



CRAZY WEEK AT ST. JIM'S!

By MONTY LOWTHER

“Why not a crazy week at St. Jim's?” says the humorist of the Shell. But after reading his startling suggestions we think he's crazy!

GENTLEMEN, chaps and fellows, I've got the brightest notion that's struck me for at least five minutes.

Crazy Week at St. Jim's!

Why not? Dash it all, we spend nearly forty weeks out of the year in sombre and sober sanity, hedged round with rules, restrictions and respectability. Why not go “goofy” sometimes, for a change? It would do us all good!

Just imagine a whole week of carnival, with all the fellows doing exactly what they pleased! Whoop-ee!

Lessons would be optional, of course. But with lickings and lines barred and no restrictions on behaviour there'd be a full attendance—it would be too good to miss!

In the Shell, we'd pelt Mr. Linton with chalks and erasers as he came in—inkpots would be barred by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Schoolmasters, I'm afraid! And

when he remarked, as he sometimes does, “Let me see, first lesson is English History,” we'd yell back “Rats! You mean funny stories!”

Questions would naturally be answered in the crazy way. “When did Henry IV come to the throne?” would draw the reply “Some time before Henry V, I fancy, old bean!” The answer to “Where were the kings of England crowned?” would be “On their nappers, of course!” and so on.

When we got bored by lessons, we'd buzz off and leave Linton to carry on to the empty desks. If the Fourth were still in class, we might liven things up by paying them a visit and indulging in an ink-pellet battle—with perhaps Mr. Lathom standing in the middle to see fair play!

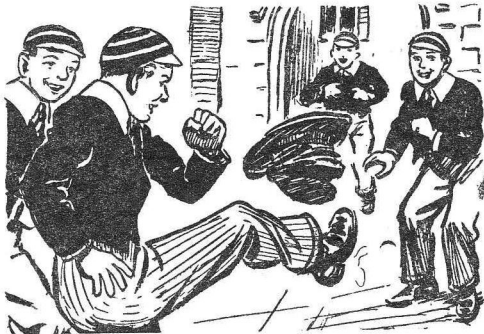
Dinner in hall would be a regular riot. Beaks would be inconspicuous and prefects would lie low and say nothing—or take the consequences! The menu would be varied and liberal

—as seaside landladies tell you prior to serving up small portions of beef and spuds for a fortnight! Ginger-pop and chocolates and rare and refreshing viands would be available in unlimited quantities, and what was left over would be used as missiles to be hurled at inattentive waiters!

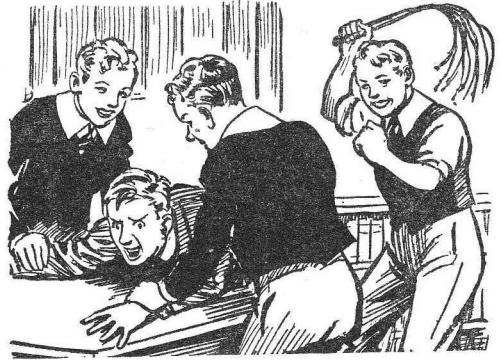
After dinner the time would be devoted to amusements forbidden in normal weeks, such as playing footer with the Head's best topper, decorating the busts of Cæsar, Eutropius & Co. with prefects' clobber and false beards and specs., and turning the fire hose on Mr. Ratcliff! All this would be awfully jolly!

Just to give the poor, oppressed fellows of the Fourth and Shell a treat, all juniors between the Fifth and Third Forms exclusive would be promoted to the rank of prefect. Prefects, on the other hand, would be reduced to the rank of fags. The new prefects would, as a matter of course, be allowed to administer punishment to the new fags with implements provided for that purpose. Just light, inoffensive weapons, of course—say a couple of sjamboks and a cat-o'-nine-tails to each man!

One of the great features of Crazy Week at St. Jim's would be the



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The new prefects would be allowed to administer punishment to the new fags with an inoffensive weapon like a cat-o'-nine-tails!

decorations. If I had my way, there'd be so many decorations you wouldn't be able to recognise the old place! Flags would fly and pennants proudly flutter all over the place.

Calling-over would be abolished and juniors would be allowed to stay out half the night if they wished. For the benefit of those who felt like staying in, there would be theatrical performances, boxing displays and film shows in the dormitories as long as they were required. These arrangements would ensure a perfect end to a perfect day for everybody!

That, briefly, is my idea of a Crazy Week for St. Jim's. I don't expect everybody to agree with it at once. I shall be very much surprised, in fact, if the Head hugs me affectionately as soon as he hears about it and cries "Lowther, my boy, it's the wheeze of the century—let's start Crazy Week right away!" Still, I hope to convert the Head—in time.

Once Dr. Holmes agrees, the rest of the masters will soon follow his lead; so the time may come when Crazy Week at St. Jim's is a regular annual institution.

On the other hand, it may *not*!

THE END.