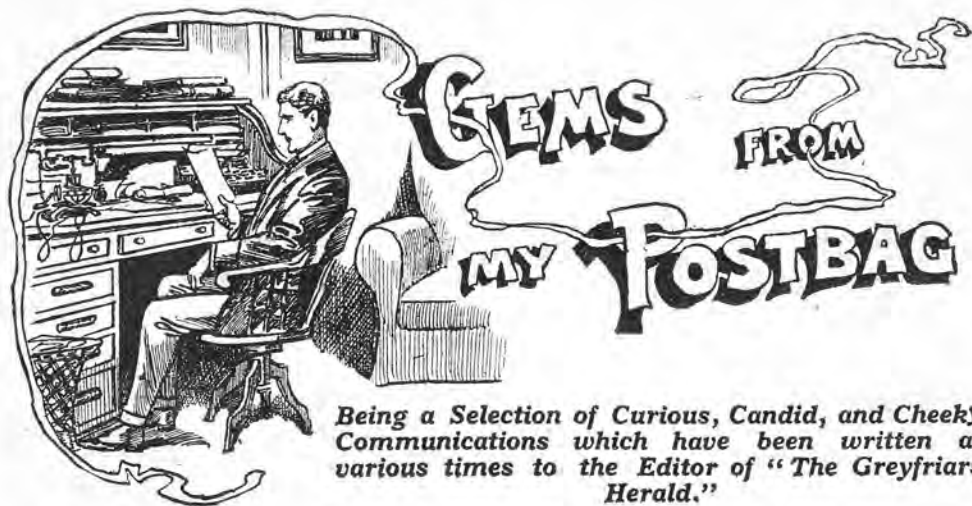




By **HARRY WHARTON**

QUITE one of the most interesting jobs in connection with "The Greyfriars Herald," which, as everyone knows, is the most popular schoolboy-edited paper in existence, is the reading and answering of readers' letters.

Some of these letters ring with praise of "The Greyfriars Herald," others are quite the reverse.

"Yours is a ripping paper," writes "A Staunch Heraldite," of Melbourne, "and I think the Editor deserves the O.B.E."

I scarcely know whether to take this as a compliment or otherwise. O.B.E.'s appear to be as plentiful as blackberries. Billy Bunter tells me that his pater has one, but, of course, that's only Bunter's exaggeration!

By the same mail which brought "A Staunch Heraldite's" letter came a communication from "Inconstant Reader," of Sydney. It was brief and to the point.

"I consider that 'The Greyfriars Herald' is an awful rag, and that its Editor ought to be put in the pillory!"

This epistle concludes, "Yours affection-

ately." Queer way some people have of showing their affection!

Puzzle—How to Please Everybody!

We publish the "Herald" on Mondays, with the "Magnet" Library. This satisfies a number of readers, but it annoys others.

Just look at this array of terrible threats which reached me only this morning!

"Dear Wharton,—I should like 'The Greyfriars Herald' to be published on Wednesday, as I have a half-holiday on that day.

"Unless you arrange this at once, I shall cancel my order for next week's issue.—

Yours, "TEDDY OF TOOTING."

"Dear Wharton,—'The Greyfriars Herald' is all right, but your publishing day is all wrong. Make it Thursday. I've got no time to spare on Monday, and my leisure moments on Wednesday are occupied in reading the 'Gem.'"

"Change your publishing day at once, there's a good chap, or you will incur the wrath of your ardent reader,

"BILLY BECKETT.

"(No relation to Joseph of that ilk.)"

"Deer wharton i think you ought to bring out 'The Greyfriars Herald' on Friday bekaws thats my unlucky day and i want sumthing to cheer me up as i'm allways getting into trubbel on that day and if you dont ax seed to my rekwest i shall call upon you at no distant dait with a thick stick and give you a jolly good hidding as sure as my name's Freddie Freckles (age 8)."

"Dear Wharton,—Why don't you publish 'The Greyfriars Herald' on Saturday, as on that day I get my weekly—or, rather, weakly—allowance of pocket-money, viz., twopence.

"I can't hoard this princely sum in my pocket until the following Monday, consequently I have to go without the 'Herald.'"

"Unless you fall in with this request, we shall fall out!—Yours grimly,

"S. TONY BROKE."

"Dear Wharton,—Just a few lines hoping you are quite well as it leeves me at pressant with a sevre cold on the chest, and I shall be oblidged if you will see that 'The Greyfriars Herald' is published on Sundays in future, as on that day I am aloud an extra hour in bed.

"I shall look out for your paper on Sunday neckst, and if I don't see it I shall come down to Greyfriars and put your nose out of joint. No offense meant, of corse, but I might mention, ong passant, as the French say, that I'm the champion hevvy-weight boxer at my skool. So I should advise you to carry out my request, unless you want to be carried out yourself on an amberlance!—

Yours trewly, "PERCY PULP."

I might mention that I am unmoved by these threats of frightfulness. At the same time, it just shows what an impossible task the average editor has got. In pleasing one reader, he displeases another. Satisfied readers swear eternal friendship; dissatisfied ones swear—and that's all.

Needless to state, the publishing day of "The Greyfriars Herald" remains the same!

Some Curious Requests!

A successful editor must be something more than a mere figure-head. He must

be an Information Bureau, a Walking Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of General Knowledge, a philanthropist, an arbitrator, and goodness knows what.

Only a fellow who was a perfect storehouse of information, for instance, could answer the following:

"Dear Wharton,—Please answer these questions by return of post:

"(1) How many times does Billy Bunter's bootlace come untied in the course of one day?

"(2) If you can lick Belsover major at boxing, and Dick Russell can lick you, and Bob Cherry can lick Dick Russell, and Talbot of St. Jim's can lick Bob Cherry, where do the flies go in the winter-time?

"(3) If there are sixty studies at Greyfriars, and each study contains three occupants, and each occupant has a Latin primer, and each Latin primer contains 1,999 words on each page, when will Billy Bunter's postal-order arrive?

"(4) If Coker of the Fifth rides his motor-bike along the footpath of Friardale Wood at a proportionate speed of forty-five miles an hour, who killed Cock Robin?

"(5) How many square inches are there in the Close?

"(6) When is Gosling, the porter, going to be pensioned off?

"(7) What is the exact circumference of Billy Bunter's waist?

"(8) Is Billy's pater a profiteer? If so, who did he 'do' in the Great War?

"I enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Please satisfy my thirst for information at once. I shall wait eagerly for your reply.—Yours, in anticipation, "QUERIST."

I need hardly say that my queer querist had to wait a jolly long time. In fact, he is still waiting!

Another peculiar request I recently received ran as follows:

"Deer Wharton,—Please send me your fotygraph as I wish to stick it in my elbum.

Please also send photographs of Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, Peter Todd, Dick Russell, Billy Bunter, Tom Dutton, Monty Newland, and Mr. Quelch (in the act of giving sumboddy a licking), and Mr. Prout (in the act of having his mourning bath).

"Please send these photographs along at wunce.—Yours sinseerly,

"WILLIE WAITE."

As in the case of "Querist," Master Waite will jolly well have to!

I could go on quoting indefinitely from letters which I have received at various times, but owing to pressure on my space

RANDOM RIDDLES

(Guaranteed to have been invented since the Flood.)

Why does Billy Bunter, after emerging from the tuckshop, resemble THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL?

Because he's packed inside with good things!

Why is Mr. Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove, like a faithful terrier?

Because he often "licks" our hands!

Why is Loder, of the Sixth, like an unreliable street-lamp?

Because he frequently goes out at night!

Why are the St. Jim's juniors a set of weaklings?

Because they can't stand Cutts and Knox!

Why is Gosling, the porter, a neglectful person?

Because when he's finished sweeping the leaves, he leaves the sweepings!

Why did Hurree Singh?

Because he saw Tom Merry and Gordon Gay.

(as Billy Bunter would say after a good tuck-in) I have no room for more.

In the course of my editorship I have received invitations to hundreds of homes, I have been asked to turn out for dozens of football teams, and scores of correspondents have volunteered to take over my job, and to make "The Greyfriars Herald" a far bigger success than it is already.

But I still continue my innings, and, at the risk of being thought selfish, I may say that it will be a long time before I hand over my bat to somebody else.

You see, it's great fun being an editor, despite the drawbacks attaching to that post, and I wouldn't relinquish my job for worlds!

HARRY WHARTON.

What is the difference between a certain type of dealer on the Stock Exchange and Baggy Trimble?

One is an outside broker, and the other a broke outsider!

Why is the New House football team at St. Jim's invincible?

Because it is never without a Wynn!

What popular song is most applicable to Tom Dutton, the deaf junior?

"Come Back to Erin!"

What is the chief difference between Harry Wharton and Alonzo Todd?

Harry's simply perfect, and Alonzo's perfectly simple.

Why did Gwynne Gwynne?

Because, whilst descending from a lofty tree-top, Mr. Twigg Mr. Twigg (missed a twig).

What is the difference between Coker's motor-bike and Billy Bunter in a stony-broke condition?

No difference. They both raise the "dust."

How do we know that Tubbs washes his neck at least once a year?

Because he has his "Holiday Annual."