

# DIARY of a GREYFRIARS GO-GETTER



*Intimate extracts from the autobiography of Fisher T. Fish, the "guy" from "Noo York."*

**M**ONDAY.—Scrammed outa bed with a swell idea buzzing through the brain-box. "Anti-caning Lotion for Schoolboys"! Boy! What a scheme! Imagine the ads! "The 'Solution' to Your Troubles!"—"The Wonder-Worker that Can't Be Whacked!"—"Don't Be 'Palmed' Off With Substitutes!" Got busy pronto. Bought up stock of old bottles. Only one snag—knew of nothing that would work the trick. Mixed up some coloured water. Gussed the mere suggestion would numb the guys to pain! Sold out by dinner-time. Nice work, Fisher, boy!

Bad finish, though. After afternoon classes got ducked in the lily-pond by dissatisfied customers. Reckon I'll give that anti-caning lotion the air. These tight-wads want too much for their dough, I guess!

**T**UESDAY.—Flew outa bed with one grand sweet song of a brain-wave agitating the grey matter. "Fish For Impots! Why Write Lines? Come to the Wholesale Impot Merchant and Buy Back Your Old Impots Instead!"

Spent best part of day collecting old impots from waste-paper baskets and ash-cans. Opened shop at 5 p.m. What a flop! First caller—Quelch! He'd heard about it and moseyed in to inspect the stock! Did I feel that cane he'd brought with him? I'll tell the world! 'Nother good racket gone wrong! They certainly don't understand Business in this sleepy old shebang!

**W**EDNESDAY.—Shot outa bed with a really nifty hunch bubbling outa the cranium. Early morning cups of tea for Remove guys—fourpence a time! What a break, with an army of fags making them at



**M**ONDAY. "Anti-caning lotion for schoolboys"—a great success. Sold out by dinner-time.



FRIDAY. Insurance for schoolboys against caning! Wholesale slaughter in Quelch's study—bankrupt!

it. Found out after that the fags couldn't get any tea and made it with brown paint instead. Silly jays said it couldn't taste worse than tea in Hall, anyway! I guess I'd make potato-scrappings of those young galoots if I could spare the time!

THURSDAY.—Leaped outa bed thinking out the dandiest notion ever! Valet Service for Schoolboys! Old Clothes Made Like New by the Fish Improved Method! Benzine would work the oracle, I guessed. Hired Skinner to do the work. Boy! Couldn't I scrag that guy? He ran outa benzine and finished the work with acid from the Chemistry Lab. Result: five suits ruined and five lickings for yours truly! How can a guy make money in this burg?

FRIDAY.—Streaked outa bed, mind fixed on the cutest way of making greenbacks. Insurance for schoolboys! What a racket! Pay in a shilling a week and draw ten shillings every time you're caned! Sez me, "Fisher, my boy, this is a

twopence a time! Got busy before the guys woke up. Secured willing fags and told them to bring up the liquor and make it snappy. All went well—till the customers tasted the tea! Fierce rioting followed instanter—guys didn't like

cinch!" Opened the office after morning classes and took twenty shillings in twenty minutes. Opened again at tea-time and took tenshillings more. Dream then busted! Six guys moseyed in in a bunch, fresh

from a wholesale slaughter in Quelch's study and registered their claims! Gave 'em back the day's takings and declared the business bankrupt—and the ungrateful hoodlums whopped me for my trouble!

SATURDAY.—Dived outa my bed with just the slickest bee in my bonnet! Figured I could hire a milk lorry from the village for two dollars with driver thrown in, and get five dollars at least for taking a crowd of saps over to Redclyffe for the Greyfriars match. Fixed it. Got the crowd to Redclyffe all right. But the durned old 'bus broke down coming back, and I'll say that finished it! Whole crowd got lines for being late, and—insult to injury!—the Head collared my profits complete and handed them



SATURDAY. Took a crowd to Redclyffe for the match at two dollars per head. Got there—but the durned 'bus broke down coming back!

to the Football Club! Am I sore?

SUNDAY.—Crawled outa bed with the firm conviction that it's no use a go-getter trying to make dough in this shack. I'm through, and that's all about it! Yes, siree!



THURSDAY. Valet service for schoolboys! Hired Skinner, and he used acid instead of benzine. Five suits ruined—five lickings for yours truly!