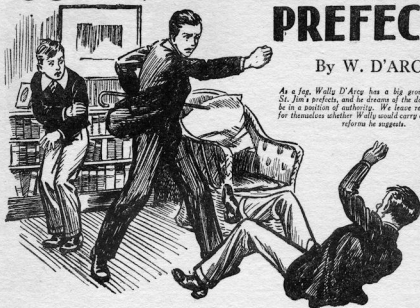


JUST WAIT TILL I'M A PREFECT!

By W. D'ARCY



As a fag, Wally D'Arcy has a big grudge against the St. Jim's prefects, and he dreams of the day when he will be in a position of authority. We leave readers to decide for themselves whether Wally would carry out the startling reforms he suggests.

IF you ask my opinion, our prefects at St. Jim's are a pretty poor lot.

They swank about like the lords of creation, but what they've got to swank about goodness only knows!

Of course, I don't need telling that Kildare and Darrell and one or two more are good at heart. The trouble is, they never show their hearts to the Third!

I can tell you one thing, though—there will be a very different story to tell in that distant day when I become a prefect.

The fags won't flee in fear when they hear my number nines clumping along towards the Third Form-room. They'll greet me with a round of cheers and hearty cries of "Here comes good old Wally!"

I shall set out to make myself the giddy champion of the oppressed. The despised and downtrodden will

learn to look on me as their pal.

When my fag turns up half an hour late with my morning cup of tea, what shall I do? Call him a lazy little beast and sling a slipper at him like the present-day prefect?

Not likely!

"Sit down, kid," I shall say, in my deep but kindly voice. "You must be tired, having to get up so early. Drink the tea yourself. I'll go without."

The youngster's silent look of gratitude will amply repay me for my noble gesture.

When the kid's heroic efforts to light my study fire fill the room with smoke and soot, I shan't jump about like a dancing dervish and kick him all round the study. No fear!

I shall bring the Head himself to the study instead.

"Sir!" I shall say. "Is it fair to

a boy to ask him to fag for me in an atmosphere like this? That chimney needs sweeping. Don't deny it—you'll only be adding to your guilt! I demand that you get in a sweep at once. What's more, to compensate this ill-used youngster for his ordeal, I insist on his being given a day's holiday from lessons."

I shall be well rewarded for my pains by the dumb look of thankfulness and relief on the face of the kid.

In my dealings with my fag I shall make a point of remembering that he is a fellow human being with sensitive feelings like my own. For that reason I shall take particular care not to complain of his cooking.

You know what the average prefect is like when you give him a well-browned round of toast.

"What do you call this?" he raves, reaching out furiously for his ashplant. "I asked for toast—not charcoal!"

What a contrast to the courteous and considerate words I shall use when I'm a prefect!



"Sir!" I shall say when the Head arrives on the scene. "Is it fair to a boy to ask him to fag for me in an atmosphere like this? The chimney needs sweeping—don't deny it!"

"One thing about you, kid," I shall say, as I munch away contentedly at the toast on which he has lavished his youthful skill, "you certainly can cook!"



If I'm peppered with peas by a crowd of innocent kids, I shall give them a beaming smile. "Well aimed, youngsters!" I shall call out encouragingly.

The flush of pride on his eager young countenance will make up for any slight toughness I happen to find in the toast.

Bullying will be put down with a firm hand when I'm in the saddle.

Let me catch one of my colleagues lamming a kid with his ashplant and you'll soon see the fur fly! With one mighty bound I shall reach my brother prefect and snatch the ashplant from his hand.

"Take that, you brute!" I shall cry, as my fist lashes out, sending him slumping to the floor with a howl of agony.

The unspoken gratitude in the kid's eyes will easily compensate for the unpleasantness resulting between myself and the other seniors.

The fags' high-spirited pranks will never draw down the vials of my wrath on them as it does in the case of the old fogs who boss it over us to-day. If I'm peppered with peas by a crowd of innocent kids during peashooting practice, I shall give them a broad beaming smile and chuckle with great enjoyment.

"Well aimed, youngsters!" I shall call out encouragingly. "Your marksmanship is almost as good as mine when I was your age. Keep it up!"

The gratified grins of the pea-

shooting brigade will make the discomfort of being a target a mere nothing.

Should I walk unsuspectingly into my study to find a pailful of sooty water descend on me, I'm going to take good care not to fly into a rage and seek out the guilty fags and slaughter them. That would be typical of the present-day prefect; but it won't be when I hold sway!

Turning my soaked and sooty face towards the spot where I can detect youthful laughter, I will grin a dusky grin that will at once end any slight fears they feel.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I shall roar. "Don't run away, kids; I don't mind this! Matter of fact, it's reminded me to ask some of you kids to tea."

"G-g-great pip!" the startled young beggars will stutter.

"Come right in and make yourselves at home!" I shall say.

And the excited whoops of the grateful young jokers will be well worth a soaking in sooty water!

Last, but not least, I shall never dream of driving the fags up to their dorm at bedtime like a flock of giddy sheep, as Kildare and the others do.

"Stay up a little longer?" I shall say, with my deep but indulgent laugh. "Why, certainly! You chaps are the best judges of when you feel like bed. Stay up as long as you like, kids—and when you do get up to your dorm, mind you finish up with a jolly good pillow-fight!"

The ringing cheers of the delighted fags will remove all the distastefulness from my task of keeping the beaks at bay.

It all sounds like a dream, doesn't it? But it's coming true one day.

Just wait till I'm a prefect!

Laugh These Off!

—With MONTY LOWTHER

Hallo, Everybody!

Herries has composed a new "swing" tune. Blake says Herries may swing for it yet.

I hear a learned judge has admitted that all judges make mistakes. A thing all criminals have been convinced of for a long time!

Cricketers never really get old, we read. A man is as old as he fields! Ow!

During an upheaval in a South American country, the British Ambassador was having a conversation with the President when a messenger was admitted. After a whispered aside, the President rose with an apologetic smile. "If you will excuse me," he said to the British Ambassador, "I will send in the new President to finish our conversation."

Overheard at the Wayland Hippodrome:
Actor: "The last time I appeared here, people could be heard laughing a mile away."
Friend: "Indeed? What was on there?"

I hear a film company recently paid £200,000 for the rights of a screen comedy. The author thought it quite the best joke of his career.

News: Burglars who broke into London premises found only a few pennies, which they did not take. Of course, burglars always did regard coppers as unlucky!

A doctor recommends musical cures—Mozart for indigestion, Chopin for nerves, Wagner for depression, and so on. But he doesn't mention the cure for Bach-ache.

Good luck, fellows!