

Who's Who at St. Jim's

By MONTY LOWTHER

Personal Pars on the Leading Lights of the School

DR. HOLMES. The "kindly old Head" of St. Jim's. He was so kindly on the occasion of my last visit to him that I haven't been able to sit down since!



Dr. Holmes, the Head of St. Jim's.

MR. VICTOR RAILTON. The muscular Housemaster of the School House. Is alleged to spend an hour a day beating carpets to keep himself fit for his work!

MR. HORACE RATCLIFF. The Housemaster of the New House. Has a slightly jaundiced outlook on life. Wore out a new set of false teeth last term in making biting remarks. Thinks vinegar an awfully sweet drink. Stays away from circuses for fear of being taken for a performing chimpanzee; but there's really no danger of that—he's not good-looking enough.

ERIC KILDARE. Captain of the school. So popular that when he goes for a walk round the quad he has to disguise himself to dodge the cheering crowds.

TOM MERRY. Arrived at school in velvet knickerbockers; but now he's lived that down, I trow sir! (Brilliant pun, in case you didn't notice it.—M. L.)



Tom Merry, as he first arrived at St. Jim's.

GERALD CUTTS. The gay dog of the Fifth. His lips curl, his smile is twisted, and he wriggles out of difficulties. In other words, he's not straight.

GERALD KNOX. The amiable sportsman of the Sixth. So amiable that dogs cringe instinctively when he turns up. Hobby—backing geeges. Ambitions—nil.

BAGLEY TRIMBLE. The celebrated "Baggy" of the Fourth. Handsome, brainy, athletic and rolling in wealth—so he says. But if you want to find him at St. Jim's, look for a chap with a face like a squashed pork pie, who's as athletic as a slug, and button-holes you for half-a-crown the moment he sees you.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY. A fellah of gweat tact an' judgment; flichtfully partic. about his clobbah. Decowates his wight eye with a pane of glass which he nevah dwops. To level things up a bit, he dwops all his final "g's."

JACK BLAKE. Leader of the Fourth. Has an idea he ought to be junior captain of St. Jim's. In other respects seems to be fairly sane.

GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY. Some fellows say it's his face they



Bagley Trimble, the fat Fourth-Former.

don't like ; others say it's his bumptiousness ; still others maintain it's his densesness. But it's unfair to blame these things on to him. The fact is, Grundy was born like it and just can't help it.

RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW. Gussy's cousin, but that's not his fault, poor chap. Cardew's supposed to be a queer mixture. He's good yet bad, plucky yet cowardly, handsome yet ugly, energetic yet lazy, and popular yet unpopular. A fellow of contradictions, so to speak.

BERNARD GLYN. The great inventor of the Shell. He's so good at inventing that on a recent occasion when Railton caught him breaking bounds he promptly invented an excuse.

GEORGE CROOK. Crook would be one of the best but for the fact that he happens to be one of the worst.

HERBERT SKIMPOLE. A reformer whose anxiety to put the world right usually means that he gets left.

FATTY WYNN. One of the New House horrors, but the leading junior goalkeeper in spite of it. Once Fatty stands between the goalposts, there's simply no room for the ball to get through !

WALLY D'ARCY. D'Arcy minor. Leader of the Third. Hobby—frying herrings on penholders. Pet aversion—soap.

EPHRAIM TAGGLES. The ancient keeper of the gate. Historians have sometimes listened to his reminiscences of the St. Jim's he knew in the old days. They say afterwards that Taggles is either 400 years old or a fibber !



Ephraim Taggles, the ancient keeper of the gate.

G E O. R G E FIGGINS. Leader of the New House juniors. You can recognise him by his spidery legs and enormous feet. Not a bad chap, considering the "casual ward" he has to live in.

ERNEST LEVI-SON. Once a black sheep and a gay dog, always acting the giddy goat. Afterwards stopped playing the ox, and now he's ashamed of the thought that he was ever such an ass ; in fact, he can't bear it !

KOUMI RAO. An Indian with a skin the colour of a ripe greengage. That's the only reason I can think of for his being called the "Jam" of Blundelpore.

GEORGE HERRIES. Of the Fourth. Fellows giggle when they see his feet for the first time. Herries gets his own back on the world by owning Towser, who claims to have got his fangs into people's trousers more times than any living bulldog.

GEORGE FRANCIS KERR. A canny New House Scot with a gift for impersonation. He can disguise himself as anything—except, of course, a gentleman ; his New House training always gives him away before he can carry that off.

MONTAGUE LOWTHER. The writer of this "Who's Who." A fine, outstanding specimen of the best type of British boyhood. Brilliant in class, a magnificent athlete, abounding in superhuman strength and courage, yet kind and good-natured with it. No praise can be too great for Monty Lowther. (Now put that in your respective pipes and smoke it, old beans !—M. L.)



George Figgins, leader of the New House.



AROUND ST. JIM'S



UPON a noble tree-girt hill
 Beside the smiling River Rhyll,
 Which flows through many a copse and field
 In beauteous Sussex weald ;
 Fanned by the breezes blowing o'er
 The wide expanse of Wayland Moor,
 High in the midst of farming lands,
 St. James' College stands.

Two buildings strike the traveller's view,
 One very old, one rather new ;
 And down the solemn School House walls
 The ivy thickly falls.
 The New House, just across the way,
 Is not so ancient or so grey,
 But what it lacks in point of years
 It gives in new ideas.

The river is a splendid sight ;
 It is the Saints' extreme delight
 To glide along its crystal swells
 In punts and racing-shells ;
 Or else, submerged in limpid deeps,
 Through which the lonely otter creeps,
 To dive and twist with flashing limbs,
 These athletes of St. Jim's.

Hard by the School, in Rylcombe Lane,
 Glyn House stands in a large domain ;
 This is the home of Bernard Glyn
 Who fame one day may win
 From some invention which "comes off" ;
 And, though his Form-fellows may scoff,
 There's good stuff in the noddle that
 Is under Bernard's hat.

The Grammar School lies out of sight
 Along a footpath to the right
 To kybosh the Grammarians
 The Saints make many plans ;
 But Gay and Wootton, Monk and Hake
 Are usually wide-awake,
 And since they will not own defeat
 They're always hard to beat.

From far away is seen the clock
 And, just above, the weather-cock
 Of old St. Jim's, of schools the queen,
 Magnificent, serene.
 Long may she flourish thus in peace,
 Long may her honours still increase,
 And mem'ry keep her ever dear
 To those she helped to rear.