



"Catch, Buntty!" said Bob, hurling the apple at the fat junior

Billy Bunter's Midnight Adventure!

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*An Amusing Short Story of Greysfriars
School*

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BY FRANK RICHARDS

I.

BILLY BUNTER was feeling hungry. That was Bunter's normal condition. It would have been very exceptional had he been feeling satisfied.

Even on top of a good meal, Bunter often declared he felt peckish.

"I'm in danger of wasting away, you fellows," he would say. "I don't get enough to keep body and soul together. I shall be a scraggy skeleton soon!"

"You'll have to lose about ten stone before that can happen, Buntty!" said Bob Cherry.

On this particular evening, Billy Bunter really was feeling ravenous.

At dinner he had been refused a fifth helping of steak and kidney pudding. He had had no tea, owing to the fact that none of the occupants of No. 7 Study were in funds. Shortly before bedtime, Bob Cherry had given him a dog biscuit, but it took more than a dog biscuit to satisfy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows," said the fat junior, as he started to undress in the Remove dormitory. "I—I've got a dreadful sinking feeling, you know! I don't want to alarm you, but I think I'm starving!"

"Starve away!" said Johnny Bull indifferently. "We'll see that you get a decent burial!"

"Oh, really, Bull! I wish you wouldn't be such a heartless beast. You might be starving yourself one of these days."

"If I am, I'll let you know," said Johnny, "and you can send me a brace of pheasants from Bunter Court."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked pathetically at his schoolfellows through his big spectacles.

"I say, you chaps, it's touch and go whether I shall be able to last out till the morning," he said.

"In that case, you'd better make out your will," said Skinner. "You can leave me the double-bladed penknife that you borrowed from Peter Todd last week."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter sighed. His schoolfellows, he reflected, were utterly heartless. They could see that he was faint for want of food; they could see that he was wasting away under their very eyes, as it were. Yet they treated the matter as a huge joke.

"If you fellows had a spark of feeling," said Billy Bunter, "you'd see that I got something to eat."

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Let's make a collection of all the foodstuffs in the dorm," he said. "Now, you chaps! Trot out your eatables!"



Draped in a sheet, and possessing what appeared to be bright-green eyes, Bunter's appearance was sufficient to startle anybody.

more nourishment in that bar of chewing-gum than there is in a whole rabbit pie."

"I dare say," said Bunter. "But I'd rather have the rabbit pie!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Other contributions were speedily forthcoming.

Bolsover major sacrificed a chunk of toffee, which he extricated with great difficulty from the lining of his pocket, in which the toffee had been wedged for some weeks.

"Here you are, Bunty," said Bolsover, handing over the sticky mass. "It doesn't look very tempting. You'd better give it a bath before you eat it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry groped in his locker, and produced an apple. Judging by its appearance, it was the original apple which had been plucked in the Garden of Eden. Senility was on its features. It was in a state of dissolution and decay.

"Catch, Bunty!" said Bob, hurling the apple at the fat junior. "Eat that, and then shout for the steward!"

Billy Bunter caught the apple—with his nose. His yell of anguish fairly awakened the echoes.

Dick Penfold, the poet of the Remove, produced a piece of plum cake. He happened to drop it, and it landed on the floor with a sickening thud.

"My hat!" ejaculated Vernon-Smith. "Is that a piece of your great-grandfather's wedding-cake, Pen?"

Fisher T. Fish solemnly produced a bar of chewing-gum, and handed it to Bunter.

"Guess that'll keep you going till the morning," said the Yankee junior.

"There's more nourishment in that bar of chewing-gum than there is in a whole rabbit pie."

"My aunt in Friardale made this cake, somewhere about the year dot," he said. "I remember putting it in my locker the day I first came to Greyfriars. Coming over, Bunter! If you can't break it with your fingers, I suggest you try the poker!"

Billy Bunter gave a dissatisfied grunt.

The things which were being showered upon him were no use to a fellow in the throes of starvation. The chewing-gum alone was eatable, and chewing-gum does not satisfactorily fill an aching void.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Penfold grinned.

"By the way," said Monty Newland suddenly. "I've got a couple of eggs in my locker. They were laid on Armistice Day, and I'm keeping 'em as souvenirs. But I don't mind parting with them, if it'll save a fellow from starvation."

"Don't you dare produce those eggs!" said Harry Wharton. "We haven't got our gas masks on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

At this stage, Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory to see lights out.

The captain of Greyfriars stopped short at the sight of Billy Bunter, who was sitting up in bed with an expression of abject misery on his fat face.

"What's the matter, Bunter?" inquired Wingate.

"Groo! I'm starving!"

"What nonsense!" said Wingate sharply.

"It is not nonsense. I have not had a square meal for ages. And if I don't have something to tide me over till the morning, I shall collapse."



Bunter trod on a stair that wasn't there, and pitched forward into space. Bump-bumpety-bump.

"Rubbish!"

"I suppose you haven't got a piece of cold pudding in your pocket, Wingate?"

Wingate gasped.

"Do you suppose I'm in the habit of going about with pieces of cold pudding scattered about my person?" he demanded.

"Well, if you haven't got cold pudding, perhaps you've got something else that's good to eat?"

Wingate smiled good-naturedly, and groped in his pocket.

"Here you are," he said. "This is the only thing I can offer you."

And he tossed a bag of walnuts on to Bunter's bed.

"Thanks awfully, Wingate!" said the fat junior gratefully. "You've saved my life!"

The captain of Greyfriars extinguished the lights, and withdrew.

Crack, crack!

Billy Bunter's teeth were busily engaged as nut-crackers.

"What are the walnuts like, Bunt?" inquired Peter Todd.

"I've cracked two, and they're both bad."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crack, crack!

Billy Bunter proceeded with his nut cracking. To his dismay, he found that there was not a single sound walnut in the bag.

"What a sell!" he groaned. "Every single nut's a dud! I shall have to go hungry, after all. You'd better stay awake, you fellows. I fancy I shall expire in the night, owing to lack of nourishment."

The juniors did not stay awake. They were satisfied that when they arose in the morning they would find Billy Bunter still alive and kicking.

One by one they dozed off, until everyone in the dormitory—with the exception of Billy Bunter—was in the arms of Morpheus.

II.

BEFORE midnight, a bright inspiration came to Billy Bunter.

He remembered—why hadn't he thought of it before?—that there were good things galore in the school kitchen.

To carry out a midnight raid on the domestic regions was the only method by which Bunter's hunger could be appeased.

"Of course, I shall have to take precautions," reflected the fat junior. "There might be some masters on the prowl. The best thing I can do is to rig myself up as a ghost. Then, if anyone sees me, they'll be scared out of their wits, and they'll take to their heels. Afraid I'm a bit too fat for a

genuine ghost. But why shouldn't there be fat spooks as well as thin ones?"

Fired with his resolve, Billy Bunter stepped out of bed.

From the heap of bed-clothes he detached one of the sheets. With his pen-knife he made a couple of slits for his eyes. Then he "borrowed" some luminous paint from Skinner's locker. Skinner, as befitted one of the biggest practical jokers in the Form, always kept a ready supply of luminous paint.

Bunter smeared some of the paint on to the sheet, around the two holes he had made. This done, he covered himself with the sheet, binding it round his waist with a dressing-gown cord.

Although he did not look a typical ghost, Billy Bunter was certainly a terrifying spectacle. Draped in a sheet, and possessing what appeared to be bright-green eyes—this effect was produced by the luminous paint—his appearance was sufficient to startle anybody.

The fat junior chuckled softly.

"Nobody will be likely to interfere with me!" he murmured. "I'm not a nice sort of object to meet on a dark night. And now for the raid."



Mr. Prout was a few yards from the kitchen door when it opened, and a ghostly figure emerged—a terrifying, green-eyed figure.

Peering through the two crudely-cut slits which served as peep-holes, Billy Bunter made his way out of the dormitory.

He was not an expert at finding his way in the dark. Even in broad daylight his eyesight was defective. By night he was almost as blind as the proverbial bat.

However, he managed to grope his way from the dormitory, and found himself on the landing. Then he started to descend the stairs.

He managed to get halfway down the flight without mishap. Then he trod on a stair that wasn't there, and pitched forward into space.

Bump-bumpety-bump!

Billy Bunter fairly bounced down the remainder of the steps. Fortunately, there were not many, or he would have been an ambulance case.

As he alighted at the bottom, with an impact which shook every bone in his body, he gave vent to a wild yell of anguish.

"Yaroooooh!"

The yell echoed through the school building.

It was only too probable that it would be heard, and that an alarm would be given.

Billy Bunter sat up, rubbing his bruised limbs. He was dazed by the shock of the fall, and it took him some minutes to recover. At length, however, he tottered slowly to his feet.

"I was an idiot not to have borrowed Johnny Bull's electric torch!" he muttered. "A fellow wants cat's eyes to find his way about in this awful darkness! Hope nobody heard me yell."

Alas for the fat junior's hopes!

Although his yell had not awakened anybody, there had been one person already awake; and the yell had penetrated to the bedroom which that person occupied.

The individual in question was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

Mr. Prout was lying in bed, reading the works of William Wordsworth by the light of a reading-lamp.

He was just pondering over the misfortunes of "a simple child, dear brother Jim, that lightly draws its breath," when a fearsome yell caused him to drop the volume on to the floor.

"Bless my soul! Whatever could that be?" murmured the master of the Fifth. "There is evidently something amiss below stairs. I will go and investigate."

Mr. Prout got out of bed, and put on a dressing-gown over his pyjamas. He also thrust his feet into a pair of slippers.

He glanced at the clock on his mantelpiece. It was five minutes to twelve. Then, switching off the light, he left his room and proceeded downstairs.

Although he would not have admitted the fact, even to himself, Mr. Prout was afraid.

It was very creepy and uncanny in the darkness. Strange, ghostly shadows seemed to flit here and there.

"I should feel more comfortable," murmured Mr. Prout, "if I had my Winchester repeater with me. I will go and fetch it."

With great difficulty—for he could scarcely see a yard in front of him—Mr. Prout made his way to his study. He had seen nothing, on the way downstairs, to account for the piercing yell which he had heard.

The Winchester repeater—with which Mr. Prout was alleged to have slain much big game in the Wild West—hung on the wall. Mr. Prout took it down, and loaded it with blank cartridges.

"If there should be a marauder in the building, I have no doubt that this will effectively scare him away!" muttered Mr. Prout.

He then started on a tour of the building.



Presently the barrel of Mr. Prout's rifle came into violent contact with Billy Bunter's ribs.

The quest proved abortive until Mr. Prout drew near to the kitchen. He was a few yards from the kitchen door when it opened, and a ghostly figure emerged—a terrifying, green-eyed figure.

Mr. Prout stopped short with a startled gasp.

It was difficult to say who was the more frightened, the ghost or the Form-master.

Billy Bunter could dimly discern Mr. Prout's form in the gloom. But it was not so much the figure of the Form-master that startled him—though that in itself was sufficiently startling—as the rifle which Mr. Prout carried.

Bunter knew that Mr. Prout was a most erratic shot, but at that short range—a matter of only a yard or two—it would be almost impossible for him to miss.

The fat junior's knees knocked violently together. He trembled as with the ague.

Mr. Prout was no less frightened. He did not, of course, recognise Billy Bunter. The white-clad figure, with the glittering green eyes, struck Mr. Prout as being something supernatural.

For one long moment master and junior stood stock still.

It was Billy Bunter who first regained the power of action. He turned on his heel, and scuttled away as swiftly as the encumbering sheet would permit.

The sight of the fleeing figure galvanised Mr. Prout into action.

He raised the Winchester repeater to his shoulder and fired.

Crack!

Billy Bunter uttered a gasp of wild terror. At any instant he expected a bullet to be embedded in his back.

Fear lent the fat junior wings. He sped on until he came to the box-room.

Mr. Prout, an undignified figure in his flapping dressing-gown, rushed in hot pursuit.

The Form-master was no longer afraid. The fact that the white-clad form had taken flight convinced Mr. Prout that he personally had nothing to fear.

Once inside the box-room, Billy Bunter concealed himself behind a pile of lumber.

The room was in darkness, and he hoped

that Mr. Prout would not make a thorough investigation.

Once again that evening the fat junior's hopes were dashed.

Mr. Prout came panting into the box-room. He had no means of obtaining a light, but he was satisfied that the ghostly apparition was somewhere in the vicinity.

He moved about the room, poking in all the corners. And presently the barrel of his rifle came into violent and painful contact with Billy Bunter's ribs.

"Yarooooooh!"

Mr. Prout sprang back a pace. There was something in the sound of that yell which seemed familiar to him.

"Bless my soul! Who—what—surely that is not you, Bunter?"

"Ow!"

"Come out, wretched boy, and reveal yourself!" thundered Mr. Prout. He no longer had any doubts as to the identity of the "ghost."

Billy Bunter crawled out from behind the stack of lumber.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Prout. "You appear to be covered in a sheet, and to have illuminated your eyes in some manner. Have you been attempting to pass yourself off as a ghost?"

"Ye-e-es, sir," faltered the fat junior.

Mr. Prout looked grim.

"You may account yourself fortunate, Bunter, that my rifle was loaded with blank cartridges," he said. "Otherwise, you would most certainly have been shot!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You will remove that absurd drapery, and return to your dormitory at once!" said Mr. Prout. "I will hold a full inquiry into this affair in the morning."

Bunter wrenched the sheet off his plump person, and blundered away through the darkness.

Next morning he was brought up for judgment; and, on being found guilty, received three stinging cuts on each hand.

It will be a long, long time before Bunter launches another midnight raid on the school kitchen!

THE END

ON GUARD!

A Brief Description of the Proper Position to take up in Boxing—a matter of the greatest importance to Beginners

By AN INSTRUCTOR

THE best way for a boy to learn how to box is, of course, to put himself under a competent instructor, who, in a few practical lessons, is able to impart many useful hints and tips, which can be practised at leisure. As an instructor is unfortunately not available for every boy, the next best thing for the would-be boxer to do is to familiarise himself with the best methods from a book, and work them out with the assistance of a chum.

THE "READY" POSITION

The first and most important thing to do is to get the correct "ready" position. Stand with your *left foot* flat on the ground, pointing perfectly straight to the front. The *right foot* must be well behind the left, with the heel off the ground, so that the weight rests upon the ball of the big toe. *Knees* should be slightly bent, and the weight of the body balanced evenly upon both legs. The *body* must be inclined slightly to the right, and the *left shoulder*, which naturally points forward, should be held slightly higher than the right. The *left arm* is held

pointing straight to the front, slightly bent at the elbow, which must point downwards and not outwards. The *left hand* must be held with the thumb up, and knuckles pointing outwards and not downwards. The *right arm* should lie diagonally across the body, to protect the diaphragm; that is, the spot just below the centre of the chest which is known in boxing as the "mark." A blow on the unprotected "mark" will wind the best man who ever donned boxing-gloves.

The *head* should be held slightly to the right, with the *eyes* looking straight to the front. The *chin* should be kept well in, as this is a vulnerable point.

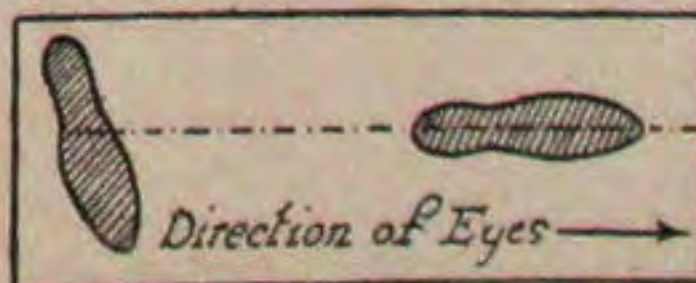
By paying careful attention to the foregoing, the beginner can attain the correct boxing stance, which has been proved by experience to be the best for

all-round purposes.

It should be practised continually, so that the action of falling into the correct attitude at the commencement of a bout becomes instinctive. Of course, the more practice you have the more proficient you become.



The correct "ready" position



Correct position of feet

THE FUR TRAPPER

I DARE say that a number of my readers have noticed what a high price is charged for all genuine fur goods—fur rugs, ladies' furs, fur-lined overcoats and the like—and perhaps it has occurred to some of them that the trapper, the man who gets the fur, finds his occupation a well-paid one; that he makes quite a lot of money.

I can assure them that he doesn't. His is a hard life, a mighty hard life, harder than the great majority of men would care to live for six months out of the twelve, and the money he gets out of his work during that time is just about enough to keep him going and find him in tobacco and grub during the rest of the year—if he's lucky.

There may be millionaire fur-traders and dealers; I've never yet come across or heard of a fur-trapper dying a rich man.

During the summer months the trapper has a pretty good time of it, even if he doesn't earn a deal of money; with the coming of winter his real business commences, and he has to be a pretty tough and resolute chap to get through those six months with all the trials and troubles they bring to him.

Where the best fur is obtained in Canada, which, you know, sends enormous supplies of fur into the markets, winter begins early and stays late, and while it's there it doesn't fool with its job. There's snow often and in plenty, and with the thermometer trying its best to get down to zero—that's 32 degrees below freezing point—and a long way below zero;

50 degrees below isn't unknown!—the deep snow speedily becomes frozen solidly.

It is over this snow that the fur-trapper does most of his travelling—twenty miles a day or more—and he doesn't grumble. He can move quickly and easily over frozen snow. It is when midwinter storms are about, and he is obliged to travel over soft snow, that he begins to wish he had some easier job.

As a rule he works alone, which means that

during the trapping season he is liable not to set eyes on another human being, trapping being carried on, as you'll imagine, in parts where human beings aren't frequent at any time. The wild animals don't care about human company. Neither is the average trapper at all pleased if he finds that another chap of the same occupation has established himself in *his* territory. There are yarns told of desperate fightstaking place between a couple of trapping rivals over the exclusive right of setting traps over a given line of country.

The trapper builds his own house, gets his own grub—shoots a deal of it—cooks it himself, and generally manages for himself. He

has to; there's no one to do these things for him. If he falls ill or meets with an accident, he has to doctor himself—or go without doctoring, usually the latter.

His house he builds of logs, usually one room, and not a big room at that. The bigger the room the more fire it takes to keep it warm. The crevices are chinked with moss; the roof generally has a covering of soil on it and the



The trapper pays a daily visit to his line of traps.

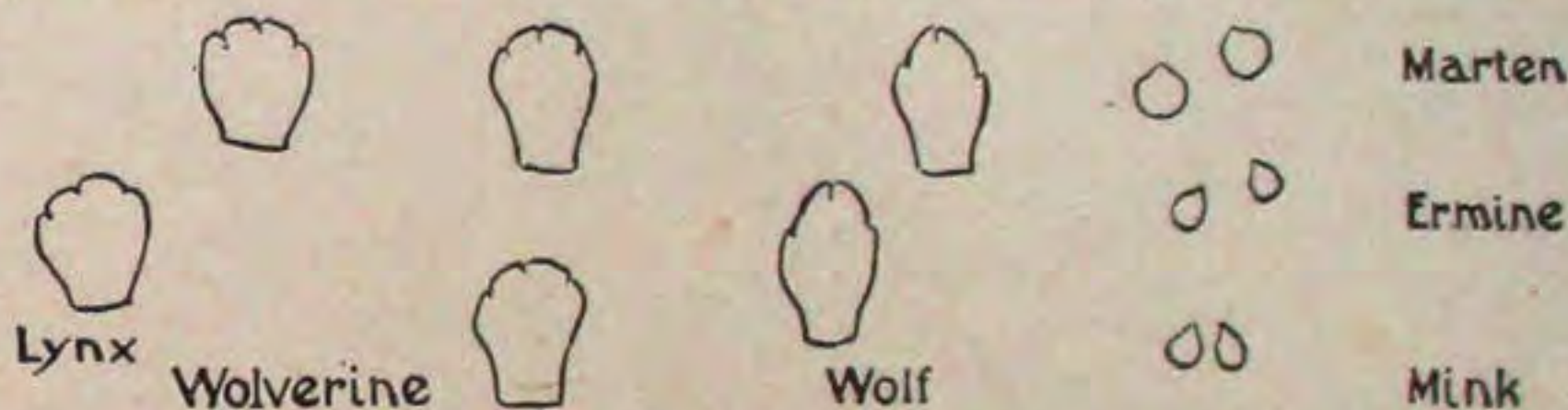
floor is generally of small spruce poles. Sometimes there's a glass window; often there isn't. With more dry poles he makes something that he calls a bed, and his mattress is dry grass and small spruce branches with his Hudson Bay blankets on top. Empty boxes serve for seats, and he makes his own table.

Sometimes, on account of extra work, tiredness, or bad weather, he won't be able to get back to his cabin at night, and he sleeps in a smaller edition of it, a tiny six by six shed of small logs, previously built—a day's work with an axe for a handy man such as the trapper has to be. In this he'll have a stove constructed out of a five-gallon oil can. Without this he'd have no grub, and might be frozen in his bed.

The fur-bearing animals—foxes, martens, otters, wolverines, lynxes, beavers, muskrats—he generally catches in steel traps. Bears he

fastened to it, and this attached to a stick; both chain and stick are buried in the snow. If the animal were to see them it would at once be suspicious.

The traps are invariably set a foot or so from the edge of the trail or path, never within the trail itself. For ermine, marten and mink, a little house of sticks upright in the snow, surrounding the trap, is built and roofed with brush. The bait is at the back of the house, so that the animal has to walk over the trap to get at the bait. For lynxes and wolverines a circular wall of brush is built around the trap, leaving a gap through which is to be seen an upright stick on which the bait is fastened. The lynx is a cowardly brute, and seldom shows fight when the trapper goes to remove it from the trap, but woe betide the man who handles a trapped lynx unwarily. You know that the lynx is a big cat—about as big as a



The fur trapper is always on the look-out for these tracks.

will set a deadfall for, constructed of heavy logs. Wolves are very suspicious and shy of traps, and some of these he tries to catch with poison mixed with food—fat or meat and flour mixed and made into a ball. Very cold weather is his best time. Then the animals are hungry and not so suspicious. But sometimes he'll go to his traps day after day for a week, to find that nothing has been caught.

On stormy days, or when the cold is too intense to be out, or during any other spells of leisure, he roughly prepares his skins, scraping and cleaning them, stretching some of them on frames.

To set a trap, the trapper first scoops a small hollow in the snow; in this he puts the trap and covers it with thin paper—to prevent the snow clogging it. On top of this he places a layer of snow. Each trap has a steel chain

retriever dog, and it's about the quickest mover in all creation. Its teeth are like double edged razors, and its temper is vile. A bite from a lynx is anything but a joke.

An English fox, as you know, is an artful beggar, but his relative of the Canadian Nor' West could give him a start and an easy beating where artfulness and suspicion are concerned. There must be no brush in the neighbourhood of a fox trap; it would at once tell him something was wrong. So just behind the trap is a stick set up, and this the trapper rubs with some strong-scented stuff. The fox likes this, but he hates the smell of the human hand, so that never must a fox trap be handled otherwise than with gloved hands, no matter how long before the trap is used!

The wolverine mentioned is often a nuisance to the trapper. He's an animal with

a big appetite—which is why he's sometimes called the "glutton," and if, in wandering about, the glutton finds another animal fast in a trap, dead or alive, he'll prefer making a meal off it to investigating the baits provided for his benefit by the trapper. It's a fighting animal, too, making desperate efforts to escape when trapped, sometimes finding and biting through the pole to which the trap is chained. When this happens the glutton clears off, dragging along with it the trap still attached to its leg.

Arctic hares, or rabbits the trapper calls them—and very pretty they look in their thick white furry winter coats—are caught in wire snares. Their skins aren't worth a lot, but the meat of them is useful, both for the trapper and for feeding his dogs. If near a lake the trapper will try to catch fish for the dogs, cutting a hole in the ice and dropping down a net. Of course, the fish freeze stiff immediately, but when slightly thawed out the dogs thoroughly enjoy them. Some of the fish he'll keep for his own use.

This procuring of food takes up a lot of the trapper's time. Another job to which he has to give attention is the cutting of timber for firewood. During six months a tremendous quantity of wood will be necessary, and although the trees that furnish it are not so far from his shack, the trapper finds it best to chop down a big supply at a time, building a huge stack of logs close to his cabin. Whenever he has any spare time he doesn't quite know how to use, the trapper cuts down trees for firewood.

How many traps, snares, deadfalls, etc., will a trapper look after? Well, it depends. If the country isn't overtrapped, his line will extend to sometimes as much as a hundred miles, and to go the whole length of this will occupy him about a week in favourable weather. Along this line his traps, etc., will number between six and seven hundred. Some job, eh, to keep an eye on this lot, removing the caught animals, renewing baits, and so forth. No, there's never any need for a trapper to be idle. He seldom is during winter, unless he's ill or has met with an accident.

THE END

Sports and Sportsmen

No. 10.—CHESS



Although an indoor game, we feel
It merits our attention;
Some fellows follow it with zeal,
And one needs special mention.
I now allude to Hurree Singh,
The dark and dusky Nabob,
Who says to Cherry, "Now, old thing,
The chessful game we'll play, Bob!"

When nights are dark, and curtains drawn,
At chess we're often busy,
And play with bishop, knight, and pawn
Until we feel quite dizzy.
Although it's not an outdoor game,
Chess has a keen attraction;
It is the expert's constant aim
To beat the rival faction.

Some fellows love a game of "nap,"
And some like snakes-and-ladders;
While others, eager for a scrap,
Are venomous as adders.
But give to me the joys of chess
(At which I'm oft competing);
This, as an indoor game, I guess,
Takes quite a lot of beating.

When limbs are weary from the strain
Of many a football tussle,
One needs to exercise the brain
While resting joint and muscle.
So when you've played in mud and mire,
And come in soaked and muddy,
Just change your things, stoke up the fire,
And play chess in your study.

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



PERCY THE PUGILIST

By BOLSOVER MAJOR

A's for the **ART** which I always employ
In dealing out punches, my life's greatest joy!

B's for the **BLOWS** which I promptly
deliver:

There is pain for the victim, but not for the
giver!

C is for **CHERRY**, who thinks he can fight.
He'll alter his mind when I've licked him
to-night.

D is for **DUTTON**, as deaf as a post.
If he tries to attack me I've got him on
toast!

E's the **EXERTION** I always display
When scraps and disturbances come in my
way.

F's for the **FOLLY** of those who attack me,
And think, in a burst of conceit, they can
whack me!

G's for the **GLOVES** which I put on my
hands

When Wingate or some other prefect
demands.

H is the **HOOK** which I give to the jaw—
A blow which makes onlookers tremble with
awe!

I's the **IN-FIGHTING** I like very much.
There are fellows whose ribs near collapse
at my touch!

J is the **JOLT** which I land on the chin,
It floors the recipient, and stifles his grin!

K is the **KNOCK-OUT**, a mighty blow this,
My victim is vanquished, except when I miss!

L is the **LINGERING** pain a chap knows
When facing a crowd of my sledgehammer
blows.

M is the **MASTER**, who stalks on the scene,
And sees all the marks where the fighting
has been.

N is the **NOVICE**, who hopes to defeat me,
But whimpers and whines when he finds he
can't beat me.

O is for **O'GILVY**—licked him, you see,
So now he's as civil as civil can be!

P's for the **PLASTER** that's on fellows'
faces

When I've punctured their dials in six
different places!

Q's for the **QUALMS** which a new fellow
feels

When Percy the Pugilist's hard at his heels.

R is for **RUSSELL**, who thinks he's a
boxer,

But one of these days I shall give him a
shock, sir!

S is for **SCIENCE**—a thing I don't need.
"Hit hard and hit often!"—that sums up
my creed.

T's for the **TUSSLES** I've had in the gym.,
They're splendid to see, when I'm feeling
in trim.

U's my **UNSHAKEN** belief in myself.
All rivals of mine will be soon on the shelf.

V is the **VIM** that I put in my punch,
The chap who has "stopped one" don't
want any lunch!

W's for **WEIGHT**, I possess a good deal:
When it lands on my victims, they splutter
and squeal!

X is a **LETTER** that's rare (don't know why),
I think I'll ignore it, and pass on to "Y."

Y's for the **YOUTH** who says "Bolsover's
mad!"

Then whines to his pals of the hiding he's
had!

Z is the **ZENITH** of my wondrous fame,
To bully and bluster is ever my aim!