

# GETTING OVER GUSSY!



By TOM MERRY

(Junior Captain of St. Jim's)

*When Gussy's on his dignity he's an awkward customer to deal with—as this humorous story of the chums of St. Jim's fully proves!*

## THE FIRST CHAPTER

THE HIGH HORSE!

"FIVE quid!"

"Eh?"

"Five quid—or, to be strictly correct, a crisp, rustling fiver!" grinned Jack Blake of the Fourth at St. Jim's. "Gussy's just received it!"

"Oh, good!" said Herries and Digby together.

It was a Wednesday afternoon in early December, and a grey mist had blotted out football. Herries and Digby had been rather disconsolate as they gazed out into the murky quad., but they brightened up considerably as Blake burst into Study No. 6 with his cheery announcement.

"Couldn't have happened better," remarked Blake. "We're all stony, and I was almost reconciled to rooting about the House for the afternoon. Now we can go out."

"Good egg! What about Wayland, the pictures and tea out afterwards?" asked Digby.

"Just about meets the bill!" nodded Herries. "Where's Gus, Blake?"

"Up in the dorm., trying on a batch of new ties. We'll soon yank him out of it," said the leader of the Fourth. "Ready, you men?"

"Ready, aye, ready!"

"Kim on, then!"

The trio quitted the study and went upstairs, in great spirits. The prospect of a trip to the talkies, with tea out afterwards, put a fresh complexion on the gloomy day.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was alone in the Fourth dormitory when they tramped in. He did not look up. He was surveying, with a thoughtful frown, an array of brand-new ties spread out before him on his bed. Ties, like all other articles of personal adornment, were a source of unflinching interest to the swell of the Fourth. He looked, on this occasion, as if he could quite happily have spent the remainder of the afternoon concentrating on them.

"Hurry up, Gus!" Blake said briskly. "No time for rooting about. There's a train to catch, you know."

Arthur Augustus turned round with a start and looked at Blake in

some surprise through his celebrated monocle.

"Bai Jove! How did you know I was catchin' a twain, deah boy?"

"We've just arranged it!" grinned Blake. "Put on your coat and bonnet, old bean, and don't forget to bring the oof. We'll tell you the programme as we walk down to the station."

"Weally, Blake, you appeah to be takin' wathah a lot on yourself. As it happens, I am goin' to Wayland an' I shall natuwally be pleased to have you all with me, but——"

"If you don't stop wagging that chin of yours, we'll miss the train," said Blake. "Put on a collar and one of those dazzling things you've got set out on the bed and trot along with us—pronto!"

The swell of the Fourth eyed his leader coldly.

"Weally, Blake, if you are in such a huwwy as that, pewwaps you'd bettah go without me. I find it wathah difficult to choose a tie to weah this afternoon, an' I uttably wefuse to be huwwied in my choice!"

"And we utterly refuse to hang about the dorm. for the rest of the day while you choose a blessed tie!" retorted Blake cheerily. "This'll do! Where's your collar?"

Arthur Augustus glared.

"If you imagine, you wottah, that you're goin' to fix my collah an' tie for me—yawooooop! Hewwies, you wottah! Dig., you wank outsidah——"

"Sorry, old bean, but there's really no time to argue about it!" said Digby, as he helped Herries to hold the swell of the Fourth while Blake got to work with the collar and tie. "Manage, Blake?"

"Easily!" grinned Blake. "Just a little slip-knot like this and now jerk it tight—so! You look great, Gus—

just as though you'd stepped out of a giddy Christmas cracker! Take his arms, you fellows—we'll have to rush if we're to catch that train at Rylcombe!"

Blake bundled the remainder of D'Arcy's dazzling ties into the locker by the bed, and Herries and Digby rushed their noble chum to the door. Arthur Augustus uttered a wild yell.

"Wefuse me, you wuffians! I wefuse to come to Wayland dwessed like a twamp! I wefuse to weah this collah an' tie. I wefuse——"

"Rush him through the House before someone stops us and makes a kidnapping affair out of it!" gasped Blake. "Be a sport and can it, Gus. You're coming to Wayland with us, whether you like it or not, so it makes no difference!"

"I uttably wefuse——"

And Arthur Augustus kept on refusing all the way down the stairs, across the quad., and half-way to Rylcombe—though his refusals had no other effect than slightly to delay their journey to the station.

At the half-way mark his verbal remonstrances petered out and the swell of the Fourth lapsed into a frigid silence, which his three chums endured with stolid fortitude. Arthur Augustus frequently rode the high horse; but his elevated periods were usually of short duration, and once they got him into the pictures, they knew he would soon come round.

Blake & Co. were not, however, destined to get the swell of the Fourth into the pictures on this occasion. As they came in sight of Rylcombe Station, he broke away from Herries and Digby and made a sudden dash.

Blake gave a shout, as he spotted the train through the mist.

"After him! Train's just starting—he wants to leave us behind!"

"Gus, you fathead——" howled Digby.

But Arthur Augustus was sprinting towards the station like a champion on the cinder track. The rest of the Co. raced after him. But Arthur Augustus, who was one of the best sprinters in the Fourth, simply streaked away from them, rushed through the barrier, and was just in time to board the last carriage on the train.

And Blake and Herries and Digby were left to gaze after the disappearing local with feelings that were too deep for words.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### BLAKE'S WASTED BRAINWAVE

"YOUR fault!"

"You mean your fault!"

"If you hadn't let go of him——"

"You mean if you'd hung on to him——"

"Chuck it, you idiots!" snorted Blake. "I've heard that record all the time we've been tramping here and I'm tired of it. Here we are in Wayland now, and there's no sense in talking about what happened at Rylcombe. Problem is, what to do now we've arrived?"

"Find Gussy!" suggested Digby.

"Fat lot of good it'll be when we do find him!" growled Herries. "You know what Gus is when he feels like it. Ten to one he won't even look at us for the rest of the afternoon; and how we're going to get him to take us to the talkies in that case——"

"Here's Kerr!" interrupted Digby.

"Let's ask him. Hold on, Kerr. Seen Gussy?"

Kerr of the New House, who had just come out of an outfitter's shop, carrying a parcel, stopped and nodded.

"Yes, he's in that shop. I've been in buying the clobber I wear in our new crook play. Gussy's in the collar and tie department talking colour schemes——"

"And I've got the very idea which will put things right!" broke in Blake, excitedly. "Don't you take the part of a burglar in that play, Kerr?"

Kerr stared.

"Right on the wicket; but what——"

"Come into this doorway, all of you, and I'll explain," said Blake. "Hurry, he might come out any moment."

"What's the big idea?" asked the surprised Kerr, as he followed the School House juniors into the doorway of an untenanted shop.

"The idea's just this," said Blake, after he had briefly explained the position: "Gussy's bound to ride the high horse with us for a bit yet and we don't stand an earthly of going to the pictures on his invitation unless something extraordinary happens. But something extraordinary can happen!"

"By which you mean——"

"Gussy can be attacked by a desperate crook," was Blake's surprising answer. "His pals—Herries, Digby and I—can rescue him. If that extraordinary event happens, mere common decency will compel Gus to hold us to his breast and call us his long-lost brothers!"

"I suppose it will," said Kerr, in astonishment. "But if Gussy is attacked by a desperate crook in Wayland this afternoon, it will be more than extraordinary—it will be miraculous!"

"Not now that you've turned up!" grinned Blake. "Especially as you've turned up conveniently

supplied with a crook's clobber!"

"Eh?"

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Digby. "You—you mean we can frame the whole thing? Kerr can rig up as a footpad and we can do the rescue stuff!"

"Just that!"

"M-m-m-my hat!"

Kerr and Herries and Digby looked at Blake and looked at each other. Then they grinned. Finally, they roared. Blake glanced through the mist towards the outfitter's with rather an anxious eye.

"No time for cackling," he said. "Are you game, Kerr?"

"I'll do it," grinned Kerr. "No time to do it as I'd like to do it, of course, but I've got a cap I can pull over my eyes and a muffler I can wrap round my neck——"

"Hurry!" said Blake.

Kerr slipped off the string that bound his parcel and rummaged among the contents.

In a matter of seconds, an artistically adjusted cap and a woollen muffler, combined with a change of facial expression such as only a skilled actor of Kerr's ability could have managed, transformed the New House junior into a creditable imitation of a crook.

The juniors saw Arthur Augustus step from the shop into the misty street, as Kerr completed his handiwork.

"Now!" said Blake.

Kerr, leaving the remains of his parcel in the doorway, ran after D'Arcy's retreating figure. The watching juniors saw him reach the swell of the Fourth, then fling his arms round D'Arcy's neck.

"Money or your life!" they heard Kerr growl. "Come on, young shaver, part up!"

There was a gasp from Arthur Augustus, then a yell.

"Help! Wescue! I'm being wobbled!"

Blake and Co. wasted no time; it would hardly have done to attract a crowd before they gave Kerr a chance to get away. Jumping out of the doorway, they scudded along the misty pavement.

"It's Gussy, you men!" Blake yelled, for D'Arcy's benefit. "He's being attacked by a robber. Rescue!"

"What-ho!" chortled Herries and Digby.

Blake & Co. fairly swooped down on the supposed footpad and made a remarkably realistic attack on him—so realistic, in fact, that Kerr had to utilise none of his theatrical ability in emitting a yell of pain and collapsing in disorder on the pavement.

"Oh, cwikey! Lucky you turned up!" gasped Arthur Augustus; then, as Kerr jumped to his feet: "Gwab him, deah boys! Don't let the wottah escape!"

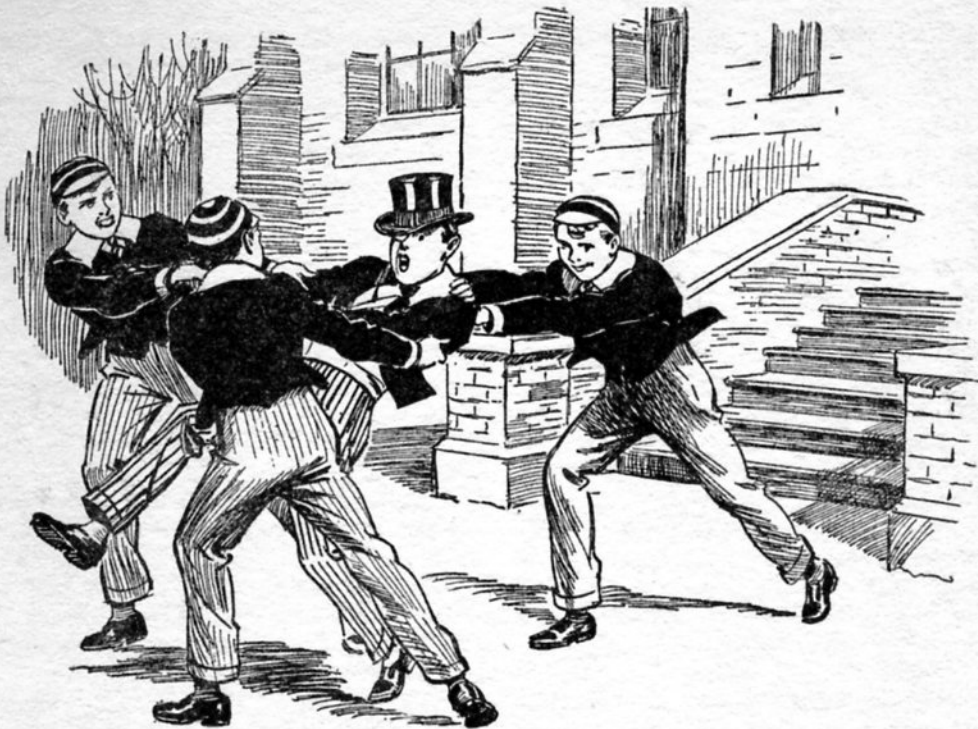
"Look out—he's armed!" Blake shouted, thereby causing the enthusiastic swell of the Fourth to lose his enthusiasm and jump back rather hurriedly.

Kerr took advantage of the respite to dodge back into the doorway in which he had deposited his purchases. Having retrieved the parcel, he rushed off and was quickly swallowed up in the mist.

Arthur Augustus mopped his perspiring brow and adjusted his eyeglass.

"Bai Jove! He'll nevah be caught in this w'etched mist!" he remarked. "Wathah a pitay!"

"Can't be helped!" said Blake, philosophically. "Are you all right, Gus?"



"You're coming to Wayland with us, Gus," gasped Blake, "whether you like it or not!" "I uttably wefuse—" began Arthur Augustus. But his chums promptly grasped him and rushed him across the quad.

"Yaas, wathah! Thanks vevy much for your pwompt assistance, deah boys!"

"Oh, it was nothing," said Blake airily, closing that eye which was beyond D'Arcy's range of vision. "We only did what anyone else would have done in the circs."

"Just that!" said Herries.

"A mere trifle!" grinned Digby. "Don't mention it, old bean!"

Arthur Augustus beamed at his three chums.

"Nevahtheless, it was vevy sportay of you, aftah our little diffewance of opinion earliah on. I'm weally sowwy now, deah boys, that I wushed away as I did. But all's well that ends well, an' this little incident has at least bwrought us togetah again. Now

if there's anythin' I can do to make amends—"

Blake smiled.

"Well, strangely enough, Gus, there is. You may remember that we're all broke to the wide?"

"Bai Jove!"

"Whether you do or not, we are, anyway. And if there's one thing more than anything else you can do for us this afternoon, it's stand treat for the lot of us at the pictures and perhaps take us out to tea after. That'll just about make it quits, I fancy!"

"What-ho!" grinned Herries and Digby.

"Bai Jove!"

"Well! Anything wrong with the wheeze?" asked Blake.

The swell of the Fourth gazed at his colleagues in dismay.

"Nothin' whatevah, deah boy. I think it's a weally wippin' ideah; but——"

"Then the 'buts' don't arise!" said Blake, cheerfully. "We'll toddle along to the cinema right away."

"Bai Jove! I'd love to, deah boy; but, as it happens, it's quite imposs.!"

"How's that, then?"

"You see, deah boys," explained Arthur Augustus, "I've just been in to pay for that batch of new neckties I had delivahed to-day an' the bill came to pwactically a fivah. As I say, I'd simplay love to take you all to the pictuahs. But I can't—I haven't got the monay!"

Blake and Herries and Digby blinked at their noble chum. Then they blinked at each other. Their thoughts were of all the trouble they had taken—their trip to Wayland, their amazing little scheme to rescue Arthur Augustus from the clutches of a footpad conveniently provided by themselves.

Suddenly, with one accord, Blake, Herries and Digby made a rush.

"What the mewwy dickens—whoop! Yawooooop! Yooooop!" howled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as he felt himself seized and raised and bumped and finally rolled into the muddy gutter.

"There! That's relieved our feelings!" panted Blake. "Now, chaps, we'll foot it back to St. Jim's!"

And Blake and Herries and Digby walked away. And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was left reclining in the mud, on his face an expression of which speechless indignation and inexpressible astonishment were just about equally balanced!

THE END

## RADIO ST. JIM'S!

Monty Lowther Calling:

HELLO, everybody! Hiking through long grass irritates me, complains Crooke. He sounds nettled! Like the Irish business man who put up a notice in his office, reading: "Persons having no business in this office will please get through with it as soon as possible!" As another Irishman said: "The time has come when we must strip to the waist and roll up our shirt-sleeves!" The warder confronted the "old lag" in gaol. "You're to be discharged tomorrow!" he announced. "Lor! Wot 'ave I done now?" demanded the prisoner indignantly. Mr. Selby, the master of the Third, went down to the seaside from Saturday to Monday. He returned very sunburned about the head—as Wally D'Arcy said, sunburned on his "weak end"! Two sailors were shipwrecked on a South Sea island. "Don't be nervous!" said the first, looking at the dancing cannibals. "They're only singing welcome!" "Welcome be blowed!" returned his companion. "They're singing grace!" Blake told Cutts of the Fifth, whose hair is very wavy, that he ought to go to sea. "Why?" asked Cutts. "A life on the permanent wave!" answered Blake—and ran for dear life! Wally D'Arcy stopped Kildare in the lane the other day. "You know Knox's neck?" asked Wally casually. "Yes. Why?" asked Kildare. "Well, he's fallen into Farmer Blunt's pond up to it!" responded Wally calmly. George Gore is still tinkering with his home-made radio set. In our opinion the best thing he could get on it would be whatever it would fetch at the pawnbroker's!—We're telling you!

# The GREYFRIARS TREASURE!

*(The treasure consists of the rich monastic appointments and possessions buried by the old Grey Friars at the time of the Reformation. It will be worth a fabulous sum of money if it is ever found—if! Some Greyfriars celebrities tell you what they would do with the money if they ever had the luck to find it.)*



GEORGE WINGATE :  
A fortune, they say, brings no pleasure,  
But only a packet of worry ;  
So, if I discovered the treasure,  
I'd lose it again in a hurry.



HARRY WHARTON :  
I'm afraid I can't do as I'm bidden  
And say what's requested of me ;  
But if you know where the stuff's hidden,  
Just tell me—and then you will see.



FISHER T. FISH :  
I guess if I went  
And cinched the whole store,  
I'd count every cent,  
And wish there were more.



WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER :  
Wot ? If I fownd the Greyfriars stuff,  
You arsk me wot I'd do ?  
My readers kno me well enuff  
To kno my arnser, too.



HORACE JAMES COKER :  
Well, first I woold go  
And buy up the skool,  
And whop every fag in the place ;  
I'd boss the whole show  
Currajeous and cool,  
And kick Wingate out in dissgrace.



PAUL PROUT :  
I should, of course, relinquish my employment,  
And spend some happy, profitable years  
Among my former haunts, and find enjoyment  
In spreading death in buffaloes and bears.  
Such is, I may explain, my fond intention  
When I retire from the scholastic state.  
I do not think you've ever heard me mention  
That once, out hunting bears, in '98—  
(Yes, yes ; we've heard that one before.—Ed.)

LORD MAULEVERER (yawning) :  
Ya-aw! I don't care a fig for it,  
You see!  
Some other chap can dig for it ;  
Not me!

GOSLING :  
If I found the " rhino "  
(Which I ain't !),  
I'd fall upon the lino  
In a faint.

