



*An Amusing Complete
Story by Peter Todd,
of the Remove Form
: at Greyfriars :*

I had come at last!
Not the millennium, not
the end of the world, but something even
more astonishing.

Billy Bunter's postal-order had arrived!
For many terms the Owl of the Remove
had told the time-honoured tale of the
postal-order which he was always expecting,
but which had never arrived—until now.
On that topic of the postal-order Billy Bunter
had descanted in season and out of season.
He never wearied of it, though he made his
schoolfellows very weary indeed.

And now—wonder of wonders!—the ancient
and decrepit postman had brought Billy
Bunter a letter. The fat junior had opened it
in the presence of a dozen juniors, and a
printed slip of paper had come out in his
fingers. Bunter blinked at it and fairly
danced with delight. He was so delighted,
in fact, that he never looked to see the value
of the postal-order.

Bob Cherry reeled, half-swooning, into
Harry Wharton's arms.

"It—it's come at last!" he murmured
faintly. "The shock is too much for me. I
feel quite overcome! I suppose it isn't a
dream, is it?"

"It's no dream," said Frank Nugent.
"Bunter's postal-order, which has been on

its way ever since the Flood, has arrived at
last!"

"It can't be a genuine postal-order,"
said Johnny Bull. "Bunter must have
made it himself!"

Billy Bunter's ample round face was
beaming like a full moon. His jaw dropped a
little when he examined it, for the amount
mentioned on the face of the order could
not have been called princely.

"Pay to WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER
the sum of
6 6
pence. SIX PENCE pence."

"Not quite so much as I expected,"
murmured Billy Bunter. "But a tanner isn't
to be sneezed at. All's grist that comes to
my mill."

Suddenly there was an explosive cackle
from Skinner of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton and Co. glanced inquiringly
at the hilarious Skinner.

"Do you know anything about this postal-
order, Skinner?" asked Wharton.

"Well, I should say so, seeing I sent it
myself!" chuckled the cad of the Remove.

"You—you sent Bunter a postal-order for a tanner?" gasped Bob Cherry.

Skinner nodded.

"But—but where does the joke come in?"

For a moment Skinner was too convulsed with merriment to reply. At last he recovered the power of speech.

"I've made that postal-order payable to Bunter at Burchester post-office," he said. "Anybody with a knowledge of geography knows that Burchester's twenty miles from here."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You mean to say Bunter's got to fag all the way to Burchester to get that postal-order cashed?" said Nugent.

"Exactly! The return fare to Burchester is three bob. Bunter will therefore have to spend three bob in order to gain sixpence. The cashing of that postal-order will cost him half-a-crown!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors roared, and nobody laughed louder than the humorous Skinner.

Billy Bunter, however, did not seem the least bit dismayed.

"I notice that the titled relation who sent me this postal-order has made it payable at Burchester," he said. "But there will be no need for me to fag all that distance."

"Why won't there?" asked Skinner, in surprise.

"I shall simply pay this postal-order into my banking account," said Bunter calmly.

Shouts of amazement arose.

"Your what?"

"Your which?"

"Say that again, Bunter!"

The fat junior repeated his remark.

"Draw it mild!" grunted Bolsover major. "No use trying to kid us that you've got a banking account!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover, I'm not trying to kid anybody! I've got an account at the London & Kentish Bank in Friardale."

There was a howl of incredulity. A plump pauper like Bunter possessing

a banking account! A fellow who was "broke" from one end of the term to the other! Why, it was altogether too absurd for words!

"I hope you fellows don't doubt my word?" said Bunter, in tones of pained reproach.

"We know what a fat Ananias you are!" said Harry Wharton. "You've never had a banking account in your life!"

Billy Bunter plunged his hand into his breast-pocket and brought forth a long, thin book. The juniors blinked at it in astonishment. It was a cheque book!

"Here you are!" said Bunter triumphantly. "A cheque book containing twenty-five blank cheques. That's evidence that I've got a banking account; in fact, it's more than evidence. It's proof!"

Harry Wharton looked quite alarmed. He grabbed Billy Bunter by the collar.

"This is a serious matter, Bunter," he said sternly. "Where did you find this cheque-book? Whose desk have you been burgling?"



Billy Bunter brought forth a long, thin book. The juniors blinked at it in astonishment. It was a cheque book!

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Out with it!" said the captain of the Remove sharply. "Tell me the truth!"

"Leggo, you beast! The truth is, it's my own cheque-book, issued to me by the bank."

"I can't believe you."

"Well, you're at liberty to come down to the bank with me and see me pay this postal-order into my account. P'raps you'll believe me, then!"

"Right you are," said Wharton grimly. "We'll come with you to the bank—now!"

Billy Bunter's postal-order had come by the midday post, and there was just time to go to the bank and back before dinner.

The Owl of the Remove rolled away out of the gates, with quite a body-guard of juniors in close attendance.

Nobody believed for one moment the story of Bunter's banking account.

They would have found it easier to believe in the grandeurs of Bunter Court, the ancestral mansion which Bunter was always boasting about, but which had no solid existence. Neither did anyone suppose that the banking account had any real existence outside Billy Bunter's fertile imagination.

However, there was the matter of the cheque-book to be explained away. It was unusual for a Greyfriars junior to walk about with a cheque-book in his pocket. Obviously, something was wrong somewhere. The

juniors could not help suspecting that Billy Bunter had appropriated a book of blank cheques from a master's desk; in which event the consequences would be very serious for Bunter.

The fat junior, however, was quite unconcerned. He was, in fact, quite cheerful.

When the procession reached the village of Friar-dale, Billy Bunter rolled into the branch office of the London & Kentish Bank. He rolled into it after the manner of a lordly millionaire.

Harry Wharton and Co. waited outside the glass doors, where they could both see and

hear what went on.

A youthful-looking bank clerk popped his head over the counter. Billy Bunter, with an air of great ostentation, produced his postal-order with a flourish and handed it over.

"I want this to be placed to the credit of my account!" he said, in a loud voice.

"Very good, sir."

The juniors who were listening and watching nearly fell down, so great was their astonishment.

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Bunter's actually got a banking account!"

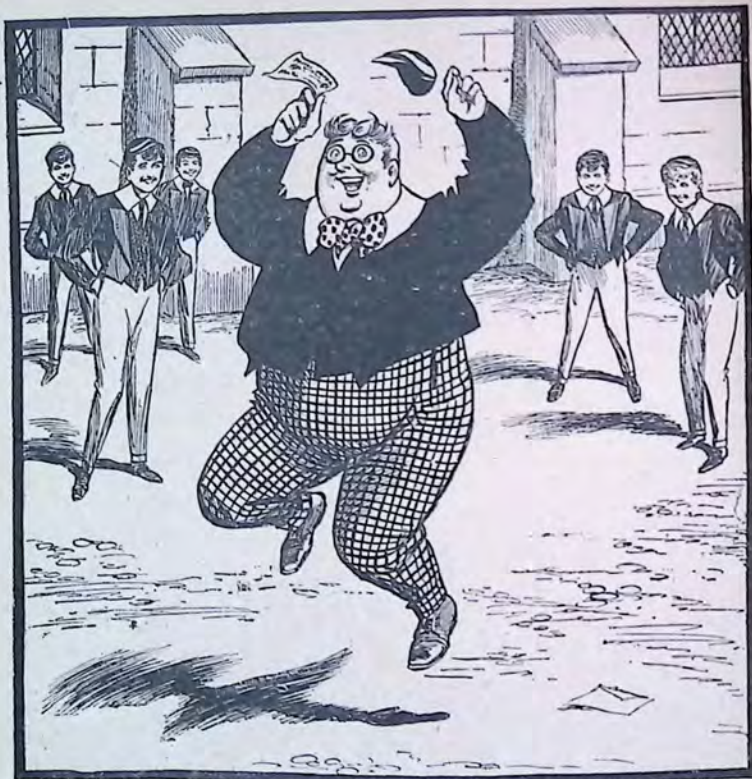
Billy Bunter glanced round with a triumphant grin. Then he turned to the bank clerk again.

"I'll take my pass-book, please," he said.

The clerk produced a white-covered book and handed it to Bunter, who rejoined his



Dame Mimble regarded the fat junior very sternly. "The bank has refused to honour your last cheque, Master Bunter! You will have to pay cash down in future!"



Billy Bunter blinked at the postal order and fairly danced with delight, whilst the juniors looked on, grinning.

schoolfellows. They gaped at him in growing amazement, and the feelings of Harold Skinner, who was one of the party, were too deep for words. His little jape on Bunter, instead of costing the fat junior half-a-crown, had enriched him to the extent of sixpence! Instead of putting Bunter to endless inconvenience, Skinner had actually swollen the fat junior's banking account!

For the banking account was now a firm reality, and not a fiction, as the juniors had supposed.

Billy Bunter opened his pass-book and handed it round, and the juniors blinked harder than ever. For it showed Bunter to have a credit balance of twenty pounds. The sixpence he had just paid in had not yet been entered.

"This—this has knocked me all of a heap!" murmured Wharton faintly. "I—I don't understand——"

Billy Bunter proceeded to throw light on the situation.

"My pater opened this account for me," he explained. "He started it with twenty pounds. He said it would save him the trouble of constantly sending me small sums of pocket-money. Topping idea, don't you think?"

"It would be, if you were a thrifty fellow," said Bob Cherry. "But I'm afraid your banking account won't last long. By the time you've had a few feeds, your bank balance will begin to look a bit thin, and in a short time it will disappear altogether."

A prophet gets no honour in his own country. Nevertheless, Bob Cherry proved a true prophet.

Each day—and sometimes several times a day—Billy Bunter swaggered into the school tuckshop and ordered a sumptuous repast, and paid Dame Mimble by cheque.

This went on for about a week, until one morning a bombshell burst upon Billy Bunter. His latest cheque had been returned by the bank, with the curt intimation that there was no money there to meet it.

Dame Mimble regarded the fat junior very sternly. Like the Ancient Mariner, she held him with her glittering eye.

"The bank has refused to honour the last cheque you paid me, Master Bunter," she said. "It appears you have overdrawn your account. I shall be unable to serve you in future, unless you pay cash down."

Billy Bunter beseeched and implored and entreated, but all in vain.

Poor old Bunter! His brief reign of prosperity had come to an inglorious end, and he was not likely to receive any pocket-money from his pater for a long, long time to come. Like the Prodigal Son, he had squandered his substance in riotous living, and there was nothing for it but to fall back upon the old, old story of the expected postal-order, in this hope that his hearers would open their heart—and their purses.

THE END

The Greyfriars MASTERS' GALLERY



No. 3—Mr. PROUT

A PORTLY man and plump is Prout,
Not small and slim, like jockeys;
He tells you thrilling tales about
His exploits in the "Rockies";
When tigers tackled him, or bears,
He never used to dread it;
He has the scalps of fifty hares
(And bunnies) to his credit!

Upon his study wall is hung
His celebrated rifle;
Its praises he has often sung,
It wearies one a trifle!
The story-teller's droning voice
Goes drearier and drearier;
We have to listen—not from choice,
But Prout is our superior!

"I shot a tiger once, my boys,"
He hastens to inform us:
"It fell, and made a fearful noise—
Its size was most enormous!
The fierce and savage beast of prey
Lay dying in the jungle;
It was a risky shot, they say—
But then, I never bungle!"

The drawback to such thrilling tales
Is this—they lack conviction;
When Prout's imagination fails
He studies works of fiction,
And what he reads, he'll then recite
With energy and vigour;
Himself the hero of the fight—
A fine and fearless figure!

The Ghost of Greyfriars!

I DWELL in deep and dark domains;
I creep around with clanking chains,
And when the witching hour draws nigh,
The Greyfriars' Ghost goes gliding by.

From dark recesses of the crypt
My ghostly feet have often tripped.
Then through the slumbering school I stalk,
Making weird wailings while I walk.

When clocks at midnight start to boom,
I swiftly glide from room to room.
These words I utter, as a rule:
"I am the Ghost of Greyfriars School!"

Old Prout once started up in bed,
And gazed at me in direst dread.
He then gave forth a scream of terror,
For I had scared him stiff—no error!

I then passed on to Mr. Capper,
And gently touched his nightcapped napper.
Swiftly, he started from his sleep,
And then his flesh began to creep!

Onward I went, from door to door,
And down each winding corridor;
While those who saw my white-clad figure
Took to their heels and fled with vigour!

Some say I have no real existence,
Yet they would surely keep their distance
If they should see me one dark night—
A fearful phantom, draped in white!

Back to my dim and dark retreat
I now return, with speedy feet;
For soon the dawn will flood the sky.
No lover of the light am I!

