



Celebrities of the Zoo

Mr. Leslie G. Mainland—who is the famous “Uncle Leslie” of 2 L.O.—tells some True Stories of the most popular “Characters” at the Zoo.

JUST as some people become famous and others stay “just ordinary,” so a few of the Zoo’s creatures become celebrated whilst the rest live and die there without rising from the ranks. Some beasts become famous because of their exciting adventures in the past, others because they are specially ugly or bad-tempered, or because they have lived in the Zoo for such a very long time. Just one or two draw large crowds because they have such funny tricks, or because they are so good-natured and friendly with children.

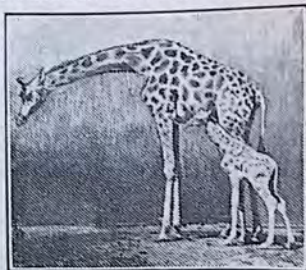
How Maggie did the “Splits.”

“Maggie,” the biggest of the giraffes, is famous because she has grown lop-sided owing to a very curious accident she had when she was quite a girl. She was born in the Zoo nearly twenty years ago. I remember seeing her when she was only a few hours old. Her mother, who was at least 16 feet tall, took no notice of the poor little long-legged child who trotted at her heels as she strolled about the big cage. The baby was obliged almost to gallop to keep pace with her, and at last the tiny thing dropped down tired out. Then, for the first time, the giant mother seemed to miss the patter of the little feet that had been wearily chasing along behind her all the morning. I saw her stop and listen. Then she turned round her long, snakey neck, and noticed the poor panting child. She bent down her head and licked the little thing’s nose. That was the giraffe-

baby’s very first kiss, and after that the mother took quite good care of little Maggie, and she grew up quite fast until the day came when she had a curious piece of bad luck.

Her legs grew rather faster than her neck, so when she wanted to lick up a piece of bun, she had to set her two fore-feet wide apart, just like a man who has to open out the legs of a camera to take a low picture. One day she did this once too often on the slippery cement floor of her cage, and she found that her feet began to slip farther and farther apart. To finish up, she “did the splits,” as the acrobats say and crashed on to the floor. This damaged her shoulder-blades, and to this day you can see the results, for one half of her chest looks all wrong, something like a ship that has been in collision with a rock.

As a result of this smash she is only about 14 ft. tall, or 2 ft. shorter than her mother was at her age.



“Maggie”

Jim the Ferocious

When you look at the big rhinoceros, "Jim," and notice that he has no horn on the end of his nose, don't think that he has had an accident and broken it off. He has really worn it down to nothing by rubbing it against the big wooden beam that supports his back door. It makes a most tremendous noise, and pleases the old sinner. As he grinds the stump of his horn on the wood, you hear a rumbling row that reminds you of thunder in the distance, and that is Jim's idea of amusing himself. What he really longs to do is to kill just one keeper. If you look in the corner of his cage, you will see a funny kind of steel shield, which protects the bottom part of some steps which lead up into the roof. The idea is this. When Jim tries to charge his keeper, the man just



"Jim the Ferocious"

end of her "beat." She did not wait when her keeper wanted to tell her that there was nothing to be scared of, but lumbered away at top speed, until she came to the mouth of the tunnel. In she bolted like a rabbit darting into its burrow. At the time she was wearing her "howdah," or the saddle in which children sit for their rides. The steel centre-bar of this was smashed against the top of the ten-foot tunnel, and the wreck of the saddle scraped a long swerving line from one end to the other. You can still see the mark on the roof if you look closely,

although it has since been painted. Indarini disgraced herself, too, once, by refusing to do any work. She let the children get off her back before she started to get tiresome, but after that she turned lazy, and would not carry any more. Her trouble was that she did not like the look of some new mounting ladders. They were made of steel, and made a clattering noise when children clambered up

The Elephant who Wouldn't

There are two famous elephants now in the Gardens, "Lukhi" and "Indarini." The first of these is not allowed to carry



Indarini, who once caused trouble

them to get on her back. So she fidgeted about and would not stand still, until her keepers had to take her back to her cage. The silly old lady grew less and less obedient, and at last, someone decided that if they could find someone who could speak the language which she first learned to obey—Hindustani—something might be done with her. After a search, they found a native sailor down near the docks who once had something to do with elephants. When he came to the Zoo and spoke to Indarini, she let him get on her back and drive her about. She was not *quite* well-behaved yet, however, so they had to send to India for a very clever elephant-tamer called Syed Ali, who still comes over to London to look after her every summer. He was able to cure her fear of the ladders, and soon she was back at her work once more, carrying little passengers round the Zoo.

A Wireless Experiment

I once tried to see if Syed Ali could make Indarini carry out his orders by wireless. I got a large loud speaker placed in her open-air paddock, and took Syed Ali round to the London Broadcasting Station. The Indian spoke his orders at 2 L O, and the elephant heard them at the Zoo. Unluckily, the Zoo keepers had dropped a lot of potatoes down at Indarini's feet, so as to lead her up to the loud speaker, and she was so busy picking these up and eating them that she paid no attention to the wireless orders which came to her over four miles of space. I may try it again some day—without the potatoes.

The "Father" of the Zoo

Perhaps the most famous of all the animals now at the Zoo is old "Micky," the great old chimpanzee who has been there for more than 25 years, and is known as "The Father of the Zoo." No ape has lived there for such a long time before. Micky is no beauty. His big teeth (called canine teeth) have never come through, and can be seen as huge bulges on each side of his stump of a nose. He became rickety when quite a child, and therefore has lost the use of his legs. His temper has grown worse and worse, until now he flies in tremendous rages.



Micky, "Father" of the Zoo.

When he gets furious he gallops round and round the cage, using his arms as crutches, and swinging his body between them at a great pace. When he comes to a piece of ironwork he hammers on it to make a big noise, and always finishes up with a warden on the iron trap-door that leads to the cages below his den. Then he has to stop and get his breath once more, and seems very sorry for himself as he

wheezes in front of the bars.

He has the strength of a giant, and the bars of his cage have to be at least as strong as those in the lions' house, for he often tries to tear them down. Of course, the keepers cannot go in with him when he is so furious, but I remember what a tame chap he was when he was younger; I sometimes used to take him for walks holding his hairy hands.

When Micky got Loose

Not so very long ago he got out of his cage. He did not escape into the Gardens, but he

was loose in the long corridor behind the apes' dens. First of all he tore down a great framed plan of the Gardens, and smashed it to pieces, cutting himself a bit on the glass.

Next he tried to get up a fight with old Sandy, the great orang-outang who lived next door. Micky, however, did not like the looks of Sandy, who was probably stronger than the "Father of the Zoo," so he moved off to see a very strange sight. Inside Micky's empty cage was a keeper, who was dancing up and down with rage. He was shaking his fists at another keeper, who was dancing about in front of the bars. This was too much for Micky. He climbed back inside his own cage to see what all the fuss was about. Then there was a clang! The keeper inside the cage had slipped out behind Micky's back and had slammed the door shut on him. It was all a clever plot got up by the two men who knew that the old ape would be too curious to resist seeing what the fight was about. They had pretended to fight so as to catch him.

Sandy, the famous Orang-outang

"Sandy," the most famous orang-outang in the world, died at the London Zoo one afternoon in March.

In Sandy child visitors to the Zoo lost a real though rather terrifying favourite. It is over sixteen years since he came to London from the Singapore Botanical Gardens, and he broke all records of his race for long life in captivity. He was eight years in Singapore before he came to this country,

and as he was nearly three years old when caught, this would make his age about twenty-seven when he died.

Many good stories are told about old Sandy. He first discovered the beauties of civilisation when living with a Pole named Dittmar. He found a bottle of Benedictine in Mr. Dittmar's house, drank the lot, and then struggled into the library. Here he wrecked scores and scores of books until he could make a comfortable bed with the torn-out leaves.

From drink he took to cigarettes, and would light his own from the glowing end of a visitor's (which he politely returned

unless he liked it better). Cigars came next, until he was caught in the act of chewing. Finally, he descended to a pipe and villainous shag, in which he was sometimes indulged at the Zoo. Lately his temper had been uncertain, and his pipe was forbidden lest he should set his bedding on fire.

One of his friends was the Duke of Orleans, who once let him draw at his own pipe. Sandy, liking the amber mouthpiece,

refused to let it go again. The duke tried a bargain, and offered a couple of bananas. Sandy grabbed them, but still stuck to the pipe. The keeper then showed the duke the right way to make a deal with the old sinner. He held up some fruit where Sandy could see it, but did not hand it over till the ape had returned the pipe.

In London Sandy grew those remarkable facial ornaments which are shown in the picture. They are the sign of the full-grown orang-outang, and had never been seen in this country before.



Sandy, the famous Orang-outang

Coker's Cruise!

By
Dick Penfold



WHEN Coker's boat, the Neverfloat,
Put out to sea one day,
We all did think that it would sink
And founder in Pegg Bay.

The sail was set, the canvas wet
As sheets of spray came over.
Said William Greene, "I fear, old bean,
We'll never get to Dover!"

Away, away, across the bay,
On rough and restless seas,
We saw that boat, the Neverfloat,
Drifting before the breeze.

Beside the sail, his face quite pale,
We saw old Coker stand;
And Potter said, in tones of dread,
"We'll have a job to land!"

A stiff breeze blew; the white foam flew.
The boat went rushing on.
We stood and gazed, alarmed, amazed,
Till from our view 'twas gone.

Far out to sea, the sailors three
Encountered quite a gale;
It smote the craft, both fore and aft,
And swept away the sail!

The vessel heeled; the seniors reeled
And toppled overboard!
They struggled there in wild despair,
And loud the tempest roared.

A ship in sight observed their plight,
And brought them safe to shore;
But Coker's boat, the Neverfloat,
Will sail the seas no more!





Sporting Records of Greyfriars!

By H. Vernon-Smith
(Sports Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald")

CRICKET

GREYFRIARS played its first cricket match in 1822, against a famous Canterbury school. Although badly in arrears on the first innings, Greyfriars pulled the game round, and gained a sensational victory by five runs.

In 1897, H. V. Clifton, a Greyfriars prefect, had the distinction of scoring seven centuries in consecutive matches.

PLAYING for the Greyfriars first eleven against Courtfield Wanderers, in 1907, R. B. Standish drove a ball 155 yards from hit to pitch. This is almost a record for school cricket; though in 1856 an Oxford University player drove a ball 175 yards.

In August, 1912, on a rain-soaked pitch, the Greyfriars first eleven was skittled out for the meagre total of 19 runs. They then dismissed their opponents—Burchester Grammar School—for 17!

THE most notorious "stone-waller" in Greyfriars cricket was J. B. Sturgess. He once batted two hours and ten minutes for only 8 runs.

THE school cricket pavilion has twice been demolished by fire—in 1875 and in 1900. The present building is equipped with fire-extinguishers.

PLAYING for the Greyfriars Remove, in 1910, Norman Howard, the wicket-keeper, made eight catches in one innings.

FOOTBALL

THE record attendance at a Greyfriars football match is 4,270. This was in 1904, when Greyfriars met Highcliffe in the third round of the Public Schools' Challenge Cup competition. The ground was thrown open to the public.

THE Remove eleven's record victory was 17—1, against Wapshot Juniors. In this match, Harry Wharton found the net on no less than eight occasions. It is only fair to state that Wapshot had two men injured, and played with only nine men for the greater part of the game.

In 1896, Greyfriars and St. Jim's met in the Final for the Public Schools' Cup. Five meetings were necessary to decide the issue, four successive games having been drawn. The Cup eventually came to Greyfriars.

BOXING

THE quickest fight on record was between Victor Yorke (Greyfriars) and Harry Hodges (Courtfield Town) in 1905. Yorke knocked out his man in five seconds!

In the last Remove Boxing Tournament, Bob Cherry and Dick Russell fought their way to the final. Cherry won on points, after a gruelling contest.

THE best boxing year Greyfriars has ever experienced was 1920, when the school won four separate championships. The winners were George Wingate (heavyweight), George Blundell (middleweight), Bob Cherry (lightweight), and Richard Nugent (featherweight).

GREYFRIARS GOSSIP

Some interesting and amusing facts concerning Greyfriars and its Scholars

By BOB CHERRY

GREYFRIARS was originally inhabited by the monks. This does not imply that the school was a monkey-house, but a monastery!

It is rumoured that there was a Friar Tuck at Greyfriars in those days. Evidently one of Billy Bunter's ancestors!

Looking down the list of headmasters who have ruled the roost at Greyfriars, I find some very appropriate names. There was a Dr. Tanner, a Dr. Birch, and a Dr. Chas. Tyser!

"GOOD QUEEN BESS" visited Greyfriars in the year 1564. Gosling, the porter, who is about as old as Methuselah, says he remembers the occasion quite well!



Evidently one of Billy Bunter's ancestors:

SEVERAL famous inventors spent their school-days at Greyfriars. But the best known "inventor" of all is still at the school—William George Bunter, to wit!

TWELVE Old Boys of Greyfriars are now playing as amateurs in county cricket. We do not know if the school has produced a marbles champion or a hopscotch hero!

MANY of our Old Boys have won fame and glory on the stage; but none can approach Coker of the Fifth as a first-class comedian!

TOM DUTTON, the deaf junior, would make a poor fisherman, because he can never "catch" anything!



Why Alonzo Todd nearly beat the hundred yards record!



Dick Penfold is evidently "well-versed"

MR. PAUL PROUT, the master of the Fifth, is famous as a marksman. He once shot a stag in full flight—on his own testimony. He is also an expert at "shooting the Rapids." Some of Prout's unkind critics say it's about time he "shot his bolt"!

THE Greyfriars tuck-shop, presided over by Mrs. Jessie Mimble, was established in the reign of Queen Anne. Mrs. Mimble, by the way, is a very clever conjuror—or rather, conjurress. She can make a sausage roll and an apple turn-over!

MANY nationalities are represented at Greyfriars. There is an American junior—Fisher T. Fish; a Scottish junior, Donald Ogilvy; a boy from the Emerald Isle, Micky Desmond; a Welsh Junior, David Morgan; an Indian, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh; an Australian, S. Q. I. Field; a New Zealander, Tom Brown; a French junior, Napoleon Dupont; and a Chinese, Wun Lung. Formerly there was a Greek, Ionides of the Sixth. We are now looking forward to the arrival of a South Sea Islander or a Zulu!

I NOTICE that in last year's "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" the statement appears: "Bob Cherry covered the hundred yards in 11 secs., dead." On the contrary, I was very much alive!



Micky Desmond makes Trotter trot

ALONZO TODD, the Duffer of the Remove, nearly beat this record on one occasion. Needless to state, a mad bull was thundering behind him!

JOHNNY BULL has a very appropriate name. Not only does he bellow, but when anything annoys him he frequently "sees red." He was also seen to "toss" a coin the other day!

DICK PENFOLD claims to have written over a thousand poems since he has been at Greyfriars. He is obviously "well-versed" in the art!

BOLSOVER MAJOR, the blustering bully of the Remove, generally has a fight on his hands every day. Like Adolphus, the kitchen cat, he is very fond of "scraps"!

THE Great Fire of Greyfriars occurred in 1895, but there have been many conflagrations since. Skinner & Co., the "giddy goats" of the Remove, are frequently guilty of "setting the place alight"!

WHY is the Greyfriars page-boy called Trotter? We only saw him trot once, and that was when Micky Desmond exploded some jumping crackers behind him!



Billy Bunter's Christmas Holiday!

Being the Correspondence between William George Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove, and his pet aunts—and others!

I

From Billy Bunter to his Aunt Prudence

Deer Auntie Proo,—Now that the jolly old festivall of Krissmus is drawing neer, I am begining to wunder where to spend the Vace. It okkurs to me that I can't do better than come to you.

I no you will invite me to yore place, and I am alreddy looking foreword with keen anticipashun to the tirkey and plumm-pudding. You mite allso bear in mind the fact that (to kwote the wuards of a popullar kome-dian), "I do like a s'nice minse pie!"

When I arive at yore howse, please see that I am well stuffed—like the tirkey!

Hoping you are kwite well as it leeves me at presennt,

Yore luvving nevew,
BILLY.

II

From Aunt Prudence to Billy Bunter

My dear William,—I regret that I shall be unable to put up with you—I mean, put you up, for the Christmas Vacation.

I should have been delighted to do so, but for the fact that I have already arranged to accommodate Sammy; and I am afraid that my stock of provisions, although ample, would not meet the requirements of both of you, your appetites being—well, a trifle abnormal.

Hoping you will succeed in persuading some other relative to entertain you for the Christmas holidays,

Believe me, Your devoted
AUNT PRUDENCE.

III

From Billy Bunter to his Aunt Sally

Deerest Aunt Sally,—It is my intenshun to do you a grate faver.

Reelizing how loonly you will be during Krissmus, I have desided to come and stay with you, and cheer you up.

Pleese send me my railway-fair as soen as possible, and don't forgett to lay in a good stock of grubb. I am espeshully fond of plumm-pudding, minse-pies, and doe-nuts.

I presoom you will send your karridge and pear to meet me at the station?

Yore affeckshunate nevew,
BILLY.

IV

From Aunt Sally to Billy Bunter

My dear Nephew,—You do me a great honour in stating that you will spend Christmas with me. Unfortunately, however, it is an honour I cannot accept, owing to the fact that I have already invited your sister Bessie to spend the holiday with me.

Bessie is a charming girl, but she possesses a most healthy appetite (or should I say an unhealthy one?), and as you are similarly afflicted, it would be sheer folly on my part to invite both of you. I should be eaten out of house and home!

In order to alleviate your disappointment, I enclose a postal order for one shilling, with which I trust you will procure a useful hand-book on the subject of spelling

Your ever affectionate
AUNT SALLY.

V

From Billy Bunter to Colonel James Wharton of Wharton Lodge

My dear Kernel,—Being a grate pal of yore newvew Harry, I rite to say that I intend to spend the Krissmus Vace at Wharton Lodge.

Would it be asking too much if I rekwest that you will reserve me the best bed-room, and instruct yore cook to fatten me up, as I am suffering from lack of nurishment?

I will bring Harry down with me, and see that nothing happens to him on root. In a wurd, I will be his shapperone. Beleeve me, dear Kernel,

Yores trewly,
W. G. BUNTER
(One of the "Nutts!")



Aunt Prudence gets Billy Bunter's letter



"I shall make arrangements for your immediate ejection"

VI

From Colonel Wharton to Billy Bunter

Dear Bunter,—Were you indeed a chum of Harry's, I should be more than delighted to have you here for the Christmas Vacation. As, however, you and he appear to have nothing in common, I regret to state that I cannot accommodate you at Wharton Lodge.

If you persist in coming, in the face of this refusal, I shall make arrangements for your immediate ejection.

Yours,
JAMES WHARTON (Colonel).

VII

From Billy Bunter to the Home for Unwanted Porpoises and Prize Porkers
(Telegram.)

Can you akkommodate me for Krissmus?—
BUNTER, Greyfriars Skool, Friardale.

VIII

From the Secretary, Home for Unwanted Porpoises and Prize Porkers,
to Billy Bunter
(Telegram.)

Delighted to receive a further addition to our menagerie!

A PAIR OF IMPOSTORS!

or The Bunter Brothers Unmasked!



① HERE

WE SEE

THE BROTHERS BUNTER,

How THEY SWANK AROUND

THE QUAD!

ARE

THEY NOT

'A PAIR OF PEACOCKS?' ②

— NOTE THE WINK
FROM PETER TODD.



③

PETER WATCHES THE UNROBING
BASE DECEIVERS THEY ARE PROVED



④

FOR NOTE THE
CHANGE — THE
TRANSFORMATION,
WHEN BOOTS AND
JACKETS ARE REMOVED!