

A Review of Rookwood Sport!

By George Bulkeley.

(Captain of Games.)



CRICKET.

A MARKED improvement has been shown this season by all the Rookwood Elevens. This has been due to the coaching of a well-known ex-county player, who has a knack of getting the best out of his pupils. The First Eleven has won seventy-five per cent. of its games; and the Junior Eleven has fared almost as creditably.

I HAVE acted as umpire in several of the junior matches, and I was much impressed by the brilliant form of several of the youngsters. Jimmy Silver and Teddy Grace were the star performers with the bat; and Mornington is a deadly bowler when he chooses to exert himself.

THE most remarkable match of the season was that between our Junior Eleven and the Greyfriars Remove. Jimmy Silver's team batted first, and scored 200 runs. This seemed a formidable total, but Greyfriars set about the Rookwood bowling in such a determined fashion that they scored

160 for the loss of only three wickets! Then came a sensational collapse. Mornington was put on to bowl, and he skittled our the Greyfriars batsmen like rabbits. In a tensely-exciting finish, Rookwood gained the verdict by one run!

A MOST amusing match was played between a Masters' Eleven and a Boys' Eleven. The Head played for the Masters, and in spite of his years he showed that his hand had lost none of its cunning. He scored a dozen runs before his middle stump was sent spinning. Mr. Roger Manders, who had been persuaded by his colleagues to play, got a "duck's-egg" in each innings, and the expression on his face was simply Hunnish! The boys eventually won the match in a canter, so to speak.

FOOTBALL.

WE did not fare quite so well in football as in former seasons. Our failures were not due to any lack of enthusiasm, but in many cases sheer bad luck was responsible.



I have acted as umpire in several of the junior matches.

In the senior match against Greyfriars, our fellows were attacking for three-parts of the game, but nothing came off for them. Greyfriars, in a sudden breakaway, scored, and it was the only goal of the match. Their skipper agreed afterwards that it was an extremely lucky victory.

IN the fight for the Public Schools Cup—always a thrilling affair—we managed to get as far as the semi-final. Once again Greyfriars were our opponents, and once again we had to bite the dust; but on this occasion the better side won. The last time we won the Cup was in 1913, so I think it is high time we repeated the performance!

SEVERAL matches were lost owing to players being on the sick-list. Why is it that the 'flu germ always chooses to get busy on the eve of an important match? It is most exasperating. However, we hope to make amends next season for the shortcomings of the last one. Come what may, Rookwood will always take for its motto the ringing words of Newbolt: "Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

SO far as "the noble art of self-defence" is concerned, we have had a highly successful year. We sent representatives to Aldershot to take part in the Public Schools Boxing Tournament, and our fellows performed splendidly, young Algy Silver winning the Fly-weight Championship, and his cousin Jimmy being runner-up in the Light-weights.

THE annual Boat Race between the three big schools was won by Rookwood after a dour struggle, our crew defeating Greyfriars in a thrilling finish by a quarter of a length.

ON the cinder track, as in recent years, we did well this summer. Neville of the Sixth and Jimmy Silver represented us in the Open Ten-Mile Cross-Country Race of the Latham

Athletic Club, and proved once again that they are indeed splendid runners. In a fine finish Neville was beaten by two yards by the crack of the Latham Club, whilst young Silver, coming on fast towards the end, was a very good third. Silver, however, had the satisfaction of winning the School's five-mile handicap race the following week when, to my disgust, he beat me comfortably by a dozen-yards, Neville being third, a yard behind me. All Rookwood has now come to the conclusion, and rightly so, in my opinion, that the captain of the Fourth is our champion long distance runner.



The Head scored a dozen before his middle stump was sent spinning.

OUR shooting competitions proved very interesting. The senior events were keenly contested, after a dead heat with Knowles, of Mr. Manders' House, that I secured the victory. The junior competition was a scream, for Cuffy, of the Modern side, and Muffin, of the Classics, were trembling all the while they held their rifles. As it was, they both failed to get a shot on the target in a dozen rounds! Teddy Grace furnished a surprise by defeating Silver and Mornington by one point.

THE END

Tubby Muffin's Birthday!



By
Teddy Grace

An Amusing Complete
Story of
Rookwood School.



FIBBERS should have good memories. Otherwise, the consequences of their fibbing are likely to prove very painful. Which is precisely what happened in the case of Reginald—alias “Tubby”—Muffin, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

Tubby awoke one morning in a state of great excitement. As a rule, he lingered in bed long after the rising-bell had clanged its harsh summons. But on this particular morning he bounded out of bed before the bell-ringer had properly got into his stride.

“I say, you fellows,” said Tubby, “you might wish a chap many happy returns! It’s my birthday, you know.”

“Which birthday?” asked Jimmy Silver.

“Eh? My fifteenth, of course.”

“The fifteenth birthday you’ve had this year, do you mean?” asked Lovell.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Oh, really, Lovell— The fact is, I’m fifteen to-day, and I’m going down to see what the postman’s brought for me. I expect I shall be simply snowed under with parcels and presents.”

“Rats!”

Tubby Muffin washed and dressed in record time. His wash was merely a “cat-lick,” and he scrambled into his clothes instead of putting them on properly. Then, whilst his Form-fellows were performing their ablutions

in a more leisurely manner, Tubby hurried downstairs. His destination was the post-rack in the hall.

There is a proverb which runs: “Blessed is he that expecteth nothing; for he shall not be disappointed.” Whether Tubby Muffin honestly expected anything or not, there was nothing for him in the post-rack. Tubby blinked at the contents of the various pigeon-holes and turned away in disgust. There was a letter for Jimmy Silver, and a couple for Kit Erroll, and a whole heap for Mornington. And on the top of the rack was a hamper. But it was not addressed to Tubby Muffin. Conroy was the lucky one.

“Nothing doing!” growled Tubby. And he rolled disconsolately away.

When Jimmy Silver & Co. trooped out into the bright morning sunshine, they saw their plump schoolfellow strolling dejectedly beneath the old beeches.

“Hallo, Tubby!” sang out Newcombe. “Where are all those parcels and presents you were expecting?”

Tubby Muffin made a grimace.

“They haven’t turned up,” he growled.

“You don’t mean to say that all your relations, titled and otherwise, have forgotten your birthday?” said Jimmy Silver with a grin.

“No, I don’t suppose they’ve forgotten. I

jogged their memories by writing to them the day before yesterday, and reminding them that it was my birthday to-day. Nothing's come by the first post; but there's a mid-day mail to come and another at tea-time. I'll see what turns up then."

But the only thing that turned up at mid-day and at tea-time was Tubby Muffin's nose—in disgust. For on neither occasion did the postman bring him anything—not even a birthday greeting card.

Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled at Tubby's misfortunes, and he called them heartless beasts.

"How would you fellows like it if your relations went and forgot your birthdays?" he growled.

"We shouldn't like it a little bit," said Jimmy Silver. "But then, it isn't your birthday. It's no use trying to spoof us, Tubby. We know you of old."

"Oh, really, Silver! When a fellow has a birthday and nobody sends him anything, it's up to his pals to stand him a feed at the tuckshop."

"Quite so," assented Jimmy. "But then we're not your pals, you see. So-long, Tubby!"

And Jimmy and his chums strolled away, smiling.

"Beasts!" yelled Tubby Muffin, flourishing a fat fist at the backs of his school-fellows.

The fat junior was almost weeping with rage and chagrin. He had hoped, by "kidding" Jimmy Silver & Co. that it was his birthday, to get a free feed out of them. But the chums of the Fourth were wise in their generation. They knew Tubby only too well.

Tubby sat down on a bench under one of the beeches, looking the picture of misery. He was feeling acutely hungry, and he lacked the wherewithal to obtain a feed at the tuckshop. True, there was tea in hall to be had. But tea in hall was the last desperate resort of famished schoolboys. It consisted of very weak tea and a few slabs of bread and margarine.

Tubby Muffin was seated on the bench, nursing his head in his hands, and nursing his grievances at the same time, when Mr. Dalton came along.

"Dicky" Dalton, as he was popularly called, was Tubby's Form-master. He bore down upon the fat junior and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What is wrong, my boy?" he asked kindly. "You seem very distressed about something."

Tubby Muffin burst into tears. They were of the crocodile variety—turned on to order.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Dalton soothingly. "What is the trouble, Muffin?"

"It—it's my birthday, sir!" wailed Tubby.

Mr. Dalton looked surprised.

"Your birthday, Muffin? But surely that is an occasion for rejoicing and not for lamentation?"

Tubby Muffin dabbed at his eyes with a not overclean handkerchief.

"You don't understand, sir," he sobbed. "All my people seem to have overlooked the fact that it's my birthday to-day. I was expecting a tuck-hamper and a lot of presents, and no end of letters and birthday cards. But I've not had a single thing! And, to make matters worse, my pals in the Fourth won't stand me a feed!"



"Dear me! You seem very distressed!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton when he saw Tubby's "crocodile" tears. "What is wrong?" "It's my birthday, sir," wailed Tubby, dabbing his eyes.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Dalton.

The Form-master felt really sorry for Tubby Muffin. He was quite deceived by Tubby's crocodile tears. Tubby was an excellent play-actor at times; and his play-acting at this juncture was perfection.

"Cheer up, my boy!" said Mr. Dalton. "I quite understand how you feel about things, and I will do what I can to minimise your disappointment. Would you care to come and have tea with me in my study?"

Tubby Muffin brightened up on the instant. He thrust his handkerchief into his pocket, and beamed gratefully upon Mr. Dalton.

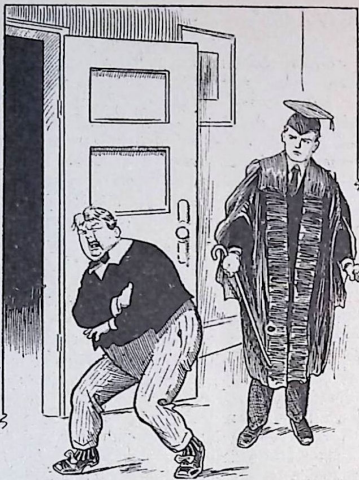
"Thanks awfully, sir!" he said.

It was quite a novel experience, and quite an honour into the bargain, for a junior to be invited to tea by his Form-master. Tubby had visions of a magnificent spread in Mr. Dalton's study; and he was transported into the seventh heaven of delight.

"My table is already laid for tea," said Mr. Dalton, "but I will procure some special cakes for the occasion. Step this way, Muffin."

The kindly Form-master led the way to the tuckshop. Tubby Muffin trotted cheerfully in his wake, feeling as proud as a peacock with two tails. There were several juniors looking on, and Tubby glanced at them in triumph, as if to say, "Don't you wish you were in my shoes? I'm going to have tea with Dicky Dalton!"

Mr. Dalton made quite a lot of purchases at the school shop, including an iced cake and a large bag of assorted pastries. He knew that Tubby Muffin had an enormous



It was a real birthday present that Tubby got this time—four stinging cuts on each hand!

appetite, and he was prepared to pander to it on this special occasion.

Five minutes later, master and junior sat facing each other across the former's table.

Mr. Dalton poured out the tea and waited on his plump guest.

It was all a delightful dream to Tubby Muffin. Many a time and oft he had been caned by Mr. Dalton in that same study. But this was the first occasion on which he had been treated as a guest of honour.

"Don't wait, my boy!" said Mr. Dalton good-humouredly.

And Tubby didn't. He pitched into the good things with great zest.

The cake was delicious, but Tubby was too busy to say so. He champed away contentedly, his host looking on with an indulgent smile.

When Tubby Muffin had launched his offensive on that cake there were very few crumbs left to tell the tale. Tubby then got busy on the pastries, pausing from time to time to drain his tea-cup, which Mr. Dalton repeatedly replenished.

Even Tubby's illimitable appetite was appeased at last. He leaned back in his chair with his hands clasped in the region of his lower waistcoat button.

"I trust you have enjoyed your tea, Muffin?" said Mr. Dalton pleasantly.

"Finest feed I've had for many a long day, sir!" answered Tubby with enthusiasm.

"By the way, Muffin, I have not wished you many happy returns of the day. I will do so now."

Mr. Dalton shook hands with his guest. Then he loaded his favourite briar, and chatted

with Tubby-for half an hour before dismissing him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the corridor when Tubby Muffin emerged from the Form-master's study. Tubby walked past them with uptilted nose, and with an air of lofty superiority. Having been invited to tea by his Form-master, he considered himself much higher in the social scale than fellows like Jimmy Silver. Tubby ignored their very existence and passed on, leaving the chums of the Fourth gasping.

That wonderful spread in Mr. Dalton's study lingered in Tubby Muffin's memory for a while, but not for very long. After a fortnight had elapsed he had forgotten all about it.

One evening, Tubby rolled into Mr. Dalton's study with an impot. which he had been awarded for inattention in class. He handed over the lines, and was in the act of taking his departure when Mr. Dalton called him back.

"One moment, Muffin! That is a very bright neck-tie which you are wearing."

"Yessir! It's a birthday present from my Aunt Clara, sir. It came this morning. Would you like to see the rest of my presents, sir?"

And before Mr. Dalton could reply Tubby was turning out his pockets.

"This tortoiseshell penknife is from my Uncle Jack, sir. Cousin Peter sent me this mouth-organ. And what do you think of this water-pistol, sir? Isn't it a beauty?"

Mr. Dalton looked very grim. The thunder-clouds gathered on his brow.

"Am I to understand, Muffin," he said, in ominous tones, "that it is your birthday to-day?"

"That's so, sir," answered Tubby.

"Then you have grossly deceived me!" thundered the Form-master. "About a fortnight ago you represented to me that it was your birthday, and that you had been neglected by your relations. I therefore took compassion upon you, and invited you to tea."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Tubby Muffin's jaw dropped. Until this moment he had quite forgotten that feed in the Form-master's study. But Mr. Dalton had not forgotten. He had a better memory than Tubby.

Mr. Dalton picked up a cane.

"You have lied to me, Muffin," he said sternly. "You obtained sympathy and kindness by false pretences."

"Oh, really, sir——! I—I—it isn't my birthday to-day, sir. It was a fortnight ago. All these presents were hung up in the post, and they've only just arrived!"

Mr. Dalton frowned.

"Do not pile falsehood upon falsehood, Muffin! You have behaved abominably, and I shall cane you. Hold out your hand!"

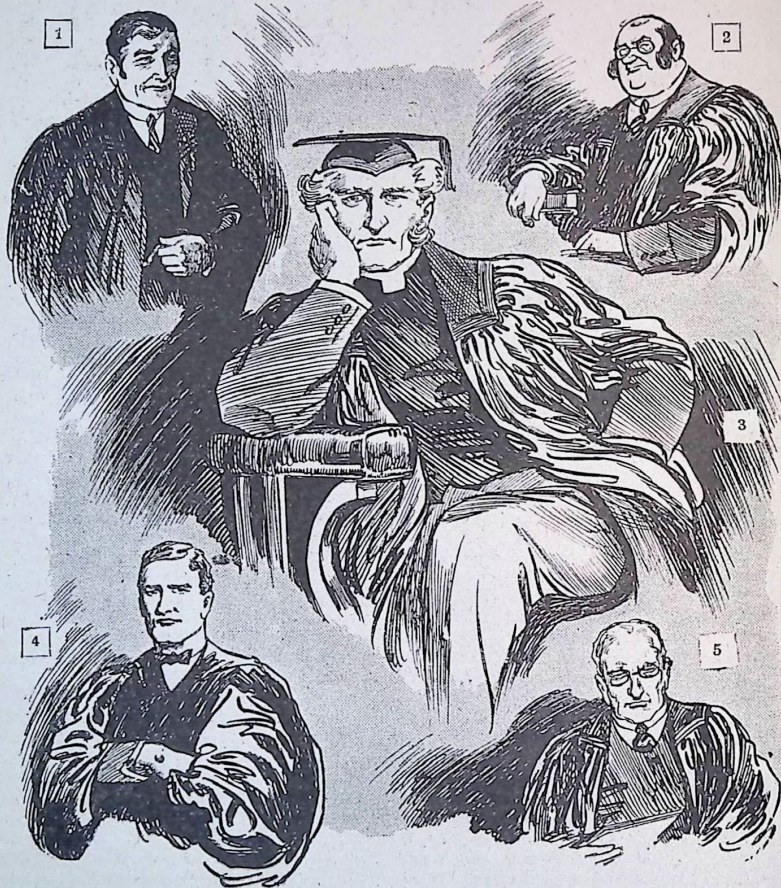
Those who chanced to be passing the open window of Mr. Dalton's study a moment later, were startled to hear sounds suggestive of somebody being put to the torture. Wild wails of anguish rang out on the evening air.

Four stinging cuts on each palm formed the birthday present of Mr. Dalton to Tubby Muffin!

THE END.



RULERS OF GREYFRIARS.



No. 1. Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form Master. No. 2. Mr. Prout, master of the Fifth Form. No. 3. Dr. Locke, the Headmaster. No. 4. Mr. Lascelles, Mathematics Master. No. 5. Mr. Hacker, Master of the Shell Form.