

Harry Wharton speaking, from the Greyfriars Broadcasting Centre.

What's that? You had no idea we were on the wireless? Of course we are! Greyfriars isn't nearly such a "sleepy, antiquated, old show" as Fisher Tarleton Fish, the hustler from New York, would have you believe. We were one of the very first schools in the country to have wireless installed; in fact, Billy Bunter, the famous fat fellow, declares it was he who invented wireless! You must take that with a grain of salt, if not a whole salt-mine! Wireless was not invented by Signor William Marconi Bunter, any more than jam tarts were invented by Edison!

Well, and how do you like the look of this new Holiday Annual? A bumper affair, is it not? There are enough stories and articles and poems and pictures to keep you interested for many a happy hour. I was permitted, as a special favour by the Editor, to read some of the yarns before they went to Press—and they are simply toppers! I enjoyed them no end, and I'm sure you will all do likewise. The jolly old Annual seems to grow better and brighter as the years roll by. As old Shakespeare says: "Age cannot wither it, nor Custom stale its infinite variety." There you have the secret of the Annual's popularity—its variety! Whatever your tastes—whether

you like school yarns or sport yarns or adventure yarns, short yarns or long yarns or happy-medium yarns—you find your tastes catered for in the boys' book of the year—the good old Holiday Annual.

And now I must make way for that plump descendant of Falstaff, Billy Bunter. He is bound to talk a lot of nonsense; and, as it's impossible to give a fellow a bumping by wireless, you will have to grin and bear it!

### Billy Bunter Broadcasts!

I say, you fellows! This is ME speakingthe one-and-only BILLY BUNTER, copyright throughout the civilised world, and registered at the Ministry of Food as a mighty feeder whom no one can imitate! I have been fined heaps of times at the Greyfriars Police Court for exceeding the feed limit; but the real truth of the matter is, I never seem to get, enough to eat in this place. I have strongly advocated an eight-meal day for British schoolboys-did I hear a thunderous chorus of "Hear, hear"?—but the Head is one of those old stick-in-the-muds who hates reforms, so we've got to carry on under the present regiment. (Bob Cherry says the word ought to be "Reggie Me," and not regiment, but of course, he's talking out of his hat, as usual!)

Wouldn't an eight-meal day be a boon and a blessing? There would be First Brel-ker

and Second Brekker; Lunch "A" and Lunch "B"; Tea Major and Tea Minor; and Supper I and Supper II! Some of the fellows would never be able to get through such an orgy of feeding; and it would be a case of the survival of the fattest!

There are some more fellows waiting to chat to you on the wireless, but don't take any notice of what they say. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth tommyrot! What I want you to do, you fellows, is to turn to Page 191, where BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL begins, and I guarantee you won't stop laughing till you come to the last page.

Even the masters at this school agree that nothing quite like my Annual has ever been publicated. I let my Formmaster, Mr. Quelch, read it before it went to Press, and he laughed so much that he nearly went into revulsions!

(It's all right, Dick Penfold! You needn't keep jogging and jostling me. You shall have your turn at broadcasting in a minute!) Well, you fellows, I've nothing more to say except—(Be patient, Penfold!)—except that I

hope you will all enjoy this volume of the Annual, and also my own Annual which nestles inside it; and when you come to the last page, I hope your verdict will be—(Leggo, Penfold, you rotter!) As I was about to remark, I hope you will lay this volume aside with a sigh, and say—(Ow! Yow! Yaroooo! I'm being dragged away by brute force, by that beast Penfold!)

Good-bye, you fellows—Yooop!—Good-bye!

### Penfold the Poetical!

HALLO! Dick Penfold here, you fellows! You're tired, no doubt, of Bunter's bel-

lows. He gets tuned up, just like a fiddle; I cut his speech short in the middle, for if I'd left the owl alone, he'd keep on like a gramophone!

In case you've never heard of me, I'll introduce myself with glee. I am the bard of the Remove—a statement no one can disprove; for I have written reams of rhymes, which have appeared at various times. I thought I really might do worse than give my wireless talk in verse. I fancy you'll survive all right. My little "jaw" won't last all night!

When Shakespeare wrote his topping plays,

'twas long before the wireless craze. They didn't "listen-in" to hear the Bard of Avon spout "King Lear"; nor could they hear the clever fellow broadcast selections from "Othello." The vaunted days of Good Queen Bess were really rather tame, I guess. They had no trains, or trams, or airways; no motor cars or moving stairways; no telephones, or dictaphones, or "Baby Grands," or gramophones. Greyfriars existed, it is true, for schoolboys just like me and

you; but there were no first-rate boys' papers, or stories packed with pranks and capers. The good old Annual wasn't known, when Good Queen Bess sat on the throne! Therefore, the chaps who live to-day can count themselves in luck and say: "Thank goodness we were not on earth before the Annual sprung to birth!—before the "Magnet," "Gem," and "Pop," were sold on bookstall and in shop!"

And now I'll send to sleep my Muse, and leave you fellows to peruse this bumper book for British Boys—a wholesome feast of fiction joys!



"Mr. Quelch laughed so much that he nearly went into revulsions."

But stay! Before I end my "patter," the dusky Nabob wants to chatter. The worthy Hurree Singh, so tanned, who hails from India's coral strand.

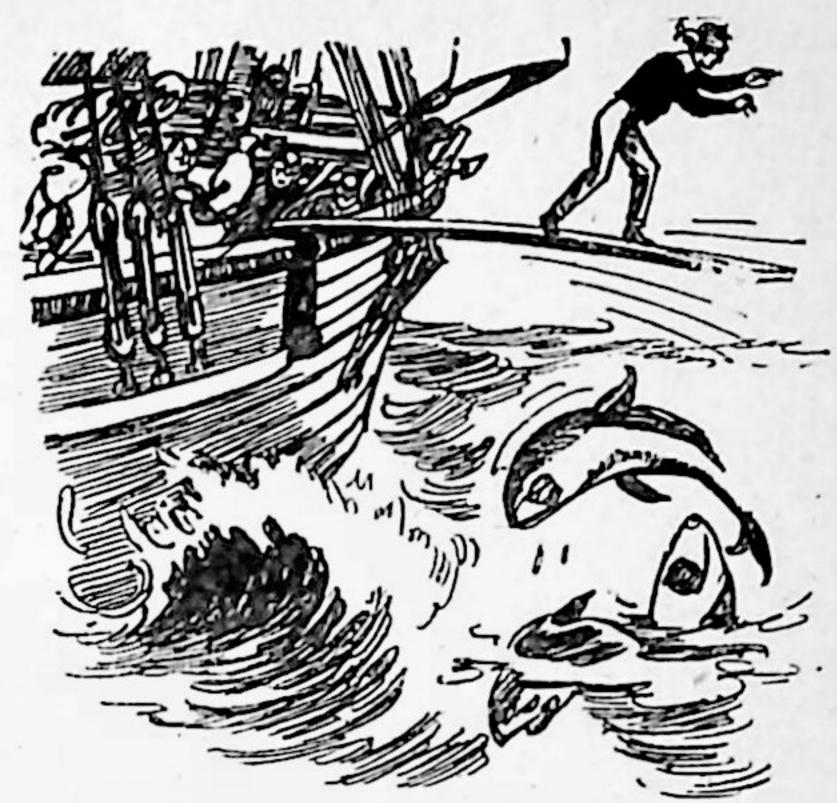
#### Weird and Wonderful English!

HOW do you do dofully, my worthy and esteemed chums? I trust you are all in the pinkfulness, as it leaves me at present with a cold on the chestfulness, due to the treacherous English climate.

I felt I should like to convey to you, broadcastfully, my compliments and good wishes. I need not introducefully make myself known to you, for most of you know me already as a member of the esteemed and Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove. I am from India, and I like your England very much, except for the climate and the food! The rain it raineth every day, and the snow comes down flakefully. As for the food, they do not serve the nice hot dishes to which I have been usefully accustomed in my native land. Curry and chutney please my palate, but the roastful beef and the stewful mutton delight me not. But what's the use of grousefully grumbling? All these troubles are sent to try us, and,



"Hear the Bard of Avon . . . broadcast selections from 'Othello'!"



"... Chinese pirates who make people walkee plankee!"

as your English proverb so aptly says, it's an ill wind that blows nobody down a long lane that has no silver lining!

Well, my worthy and esteemed chums I must give you good-bye, because there are other fellows who wishfully desire to waft their good wishes over the wireless. Listen with all your earfulness, and you will hear Wun Lung, the Chinese, speakfully holding forth. But I doubt if you will understandfully cotton on to what he says, because, unlike myself, he has not yet thoroughly mastered the esteemed and ludicrous English language; and his errors of speechfulness are terrific!

Farewell good-byefully!

### Wun Lung Chimes in!

ME velly pleased to be able to talkee-talkee over the wireless to all the thousands of Holiday Annual readers. You savvy? What you tinkee of this latest Annual? Me tinkee it is velly, velly good, but it would be velly muchee better if the Editor had allowed little Wun Lung to write a story in it about Chinese pirates who make people walkee plankee, and chopee off headee and feed to the sharkee. You savvy? But the Editor say he has no use for stories

of that sort. Never mind! Perhaps he will let little Wun Lung write bloodthirsty yarnee for the next Annual. What you tinkee?

I must hoppee off now, because Gosling, the porter, wishee to talkee-talkee.

Good-bye-ee!

#### Gosling's Merry Message!

A xin' yer pardon, young gents, but might I be allowed to get a word in

edgeways, so to speak?

I'm William Gosling, that's who I am—Keeper of the Keys an' Guardian of the Gate for nigh on 'alf a century, as ever was! I gets worrited out of me life by the young rips at Greyfriars, an' I 'as so many dooties an' cares that sometimes I 'ardly knows whether I'm on me 'ead or me 'eels, as the sayin' goes. But I'm feelin' very merry an' bright at the moment, because the Editor of the 'Oliday Annual 'as jest wrote me a letter

"Dear Gosling," says 'e, "this is to hinform you that I 'ave decided to send you a copy of the Annual, free, gratis, an' for nothin'. I am aware," says 'e, "that an over-worked an' hunder-paid porter ain't in a position to put 'is 'and in 'is pocket an' perjuice six shillin's. I am aware, also," says 'e, "that you wouldn't miss the Annual for worlds, because you figgers in some of the stories yerself. So I am sendin' you a free copy, with the condiments of the season."

Now, that's wot I calls a real gent! Fancy a busy Editor, in the midst of all 'is multifarious dooties—I 'unted up "multifarious" in the dictionary!—sparin' a thought for a pore old porter wot's a-toilin' an' a-moilin' in this 'ere benighted place. Wot I says is this 'ere: it's real good of the Editor, an' I can assure 'im that I shall spend many an 'appy hour in my cosy parlour with the 'OLIDAY ANNUAL for company.

An' now, dooty calls, so I must be hoff. My best respecks to you all, young gents.

What I says is this 'ere Good-bye!

# Greyfriars Champions



### BOB CHERRY

(Junior Sports Champion)

The genial Bob takes pride of place
In this, our Champion's Corner;
He's first in many a thrilling race,
At cricket, he's a Warner.
Upon the football field, his fame
Compares with that of Buchan;
Who can excel him at the game?
I'll warrant, very few can!

The energy that Bob displays
Is wonderful—cyclonic!
It acts on those with whom he plays
Just like a bracing tonic.
He never wavers in the field,
Or wearies of the tussle;
But plays up well for cup or shield,
Exerting every muscle!

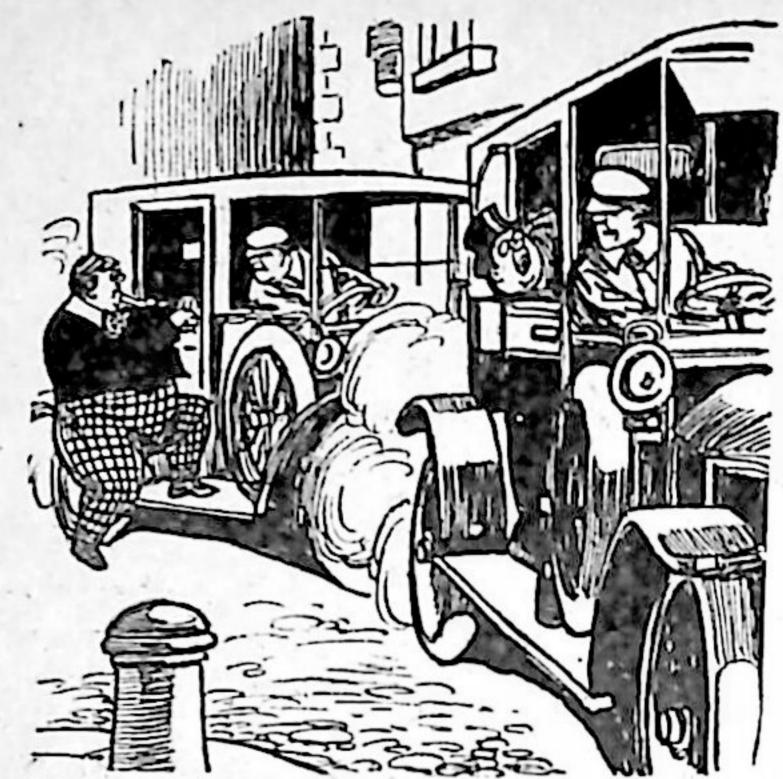
He has no patience with the chaps
Who spend their days in dozing,
Upon their sofas taking naps,
In blissful ease reposing.
Mauleverer, the lazy lord,
The Greyfriars "Weary Willie,"
Is seized by Bob, when feeling bored,
And dragged forth willy-nilly!

All honour to our valiant Bob,
A fine and manly figure!
However irksome be his job
He tackles it with vigour.
The record of his sporting feats
Would fill a good-sized manual;
His prowess gives delightful treats
To readers of THE ANNUAL!

# THE OLD, OLD STORY!

FOR A LONG TIME BILLY BUNTER HAS BEEN TRYING TO RAISE MONEY ON POSTAL ORDERS THAT HAVE BEEN





We were convayed in a couple of taxicabs—there was no room for both of us in one vehikle.

When he had a stroke of luck on the Stock Exchange, and the fambly coughers were filled to overflowing, he would get permission from the Head for a day off, and treat me to a trip to the Zoo.

Well, one fine morning my pater did a jolly good deal in "bulls" and "bears," and other animals on the Stock Exchange; and he kept his prommis by tellyfoning to the Head and asking if I could come up to town for the day.

"I can always spare your son William. He is so forward with his lessons that there is nothing more we can teach him here. He is welcome to have as much time off as he likes."

So off I went to London, and joined the pater in the refreshment buffy at Charing Cross. An ideal meating-place! After a sixteen-course lunch, we were convayed in a cupple of taxi-cabs (there was no room for both of us in one vehickle) to the Zoo.

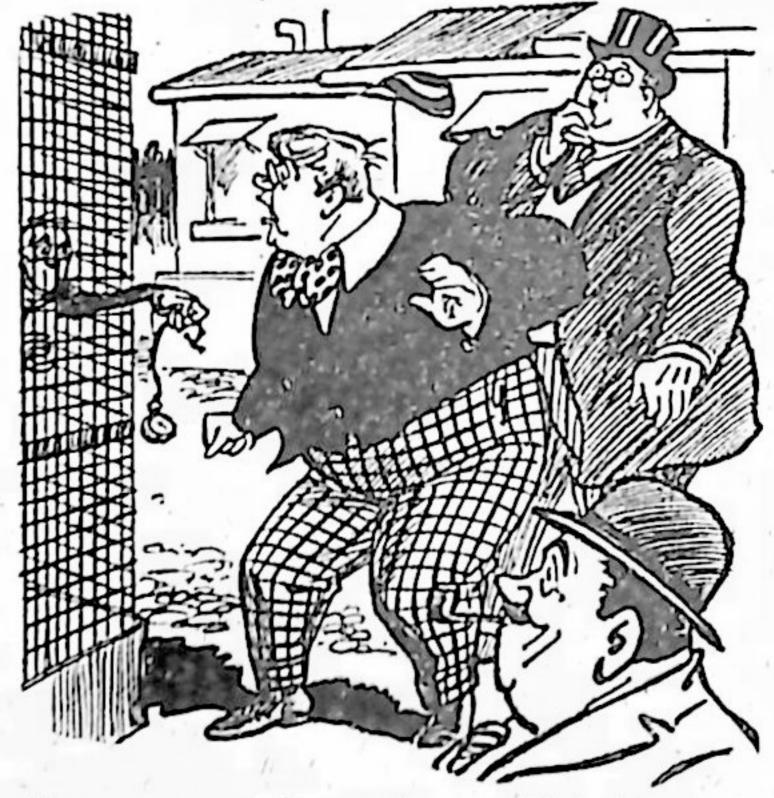
I have always been fond of wild beests, ever since my miner Sammy was born. And it gave me keen delight to roll around and inspect the lions, tigers, ellyfants, and other household pets. I also enjoyed watching the seals and porpusses. I've a fellow feeling for porpusses, being a yewman specimen of that tribe.

# MY DAY AT THE ZOO

## By BILLY BUNTER

When we came to the monkey-house, there was a rather unforchunitt insident. One of the monkeys thrust his paw through the bars and relieved me of my gold watch—chain and all! That gold watch was a birthday gift from my pater. He had bought it specially for me, straight from the brass foundery. I begged the monkey to give it back, but he just grinned and gibbered at me. However, a keeper came along soon afterwards and recovered my property for me. The watch hadn't been improved by the monkey opening it and tampering with the works.

I only wish I had space to describe in detale my wunderful day at the Zoo. It was trooly a wunderful day, and by way of a diversion, my pater took me along to the British Museum, where the mummies and things are. I had never seen any mummies before, and I noticed one thing directly. Looking at mummies made me feel awfully peckish; I began to feel as hungry as a hunter! Perhaps my pater did too, because we soon went off to finish up the day in style with a tip-top dinner at the Writs Hotel.



There was a rather unforchunitt insident at the monkey-house.