When I want tea, I press a button marked "TEA." This action is followed by a roar of machinery and violent activity in all corners of the study, concluding with a final terrific crash as a cup of steaming tea is delivered into my hand!

At prep. time I don the Glyn Three-speed Thinking Helmet and plug into the mains, and find myself immediately able to think at three speeds—normal, double, and times twenty, according to which switch I operate. A useful little article if time's short!

When I say I have all these things, perhaps I'm going a little too far. I should say that I *hope* to have them. I've got all the plans and designs ready, and one of these days I'm going to roll up my sleeves and start work on them.

The only question is whether they'll pan out as they should. Here's hoping, anyway.

... A robot marches forward and performs conjuring and juggling tricks for hours on end, if necessary, for the amusement of a guest.



Fellows come in sometimes to ask my advice about raiding the New House.

I have a simple method of dealing with them. As they sit down at the table I pull a lever and an illuminated plan of the New House appears on the wall, with little black dots moving about representing New House fellows at precisely the positions they occupy in reality.

At the same moment a series of scintillating signs beside the plan flash out suggestions for japes on our hereditary rivals.

What more can a man want?

Talking about the New House reminds me