


Rookwood Reflections!



By Jimmy Silver.

POTTED PARS CONCERNING THE FAMOUS HAMPSHIRE SCHOOL

ROOKWOOD is one of the oldest schools in Hampshire—though not so old as the famous Winchester College. The Classical Side is the original part of the building, the Modern Side having been added in fairly recent years. The Modern Side is, in fact, merely a side-show. You see, I happen to be a Classical!

DOCTOR CHISHOLM is Head Cook and Bottle-washer—if I may use such an undignified expression—at Rookwood. It has been said that he rules with a rod of iron, but that's all tommy-rot. He rules with a rod of birch-twigs!

MR. "DICKY" DALTON is the master of the Fourth Form. He always commands respect, and is quite a decent sort so long as we respect commands!

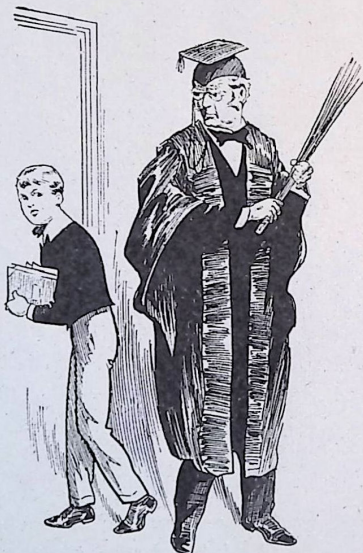
IF a ballot were taken to discover who was the most popular fellow at Rookwood, George Bulkeley, our

genial, athletic skipper, would top the list. Bulkeley is a real good type of sportsman, and we are very struck with him—and by him, sometimes, but only on rare occasions!

AT the bottom of the poll you would find Mark Carthew, a bullying prefect, and the rankest of rank outsiders. I sincerely hope Carthew is not a reader of *THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL*. If he is, he will come across these remarks, and then poor "Silver" will become the victim of a "tanner"!

TUBBY MUFFIN, the fat fellow of the Fourth, is not exactly a miser, but he knows how to "stow away" tuck! When you come to consider the enormous feeds he consumes, it's a wonder that Tubby himself is not "laid up"!

MACK, the school porter, is quite a character at Rookwood. He always has



Dr. Chisholm rules Rookwood with a rod of birch-twigs!

WHEN QUEEN ANNE REIGNED!



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Rookwood to the Rescue!

a grievance, and his surly face is only illumined by a smile once a year. That is on the day we break up for the Christmas holidays. Mack then has visions of handsome "tips," and he addresses us all as "young gents" instead of the customary "young warmints"!

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MR. ROGER MANDERS has charge of the Modern Side. He is not a nice person to know. A wag once pinned the following verse on the door of his study:—

"Within, you'll find a second Nero,
Who makes you spirits sink to zero.
His name is Mr. Roger Manders,
He greets his guests with stinging
'handers'!"



With visions of handsome tips, old Mack addresses us all as "young gents!"

MR. OWEN CONQUEST, who chronicles all our adventures and misadventures for the benefit of a vast schoolboy public, has been invited to spend a week at Rookwood whenever he feels disposed. He will indeed be a welcome guest, and all Rookwood is keenly looking forward to the great man's arrival.

Foiling the Footpads!

A Stirring Scene at Rookwood School in the Reign of Queen Anne.

FOOTPADS flourished in all parts of the country a couple of centuries ago.

And the district around Rookwood School, in Hampshire, was a happy hunting-ground for these "gentlemen of the road."

The evening of December 13th, 1705, was made memorable by a remarkable episode. Snow lay deep in meadow and lane when Sir Josiah Bancroft, a governor of Rookwood, was on his way to visit the school. When within sight of their destination the coach party was suddenly waylaid by four armed ruffians.

Sir Josiah had his wife and daughter with him in the coach; and the passengers would undoubtedly have been deprived of all their valuables, and perhaps suffered personal injury, had not the alarm been given by a Rookwood junior, who witnessed the "hold-up" from his study window.

Armed with clubs, the Rookwood fellows rushed to the rescue of the hapless governor. They came swarming out of gates, pelting at top speed through the snow in the direction of the coach.

The footpads, terrified at the spectacle of that horde of advancing schoolboys, deemed discretion the better part of valour and promptly fled.

Sir Josiah Bancroft is seen in the picture, shaking his fist after the retreating figures. In his relief at having been extricated from his perilous plight, Sir Josiah rewarded his rescuers' by prevailing upon the Head to grant the school a whole holiday—a concession which was greatly appreciated by the Rookwood fellows, who spent a thoroughly happy day snow-fighting and tobogganing!