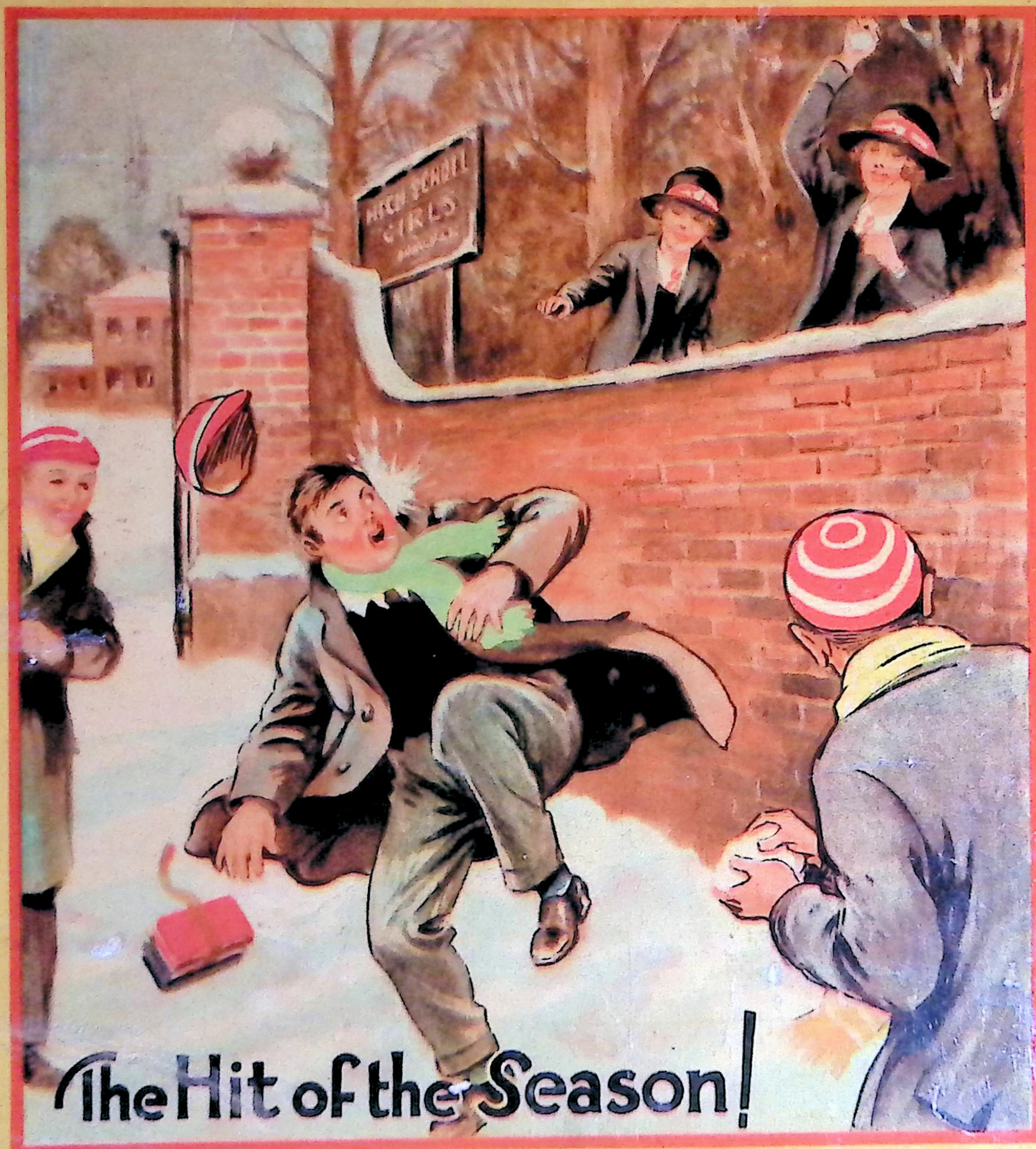


THE GREYFRIARS

# HOLIDAY

1929 ANNUAL 1929  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



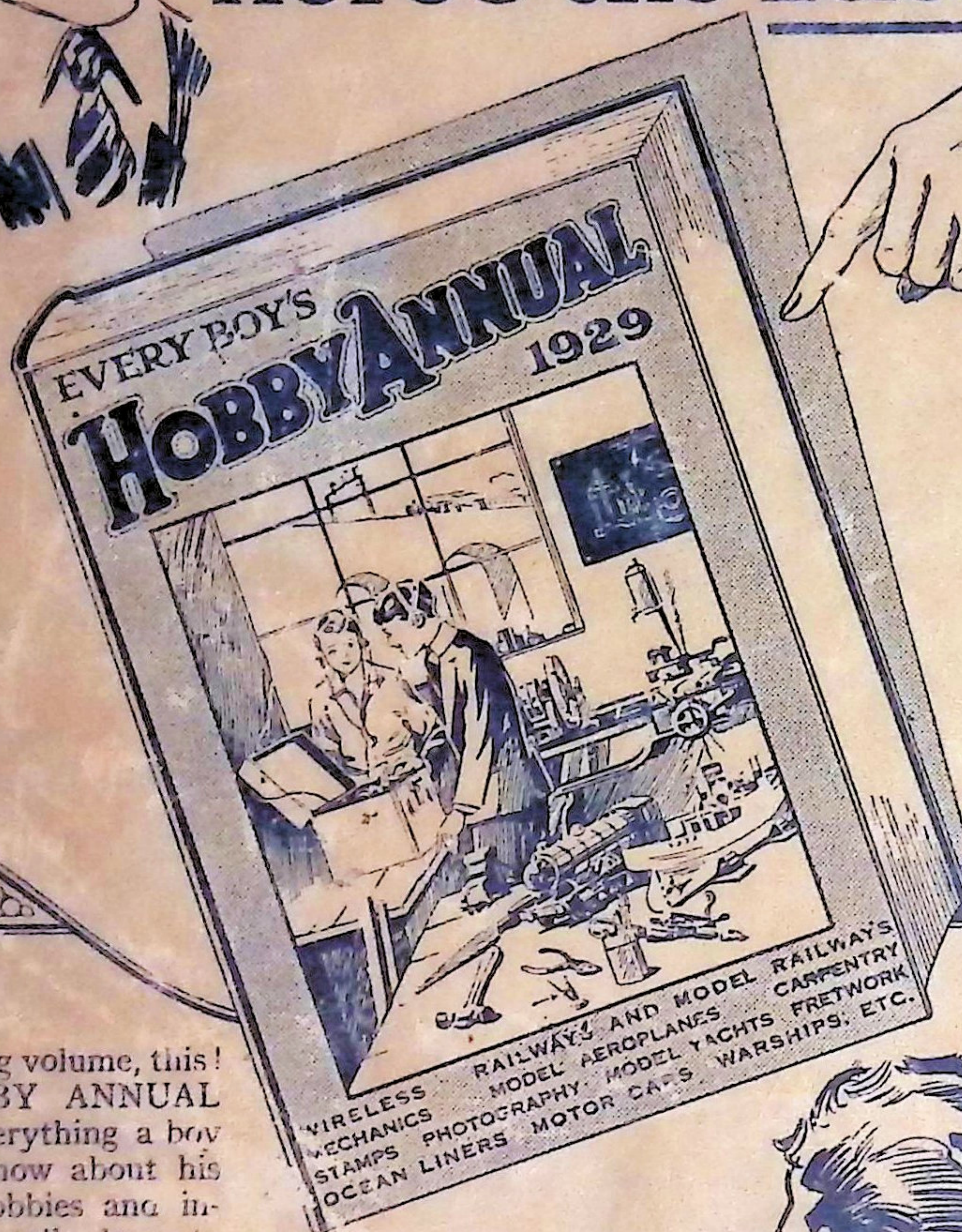
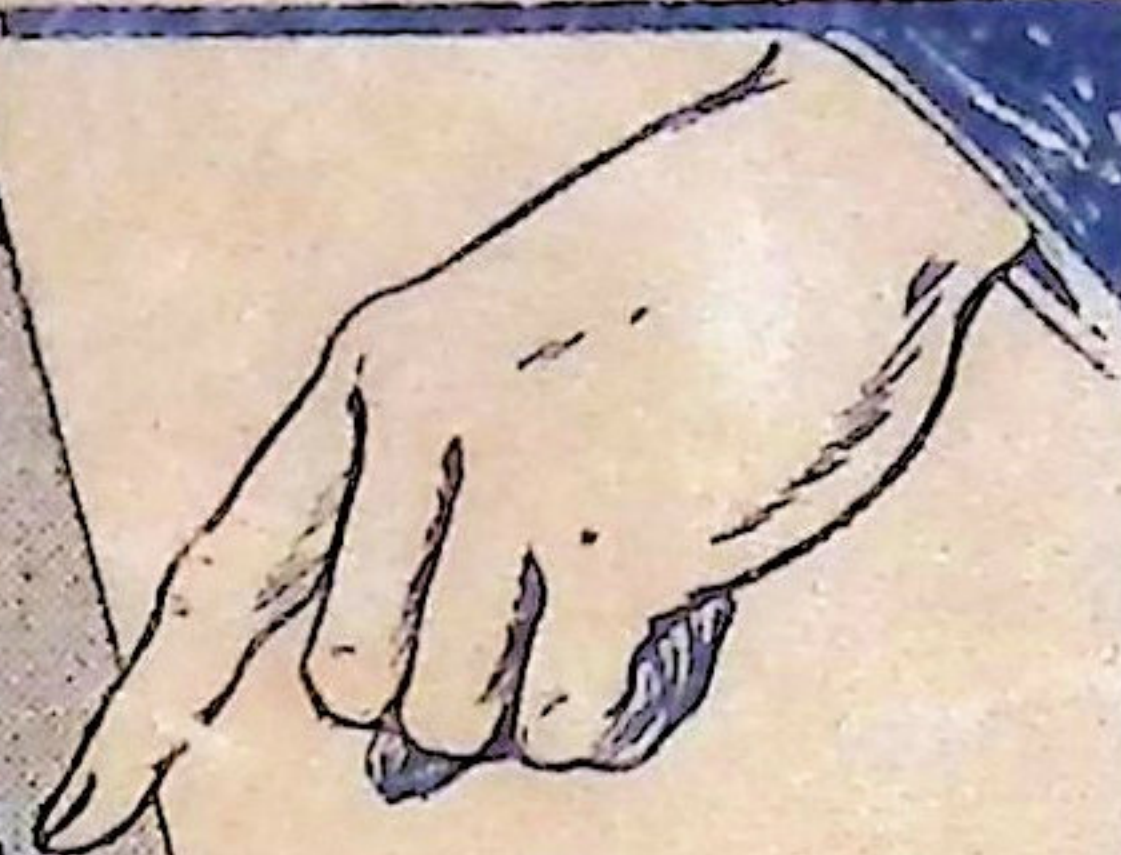
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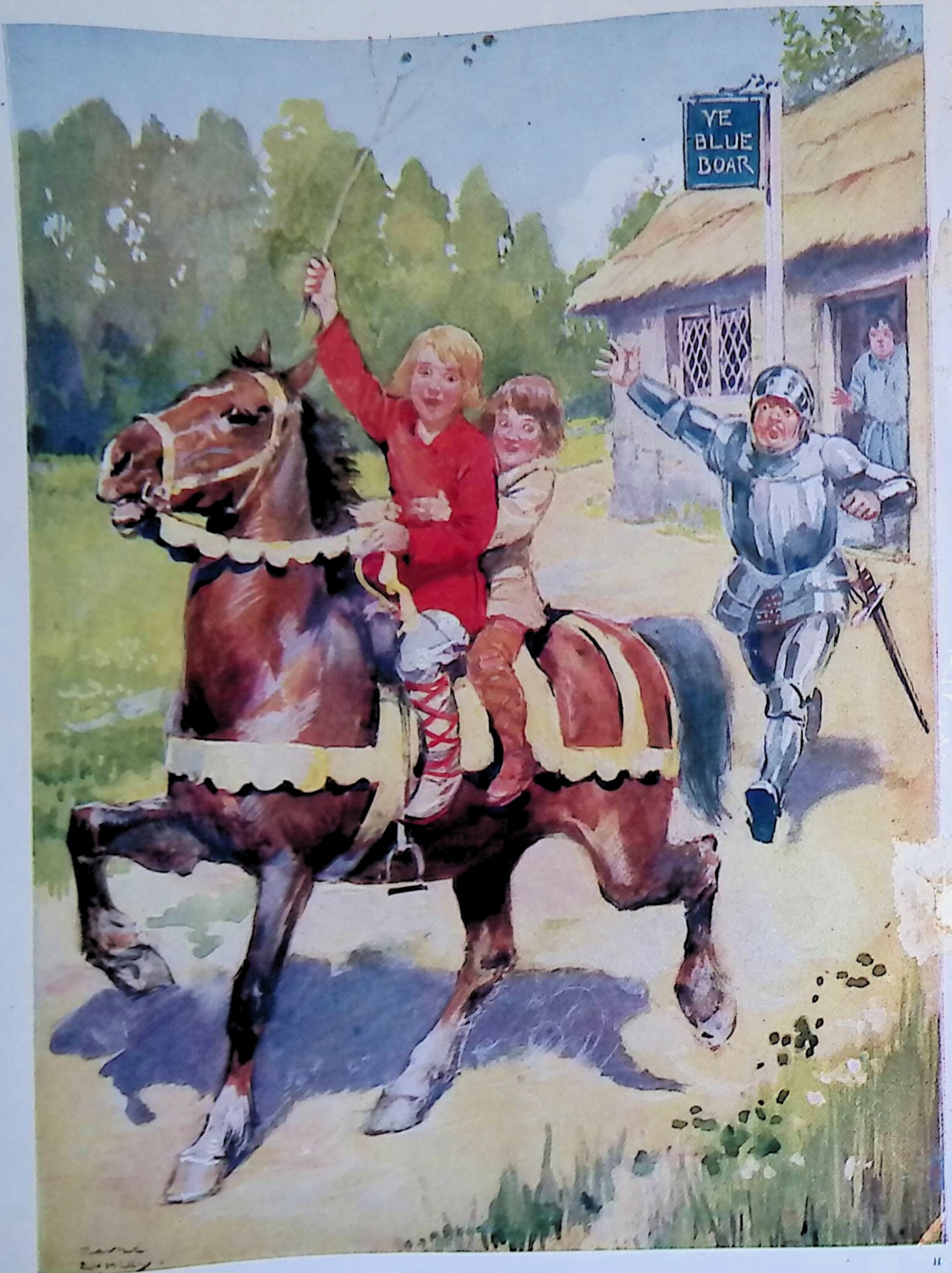
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1929



## The Editor to his Friends

TEN years have passed since the first volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL was announced, and it is to mark the occasion of our tenth birthday that this volume appears in a new and improved form. According to the host of kindly critics who have written to me, to attempt to improve the contents of our ANNUAL is a well-nigh hopeless task. Nevertheless I have taken special pains to preserve the supremely high standard of the cheery schoolboy stories and the thrilling yarns of clean adventure which are the special feature of every HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

The more substantial paper used, while adding considerably to the cost of production, makes the HOLIDAY ANNUAL a more imposing volume than ever, and will gain for it a host of new friends.

In the pages that follow are waiting to greet you all that famous company of schoolboy heroes who are so well known and well loved by boys and girls in every quarter of the globe.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter, and all the familiar members of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, will entertain you again; Tom Merry and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's, are also in great form; while Jimmy Silver and his famous Co., who inhabit the End Study in the Fourth-form passage at Rookwood, are very much to the fore in a great story written specially for this volume by world-famous Owen Conquest.

The cheery adventures of these favourite characters can never grow stale. On the contrary, their popularity grows year by year, and there is every indication that they are doomed to remain schoolboys for ever!

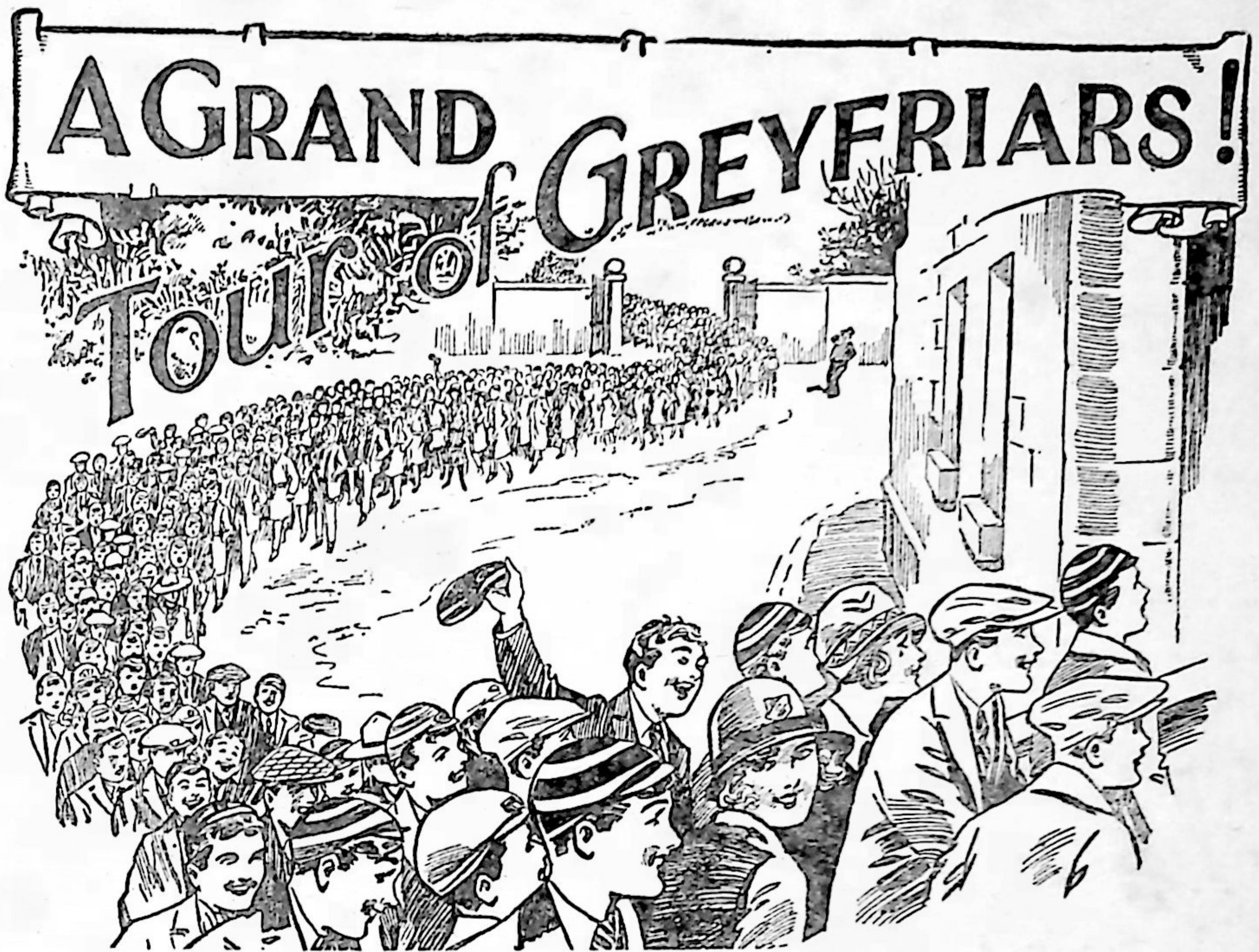
And why not? The laughter and high spirits and youthful zest which run through these, the most popular schoolboy stories in the world, make them the finest of reading for the young, and as good as a tonic even for grandpa!

Like its predecessors, the HOLIDAY ANNUAL for 1929 is offered with every confidence as a contribution to the gaiety and jollity of life, and an addition to the sum of human happiness—by your old friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,  
FARRINGTON STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.4.





*Personally conducted by your Editor, who will show you all the principal sights of the famous old Greyfriars School and will introduce you to all the notabilities—whom many of you already know so well in print!*

**L**ET us give free rein to our fancy for a moment, and imagine that it would be possible to charter a huge charabanc, capable of conveying all our readers—boys and girls and grown-ups—on a grand tour of Greyfriars School, which is famous the world over.

It would need to be a very roomy charabanc indeed—a leviathan of the road—for the number of HOLIDAY ANNUAL readers runs into tens of thousands!

Having come together from all parts of the globe, and foregathered in London, you crowd into this monster vehicle, all agog with excitement and brimful of eagerness to see this famous school you have read so much about, and its equally famous scholars.

The grand tour is to be personally conducted by your Editor, who will show you all the sights worth seeing, and introduce you to all the people worth meeting, and also tell you—through a powerful megaphone, of course!—something of the history of the school as we go along.

We are off and away! London, with its seemingly endless prospects of bricks and mortar, is left behind at last, and our charabanc goes thundering through its environs, down into that choice corner of "England's green and pleasant land," the fair county of Kent.

#### **FIRST STOP—GREYFRIARS!**

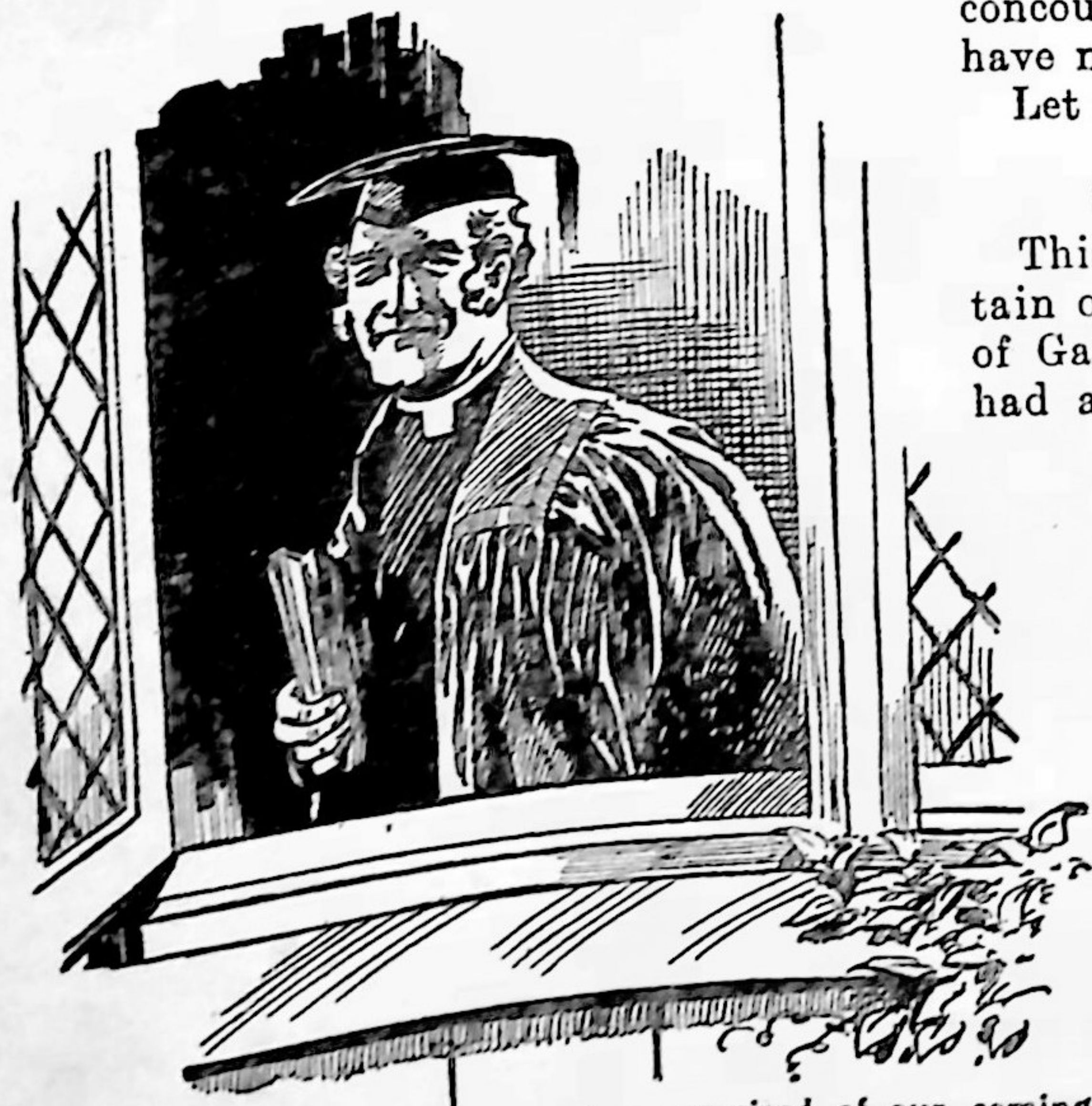
A jolly two-hours' run brings us within sight of Greyfriars School. We see its old



tower looming on the skyline—a quaint old tower, ancient and ivy-clad, standing four-square to all the winds that blow. For hundreds of years that historic tower has stood sentinel over the rugged coast. Some of you shall climb it with me presently, and we will look out over the wide waters of the North Sea, sparkling in the sunlight. From the opposite window of the tower we shall get a bird's-eye view of the charming Kentish countryside, and I will point out to you the peaceful village of Friardale, which has not altered a great deal since the days when the old monks shuffled through it with sandalled feet. Farther away nestles the old-fashioned town of Courtfield, though an occasional factory chimney lends it a touch of modernity.

Our charabanc slows up at the gates of Greyfriars, bringing Gosling, the porter, from his lodge, wide-eyed with wonder.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," remarks Gosling, "I ain't never seen a sharrybong of this size before! Do I dream? Do I wonder an' doubt? Is things wot they seem, or is visions about?"



Dr. Locke, the headmaster, has been apprised of our coming, and his kindly face beams at us from his study window.

Gosling's surprise is natural, for people are not in the habit of visiting Greyfriars in tens of thousands at a time. And the astonished porter dare not refuse us admittance, for what is one man against a mighty host numbering tens of thousands?

We clamber down from the charabanc and surge in at the gates, while Gosling surveys the vast procession in awe and wonder. Little did he dream that the "'allowed pre-sinks" of Greyfriars were to be invaded on so colossal a scale. But Dr. Locke, the headmaster, has been apprised of our coming, and his kindly face beams at us from his study window.

You like the look of Dr. Locke. His character is mirrored in his face—sincerity, kindness, and justice; ideal qualities in a headmaster.

The Close was deserted when we entered, but now it is swarming with seniors and juniors and fags; in fact, all Greyfriars has turned out to greet us.

The majority of you, my friends, will have to rest content with a verbal introduction to the Greyfriars fellows. If they attempted to shake hands with such a vast concourse of people, they would eventually have no hands left to shake!

Let me perform the introductions.

### STALWARTS OF THE SIXTH!

This big fellow is George Wingate, Captain of Greyfriars, head prefect, and Head of Games. I doubt if Greyfriars has ever had a more popular skipper. Wingate is the prince of good fellows; a sterling sportsman, a brilliant scholar, and loved by all who know him—even by those who are more apt to hate than to love.

And this is Patrick Gwynne, from the Emerald Isle. He is Wingate's chosen chum, and has worthily filled the place of gallant Arthur Courtney, who lost his life some time ago in a courageous effort to rescue a fellow-senior from a blazing building. An excellent fellow is Gwynne, sunny-tempered, gay-hearted, and easy-going. The



fags worship the ground he walks on, and tumble over each other for the honour of fagging for him.

And here is Laurence Faulkner—a n o t h e r real good sort, and one of the pillars of Greyfriars authority. He and Gwynne make an ideal right-wing for the School First Eleven. Good man, Faulkner!

Who is the lanky fellow with the unpleasant leer? He is Gerald Loder, the black sheep of the school. Loder is not at all a nice person to know. He spends his leisure in a way that would not meet with the approval of Dr. Locke, if that gentleman were aware of Loder's shady pursuits. Fortunately for Loder, he isn't! But the scapegrace of the Sixth had better tread warily, for sins have an unpleasant habit of coming home to roost!

And here is James Walker; rather a queer mixture. He is a dual personality, reminding one of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." When the "Dr. Jekyll" side of him is revealed, you find him quite a decent fellow, backing up Wingate, and pulling his weight in the school games. But when the reverse side of Walker's nature is shown, you find him hobnobbing with Loder, neglecting his prefectorial duties, and stooping to all sorts of folly. (It's no use your scowling at me,



Certainly Frank Nugent would pass for a girl if he wore feminine attire, but if you saw him playing footer, or sparring in the gym, you would scorn the idea that he was effeminate!

Walker! I have hit off your character to a T.)

We will take the rest of the seniors in a bunch. Time will not permit me to introduce them individually. Taking them by and large, they are as sound and decent a set of fellows as you would find anywhere. There is no danger of Greyfriars "going to the dogs" so long as such splendid sportsmen hold sway in the Sixth. The influence of George Wingate is largely responsible for this healthy state of affairs; so before





We see the old tower of Greyfriars School looming on the skyline—a quaint old tower, ancient and ivy-clad, standing four-square to all the winds that blow.

we pass on I think we might give three cheers for the Greyfriars skipper—don't you? Now, all together! Hip, hip, hip—hurrah!

Mass cheering, from tens of thousands of throats, is a new experience for Greyfriars. Such a volume of sound is enough to shake the old walls to their foundations!

### LESSER LIGHTS !

You see that group of fellows yonder, waiting to be introduced? They are Fifth-Formers. The biggest and burliest of them—Horace Coker—looks as if he ought to belong to the Sixth, and has wandered into the Fifth by mistake! Well, as far as stature goes, Coker certainly qualifies for the Sixth; but alas! in his case there is a surplus of brawn and a deficiency of brain! The fact is, Coker possesses the mentality of a Third-form fag—though he would be the last fellow in the world to admit it. (It's no use making grimaces at me, Horace! I am merely stating the facts. I shall have something to say about your virtues in a moment, so cheer up!)

Coker is not captain of the Fifth, my friends, which is perhaps fortunate for the Fifth, but a very sore point with Coker! He thinks he should be skipper instead of Blundell. That's Blundell, the rather good-looking fellow standing next to him. Coker is not exactly an Adonis, is he? If his face was his fortune, he would be bankrupt! (Calm yourself, Horace, and don't shake your fist at me!) Coker is inclined to be bombastic and heavy-handed in his dealings with juniors, but his heart's in the

right place, and there is no real vice in him. He's a duffer in class, and the way he plays football is a sight for gods and men and little fishes; but he is honest and honourable—straight as a gun-barrel, in fact—and Potter and Green (the two fellows standing behind him) may well be proud of Coker's friendship.

Blundell is an energetic, go-ahead sort of fellow—the right man in the right place—and the Fifth supports him loyally, on the whole. Bland is all right, and Cedric Hilton is another queer mixture of the James Walker type. The other members of the Fifth do not call for special mention, so we will pass on to the Shell. This is, perhaps, the least-heard-of Form at Greyfriars, and only Hobson and Hoskins warrant our attention. James Hobson is the leader of the Form, sturdy and stolid, and a really sound fellow. Claude Hoskins is also a "sound" fellow in a different sense. He plays the piano! His long-suffering Form-fellows vote him a "thumping" nuisance, and certainly the music that



Claude Hoskins dispenses is odious rather than melodious! You have heard the expression "Hobson's choice." Well, you can take it from me that it *isn't* James Hobson's choice when his study-mate puts on the loud pedal!

Who is this elegantly-dressed youth, surveying our monster charabanc with a lofty and supercilious stare? It is Cecil Reginald Temple, of the nuts nutty. Temple is the leader of the Upper Fourth—and the "Upper Ten," too, judging by his aristocratic air. He is a really wonderful fellow—quite one of the leading lights of Greyfriars—in the opinion of Cecil Reginald himself! But when you meet some of the mighty men of the Remove, in a moment, you will realise that Cecil Reginald Temple

is very small beer. Dabney and Fry and Scott are Temple's chief cronies. They feed him with their flattery, and lead Temple to suppose that he is a personage of no small importance. Quite a false supposition, of course!

### "THE FAMOUS FIVE" OF A FAMOUS FORM!

Now for the Greyfriars Remove! Here are the youthful heroes who have made history, and are still making it week by week, in the pages of "The Magnet Library." My voice will be quite husky by the time I have introduced all these celebrities, but no matter.

Forward, the Famous Five! Step briskly into the limelight, please! You now stand



Inky has a delightfully droll way of speaking; in fact, the amusement caused by our esteemed and ludicrous chum is terrific!



in the searchlight of thousands of pairs of eyes, but that does not seem to ruffle your serenity. Nothing shy about our heroes!

We will take Harry Wharton first. There may possibly be some people who have never heard of Harry Wharton; but, if so, they must be Crusoes, cast away on desert islands!

I don't propose to tell you Harry's life story. We have not brought our beds with us to Greyfriars, and arranged to stay a month! I will merely comment on one or two salient features of Wharton's school career. As a new boy he was headstrong and perverse and sullen, but those days are better forgotten. Harry quickly carved out a niche for himself at Greyfriars. He supplanted Bulstrode as captain of the Remove, and since then he has done for the Remove what Wingate has done for the Sixth. It has often been said that the Remove is the most unruly Form at Greyfriars, but that is not Wharton's fault. He is a stickler for discipline, and he takes his duties as Form captain very seriously.

He is a born leader of boys, and by his example of clean, energetic sportsmanship he has made the Remove a force to be reckoned with on the playing-fields. They invariably beat the Upper Fourth and the Shell at football and cricket, and even the Fifth have often been made to bite the dust. Wharton is a sound scholar, though lacking the brilliance of such as Mark Linley. He has proved himself a staunch comrade through storm and shine, and, having conquered his early waywardness, Harry Wharton is a credit to his Form and to his School. (No, Wharton, I will *not* spare your blushes!)

Of course, you have all picked out Bob Cherry from the rest. Bob's sunny smile would betray him anywhere. His smile is as much a part of him as his features and limbs. Bob's is indeed "the smile that won't come off." He carries it about with him wherever he goes, leaving in his trail a heritage of happy laughter. "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong," and Bob Cherry's smile is as strongly in evidence

on black days as on bright ones. He is bubbling over with the joy of life—the sort of fellow who sings in his bath and bounces down the stairs three at a time. Bob is a splendid type of British schoolboy—good-natured, generous to a fault, and a sportsman tried and true. No wonder they all like Bob Cherry!

Frank Nugent is probably the most handsome member of the "Five." (Did I hear a murmur of feminine approval?) It has been said that Frank is effeminate. Certainly he would easily pass for a girl if he wore feminine attire, but if you could see him playing footer, or sparring in the gym, you would scorn the notion that he was effeminate. Frank has a noble nature, and he is a real good fellow in every way. Need I say more?

Johnny Bull is a boy whose name is the index to his nature. He is a bluff and sturdy young Briton, with a habit of speaking—and hitting—straight from the shoulder when he is roused. John Bull fits in very well with the Famous Five, and his services in a "scrap" are invaluable. He is a downright, thorough-going person, entirely free from affectation, though not lacking in affection—particularly for his chosen chums.

And now, my most esteemed and ludicrous friends, permit me to introducefully present to you Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, commonly called "Inky," on account of his dusky complexion. (No need to make such a sweeping salaam, Inky; you are not in your native province now!) Hurree Singh came to Greyfriars to continue the education which was imperfectly begun by the native teachers of Bengal. They were supposed to have taught him the English tongue, but I am afraid their own conceptions of our language were somewhat hazy.

Inky has a delightfully droll way of speaking; in fact, the amusement caused by our esteemed and ludicrous chum is terrific! He gets our English proverbs hopelessly muddled, and will tell you that "It's a long lane that has no silver lining," and that "A stitch in timefulness is the best



policy," and that "Birds of a feather are worth two in the bushfulness."

Hurree Singh is a valued member of the famous "Co." As a bowler he has no equal among the Greyfriars juniors, and his lightning deliveries are as deadly and destructive as those of Fatty Wynn, the demon bowler of St. Jim's. Of course, Inky is a sportsman through and through, well worthy of a place in this remarkable quintette of school-boys.

#### BILLIE BUNTER— AND OTHERS!

Billy Bunter, I notice, has already introduced himself to many of you. I have seen him, from the corner of my eye, rolling up to several boys and girls with a self-satisfied smirk on his fat face, and proceeding to tell them the tale. He has doubtless pointed out that he is a fellow of considerable weight in the Greyfriars Remove—a statement which is quite accurate, if you take "weight" to mean avoirdupois! He turns the scale at fourteen stone, and is a tremendous trencher-man. But, then, you know all there is to be known about William George Bunter. His fame—or should I say notoriety?—has gone before him.

Bunter has been aptly described as "The Schoolboy Pickwick," and his antics are



The Third are a merry and mischievous crowd, never happier than when squabbling amongst themselves, or feasting on fried herrings which are impaled on penholders before the common-room fire!

even more amusing than those of Dickens' famous character. You all know of his propensity for exceeding the feed limit, though he complains bitterly that he doesn't get enough to eat between meals! You all know the time-honoured story of the postal-order which he is expecting hourly from one of his titled relations. Bob Cherry predicts that the postal-order will turn up some time during the Greek Kalends—which means never! But hope springs eternally in the human breast, or rather, *internally* so far as Billy Bunter is concerned!

I might chat to you for hours about the



follies and foibles of William George Bunter. I might—but I don't intend to! The rest of the acts of William George, and all that he does, and the numerous scrapes he gets into, are they not written in the chronicles of Mr. Frank Richards, and published every Saturday in "The Magnet Library"?

I must not dally over the rest of the introductions, for Dr. Locke has just whispered in my ear the welcome news that luncheon will soon be served. He has very kindly invited a number of us—as many as the spacious dining-hall will hold—to take luncheon with him at Greyfriars. Special arrangements have also been made with the various restaurants and cafés in Courtfield, and sufficient provisions have been laid in to feed the bulk of our mighty army. Obviously, it is no easy matter to cater for so vast a congregation; but if, by some mischance, there is not enough food to go round, we shall be compelled to turn cannibal, and start on Billy Bunter! There was a time when Bunter was in very real danger of being roasted and gobbled up by cannibals, but the story of how he escaped the stew-pot will have to keep.

### NOTABILITIES IN A NUTSHELL!

Apart from the Famous Five, the most prominent members of the Remove Form are Herbert Vernon-Smith, the son of a millionaire, and a black sheep now regenerate. "Smithy" has risen on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things.

The two fellows who appear to be twins are Peter and Alonzo Todd, both study-mates of Billy Bunter. Peter is shrewd, and Alonzo is "soft," but both are extremely likeable fellows.

The hefty-looking individual with the pugilistic manner—he happens to be tweaking Skinner's ear at the moment—is Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove. Skinner, his present victim, is an unprincipled cad, and possibly the worst fellow at Greyfriars. Snoop, yonder, is a sneak and a toady; Peter Hazeldene, his companion, is weak-willed and unstable. The boy with the tanned face is Tom Redwing, the sailor-

man's son, and a staunch pal of Vernon-Smith.

Sampson Quincy Iffley Field—christened "Squiff" because life's short—is a first-rate fellow from Australia, while Tom Brown hails from New Zealand, and is a splendid all-rounder. Fisher Tarleton Fish is a "cute guy" from across the herring-pond—"Fishy" by nickname and by nature, too.

Mark Linley is the brilliant scholar I mentioned a while back—a scholarship boy from Lancashire, who has had to fight an uphill battle against the forces of snobbery and prejudice. George Bulstrode is a light of other days. Formerly captain of the Remove, he was superseded by Harry Wharton, and has passed into comparative oblivion, though still a useful man at games.

The pig-tailed Chinese is Wun Lung—a velly muchee cutee little fellow, you savvy?—and the thoughtful-looking fellow is Dick Penfold, who writes bright and breezy ballads and jingles that never jangle. The two fellows strolling arm-in-arm are Dick Russell and Donald Oglivy, fast and firm friends of the David and Jonathan order.

And now the fags come clamouring for an introduction, headed by Dicky Nugent, the irrepressible young minor of Frank, and the talented "orther" of many weird and wonderful stories of school life, featuring a certain "Dr. Birchemall," an excellent comedian, but an impossible headmaster!

I must introduce the inky-fingered fraternity in a lump—First, Second, and Third Forms combined. They are a merry and mischievous crowd, never happier than when squabbling among themselves, or feasting on fried herrings, which are impaled on penholders before the Common-room fire. Those who have big brothers—the fags, I mean, not the herrings!—take an impish delight in driving them to distraction; those who haven't big brothers take it out of their Form-masters, bringing many grey hairs to the heads of those unfortunate gentlemen.

### THE GREYFRIARS MASTERS!

Speaking of Form-masters, it is their own fault that they have been left till the last. By all the laws of etiquette, I



should have introduced them first; but they were not here to introduce! They are here now—imposing-looking personages in their gowns and mortar-boards, but not nearly so formidable when you come to know them.

The stern-faced gentleman with the piercing eyes is Mr. Horace Henry Samuel

takes the keenest interest in his pupils, not only collectively but individually.

The gentleman with the florid face and excitable manner is Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, M.A., the master of the Fifth. Mr. Prout could tell you some thrilling stories of his adventures as a big-game hunter. "When I was in the Rockies in '89——" he would begin, and, having begun, he would emulate Tennyson's brook, and go on for ever! Mr. Prout's study is adorned with trophies of the chase—bearskins and tiger-skins, and antlers, and so forth—but his most treasured possession is his Winchester repeater, which has sent many a beast to its doom, and many a Red Indian to his



Dr. Locke has very kindly invited a number of us—as many as the spacious dining-hall will hold—to take luncheon with him.

Quelch, M.A., the mentor—and sometimes the tormentor!—of the Remove Form. Mr. Quelch's eyes have frequently been likened to gimlets, on account of their penetrative powers. And Mr. Quelch's voice, when he is angry, resembles the rumble of thunder. He is stern and severe, and a gentleman whose lower limb may not be pulled with impunity; but he is a very just man, who

happy hunting-ground—unless Mr. Prout's tales are purely legendary! Mr. Prout is now leading a more or less placid existence at Greyfriars, but he must often sigh for the hectic days of yore, and for "the wild and woolly West."

That young and athletic-looking gentleman is Mr. "Larry" Lascelles, the mathematics master. "Larry" has made quite



a name for himself in the world of sport, and before coming to Greyfriars he was a champion amateur boxer. He is hero-worshipped by many of the juniors, and he thoroughly deserves his place on the pedestal of popularity.

Messrs. Hacker, Twigg, and Capper, and Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, are not so much in the limelight as their colleagues, but they are very estimable gentlemen, who work very hard for the welfare and development of Greyfriars.

Ha! There goes the gong for luncheon, the main force of our army proceeding to Courtfield and the remainder to the Greyfriars dining hall, where—if I know any-

thing of Dr. Locke's hospitality—a feast of the gods awaits us.

### SEEING THE SIGHTS !

Like a giant refreshed! That's how I feel after that excellent repast, and, judging by your cheery and contented faces, my friends, you all feel likewise. Now you may wander around at will, exploring the old school and its spacious grounds, or rambling beside the River Sark, which winds its tortuous way through green meadows and beneath quaint rustic bridges. Or you may like to plunge into the woods, and explore the old Priory ruins. There are a thousand places of entrancing interest lying all about us.



George Wingate calls for three cheers for the readers of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL, and three for its Editor, and the cheers ring out loud and strong over the darkening Close.



No, I have not forgotten my promise to take some of you up into the old tower. Only a dozen at a time, please! The little apartment at the top will not hold more, even at a squeeze. Up we go, climbing the spiral stone stairway, till at last, breathless but triumphant, we gain the summit. This is the little room where Bob Cherry once barred himself out from the rest of the school, refusing to accept expulsion for an offence he had never committed. Of course, Bob was vindicated in the end, and his barring-out is now forgotten, save by some of you older readers.

Here is the glorious view of Pegg Bay, and the Shoulder, and Black Rock, and the towering cliffs. Is it not magnificent? It is like looking down from an aeroplane.

From the opposite window we get a kaleidoscopic view of the inland scenery. Can you distinguish Courtfield—and Friar-dale? The white rows of tents in the distance form the military camp at Wapshot. That steep hill yonder is where the Greyfriars fellows go tobogganing. The beacon tower at the top was used in the days of the smugglers.

Having feasted your eyes with these views, you go clattering down the spiral staircase, and another party of a dozen comes up to explore. Then more parties, and finally we all join forces in the Close, and set out to explore the crypt, and the

cloisters, and the old chapel; the studies and the dormitories, and the Form-rooms, and countless other places of interest.

Dr. Locke now relieves me of my duties as guide, and he describes, with more knowledge and eloquence than I have at my command, the inner history of all the old places, and the legends which have gathered about them.

How swiftly the afternoon slips by! All too soon the time of departure comes, and it seems but an hour ago that our monster charabanc made its sensational arrival at the gates of Greyfriars.

Now it is ready for the return journey, and all Greyfriars turns out to give us a rousing send-off.

George Wingate, in a voice which Stentor of old would have envied, calls for three cheers for the readers of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL, and three cheers for its Editor, and the cheers ring out loud and strong over the darkening Close. But those cheers are mere whispers in the wind compared with the responsive salvoes which boom forth from our mighty host.

"The tumult and the shouting dies"; our charabanc rumbles away, swiftly to be swallowed up in the shadows. And we take back with us nothing but the happiest recollections of our "grand tour" of Greyfriars!



# A Great Occasion!

BETWEEN THE RACES



SIR HILTON & LADY POPPER ARRIVE

## Sports Day at Greyfriars School!



THE HURDLES



GEORGE WINGATE,  
Captain of the School



P.C. TOZER & GOSLING



SOME OF THE CROWD



WALKER  
WINS THE  
LONG  
JUMP!



A FREQUENT VISITOR  
TO THE REFRESHMENT TENT

C.A. CHAPMAN



THE FINISH - 100 YARDS!