

BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL



HOW THE HEAD KEPT GOAL!

A "knock-out" incident from the powerful, pulsating story of a school footer match, by Dicky Nugent—insi Ja.

Editorial



By

**WILLIAM GEORGE
BUNTER**

MY DEAR READERS,

Once again it is my pleasure and privilege to place before you an intellectual feast of fun and fiction.

This is rather high-flown language to use at the commencement of my Editorial. But, between ourselves, I "lifted" that sentence out of a weekly paper, because it struck me as being very appropriate and applicable.

It is twelve months since you have had the pleasure of reading **BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL**. Twelve long months you have waited and worried, and fumed and fretted, for another issue to appear. But all things come to those who wait; and here we are again, as large as life and twice as patchy, as Bob Cherry would say.

While you have been waiting, we have been working. Quite a long time ago, I called a conference of my Editorial Staff, which consists of Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, Tubby Muffin, and my miper Sammy. I took the chair, but it collapsed, so I had to take another one. Then I addressed my stalwart sub-editors as follows:

"Gentlemen! I have called you here to discuss the publication of the 1926 issue of **BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL**. But before we discuss business, let us discuss a jolly good feed!"

This suggestion was cheered to the echo, so we started our conference with a jolly good tuck-in. When we had dined and vined—it was only ginger-wine we had—I we put our heads together and planned a really tip-top edition of my **ANNUAL**. The frocks of our labors are now in your hands, and it is for you to judge whether we have scored a bootseye, like we did last year.

All my sub-editors have contributed to this issue, and I have again been fortunate enough to secure, at gratis expense, a story from the inspired pen of that wonderful boy orther, **Dick Nugent**. I can now fold my arms, and lean back in my editorial chair with a sigh of contempt, conscious that, despite the fickleness of the Clark of the Whether, I shall have brought a ray of sunshine into many a home.

Your plump pal,

BILLY BUNTER.



By **Sammy Bunter**

"**FAG!**" That word is howled and bellowed by hooligan prefects at Greyfriars, from the rising up of the sun to the going down thereof. As the famous song says, "All day long I hear you calling."

I don't know who first interjuiced fagging into our public schools; but the rotter ought to have been burned at the stake. Why should the sons of gentlemen—refined little fellows like me!—have to play the part of domestic servants, butlers, waiters, valets, and cooks rolled into one? Why should we have to wait hand and foot on the big fellows in the Sixth? It isn't fair!

I have often heard a party of my fellow fags singing "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!" Yet they are chained and bound to slavery. They sing in one breath that they will never be slaves, and in the next breath they shout, "Coming, Loder!" or "All right, Wingate!" The miserable little loads! Why don't they rise up in rebellion, and refuse to fag for their superiors?

If they want a leader, I'm their man! Being a descendant of such mighty leaders as Julius Seizer and Alfred the Grate, I am better qualified to run a rebellion than any fellow at Greyfriars.

I appeal to all my fellow-fags to burst the bonds of slavery, and to enlist under my banner! Down with the tyrants under whose heels we have squirmed so long! Down with fagging! Down with croolty and hoolyning!

"United we stand, divided we fall!" Let us have no trayers or blacklegs. Let us all stand together, shoulder to shoulder, for the good of the cause! Let us march boldly into battle, and show those big, hulking broods in the Sixth that we mean business!

This is a call to arms, and I shall egg-spect all members of the fag tribe to rally round, and support me in my crusade against fagging. Let them follow boldly in my footsteps; and then, by the time next year's **HOLIDAY ANNUAL** is published, fagging will be a thing of the past. And that hateful shout of "FAG!" will no longer boom down the corridors of Greyfriars. Follow your leader, boys! The time is ripe for the rebellion, and I am ready for the fray!



By

**TUBBY MUFFIN
(of Rookwood)**

WHENEVER a fellow is taken queer with severe eternal panes, the doctor generally says to him:

"My boy, you have been eating too much!" Then, turning to the matron, he says: "Put this boy on a diet of milk and gruel for a week!"

Does it never occur to the doctor that the severe eternal panes may be due to under-feeding?

Take that terrible tetcher called Indigestion, a complaint which first started in India some centuries ago. You can get Indigestion through eating too little, as well as through eating too much.

It is a grate mistake, therefore, for the doctor to assume that because a fellow is rolling about in aggrery, he has eaten more than is good for him. It is often just the reverse. This is what the doctor ought to say:

"Bless my sole, the boy is starving! He must be put on a diet of ten solid meals a day for a week!"

It is ridiculous to say that we eat too much. The human body is like an engine that wants constant feeding. If you tried to run a steam train without feeding it with fuel, it wouldn't go. On the same principle, if you want a fellow to be fit and healthy, and to play his proper part in life, you must feed him with fuel in the form of rabbit pies, cakes, tarts, and pastries.

I have watched some fellows at the breakfast-table at Rookwood, and their puny appetites have amazed me. They peek at their food, and are content with a rasher of bacon and a couple of fried eggs. They call that a satisfying meal, and then they wonder why they come over queer about mid-day and fall down in a faint owing to sheer fizzle weakness!

Brir—!

Why are there so many unhappy marriages nowadays? Why are the Remorse Courts filled to overflowing? Simply because housewives will not observe that eggshell maxin, "Feed the Brood!" They starve their husbands, and therefore starve their affection.

Do we eat too much? Preposterous! Our present diet ought to be dubbed and trebled!



When The Head Kept Goal!

A Thrilling Story of a School Football Match.

Told by DICKEY NUGENT.

BURLEIGH of the Sixth sat in his study at St. Sam's darnning his footer stockings and knitting his brows.

Burleigh was captain of the First Eleven, and he wore, in addition to his togs, a worried look.

It was just like old Stopham, the St. Sam's goalie, to go and contract hooking-kolf on the eve of the game match against the Purple Crocoders. Why couldn't he have postponed his fliness until after the match?

There was nobody else in the Sixth who could take the place of Stopham. Sammy Stopham was a masterpiece. He was a perfect marvel. No matter how many shots reigned in upon him when he held the fort, he could always be relied upon to stopham. And it was a treat to see Stopham stopham, too! Even the Head would sometimes stopham minnie or two on the ground and gaze in admiration at the St. Sam's goalie.

And Stopham was now in the sick bay, and he was likely to stopham month there! Hence the worried look of Burleigh of the Sixth.

Suddenly there was a tap on the door, and the Head swept in with rustling gown.

"Hello, Burleigh!" he said. "I just dropped into have a jaw with you about to-morrow's match."

"Won't you take a chair, sir?" said Burleigh.

"No, thanks! I once had a pal who was sent to prison for taking a chair. It's a nasty, theiving habit."

"What I mean is, won't you sit down, sir?"

"No, Burleigh; I can't stand sitting down. I'm a man of action. Now, with regard to this match—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Cut out the 'sir,' my dear old head," said the Head with a smile. "I'm off duty now. I haven't come here in my official capacity. Now, I presume you want a goalkeeper to take the place of Stopham? How will I do?"

Burleigh stared.

"I've no wish to be disrespectful, sir," he said. "But you—why, you couldn't keep goal for toffy! You're too fat, for one thing; and, for another, you're feeling the strain of what they call Ann O'Domin! I suppose she's an Irishwoman?"

The Head frowned.

"You are very good, Burleigh! A man is not too old at seventy, and as for being fat, why, some of our finest goalkeepers are as fat as Christmas turkeys! I reckon I'm just the man to take Stopham's place,

and you'd better agree to let me do so, or it will be my painful duty to expel you—to kick you out on your neck!"

Burleigh turned pale.

"You can play, sir, with the greatest of pleasure!" he said hastily.

"Right-o, Burleigh! What time's the kick-off, old scout?"

"Two-thirty, sir."

"I'll be there," said the Head, moving to the door. "T-t-t-t!"

"Toodle-oo!" said Burleigh; adding, under his breath: "I shan't bless you if you let about a dozen goals through to-morrow afternoon!"

St. Sam's had a big surprise next day when the Head turned out to keep goal in all the glory of a canary-colored sweater.

In an absent-minded moment the Head had put his mortar-board on, and this, together with his flowing beard, gave him rather a comical appearance. But nobody dared to laugh. Some of the fellows on the touch-line were inwardly laughing, but they managed to keep their faces straight.

Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth, was the referee. He lined up the teams and fired the pistol, and the game commenced.

The Purple Crocoders had a fine side. Like quivers from an arrow, they darted towards the St. Sam's goal. Their senter-forward received a perfect pass when he was standing on the goal-line, and all he had to do was to tap the ball into the net. But before he could do so the Head punched him with grate violence on the nose, and he went down in a heap.

"Fowl!" roared the Purple Crocoders.

"He biffed Bill Briggs on the bokin'!"

"We demand a free penalty kick!"

Mr. Lickham came running up. The Head looked at him grimly.



When the final pistol-shot rang out, the Head was carried sholder-high from the field.

"Was that a fowl, Lickham?" he demanded.

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Mr. Lickham.

He knew what would happen if he said otherwise. He would be asked to tender his resignation.

The game was resumed, and the Crocoders were soon swarming round the St. Sam's goal once more. But the Head, for all his three-score years and ten, was as lively as a jumping cracker. He saved no end of shots, and whenever the opposing forwards got to close quarters he sent them sprawling with his fists. Once, when he made a grate save by turning a dubble summersalt, he gave Jones minor a hundred lincs for not clapping.

At half-time there was no score, but when the second half started it was easy to see that the Crocoders were out for blind. They set up a strong attack, and even the Head was beaten at last. The ball eluded his frantic clutch and crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

The Head frowned darkly. "Who dares to say that was a goal?" he demanded. "Hi, Lickham: you're the referee! Was that a goal, or was it not?"

"Not!" said Mr. Lickham hastily.

"I saved that shot, didn't I?"

"Yes, yes, sir—of course!"

"Good for you!" said the Head.

"Now we'll get on with the washing!"

The game looked like petering out in a goalless draw. But five minnits from time the Head gained possession of the ball and started to run with it down the field.

"Fowl!" roared the Crocoders.

"The goal's n't about to do that!"

The Head ran on, unheeding. He ran the whole length of the field, and finished up by budding ball and goalkeeper and himself into the net.

"GOAL!"

"Hoory!"

The St. Sam's fellows went mad with delight. Perhaps they were thinking of Jones minor's fate at not clapping.

"Bravo, sir!"

"Goal!"

It was the only goal of the match, and when the final pistol-shot rang out the Head was carried sholder-high from the field. He was beaming all over his dial, and humming the strains of "See the Konkering Hero Comes!"

THE END



Locked in the Tuckshop!

By BAGGY THOMAS
(H. St. John)

ONE corner of the tuckshop at St. Jim's is curtained off from the rest of the establishment. It's a cosy little corner, with a chair and a small table, where a fellow can sit and enjoy his jam-tarts and ginger-pop in peace.

I was sitting there one evening—without refreshments, unfortunately—for I was "broke"—when I happened to doze off to sleep.

How long I slept I don't know, but when I opened my eyes I found myself in total darkness.

I started up from my seat in a panic. Where was I? What had happened? And then I realised the joyful truth. I was locked in the tuckshop!

Dame Taggles had put up the

shutters, and locked up the place, little dreaming that I was asleep in the corner.

What a blissful thing it is to be locked in a tuckshop for the night! The darkness suddenly lost its terrors, when I realised that I was surrounded by piles and piles of tempting tuck.

It was the clock in the school tower, striking the hour of eleven. No doubt my absence from the Fourth Form dormitory had caused quite a sensation. Probably search-parties had been sent out to find me. But, of course, nobody would dream that I had been locked in the tuckshop. And it wasn't likely that I was going to yell for help. After all, I had nothing to be afraid of; I

shouldn't starve, anyway. Why, there was enough food around me to feed a whole regiment.

I groped around for some matches, and lit the gas. The shutters completely covered the window, so there was no danger of the light being seen from outside. Then I wandered round the tuckshop, helping myself to whatever I fancied, and keeping a record of what I consumed, so that I could pay for it at some distant date.

Oh, it was a wonderful experience! Unlimited tuck! Stacks and stacks of it! I stuffed till I could stuff no more. And then I distinguished the light, and rolled back to my corner-seat, and slept until daybreak.

Dame Taggles nearly had a fit when she found me there in the morning. I handed her the list of what I had consumed, and the bill came to nearly two guineas. The dame demanded immediate settlement, but this was impossible, so she reported me to the Head. The bill was sent to my pater for payment, and he stopped my allowance of pocket-munny for the rest of the term. I felt very sore about it; but it will be a long, long time before I forget that blissful night when I was locked in the tuckshop!

Pages from a Cricketers Diary!



By ALONZO TODD
(The Duffer of Greyfriars)



A SWARM of fags rushed up to me. And said, "We want a referee." Being a very willing sort, I said I'd supervise their sport.

The game of kick-and-rush began. And Tubb secured the ball and ran. He took a shot with all his force. Then said to me, "A goal, of course?"

I resolutely shook my head. "Off-side! It doesn't count!" I said. Then came a roar that made me deaf, and the fags began to mob the ref!

They rushed at me with one accord. "Hands off!" I earnestly implored. But Tubb's eleven were out for blood: They promptly rolled me in the mud.

They rolled me in the miry pool, and then pursued me to the school. Breathless, bewildered, drenched, and muddy.

I sought the safety of my study. The next time fags come up to me And murmur, "Will you referee?" I'll give them a decided "Nay!" My answer will be, "Not to-day!"

THE END

MONDAY.—This morning I received a communication from my worthy and esteemed Uncle Benjamin, urging me to take up cricket as a pastime. "You will find it highly beneficial to your physical well-being," he wrote. Accordingly, I have joined the Remove Cricket Club, and propose to attend practice to-morrow.

TUESDAY.—Oh, dear! I had no idea that cricket was such a perilous pastime. I batted at the nets, and every ball I missed—and I missed about nine out of ten—gave me a sounding smack on some portion of my anatomy. I also felled a ball with my nose, and that organ is now swollen to twice its normal size!

WEDNESDAY.—To-day I begged Wharton to let me play for the Remove against Rookwood. He very kindly put my name down on the list as fifteenth reserve. However, my services were not called upon.

THURSDAY.—Once again I participated in the practice, but on this occasion I had the good sense to wear a suit of armour, which I borrowed from the school museum. Consequently, I escaped a repetition of the dreadful bumps and bruises I received on Tuesday.

FRIDAY.—Wharton tells me that I may play for the Remove to-morrow against Highcliffe. I am in the seventh heaven of delight! How pleased my dear Uncle Benjamin will be if I compile a century!

SATURDAY.—Terrible tragedy. Bowled first ball! And before the ball hit the wicket it came into violent and painful contact with my eye. Cricket is a barbarous sport. I shall refuse to play again, and I have written to Uncle Benjamin to this effect. From henceforth, I shall concentrate all my energies on winning the Ludo championship.



Going To Press!

By Billy Bunter

"BUNTER!" said Wingate of the Sixth, meeting me on the stairs as I came down one morning. "You are wanted—"

"By the perlice?" I asked, in fear and tremble.

"No. You are wanted on the tellyphone in the prefects' room, by the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

"Thanks, Wingate!" I said. And I scuttled away to the prefects' room. Glooming the receiver to my ear, I spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Hallo! Billy Bunter at this end. Is that the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL?"

"Yes!" came the reply. "Look hear, Bunter. I am just going to press with the 1926 edition. You promised to let me have an issue of 'Billy Bunter's Annual' for inclusion in the larger Annual; but not a line of 'copy' has turned up. What about it?"

"I must apologise for the delay, sir," I said. "But the fact is, I've been queer. I've been in the sanny for the past fortnight, suffering from semmy-stavation. However, I'll collect all the contributions to-day, and post my Annual to you to-mite, without fail."

"Good!" said the Editor. And he rang off.

I realised that there was no time to be lost. I had already reserved contributions from Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble and Tubby Mudlin; but there were several more pages to fill. I resigned myself to a busy day.

When the bell rang for morning lessons, I went into the Remove Form-room with the rest of the fellows; but instead of taking my seat, I remained standing in front of the class until Mr. Quelch came in.

"Good-morning, sir!" I said. "I trusted you are in the pink, as it leaves me at prezant. Look hear, sir, I want you to let me off lessons for the day. I've sumthing more important than Greek and Latin to think about. I've got to get 'Billy Bunter's Annual' ready for press."

Mr. Quelch fixed me with a fierce frown.

"Go and sit down Bunter!" he thundered. "I should not dream of giving you the day off. How dare you assert that your ridiculous schoolboy jernal is more important than lessons?"

"But, sir—"

"Be seated!" roared Mr. Quelch. So I rolled dismally to my place, and realised that I should have to compress all my work into the short space of a single afternoon. It was a half-holiday, thank goodness!

Before I commenced my editorial labors, I had a jolly good dinner. Littery men can't work on an empty stomach. I had several portions of stake-and-kidney pie, followed by six fat and jooey apple-dumplings. Having laid a good foundation, so to speak, I felt in fine form for my task.

Outside the door of my editorial ranktum—Number Seven Study—I placed the following notice:

"BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL" is now being prepared. All contributions gratefully reserved."

Most of them were scera gratefully reserved. At any rate, the grate reserved them, for they were unfit for publication.

It's surprising how few talented orthers we have at Greyfriars. Nobody seems to have mastered the ruddyments of writing. As for spelling, why, I can say, without fear of contradiction, that I'm the only fellow in the Form who is able to spell korrekctly.

All through the afternoon, a steady stream of orthers and artists poured into my ranktum. With my ample form wedged in the editorial chair, I sat in judgment on their contributions.

Alonzo Todd brought me a "Dixie to a Dying Duck," which was altogether too sad and sollum for my liking. It started like this:

"One last quack, one final flutter
From the duck-pond cap be heard;
Melancholy words we mutter:
Fare thee well, expring bird!"

Fancy trying to cheer up the readers of "Billy Bunter's Annual" with balderdash like that!

Skinner also brought me a contribution about a duck. It was a "duck" I got at cricket. Just like Skinner to write about a fellow's failures instead of his successes. I hurled the offending article into the passage, and sent Skinner sprawling after it!

Then Bolsover major brought me a boxing article, but I told him it lacked "punch."

"Take it away and berry it!" I said curtly. "I shouldn't dream of publishing such piffle."

Bolsover was simply furious. He rushed at me with lowered head, like a bull, and threatened to knock my head off. But I didn't lose my head. I simply seized Bolsover by the scruff of the neck, and sent him whirling through the doorway, with my boot behind him.

Then Iob Cherry came in, with a column of Greyfriars' Gossip. I thought I had better accept it, because I happened to owe Cherry five bob, and it's always a good plan to keep on the right side of your creditors.

In between the interruptions, I managed to scribble my Editorial, which is always the finest feature in the Annual.

My miner Sammy, gave me a helping hand and we worked solidly until post-time. Then I crammed all the contributions into an envelope, together with a brief note to the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

"Dear Sir,—Please find herewith the issue of 'Billy Bunter's Annual' for 1926. I hope you will let me hav: a fat check by return of post.—Yours sincerely,

"BILLY BUNTER."

The Editor is harties beest. He hasn't sent me that fat check. He hasn't sent me so much as a sixpenny postle-order. Until he pays up, I shall resolutely refuse to supply him with any more issues of the finest schoolboy jernal in the world!





Popular Punishment!

By FATTY WYNN
(of St. Jim's)

I SEE in the newspapers that they are improving our prison system.

In the olden days, a prisoner was cast into a gloomy dungeon at Newgate, or at the old Fleet Prison, and more or less abandoned to his fate. The damp floors were over-run with rats, and the conditions were as dark and depressing as you can imagine.

Nowadays, well-behaved prisoners have many privileges. They have good food, and concerts, and books to read. It seems to me that a prison is rapidly becoming "a home away from home." The punishment of imprisonment is much more pleasant than it used to be.

Now, why don't they improve the

methods of punishment at our public schools? With the onward march of civilisation, birch-rods and canes ought to be swept away. They are old-fashioned and out-of-date—relics of the barbarous past, when people used to be whipped and then put in the pillory or the stocks.

The awarding of impositions is another form of punishment that ought to be "scrapped!" Where is the sense in scribbling a line of Latin about five hundred times? It is a useless sort of task, and a wicked waste of time.

Instead of giving a fellow an imposition, he ought to be made to do some useful and creative sort of work. Why not sentence him to two hours' hard labour in the school kitchen,

helping to make—and devour!—puddings and pies? That would be far more sensible.

Again, instead of detaining a fellow in the Form-room on a half-holiday, why not detain him in the school tuck shop? How I should love to hear my Form-master say: "Wynn! You have been guilty of inattention all the morning! You will spend the whole of the afternoon in the school shop; and if I find any jam-tarts or pastries uneaten at the end of your detention, I shall cane you!"

There is plenty of room for improvement in our system of punishment; and I commend these suggestions to the Head-master of St. Jim's, in the hope that he will adopt them without delay.



Greyfriars' Gossip!

By Bob Cherry

SKINNER of the Remove was asked the other day if he came from Sheffield. "No," he replied. "What makes you think that?" "Well," said his questioner, "I always understood you were a Blade!"

COCKER of the Fifth must be very fond of riding. When out-of-doors he rides his motor-bike, and when at Greyfriars he rides the high horse!

BILLY BUNTER is no believer in baths. At the same time, he is always getting into hot water!

LORD MAULEVERER, the drowsy slacker of the Remove, declares that Homer is a "nodding" acquaintance of his!

HURREE SINGH, the Nabob of Bhandpur, is the most sunny-tempered of fellows, and yet he is always "looking black!"

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, hasn't a reputation for reading, yet he is always "tapping" his typewriter!

HOP HI, the Chinese fag in the Second, ought to do well in the high-jumping contest at the fags' sports. Crowds of fellows will applaud when they see Hop HI hop high!

MR. PROUT, in his younger days, is reputed to have shot scores of wild beasts. But if a lion suddenly appeared in the Close at Greyfriars, Mr Prout would probably shoot his bolt!

Answers to Korrespondents!

"A LOVER OF FAT BOYS" (Worthing).—Glad you consider my little jernal to be the finest feature in THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Lots of shrood judges—including myself—are of the same opinion!

R. H. G. (Manchester).—What! Never heard of my Weekly? It is published in the famous paper. "The Popular"; and it's the most popular feature the popular "Popular" has ever had!

HALF-BACK" (Harrow).—You are quite right. The Remove would never have won the Bunter Cup without my valeable servises.

R. M. L. (Putney).—Who is the best boxer in the Greyfriars Remove? Well, modesty prevents the mentioning his name, but I will give you a clue as to his identity. His initials are W. G., and he is the fattest fellow in the Form!

(Many replies to HOLIDAY ANNUAL readers are unavoidably held over for a few years.)



Our Editor

UNDER the elm trees in the Close, our "Chief" is seen to stand;

With smears of jam upon his face,
And tarts in either hand.
Humbly we grovel at his feet,
And quake at his command.

His hair is nondescript in hue.
His face is like a can;
There's never been a plumper youth,
Not since the world began.
He glances furtively around
For the oweth every man!

Week in, week out, from morn till night,

He haunts the tuck shop door;
Entreating all the passers-by
To feed the starving poor.

A dish of pastries he'll consume
And then cry out for more!

He goes each evening to his "den"

And publishes his paper;
Wisdom flows freely from his pen,
He burns the midnight taper.

And interruptions often come
From some mysterious japer!

Toiling, rejoicing, howrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
And when his postal order comes
His face with rapture glows.

But when the postman cometh not
He wildly wails his woes!

A QUESTION OF "WEIGHT"—AND SEE!



Ignorant people at Greyfriars reckon Bob Cherry's the best boxer in the Remove. But they're wrong. Modesty forbids my mentioning the name of the Remove Boxing Champion. But you can see who he is from the picture above. That massive, powerful-looking fellow on the right. He's just describing a feint with his left. His opponent is his brother Sammy Bunter, of the Second—another haspulant after fistic onners. Sammy's shortly going to describe a "feint"—he's fairly asking for the knock-out. After all, a chap must keep his young brother in his place, mustn't he?

W.G.B.



BILLY BUNTER.

My life has been so crowded with adventures that it's a difficult matter to say which was the most thrilling. I've been in peril on the sea; I've been shut up in a burning building; I've run away from school about a dozen times; I've travelled all over the world; and as a kid I fell into the clutches of kidnappers. How many fellows can boast of such a crop of adventures as this? Several times I have been in the shadow of death, but I have always cheated it. I was once adrift in an open boat, and a fierce storm came along and capsized my frail craft. But although I was about ten miles out to sea, I managed to swim ashore. On another occasion, when I was trapped in a burning building, I jumped from a top-story window, and escaped without injury. I always fall on my feet! If I attempted to describe all my thrilling adventures, I should fill this issue and a good many more besides. Nobody can say that I lead a calm, placid sort of existence. My life is one giddy whirl of adventure!

ALONZO TODD:

My most thrilling adventure occurred this summer. I was paddling at Pegz, when a huge wave came along, and carried me some inches out to sea. Picture my terrible plight, dear readers! I was floundering in three feet of water, and no help was at hand. However, the dauntless spirit of my ancestors, which I have inherited, stood me in

good stead. Summoning all my strength and courage, I contrived to scramble ashore. But I confess I was badly shaken up for some days afterwards. Just imagine what would have happened to me had I not made that supreme effort. I might have been devoured by a shark, or cut to pieces by a passing liner, or dashed to a terrible doom on the rocks. When I wrote and told Uncle Benjamin of my hairbreadth escape, he was truly horrified!

SAMMY BUNTER:

I was with my brother Billy in all the thrilling adventures he mentions above; but whereas he was in a positive panic, I was cool, calm, and collected. It was only through my courage that we both came through alive; so Billy has much to thank me for, if he only realised it—the ungrateful beast!

FELIX (The Kitchen Cat):

My biggest adventure was when I was nearly run down in the Close by Coker's motor-bike. Having been run over on eight previous occasions, that would have been my last "life." I had to make a wild dart for safety; and as it was, the front wheel passed over the tip of my tail, causing me acute agony. Coker ought never to be allowed to run amok in the Close. The safety of the cat community ought to

be considered. My mother came to a violent and tragic end as a result of Coker's roadhogging; and I have a feeling that I shall be the next victim!

MR. PAUL PROUT:

My amazing adventures in the Rocky Mountains will shortly be published, in twenty volumes, by Messrs. Cook & Bull, Ltd. Price two guineas. I sincerely trust that all Greyfriars boys will purchase this wonderful work. (Can I have a set of volumes free, please, sir, so that I can review them in the columns of my WEEKLY?—Ed.)

DICK PENFOLD:

I feel very much regret to state I've no adventures to relate. I've never sailed the briny seas, and braved the battle and the breeze. I'm not a chap like Billy Bunter—a passionate adventure-hunter. I've not been trapped in burning schools, or chased by savage, snorting bulls. I've not been flattened by a train, nor fallen from an aeroplane. Being a humble bard, I fear I've had a very tame career!

HORACE COKER:

I'm just going to set out on my biggest adventure. I'm going to see if I can scorch up to town on my motor bike in half an hour. If I do that I shall brake the speed record.—(And probably "brake" your neck.—Ed.)

