

The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1940 *for BOYS* 1940





Frontispiece

Specially drawn for the "Holiday Annual" by R. J. Macdonald

D'ARCY'S DARING RESCUE!

(See the story, "Fighting the Flames!"—beginning on page 151.)

The Greyfriars **HOLIDAY ANNUAL**



1940

1940

Issued from the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

The Editor To His Friends

WITH the appearance of this the twenty-first volume, the HOLIDAY ANNUAL celebrates its "coming of age"—a record of twenty-one years of such popularity with the youth of the Empire as it is given to few publications to achieve.

The young readers who gave the first HOLIDAY ANNUAL such a rousing welcome are now middle-aged, with youngsters of their own who now demand the famous Annual in their turn! In complying with this demand, parents will discover that, miraculously, they can renew their own youth by reading once again stories of the famous schoolboy characters whose cheery adventures held them spellbound in the past.

In a world where almost everything has changed, these characters remain as popular as ever. Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter are still in the Remove at Greyfriars. Tom Merry & Co. still grace the Shell at St. Jim's, where Jack Blake and his chums, not forgetting the noble Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, dispute the leadership of the Fourth Form with Figgins & Co., of the New House. The ancient foundation of Rookwood School is likewise still ornamented by the presence of Jimmy Silver and his pals, whose cheery personalities and amazing japes continue to enliven that part of Hampshire.

All these old favourites of twenty-one years ago, in fact, are firm favourites still with the youth of the present generation. Through the years they have maintained their youthful freshness and that cheery spirit of good sportsmanship which is perhaps their greatest attraction.

In this bumper twenty-first volume all the famous characters—the most popular schoolboys in the world—appear to greater advantage than ever. This statement may seem to some of you enthusiastic HOLIDAY ANNUAL readers of many years' standing something like an exaggeration, but to prove the truth of it you have only to dip into the pages that follow.

THE EDITOR.

The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

(All rights reserved, and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.)



WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS

By HARRY WHARTON

The Chums of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood place on record their gratitude for the friendship, enthusiasm and loyalty of the countless readers of the "Holiday Annual."

I HAD long wished for a chance of placing on record the gratitude felt by the fellows of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood for the friendship and enthusiasm of the countless readers who follow their adventures in the "Holiday Annual."

One fine day last June, a happy coincidence gave me just the chance I wanted.

It so happened that the Greyfriars First Eleven were playing St. Jim's, while our junior team opposed Rookwood on Little Side; and the St. Jim's seniors had brought with them a numerous following of juniors. The result was an unique gathering of the leading lights of all three schools.

The opportunity was too good to be missed. I made up my mind to ask all the fellows I met—celebrities and nonentities alike—for suggestions on how best to thank our innumerable chums for their loyal support.

Armed with a notebook and pencil,

I sallied forth to meet the first arrivals from Rookwood, as they drove past old Gosling's lodge in a motor-coach. When their coach came to a stop outside the School House, I soon set to work.

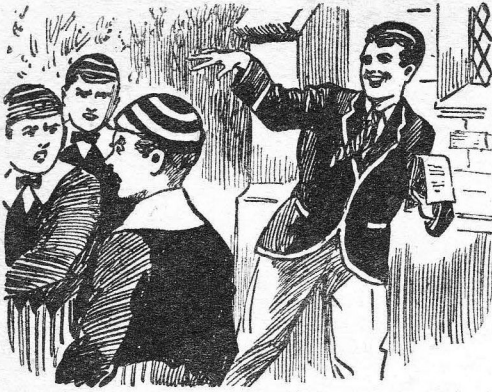
After exchanging greetings with Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome—the celebrated Fistical Four of Rookwood—I put the problem to them. The cheery quartette at once gave the idea their hearty support.

"Jolly good wheeze, Wharton!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Whatever is done in the way of thanking our supporters will have the unqualified approval of your Uncle James!"

"Same here!" said Arthur Edward Lovell genially. "But how to do it?"

"That's just the question I want answered," I responded. "If you chaps have any suggestions, I shall be glad to take a note of them!"

"What about a whip-round so that



"A fat lot of gratitude there'd be in a crowd of Moderns broadcasting their chivvies and breaking all the readers' television sets!" said Jimmy Silver. "Why, you Classical bounder——" began Tommy Dodd. "Pax, my infants!" I exclaimed.

we can buy presents?" put in Raby brightly.

That guileless question drew a loud laugh from the Rookwood fellows. I had to smile myself at Raby's sublime innocence.

"I'm afraid that's right outside the bounds of possibility, old chap," I said regretfully. "You have to remember that the 'Holiday Annual' circulates in every corner of the English-speaking world. To buy presents for all the boys and girls who follow our fortunes, we should need one or two of our wealthier members to part up with a cool half-million or so! I suppose none of you Rookwood chaps are prepared to pay out on that scale?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted the crestfallen Raby. "The most I can go to at the moment is half-a-crown!"

"Trust a Classical to trot out a really crack-brained idea!" chuckled Tommy Dodd, the happy-go-lucky leader of the Rookwood Moderns, as he joined the swelling throng. "If you're looking for a brainy wheeze from Rookwood, Wharton, apply to the Modern Side!"

"And you'll never get it!" added Newcome derisively. "What's your suggestion, anyway, Tommy Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd knitted his brows thoughtfully, as did also his loyal henchmen, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. Knowing Tommy Dodd's reputation as an originator of brainy schemes, I was not surprised to find him coming out with a suggestion before either of his followers.

"Got it!" he exclaimed suddenly. "We'll all give a broadcast!"

"Ye gods!"

"A broadcast on the wireless!" said Tommy Dodd enthusiastically. "We can all join in—all the most important figures from the three schools! And readers all over the world can listen in to us!"

"Topping wheeze, by Jove!" said Tommy Cook, looking very relieved at not having to apply his own intellect to the problem any longer.

"Shure, an' it's a great idea intirely!" chortled Tommy Doyle, in his rich Irish brogue. "No need to worry yeself any longer at all, at all, Wharton, me bhoy! Tommy's hit it!"

"Why not make it a television broadcast?" said Tommy Cook. "Then they'll all be able to see our faces!"

"Ass!" said Jimmy Silver promptly. "We're supposed to be showing the readers our gratitude. A fat lot of gratitude there'd be in a crowd of Moderns broadcasting their chivvies and breaking all the readers' television sets!"

"Why, you Classical bounder——"
"You Modern freak——"

"Pax, my infants!" I interposed laughingly, as Moderns and Classics began to look daggers at each other. "Save your House rags till you get back to Rookwood! Your suggestion, Dodd, is a really brainy one——"

"Thanks, old bean!"

"But I'm afraid the difficulties in the way of carrying it out are almost insurmountable. The chief difficulty, I think, would be to get the B.B.C. to put us in their programme. That our broadcast would be a big, popular success goes without saying——"

"Oh, rather!"

"But I very much doubt if the B.B.C. would want to give us more than ten minutes or so. And ten minutes or so would not be sufficient. We'd want at least an hour."

"Something in that!" nodded Tommy Dodd. "But what else, then?"

"That's what I'm going to find out! But first, let me show you fellows to your dressing-rooms."

I conducted the Rookwood men to the quarters assigned to them. By the time I returned to my task, two more coaches had arrived—one carrying the St. Jim's seniors and another the juniors. The new arrivals were scattering far and wide, renewing old acquaintances among the Greyfriars fellows and inspecting our historical old school buildings. I could see that I was in for a busy time, seeking out the brainwave that I wanted!

My first encounter was with Figgins and Kerr and Fatty Wynn. The famous New House trio from St. Jim's were taking it easy under one of the big elms in the quad.

The idea of a concerted effort to thank our "Holiday Annual" admirers made an instant appeal to them; but when it came to saying how to do it, Figgins and Fatty Wynn were stumped.

Kerr, who is never at a loss for long, pondered for a few seconds and then said:

"Why not make a film?"

"Good egg!" his chums chimed in.

"Good egg's right—if we can arrange the cash side of it satisfactorily!" I smiled. "The trouble about films, as I understand it, is that it costs at least thirty thousand pounds to make one!"

"It might easily earn ten times as much as that if it made a hit," said Figgins. "All you've got to do, Wharton, is to find a producer and somebody who's willing to speculate thirty thou!"

"Sounds easy enough!" I grinned. "But I fancy, all the same, that it's more an idea for the future than for the immediate present. If you fellows have any more brainwaves, let me know!"

And off I trekked—to find Tom Merry and his chums of the Shell and Jack Blake and his followers of the Fourth all engaged in critically inspecting the senior pitch on Big Side.



"Why not make a film?" said Kerr. "The trouble about films, as I understand it," I replied, "is that it costs at least thirty thousand pounds to make one!"

The cheery School House men greeted me with their usual boisterous enthusiasm. They lent a very sympathetic ear to my plan for paying tribute to our mutual "Holiday Annual" chums.

"I'm with you all the way, old son!" remarked Tom Merry cordially. "As for ways and means—well, what's wrong with inviting a number of readers to each of our respective schools for a holiday?"

"Not a bad wheeze, that, considering it came from a half-witted Shellfish!" grinned Jack Blake. "What say you, Wharton?"

I thought it over.

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have a number of 'Holiday Annual' readers here at Greyfriars as my guests," I answered at last. "The principal objection I see to it is—what would the Head say about it?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had been polishing his celebrated monocle very thoughtfully, jammed it in his eye at this moment and intervened in the debate.

"If it will solve the pwoblem, Wharton, deah boy, I shall be delighted to place Eastwood House, my ancestwal home, entirely at the disposal of our pwoposed guests. I am quite suah that my governah would waise no objection whatevah. On the contwawy, he would considah it an honah and pwivilege, in the circs! I well wemembah —"

"Cut the cackle, Gus!" urged Herries, who was struggling to put the lead on his unwilling bulldog, Towser. "It isn't Speech Day."

"Weally, Hewwies—yawooooh!"

Ow-ow! Call off your beastly dog, you wottah! Ow! My twousahs!"

D'Arcy's remarks ended in a wild shriek, as the aggressive Towser made a leap at his nether garments. Herries, frowning heavily, made a grab at his faithful hound, while the swell of the Fourth spun round like a teetotum in his frantic efforts to dodge the bulldog's fangs.

Towser's attack on D'Arcy's immaculate "bags" seemed to have brought the debate to an untimely end; so I decided to cut. Truth to tell, I was not at all sorry to put a safe distance between my own reach-me-downs and the gaping jaws of Herries' ferocious pet!

The start of our cricket match on Little Side delayed my further inquiries into the fellows' views on what should be done about our "Holiday Annual" chums. It fell to Greyfriars to bat first and I opened the innings with Tom Redwing.

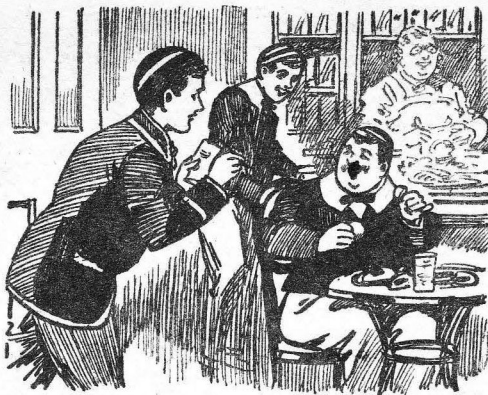
The playing-fields looked a picture in the bright June sunshine, and the pitch was in perfect condition. I should very much like to enlarge on

the game, which was one of the most enjoyable I ever remember. But my space is limited, so I will merely record that the score stood at 98, to which I had contributed 53 runs before I was caught out by Tommy Cook off a tricky ball from Jimmy Silver—and promptly returned to my self-imposed task of collecting opinions!



"Call off your beastly dog, you wottah, Hewwies!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Ow! My twousahs!" His remarks ended in a wild shriek as Towser made a leap at his nether garments!

So away to Big Side for handshakes and chats with Kildare, the stalwart captain of St. Jim's, Reginald Talbot, the one-time "Toff"—Harry Noble, better known as "Kangaroo"—the dense but determined George Alfred Grundy—and others too numerous to mention.



Suggestions came in briskly when I asked for them in the tuckshop. Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's suggested a gigantic banquet. He would!

One and all welcomed the idea I mooted—but how to give it practical shape was a problem that baffled most!

Grundy's brainwave was a signed photograph of himself, to be distributed among "Holiday Annual" readers. I politely told the great man of the Shell that I would consider it—but I'm afraid Grundy's idea of his own importance is somewhat exaggerated!

Kildare put up what I thought was a very good wheeze.

"Why not a mammoth sports meeting at some great sports stadium, open to the three schools and readers alike?" he said.

I foresaw many difficulties in arranging such a stupendous affair; but I had to admit that Kildare scored full marks for a really brilliant notion.

Leaving the senior cricket game, I went across to the tuckshop. Mrs. Trimble's cosy little rendezvous under the elms was filled to overflowing with a noisy crowd, busily engaged in discussing cricket—not to mention ice-creams, jam-tarts and ginger-pop.

Suggestions came in briskly when

I asked for them. Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's suggested a gigantic banquet. He would! My somewhat dingy Form-fellow, Harold Skinner, said that a smoking-concert would fill the bill. Bolsover major, the pugilist of the Remove, wanted a great boxing tournament, open to all the "Holiday

Annual" readers to compete.

When Hurree Singh came in to announce that the Greyfriars innings had ended, the problem was still unsolved.

"There's only one thing for it," I said. "Before the coaches go tonight we must hold a mass meeting outside the pavilion to decide."

And at that I had to leave it till our game with Rookwood was over.

The game ended soon after tea—incidentally, we won by the narrow margin of 5 runs—and immediately afterwards, the game on Big Side having also finished, we held our mass meeting.

It was a well-assorted crowd that gathered round the pavilion steps to hear my speech. Greyfriars men, of course, were there in full force. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh—the four who, with myself, make up the quintette known as the Famous Five—were well to the front, together with most of the Remove. Temple, Dabney and Fry and a crowd of other Upper Fourth men looked on rather superciliously from the rear. Hobson of the Shell, with Hoskins the pianist,

and most of their Form colleagues were present, while the Fifth, headed by Blundell, turned up *en masse* even to dear old fatheaded, self-opinionated Coker!

Our visitors from St. Jim's and Rookwood were there to a man, and when the meeting was thrown open, after I had summarised the suggestions I had so far received, they contributed notably to the debate.

Speech after speech was made, however, without any definite objective being reached, and I had almost begun to think we should have to break up without arriving at a solution when Billy Bunter butted in.

Nobody, of course, expected anything from the fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove, apart from a proposal for a whacking great feed—and this proposal we duly got! He even went one better than Baggy Trimble by suggesting that as he was the most famous character in the "Holiday Annual," the banquet should be his alone, because the readers would enjoy his having it almost as much as having it themselves!

But Bunter did not stop there. Having made that footling proposition, he went on to talk sense—possibly for the first time in his life!

"In addition to the feed," he said, "I have two other ideas to put forward. The first is that we pass a hearty vote of thanks to all the readers of the 'Holiday Annual' for their friendship and support."

"Bravo, Bunter!"

"That's better!"

"Wattlin' good ideah, bai Jove!"

"And secondly," went on Bunter, "I suggest that as a sort of practical gesture of goodwill, we pass a resolution asking the Editor of the 'Holiday Annual,' his staff and the authors and artists to put forward a really special effort to make the 'Holiday Annual' for 1940 the best they have ever done!"

For a moment there was silence. Then there was a chorus of "Hear, hear!" which rapidly turned into a storm of cheering!

Those enthusiastic cheers left me in no doubt. The idea I had been seeking had come—and it had come, amazing as it seemed, from William George Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove!

The vote of thanks to our readers was passed with acclamation. The resolution was passed unanimously and telegraphed at once to the Editor of the "Holiday Annual" in London. And we were so pleased about it that we even gave Bunter his feed—so everybody was happy!

That the Editor and his helpers have done what we asked them to do, you will find out for yourselves, as you read the pages that follow. And now, having told you all about it, I will leave you to devour the rest of the "Holiday Annual," which reaches you this year, owing to Billy Bunter's happy thought, With Our Compliments!

