

BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL



THE KIDNAPPER ARRIVES!

"Buck up, Bill!" said the driver hoarsely. "The deadly deed must now be did!" (See the grand story, "IN THE KLUTCH OF THE KIDNAPPER!")



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

MY DEAR READERS.—What would **THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL** be like without a issue of my own **ANNUAL** inside it? Why, it would be a mere shaddo of itself. There would be an outery all over the sivilised world. All the boys and girls would rise up in wrathful indignation, and cry, "Give us **BUNTER**! We never weary of him. His contributions are a dream and a delite!"

Of course, the Editor of **THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL** realises all this, and he has had the good sense to allow me to publicate another budget of my wonderful wit and wisdom. It is with pride and pleasure that I place it in your hands, and throw it at your feet.

Owing to pressure on my space—as the cannibal said after he had eaten six missionaries off the reel—I can't say all I should like to say, by any means. I should like to tell you what a brilliant and brainy fellow I am; but there! I have only to gaze at my classic lectures (depicted above) to realise the trooth of that statement. I have been called "The Schoolboys' Pickwick"—and I've got the Dickens of a swelled head in consequence.

I have managed to skweeze some splendid contributions out of my plump sub-editors; and Dicky Nugent has also risen to the occasion in grate stile. So I have no doubt you will all vote this issue of my **ANNUAL** to be the best, brightest, and brainiest since last year's.

And just let me say that my Weekly appears every Toosday in "The Popular." It's just as grate!

Ever your plump pal,
BILLY BUNTER.



TUCKSHOP TOPPICKS

By BAGGY TRIMBLE

Have you heard the latest konundrum, dear readers?

Why is a London bus like a cannibal?

"Bekawse it is often "full inside."

Personally, I have always been fond of feeds. As a youngster, I had some happy times. When I went to bed, my mater used to give the candle a good "blow-out," and then give me a good "tuck-in."

DAME MARTHA TAGGLES keeps the tuckshop at St. Jim's. I don't wish to be ungallant towards a member of the fair sex, but I consider Dame Taggles is a hartless hussy! Whenever I ask her to supply me with a feed on credit, she coldly replies, "This is a tuckshop, Master Trimble, not a 'tuck'-shop!"

I wish my wealthy relations would send me more "dough." Then I should be able to make profitable investments in "dough" nuts!

I sent Billy Bunter an Ode to a Jam-tart, for publicashun in his **ANNUAL**. It kommenced—

"Suekulent, sticky jam-tart,
What raperher and bliss you impart!"

But, alas! Bunter threw my brilliant ode into the W.P.B., which means "Wasteful Proceeding, Billy!"

Do you know, dear readers, why it is that I never feel the cold in winter-time? It isn't bekawse of my sooperfluous covering of flesh, but bekawse I have such a splendid 'eating apparatus!



MYSELF!

By SAMMY BUNTER

Billy's an editor, brave and bold,
And I'm his valiant "sub".
I sweep his room with a long-haired broom,
And sometimes sneak his grub.
Jolly jam tarts, so sweet and jammy,
These are dear to the heart of Sammy!

Billy's a champion porger, boys,
And I'm his next-of-kin.
I thrive on tuck, when I've the luck
To have sufficient "tin."
Perched on the tuckshop stool you'll find me,
With cakes before me and behind me!

Billy possesses a C3 brain,
He rants with the densest defers;
And when addressed with the lashing cane
He squeals, and squeals—and suffers!
But I've a brain that I wouldn't swap
For all the tarts in the school tuckshop!

Billy's a big as a huge balloon,
His figure is plump and portly;
But I am slim, and lithe of limb,
And my ways are polished and courtly.

Billy is stufed with self-conceit,
But for modesty—well, I'm hard to beat!

Billy's the boss, and I'm the "sub,"
It's hardly right and proper;
But one fine day, I'm pleased to say
He'll come a fearful cropper.
When that day dawns, then "you're sincerely"

Will edit "**SAMMY BUNTER'S YEARLY**"

IN THE KLUTCH OF THE KIDNAPPER!



By Dick Nugent

Boom! It was the first stroke of midnight, tinkling from the old clock-tower of St. Sam's.

A silence, as of some brooding fate, hovered over the old school. No sound could be heard save the wailing of the wind, the whining of the breeze, and the moaning of the gentle reffies.

But stay! What was that purring sound, from the direction of the skool gates? Could it be the purring of the porter's cat? No, it was the purring of an automobile!

The car came creeping to a halt under the shade of the skool wall. The lights were distinguished, and then a sinister-looking skoundrel stepped out of the car. He was a slim, stout, clean-shaven man, with a flowing beard. A sewer ran down his cheek—so did several drops of perspiration, for he was very hot and flustered. In his large and sinewy hand he held something which glittered in the moonlight. It was a revolver!

The driver of the car remained in his seat. He looked just as dumb as a skoundrel as the man who had stepped out of the car.

"Buck up, Bill!" he said in a horse whisper. "The deadly deed must now be did! Go and collar that wealthy young brat, and we will take him away to a safe place, and hold him to ransom. His form-master, Mr. Trayter, will show you when he sleeps. You ought not to have any trouble. Everything will go without a hitch—as the Surrey kaplin said when he was without his bowler."

The sinister-looking man nodded and disappeared into the darkness. On reaching the skool gates, he found somebody waiting for him on the other side.

"That you, Mr. Trayter?" he asked.

"Yes," came the muttered reply. "I will unlock the gates, and let you in, and then the way will

be clear for you to carry out your kidnapping stunt."

A key grated in the lock, and the heavy gates were swung open. Then Mr. Trayter escorted Bill the kidnapper to the Fourth Form dormitory.

Young Lucker slept in the end bed, near "the fireplace," he was proud. "He is only a frail youth, and you will have no difficulty in picking him up boddily and carrying him to the car. But, first of all, you must pay me the bribe you promised me, for helping you in this matter."

Bill groped in his trousers pockets, and a small silver coin changed hands. Then the tetcherous Mr. Trayter stole away to his own quarters.

But the kidnapper crept into the dormitory, as before. He made his way to the end bed.

Lucker, as his name suggested, was simply rolling in riches. He had no father or mother, and was therefore an orphan; but he had a very rich maiden aunt—Miss Milly O'Nail—who kept him well supplied with pocket money. It was rumored that he got a whole shilling a week!

Bill bent over the bed, and gathered the slumbering occupant into his arms. But he had got the wrong tag by the ear, so to speak. Lucker clanged beds that night with Jack Jolly, the kaplin of the Fourth; and it was Jack who nestled in the arms of the kidnapper!

Instantly he awoke, and dashed his fist into the dark, sinister face above him.

Bill dropped his yewman burden, and staggered back with a wild yell. This aroused Jack Jolly's chums, Merry and Bright, and with one accord they leapt out of bed and hurled themselves upon the dastardly kidnapper.

"Sit on him, boys!" panted Jack Jolly. "He came here to

kidnap young Lucker—I'm certain of that. I've always warned Lucker not to keep his munny under his pillow. He's got at least one-and-twoupence there, to say certain nollidge!"

"How did this kidnapper find his way to the dorm?" asked Merry. "Somebody made the skool night have helped him. There's a trayter in the camp!"

"Yes! It's Mr. Trayter!" whispered Bill, who lay prowlleling on the floor, with the juniors sprawling on top of him.

"My land! Fancy our own form-master being hand in glove with this villain!" cried Jack Jolly. "Go and tellyone for the police, somebody!"

"Merry, young gents!" pleaded Bill.

"Merry?" asked Jack Jolly scornfully. "What merry would you have shown to young Lucker, if you had got him into your klutches? Bah! Prate not to me of merry! We're going to sit on you till the police come. Ah, would you?"

Added Jack, as the ruffian wrunched his arm free, and wiped out his revolver, and fired with a sickening thud.

The bullet passed harmlessly through the body of Binks major, who was standing near. He just larfed and asked who was tickling him.

Jack Jolly wrenched the revolver from Bill's grasp; and the juniors sat on their quarry until the police arrived.

Bill was given over to easterdy, and then Jack Jolly & Co. hurried off in search of Mr. Trayter. But that sneaky, athly, snake in the grass had heard the revolver-shot, and fled in panick from the skool.

In dew course, Bill and his raskally confederate, the driver of the car, were sentenced to reserve twelvemonths' hard labor, and a generous upplication of the catter-nine-fals.

THE END



OUR GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS!

By Frank Nugent



The list of Remove champions which appears below has been decided by ballot.

The whole Form met together to put the matter to the vote, and the result is very interesting.

I must point out, however, you must not take these fellows to be the permanent champions. Their colours are likely to be lowered at any time. Still it is very interesting to see who are the accepted champions at the moment.

I have included as many forms of sport as possible, and have also given the names of the runners-up, where it has been found possible to do so.

SPORT	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP
FOOTBALL	H. Vernon Smith ..	(Voters cannot decide.)
CRICKET	Harry Wharton ..	Hurree Singh
RUNNING.		
100 yards	Archib Howell ..	Frank Nugent
Quarter Mile	Peter Todd ..	Bob Cherry
Mile	Harry Wharton ..	H. Vernon Smith
Marathon	Mark Linley ..	Harry Wharton
High Jump	Frank Nugent ..	Archib Howell
Long Jump	Bob Cherry ..	Tom Brown
Cricket Ball	Johnny Bull ..	George Bulstrode
Boxing	Bob Cherry ..	Dick Russell
Wrestling	Peter Todd ..	David Morgan
Rifle Shooting	Peter Todd ..	S. Q. I. Field
Swimming	Mark Linley ..	Harry Wharton
Diving	Frank Nugent ..	Peter Todd
Water Polo	Bob Cherry ..	Micky Desmond
Cycling	Tom Brown ..	S. Q. I. Field
Walking	Mark Linley ..	Dick Penfold
Sculling	Johnny Bull ..	Tom Redwing
Gymnastics	Oliver Kipps ..	Wun Lung
Tug-of-war	Johnny Bull ..	Billy Bunter
Chess	Hurree Singh ..	Peter Todd
Ping-pong	Wun Lung ..	William Wibley
Table Football	Bob Cherry ..	Dick Penfold
Race to the tuckshop ..	Billy Bunter ..	(Nobody else within a mile of Bunter.)

I might mention that each year the governors of Greyfriars present a silver cup to the best athlete in each form. The present holder, so far as the Remove is concerned, is Bob Cherry. But the next great sports meeting is now nearly due, and when it comes off I have no doubt that the above list of champions will experience many alterations.

Will Bob Cherry retain his proud title of Champion of the Remove? This remains to be seen.



By JIMMY SILVER

DOES Billy Bunter's "ANNUAL" refer to his yearly bath?

IS it true that Bunter pays his sub-editors fourpence-halfpenny a week, and then deducts fourpence for health insurance?

IS Baggy Trimble growing tired of ginger-beer? If so, we may expect a dire calamity, for Baggy will be "going off" pop."

IF Trimble won six eating contests last term, then how many did Fatty Wynn? (There will be no prize for the solution).

IS the aforesaid Fatty a millionaire yet? He ought to be, for when he keeps goal for the St. Jim's junior eleven he is constantly "saving."

WHY is Tubby Muffin like a fountain-pen? Is it because he is a "self-filler"?

WHY does Tupper, the Rookwood page-boy, consider he is over-worked? Perhaps he doesn't think it fair that Rookwood should have only one "page," when there are three hundred-and-sixty in "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

WHEN will the end of the world come? In other words, when will Billy Bunter's celebrated postal-order arrive?

HOW much will Bunter pay me for this contribution? (You will get nicks, you cheeky boulder! I have never been so consulted in my life!—Ed.)

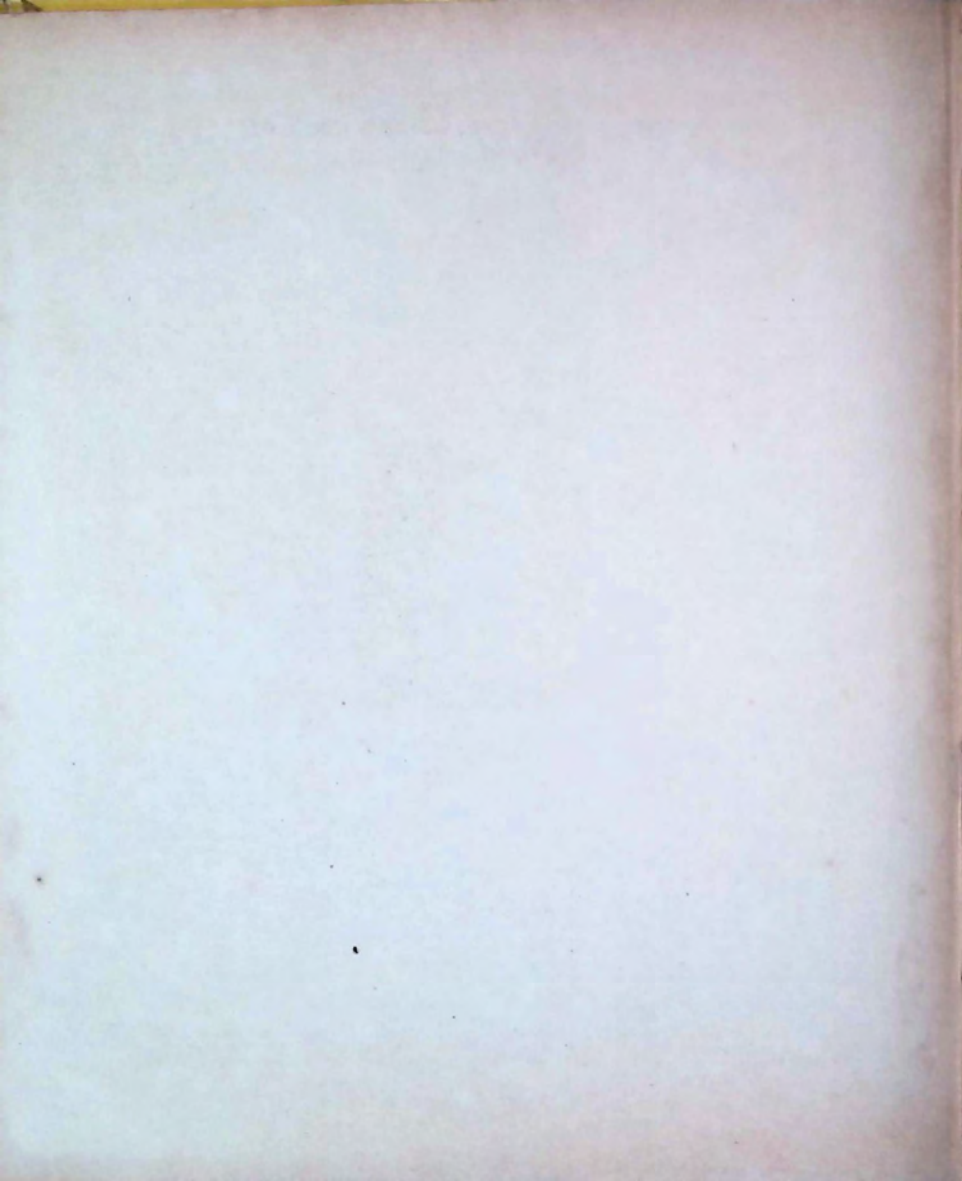
WHETHER Harry Wharton and Billy Bunter will think it worth while to pay us not to bring out "Rookwood's Own" in competition with their rags?

A FAMOUS QUINTET !



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THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF "BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL" !



WHEN I AM EDITOR!



THE title of this article may seem a bitumptuous, but I am firmly convinced that I shall become an Editor one of these days. What's more, I shall edit "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL"!

My Uncle Bob sent me a penknife the other day. I don't know if he expected me to carve out my career with it! Anyway, I've told Uncle Bob that my burning ambition is to become a fool-blown Editor, with a sweet of offices in Fleet Street.

At present I am in rather a rut—as the roadster said when his car overturned. I'm a sub-editor on the staff of "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY," and if anything ever happened to Billy, I should probably step into his shoes, and my ample form would fill the editorial chair. But I'm afraid there is no chance of anything happening to Bunter. He's too young to retire on a pension; he's too fat to fade away; and he's too fond of his job to want to resign. So, you see, I have no scope for self-advancement just yet.

But the day will dawn when I shall blossom forth into a real, live Editor. After editing such periodicals as "THE TUCKSHOP TIMES," and "GRUB," and "THE FOODHOG'S FORT NIGHTLY," I shall be offered the editorship of "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL"—and I shall jump at it!

When I get this coveted job I shall make sweeping changes in the policy of the ANNUAL. In the first place, I shall fill it with my own stuff, as well as drawing all the illustrations myself. (You didn't know I was a clever artist as well as a talented journalist, did you?)

Keep a look-out for "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" which will appear in 1950, or thereabouts. It will be packed with pirate stories, and Bodkin stories, and thrilling yarns of mystery and horror—all from the pen of the most famous fat boy who ever furnished—Myself, to wit!

H.A.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT.

Report of a Sensational Case



A YELLOW-SKINNED youth of Chinese extraction, answering to the name of Wun Lung, was swung into the dock by his pagtail.

Magistrate: Me velly sorry to see you in the dock, my young friend. (Laughter.) What have you been up to—running an opium-den?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: Your worship ought to be well-acquainted

"serag," "Spillicate," or "pulverite," are much superior. (Laughter.)

Detective-Inspector Penfold gave evidence of the offence: Your worship's chin was struck by the snowball, and it burst.

Magistrate: I have no recollection of my chin bursting! (Laughter.)

Witness: It was the snowball that burst, your worship. I witnessed the whole incident.

Magistrate: Then why didn't you arrest the prisoner immediately?

Witness: I was too helpless with laughter, your worship. You see, at the time, your worship looked such an awful ass! (Laughter.)

Magistrate (sternly): Be silent, sir, or I shall report you to the chief of Scotland Yard, and request him to suspend your wages for a month!

His worship then snarled up, and after a brief retirement the jury found prisoner guilty, under great provocation.

Magistrate: What do you mean by that?

Foreman of the Jury: Well, your face was such a tempting target, your worship, that prisoner simply couldn't resist buzzing a snowball at it! (Laughter.)

Prisoner was sentenced to be suspended by his pagtail from the ceiling, and pelted with missiles by the members of the jury.

Foreman of the Jury: Prisoner is in too weak a state to stand such treatment, your worship.

Magistrate: Why?

Foreman of the Jury: Because he's only Wun Lung. (Loud laughter.)

In view of the foreman's protest the sentence was altered to a fine of fourpence.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

A prefect named Charlie Tremaine Was charged with inflicting much pain

On Bunter who wriggled: The magistrate giggled, And urged him to do it again!



with the prisoner's offence. He struck you the other day with malice aforethought.

Magistrate: You don't say so? I thought it was with a snowball! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: He struck you on your worshipful chin, and your worshipful yells rang through the Close!

Magistrate: Be careful, my worshipful chump! (Laughter.) Now, Wun Lung, what have you got to say for yourself?

Prisoner: Me no savvy.

Magistrate: You admit throwing a snowball at me?

Prisoner: I throw it at Bob Chelly, and hit your worship instead.

Mr. Cherry: You young villain! I'll jolly well serag you for shying snowballs at me!"

Magistrate: Shush! No dignified counsel should use the term



What A Life!

By
A Special Interviewer



WHEN I called upon the skipper of the Shell, I couldn't help eackling.

Hobson was lying limply in the armchair, and his appearance suggested that he had either been wrestling with a lawn mower or trying conclusions with an earth-shaking quake. His face was adorned with stripping plaster; his nose was twice its normal size; and he blinked at me with his one sound eye.

"Buzz off!" he snarled. "And shut the door after you!"

I stayed where I was.
"Pardon me if the question savours of impertinence," I said, "but what have you been doing to your face?"

Hobson snorted.
"I've been scrapping with Coker of the Fifth!" he growled.

"And he licked you?"
"Well, I shouldn't be patched up like this if he hadn't!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" I said sternly. "Fancy

a great burly lout like you allowing Coker to dust the floor with you! Why, you ought to have knocked him into the middle of next week!"

"Get out!"

"You call yourself skipper of the Shell," I said scornfully, "and yet you allow an alien from another Form to bash you about like this! Where's your pride, man!"

A dangerous gleam came into Hobson's one sound eye, but I assured myself that he was too badly crooked to do any damage.

"I shall inform the readers of the *ASXUAL* that you're a chicken-hearted chump!" I went on. "I shall tell them that you allowed yourself to be pulverised by an ass like Coker! How you came to let him lick you I can't imagine."

"Would you like me to show you exactly how it happened?" asked Hobson.

"Yes, do!" I said, without weighing his question.

Whereupon, Hobson rose from the armchair, and advanced towards

me with clenched fists. I backed away in alarm.

"First of all," said Hobson grimly, "Coker dotted me on the nose—like this!"

"Ow!"

"Then he gave me one in the eye—like this!"

"Yow!"

"After which, he lifted me off my feet with a powerful upper-cut—like this!"

"Yaroooooh!"

I went crashing to the floor, and my napper got mixed up with the fire-guard.

"So now you know how it was done!" said Hobson, with a fiendish grin. "And you can tell your gentle readers exactly what happened."

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Hobson then heaved me up by the scruff of my neck, and advanced towards the door. And I, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, accompanied him!



I HAVE a particularly pathetic incident to relate.

Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, came to my study in great distress. His cheeks were moist with unshed tears.

"Bunter," he said, "I here you kept globe last week for the Remove, in the match with St. Jim's."

"Yore ears have not deserved you," I replied.

"I am told that you didn't let a single shott go threw!"

"You have been correctly informed," I said. (I did not add that not once during the match did a single shott come my way!)

"Then," said Wingate, dropping on to his knees, and holding out his hands in suppliant fashion, "will you do me the onner of turning out for the 1st eleven?"

I hesitated.

"I implore you!" said Wingate,

A Footbawl Tragedy!

By Billy Bunter



and two big tears splashed on to his tie-pin. "Our regular goalie is down with hooping koft, and unless you consent to take his place, and fill the breach—"

"Fill the foot-bawl shorts, you mean?" I interjected.

"That's it! Unless you consent to do that, we shall be wacked to the wide!"

After further discussion, I agreed to play; and Wingate sent my mezzanments to the Courtfield tailor, so that a special jersey could be made for me.

The match was against Topham—a team which had been going so strong that nobody could s-Topham. (Dismissing readers will observe the pun!)

Of course, Wharton and the others were very jellus of me as I took my stand in the Greyfriars goal.

From the kick-off rite up to the final wissel, the Topham forewards bombarded me with shotts. But I was always ekwal to the okkashun.

Sometimes I stopped the bawl with my fists, sometimes with my feet, and sometimes with my nose; but I always stopped it. I played the game of my life; and when it was all over, and I clung to the goal-post, pumping in breath, I saw Wingate coming towards me. He raised his hand aloft, for the purruss of clapping me on the back. And then—

Whack, whack, whack!

"How dare you go to sleep in class, Bunter," roared Mr. Quelch. And his poynter rose and fell with monotonous regularity.

Alas, dear readers! I had been dreaming in the Form-room, during morning lessons.

And my awakening was rood!



Coker's Earliest Ancestor!

By Peter Todd



WHEN I dropped in to chat with Coker about his ancestors, he was tremendously backed. Coker loves talking about family trees and genealogical tables, especially when those trees and tables happen to be connected with himself.

Of course, I didn't expect Coker's earliest ancestor to be plain John Brown, or Ted Smith, or Tim Coker. That it would be some mighty man of brawn and muscle I felt certain.

"My earliest ancestor of whom I have any reliable knowledge," said Coker, "was Strongbow."

"You don't mean Robin Hood's pal?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. He lived long before Robin Hood's time. Matter of fact, he flourished in the Stone Age."

"Was he a giant?"

"Yes, rather! If he was in this study now his napper would bump against the ceiling. I can't give you his actual height, but he'd nearly come up to the top of a lamp-post."

"My hat!"

"He would be able to get from Greyfriars to Friarland in a couple of strides," Coker went on. "He was such a mighty man that Shakespeare mentions him in his works. Haven't you heard the phrase:

'He doth beshide the narrow world like a Colossus'?"

THE FIRST



"Yes—but that was written of Julius Caesar!"

Coker flushed crimson.

"Are you sure of that, young Todd?"

"Certain!"

"Then I must be mistaken," said Coker reluctantly. "But you can take it from me that Caesar was an insignificant little puppy compared with Strongbow."

"H'm! But how do you know that you are descended from this Strongbow?"

"I can prove it," said Coker excitedly. "When Strongbow was in the prime of life he married the fair damsel who used to put coke on his fire. She was known as a 'Coker.' Having no surname of his own, Strongbow adopted her name on marriage."

"How many children did they have?"

"Four little Cokers, and three little Cokeresses."

"Great Scott!"

"The family tree can then be traced right down through the generations," said Coker. "I'm the very latest member of the Strongbow tribe. Of course, I'm not so tall as my earliest ancestor—but I'm still growing!" Coker added hopefully. "Before I leave Coker, I shall expect my head to touch the ceiling."

"Then you'll have to borrow a pair of steps!" I said drily. "But tell me something of this man Strongbow. Where was he born?"

"In Scotland."

"Then why wasn't his name MacStrongbow?"

"Ass!" said Coker witheringly. "Not everyone who happens to be born in Scotland is a Mac. And by that same token, not everyone born in Ireland is a Pat, any more than everyone born in Wales is a Taffy."

"It strikes me very forcibly, Coker," I said, "that you're a Scotswoman, and that you've been hiding your nationality under a bushel all this time. I believe your real name is Angus MacCoker."

"Help!"

"In what part of Scotland was Strongbow born?"

"In Glasgow. Of course, in those days Glasgow was a small fishing village on the Clyde. Rather than stay in a dead-and-alive hole like that, Strongbow came south. He fought for England at the Battle of Hastings."

"But the Battle of Hastings took place long after the Stone Age!" I protested.

Coker again flushed crimson. "I had fairly cored him, but he managed to wriggle out of it by saying that Strongbow, though born in the Stone Age, lived several hundred years."

"I believe he was a doddering old joss of about eight hundred when he died," said Coker. "In ancient days, you must remember people lived much longer than they do now. Look at Methusalem!"

"Do you seriously mean to tell me that Strongbow took part in a battle when he was hundreds of years old?" I exclaimed.

"Ahem! He—he didn't take an active part," stammered Coker. "He sat in his chariot and directed operations. It was due entirely to his generalship that England won."

"But England didn't win!"

"D-d-didn't they?" stammered Coker stupidly. "I-I thought—"

"You'd better take lessons in

AND — THE FOREMOST



history, old chap!" I said, with a smile. "You've got your facts all wrong."

"I must have been mistaken as to which battle it was," said Coker. "Now I come to think of it, it was the Battle of Waterloo."

"Worse and worse! Waterloo wasn't fought until 1815. You're not going to tell me that this wonderful ancestor of yours lived all that time!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Coker, who by this time had got hopelessly in the mire. "Wasn't there a previous Battle of Waterloo, fought in the Stone Age?"

"Not to my knowledge. Look here, Coker, I don't believe a word you say about Strongbow. You've merely been trying to make an impression."

Coker rose angrily to his feet.

"I can show you my family tree!" he exclaimed.

"Drawn up by yourself, of course? That proves nothing. My own belief is that your earliest ancestor was an orang-outang!"

This enraged Coker so much that he snatched up a cricket stump and chased me from the study.

"You cheeky young brat!" he hooted. "Take that—and that—and that!"

Fortunately the door-post took them—not me. I was through the doorway and along the passage like a streak of light. And Coker's blows, instead of raining upon my shoulders, rained upon the door-post, which was able to stand the punishment better than I could have done.

Poor old Coker! His story of Strongbow cuts no ice with me. Dost see any green in my eye, Brother Horace? Nay, sire!

When Coker Owns a Car!



It is rumoured that Horace Coker's indulgent Aunt Judy has promised to present him with a speedy car of his own. Judging from the way he handles his motor-cycle, this is what will probably happen when Coker goes out in his car.

Billy Bunter Among the Pots—and Pans!



It is one of Billy Bunter's chief ambitions to be a great chef, and this picture is one that often presents itself to his lively imagination. There is no doubt that he would allow himself generous "snacks" from the good things he prepared!