

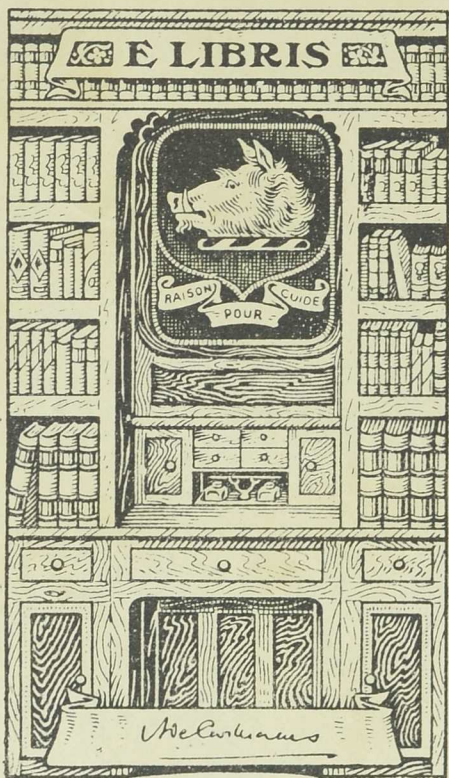


THE
MARLBOROUGH STRUWWELPETER

BY A DEC WILLIAMS.

Illustrated by the Author.





See p 9 - chip

or [1908]

TO

J.B.

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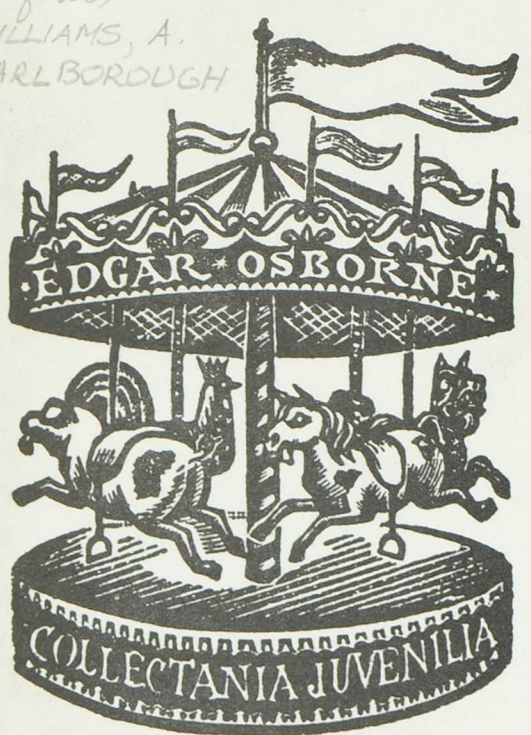
FULL long we twain together shared
Our study and our frugal brew:
Together through our Livy fared,
And braved Thucydides, we two.

Together Cain we've raised, and rushed
The Alley's milk jugs, bread, and butter
Oft I your strident tones have hushed,
Muttering the words I shouldn't utter.

A tribute, Jonathan: this stuff
May make you laugh, may make you weep —
At all events, 'twill be enough
At least, to send you off to sleep.

A. DE C. W.

P (folio)
WILLIAMS, A.
MARLBOROUGH



37131 009 551 854



THE
MARLBOROUGH STRUWWELPETER

INTRODUCTORY

When in A House you've been good,
(Just as if you really could!)
Good in Classroom, good in School,
Good — without being quite a fool;
You shall be allowed to look
At this pretty Picture Book.
Awful naughty Boods and Bodes
Jibbering of Cricket Stores,
Who get horrid nervous shocks
When disturbed discussing — Socks;
Such as there shall only look
At J. Vieder's Cricket Book.



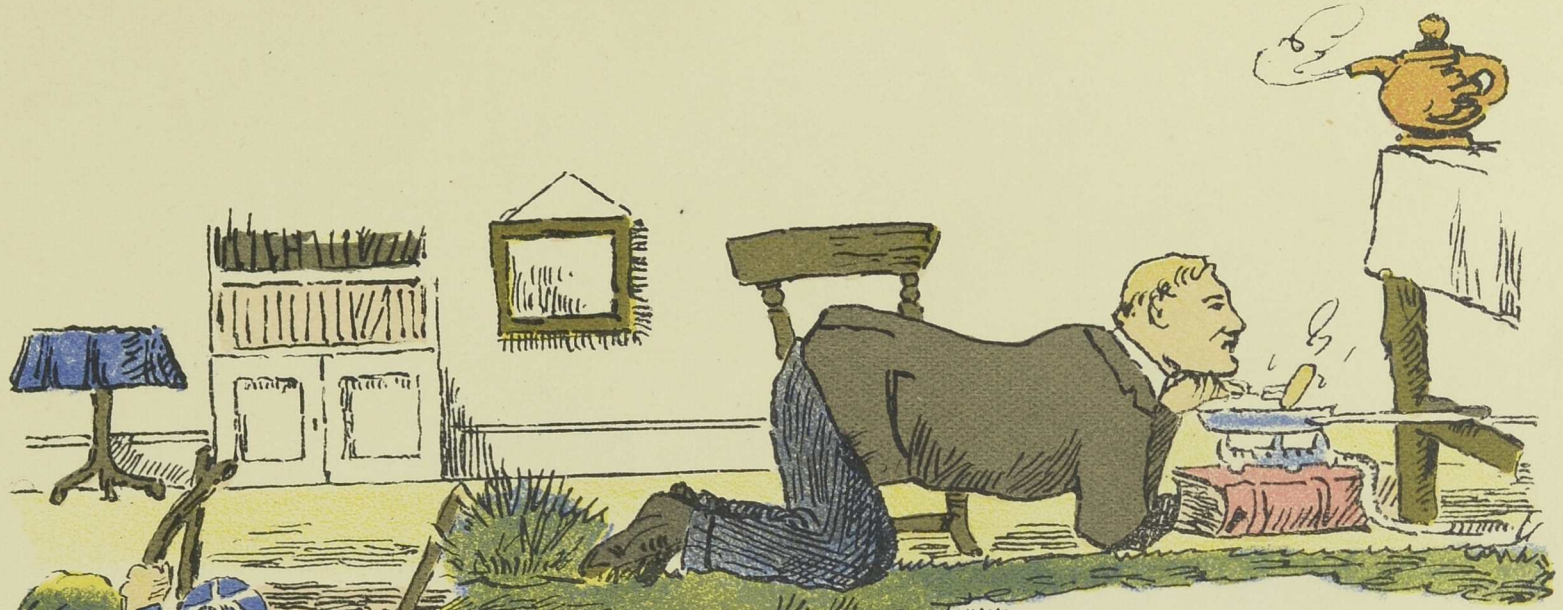
1. THE NEGLECTED LAD



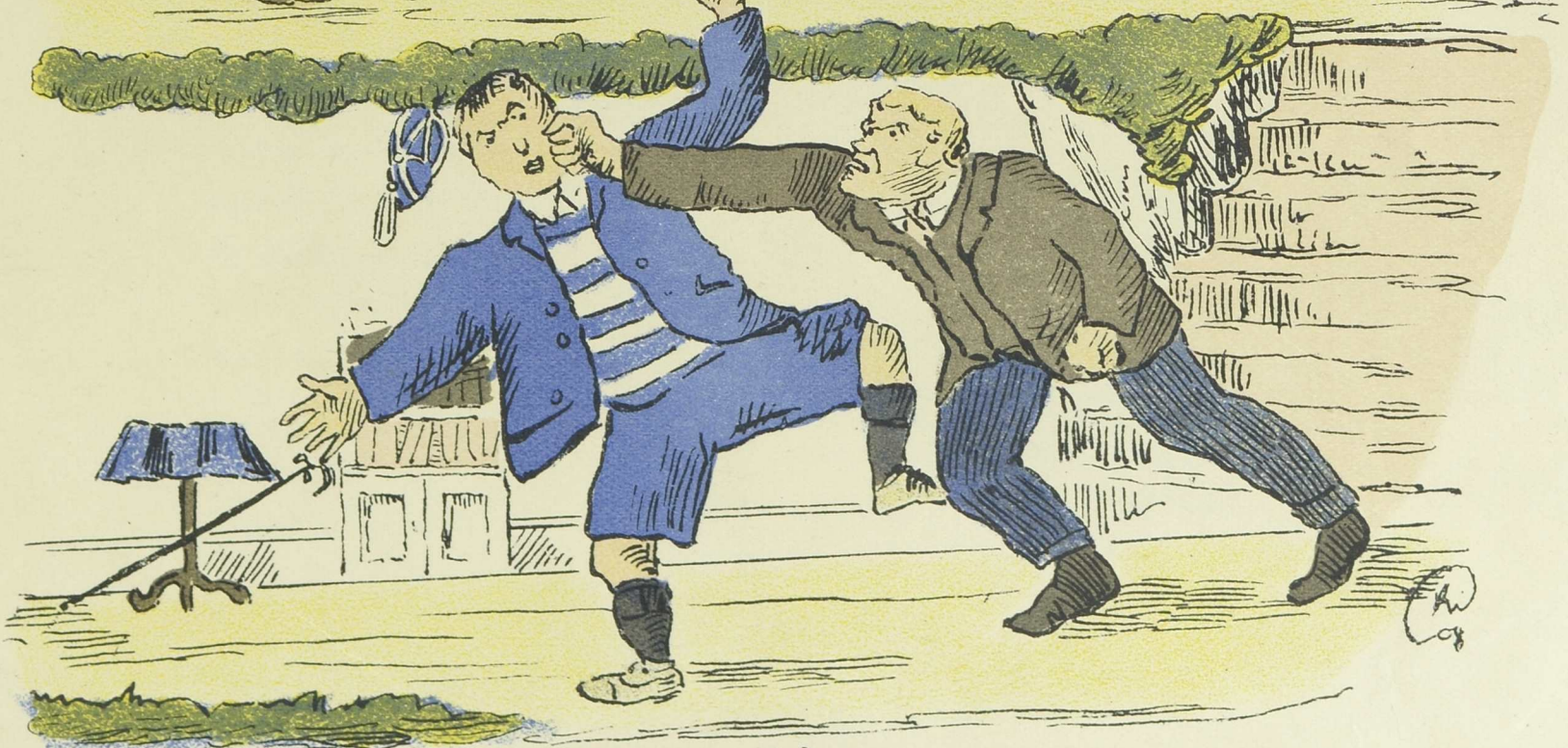
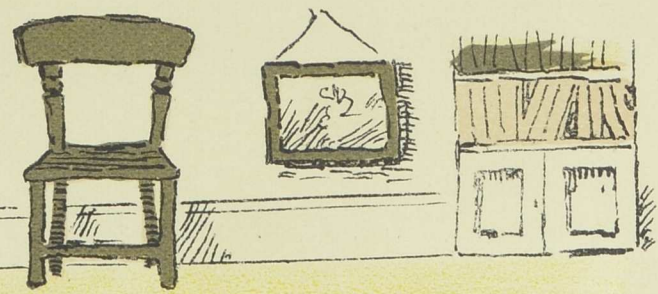
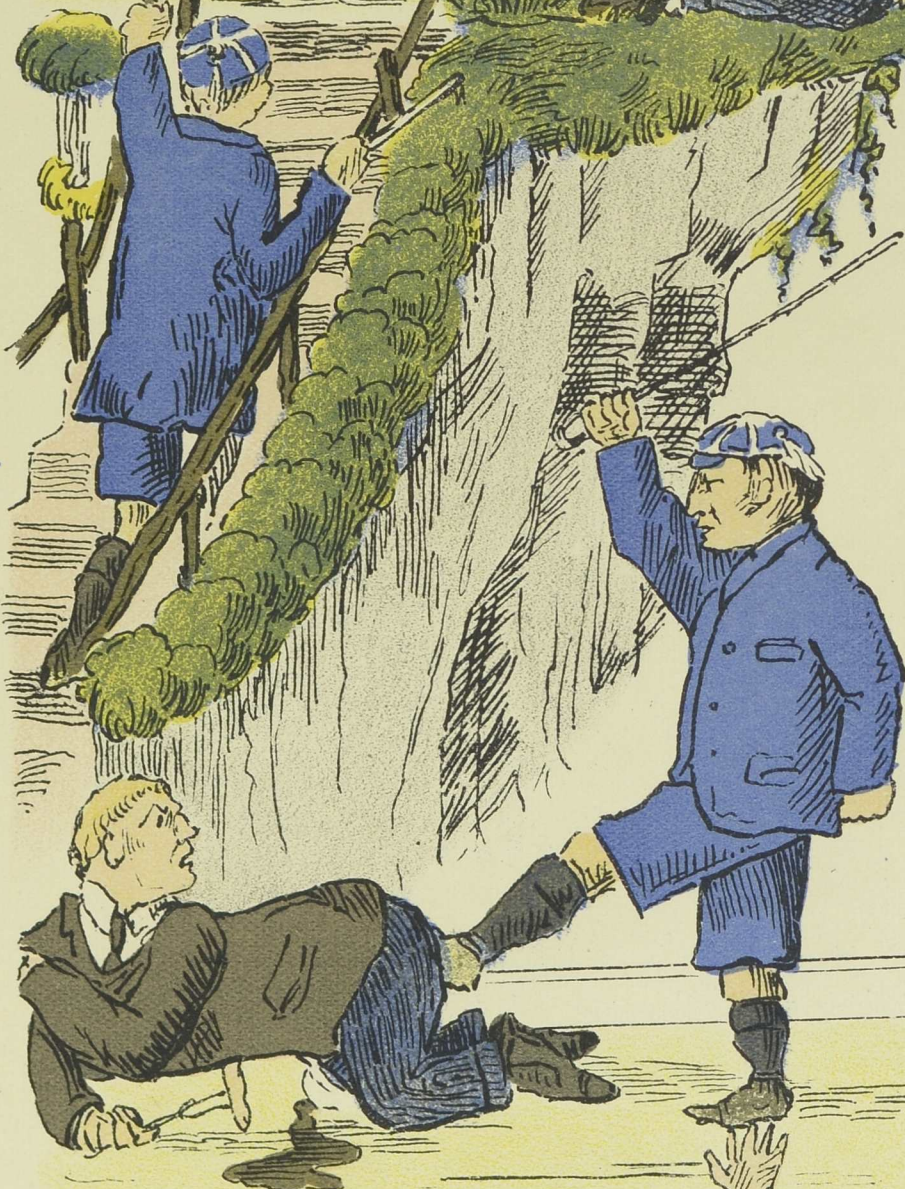
See the poor Marlburian lad,
So immeasurably sad!
What a weird cap, I do think!
And his hands are daubed with ink.
Why! I truly can avouch
He has got a perfect slouch!
Still, he's nothing quite so 'push' on
As 'is kish (alias. cushion).

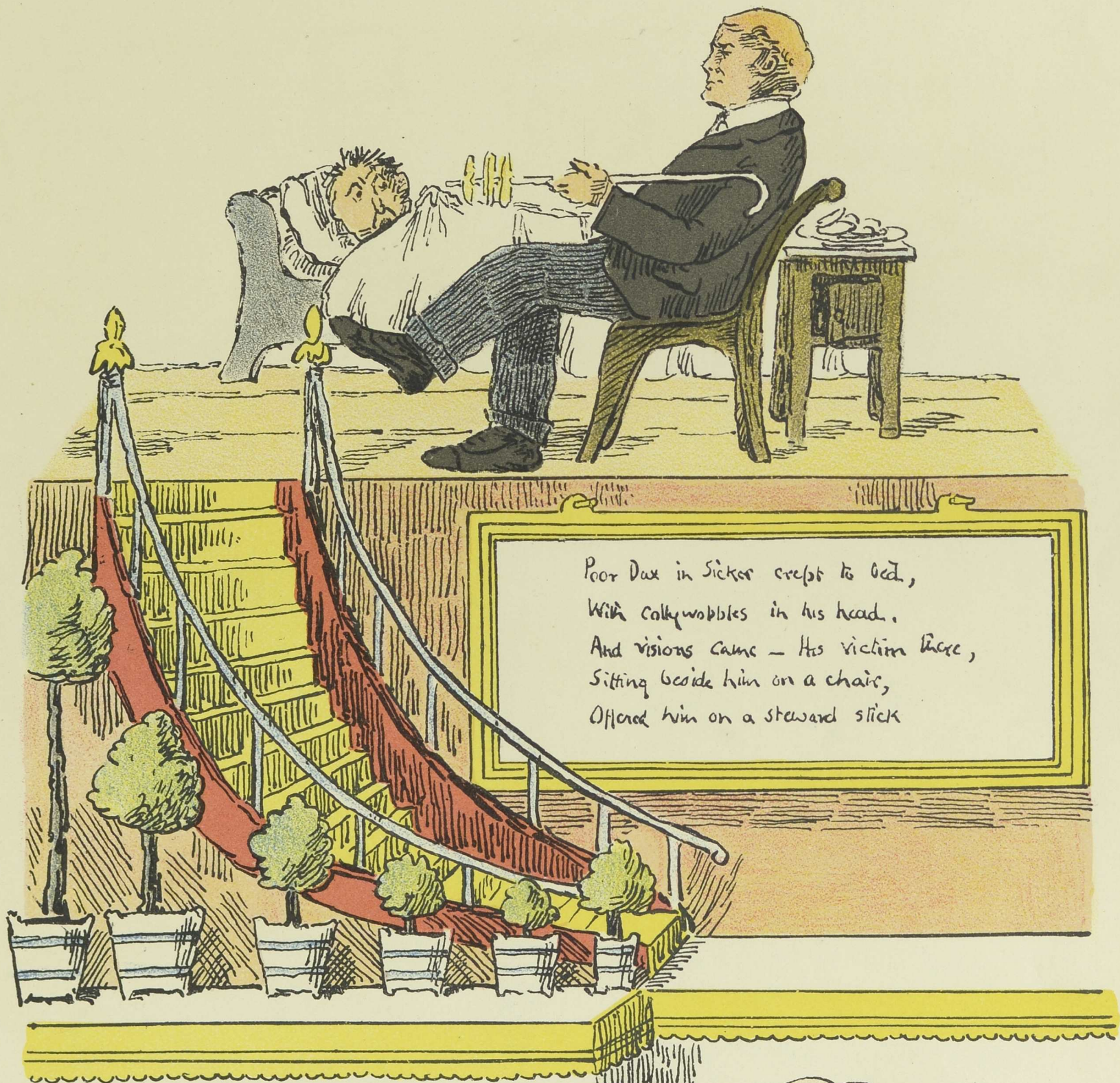
2. THE STORY OF CRUEL DUX.





His forward brewed in Study B
On sausage, mash and pints of tea;
But while the food he rent and tore
He kept one eye upon the door
But cruel Dux upset his cup,
And said he must give brewing up
And if he did not then obey
He'd get the boot the following day.
But forwards are a surly race
He pushed his Captain in the face!





Muffins enough to make him sick.
 Afar he hears the House Match roar,
 As partisans applaud the score.
 In future he nids be more deft; he
 Won't slang his forwards if they're hefty.



3. THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT TOMKINS AND THE TOBACCO.



I need not tell you I'm averse
This painful story to rehearse.
Young Tomkins found to play the game
Proscribed by Rules was rather tame,
And - though his comrades frowned and warned -
Their kindly pessimists scorned,
Went for a walk, sat 'neath an oak,
Began - infatuate youth - to smoke.
Prefects had said that if they caught him
They'd turn him up or else report him
But Tomkins answered, calm and cool,
'I won't be caught. I'm not a fool.'

His friends began to shout
'You silly, silly lout,
If once you're caught,
It won't be sport.
Too bad!' they cried, 'too bad! too bad!
We thought you were a better lad'

But Tomkins would not take advice:
He smoked a pipeful - that was nice!
His face turned green, his friends guffawed,
And Tomkins stretched him on the sward -
Asked 'Was it good?', he cried 'You bet!
And now I'll try a cigarette.'

His friends, when this they knew
At once got in a stew,
Put up their backs,
And talked of sacks:
'Oh! really, this is rot:
You'll get it awful hot.
Besides, we told you not!'



And see! A Prefect soon appears:
 Tomkins is overcome with fears,
 His weed he pockets - swift it catches
 And sets on fire a box of matches.

Then loud his youthful mentors crew
 What else, sage creatures, would they do?
 They watched him frizzle for a time
 With a complacency sublime
 'Well, Well!', they cried, 'this is a go!
 But then, of course, we told him so!'

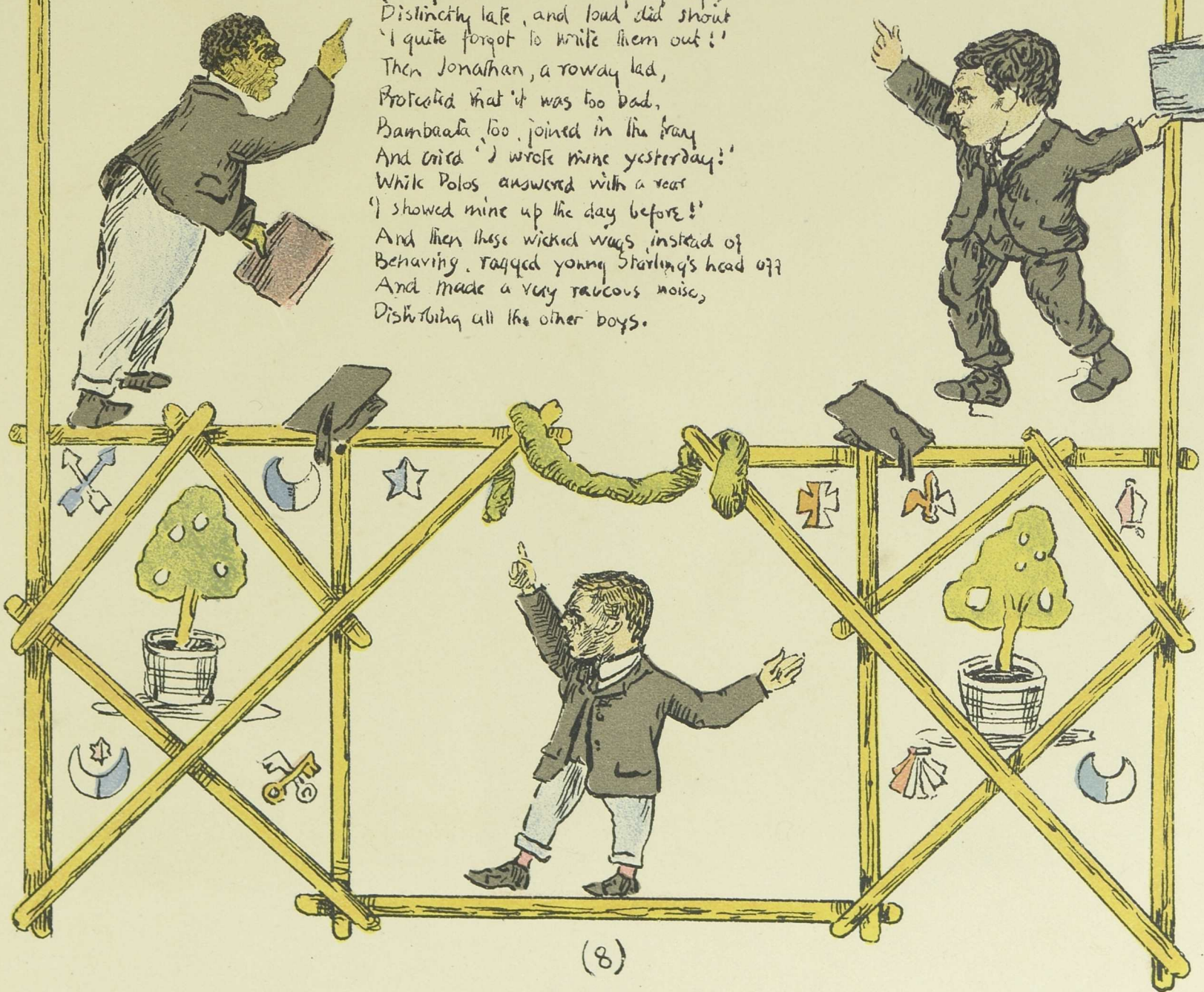
And so they went and told each friend
 How Tomkins came to meet his end,
 With moralising allegations,
 And some distinct exaggerations,
 Until each friend found it a bore,
 And bade them sternly speak no more.

But when those prophets good and wise
 Found they had no one to advise,
 'Oh dear!', they cried, 'although we flout him,
 It's jolly hard to do without him!
 So dropped their moralising fads,
 And soon became quite decent lads -

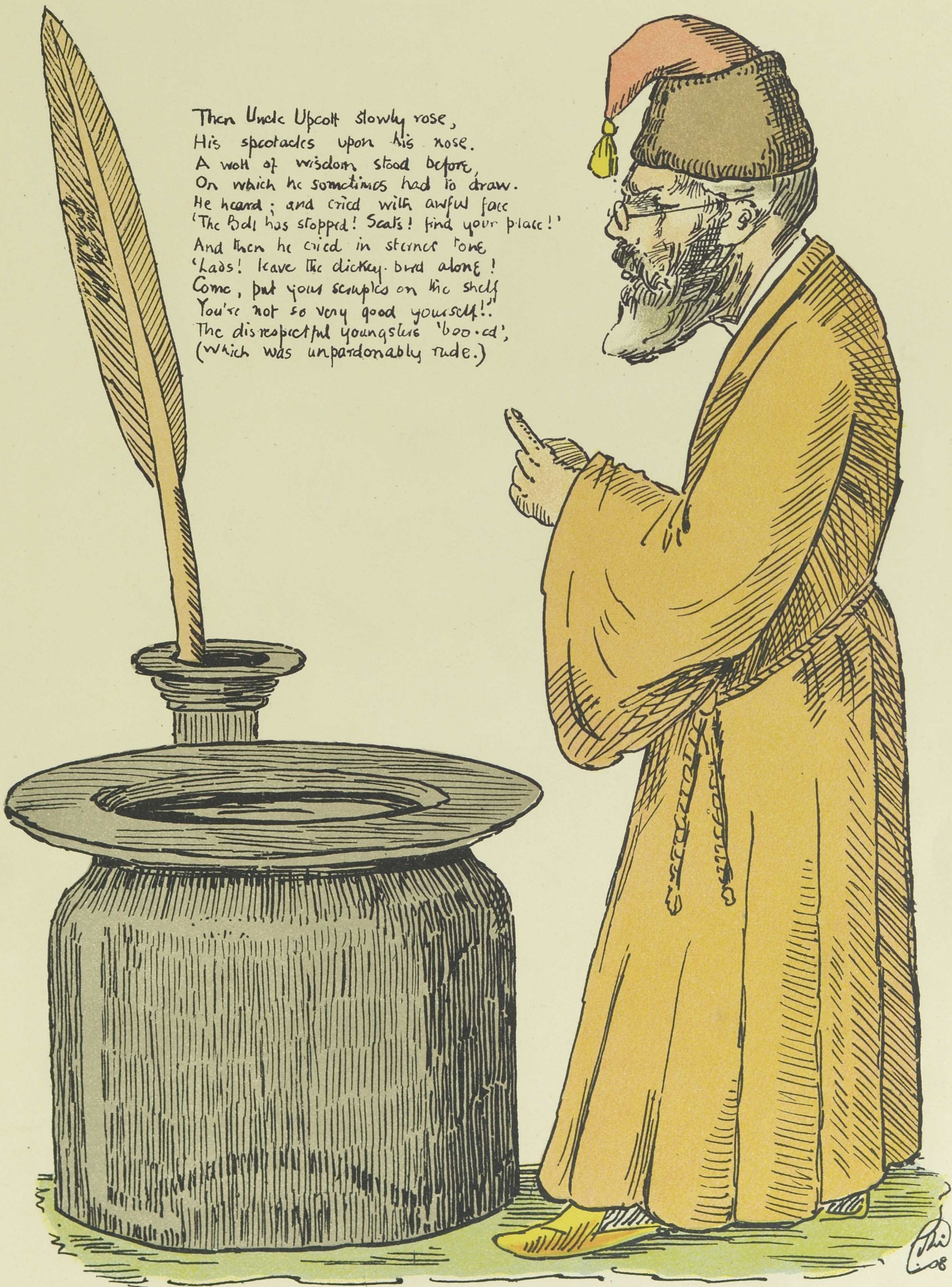
4 THE STORY OF THE WICKED WAGS.



As was young Starling's weekly wont,
 (Though Uncle Upcott told him 'Don't!'),
 One week he showed his verses up,
 (They did so in the days of Tup)
 Distinctly late, and loud did shout
 'I quite forgot to write them out!'
 Then Jonathan, a rowdy lad,
 Protested that 'it was too bad,
 Bambaala, too, joined in the fray
 And cried 'I wrote mine yesterday!'
 While Polos answered with a roar
 'I showed mine up the day before!'
 And then these wicked wags, instead of
 Behaving, ragged young Starling's head off
 And made a very raucous noise,
 Disturbing all the other boys.



Then Uncle Upcott slowly rose,
His spectacles upon his nose.
A wot of wisdom stood before,
On which he sometimes had to draw.
He heard; and cried with awful face
'The Bell has stopped! Seats! find your place!
And then he cried in sternest tone
'Lads! leave the dicky-bird alone!
Come, put your scuples on the shelf
You're not so very good yourself!
The disrespectful youngsters 'boo-ed',
(which was unpardonably rude.)



Then Uncle Upoki coughed and scolded,
Seized Jonathan who squeaked and howled,
Seized Polos, fountain pen and all,
Bambaata too, though he did bawl;

And, though they kick and shout and splutter,
With calm injunctions not to murther,
He souces them in Wisdom's well
In spite of jibber, cough and yell.
Turn 'our and see what them befel.





Now they are wiser than they were:
No longer do they sniff and stare
When Stirling shows up verses late:
But do the same themselves, and state
'We had it done by half past eight.'
And oh! I blush, although in rhyme,
To say they're never now in time,
A sharper and more spacious three
I'm positive there couldn't be.

5. THE STORY OF THE VOLUNTEER AND HIS FOE

This is the Marlborough Volunteer,
A stranger, (so he says), to fear.
He's learnt to drill, can march, and shoot,
And thinks civilians all are brutes.

The Enemy sits in the grass,
And laughs to see the Warrior pass.

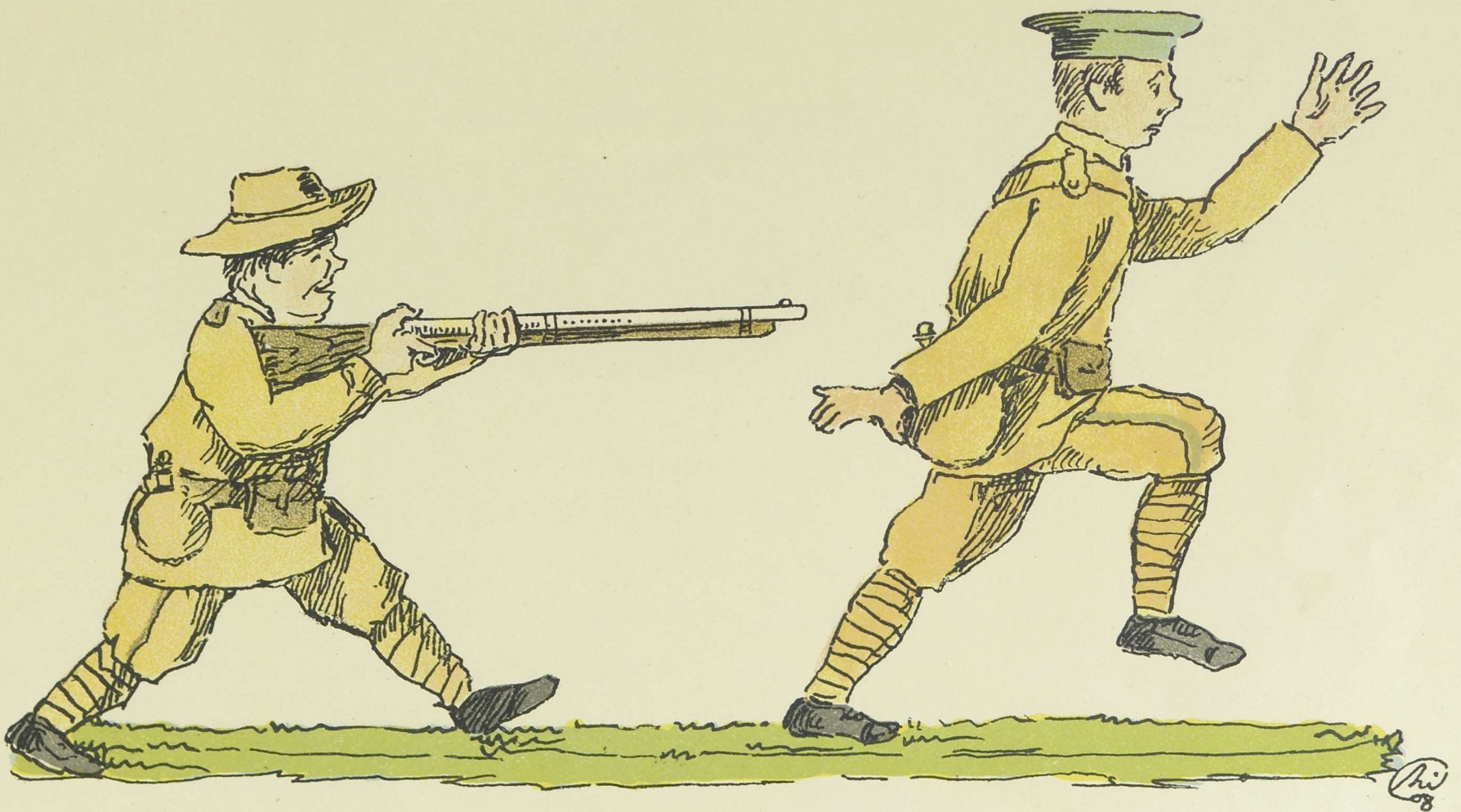
A Field Day 's his especial joy:
He's off, the gay lighthearted boy.



Now as the day was rather hot
He thought he might as well as not
Snore underneath some chance tree's shade,
While umpires quaffed their lemonade.
But while in stertorous peace he lay,
The enemy took his arms away,
And stole his rifle, also taking
One blank without the hero waking.



He wakes. Oh dear! enough to stop one,
The enemy has got his pop-gun.
And look, oh my! he's going to shive all
He can't pot his sleepy rival!
By now, retreating at the double
Our hero wants to save him trouble,
Explaining that it's going to rain
And really time he shou'd entrain.



At last he skipped inside the drum,
And rendered it for ever dumb:
But enemies do lack compassion,
He fired in most unseemly fashion.

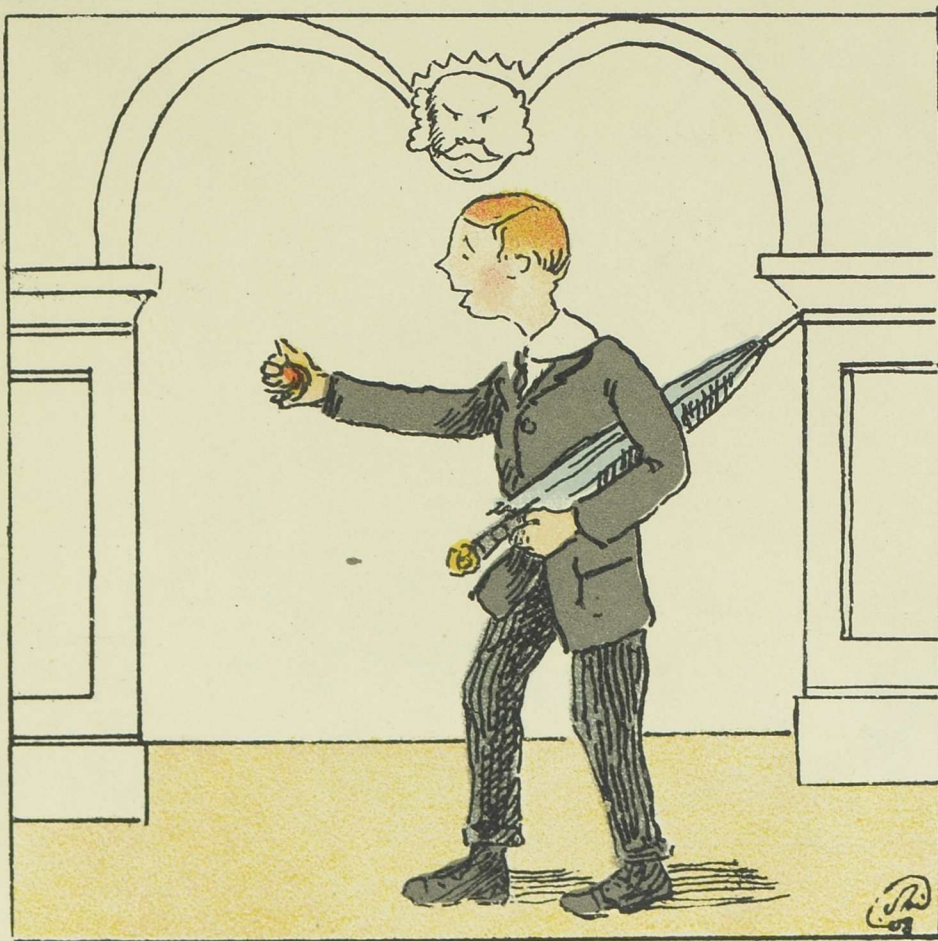


Good Sergeant Patrick heard the noise,
And marvelled at the rowdy boys:
But when he heard his drum was broke,
You should have heard the way he spoke!
But the civilian skipped with glee,
'All this', he bellowed, pleases me.
The drum at last is hushed. The Corps
Is wiser than it was before.
I like these Fiddlers Days. They may laugh
In khaki, but I get a half!

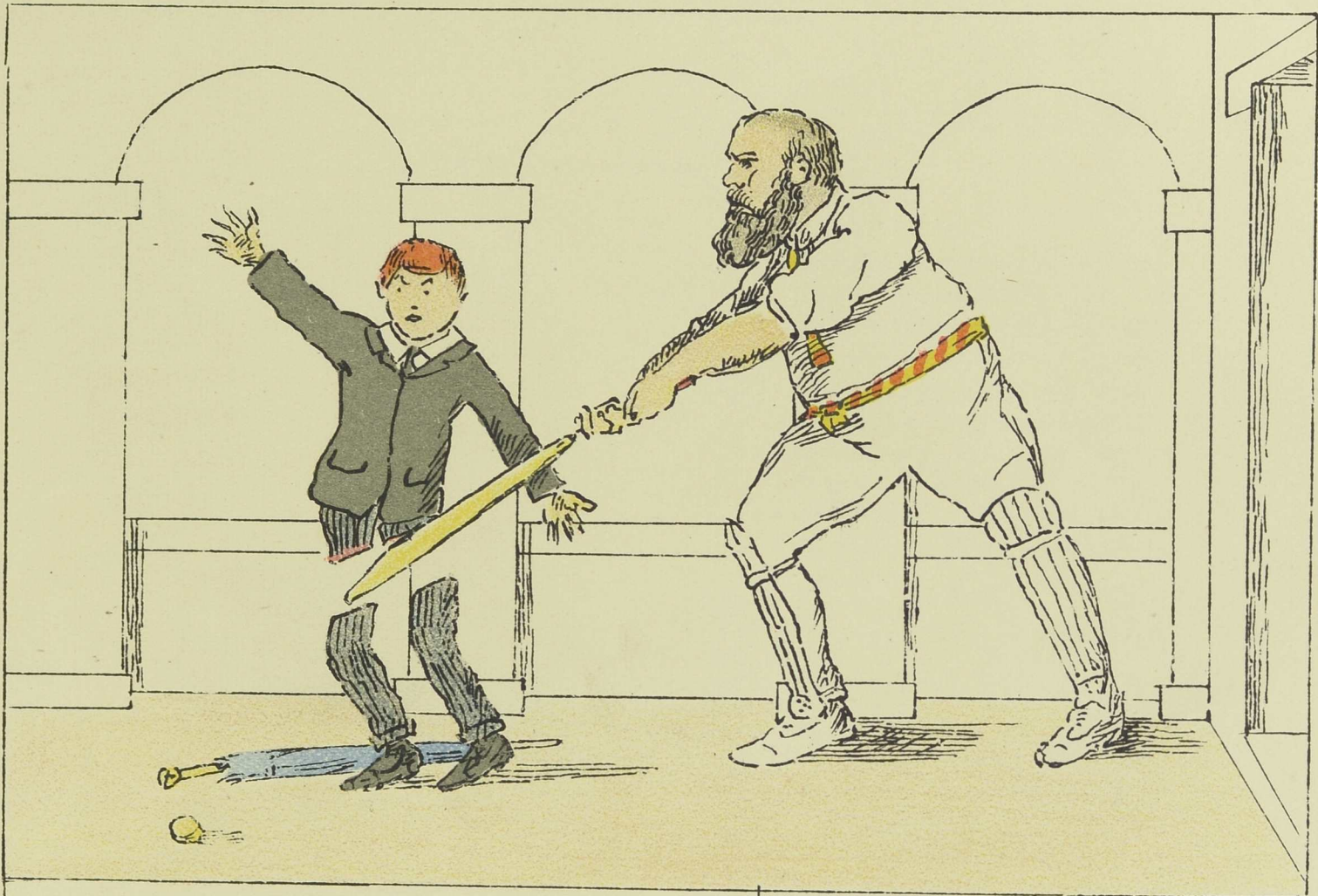
6 THE STORY OF THE SNOB-FIEND



One day said Uncle 'Robert dear,
I must go out and leave you here.
But O, I do beseech you, Bob,
Avoid that horrid game of Snob.
For Mr W.G. will come
To Snob-fiends, and he'll make things hum.
So if you do play, why, i' p'hegs,
He'll come and chop off both your legs,
And what then will my Bobby do,
When he's to go and get his brew?'

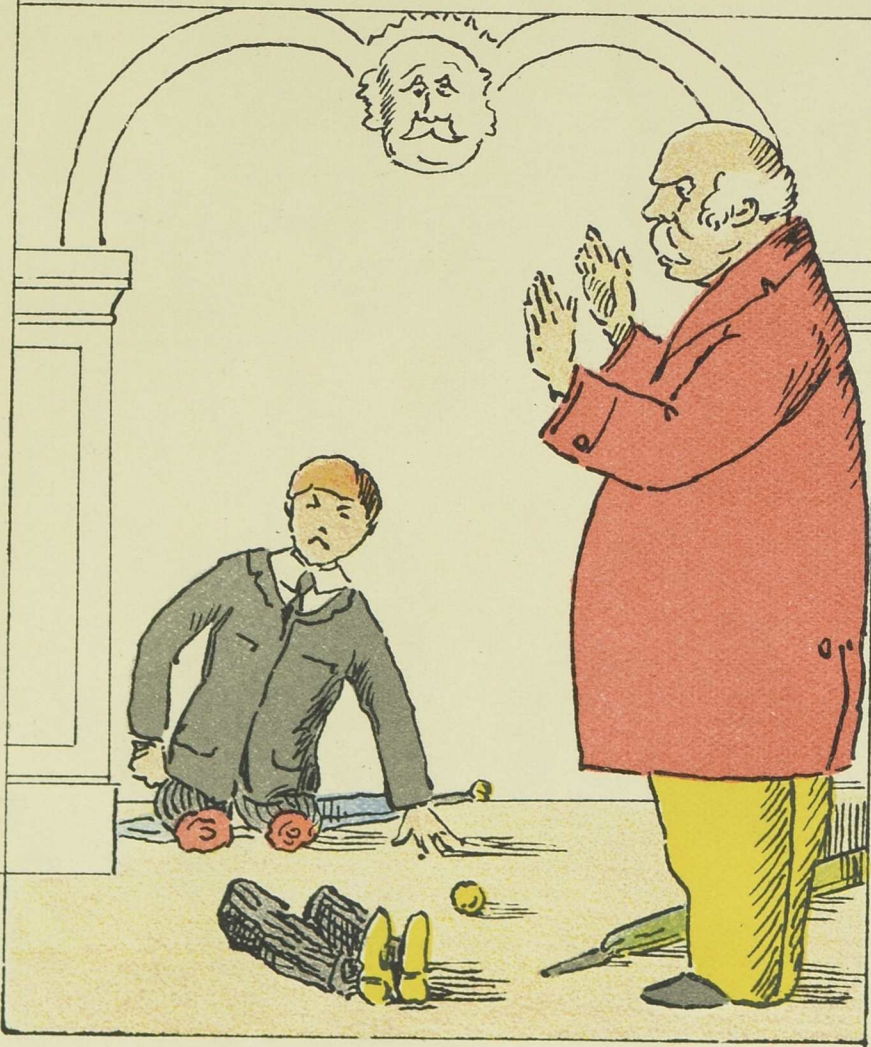


But scarce had Uncle shut the door
When Bob produced that ancient score
'Your innings! Oaf! Out! Leg before!'



W.G.

But ere he'd hit a ball he heard
 A roar, and W.G. appeared.
 He seized a bat, the door he shut
 Hacked Robert's legs off with one cut,
 And left them lying on the floor,
 Grimly reminding 'legs before',
 Then bade him bear with stoic grin
 The consequences of his sin.



Uncle returns, his brother's son
 Has not a leg to stand upon
 'Ah!' Uncle said 'I knew 'twould be
 Like this if you riled W.G.'

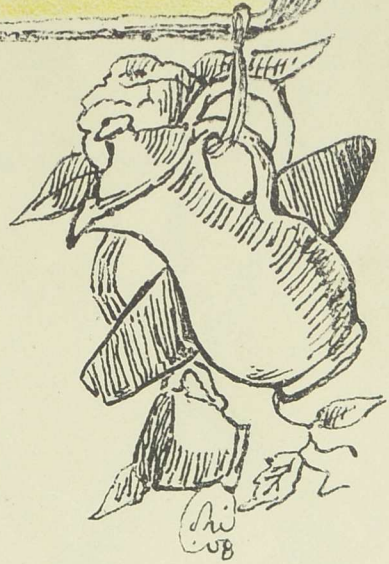
8. THE STORY OF JUMPY JONATHAN.



'Let me see if Jonathan
Can sit like a gentleman,
Let me see if he is able
To look pretty at the table?
Thus the Master, looking bored,
While the Upper Sixth guffawed,
But the silly fractious chit
Doesn't care one little bit.
He mutters,
And splutters,
And, just like a sieve he
lets wisdom run through him,
Then slangs poor old Livy -
'Jonathan! Jonathan!
Be a little gentleman!



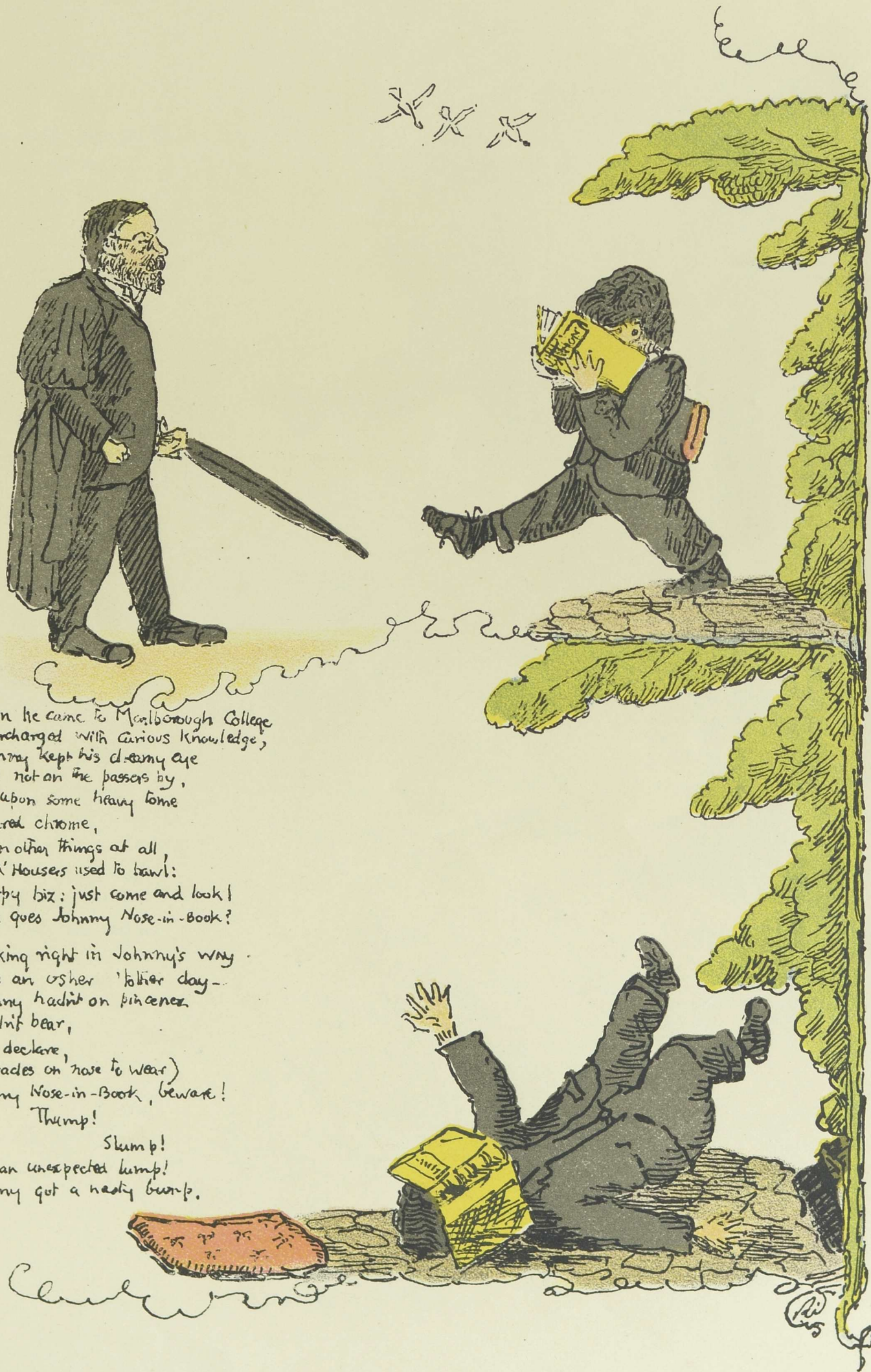
See the silly fractious lad!
 His behaviour's very bad:
 And he's so voracious too,
 Mixing every kind of brew,
 Eating Martial mixed with Platos
 Gobbles Tully like potatoes.
 All objections are in vain,
 He must simmer down, that's plain.
 Bumbling, ranting, gibbering, raving
 All, in fine, except behaving.
 Jonathan! you must be good
 Or the Table will be rude.





Jonathan! oh where is he?
 Where he naturally would be.
 Yes, it wasn't just a scold:
 Now the Table's scored him off.
 All the Classics sitting on him,
 He has drawn their wrath upon him.
 Criticism's done for him. It
 Seemed to them about the limit.
 From their looks they seem to fear
 Johnny will again appear.
 If he does, I hope he's chastened,
 And won't come to such a base end!

9. THE STORY OF JOHNNY NOSE-IN-BOOK.

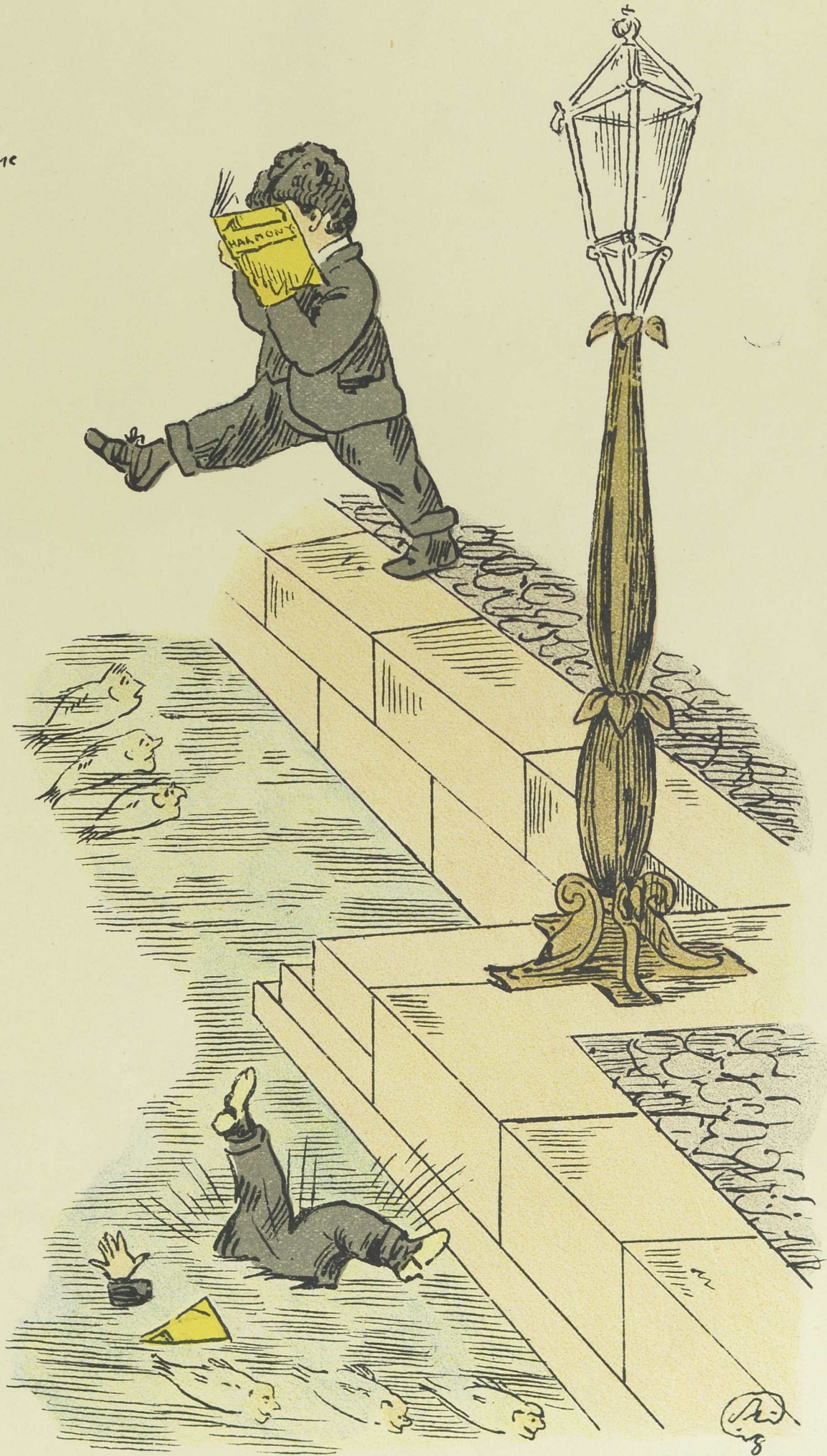


When he came to Marlborough College
Supercharged with curious knowledge,
Johnny kept his d-dummy eye
Fixed not on the passers by,
But upon some heavy tome
Coloured chrome,
Not on other things at all,
Till 'A' Housers used to bawl:
'Chirpy biz: just come and look!
There goes Johnny Nose-in-Book?

Walking right in Johnny's way
Came an usher 'bolder day--
Johnny hadn't on his eyes,
(Couldn't bear,
He'd declare,
Spectacles on nose to wear)
Johnny Nose-in-Book, beware!
Thump!

Skump!
Such an unexpected lump!
Johnny got a nasty bump.

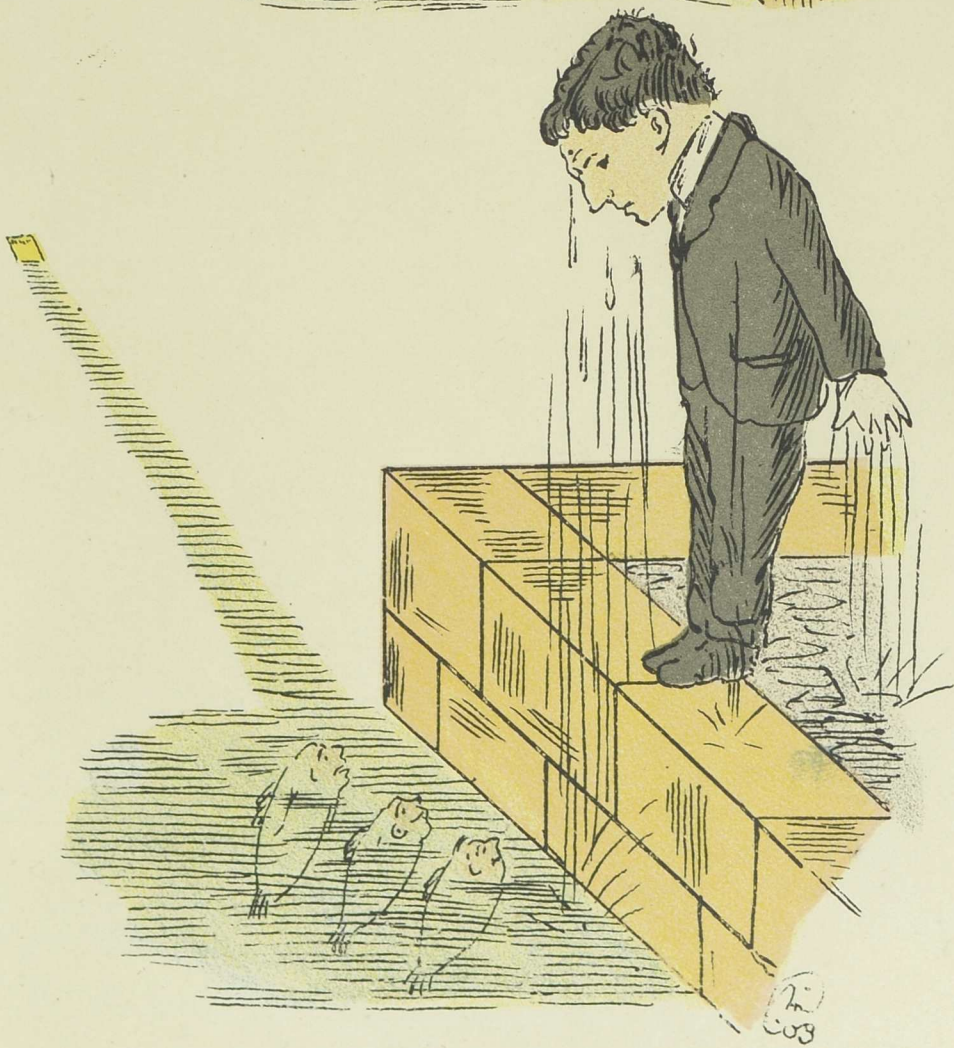
Johnny once with nose in tome
In the Wilderness did roam -
It's a wonder, I must say,
How he ever found his way.
On he went,
On his Harmony intent
Striding on with wandering pace
To the College Bathing Place,
Still entranced, and sad to think
Marched directly to the brink
Of that sluggish flowing river (?),
And if made the bathers shiver
When the dear sokes in a row
Saw young Johnny didn't know



One step more! He's over now,
Rising with a plaintive 'ow!'
Those kind-hearted sokes display
Mirth intense and - swim away

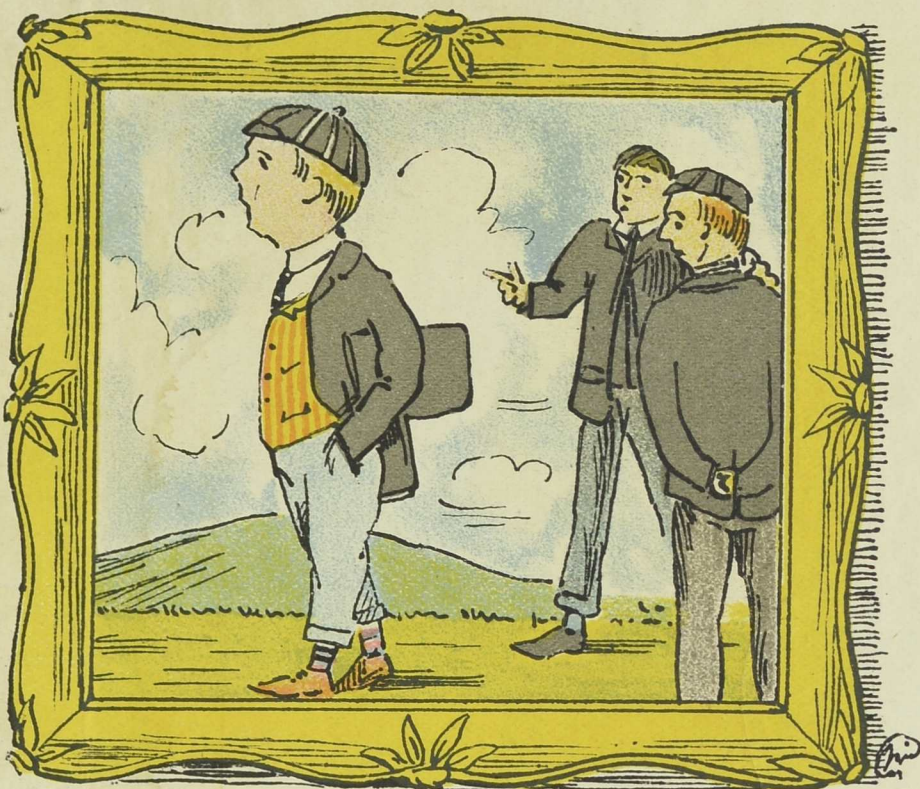


Johnny's feeling cold and lone,
 And his 'Herrimony' is gone:
 But a waiter heard his cries,
 Mourning for his Music Prize,
 Found him and, before he drowned,
 Dragged him nearer to the ground.



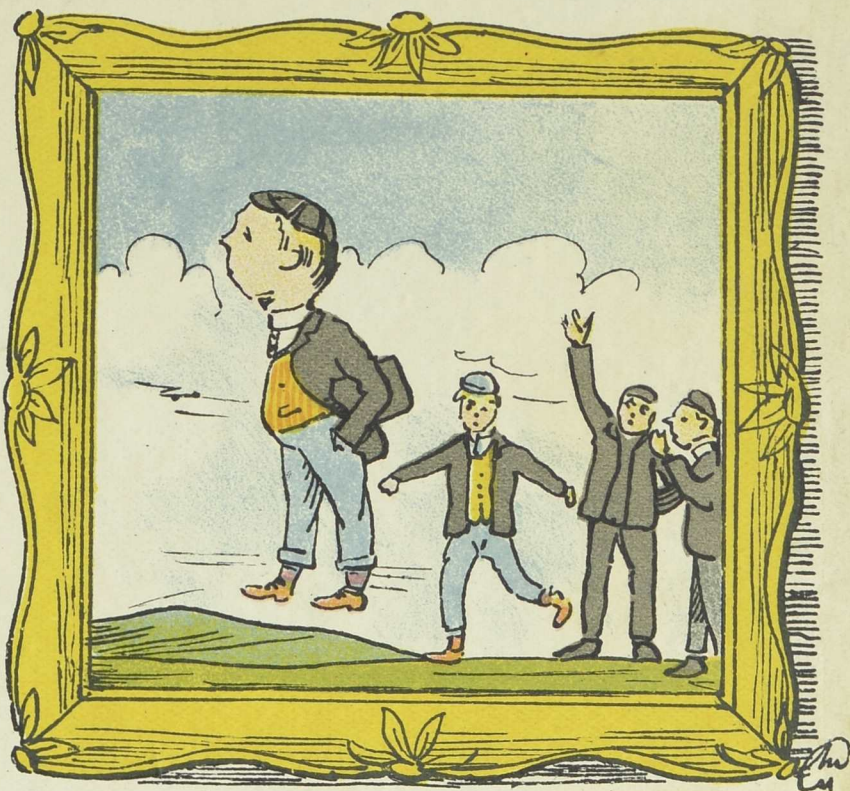
As poor Johnny's big brass dropped,
 Up those little bathers popped:
 'Hallo! Johnny, you're an ass
 Would you like a looking glass?
 And now you have lost your book,
 P'raps you'll condescend to look
 While you're going - Buy some glasses
 And play games instead of farces!

10. THE STORY OF THE SWOLLEN HEAD



When success at any game
 Brings the Schoolboy some small fame,
 If he knows what side his bread
 'S buttered, he'll not lose his head,
 For a swollen head, you know,
 Is a very dangerous foe.
 Smith at football was a blood,
 Bought some socks of colours crude,
 Bought a waistcoat pink and yellow,
 Till all said 'Conceited Fellow!'

Worst of all, his hero's clump
 Grew a most portentous bump;
 Grew and grew and grew and grew
 Till young S. looked rather blue,
 Still it swelled
 Till all yelled
 'Smith, your napper must be quelled!'
 Yet his waistcoat pink and yellow
 And his socks buoyed up the fellow.



This went on. He's risen so high
 That he's really in the sky
 Far above us with a crowd
 Of folk who wish to be as loud.
 'What supports him?' I hear said;
 Why, the vapours in his head.
 Waistcoat, tie, and socks - 'tis plain - go
 Looking for a kindred rainbow

