

THE GREYFRIARS

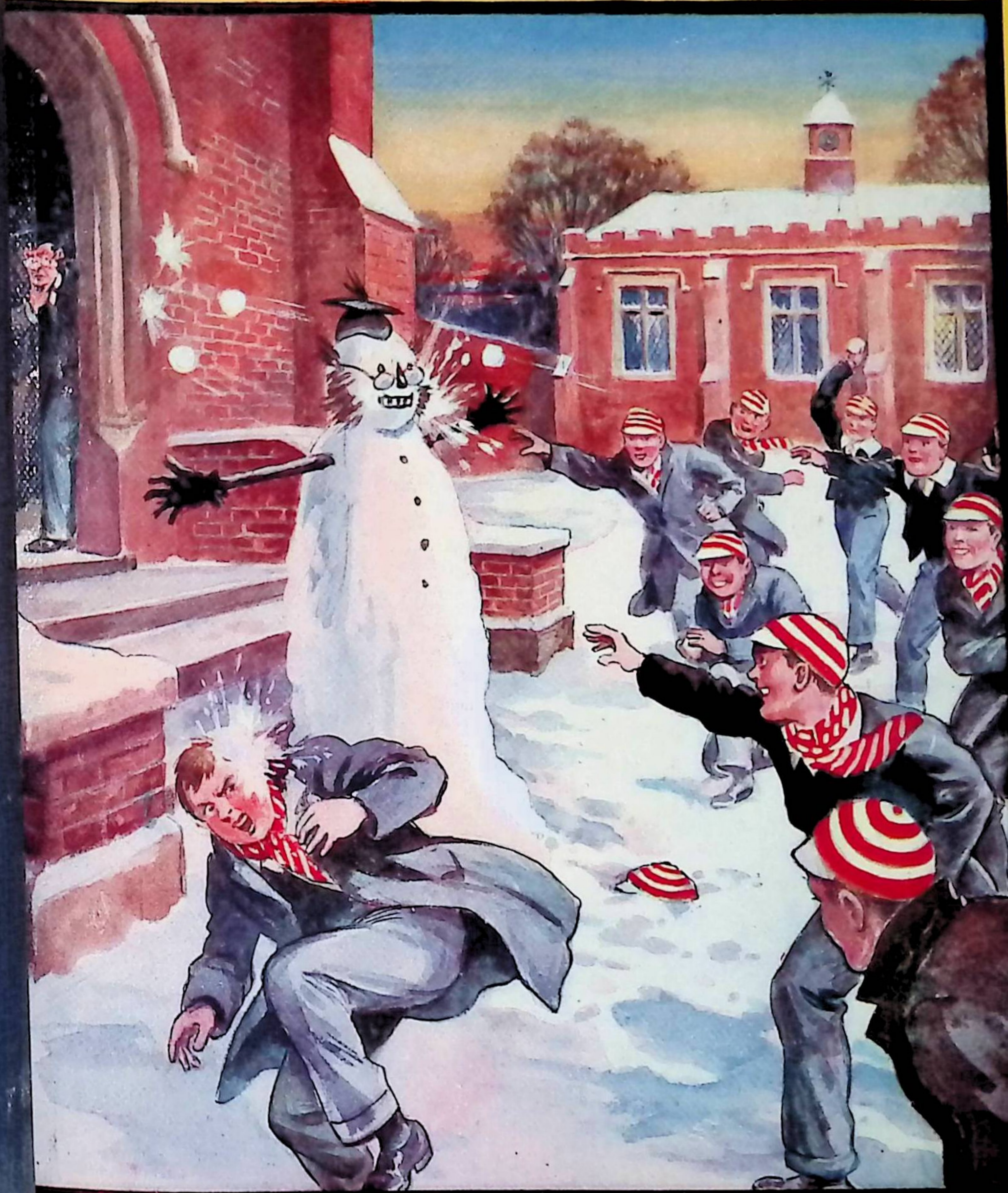
HOLIDAY

1937

ANNUAL

1937

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS





Frontispiece

“WHAT’S THE NEXT MOVE?”

Specially painted by Savile Lumley

THE
Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
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The Editor To His Friends.

IN setting myself each year to the task of compiling the GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL, the ideal I have in mind is always the same—namely, to produce a volume which shall be the ace of all story annuals.

To attain this ideal, many laborious hours are devoted to the selection and preparation of stories and pictures of the highest standard, and that famous trio of authors, Messrs. Frank Richards, Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest, especially, are kept busy burning the midnight oil by the gallon!

At last comes the moment when the final proof page is returned to the printers, and we of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL staff, with our contributors and artists alike, can sit back—and leave the rest to you!

Supported by many other attractive characters, you will find Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, and Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood—those famous schoolboys whose names are known and loved throughout the whole English-speaking world—all lined up and on their toes, ready to entertain and amuse you in the pages that follow.

In the capable hands of these irresistibly cheery youths I will leave you to come by your own road to the inevitable conclusion that the HOLIDAY ANNUAL is, beyond doubt, the ace of all story annuals!

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

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

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DOUBTING THOMAS DISCOVERS GREYFRIARS!



The Editor of the Greyfriars Holiday Annual was surprised to receive this extraordinary letter. You, too, will be surprised—and amused—when you read it!

DEAR EDITOR,—My name is Thomas Doughty—better known as Doubting Thomas. My appearance is that of a bespectacled student of about eighteen—which is just what I happen to be. My chief claim to fame is that I never believe a thing till I see it. And my reason for writing you is that I have had an experience which will interest you as much as it astonished me!

In a word, dear Editor, I have just discovered a place which I always thought existed only in imagination—namely, Greyfriars School!

It was quite an accidental discovery. I had lost my way during my first solo flight in an aeroplane. My petrol had run low and I couldn't spot a suitable place for a forced landing. Sheer panic began to grip me. I felt I had to get out of that aeroplane in double-quick time. As it

happened the means was at hand—I had a parachute with me!

Off I jumped, with lips tight-set and eyes closed! It was a jump into the Unknown! But, strangely enough, when I opened my eyes again, it was to find that I was descending on a place I seemed to know quite well! It was a group of noble-looking buildings set in the centre of tree-studded lawns and flower-beds beyond which were playing-fields dotted with white-clad figures at cricket.

Where had I seen it before? I felt sure I had never been to this spot in my life, yet it was almost as familiar as my own home!

Before I could solve the puzzle I reached terra firma—or, rather, something that was happily much softer than terra firma. It was a fat human body—and I can assure you it made a very agreeable landing-place, though

its owner didn't seem to find the experience at all agreeable!

"Yarooooh! Beast!" was his greeting, as he collapsed beneath me. "Why can't you look where you're going, you clumsy idiot? Ow-wow!"

"Sorry!" I gasped, as I disentangled myself from the cords. "I couldn't help it. You see, I've just jumped out of an aeroplane in a parachute."

"Pip-pip-parachute?" stuttered the fat youth. Then he found his glasses and jammed them on his little snub nose and took a look around him. And when he saw that I was speaking the truth the glare he gave me almost cracked the specs. which had survived the crash!

"Well, of all the nerve!" he gasped. "Fancy jumping out of a blessed aeroplane when I was underneath! Couldn't you have waited till you got over the sea or something? Can't a man walk across the quad without a silly fathead from an aeroplane dropping out on him? You'll jolly well have to pay me compensation!"

"Look here——" I protested.

"Rats!" retorted the fat youth impolitely. "You'll have to pay up, so it's no good trying to get out of it! Look at what you've done to me—you've broken my legs and busted my spinal column and dislocated my neck and——"

"Bunter!" I yelled involuntarily. "Eh? How did you come to know my name?"

"You're Bunter, aren't you?" I gasped. "Tell me I'm not dreaming! Then this must be Greyfriars!"

"Of course it's Greyfriars!" snorted the fat youth. "Blessed if I can tell how you know my name, though; I don't know you!"

"Just think of it!" I exclaimed joyously, as I got clear of the parachute at last. "I've landed at Greyfriars and met Billy Bunter—and I used to think neither of them existed at all!"

Bunter looked rather alarmed.

"I say, are you all right in the top-knot?" he asked anxiously. "If you've escaped from a mental home or something, I'm off!"

"Stay!" I commanded. "Come with me to the tuckshop instead, Bunter, and we'll see if Mrs. Mible's jam-tarts and pastries are as nice in reality as they are in fiction!"

Bunter's alarm vanished.

"Well, now you come to mention it, I do feel a little peckish," he said, jumping to his feet with surprising alacrity for one suffering from broken legs, busted spinal column and dislocated neck. "This way, old chap!"

And that, dear Editor, was the beginning of the surprising and exciting adventure that makes me write you this



I landed on a fat human body, and the owner didn't seem to find the experience at all agreeable. "Yarooooh! Beast!" was his greeting.

letter. Believe me, the thrill of the star-gazer when some new planet swam into his ken was as nothing compared with the thrill I got! I pinched myself to make sure I was awake, as I walked beside the real, genuine, original Billy Bunter to the tuckshop I had always thought existed only in Frank Richards' fertile brain!

Here we were at the tuckshop! I knew it in a moment—nestling, as it was in the shade of the big elms, just as I'd seen it shown by the artist a thousand times in Greyfriars yarns. Now to meet some of the characters I'd so often longed to meet in the past!

My highest hopes were realised when I walked in. The little shop was simply packed with customers, and voices were ringing in my ears which I had certainly never hoped to have the luck to hear!

"Jam tarts, here, Mrs. Mimble, please."

"Shure, an' ut's a mixed oice Oi'd be afther havin' whin ye're ready!"

"Let's have that ginger-pop soon, ma'am—we're in a hurry!"

"The hurryfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Mrs. Mimble!"

"I say, you fellows, where are your blessed manners?" roared Bunter above the din. "I've got a guest here. He's just arrived by air and he's famished. Lemme get through,



"I want you all to do me the honour of helping yourselves to what you fancy—at my expense!" I said. "Hurrah!" roared Mrs. Mimble's customers.

you beasts!"

It wasn't exactly a polite way of putting it, but the crowd promptly paid me the compliment of parting to let us through.

"This way, sir!" sang out a bright-eyed, curly-haired youngster. "Visitors first always—even though they suffer the handicap of knowing Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

"You're Bob Cherry, aren't you?" I asked, as I walked through the gangway to the counter. "That's right enough," replied the youngster, with a rather puzzled look. "How do you know me?"

"I think I'd know that smile and voice anywhere, though it's true I've never met you before!" I said. "I'm known as Doubting Thomas myself, and I want you and all your friends to do me the honour of helping yourselves to whatever you fancy—at my expense!"

"Hurrah!" roared Mrs. Mimble's customers.

There was such a rush as surely can never have been seen before at the tuckshop counter. I need hardly tell you that Bunter was well to the fore. The speed with which he waded into everything within reach of him was such that I couldn't help thinking even Mr. Richards had failed to do justice to his powers in the eating line!

Leaving Bunter to break as many records as he wished, I mingled with the rest of the throng. I was soon chatting cheerily with Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, Mickey Desmond, Squiff, Tom Brown and a host of other old friends of fiction. Most of them were playing cricket against the Upper Fourth on Little Side that afternoon and couldn't stop, so our confab was all too brief. But what a treat it was while it lasted, to hear them talking in such familiar, matter-of-fact tones about the people and places I'd thought lived only in cold print.

I left the tuckshop at last, considerably lighter in pocket. Bunter rolled along with me—having, for the time being, satisfied his gargantuan appetite.

"You want me to show you over the place?" he grinned, in reply to the request I made of him. "Right-ho, then! I'm an obliging sort of chap and you couldn't have chosen a more useful guide, either—I'm the most popular chap in the school, you know!"

"Really?"

"Fact," said Bunter, with a fat smirk. "Everybody admires and respects me—even chaps in the Sixth!"

"Bunter, you fat worm!" rapped out a sharp, unpleasant voice just then. "I've been looking for you everywhere. You took a plum cake from my study!"

The thin-lipped, sallow-faced senior who had spoken bore down on us like a kind of avenging spirit. Bunter gave a squeak of alarm.

"I say, Loder, I never touched it—and anyway, it was a rotten cake, hardly worth eating—ow-wow! Yooooop!"

Bunter's remarks tailed off into a series of wild howls, as the newcomer's ashplant started lashing him.

"Excuse me, won't you?" Loder said to me, with a sneering smile, when he had finished. Then he departed, looking much happier than when he had arrived.

It took another snack in the tuckshop to bring Bunter back to his normal self again. After that, we set off once more; and, to give Bunter his due, he did prove himself to be a most efficient guide.

He showed me the Close, the old Cloisters, Big Hall, the Gym and all the Form-rooms. Then he took me upstairs to the spot dear to all Frank Richards' readers the world over—the Remove passage!

There were not many fellows left in it, this sunny summer's afternoon, but we did meet a few. Kipps was in No. 5, trying out a new and very difficult conjuring trick; and a lean and bony youth whom I recognised at once as Alonzo Todd was at home in No. 7, intently studying a massive tome entitled "The Story of a Potato." In No. 9, again, we struck Dick Penfold, busy on a poem for the "Greyfriars Herald." In No. 11—whisper it!—we saw three rather furtive-looking youngsters smoking cigarettes and playing a game of banker for penny points.

Leaving Messrs. Skinner and Snoop and Stott to their dubious pleasures, we looked in at No. 12, to find an elegant youth dozing on a luxurious divan. At the sound of Bunter's voice, he ejaculated "Oh, gad!" and made a move to hurl a cushion; but he dropped it and welcomed us most graciously, begad, on seeing that Bunter had brought a guest with him!

Nice lad, Lord Mauleverer. That was the impression I carried away, as I followed Bunter to Masters' Passage.

In Masters' Passage, the first person

we met made us both jump for cover. It was a podgy and ponderous gentleman who carried a double-barrelled sporting gun at a most menacing angle. "Prout!" I guessed—and so it was! We let him pass before venturing forth to the study I really wanted to see—a study from whence the clicking of a typewriter could be clearly heard now.

"That's Quelch!" Bunter informed me. "He's a beast! He's working on his fatheaded 'History of Greyfriars' now. You don't want to see him, do you?"

That was just where Bunter was wrong! I did want to see him—and see him I did, leaving Bunter to prowl about outside in a very uneasy state!

"Mr. Quelch!" I cried, walking in and grasping him warmly by the hand. "You don't know me—but how well I know you, to be sure!"

A pair of gimlet eyes fixed on me—eyes that seemed to pierce me through and through.

"What—what! Who are you, sir?"

"I am known as Doubting Thomas, Mr. Quelch, and it's a real pleasure to meet you and to know that you really exist!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, blankly.

"I always thought you were a dream, sir, but now——"

"How dare you, sir? Really, this is positively extraordinary!"

Mr. Quelch reached out for a

bell-push. I thought it advisable to beat a hurried retreat!

"I told you he was a beast!" snorted Bunter, as he led me away.

And so the afternoon wore on in a dizzy round of meetings and partings. I saw Hoskins of the Shell pounding away at the piano, Fisher T. Fish searching the Remove dormitory for sixpence he had lost a week before, Coker of the Fifth trying to convince Wingate he was the one man the First Eleven needed—and others too numerous to recall in the space of one letter.



In Masters' Passage we met a podgy and ponderous gentleman who carried a double-barrelled sporting gun at a most menacing angle. "Prout!" I guessed.

Then came the final thrill—a visit to the Crypt and a tour of exploration through the secret underground passage leading to the old ruined Priory in Friardale Woods! Here Bunter left me. He said he wasn't going to walk in a blessed underground passage to please anybody.

Here also my adventures came to a disastrous end, for, just as I was coming out into the daylight, a piece of roof fell in and I remembered no more.

The next experience I had was the most surprising of the lot. I woke up in bed in hospital, to learn that I had been found in a dazed condition, not far from the aerodrome from which I had started—with my parachute still trailing about me!

It was a perplexing end to a delightful adventure. But I shall never again deserve the name of

DOUBTING THOMAS.

THE END

BUNTERS DOWN THE AGES!



— DID NOT COME OVER WITH JULIUS CAESAR

— NOR WAS HE DESCENDED FROM THE ANCIENT BRITONS

SIMON DE BUNTER, (A POOR WEBSTER) 1177, THE FIRST RECORDED MEMBER OF THE BUNTER FAMILY.

NEITHER WAS THE FAMILY CONNECTED, IN ANY WAY, WITH THE DOINGS OF 1066!

(THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD POINT WITH THE BUNTERS, BUT THE FACT REMAINS.)



IN 1253 A YOUTH BY THE NAME OF PHILPOT BUNTER IS SAID TO HAVE EATEN AT ONE MEAL, 3 CHICKENS, HALF A LAMB, 7 EGGS AND 3 LARGE TURNIPS!



THE LEGS SAID ABOUT THIS ONE! THE BETTER!



NO! THERE NEVER WAS A "BARON DE BUNTER" THE NEAREST APPROACH TO HIM WAS:

BEN BUNTER



THE WORLD'S FATTEST!



THE FATTEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



BENJAMIN BUNTER, EXHIBITED 1859 NOVEMBER 1742. SAMUEL BUNTER, THE LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN.



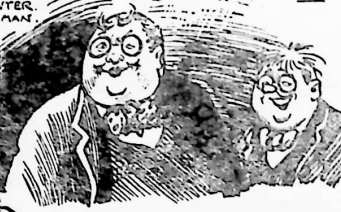
SAMUEL TUCKLESS, A PROSPEROUS TALLOW MERCHANT



WILBERFORCE BUNTER, HIS BROTHER, GOT STUCK IN A TURNSTILE FOR 2 WHOLE DAYS.



ROGER BUNTER, 1820, LANQUISHED IN PRISON FOR SEVEN YEARS!



TWO WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS WHO ARE STILL WITH US!