

A RAMBLE ROUND ROOKWOOD!



LET us suppose that by the stroke of a magic wand you could suddenly transport yourself to Rookwood School.

You would see many strange sights and meet many strange people.

At the first glimpse of the historic Hampshire school you would be thrilled.

Rookwood stands on elevated ground, and its stately tower is a landmark for miles around.

Two huge buildings adjoining one another would greet your gaze—one ancient and ivy-clad; and the other, in striking contrast, bare-walled and comparatively new.

The old ivy-clad building is the original Rookwood—the Classical Side. The other “goodly pile,” as a novelist would describe it, is the Modern Side.

If you were going to Rookwood as a new boy, you would probably be keen on getting into the Modern Side, which is thoroughly up-to-date, and replete with every modern convenience.

But the Classical Side, though draughty and ill-lighted, and possessing damp walls and crumbling masonry, has much to commend it. For it is rich in traditions, and it

represents the real Rookwood. It dates back many hundreds of years.

You would be greeted at the school gates by a somewhat grumpy-looking individual in uniform, with an ancient hat flattened down upon his semi-bald pate.

This is John Mack, the porter and lodge-keeper. Mack is a counterpart of the Greyfriars Gosling and the St. Jim’s Taggles. He is one of the landmarks of Rookwood, having been at the school longer than anyone else, the Head included.

Mack would greet you something like this: “Wot I says is this ’ere—state yer business promp, or I’ll send you packin’, as sure as heggs!”

On your requesting an interview with the Head, the flat-footed Mack would shuffle across the quadrangle, beckoning you to follow.

Unless you happened to be a fellow of exceptional nerve, you would feel rather awed in the presence of the Rev. Henry Chisholm D.D., M.A., headmaster of Rookwood School. For the Head has what is known as a “presence.” His keen eyes seem to search your very soul. If your knees started wobbling,

and your heart beating faster, you could console yourself with the reflection that thousands of knees had wobbled, and thousands of hearts palpitated, in like circumstances.

The Head's face is stern in repose; but when he smiles the whole atmosphere is changed as if by magic. For there is a genial side to Dr. Chisholm's nature, and if you are fortunate enough to be on good terms with him, you will find him a very pleasant and charming gentleman.

The Head is a great scholar, and in his younger days he was a Trojan on the playing-fields. The number of sporting trophies which adorn his sideboard bear witness to this.

Dr. Chisholm would chat to you for some moments in a kindly manner. But he is a busy man, and you would be tactful enough not to take up too much of his valuable time. Besides, you have many more people to see. Some you will warm to at first sight; others you will instinctively dislike.

Mr. Herbert Manders, M.A., is the senior master at Rookwood, and has control of the Modern Side.

You won't like Mr. Manders. Nobody likes him. He is a lean, hatchet-faced man, with steely-grey eyes and a rather cruel mouth.

You have doubtless heard the well-known verse commencing "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell." It can be applied, with variations, to Mr. Manders.

"I do not love thee, Mr. Manders,
To thee no Rookwood fellow panders.
For thou art much too fond of 'handers,'
I do not love thee, Mr. Manders!"

To put it plainly, Mr. Manders is a tyrant. And although some of the other masters are heavy-handed at times, none is so cordially disliked as the senior master at Rookwood.

The other masters are Mr. Edward Greely, B.A.; Mr. Percy Jasper Mooney, M.A.; Mr. Richard Dalton, M.A.; Mr. Frank Bohun, M.A.; Mr. Samuel Wiggins, M.A.; Mr. Arthur Flinders; Mr. Harold Bull; and Monsieur Guillaume Monceau, the French master.

Mr. Dalton is probably the best known of these gentlemen, for he has charge of the

Classical Fourth, the Form to which Jimmy Silver & Co. belong. Few of us envy Mr. Dalton's task of preserving order in the most unruly Form at Rookwood!

After a brief handshake with each of the masters, you would start on the second stage of your tour.

IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

George Bulkeley, captain of Rookwood, head prefect, and head of games, will take your hand in a powerful grip, and smile down at you—for it is highly improbable that you would be as tall as Bulkeley. He is by way of being a giant.

A fine fellow is Bulkeley, and an ideal skipper in every way. He is immensely popular, especially among the smaller fry. The youngsters tumble over each other for the honour of fagging for Bulkeley. He is a tower of strength to Rookwood, and you will like him tremendously.

You will like Lawrence Neville, too. He is Bulkeley's right-hand man, and cast very much in the same mould. A mighty sportsman is Neville, and a rattling good sort. As a boxer he has no equal at Rookwood.

The rest of the seniors on the Classical side will not interest you very much. Dickinson, and Jones major, and Lonsdale are typical Sixth-formers, inclined to be rather easy-going, perhaps, but with no serious faults. Merton is weak, and too easily influenced by Carthew. The last-named is a thorough black sheep, with no redeeming characteristics. He is a bully and a law-breaker, and on numerous occasions he has come within an ace of expulsion.

Over on the Modern Side you will meet its head prefect, James Knowles. He is as shady a person as Carthew—in fact, more so, since he claims the unenviable distinction of being the worst fellow at Rookwood.

Knowles has no use for juniors and fags. He gives them a warm time, and his pal, Catesby, backs him up in his tyranny. Framp-ton is also a confederate of Knowles.

Kingsley Brayne is the best senior on the Modern Side. You should see him play football! His generalship on the field of play is remarkable, and, as a certain punster in the

Rookwood Personalities.



George Bulkeley
Captain of Rookwood
A Splendid
All-Round Sportsman



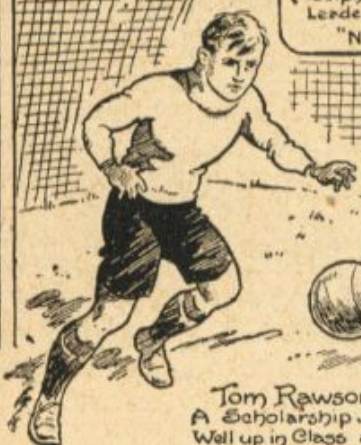
Adolphus Smythe
Leader of the
"Nuts"



John Maek
Porter and
Lodgekeeper



Mark Lattrey
The Cad of the
Fourth Form



Tom Rawson
A Scholarship Junior
Well up in Class and an
excellent Goalkeeper



The HEAD.

Reginald
Muffin.
Shown at his
Favorite
Pastime!



The Famous Fistical Four.



Jimmy
Silver.

George
Raby.

Arthur
Newcome.

Arthur Edward
Lovell.



"Dicky"
Dalton.
The Popular
Master of the
Classical Fourth



Lawrence Neville
Chum of George Bulkeley
and Captain of Boxing



Mr. Herbert
Manders, M.A.
The Unpopular
Modern
House Master.



Valentine
Merington



Mark Carthew.
The Black Sheep
of the
Classical Sixth

A few of the well-known characters you would meet in the course of a ramble round Rookwood.

Fourth remarked, he relies on "Brayne" rather than brawn.

The other fellows in the Sixth are of a nondescript order. Tom Hoke and Martin Myers are bullies on a small scale. Horace Tresham is a great pal of Brayne's. Michael Medway is a curious mixture of good and bad, selfishness being his cardinal fault. And in Joseph Ledbury we have a good sportsman, who is not often in the limelight.

You will not fail to be struck by the cosiness of the Sixth Form studies.

When a senior sets out to furnish his study, he makes it "a home away from home." Luxurious carpets, restful couches, easy chairs, and cushions galore will greet your gaze. And if you are lucky enough to be invited to tea by one of the prefects—But, of course, you would decline, preferring to wait and have tea with Jimmy Silver & Co., the heroes of the Classical Fourth.

THE FIFTH AND THE SHELL

A lightning visit to the Fifth Form quarters, Classical and Modern, will show you some interesting personages.

The leader of the Classical Fifth is Edward Hansom—a really wonderful fellow, who is far and away the cleverest fellow at Rookwood—in his own opinion!

Hansom is always coming to loggerheads with Jimmy Silver & Co., but he gets precious little change out of them. If there is a feud between the Fifth and the Fourth, it is safe to say that Hansom's brigade will get the worst of it. Poor old Hansom! He has a great opinion of himself, but if only he could see himself as others see him, he would fade away and hide his diminished head!

Philip Lumsden and Cecil Talboys are Hansom's two lieutenants. The latter rather prides himself on being a first-class pianist. When he puts on the loud pedal, the fellows scatter in all directions. Music hath charms; but not the sort of music served up by Talboys of the Fifth.

Faith, an' if it's a rare good sportsman ye're seeking, ye needn't look farther than Cecil O'Rourke, from the Emerald Isle. A jolly good fellow is O'Rourke. In the opinion of many, he ought to be skipper of the Fifth

in place of the conceited and cocksure Hansom.

You will like O'Rourke. You will also have a friendly handshake for Harry Duff and Tobias Jobson. The latter, to use a time-honoured phrase, is "as poor as a church mouse." But, although Jobson lacks cash, he has a good headpiece on him, and is more than capable of holding his own.

Of Harry Brown, it need only be said that he is almost as conceited as Hansom. He will talk to you for hours of the achievements and the great genius of Harry Brown—if you let him!

Before crossing over to the Modern Side, it will be as well to give Paul Muggins a look-in. Muggins is a rugged sort of fellow, with the strength of an ox. He has no finesse and no tact. He is always blundering about like a bull in a china-shop. But he is quite a good fellow in the main.

On the Modern Side, the leading lights of the Fifth Form are Laurie de Montmorency and his three chums, Tom Evans, Roderick Flowers, and James Waterson. They are of the nuts nutty. They dress stylishly; they have plenty of money to throw about; and they mimic the drawling tones of the aristocracy, omitting the final "g's."

These fellows are not likely to appeal to you very much; and Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, will appeal to you still less.

Smythe is the leader and founder of the "Smart Set." He is the Beau Brummel of Rookwood; and his pockets, like those of De Montmorency, are well lined with cash.

Here are the names of the fellows who follow in Smythe's train:

Aubrey Howard and Allan Tracy (Smythe's study-mates), Alec Chesney, Robert Gilbey, Murray Seaton, Jack Selwyn, and Paul Waugh.

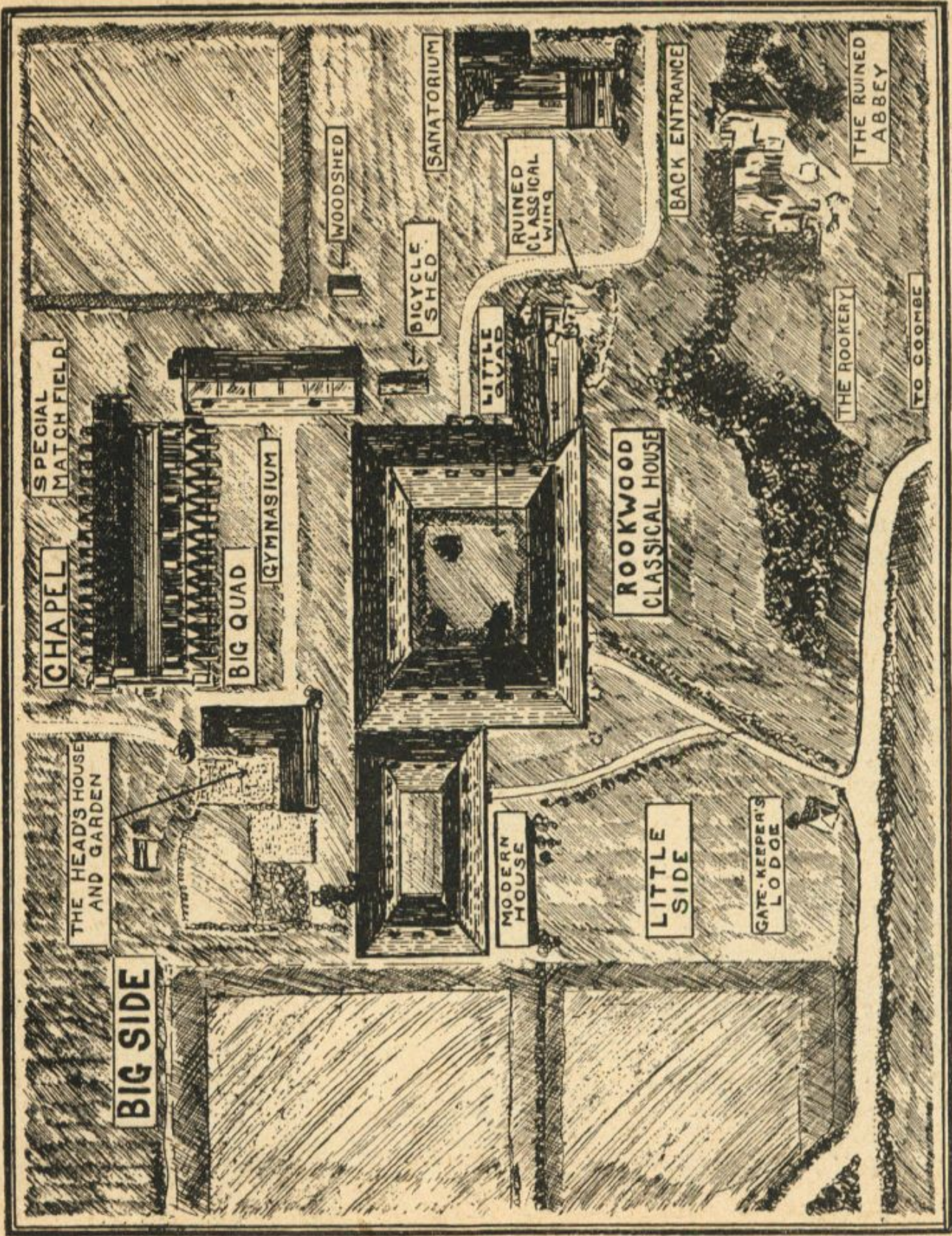
"THE FISTICAL FOUR"

And now your heart gives a bound, for you realise that you are going to see somebody worth seeing.

The heroes of the Classical Side, and the most prominent people at Rookwood, are Jimmy Silver, Arthur Edward Lovell, Arthur Newcome, and George Raby.

Let us take them in due order.

AN AEROPLANE VIEW OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL



This plan, drawn from an aeroplane photograph by one of the boys, forms a useful accompaniment to Mr. Owen Conquest's stories of this famous school.

You will have no difficulty in picking out Jimmy Silver from the rest, on account of his sunny smile. Jimmy is invariably smiling. His motto is "Always Merry and Bright," and it is only on very rare occasions that you find him in the doldrums.

Jimmy is the leader of the Fistical Four, and the junior captain of cricket and football. He is a thrustful, go-ahead fellow, with an abundance of animal spirits. As an inventor of "japes" and "wheezes" he has no superior at Rookwood. He is the soul of honour, and a splendid fellow in every way.

Jimmy Silver will chat to you frankly and gaily. He will press you to stay to tea—not that you will need any pressing!—and you will seat yourself at a laden table and thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Arthur Edward Lovell will claim your interest. He is Jimmy Silver's best chum, but he is not so cheery as Jimmy. He is more concerned with the serious things of life. He won't prattle to you so pleasantly as Jimmy Silver, either. He will grunt and grumble a bit, but he doesn't mean anything. He is sound as a rock and true as steel. Jimmy Silver is fortunate in having such a staunch pal.

Arthur Newcome is a good-looking, well-built junior, somewhat quiet in disposition, but a sterling performer on the playing-fields. Jimmy Silver and Newcome, in the Rookwood forward line, form a formidable pair. Newcome is a good scholar, and he has an excellent taste in reading, without, however, being a "swot."

George Raby, the fourth member of the Fistical Four, differs from all the others. He is a big, burly fellow, and inclined to be slow-witted. But George throws himself heart and soul into his work and play, and he is a valuable member of the famous quartet.

Whilst you are sitting at tea with the Fistical Four, a fat figure will probably loom up in the doorway of the study. And a high-pitched voice will exclaim: "I say, you fellows!"

The intruder will be Reginald Muffin, commonly called "Tubby."

Tubby is dense and stupid and amusing, but there is very little vice in him. When he

does wrong, it is generally through ignorance. Tubby will be simply bursting to tell you all about himself, but Jimmy Silver & Co. will probably pitch him into the passage before he has a chance!

After tea, you will meet the other fellows in the Classical Fourth.

Kit Conroy and Kit Erroll will strike you as being fellows of the best type. The same remark applies to Dick Oswald, Tom Rawson, and Teddy Grace. The last-named used to be called "Putty," because he was supposed to be "soft." But he soon proved to Rookwood that there was nothing soft in his make-up. Teddy is simply bubbling over with japes and wheezes, and in this respect he is almost as renowned as Jimmy Silver.

Van Ryn, a Colonial from South Africa, is also a decent fellow. So is Ernest Hooker. Evans minor has a clean sheet, and Sidney Dickinson is all right since he was cured of the habit of reading lurid literature.

A fellow of outstanding interest, who has played a prominent part in many Rookwood stories, is Valentine Mornington. Morny's appearance is as dandified as that of Adolphus Smythe. The colour scheme of his fancy waistcoat will stagger you. But Mornington is something more than a mere fop. He is a brilliant fellow—almost a genius in some ways—but he is inclined to be erratic. He flouts the conventions, and is utterly fearless. He is the "deepest" fellow in the Classical Fourth, and even his best chum, Kit Erroll, does not understand him thoroughly.

Having met all these fellows, you will not wish to waste much time over Peele & Co., the black sheep of the Form.

Cyril Peele is the leader of the fast set, and Gower, Lattrey, Townsend, and Topham generally take their cue from him.

A fellow you will like is Charles Pons, a French-Canadian junior, with a marked propensity for playing practical jokes.

Jones minor is a lively spark, but by no means a bad sort. And Alfred Higgs, who used to be the official bully of the Fourth, has faded away into comparative oblivion. Jimmy Silver & Co. have a short way with bullies! Higgs has "asked for" trouble more than once—and got it!

"THE THREE TOMMIES"

Over on the Modern Side, you will be introduced to three very remarkable young gentlemen.

Tommy Dodd is the acknowledged leader of the Modern Fourth, and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle give him valuable support in his frequent japes on the Classics.

Tommy Dodd is a bright, breezy fellow, and a sterling sportsman. Of course, he will tell you that the Moderns are top-dogs, and that the Classical Side is nothing more or less than a home for incurables. Jimmy Silver would have told you exactly the reverse. Your best policy will be to agree with both!

Tommy Cook is strong and sturdy, and his friendship for Tommy Dodd is very deep and real.

Tommy Doyle is from the Emerald Isle, and is one of the liveliest fellows in the school. His rich, Irish brogue is amusing, and so are many of his japes.

You will find the three Tommies such good company that you will be loth to leave them. But there are others to meet yet.

Clarence York Cuffy, another member of the Modern Fourth, is an absolute duffer. He is sublimely innocent, and utterly free from guile. His leg is pulled from the rising up of the sun unto the going down thereof. But Clarence is quite good-hearted, and you will enjoy chatting with him awhile.

Walter Lacy is one of those queer mixtures that abound in our public schools. There are two distinct sides to his character. Like the child in the nursery rhyme, "when he is good, he is very, very good; and when he is bad, he is horrid!" He is one of the best junior

sportsmen at Rookwood—when he cares to exert himself.

If you are wise, you will scorn to shake hands with Albert Leggett. This individual is a toad. He is the sneak of the school, and he is lots of other unpleasant things.

James Frederick Towle and Richard McCarthy are horses of a different colour. Both are sound and decent. And Robert Wadsley, who is not often in the limelight, follows closely in their style.



Jimmy Silver is a "good man on a horse," as he has proved on more than one occasion.

scrapes, and being hauled out of them by his watchful major.

The most detestable youth in the Third is Bertie de Vere, who is always trying to "cut a dash." He would like Algy Silver and young Lovell to join him in his escapades; but, wilful though they are, they draw the line at chumming with De Vere.

Other "babes" of the Third are Grant, Hamley, Hawes, Lucas, Peters, Pipkin, Stacey, Smithson, Wegg, Wylie, and Wyatt.

"THE KINDERGARTEN"

Before leaving Rookwood, you will naturally wish to have a look at the inky-fingered tribe of fags.

The leader of the Third Form is Algy Silver, the younger brother of the immortal James.

Algy is by no means a model youth. He is wayward and cheeky, and he causes his major any amount of trouble. He is often running a halter round his neck, owing to his thoughtless disregard of rules. Algy is not nearly so likeable as Jimmy, but he will probably grow out of his present waywardness.

It is curious that Edward Lovell, the minor of Arthur Edward Lovell, should be just as troublesome a young rascal as Algy Silver. But it is so. Lovell minor is continually getting into



W. H. BRYANT

FLOODED OUT AT ROOKWOOD

A Remarkable Scene in the School's History

THE great Flood of 1642 is almost as memorable in the minds of Rookwooders as the original Flood which devastated the world

A torrential downpour of rain, lasting for many days on end, caused this alarming catastrophe.

It is feared, however, that the boys of that period did not view the affair as a catastrophe. On the contrary, they regarded it as a huge "jape."

The majority of the rooms on the ground floor became flooded, with the result that the dormitories had to be converted into classrooms. They were Form-rooms by day and dormitories by night.

When masters and boys wished to leave the school building, they were compelled to "take to the boats." And the quadrangle resembled the Serpentine on a summer day. Boats of every description glided to and fro; and well might one of the juniors have remarked, "Prithee, is this Rookwood or Venice?"

There were many humorous aspects of the Flood. Our artist has cleverly portrayed one of them.

Those were indeed stirring times at the old school. Note the two juniors perched high and dry in the tree-tops, gazing down with enjoyment, not unmixed with alarm, at the scene below.

The school authorities were naturally relieved when the flood subsided; but the high-spirited scholars were, we imagine, vastly disappointed.

Jimmy Silver & Co., the present heroes of Rookwood, would cheerfully sacrifice a term's pocket-money to be able to enact these scenes over again. But the famous Hampshire school has not been flooded out since the Stuart period; and many years will doubtless elapse before the cry again goes up:

"Every boy to the boats!"

A Ramble Round Rookwood!

(Continued from page 120)

You will find them round the common-room fire, toasting herrings or baking chestnuts. And they will turn grinning and grimy faces towards you as you smile down at them.

In the Second Form there are no doubtful characters. Mornington minor is the best known. His is quite a romantic history, and he is greatly devoted to Morny.

Arthur Montgomery Jones—Jones minimus—is a reckless young scamp, always up to mischief.

The other "babes" in the Second are Tracey, Fisher, O'Toole, Roberts, Snooks, Scott, and Ernest Vincent.

A FINAL SURVEY

A goodly interval having elapsed since tea, Jimmy Silver & Co. will probably pilot you to the school tuckshop, where you will make the acquaintance of Sergeant Benjamin Kettle, who fought in numerous campaigns and bears many honourable scars. He is the proprietor of the little shop, and can be trusted not to profiteer. He will want to tell you how he helped to relieve Ladysmith, and how he led a thrilling charge at Spion Kop. By the time he has told you all his adventures, you will begin to wonder whether it really was Wellington who won Waterloo or Sergeant Kettle!

You will have a friendly chat with the kindly old matron, and with Mrs. Maloney, the House Dame. Finally, having dropped a shilling into the eager palm of Tupper, the page-boy, you will prepare to depart.

In the course of your ramble, you will have seen the gym, and the spacious playing-fields, and the weather-beaten old tower, as well as the picturesque school chapel. And when the time comes for you to shake hands with Jimmy Silver & Co. at the school gates you will give a last wistful glance at the tall spire of Rookwood, and say:

"Never has a day sped more swiftly!"

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THE END
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