

COOLING MR. LICKHAM'S ARDOUR!

The hose started to play on Mr. Lickham as he mounted the ladder and a fierce jet of water knocked him backwards. He alighted with a wail of anguish on the Head's pet corn!

(See "The Rebbles of St. Sam's!" inside)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!



By BILLY BUNTER

MY DEAR READERS,—It is with pride and plezzure that I put before you another issew of my annual ANNUAL, which is an annual feature of the bigger ANNUAL. An' you'll like it, I feel sure. (Can you twig my clever pun?)

Well, here we are again, as large as life and twice as natcheral, as Bob Cherry would say! Eight paltry pages is all the Editor has aloud me; but into those eight pages I have crammed the finest feast of flekshun that was ever devoured by hungry readers. Strickly speaking, I ought to have the whole of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL to myself. That would give me a chance to spread myself, as it were.

Since the last ANNUAL was laid at your feet—or placed in your hands—or thrown at you by an uncle you had been pestering to buy it for you!—I have had numerous communications from readers in all parts of the globe. Chatty letters from China; postcards from Peroo; suggestions from the South Sea Islands; bow-kays from British Columbia; and pats on the back from Peking! My post-bag has swelled to such proportions that it is a perfect Billy Bunter of a post-bag, bulging and inflated, and threatening to burst out of its skin, so to speak!

In the limited space at my disposal, I cannot possibly find room to reply to my vast army of friends and admirers. But I should like them to know how greatly I enjoyed their letters. If there is anything I do enjoy, in this world of woe, next to a first-rate feed at the tuckshop, it is a complimentary letter from some cheery reader of my ANNUAL. Not all the letters I get are complimentary. There was a fellow in New York who wrote to say that I ought to be put in a padded cell, bekawse I had bats in my belfry. He was quite safe in saying that, for he knew I wouldn't fag all the way across the Atlantick to make him eat his words! Talking of eating reminds me that I've had nothing to eat for nearly an hour! I must hurry along to the tuckshop, and fill the aching void.

Yours—till another year rolls by—
YOUR EDITOR.

Answers to Korrespondents!

J. MACPHAIG (Edinburgh) writes and asks me a conundrum: "Why does a chicken cross the road?" Blessed if I know why a chicken crosses the road, unless its because there is a bun-shop the other side. That's why this chicken crosses the road, anyway.

MISS CLARA (Stockport).—"I think you are a wonderful fellow, Billy." So do I!

"FAMISHED" (Wales).—"I haven't had a square meal for weeks, Billy, old chap"... etc. Neither have I. Take my tip and go in for round ones.

"ADMIRER" (Southampton).—"I think you ought to be captain of the Remove, Billy." So do I, but this world is eaten up with jealousy. Perhaps some day I shall have my rights. Here's to it!

S. A. R. CASTIK (Hants).—"I think you are a fat..." Never mind what you think, young Castik. It's what I think that counts!

MY AERIAL ADVENTURE!



By TUBBY MUFFIN
of Rookwood

WHEN my cousin Jack, who is a midshipman in the Royal Air Force, paid a "flying" visit to Rookwood in his aeroplane, he asked me if I would like a little flip.

"What's a flip, Jack?" I asked innocently.

"A flight, of corse—a joy-ride! Care to come up in the clouds for a bit?"

I began to feel rather wobbly at the knees, and cold shivers ran down my spine. To tell the trooth, I wasn't a bit keen on croozing about up in the clouds. That sort of thing may be all right for eagles and skylarks, but it duzzent appeal to me. I like to have both feet planted firmly on terror firmer.

I should have declined my cousin's invitation, only Jimmy Silver & Co. were standing around, and as I have

often boasted to them about my dauntless curridge, I couldn't very well show the white feather

"Well, what about it?" said Cousin Jack. "Buck up and make up your mind."

Quickly I pulled myself together. Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking at me curiously, and I could see that they were eggspecting me to cry off. But I didn't.

"I'll come, Jack!" I said.

"Good! Jump in, then!"

I scrambled into the passenger's seat, and Jimmy Silver & Co. waved their hands in farewell.

"Have you made out your last will and testament, Tubby?" asked Lovell.

"Are you insured against tumbling ten thousand feet through space?" inquired Newcome.

And Jimmy Silver quoted a passidge from Byron—or is it from Shakespeer?

"Fare thee well, and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth, who knows all about airoplanes, swung the propellor, and up we shot into space.

Never shall I forget my sensations, at that awful moment! I cried out to Cousin Jack in a pannick.

"I—I say, Jack, old fellow! Don't go up too far! Just up to the top of the school tower, and then down again!"

But Cousin Jack couldn't hear me, bekawse of the enjin. And even if he had heard, I doubt weather he would have taken any notiss. The school tower was soon a mere speck, far below us; and the fliggers on the cricket-field, from which we had made our assent, were like tiny crawling ants.

I confess that I was in a state of stark terror. Being a fellow with a vivid imagination, I thought of all the dreadful things that might happen. Supposing the airoplane burst into flames, and I was roasted? Cousin Jack would be roasted as well, but then, eggsperienced pilots are used to that sort of thing.

Supposing a wing fell off, when we were about ten thousand feet up? I should go crashing down to deth and destruction. Cousin Jack would go crashing down also; but that wouldn't be any consolation to me!

Supposing we ran into another airoplane, and smashed each other to bits? Supposing—well, there were a thowsand and one things that might happen. There was no limit to my superstitions.

Cousin Jack told me afterwards that the flight only lasted ten minnits. To me it seemed an internity of time, and beleve me, there was never a more releaved person on this planet than Tubby Muffin when we swooped down on to Mother Earth, and landed safe and sound on the cricket-field.

I thought my garstly eggsperience would upset my appetite for tea. But it didn't. Cousin Jack stood me a hansom spread in the tuckshop, and I fortysed myself with tarts and buns, and gradually recovered from the shock to my nervous cistern!

You won't catch me having any more "flips" in an airoplane. Enuff is as good as a feast!



The Rebbles of St. Sam's!

By
DICKY NUGENT

A thrilling story of a School Rebellion.

"UP, the rebbles!" Jack Jolly's voice peeled like a thunderclap through the Fourth Form room at St. Sam's.

Jack's face, which was deathly pale, was purple with indignation. His cheeks were pink with passion.

Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth, and the biggest tyrant known to history since Nero, had been on the warpath that morning. He had doled out lines and lickings with a liberal hand, and he had broken six canes on the backs of his pupils.

Some of the lickings had been terrible in their cruel barbarity. Young Frayle of the Fourth, who was a weak, undersized rat of a fellow, had received no less than fifty cuts with the cane, and he had fallen across the form in a faint.

Among the victims of Mr. Lickham's wrath were Merry and Bright, the two chums of Jack Jolly. Merry had been caned for telling the Form-master that it was William the Conqueror who signed the Magna Charter while Rome was burning; and Bright had been licked for saying that Parris was the capital of Palestine.

Of course, both juniors ought to have known better. Merry ought to have known that it was Julius Caesar, and not William the Conqueror, who signed the Magna Charter; and Bright should have known that Parris was the capital of Persia—not Palestine.

But there was no excuse for Mr. Lickham's eggstreme severity. He had gone too far—much too far.

All the morning, the Fourth had been smouldering with resentment; and now they burst into flame.

Jack Jolly had been called out in front of the class, to receive private punishment—or, rather, corporal punishment. But instead of stepping to the four, Jack stayed where he was.

"Up, the rebbles!"

His voice tinkled through the Form-room like the booming of a gun.

Instantly the fellows were on their feet. Their hearts were flushed, their faces were thumping against their ribs with eggstement.

"The hour has struck!" cried Jack Jolly dramatically, with a glance at the Form-room clock. "The time is now ripe for us to shake off the tyrant's yolk—"

"Good egg!"

"And to launch the biggest rebellion that ever was!"

"Hooray!"

Mr. Lickham stared at his eggstited

pupils with eyes which fairly started from their sockitts.

"Sit down at once, all of you!" he thundered. "How dare you behave in this disgraceful manner? Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses?"

"We're as sane as you are," flashed Jack Jolly. "What's more, we're in grim earnest. The hour has struck, and the rain of the tyrant is over. The great rebellion will now commence. March out, you fellows!"

Mr. Lickham began to wonder whether he was dreaming.

Rank by rank, file by file, the rebbles of the Fourth marched out of the Form-room.

Mr. Lickham stood quite still for a moment, like a petrified old fossil. Then he recovered the power of action, and rushed towards the door, brandishing his cane.

But he could not cheque the surging tide of humanity which flowed through the doorway. He was pushed out of the way without ceremony, and he went sprawling. The reckless rebbles wiped their boots on him, and passed on.

Straight up to the Fourth Form dormitory they went, and on arriving there they held a brief council of war!

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" cried Jack Jolly, jumping on to a bed, "we're fed-up with that tyrant Lickham and his brootal ways, and we're going to have a barring-out, until he promises not to be so free with his cane in future. If there are any faint-hearted funks here, who haven't the curridge to take part in this rebellion, let them speak up now, or for ever hold their piece!"

Nobody spoke. Even Craven of the Fourth, the biggest funk at St. Sam's, refrained from backing out. But perhaps that was because his mouth was full of toffy, and he couldn't speak!

"Merry and Bright," said Jack Jolly, "you will be my first and second left tenants respectfully. You will proceed to the tuckshop, and buy up enough supplies to last us for a week."

"That's all very well, Jack," said Merry. "But who's going to foot the bill?"

Then up spoke Bullion of the Fourth—a fellow who was simply rolling in coppers.

"It's my treat," he said. "I shall be pleased to pay for all the grub."

"Good old Bullion!"

Merry and Bright hurried away on their mission. They were back in half

an hour, carrying between them a tremendous hamper, crammed with tuck. They staggered into the dormitory with their burden, and dumped it on to the floor.

"Good!" said Jack Jolly. "Now, the next thing we've got to do is to barricade the door. All hands to the pumps!"

A couple of beds were pushed towards the door, and placed on top of each other, forming a stout barricade. The rebbles then made themselves comfortable, and waited for things to happen.

They hadn't long to wait.

Footmarks could presently be heard ascending the stairs. They were the familiar footmarks of Doctor Birchmall, the headmaster of St. Sam's.

The Head rapped on the panels of the door with his bony nuckles.

"Jolly! Merry! Bright!" he roared, in terrifying tones. "What's the meaning of this here? What do you think you're doing of?"

At the sound of that stern but skollarly voice, several of the juniors turned pale. But Jack Jolly didn't turn a hare. He, at all events, was not a frightened rabbit.

"This is a rebellion, sir," cried Jack, "and I am proud to be the ringleader! We refuse to be licked by Lickham any longer! And we're going to stay here until Lickham promises not to be such a tyrant in future."

"Ho-ho!" said the Head grimly. "You're going to stay there, are you? We'll soon see about that! I'll have you driven out of this dormitory like rats from their holes!"

"Rats!" cried the rebbles.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Run away and pick flowers!"

Being a vegetarian, the Head didn't go and eat coke. And, not being a haughty-culturist, he didn't go and pick flowers. He rapped and raged on the other side of the door.

Pressantly Mr. Lickham's voice could be heard, talking to the Head.

"It is disgraceful, sir—positively disgraceful! If I were you, I should birch 'em all, Birchmall!"

"And so I will!" roared the Head angrily. "The cheeky young bratts. Jolly is the ringleader, and he shall be sacked from the school for this—chucked out on his neck! I am so angry, Lickham, that it is as much as I can do to refrain from using undignified expressions!"

"They appear to have barricaded the door, sir," said the master of the Fourth. "What steps shall we take to get them out?"

"No steps at all, but a long ladder," replied the Head. "There is one behind the woodshed. Run and fetch it, Lickham, there's a good fellow, and we'll rear it up to the dormitory windows."

Mr. Lickham fetched the ladder, and the Head joined him down in the quad.

At the windows above appeared the grinning faces of the rebbles. The Head shook his fist at them.

"You can grin!" he roared. "But you'll soon find out the truth of the old proverb that he who laughs laughs laughs!"

"Ha, ha ha!"

"I'm coming up after you!" said the Head grimly.

"I should advise you to stay where you are, sir," warned Jack Jolly. "If you come up this ladder, we'll train the hose-pipe on you!"

"What! What!" gasped the Head, scarcely able to believe his ears. "You would dare to swamp your headmaster?"

"Come up, and see!"

The Head backed hastily away from the foot of the ladder.

"I think, my dear Lickham, that you had better make the ascent," he said. "I was a good climber in my young days, but my hands and feet have lost their cunning. Go up and fetch the young rascals down!"

Gingerly, Mr. Lickham set foot on the ladder. Gingerly he started to climb. But before he had taken half a dozen steps, the hose started to play on him from above, and a fierce jet of water knocked him backwards. He alighted, with a wail of anguish, on the Head's pet corn.

"Yow-ow!"

"Yaroooo!"

The Head danced around, his face scrood up with pain. And from the windows above came a peel of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lickham made no further attempt to climb the ladder. One shower-bath a day kept the doctor away; but a cupple might have given him a severe chill. Fossil the porter was fetched, and ordered to go up and fetch the rebbles down. But Fossil shared the fate of Mr. Lickham. He was a porter when he went up the ladder; when he came down he was dripping.

All efforts to dislodge the rebbles having failed, the Head was obliged to give it up for that day. And the rebbles sat down to dinner in great spirits. They were top dog, so far: and they had no fears for the future.

On the second day, the Head fetched the local police force. But, as the local police force consisted of one fat constable, who could do nothing but wave his truncheon and say: "Hi! You come along down out of it!" Jack Jolly & Co. were not seriously troubled.

On the third day, the rebbles were still holding out; but their supplies

of tuck were beginning to get very low. Tubby Barrell, the fat fellow of the Fourth, had been keeping guard during the night, and he had helped himself liberally from the hamper. When the rebbles woke up, they found there was only one tin of biskits left, thanks to Tubby's greediness.

The fat junior was given a jolly good bumping, but this didn't console the rebbles for the loss of their grub.

Some of the weaker spirits began to quail at the prospect of slow starvation. Craven, the funk of the Fourth, started to sob.

"I say, Jolly," he said, "let's give in! We can't possibly stay here without grub."

"Cowherd!" cried Jack Jolly scornfully. "You had your chance to back out, when the rebellion started, and you didn't take it. Now you can stay where you are!"

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Craven. "I shall starve!"

"Well, you'll starve in good com-



Merry and Bright were back in half an hour, carrying between them a tremendous hamper.

pany," said Merry consolingly. "We're all in the same boat."

Even Jack Jolly grew rather anxious as the day passed. It was not possible to obtain further supplies, and there was now only one patter-cake biskit left. How could forty rebbles possibly exist on one patter-cake biskit?

It began to look as if the rebbles would have to give in: in which case, Jack Jolly would have been sacked from the school, and the others publicly flogged.

Just before dusk on the third day, however, a car came snorting in at the gates of St. Sam's.

Jack Jolly rushed to the window, and gave a glad cry.

"My pater—General Jolly! Oh, what luck!"

The general, a tall, marshal-looking man, with a military mistosh and a nautical gate, stepped out of the car.

"Why, Jack," he cried, catching sight of his son, "what are you doing up there?"

In a few words, Jack Jolly explained the situation. The general listened grimly.

"You say that Mr. Lickham has behaved with gross brutality, what?" he said.

"Yes, sir!" said Merry. "He gave me an awful licking the other day. I can show you the wheels, if you like. I've got wheels all the way down my back!"

"Same here!" echoed a dozen voices.

The general tugged fiercely at his mistosh.

"Leave this to me, my boys!" he said sternly. "I am a Guvvornor of this school, and I will see Doctor Birchmall at once. Rest assured that you shall have your rights!"

"Hooray!"

The juniors knew nothing of the stormy interview which followed, between the Head and General Jolly. But they knew who got the best of it, because when the two gentlemen came out into the quad, the general was looking flushed and triumphant, and the Head was looking awfully sick.

"He's done it," cried Jolly from the window. "I knew the pater would have his own way with the Head. They had to make him a General in the Army for the same reason—there's no stopping the old chap when once he gets going."

"The Head looks pretty sick with himself," said Merry. "I say Jolly, I wish I had a pater like that."

"He's a useful old bird," smiled Jolly. "He's promised to make me a general in the Navy when I grow up. And you can bet your last bread crust he'll do it."

"He looks if he could do anybody," said Snarler.

"Shut up, Snarler," snapped Merry, brightly. "The old chap's looking at us. Don't let him see your ugly phiz or he'll die of apple plexy."

All eyes were now focussed on the General.

"My boys!" cried the general, glancing up at the anxious faces of the rebbles. "You can come down now. Your troubles are over. I have made Mr. Lickham prommis, in the presence of the Head, that he will in future rule by kindness, instead of with a rod of iron. I have also eggstracted a sollum prommis from the Head that he will not punish any of you in connection with this rebellion."

"Oh, good!" cried Craven of the Fourth, who had had visions of being hoisted on the porter's shoulders, and reseaving about fifty strokes with the birch. "Three cheers for General Jolly!"

And the cheers of the rebbles tinkled across the quadrangle like the roaring of many waters.

The Great Rebellion was over, and in the Fourth Form at St. Sam's all was Jolly and Merry and Bright!

GOING STRONG!



At eating the Editor of "B. B's. Annual" is a real "professor"!



I HAVE just spent a very busy afternoon, collecting people's confessions. I called on a number of fellows and asked them to name their favourite sport, their favourite hobby, the sort of dinner they liked best, and which popular song and book were their favourites.

Surprising how tastes differ, isn't it? Although I questioned half a dozen fellows I never got the same answer twice.

Here is the list of fads and fancies which I have collected:

ERIC KILDARE.

Favourite Sport: Cricket.

Favourite Hobby: My duties are so numerous that I've no time for hobbies.

Favourite Dinner: Irish stew.

Favourite Song: "The Minstrel Boy."

Favourite Book: "David Copperfield."

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY:

Favourite Sport: "Dancin', deah boy!"

Favourite Hobby: "Overhaulin' my wardrobe, bai Jove!"

Favourite Dinner: "Pigeon pie. They nevalh serve it at St. Jim's, but I enjoy it at Eastwood House duwin' the vac."

Favourite Song: "Yaas, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall!"

Favourite Book: "Any book dealin' with Smart Fashlons for Stylish Fellahs."

BAGGY TRIMBLE:

Favourite Sport: Eating contests.

Favourite Hobby: Listening at study keyholes.

Favourite Dinner: Horsee D'oovers, Tomato Soop, white bate, stake pooding, boiled beef and carrots, jam roly-poly. Plenty of strobberies and cream to wind up with.

Favourite Song: "The Gobbler's Song."

Favourite Book: I hate books. I prefer to "devour" a jolly good feed!

WALLY D'ARCY.

Favourite Sport: Tadpole fishing.

Favourite Hobby: Keeping white mice.

Favourite Dinner: Herrings toasted at the fire in the fags' common-room.

Favourite Song: "That Old-fashioned Brother of Mine!"

Favourite Book: THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL, of course!

TOM MERRY.

Favourite Sport: Footer.

Favourite Hobby: I'm constantly changing my hobbies. First I was crazy on stamp-collecting, then coin-collecting, and after that picture postcard collecting. Nowadays I seldom find time to collect anything—not even my wits!

Favourite Dinner: I've no favourite. Any good, honest fare, well cooked, suits my palate.

Favourite Song: "Drake Goes West."

Favourite Book: "Treasure Island."

Skimpole of the Shell, when questioned as to his fads and fancies, was deeply engrossed in a ponderous tome written by Professor Balmycrumpet. Consequently, his answers were a bit mixed. He informed me that his favourite sport was roast pork and apple sauce; his favourite hobby was "Rule, Britannia"; his favourite dinner was a volume of Balmycrumpet; his favourite song "The Old Curiosity Shop," and his favourite book, butterfly-catching!



TEN little "jigger" boys, starting for a spin,
Little dreamed how very soon their troubles
would begin!

Ten little "jigger" boys, took a steep decline,
One applied his brako too late, and then there were
nine!

Nine little "jigger" boys, pedalling at a rate,
One pitched o'er his handlebars, and then there were
eight!

Eight little "jigger" boys, "scorching" down in
Devon,
One collided with a car, and then there were seven!

Seven little "jigger" boys, tried some fancy tricks,
One went plump into a pond, and then there were six!

Six little "jigger" boys, down a dale did dive,
One turned twenty somersaults, and then there were
five!

Five little "jigger" boys, saw a grocer's store,
One went through the window-front, and then there
were four!

Four little "jigger" boys, tired as tired could be,
One "dropped off" through weariness, and then
there were three!

Three little "jigger" boys, checked a man in blue,
One was forcibly detained, and then there were two!

Two little "jigger" boys, a lorry strove to shun,
One succeeded, one did *not*, and so there was one!

One little "jigger" boy had a fatal spill,
He vanished in the ambulance, and now there are nil

No little "jigger" boys on the roads were seen:
Moral—Stick to "Safety First" when riding a
machine!

But do not take too much to heart the lines I've
just set down.

And please remember Safety First in country or in
town,

When cycling midst the 'buses and where the
"shovers" shove,

You will feel the utmost gratitude for the bobby's
useful glove.

But bear in mind this point when you ride to take
the air—

The best old bike that ever creaked wants treating
with much care.

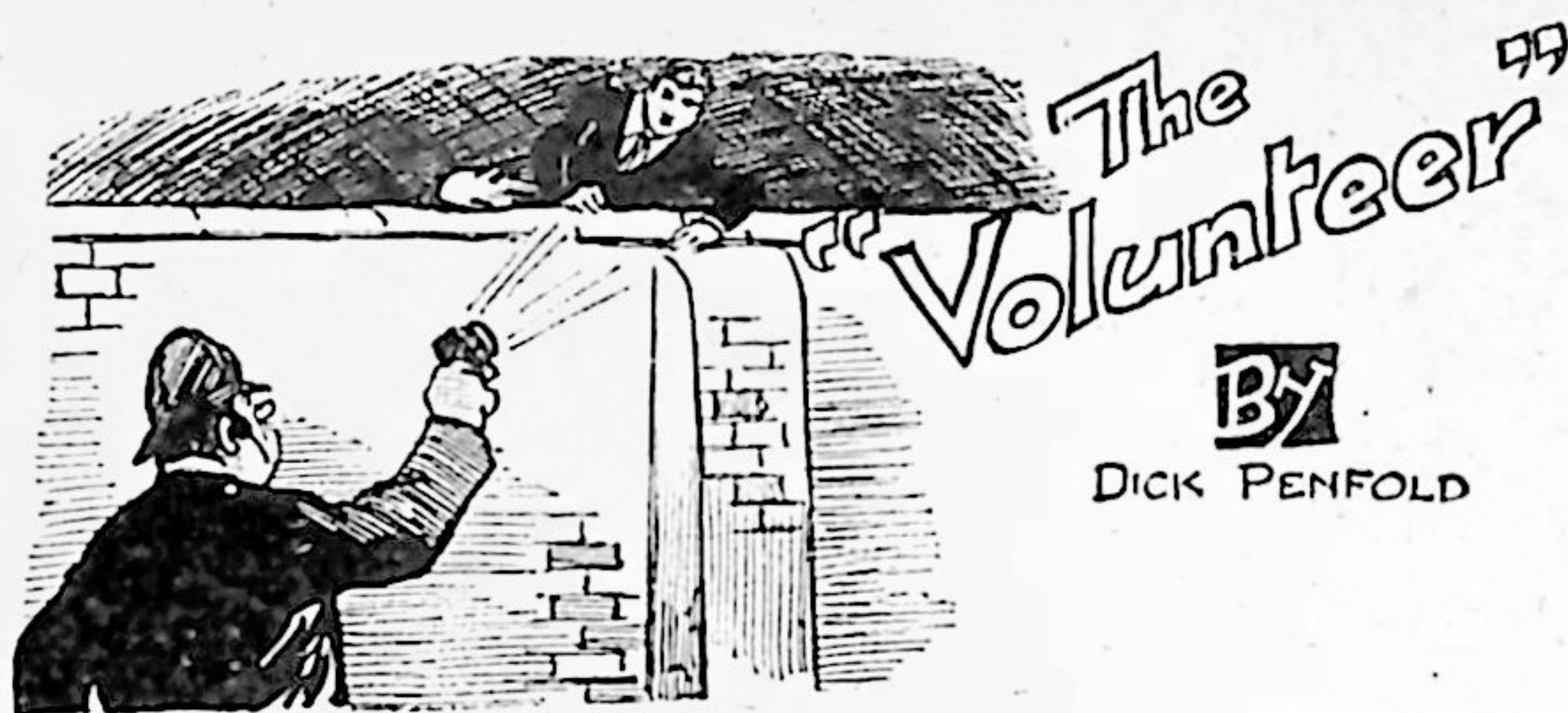
The handlebars are useful, but not for 'neat gym
stunters,

Just ride alone and never load the back step with fat
Bunters.

As a wind up to my sage advice just take this tip
from me—

Beware the awful slippery road and the skid of misery.
And let your rear light twinkle like a star at evening-
time,

A wrinkle worth the having, while it's a first class
word to rhyme.



A special contribution (I believe I have seen worse), by a long-haired Removite who thinks he's good at verse.

B.B.

THE moon had raised her lamp above; there was a fearful storm. And Harry Wharton shivered as he peered around the dorm.

"Is anyone awake?" he asked. There came a soft reply. "I'm wide awake," said Peter Todd. "Yes, rather!" "So am I!"

The midnight chimes were sounding from the ivy-mantled tower. And everybody shuddered as the clock tolled forth the hour.

"Now what about this midnight feast?" Bob Cherry softly said. And all the fellows gave a cheer, and tumbled out of bed.

The candles glimmered in the gloom, and everything was jolly. But Harry Wharton gave a frown—a frown of melancholy.

"We haven't got the grub," he said. "Now who will volunteer to journey to the village shop and fetch the hamper here?"

Then on the dormitory there fell a long and chilling silence. Had anybody dropped a pin, it would be heard a mile hence!

"Come, come!" said Wharton. "Who'll agree to undertake this mission?"

Said Billy Bunter, "I'm quite game. But this is the position. I sprained my ankle yesterday, and cannot walk a yard; and so, as far as I'm concerned, this midnight trip is barred!"

Then Harry Wharton turned to Squiff, and ordered him to go.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Squiff. "But what a night! The stormy winds do blow! The trees are swaying in the Close, the rain is pelting down. I really think you ought to give the job to Bull or Brown."

"I think our Squiffy chum should go and fetch the worthy hamper," said Hurree Singh. And we exclaimed:

"Yes, rather! Off you scamper!"

And then, while Squiff got up and dressed, we made a rope of sheets, and lowered him into the Close—the trickiest of feats!

Away went Squiff, with grim intent, to bring the hamper back. And peering through the gloom, he saw old Quelch on his track!

Squiff ran like fury, and old Quelch

was panting at his heels. (You should be in that plight yourself, to know just how it feels!)

"Come back! Come back!" cried Mr. Quelch.

But Squiff ran all the faster. Then Quelch stumbled on a stone, and met with dire disaster.

Squiff scaled the wall, and down the lane he sped just like a hare. He'd gone about a dozen yards, then met a blinding glare.

The fat and portly Tozer flashed his bull's-eye on the scene.

"Young rip!" he growled, surveying Squiff. "Wot does this conduct mean?"

For answer, Squiff shot out his left, and Tozer hit the mud.

"Yaroooooh! Young 'ooligan!" he raved. "For this I'll 'ave yer blood."

But Squiff had taken to his heels: he sped on through the night. And when he came to Friardale, he had another fright.

For Loder of the Sixth was there, emerging from a "pub."

"What are you doing here," he cried, "you insolent young cub?"

Squiff leapt upon the prefect like a tiger from a cage. He simply peppered him with blows, and Loder snarled with rage.

"Yow-ow! Stand clear, you cheeky brat!" the angry prefect yelled. "For this night's work I'll see that you are publicly expelled!"

Then Loder hit the pavement with a most resounding whack. His nose was swollen, and his eyes were swiftly turning black!

Meanwhile, our hero rushed away and reached the village shop. He got the hamper, which was crammed with tuck and ginger-pop.

He bore the hamper on his back in safety to the school.

"My hat! I'm jolly warm!" he gasped. "I wish I could keep cool! I wonder if the rope of sheets has been hauled up again? No, there it is, still dangling down, and sodden by the rain."

He gave a low, soft whistle, and a voice from overhead responded to his signal.

"We will haul you up!" it said. "You'd better take the hamper first; I'll tie it on the end," said Squiff, and shortly afterwards he watched the thing ascend.

"It's all serene. We've got the tuck!" came Harry Wharton's voice. "And now we'll haul you up, friend Squiff, and revel and rejoice!"

"Buck up!" said Squiff. "I'm frozen stiff, and soaked right to the skin!"

"It won't take long to haul you up," said Wharton, with a grin.

Squiff clutched the knotted rope, and then a voice cried, "Haul away!" And soon he was inside the dorm, where all was bright and gay.

"I've had an awful time," he said. "First Quelch came on my track. Then Tozer intercepted me—I put him on his back! Then Loder of the Sixth loomed up, and asked me what I meant. I threw him off the pavement—and I threw him off the scent!"

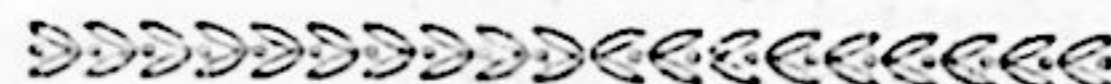
"Well done!" said Wharton. "You're a sport! I think we all agree that you deserve a knighthood, or at least an O.B.E. No other chap would take the risk—not even Bull or Brown."

"I would," said Billy Bunter, "but that foot of mine broke down!"

"Come on, you chaps!" said Cherry. "We will now attack the feast. I feel so hungry I could eat a rabbit-ple, at least!"

We gathered round by candle-light, and started on the tuck. Then drank Squiff's health in ginger-pop, and praised him for his pluck!

THE END.



CHINESE CHATTER.

By Wun Lung.

Me tinkee "Billy Bunter's Annual" would be much improved if little Wun Lung got a place on the staffee. (Me no savvy.—Ed.)

Me tinkee Hop Hi ought to take a handee, too. (He'll take a boot if he comes nosing round this establishment.—Ed.)

Me contlibute lovely bloodthilsty folles about my native countlee. (Groo!—Ed.)

Me manage the paper velly muchee better than that fool Billy Buntel. (You wait till I get hold of you, you pigtailed pest. I'll flay you alive!—Ed.)

Me expectee to getee at least five bobee for these notes. (Blessed is he who expecteth nix: and then he won't find himself in a fix.—Ed.)

Me simply must getee jobee on staffee somehow. If Wicked Billy Buntel say no, me choppee offee pigtail in disgust! (Go ahead with the merry execution!—Ed.)

Me blingee out "Annual" of my ownnee, and then "Bully Buntel's Annual" will have to shut up shopee! (Me givee Wun Lung a taste of my fistee, and then he will have to put up the shutters!—Ed.)

Favourite Mottos!



By Greyfriars Celebrities.

THE LEG-PULLER!

By DICK PENFOLD,

BOB Cherry hailed me in the hall
With, "Have you heard the
latest?
Of all the stunts I can recall
It is the best and greatest!
Our worthy Head, and Mr. Prout,
Are fighting in the gym!"
The genial Bob, I soon found out,
Had pulled my lower limb!

BILLY BUNTER:
A motto that you cannot beat:
"Eat not to live, but live to eat!"

LORD MAULEVERER:
"When the storms of life are brewin',
Lie an' read some sweet
romance.
Let us, then, be up an' doin'
Nothin'—while we have the
chance!"

BOB CHERRY:
I've got three:
Here they be:
"Never get slack when things look
black."
"A miss is as good as a mile."
"Pack up your troubles in your old
kit-bag,
And smile, boys, smile!"

HURREE SINGH:
"Look before you jumpfully leap."
"Let sleeping dogs slumberfully
sleep."
"A penny saved is a quid of gainful-
ness."
And "Pleasure follows after pain-
fulness."
"A friend in need is a friend indeed-
fully."
"More hasteful haste, less speedful
speedfully."

HAROLD SKINNER:
"Eat, drink, and be merry!"
An excellent motto, very!

BOLSOVER MAJOR:
"Twice armed is he who hath his
quarrel just;

But thrice is he armed who gets his
blow in fust!"

SIDNEY SNOOP:
"He who flights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.
But he who stays and takes his
chance,
Will exit on the ambulance!"

ALONZO TODD:
"A little deed of kindness,
A little word of cheer,
Will heal poor Bunter's blindness,
And make Tom Dutton hear!"

PETER TODD:
"All that glitters is not gold,"
And Bunter's "ticker's" not, I'm
told.

FISHER T. FISH:
"He who whispers down a well
About the goods he has to sell,
Won't reap the shining silver dollars,
Like he who climbs a tree, and
hollers!"

or,

"Gather ye dollars while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And in my study every jay
Will find some stuff worth buying!"

CLAUDE HOSKINS:
My favourite motto knocks out all
the rest: "Music hath charms to
soothe the savage breast!"

Next day he hailed me once again.
"Hast heard the news?" he
cried.
"Old Coker has become insano,
And scared the countryside!
He's scattering people left and
right
Along the road to Pegg!"
I hurried off to view the sight—
But Bob had pulled my leg!

That night, when I was sound
asleep
Bob Cherry roused my ire;
Straight from his bed he gave a
leap
And loudly bellowed "FIRE!"
I woke in panic and dismay,
And feared that I might roast;
Till I heard Cherry calmly say,
"I've had you all on toast!"

Next morning, Bob came up and
said,
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!
You're wanted, Penfold, by the
Head."
I grinned and didn't go!
I thought 'twas one of Cherry's
jokes
(What else could you expect?)
I've now received six painful
strokes—
Bob's message was correct!

