



# TOWSER'S DIARY!

A week in the exciting life of George Herries' pet, as imagined by Monty Lowther, the humorist of the Shell Form at St. Jim's.

**SUNDAY.** Ho, hum! Things are quiet. Dashed sight too quiet for my liking, in fact! Why *must* Herries keep me on a lead when we take our Sunday afternoon stroll? It doesn't give a dog a chance. He seems to have no regard for my wants in the way of exercise on Sundays. And is he short-tempered? Why, I only had to make a playful snap at Gussy's trousers to get a flick from the whip! Roll on Monday and better times!

While we walked, Herries was telling the rest about Mr. Ratcliff and Knox. "Ratty" got him into a row with the Head and Knox gave him a "sixer" for being cheeky. I must see if I can't do something about those two to-morrow.

**MONDAY.** Gr-r-r! A much better day, this! Broke loose at midday and had a useful run round the school. Two lucky meetings, too! Bumped into Ratty first and then Knox. Whoopee! Did I get a good

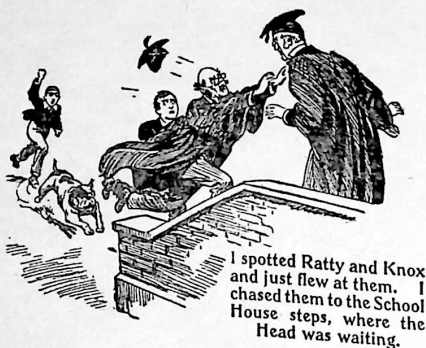
grip on the seat of Knox's pants? I'll tell the world! Ratty wasn't so easy; those gowns the beaks wear would put any dog off his stroke. Still, I tore a good strip out of his jacket and made the gown a slightly worse rag than it was before! That'll learn 'em!

What I can't understand is Herries' attitude. After what he said yesterday about Ratty and Knox, I thought he'd be jolly pleased with me. But he's not. He seemed quite down in the mouth about something when he took me back to my kennel. No accounting for some people, is there?

**TUESDAY.** Urrrrrrgh! Had a feeling when I woke that this was going to be my unlucky day—and so it was! It was chasing Ratty and Knox that caused it. I spotted them when Herries was exercising me at morning break, and just flew at them. They flew, too, when they saw me—and Herries came flying after, yelling to me to come back! He



I tore a good strip out of Ratty's jacket as I chased him across the quad. That'll learn 'im!



caught me up and pulled me off just as we all reached the Head, who was standing at the top of the School House steps. And then the fur began to fly!

"Now, sir, you can see for yourself the kind of thing we have to endure from this wretched animal!" spluttered Ratty.

"Exactly, sir!" burbled Knox. "This is just what we complained about yesterday. The brute shouldn't be at large!"

Then they both began abusing me together. The Head coughed, Herries started putting up an indignant defence and I started growling and snarling. There was the very dickens of a din for a minute or so!

Finally, the Head stopped it and trotted up a decision that left me fairly snorting with rage.

"It seems that only one thing can put an end to the trouble, Herries," he said. "The dog must go! Kindly arrange for it to leave by the end of the week!"

WEDNESDAY. The injustice of it! The ingratitude of it! All the time I've been at St. Jim's I've been a model bulldog, and now, just because I look after my master's interests, I'm to go! It's a bitter pill to swallow—and it makes it no less bitter

hearing what people are saying about me. I haven't heard a soul besides Herries utter a word of regret that I'm leaving. Even Herries' pals seem to grin over my downfall and that chump Gussy is simply chirruping with joy. Gr-r-r!

THURSDAY. Well, I've found one other friend, anyway—the local tailor. Herries took me along there to-day when he went to be measured for a new overcoat and the old boy seemed quite dismayed to hear I was going. I noticed Knox's trousers and Ratty's coat on the bench and felt jolly glad they didn't succeed in poisoning his mind against me.

By the way, he advised Herries to crack up my merits as a watchdog to the Head and to tell the Head what a lot of burglars are about just lately. I wonder if there's a chance of getting a reprieve on these lines? It's worth chewing over!

FRIDAY. Made up my mind to catch a burglar at all costs. Perhaps the Head would look on me with a kindlier eye then, I thought! So I made a getaway when Herries took me for my evening run and hid in the bushes till night-time. Then I came out and kept watch.

What a bit of luck! Just about midnight, what should I find climbing in at an open window in the School House but a real live burglar! I had my teeth into his trousers in no time. Down he came like a sack of spuds! I cornered him after that and kept on growling at him till someone turned up. It



I had my teeth into the "burglar's" trousers in no time, and down he came like a sack of spuds!

was Herries who turned up. He had been lying awake, waiting to hear something of me again. He looked at the "burglar" and gasped "Knox!" And Knox it was—not a burglar, after all!

But this time it ended up very nicely. Instead of threatening to call the Head, Knox said "Quiet, you young ass! Call that dog off, and for goodness' sake don't make a row about it!" It seemed that Knox didn't want to report me to the Head this time!

Herries said: "Look here, Knox, that's all very well, but Towser's going to-morrow because of you and——"

"Call him off and I'll ask the Head to reconsider it to-morrow!" begged Knox. "I mean that!"

And Herries called me off. And there's no doubt about it—he is pleased with me this time!

SATURDAY. Urrrrrrgh! Gr-r-r! Everything in the kennel's lovely again! Knox came down to see me with the Head and Herries soon after brekker. I wagged my tail and cooed like a turtle-dove. After a bit of humming and hawing, the Head said:

"Very well, Knox. I must say your request has surprised me, but the dog certainly does seem better behaved. In view of your representations I will rescind my previous order. You may keep him on after all, Herries!"

I wagged my tail again and winked at Herries. A dog's life isn't so bad at times like this! Gr-r-r-r-r!

## OUR CHAMBER OF HORRORS



### EUCLID

By JACK BLAKE

I'd give my bank-book as it stands,  
With all the money in it,  
If I could only get my hands  
On Euclid for a minute!  
The pest! The beast! The brute! The toad!  
I'd like to punch his boko!  
I'd love to meet him on the road,  
I'd give the rotter toco!

I'd knock his angle so obtuse  
That he would scream for mercy!  
I'd kick his old hypotenuse  
From John o' Groats to Jersey!  
I'd pull his teeth out by the roots  
And send them to our teachers!  
And with a pair of football boots  
I'd jump upon his features!

It's Euclid's fault I'm kept away  
From footer, I may mention.  
The Rookwood match is played to-day,  
And I am in detention!  
I've worked until I'm fit to drop  
At Euclid's beastly angles;  
I loathe that forty-seventh prop,  
It's full of tricks and tangles!

Who thinks I'm eager to produce  
An area that's double  
The square of the hypotenuse?  
It isn't worth the trouble!  
To Euclid, bother him, I owe  
This load of work and worry.  
He died two thousand years ago—  
I'll tell the world I'm sorry!