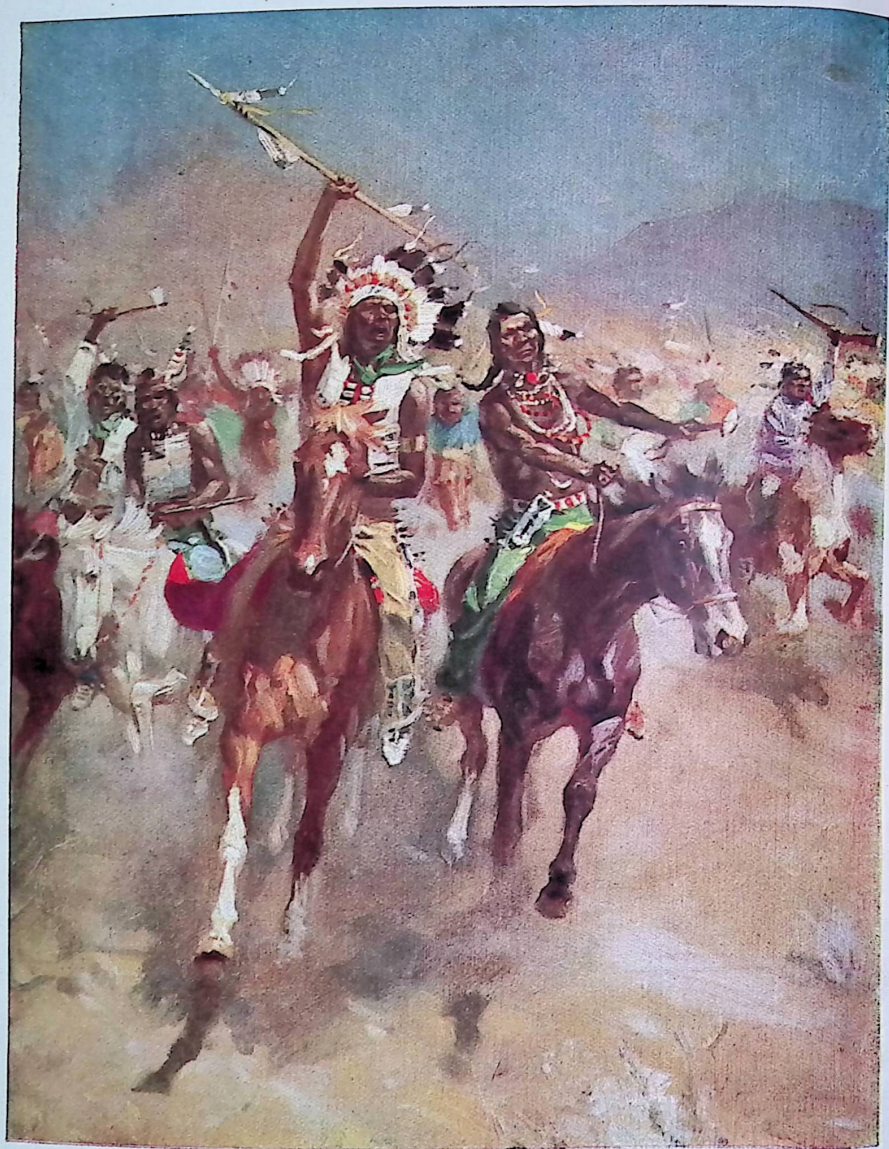


THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
1926 **ANNUAL** 1926
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



WELL IN FRONT!



Frontispiece

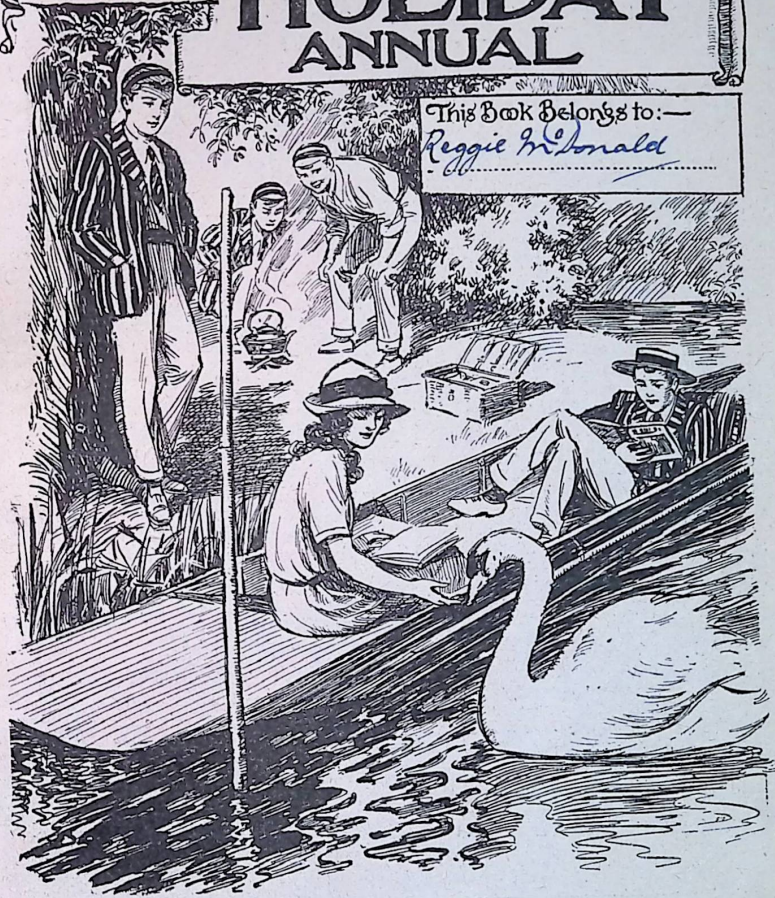
THE CHARGE !

The 1926

GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL

This Book Belongs to:—

Reggie McDonald



The Editor to His Friends

The task of compiling this, the seventh volume of the Greyfriars' "Holiday Annual" was rendered a pleasant one from the first by the knowledge of the overwhelming success of its immediate predecessor. This book—unique among Annuals in its character and in its success—has steadily gained in popularity year by year, until it now holds undoubted pride of place in the affections of countless thousands of boys and girls—and of large numbers of their mothers and fathers, too.

The HOLIDAY ANNUAL is the great rallying-ground for all the popular schoolboy characters of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood—the schools which the jolly Companion Papers have made world-famous. All the busy year round Harry Wharton & Co., Tom Merry and his chums, and "Uncle" Jimmy Silver & Co. are actively occupied in the weekly pages of the "Magnet," the "Gem," and the "Boys' Friend," and the "Popular." But once a year they are, as it were, all found under one roof, in company with many other favourite characters, in the HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

In this way the "H.A." represents not one book, but a legion. It is to many the Open-Sesame to the splendid tales of school life in which the Companion Papers specialise. It is the guide to Greyfriars for those who have not as yet made friends with Billy Bunter and the rest of the jolly crowd of Remove juniors. It introduces newcomers to Tom Merry, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, to Jimmy Silver and Lovell.

To old-established readers of the Companion Papers, the ANNUAL is, of course, an absolute necessity. The very names of the authors who have written the stories are sufficient to cause a preliminary thrill of delightful anticipation—Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, Owen Conquest—that famous trio!—P. G. Wodehouse, Michael Poole, Gordon Wallace; these and many more have given of their best in the volume that lies before you.

The clean humour and absorbing interest of the school stories are varied, as in previous years, by the wholesome thrills of real-life adventure tales. "Billy Bunter's Annual," a feast of fun, has again been included, and an innovation that will be appreciated is an index arranged at the end of the book.

To all my countless reader-friends, old and new, I extend a cheery greeting, together with a special word of thanks to the former for the support they have accorded me in such generous measure.

THE EDITOR.

THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.



Introducing all the leading characters at the world-famous school

OPENING SPEECH
 BY THE
 MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
 HARRY WHARTON:

READERS of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL,—
 We thought it would be a capital
 idea to organise a special Concert
 for your benefit. The majority of you are
 already well acquainted with us; but new
 readers of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL will be
 introduced to us here and now.

My four special chums—BOB CHERRY,
 FRANK NUGENT, JOHNNY BULL, and HURREE
 SINGH—will now join me in chanting the
 Opening Chorus. Fortunately, no bricks can
 be thrown at us, because we are performing
 to an unseen audience!

OPENING CHORUS
 BY THE
 FAMOUS FIVE OF THE
 GREYFRIARS REMOVE:

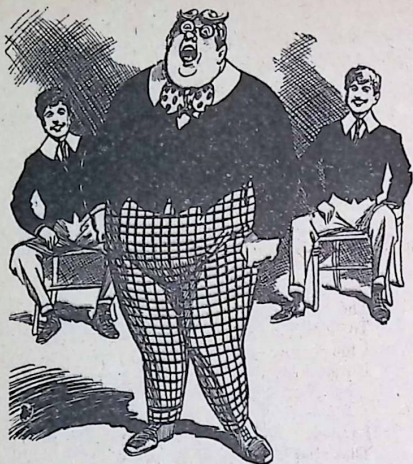
Oh, we are the Famous Five,
 The merriest fellows alive!

We romp and revel from morn till night,
 In jokes and japes we take delight,
 Our motto is "Always Merry and
 Bright,"
 For we are the Famous Five!

In sunny or stormy weather
 We always stand together.
 Shoulder to shoulder, heads held high,
 Ever resolved to do or die,
 Meeting reverses without a sigh,
 For we are the Famous Five!

We stand before you now,
 And gracefully make our bow.
 We hope you will all enjoy the Show
 (If not, you must write and tell us so!)
 Good luck be yours wherever you go—
 The wish of the Famous Five!

BILLY BUNTER (the Fat Boy of Greyfriars):
 I say, Wharton! I don't think much of
 that as an Opening Chorus. You'd better
 let me sing a song. I've got one all ready.
 It's a ripping song. It will make the audience
 sit up and take notice!



"I sit and gobble with fork and spoon
From the rise of sun to the set of moon;
Gobble and gobble as best I may,
And I gobble as I sing a joyful lay."

HARRY WHARTON: Why, you fat duffer,
you can't sing for toffee!

BILLY BUNTER: Can't I? You offer me
a tin of toffee, and see!

HARRY WHARTON: Well, my chums,
Bunter seems determined to inflict a song on
you. Try and bear it with fortitude. Bunter,
as you probably know, is the champion gorgier
of Greyfriars. His motto is "Eat not to live,
but live to eat." He once consumed a whole
rabbit pie, a dish of pastries, and a bunch of
bananas at one sitting. Talk about exceed-
ing the feed limit! Go ahead with your song,
Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER:

I sit and gobble with fork and spoon
From the rise of sun to the set of moon;
Gobble and gobble as best I may,
Gobble all night, and gobble all day,
And I gobble as I sing a joyful lay.
The more I gobble, the more I need,
I'm always in form for a first-rate feed.
The better the feed, the broader my grin,

I never say "No" to a good tuck-in!
All eating contests I easily win.

Sausages, saveloys, puddings and pies,
Delicious doughnuts, I never despise.
Why, then, worry, I always say,
My postal order will come some day,
And I'll feast and feed in my well-
known way!

I sit and gobble with fork and spoon
From the rise of sun to the set of
moon;

Gobble and gobble in Mimble's shop,
Stuffing and stuffing, with never a
stop,

And one of these days I shall go off
pop!

HARRY WHARTON: Have you finished,
Bunter?

BILLY BUNTER: Not quite! My
brother Sammy wishes to join me in a duet.
Sammy's a smart singer, and with two
wonderful warblers going at the same
time, the audience will be thrilled!
They'll get up on their feet like so many
Oliver Twists, and howl for more!

HARRY WHARTON: Nonsense! You
can think yourself lucky that you're per-
forming to an invisible audience, or they'd
pelt you off the platform.

BILLY BUNTER: Oh, really, Wharton!
You're only jealous because you haven't got
a sweet, melodious voice like mine. Sammy
and me are going ahead, anyway. Step
forward, Sammy, and make your bow!

DUET BY BILLY AND SAMMY BUNTER:

We are the Bunter Brothers,
As plump as plump can be;

A stunning feed is what we need,
But we lack the £ s. d.

We haunt the Greyfriars tuckshop
At morning, noon and night;
To dine and wine would be divine—
Alack! the money's tight!

We are a charming couple,
Without a trace of pride;
Although we spring from a Saxon King
Upon our mater's side.
Our pater is a broker
In famous London Town;

He deals in shares, and "bulls" and
"bears,"
And does the public down!

Lord Bunter—that's our uncle,
Who lives at Bunter Manor,
Will shortly send, for us to spend,
A P.O. for a "tanner."
We'll "blue" it at the tuckshop,
The ginger-pop will flow;
Yes, when it comes, we'll treat our chums,
A-gorging we will go!

We are the finest fellows
You possibly could meet;
"A perfect pair!" they all declare,
Yet none will stand us treat.
They pass into the tuckshop,
Feast to their hearts' content;
And leave us here, to peep and peer,
And wail a wild lament!

HARRY WHARTON: What a mournful
ending! Hope we're not going to have
any more lamentations. Concerts are
meant to cheer people up, not to make them
down in the dumps. Will somebody give us
a good, rousing song?

BOLSOVER MAJOR: I'm your man!

HARRY WHARTON: Good! Ladies and
gentlemen, allow me to introduce Percy
Bolsover. He's the ugliest fellow in the Grey-
friars Remove. Being a pugilist by pro-
fession, he has a somewhat battered appear-
ance. He'd take the booby prize at any
Male Beauty Contest. Don't scowl at me
like that, Bolsover! Let us listen to your
booming bass voice.

BOLSOVER MAJOR:
When I was a kid I used to be
At a kindergarten near the sea.
'Twas there I learned to battle and brawl,
And to punch and pummel a punching-ball!

I punched that ball so successfully
That all my pals thought the world of me.
I hammered that ball so heartily
That now I am the Wonder of the World, you
see!

Both Latin and Greek I never could stick,
And I had no head for arithmetic.
At hazarding dates I was centuries out,
But my fists were ever ready for a boxing
bout.

I boxed so well, from the age of three,
That the "Great White Hope" they labelled
me.
I fought my foes so ferociously
That now I am the Wonder of the World, you
see!

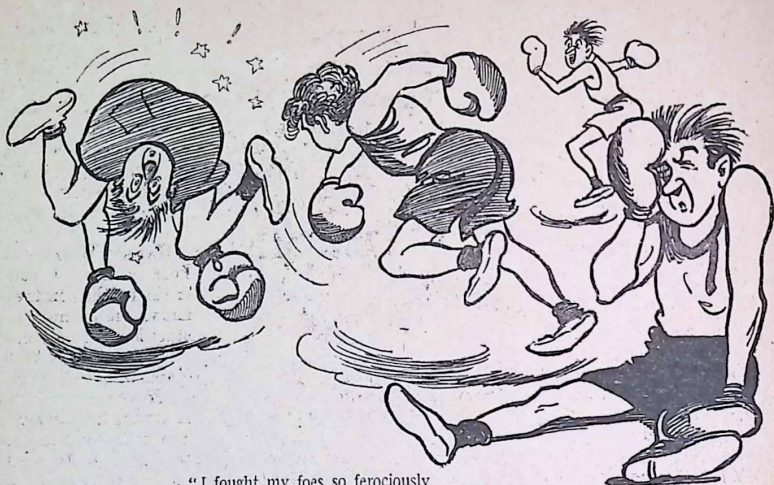
The years went by, and I then was sent
To Greyfriars School, on the coast of Kent.
I fought the fags, and ignored their cries,
I punched their noses and I blacked their
eyes!

I punched their noses so persistently
That they fled like rabbits at the sight of me.
And I blacked their eyes so brutally
That now I am the Wonder of the World, you
see!

I conquered Cherry, and I battled with
Brown,



"Fag! Fag! Fag!
I've got it on the brain.
Fag! Fag! Fag!
It's driving me insane."



"I fought my foes so ferociously
That now I'm the Wonder of the World, you see!"

And I won high praise and great renown.
My opponents quailed at my fierce attacks,
I sent them flying, and they whimpered
"Pax!"

There isn't a man who's a match for me,
From the prefects down to the fags, you see.
I'm not conceited, you'll all agree,
And yet I am the Wonder of the World,
you see!

Now, schoolboys all, whoever you may be,
If you want to climb to the top of the tree.
If you wish to become a boxer bold,
The way to success I will now unfold.

Just model yourselves, my lads, on me,
And you all may be giants of the ring, you
see.
Be as daring, dashing, and brave as me,
And you all may be Wonders of the World,
you see!

HARRY WHARTON: I forgot to mention
just now that modesty was not Bolsover's
strong point. He imagines he is cock of the

walk, and ruler of the roost, and king of the
castle, and all the rest of it. He can certainly
use his fists against harmless, inoffensive fags,
but when he comes up against a good fighting
man like Bob Cherry he invariably meets his
Waterloo. I will now call upon some member
of the fag fraternity to give us a song.
Don't all speak at once!

SCORE OF SHRILL VOICES: I'll sing, Wharton!

HARRY WHARTON: We can't have you all
singing at once, or you'll raise the roof and
scare the audience away. Let the leader of
the fag tribe come forward and sing a song of
sixpence, or a song of sorrow, or anything he
fancies.

DICKY NUGENT: I've got a song of sorrow
that will bring scalding tears to the eyes of
the audience. Hope they've brought their
buckets with them.

HARRY WHARTON: They've brought bou-
quets—not buckets. The more sorrowful your
song, Dicky, the louder they'll laugh. Go
ahead, my infant!

DICKY NUGENT:
Before I came to Greyfriars School
I thought the life was bliss;

I little dreamed I'd have
to work
And slog and slave
like this.
But now I'd dearly love
to find
Some soothing, shel-
tered nest,
Where the prefects
cease from troubl-
ing,
And the weary are at
rest!

"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
I've got it on the
brain.
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
It's driving me insane.
Here and there, and
everywhere
My weary steps I drag,
With voices booming in my ear:
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"

I light the fires, and sweep the floors,
And make my master's toast;
And woe betide me if he finds
I'm absent from my post!
His ashplant whistles through the air
And tans my tender hide;
No bigger tyrant you would find
In all the country wide!

"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
I've got it on the brain.
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
It's driving me insane.
I bear my troubles manfully,
I'll never strike my flag;
But how I hate that haunting voice:
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"

The day will come when I shall be
A prefect proud and haughty;
I'll have a fag to slave for me,
And tan him when he's naughty.
But meanwhile, I must play my part
With energy and vigour;
My master's standing over me—
A fierce, forbidding figure!



"The day will come when I shall be
A prefect proud and haughty;
I'll have a fag to slave for me,
And tan him when he's naughty."

"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
I've got it on the brain.
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"
It's driving me insane.
I'm absolutely worked to
death,
And life's a dreary drag,
Because of that sten-
torian shout:
"Fag! Fag! Fag!"

HARRY WHARTON:
Poor old Dicky! Verily,
one half of the world never
knows how much the
other half suffers.

GEORGE WINGATE
(Captain of Greyfriars):
Pardon me, but fags
aren't the only sufferers.

How many people would
care to be the captain of a public school,
I wonder? It isn't a bed of roses by any
means.

HARRY WHARTON: I'll cheerfully swap
places with you, Wingate, old man, and take
over the captaincy!

GEORGE WINGATE: You'll do nothing of
the sort! However, I should like the audience
to hear something of a captain's woes and
worries. May I sing?

HARRY WHARTON: Certainly—so long as
there's no risk of your breaking a blood-vessel!

GEORGE WINGATE:

The woes of a skipper are many,
His pleasures remarkably few;
Some say that he shouldn't have any.

What is a poor skipper to do?
There is never an end to his functions,
Yet he has to look happy—not sad;
If he shows any frowns or compunctions,
They say that his conduct's too bad!

He's captain of footer and cricket,
And leader of this and of that;

He feels that he simply can't stick it—
He's worried by every young brat.

"Please, Wingate, we want some late passes!"

"We're wanting a ref. for our match!"

"We want you to take boxing classes!"

"I've brought you my fifty lines—catch!"

I envy each light-hearted nipper
 Who hasn't a care in the world ;
 But oh, how I hate to be skipper !
 Into whirlpools of worry I'm hurled.
 My life is an incessant hustle ;
 I'm sure it will drive me insane !
 For the hurry and flurry and bustle
 Are sufficient to turn a chap's brain !

HARRY WHARTON : Let us pause and shed
 a few silent tears on behalf of our skipper.
 We had no idea, Wingate, that you carried
 the weight of the world on your shoulders.
 I shall not repeat my offer to swap places
 with you.

GEORGE WINGATE : I should think not !
 You'd soon be driven into the asylum if you
 had my worries and responsibilities.

HARRY WHARTON : I notice that certain
 members of our concert-party are beginning
 to doze off to sleep. If somebody will kindly
 stick a pin in them, perhaps they will pull
 themselves together and favour us with
 a song.

HAROLD SKINNER (after being rudely awak-
 ened by BOB CHERRY) : My chums, Sidney
 Snoop and William Stott will join me in a
 little ditty of my own composing.

HARRY WHARTON : Fancy you composing a
 ditty ! The only composing you ever do,
 as a rule, is to compose yourself to slumber.
 Carry on with the good work, my dozey
 friends !

SKINNER, SNOOP, AND STOTT :

We're Skinner and
 Snoop and Stott,
 A thoroughly lazy lot !
 We don't believe in
 playing games ;
 We've no ambitions
 and no aims,
 And every slacker
 honours the
 names
 Of Skinner and Snoop
 and Stott !

That hateful thing called
 WORK

We always shun and
 shirk.



"Why, Mauleverer's fast asleep ! Insert a pin in
 his noble calf, and see what happens !"

We have no use for Latin and Greek,
 And consequently, twice a week,
 We're lammed and lectured by the
 "Beak,"

For we are at war with Work !

We're Skinner and Snoop and Stott,
 And we frequently catch it hot.

They march us down to the football
 ground,
 And make us hustle and bustle around.
 No slacker slackers ever were found
 Than Skinner and Snoop and Stott !

HARRY WHARTON : Yes, we have a short
 way with slackers. But I can't agree that
 Skinner & Co. are the slackest slackers
 who ever slacked. What about his languid
 lordship, Mauleverer ? Why, he's fast asleep !
 Where's that pin, Bob ? Insert it into his
 noble calf, and see what happens !

(Wild yell from LORD MAULEVERER as the
 pin pierces his flesh.)

HARRY WHARTON : Come along, Manly !
 It's very rude to go to sleep during a concert.
 The audience is waiting for you to sing a song,
 my dear old Rip van Winkle !

LORD MAULEVERER : I can't sing, begad !
 It's too much fag. It's all right for fearfully
 energetic fellows like yourself, but you might
 leave a born-tired nobleman in peace !

HARRY WHARTON : Sorry to hear you find
 it impossible to perform feats of energy,
 such as lifting up your voice !, But we must

insist. Our concert will
 not be complete with-
 out a song from our
 champion slacker.

LORD MAULEVERER
 (resignedly) : Oh, very
 well ! I'll try an' muster
 the energy to give you a
 parody on "Asleep in
 the Deep."

Stormy the night, and
 the window-panes
 Quiver and shiver and
 shake !

Most of the fellows sit
 up in bed,

Startled and wide-awake !
But Mauly will sleep till the break of day,
Dreaming the golden hours away.
Though danger's near,
He knows no fear :
Under the blankets his limbs disappear.

Loudly the bell in the school tower rings,
Bidding us list to the warning it brings.
Slackers, beware ! Slackers, beware !
Danger is near thee, beware—beware !
Beware ! Beware !
Many, 'tis said, have been blown out
of bed,
So beware ! beware !

What of the dawn, when the storm is o'er ?
There is no trace or sign !
Still you can hear my melodious snore
Up till the hour of nine.
Breakfast is waiting down below ;
Others have gone to it long ago.
But Mauly stays—
You know his ways.
His methods of rising are painfully slow !

Loudly the bell in the school tower rings,
Bidding us list to the warning it brings.
Slackers, beware ! Slackers, beware !
Lessons are starting, beware ! beware !
Beware ! Beware !

Those who rise late will be flogged, sure as fate,
So beware ! beware !

HARRY WHARTON : Bravo, Mauly ! You rose to the occasion in great style. Ladies and gentlemen, we should very much like to extend our programme, but we know that you want to delve into the pages which follow. Coker of the Fifth wanted to sing to you, but he has a voice like a ship's siren, so you may congratulate yourselves on a lucky escape ! Hobson of the Shell and Temple of the Upper Fourth were also anxious to sing, but you'll probably have enough of them later on. The Greystriars Concert Party will now render the Final Chorus.

Ring down the curtain ; we must say " Au revoir ! "
Glad to have met those who've not seen us before.
Our labours begin, though our concert is ended ;
We hope that your verdict, dear friends, will be " Splendid ! "

Ring down the curtain and let us away !
We'll meet again in the pages which follow this lay ;
To fun, japes, and jollity now we will go,
So " Cheer-oh, everybody ! Cheer-oh, cheerio ! "



