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The streets their stage, the sun their spotlight, the children of forty years games as 'Three Old Men Come Workhouse,' 'Monday and Tuesday.' Ho

Lost World of Fairs



So long as the glass remained intact, no one minded to what use you put street-lamps.



THERE is no doubt that the first world war and the coming of the motor car killed, I suppose for ever, the playing of street games in this country. In 1916 I was eleven years old, and I therefore lived through about a decade, of which my memories are very sharp and delightful, when the tradition of these games was still unbroken.

For a town child, in those days, in a working class district, these were really outdoor toys. I was born and brought up in a street of respectable provincial bay windows in which there was a grocer's, a tiny newsagent's, a pork butcher's, a pub, a boot factory and two sweet shops, each with bake-houses.

I frequently helped to put sausages in their skins at the pork butcher's and on one occasion I took orders for hot-cross buns and collected them from the bake-house early on a cold Good Friday morning and then went to deliver them, all new and warm, from under a cloth in a clothes basket, in most cases before people were out of bed.

The light from the two sweet-shop windows and the pork butcher's, gas-green, illuminated on winter evenings a roadway in which the only traffic was an occasional bicycle and the two bakers' carts coming home with candel carriage lamps from the evening round. There were also four street lamps and a distinctive fifth one outside the pub: a lamp of warm, pale port-wine red with the word *Unicorn* frosted on its four sides.

DRUNKS were bounced out under its pleasant winery glow at fairly regular intervals, especially on Saturdays, and in summer bowler-hatted shoemakers and brawny moleskin-trousered labouring men came out of it carrying large jugs of foaming supper beer, which they took home to drink with spring onions and bread and cheese. One of these labourers was a bleary-looking character named Shady, and he was the first person in the world of whom I was really terrified.

The air was always sweet, outside the two bake-houses, with the smell of baking bread and cooking. On Sunday mornings a procession of people, mostly men, went into the bake-houses about ten-thirty, before chapel and church began, carrying tins of beef and Yorkshire pudding batter, each with a label pinned on the meat; and returned again about half past twelve, bearing home sizzling, steaming, buttery brown, coal-baked, magnificent Sunday dinners. Charge, twopence; and for a cake, in the afternoon, after the oven had cooled a little, a penny.

On Fridays another procession went in and what I thought were even lovelier, richer odours came out. Trays of pork pies, pans of faggots went from pork butcher to baker and back again. The evening was warm and thick with porky steam.

Women with men's flat caps pinned on with large-headed hatpins, waited for hot faggots to be scooped into basins; shoemakers with still blackened fingers came in for a choice of rich stuffed legs of pork jacketed with crackling, collared head and potted meats, red-skinned polonies, sausages and sausage rolls, black puddings and chitterlings, jelly-reddened pork dripping, varnished brown pork pies and crinkled snowy lard. Those were the days, someone is sure to have told you by this time, when working people starved.

I describe these things because the pavement in front of such shops as this was the street child's stage. These were our lights: green of street lamps and shops, yellow of factory windows, pink of the pub. Loaves in a floury window, Reckitt's Robin

and Sunlight Soap, farthing chocolate bars, Bassett's Liquorice Allsorts, a cat asleep on the sherbert lucky-bags, rindy pork hanging on steel pot-hooks, a crumpled baker's horse shuddering in candlelight, waiting for a late load of bread. This was our scene; in it we played our street games.

There were, of course, many street games that were peculiar to spring and summer. Tops and marbles, marble-boards and buttons, skipping and hop-scotch and jack-stones all came in with March dust and drying gutters, and like every child of that day I ran miles with a hoop.

One game I remember with special affection. I suppose some version of cat-and-stick has been played ever since children were turned outside while prehistoric mothers swept the floors of caves. A stick, a wooden cat sharpened like a pencil at both ends; the cat thrown at a chalk ring, then flipped up into the air by hitting the sharpened end and then batted as hard as possible, the final distance to be measured out in strides.

IN cases of dispute, we had, as I remember it, a remedy called an eye-dropper. You balanced the cat on your forehead, closed your eyes and let the cat roll down your nose into the ring below. I am not absolutely sure of this, but my impression is that inside the circle was a no-er, touching the edge a one-er, outside it, a three-er. Chalk was not always at hand and we then used man-hole covers, which were, I thought, much more fun.

But all these, and others, were really daylight games, as indeed were all ball games, *Four Corner*, *Monday and Tuesday*, and those chalk-square and ball games in which little girls excelled in keeping

the pot boiling on one leg. Winter, spired far better things and those, concerned, are the real street-games flourished under lamps, in shadowing of half-darkness.

There is a game pleasant in my *Chubby-up-the-Rat's-Hole*, or more suppose, *Chivvy*. My mother spoke called *Chivvy-Round-the-Lamp*, probably the same, and there is on *Chase*, which might well seem to be *Chevy Chase*. We played this very it a game called *Cochersels*.

BOTH were games of two sides, one side was, so to speak, out in doing its best to avoid getting caught home side did your best to chivvy them then catch them as they ran. *Cochersels* running-and-catch game, where one several, called them to run, caught and so added to his own strength were caught.

Hide-and-Seek has, of course, sions and its Midland name is *Hi-A* led a great deal over that name and derivation would seem to me to be *Hack ye!* to *'High Hack'ee!* *'Acky!'* but I may be wrong. It is me, comes down the years with a *All-in! All-in! All-in!* yodelled on when some clever-dick or other has in a coal-hole or had refused to come home.

It also reaches me with an un



the sun their spotlight, the children of forty years ago played such wonderful
Men Come Workhouse,' 'Monday and Tuesday.' How many are played today?

World of Fancy

BY
H.E. BATES

Sunlight Soap, farthing chocolate bars, Bass's Lighter Ale, a cat asleep on the sherry-bags, rindy pork hanging on steel pot-hooks, sampled baker's horse shuddering in candlelight, waiting for a late load of bread. This was our world as we played our street games.

There were, of course, many street games that were peculiar to spring and summer. Tops and marbles, marble-boards and buttons, skipping and scotch and jack-stones all came in with March and drying gutters, and like every child of that time ran miles with a hoop.

One game I remember with special affection. I know some version of cat-and-stick has been played ever since children were turned outside while their mothers swept the floors of caves. A wooden cat sharpened like a pencil at both ends, the cat thrown at a chalk ring, then flipped into the air by hitting the sharpened end and patted as hard as possible, the final distance measured out in strides.

Cases of dispute, we had, as I remember it, only called an eye-dropper. You balanced the wooden cat on your forehead, closed your eyes and let the cat drop your nose into the ring below. I am absolutely sure of this, but my impression is that the side the cat was a no-er, touching the edge of the ring, outside it, a three-er. Chalk was not at hand and we then used man-hole covers, were, I thought, much more fun.

All these, and others, were really daylight games as indeed were all ball games, *Four Corner*, *Monday and Tuesday*, and those chalk-square and men in which little girls excelled in keeping

the pot boiling on one leg. Winter, however, inspired far better things and these, as far as I am concerned, are the real street-games: games that flourished under lamps, in shadowiness, in corners of half-darkness.

There is a game pleasant in my memory called *Chubby-up-the-Rat's-Hole*, or more properly, I suppose, *Chivvy*. My mother speaks of a game called *Chivvy-Round-the-Lamp-post*, which is probably the same, and there is one called *Chivvy Chase*, which might well seem to be a corruption of *Chevy Chase*. We played this very often, and with it a game called *Cockerels*.

BOTH were games of two sides, and in the first one side was, so to speak, out in the wilderness, doing its best to avoid getting caught. You of the home side did your best to chivvy the rats out and then catch them as they ran. *Cockerels* was also a running-and-catch game, where one person opposed several, called them to run, caught them if he could and so added to his own strength until all the rest were caught.

Hide-and-Seek has, of course, a thousand versions and its Midland name is *Hi-Acky*. I have puzzled a great deal over that name and its only likely derivation would seem to me to be through "Hi! Hack ye!" to "High Hack'ee!" and finally "Hi 'Acky!" but I may be wrong. It is a game that, for me, comes down the years with a long, forlorn cry of *All-in! All-in! All-in!* yodelled on darkening streets when some clever-dick or other had hidden himself in a coal-hole or had refused to show himself and come home.

It also reaches me with an unpleasant smell of

laurel bushes. For it was always a game of crouching behind street-railings, under bay windows, in the forbidden shrubberies of wet front gardens.

There is another game of which I can hardly speak without emotion. It is a kind of hydra-headed stationary leap-frog called *Mopstick*. I also played ordinary leap-frog and a London version of it in which you balanced your cap, folded up, on the top of your head. But *Mopstick* is far superior to either. My first recollection was that it was exclusive to boys, but my wife is insistent that, three streets away, in the same town, she played it as often as I did and that the champion girl jumper there was a tiny nimble friend who is now the mother of six enormous sons.

You had two sides for this game. One side bent down by a wall or fence, making a kind of elongated rugger-scrum: back on back, each back level, heads tucked well in. On to this crocodile of backs the opposing side leap-frogged one by one. The secret of success was a good first man who could do a leap of three or four yards and land slap on the head of the crocodile and an even better last man who could hang on to three or four inches of patched behind while you all yelled hysterically, before collapsing:

"One-two-three-mopstick—la-da-dee!"

It is easy to see why a mixture of boys and girls was not popular in this game. You needed a back of fair strength to support the flying leap of a boy and you needed something tougher than mere cotton or calico for that last despairing handhold. My constant impression, indeed, is that in all these games the presence of girls, indeed the mere threat of them, was unwanted, contemptible, scorned and rejected.

Girls played I sent a letter to my love or Sally Go Round the Moon; the last a game Continued on page 46

Illustrations
by
Reg Gray

You could get two sides up and play 'Mopstick' or stand outside the pub and watch the customers being thrown out.



Girls weren't unduly concerned when the boys refused to let them join in their games. They could be quite happy with a skipping-rope.



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To keep the S-bend in your lavatory pan free from lime scale and stains, you've got to use something so strong it eats into scaling and loosens it. Then, when you flush the pan, the S-bend is really clean and fresh. Harpic is made specially strong to do just this job—safely, without harming the porcelain. Harpic whitens, disinfects and deodorizes, too. And its clean smell freshens the room. That's why 5 out of 10 housewives use Harpic.

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is too

LOST WORLD OF FANCY

Continued from page 25

of singing and swinging under lamp-posts that I then thought rather cissy and that now carries for me a lovely memory of pinafores and pig-tails bright under gas-light.

Pinafores for little girls; little white aprons for boys, exactly like those of real shoemakers, so that they should not drop gravy and pudding on their blue serge suits on Sundays—they too are as much part of a lost world as mopetick, candel carriage lamps, bake-house dinners and yet another game that goes back, I fancy, to the beginning of our history.

No; two games. Both clearly belong so much to the fabric and pattern of English working life that it's hard to think that children will not play them again, as they must have done all through the centuries of guilds and trades and apprentices and ancient occupations.

Under the bake-house windows, before the floury loaves and the Reckitt's Robin, we played *These Old Men Come Workhouse*, a kind of charade, and *I Apprentice My Son*, a game of guessing game. You came, the three old men coming to workhouse, across the street, into the gaslight, and your opponents asked you:

"What's your trade?"
"All sorts," you said.
"Show it," they said.

And you showed it. In mime you acted shoemaker or carpenter, blacksmith or wheelwright, butcher or baker, lamp-lighter or groom. You acted; they guessed. And when they guessed right they yelled and you ran.

In *I Apprentice My Son* you also came across the street and stood before the window.

"I Apprentice My Son," you said, "to be a tailor. And the first thing he did was S-B."

Sewing Buttons. Very simple—perhaps terribly, naively childish—but how many children, through the centuries when apprenticeship seemed as fixed an essential in life as godliness, must have played that game?

TRADES, guilds, hand-crafts, craftsmen, apprentices: I am just old enough to remember apprentices and boy-beginners—the sweaters and half-timers of an earlier generation—being sent on long errands for a penn'orth o' straight hooks, a sheet o' smooth sandpaper or a dozen square rings. That too was a game: a boy's first reminder that he had left his world of infinite fancy, where his lot could be chosen simply by reciting something like:

Paddy on the railway, picking up stones,
Down came the engine and broke Paddy's bones.
Well, said Paddy, that isn't fair;
Well, said the engine, I don't care!
O-U-T spells out goes the.

Tick, Tag, Stag, Relievo or Release were games inspired by hunting or capture. Relievo, perhaps better known as *Cops and Robbers*, has countless versions, including one or two inspired by war. In the first decade of the twentieth century the Boer War was still fresh in a child's mind and I have no doubt that it prompted us to bursts of street-war called *Charging*. I am not at all ashamed to say that I was always in the back row at *Charging*; sometimes, in fact, ever farther back than that.

There were some very tough un-lit dead-end jetties in my native town, and one of them was supposedly reigned over by a deaf-mute King who reputedly tied up all prisoners taken in *Charging* and locked them in unsavoury outdoor privies until they died of asphyxiation.

I was not at all anxious for such an end. I much preferred to go into a sweet-shop, together with six or seven other innocents, and ask for a ha'porth of brandy-balls from the top shelf and then wait for the bottle to be put back so that all the other boys, one by one, could ask for the same. Like ringing door-bells and pin-



The pavement was sports ground, gymnasium, gaming-table or anything at all you wanted it to be.

and-button that was a game of mischief and it does not properly, I think, come into the category of street-games.

All games, whether mischievous or traditional or imitative, were the result of resource or invention. If you had no chalk you hacked a stone out of the gutter; if you had no ball you made one with string and rag; if one thing wouldn't work you invented something else. Boredom and cold and the fact that a child was not wanted at home in a cramped kitchen while father was picking the bones out of his tea-time bloater all made it necessary for you to invent something amusing, exciting and generally strenuous and warming in the street outside.

WHEN all else failed I remember that we cut slides on steeper pavements and greased them with candles and polished them glassily with the inside linings of jackets. In a boot-and-shoe town, in those days, every child was practically steel-shod and as we flew down those dark hill-sides we sparked like trams.

All these games, I am convinced, had their roots as deep in English life as fixed points in the calendar like Plough Monday, November the Fifth, Feast Sunday, Shrove Tuesday, May Day and Oak Apple Day, to all of which we were ritually dedicated. I can see now, with wonderful clearness, the blackened faces of boys begging on Plough Monday with a rattling tin and hear the plaintive pleading "Tink o' poor plough-boy—give us one ha'penny—cooome!"

Already, in 1916, a writer could complain bitterly that not only was the ritual of street-games in decay but that what was making it decay was an "insane process of making great groups happy by destroying the personal happiness of every individual in that group... one of many steps in the direction of that termite-ideal towards which we are trending."

NOTHING in the succeeding forty years has done anything to alter the truth of that. Another war, a million motor cars and a Welfare State have produced streets in which children cannot play and, what is perhaps worse, children who have not the slightest desire to play in them even if they could.

But I shall always be glad that my destiny saw to it that I could stand, for a few years of my childhood, under a floury bake-house window, staring at Sunlight Soap and Reckitt's Robin and a sleeping cat, within the smell of new bread and hot pork pies, with the pink and green of pub-light and street-lamp glowing down on wintry pavements and the oil of orange-peel rainbowed in wet gutters. I think I shall in fact always be able to stand there, hands clenched and eyes bright, while someone tries to guess my trade as I come to workhouse, or what my son did when he was first apprenticed.

"S-B," I shall say, "S-B," and then someone will yell "Sewing Buttons!" and with pounding heart I shall run for my life across a street that was also a world of fancy: a bright stage where it was safe to play.

READERS' THEORIES about 'The Devil's Drummer'

OUR March 12 issue contained the story of the convicted vagrant's drum; how its presence in the magistrate's house was marked by strange frightening noises and unseen physical acts of violence...

For the theories printed below, each reader receives four guineas.

Drummer's Gang?

THE vagrant drummer was the leader of a gang who preyed on country folk with tales of the supernatural. When he was committed to prison the gang vowed revenge.

In the footman John, they found an ally; he hated the stern magistrate Mompesson. He had discovered secret passages in the house, and installed the rogues there, one having an old drum. It was easy to make the place resound with uncanny noises, and John added to the effect by contriving that china should fall at the slightest vibration and with tearful stories. The children were most easily hoodwinked, so they were pinched in the night. The gang laid low when the Commissioners came. After the vagrant was sent abroad, the gang ceased their 'haunting' and departed to fresh hunting-grounds. — I. P. Lister, Lovell Road, Cambridge.

The Magistrate?

THE significant fact is that the family and servants endured the fearful events for eighteen months. Ordinary people—and especially children—could not have kept sane. They would have left the house.

The vagrant was a rogue or a madman. For some reason, perhaps the desire for notoriety, the magistrate concocted the tales and the household were soon and holed to support them. It was easy to fool the vicar and neighbours, but not the Royal Commission—the alleged disturbances stopped during their investigations.

Mr. Greene, who obtained the 'commission' from the old vagrant, was known to be an old friend of the magistrate. He was in the plot, too. — O. Glyn Jones, St. George's Road, Wallasey.

Servants?

EITHER a relative or a friend of the crazed 'demon drummer' was a member of the staff, and the one responsible for the 'manifestations.' A big Tudor house, with its wide branching chimneys, panelling, and possibly hiding places tucked away, would provide a perfect background for trickery. Servants slept up in the attic, and an ingenious person could rig up some means of producing drumming noises which would reverberate through the house—and even of flinging objects through the air.

The purpose was to produce such terror that the vagrant would be released. Interestingly, once he was transported, the nuisance ceased; the person responsible for the manifestations realised that there was nothing more to be achieved. — Mrs. J. Wise, Denison Road, Manchester.

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or £1000 All Cash

X-Word Competition No. 54

EVERYBODY'S Special Spring X-Word offer is still open. The first prize is a STANDARD VANGUARD Sedan Car, taxed and insured for 12 months, plus a £200 cheque. Or, in the event of a tie, the £1,000 cash prize. The closing date is Wednesday, March 21, 1946.

TO ENTER this competition, you simply solve the X-Word puzzle below and send your entry in accordance with these directions. Clues must be solved in the order in which they are given. The first square for every first prize winner is marked with a star. The first square for every second prize winner is marked with a dot. The first square for every third prize winner is marked with a cross. The first square for every fourth prize winner is marked with a triangle. The first square for every fifth prize winner is marked with a diamond. The first square for every sixth prize winner is marked with a circle. The first square for every seventh prize winner is marked with a square. The first square for every eighth prize winner is marked with a hexagon. The first square for every ninth prize winner is marked with an octagon. The first square for every tenth prize winner is marked with a nonagon. The first square for every eleventh prize winner is marked with a decagon. The first square for every twelfth prize winner is marked with an undecagon. The first square for every thirteenth prize winner is marked with a duodecagon. The first square for every fourteenth prize winner is marked with a tridecagon. The first square for every fifteenth prize winner is marked with a tetradecagon. The first square for every sixteenth prize winner is marked with a pentadecagon. The first square for every seventeenth prize winner is marked with a hexadecagon. The first square for every eighteenth prize winner is marked with a heptadecagon. The first square for every nineteenth prize winner is marked with an octadecagon. The first square for every twentieth prize winner is marked with a nonadecagon. The first square for every twenty-first prize winner is marked with an icosagon. The first square for every twenty-second prize winner is marked with a hexasquare. The first square for every twenty-third prize winner is marked with a heptagon. The first square for every twenty-fourth prize winner is marked with an octagon. The first square for every twenty-fifth prize winner is marked with a nonagon. The first square for every twenty-sixth prize winner is marked with a decagon. The first square for every twenty-seventh prize winner is marked with an undecagon. The first square for every twenty-eighth prize winner is marked with a duodecagon. The first square for every twenty-ninth prize winner is marked with a tridecagon. The first square for every thirtieth prize winner is marked with a tetradecagon. The first square for every thirty-first prize winner is marked with a pentadecagon. The first square for every thirty-second prize winner is marked with a hexadecagon. The first square for every thirty-third prize winner is marked with a heptadecagon. The first square for every thirty-fourth prize winner is marked with an octadecagon. The first square for every thirty-fifth prize winner is marked with a nonadecagon. 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The first square for every sixtieth prize winner is marked with a tetradecagon. The first square for every sixty-first prize winner is marked with a pentadecagon. The first square for every sixty-second prize winner is marked with a hexadecagon. The first square for every sixty-third prize winner is marked with a heptadecagon. The first square for every sixty-fourth prize winner is marked with an octadecagon. The first square for every sixty-fifth prize winner is marked with a nonadecagon. The first square for every sixty-sixth prize winner is marked with an icosagon. The first square for every sixty-seventh prize winner is marked with a hexasquare. The first square for every sixty-eighth prize winner is marked with a heptagon. The first square for every sixty-ninth prize winner is marked with an octagon. The first square for every seventieth prize winner is marked with a nonagon. The first square for every seventy-first prize winner is marked with a decagon. The first square for every seventy-second prize winner is marked with an undecagon. The first square for every seventy-third prize winner is marked with a duodecagon. The first square for every seventy-fourth prize winner is marked with a tridecagon. The first square for every seventy-fifth prize winner is marked with a tetradecagon. The first square for every seventy-sixth prize winner is marked with a pentadecagon. The first square for every seventy-seventh prize winner is marked with a hexadecagon. The first square for every seventy-eighth prize winner is marked with a heptadecagon. The first square for every seventy-ninth prize winner is marked with an octadecagon. The first square for every eightieth prize winner is marked with a nonadecagon. The first square for every eighty-first prize winner is marked with an icosagon. The first square for every eighty-second prize winner is marked with a hexasquare. The first square for every eighty-third prize winner is marked with a heptagon. The first square for every eighty-fourth prize winner is marked with an octagon. The first square for every eighty-fifth prize winner is marked with a nonagon. The first square for every eighty-sixth prize winner is marked with a decagon. The first square for every eighty-seventh prize winner is marked with an undecagon. The first square for every eighty-eighth prize winner is marked with a duodecagon. The first square for every eighty-ninth prize winner is marked with a tridecagon. The first square for every ninetieth prize winner is marked with a tetradecagon. The first square for every ninety-first prize winner is marked with a pentadecagon. The first square for every ninety-second prize winner is marked with a hexadecagon. The first square for every ninety-third prize winner is marked with a heptadecagon. The first square for every ninety-fourth prize winner is marked with an octadecagon. The first square for every ninety-fifth prize winner is marked with a nonadecagon. The first square for every ninety-sixth prize winner is marked with an icosagon. The first square for every ninety-seventh prize winner is marked with a hexasquare. The first square for every ninety-eighth prize winner is marked with a heptagon. The first square for every ninety-ninth prize winner is marked with an octagon. The first square for every hundredth prize winner is marked with a nonagon.

EVERYBODY'S X-Word No. 54

by first post on Wednesday, March 21, 1946, the Closing Date.

N.B.—Every entry will be examined and the First Prize awarded to the entrant who, in any one attempt, has submitted the solution adopted.

CLUES ACROSS

1. XXX and arrow.
2. Clashed head.
3. Much xxx but it wasn't.
4. "It never xxx on its staff."
5. In Canada, it's usual for the xxxxxx to cover a pretty wide area.
6. "and bells on her xxx."
7. Girl attending her first dance will prefer to have someone with her when she xxx.
8. A person can look nicely with this round the shoulders.
9. Fashionable stars will like to have smart xxx on their staff.
10. Man who is this may well be better at getting out of a tight corner.
11. Pxxxx.
12. The name of "studs".
13. Kind of bar.
14. Point that xxxxx on the floor will mean a lot of clearing up for the house decoration.
15. People who xxx their dogs will naturally be concerned about their well-being.
16. This may be enough to put butter off at the table.
17. A couple.
18. A man would be crazy if he lost his xxxxxx.

CLUES DOWN

1. Our feathered friends.
2. Tense player, who's not much good if he's not supple at the xxxxx.
3. It's like some actresses to make a lot of their xxxxx appearances.
4. Mother xxxxx her son, but he's angry if Tommy xxxxx his best trousers climbing a tree.
5. You expect to find this at fancy-dress parties.
6. To some people this word is a dirty expression.
7. Dxxxx.
8. The xxxxx is painting in the more it will attract more people.
9. Coming.
10. When travelling, your reason for xxxxx is much less without this.
11. Empty.
12. These insects sting.
13. Police will no doubt send a record of anyone they know has been this at any time.
14. These xxxxx are in "bushes."
15. Artist should be a help to you when choosing these.
16. Every picture xxxxx a story.
17. Travelling salesman may find it difficult to xxxxx all his samples properly.

Competition open in Great Britain, all Ireland and the Channel Islands. The RESULT will be sent to the winners by post. The first prize winner will receive a cheque for £1,000. The second prize winner will receive a cheque for £200. The third prize winner will receive a cheque for £100. The fourth prize winner will receive a cheque for £50. The fifth prize winner will receive a cheque for £25. The sixth prize winner will receive a cheque for £12.50. The seventh prize winner will receive a cheque for £6.25. The eighth prize winner will receive a cheque for £3.12.50. The ninth prize winner will receive a cheque for £1.56.25. The tenth prize winner will receive a cheque for £0.78.12.50.

239 WIN PRIZE CHEQUES IN X-WORD

A LARGE number of entrants have solved the puzzle in this contest, and so receive a share of the prize money. The first prize winner will receive a cheque for £1,000. The second prize winner will receive a cheque for £200. The third prize winner will receive a cheque for £100. The fourth prize winner will receive a cheque for £50. The fifth prize winner will receive a cheque for £25. The sixth prize winner will receive a cheque for £12.50. The seventh prize winner will receive a cheque for £6.25. The eighth prize winner will receive a cheque for £3.12.50. The ninth prize winner will receive a cheque for £1.56.25. The tenth prize winner will receive a cheque for £0.78.12.50.

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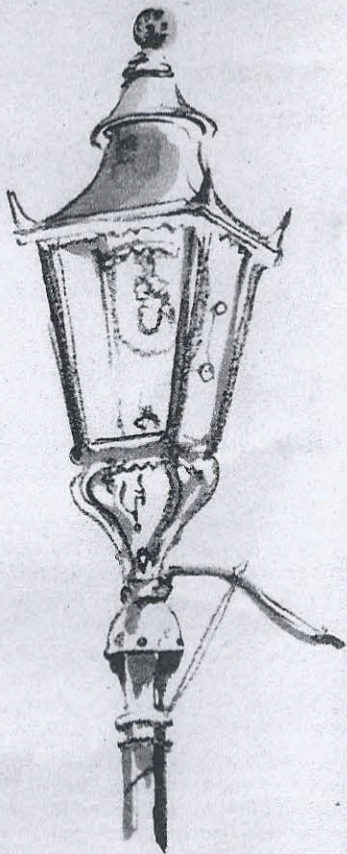
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The streets their stage, the sun their spotlight, thaild
games as 'Three Old Men Come Workhouse,' 'May

Lost World



So long as the glass remained intact, no one minded to what use you put street-lamps.

THERE is no doubt that the first world war and the coming of the motor car killed, I suppose for ever, the playing of street games in this country. In 1916 I was eleven years old, and I therefore lived through about a decade, of which my memories are very sharp and delightful, when the tradition of these games was still unbroken.

For a town child, in those days, in a working class district, these were really outdoor toys. I was born and brought up in a street of respectable provincial bay windows in which there was a grocer's, a tiny newsagent's, a pork butcher's, a pub, a boot factory and two sweet shops, each with bake-houses.

I frequently helped to put sausages in their skins at the pork butcher's and on one occasion I took orders for hot-cross buns and collected them from the bake-house early on a cold Good Friday morning and then went to deliver them, all new and warm, from under a cloth in a clothes basket, in most cases before people were out of bed.

The light from the two sweet-shop windows and the pork butcher's, gas-green, illuminated on winter evenings a roadway in which the only traffic was an occasional bicycle and the two bakers' carts coming home with candled carriage lamps from the evening round. There were also four street lamps and a distinctive fifth one outside the pub: a lamp of warm, pale port-wine red with the word *Unicorn* frosted on its four sides.

DRUNKS were bounced out under its pleasant winery glow at fairly regular intervals, especially on Saturdays, and in summer bowler-hatted shoemakers and brawny moleskin-trousered labouring men came out of it carrying large jugs of foaming supper beer, which they took home to drink with spring onions and bread and cheese. One of these labourers was a bleary-looking character named Shady, and he was the first person in the world of whom I was really terrified.

The air was always sweet, outside the two bake-houses, with the smell of baking bread and cooking. On Sunday mornings a procession of people, mostly men, went into the bake-houses about ten-thirty, before chapel and church began, carrying tins of beef and Yorkshire pudding batter, each with a label pinned on the meat; and returned again about half past twelve, bearing home sizzling, steaming, buttery brown, coal-baked, magnificent Sunday dinners. Charge, twopence; and for a cake, in the afternoon, after the oven had cooled a little, a penny.

On Fridays another procession went in and what I thought were even lovelier, richer odours came out. Trays of pork pies, pans of faggots went from pork butcher to baker and back again. The evening was warm and thick with porky steam.

Women with men's flat caps pinned on with large-headed hatpins, waited for hot faggots to be scooped into basins; shoemakers with still blackened fingers came in for a choice of rich stuffed legs of pork jacketed with crackling, collared head and potted meats, red-skinned polonies, sausages and sausage rolls, black puddings and chitterlings, jelly-reddened pork dripping, varnished brown pork pies and crinkled snowy lard. Those were the days, someone is sure to have told you by this time, when working people starved.

I describe these things because the pavement in front of such shops as this was the street child's stage. These were our lights: green of street lamps and shops, yellow of factory windows, pink of the pub. Loaves in a floury window, Reckitt's Robin

and Sunlight Soap, farthing chocolate bars, Bassett's Liquorice Allsorts, a cat asleep on the sherbert lucky-bags, rindy pork hanging on steel pot-hooks, a crumpled baker's horse shuddering in candlelight, waiting for a late load of bread. This was our scene; in it we played our street games.

There were, of course, many street games that were peculiar to spring and summer. Tops and marbles, marble-boards and buttons, skipping and hop-scotch and jack-stones all came in with March dust and drying gutters, and like every child of that day I ran miles with a hoop.

One game I remember with special affection. I suppose some version of cat-and-stick has been played ever since children were turned outside while prehistoric mothers swept the floors of caves. A stick, a wooden cat sharpened like a pencil at both ends; the cat thrown at a chalk ring, then flipped up into the air by hitting the sharpened end and then batted as hard as possible, the final distance to be measured out in strides.

IN cases of dispute, we had, as I remember it, a remedy called an eye-dropper. You balanced the cat on your forehead, closed your eyes and let the cat roll down your nose into the ring below. I am not absolutely sure of this, but my impression is that inside the circle was a no-er, touching the edge a one-er, outside it, a three-er. Chalk was not always at hand and we then used man-hole covers, which were, I thought, much more fun.

But all these, and others, were really daylight games, as indeed were all ball games, *Four Corner, Monday and Tuesday*, and those chalk-square and ball games in which little girls excelled in keeping



Children of forty years ago played such wonderful
'May and Tuesday.' How many are played today?

if Fancy

BY
H.E. BATES

the pot boiling on one leg. Winter, however, inspired far better things and these, as far as I am concerned, are the real street-games: games that flourished under lamps, in shadowiness, in corners of half-darkness.

There is a game pleasant in my memory called *Chibby-up-the-Rat's-Hole*, or more properly, I suppose, *Chivvy*. My mother speaks of a game called *Chivvy-Round-the-Lamp-post*, which is probably the same, and there is one called *Chivy Chase*, which might well seem to be a corruption of *Chevy Chase*. We played this very often, and with it a game called *Cockerels*.

BOTH were games of two sides, and in the first one side was, so to speak, out in the wilderness, doing its best to avoid getting caught. You of the home side did your best to chivvy the rats out and then catch them as they ran. *Cockerels* was also a running-and-catch game, where one person opposed several, called them to run, caught them if he could and so added to his own strength until all the rest were caught.

Hide-and-Seek has, of course, a thousand versions and its Midland name is *Hi-Acky*. I have puzzled a great deal over that name and its only likely derivation would seem to me to be through "Hi! Hack ye!" to "High Hack'ee!" and finally "Hi 'Acky!" but I may be wrong. It is a game that, for me, comes down the years with a long, forlorn cry of *All-in! All-in! All-in!* yodelled on darkening streets when some clever-dick or other had hidden himself in a coal-hole or had refused to show himself and come home.

It also reaches me with an unpleasant smell of

laurel bushes. For it was always a game of crouching behind street-railings, under bay windows, in the forbidden shrubberies of wet front gardens.

There is another game of which I can hardly speak without emotion. It is a kind of hydra-headed stationary leap-frog called *Mopstick*. I also played ordinary leap-frog and a London version of it in which you balanced your cap, folded up, on the top of your head. But *Mopstick* is far superior to either. My first recollection was that it was exclusive to boys, but my wife is insistent that, three streets away, in the same town, she played it as often as I did and that the champion girl jumper there was a tiny nimble friend who is now the mother of six enormous sons.

You had two sides for this game. One side bent down by a wall or fence, making a kind of elongated rugger-scrum: back on back, each back level, heads tucked well in. On to this crocodile of backs the opposing side leap-frogged one by one. The secret of success was a good first man who could do a leap of three or four yards and land slap on the head of the crocodile and an even better last man who could hang on to three or four inches of patched behind while you all yelled hysterically, before collapsing:

"One-two-three-mopstick—la-da-deel!"

It is easy to see why a mixture of boys and girls was not popular in this game. You needed a back of fair strength to support the flying leap of a boy and you needed something tougher than mere cotton or calico for that last despairing handhold. My constant impression, indeed, is that in all these games the presence of girls, indeed the mere threat of them, was unwanted, contemptible, scorned and rejected.

Girls played *I sent a letter to my love* or *Sally Go Round the Moon*; the last a game

Continued on page 46

Illustrations

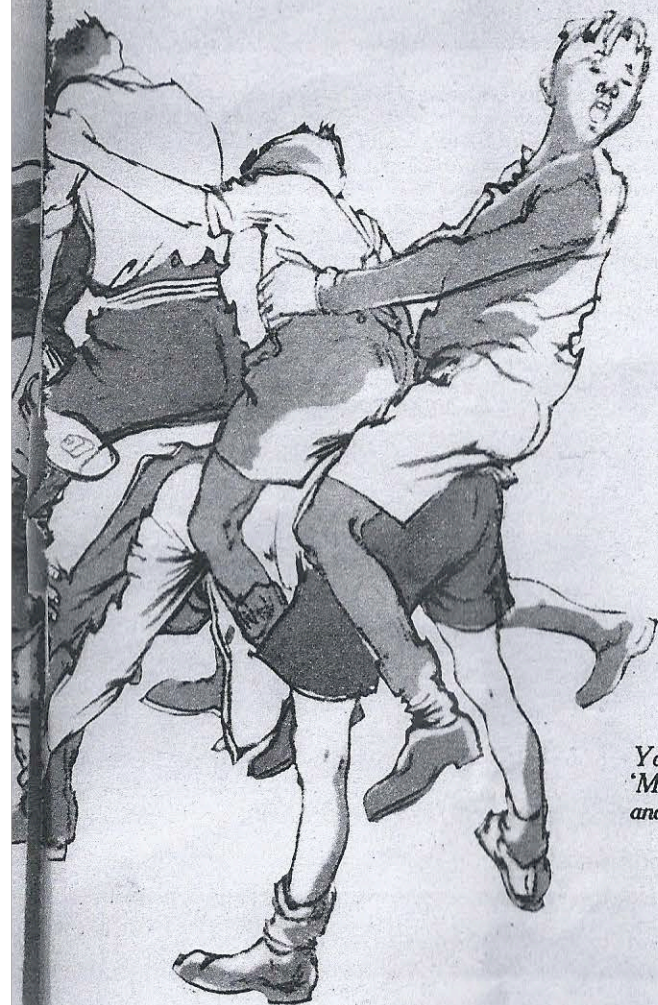
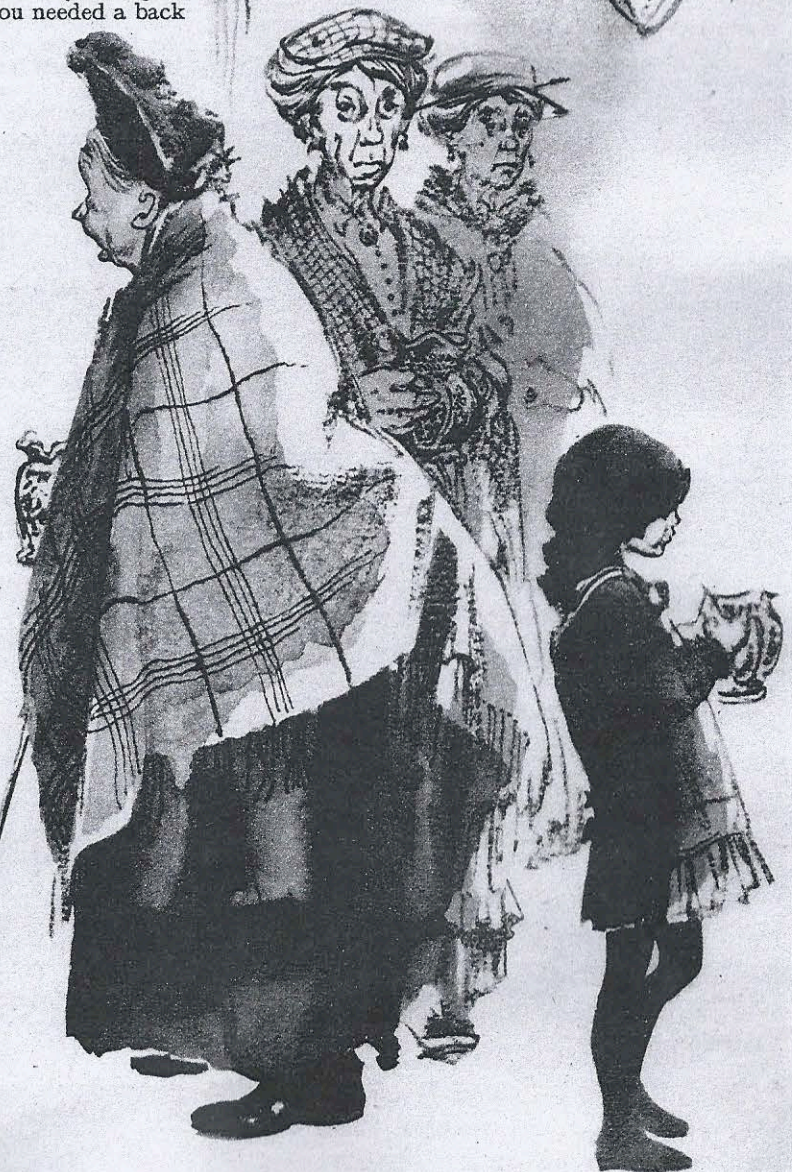
by

Reg Gray

You could get two sides up and play 'Mopstick,' or stand outside the pub and watch the customers being thrown out.



Girls weren't unduly concerned when the boys refused to let them join in their games. They could be quite happy with a skipping-rope.



LOST WORLD OF FANCY

Continued from page 25

of singing and swinging under lamp-posts that I then thought rather cissy and that now carries for me a lovely memory of pinafores and pig-tails bright under gas-light.

Pinafores for little girls; little white aprons for boys, exactly like those of real shoemakers, so that they should not drop gravy and pudding on their blue serge suits on Sundays—they too are as much part of a lost world as mopstick, candled carriage lamps, bake-house dinners and yet another game that goes back, I fancy, to the beginning of our history.

No; two games. Both clearly belong so much to the fabric and pattern of English working life that it's hard to think that children will not play them again, as they must have done all through the centuries of guilds and trades and apprentices and ancient occupations.

Under the bake-house windows, before the floury loaves and the Reckitt's Robin, we played *Three Old Men Come Workhouse*, a kind of charade, and *I Apprentice My Son*, a sort of guessing game. You came, the three old men coming to workhouse, across the street, into the gaslight, and your opponents asked you:

"What's your tradé?"

"All sorts," you said.

"Show it," they said.

And you showed it. In mime you acted shoemaker or carpenter, blacksmith or wheelwright, butcher or baker, lamp-lighter or groom. You acted; they guessed. And when they guessed right they yelled and you ran.

In *I Apprentice My Son* you also came across the street and stood before the window.

"I Apprentice My Son," you said, "to be a tailor. And the first thing he did was S-B."

Sewing Buttons. Very simple—perhaps terribly, naively childish—but how many children, through the centuries when apprenticeship seemed as fixed an essential in life as godliness, must have played that game?

TRADES, guilds, hand-crafts, craftsmen, apprentices: I am just old enough to remember apprentices and boy-beginners—the sweaters and half-timers of an earlier generation—being sent on long errands for a penn'orth o' straight hooks, a sheet o' smooth sandpaper or a dozen square rings. That too was a game: a boy's first reminder that he had left his world of infinite fancy, where his lot could be chosen simply by reciting something like:

Paddy on the railway, picking up stones,

Down came the engine and broke Paddy's bones.

Well, said Paddy, that isn't fair;

Well, said the engine, I don't care!

O-U-T spells out goes she.

Tick, Tag, Stag, Relievo or *Release* were games inspired by hunting or capture. *Relievo*, perhaps better known as *Cops and Robbers*, has countless versions, including one or two inspired by war. In the first decade of the twentieth century the Boer War was still fresh in a child's mind and I have no doubt that it prompted us to bursts of street-war called *Charging*. I am not at all ashamed to say that I was always in the back row at *Charging*: sometimes, in fact, even farther back than that.

There were some very tough un-lit dead-end jetties in my native town, and one of them was supposedly reigned over by a deaf-mute King who reputedly tied up all prisoners taken in *Charging* and locked them in unsavoury outdoor privies until they died of asphyxiation.

I was not at all anxious for such an end. I much preferred to go into a sweet-shop, together with six or seven other innocents, and ask for a ha'porth of brandy-balls from the top shelf and then wait for the bottle to be put back so that all the other boys, one by one, could ask for the same. Like ringing door-bells and pin-



The pavement was sports ground, gymnasium, gaming-table or anything at all you wanted it to be.

and-button that was a game of mischief and it does not properly, I think, come into the category of street-games.

All games, whether mischievous or traditional or imitative, were the result of resource or invention. If you had a chalk you hacked a stone out of the gutter; if you had no ball you made one with string and rag; if one thing wouldn't work you invented something else. Boredom and cold and the fact that a child was not wanted at home in a cramped kitchen while father was picking the bones out of his tea-time bloater all made it necessary for you to invent something amusing, exciting and generally strenuous and warming in the street outside.

WHEN all else failed I remember that we cut slides on steeper pavements and greased them with candles and polished them glassily with the inside linings of jackets. In a boot-and-shoe town, on those days, every child was practically steel-shod and as we flew down those dark hill-sides we sparked like trams.

All these games, I am convinced, have their roots as deep in English life as five points in the calendar like Plough Monday, November the Fifth, Feast Sunday, Shrove Tuesday, May Day and Apple Day, to all of which we were ritually dedicated. I can see now, with wonderful clearness, the blackened faces of boys begging on Plough Monday with a rattling tin and hear the plaintive pleading "T'ink o' poor plough-boy—give us one ha'penny—cooome!"

Already, in 1916, a writer could complain bitterly that not only was the ritual of street-games in decay but that what was making it decay was an "insane process of making great groups happy by destroying the personal happiness of every individual in that group . . . one of many steps in the direction of that termite-idea towards which we are trending."

NOTHING in the succeeding forty years has done anything to alter the truth of that. Another war, a million motor cars and a Welfare State have produced streets in which children cannot play and, what is perhaps worse, children who have not the slightest desire to play in them even if they could.

But I shall always be glad that my destiny saw to it that I could stand, for a few years of my childhood, under a floury bake-house window, staring at Sunlight Soap and Reckitt's Robin and a sleeping cat, within the smell of new bread and hot pork pies, with the pink and green of pub-light and street-lamp glowing down on wintry pavements and the oil of orange-peel rainbowed in the gutters. I think I shall in fact always be able to stand there, hands clenched and eyes bright, while someone tries to guess my trade as I come to workhouse, or what my son did when he was first apprenticed.

"S-B," I shall say, "S-B," and then someone will yell "Sewing Buttons!" and with pounding heart I shall run for my life across a street that was also a world of fancy: a bright star where it was safe to play.