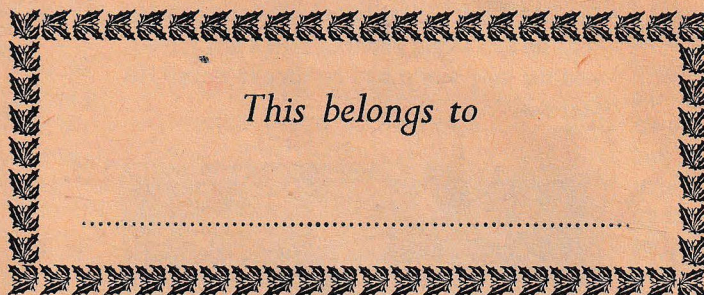


TIME AND TIDE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Stories ★ Competitions ★ Books ★ Pictures



OXFORD
BOOKS
FOR
CHILDREN
AND
YOUNG
PEOPLE

THE HIGH WAY

An anthology of devotional reading compiled by *Elfrida Vipont*. 15s net. '.... could be loved for a lifetime... recommended without reserve.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

A GRASS ROPE

William Mayne's story of an unusual treasure hunt in the Yorkshire Dales, illustrated by *Lynton Lamb*. 10s 6d net. '.... Admirable.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

SONS OF THE STEPPE

Hans Baumann's story of Kublai and Arik-Buka, grandsons of Genghis Khan. 12s 6d net. '.... A very wonderful book indeed.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Written particularly for young people by *Katharine Savage*. 15s net. 'A straightforward simply written narrative of events.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

THE CHILDREN'S BELLS

A collection of verses for children by *Eleanor Farjeon* with drawings on every page by *Peggy Fortnum*. 15s net. '.... The very magic of childhood.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

PIPPIN THE SOUTH SEAS

The latest of *Astrid Lindgren's* stories of the irrepressible *Pippi Longstocking*. 9s 6d net. '.... Full of hilarious, extravagant fun.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING

Fifty-seven nonsense verses and nursery rhymes set to new tunes by *Paul Kapp*. A song book to delight all ages. 12s 6d net.

THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS TREE

A picture story book of a delightful Christmas adventure by *Lee Kingman* with illustrations by *Bettina*. 12s 6d net. '.... The pictures are beautiful and stir the imagination.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.

BUNTER KNOWS HOW!

by FRANK RICHARDS

Illustrated by C. H. CHAPMAN

BUNTER!' rapped Mr Quelch.

'Oh, lor!' murmured Billy Bunter. The Greyfriars Remove were in form. Virgil was the order of the day. Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, had been put on 'con' in turn; and Billy Bunter was hoping to escape the gimlet-eye.

Bunter had had no time for prep the previous evening. He had been too busy sitting in an armchair. So he was not prepared to construe if called upon. Not infrequently did Bunter thus 'chance it' with Quelch. Now, it appeared, he had chanced it once too often.

'You will go on, Bunter.'

'Oh! Yes, sir!' mumbled Bunter, 'I—I—I've lost the place, sir—'

'What? If you have not been attending to the lesson, Bunter—!' Quelch's voice rumbled ominously.

'Oh! Yes! No! I—I don't mean that I've lost the place, sir,' gasped Bunter.

'Then what do you mean, Bunter?'

'I—I—I only mean that I—I can't find it, sir.'

'You absurd boy! Go on at Line 41.'

BILLY BUNTER blinked dismally at his book through his big spectacles. Prepared Latin did not come easily to Bunter. Unprepared Latin had him guessing. No doubt Virgil must have meant something, when he wrote Line 41 in the Second Book of the *Aeneid*. But what he might have meant, Billy Bunter didn't know and couldn't guess.

'I am waiting, Bunter.'

'*Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce—!*' mumbled Bunter.

'Construe!'

'Laocoon—' Pause!

'Well!'

'Laocoon—' Another pause.

Frank Nugent ventured to whisper in a fat ear.

'Laocoon in hot haste rushed down—'

'Nugent!' A rap from Quelch interrupted. 'Take fifty lines for speaking in class. Bunter, go on at once.'

'Laocoon in hot haste rushed down—!' said Bunter, quite brightly. Then there was once more a pause.

'If you do not construe immediately, Bunter—'

'*Ab arce—ab arce!*' mumbled Bunter. He had to make a shot at it. It was a hasty shot: and hasty shots often miss the target. Bunter's did. '*Ab arce—from the Ark—!*'

'What?'

'Laocoon in hot haste rushed down from the Ark—'

'Ha, ha, ha!' came from the Remove.

'Silence in the class! Bunter, how dare you be so absurd?'

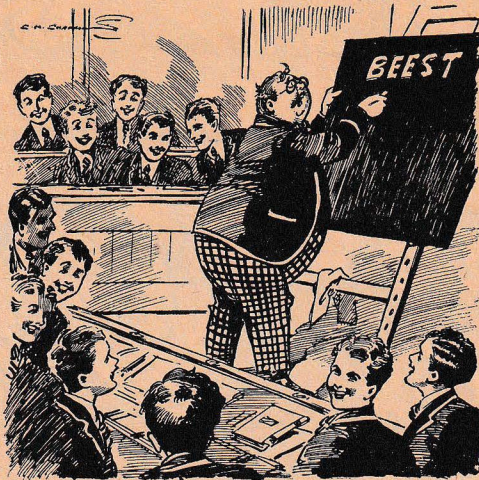
'Isn't that right, sir?'

'Bless my soul! Bunter, are you not aware that "*arx*" is a citadel, and that "*arce*" is the ablative? You have not prepared this lesson, Bunter! You will write out the whole lesson after class, and—'

A tap at the door interrupted Mr Quelch. Trotter, the House page, put in a chubby face.

'If you please, sir, Headmaster wishes to speak to you in the Sixth Form room.'

'Very well, Trotter! Wharton, I shall leave you in charge here for a few minutes.'



THE FORM room door closed behind Mr Quelch. Billy Bunter shook a fat fist at the door—after it had closed.

'Beast!' hissed Bunter, 'Giving a fellow the lesson to write out, and I believe I had it right all the time. I'll jolly well show him what we think of him, and chance it.'

Bunter rolled out before the form.

'What are you up to, you fat ass?' exclaimed Harry Wharton.

'Just look and see.'

All the Remove looked, as Billy Bunter picked up the chalk and proceeded to scrawl large capital letters on the blackboard

BEEST

Then he blinked round at the Remove with a satisfied grin.

'That'll make Quelch wild!' he said. 'He

won't know who did it—he can fancy it was any fellow he likes.'

'You fat chump!' roared Bob Cherry, 'Think Quelch doesn't know your spelling?'

'Eh? What's the matter with my spelling?' demanded Bunter.

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'You're the only fellow in the form who spells like that. Quelch will spot you at once. Rub it out, quick, before he comes back.'

'Shan't!' retorted Bunter, independently. And he rolled back to his place.

'Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!' murmured Bob.

THE DOOR re-opened. Mr Quelch rustled into the form room. He glanced at the form, and then at the blackboard—and gave a start. The Remove watched him breathlessly.

Billy Bunter grinned. Capital letters gave no clue to a fellow's 'fist'. How was Quelch to know a thing?

But the grin faded from the fattest face in the Remove, as Quelch rapped out:

'Bunter!'

'Oh!' gasped Bunter, 'It—it wasn't me, sir! I—I haven't been out of my place, sir, and I wasn't out for more than a minute—'

'Stand out before the form, Bunter.'

Billy Bunter rolled reluctantly out. His fat face registered despondency and alarm. Mr Quelch picked up a cane from his desk.

'It—it wasn't me, sir!' groaned Bunter. Truth and Billy Bunter had long been strangers. They were not likely to strike up an acquaintance at such a moment. But untruth proved no present help in time of need.

'You are the only boy in my form, Bunter, capable of spelling so simple a word incorrectly. And there is chalk on your fingers, Bunter.'

'Oh, crikey! Is there, sir? I was going to rub it off on my trousers, only you came in so suddenly—I—I mean, I—I never touched the chalk—'

'Bend over, Bunter!'

Whop!

'Ow! Wow!'

It was a sad and sorrowful Bunter who sat—uncomfortably—during the remainder of that Latin lesson.

'I SAY, you fellows.'

'Hallo, hallo, hallo!'

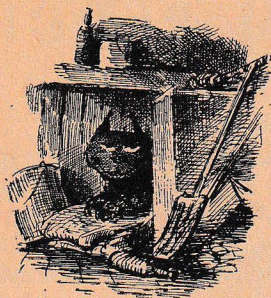
It was morning break when Billy Bunter rolled up to Harry Wharton and Co. in the quad, with a grin on his fat face.

'I say, I know how to get even with Quelch for whopping me in form', said Billy Bunter impressively. 'I'm going to make him sit up, I can tell you.'

'Better learn to spell, before you call him a beast again!' suggested Bob Cherry.

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'I'm not going to call him a beast. But I'm



**James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone
PREFABULOUS ANIMILES**

'What is a Prefabulous Animile? Mr. Reeves and Mr. Ardizzone have the hair-raising answer, and are at once awarded a double first. There never lived such wittily worded fantastics.' *Times Literary Supplement.*
10s. 6d.

**Elizabeth Enright
GONE-AWAY LAKE**

Two children on their summer holidays explore a secret world of derelict houses and lonely woods. 'One of the best books for children I have ever read.'—*MONICA EDWARDS. Illustrated, 10s.6d.*

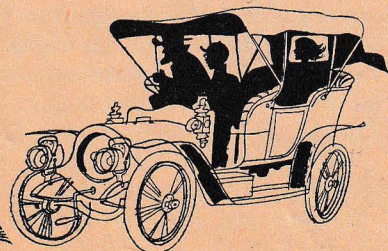
**Jan Henry
TIGER'S CHANCE**

'A charming, original and beautifully illustrated book, with a most lovable hero—little did I think I could come to feel so fond of a tiger rug!'—*DODIE SMITH. 12s. 6d.*

**Ruth Ainsworth
RUFTY TUFTY RUNS AWAY**

New and exciting adventures of Ruth Ainsworth's delightful Golliwog, in which he is sold, exhibited and once almost eaten! *Illustrated, 7s. 6d.*

HEINEMANN



jolly well going to tell him he's a brute. How will he like that?

'I can see you doing it', said Harry Wharton, laughing.

'Well, of course, I'm not going to walk into his study and say "Quelch, you're a brute". I'm going to write it on a sheet of impot paper and slip it under his door see?'

'Look out for whops, if you do.'

'He won't know it was me, this time. He made out that the spelling was wrong in the form room this morning—'

'So it was, you fat ass.'



'Well, it won't be wrong this time, and there won't be a clue. Quelch can guess who called him a brute, and keep on guessing. I say, you fellows, fancy his face, when he picks up that paper and sees "brute" written on it! He, he, he! He can go all over the Remove with a small comb, if he likes, looking for the fellow who did it, but he won't spot me! He, he, he!'

'Better give it a miss—'

'I'll watch it!' said Bunter.

And the Owl of the Remove rolled away to his study, leaving Harry Wharton and Co. laughing. In his study, Bunter selected a sheet of impot paper, dipped a pen in the ink, and proceeded to write in large capitals

BROOT

And, a few minutes later, that cheery missive, was slipped under Mr Quelch's door, to meet the Remove master's astonished eyes when he went to his study. And Billy Bunter rolled out grinning into the quad, happily satisfied that he had given Quelch a Roland for his Oliver and that there wasn't a clue!

BUT ALAS for Bunter!

How Quelch knew was a mystery to him. It really seemed rather like magic to Bunter. But Quelch, somehow, did know; and the result was six of the very best for Bunter. After which, Billy Bunter sagely made up his fat mind that calling his form master names was not a paying proposition, and never again did he reveal his opinion that Quelch was either a 'beest' or a 'broot'.



Magic by the Lake

Edward Eager

'This is magic and fantasy mixed, no nonsense about rational explanations. . . . We all found this genuinely funny; it left us feeling that anything might turn out to be dangerously magic if we weren't careful.'—*NEW STATESMAN. Illustrated 11s. 6d.*

The Great South Sea

Roger Pilkington

'An unpretentious, close-packed little book in which the persevering child may learn much about the exploits of Magellan or the nature of the polyp, to say nothing of Popocatepetl, Captain Cook, the tidal pull, atolls and Queen Salote.'—*TIMES LIT. SUPP. Illus. 6s. 6d.*

Your World in Motion

George Barrow

The story of energy. 'Would hold the undivided attention of any 12-year-old reader interested in science.'—*TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT. Illus. 8s. 6d.*

Dawks

on Robbers' Mountain

Meta Mayne Reid

'Meta Mayne Reid is fast establishing a reputation as a writer for young readers, and in her latest book she succeeds in producing a real thriller.'—*BELFAST TELEGRAPH. Illustrated 12s. 6d.*

The Lone Hunt

William O. Steele

'Very much a book for those boys who yearn after the romantic exploits of the great hunters of early American history . . .

This exciting chase has the authentic ring of old Tennessee.'—*TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. Illustrated 11s. 6d.*



MACMILLAN