



—By Henry Samuel Quelch, M.A.—

“What does Mr. Quelch think of me?” must be a question every Remove boy has asked himself. So we got the Remove master to give a few comments—candid and captious—upon the prominent members of his high-spirited Form.

HANDLING a Form like the Remove Form at Greyfriars is not an easy task. My colleague Mr. Capper tells me he would rather have the task of handling a wagon-load of monkeys! Yet I am glad that it has fallen to my lot to preside as master over this high-spirited Form, for I feel that in so doing I am helping to mould into shape some really excellent material.

Wharton, the head boy of the Form, is a lad of great promise, whose sincerity and public spirit can hardly fail to gain him a prominent place in his country's roll of fame in the years to come. I shall watch his career with much interest.

There are others about whom I can say much the same thing—without

making invidious distinctions, I might instance Cherry, Redwing, Brown, Linley and Ogilvy.

Please understand that these boys are in no sense what I once overheard Skinner describe as my “pets.” Cherry, to take one example, is rarely a “pet” of mine in class; but, despite my reputation for being merely a hard, unbending purveyor of academic knowledge, I do not judge a boy solely by his classwork!

Probably the most interesting boy in my Form is Vernon-Smith. This tempestuous young man has given me more trouble than the rest of the Form put together, troublesome though many of them are at times! He is an extraordinary mixture. Rebellious, undisciplined, hard and cynical when

things do not go according to his wishes, he is yet capable of admirable devotion to duty, self-denial and unflinching heroism when occasion demands. I am afraid I am a little prejudiced against Vernon-Smith—it is difficult for me to be wholly just to one who has at times brought me great distress and worry!—but I cannot help admitting that his vital, aggressive personality and acute brain may carry him to heights which those I have previously named may never reach!

It is a long step from the dynamic Vernon-Smith to those with whom he allies himself in his less creditable moments—Skinner, Snoop and Stott. These are three whom I hope to turn into useful citizens one day—but a long struggle lies ahead of me before that happy state of affairs comes to pass! Skinner has ability, but I am afraid it is being turned into the wrong channels at present. Snoop and Stott do not seem to possess anything commendable at present; but by the judicious use of the cane I hope to discover virtues of some kind in them sooner or later!

In Bolsover we have another type. Big and blustering, he is regarded by many simply as a bully; but to me he is not altogether that. That he is clumsy and loud and a little simple, I agree; but fundamentally I believe he is quite a good-hearted lad.

What can I say of Bunter? This fat, egregious young rascal almost

defies description! Most people at Greyfriars look on him as a joke; but I am afraid the funny side of Bunter frequently eludes me. Really, Bunter can be said to be practically hopeless. Hopeless as he seems, however, I shall, of course, sternly continue to try to make something out of him. But what that "something" will prove to be is another matter!

With Fisher T. Fish I have, if anything, even less sympathy. His colossal impudence, meanness and duplicity are a byword among the boys of my Form. As with Bunter, I try to make him see the error of his ways; but I gravely doubt whether I shall ever succeed!

Unquestionably, I have some strangely assorted types to deal with in the Remove of to-day. But there is character and colour in all of them, and if the character and colour does not always please me, I comfort myself with the thought that it takes all kinds to make a—Form!

To close on a personal note, I hope that the boys for their part may get comfort from the thought that their Form-master takes a deep and kindly interest in every one of them. I expect most of them regard me as an exacting old martinet with too great a fondness for the cane. If it is any consolation to them to know it, I can truthfully say that even when I wield the cane with the deadliest effect, I am only doing it for their own good!

