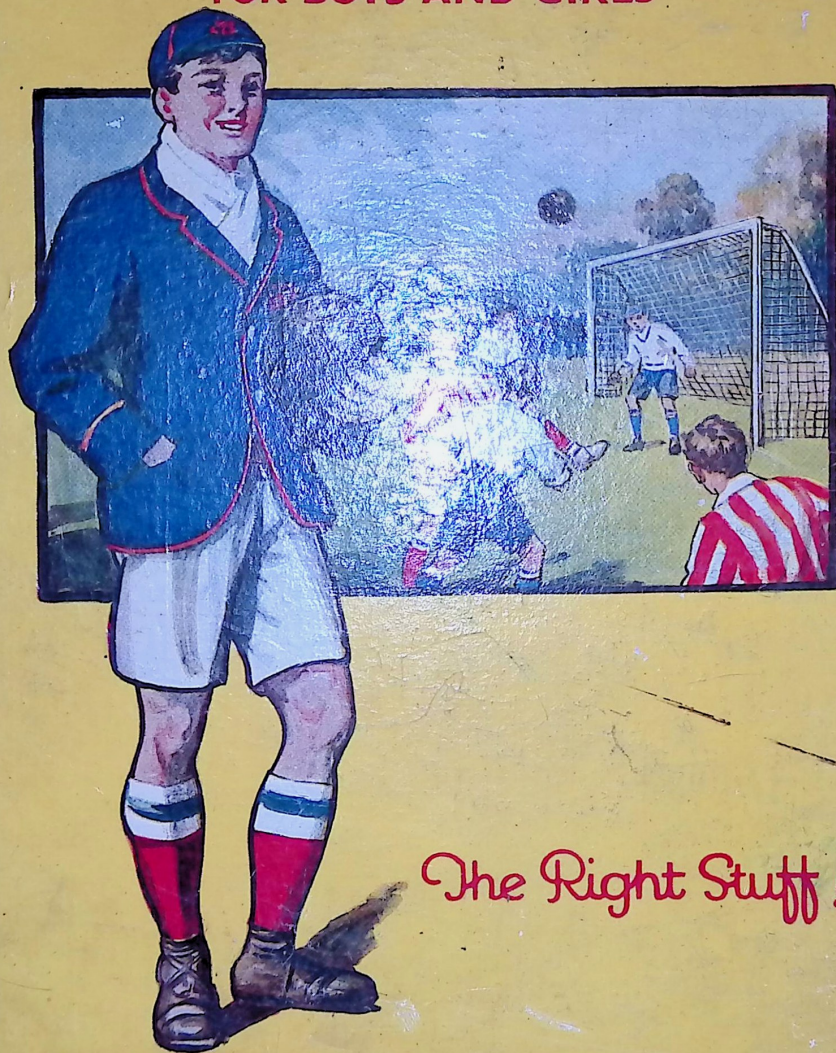


THE GREYFRIARS  
**HOLIDAY**  
1930 ANNUAL 1930  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



*The Right Stuff!*



Frontispiece

OFF!

H. A.



# *The Greyfriars* **HOLIDAY** ANNUAL

1930



*This Book Belongs*  
To KENNETH CURTIS



## The Editor to his Friends

ONCE again it is my pleasure to place before you in this the eleventh successive HOLIDAY ANNUAL a compact volume of school and adventure stories, brightened by attractive colour and photogravure plates and black and white illustrations by the best artists obtainable.

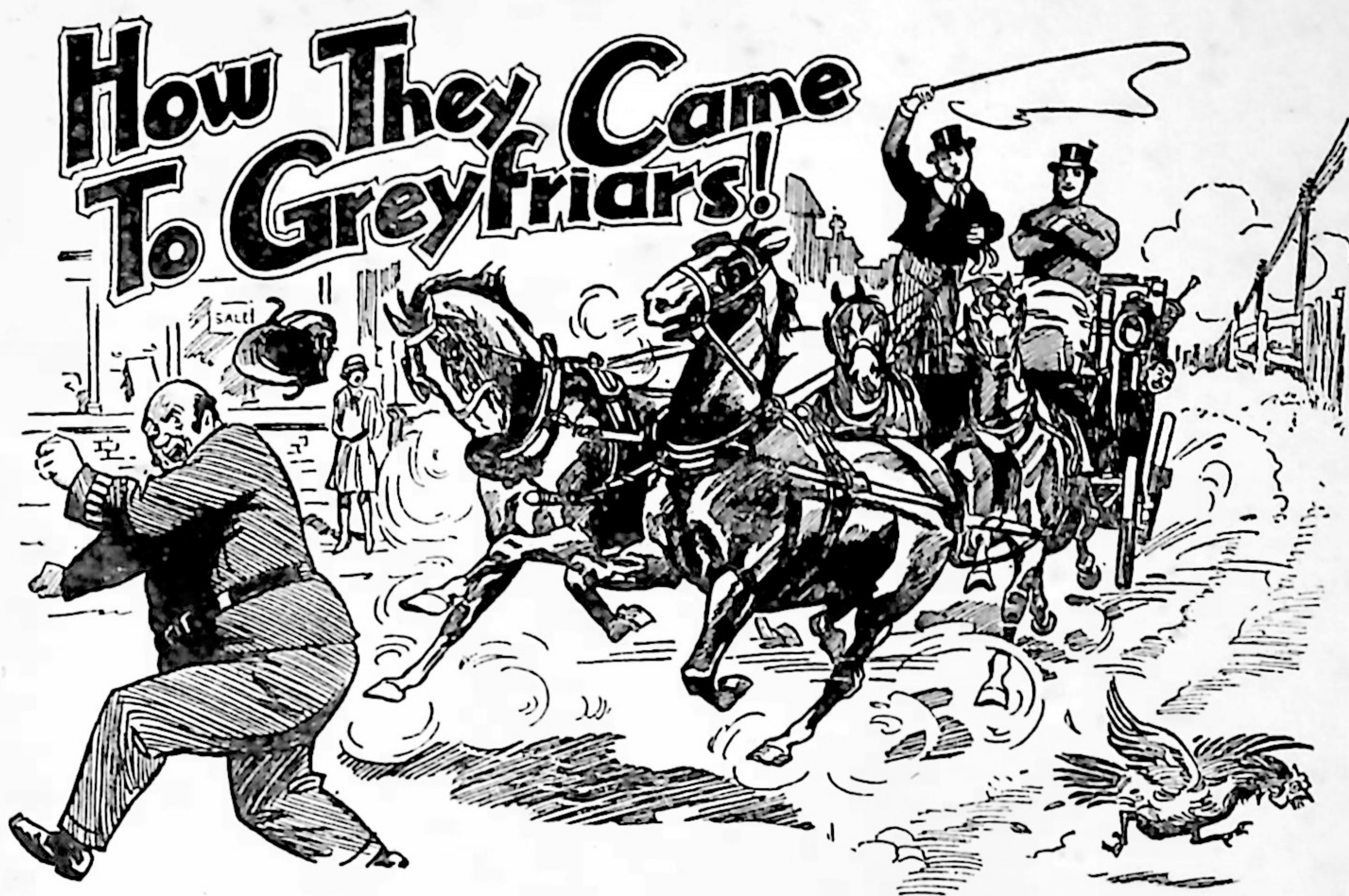
In the ensuing pages you will meet old favourites from Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood schools. I say "old favourites" and yet, despite the passing of the years, they never do grow old. To them it would seem has been given the power of immortality, for the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., Tom Merry & Co., and "Uncle James" Silver and his merry men are as lively and as interesting now as when those celebrated authors Messrs. Richards, Clifford and Owen Conquest first took it into their heads to write stories. To this trio of brilliant writers our thanks are due, for once having set their own standard at an inimitable level they have kept to it with commendable consistency.

Celebrities in the world of fiction such as Cecil Fanshaw, Geo. E. Rochester, Gilbert Chester, the "Greyfriars Rhymester," Clive Fenn, and others too numerous to mention, have all contributed their share to make 1930—and THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL—a landmark to be remembered by all who take delight in reading the clean and manly type of schoolboy and adventure stories so long and successfully specialised in by your old friend

THE EDITOR.

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





*Few members of that irrepressible band of lively young spirits, the Remove Form at Greyfriars, have been content for their arrival at the school to pass unnoticed. Here the Editor recalls some of the ways—amusing and amazing—in which newcomers to the Remove made their bow!*

EVERY Form at Greyfriars has had new boys, of course, but on looking back we find that the most peculiar ways of arriving seem to have been chosen by newcomers to the Remove. How many new boys, we wonder, have dashed through the school gates driving a coach and four? If there have been any, Lord Mauleverer, who for once belied his title of the Slacker of the Remove, must be added to the select band. It happened like this.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton were waiting outside Friardale Station for some other Remove fellows who were in the village, one blazing hot summer's afternoon, when they heard a high-pitched, drawling voice proceeding from the station platform. The speaker, a handsome, well-dressed youth in Etons, was evidently a new boy for Greyfriars.

He was demanding of the sleepy porter the whereabouts of the coach and four which he said he had ordered to meet him at the station. Noticing that the two Removites were watching him interestedly, he walked over to them. Did they belong to Greyfriars? he asked. They did. Had they seen such a thing as a coach and four? The Greyfriars juniors grinned. The humorous Bob asked whether it was a pink one with yellow spots and crimson bars, while Wharton told the languid youth to "draw it mild."

It was certainly hard to believe that a boy of fifteen would order a coach and four to convey him the quarter of an hour's walk to the school, even if he had the money. However, the arrival of the coach and four fine horses put an end to all doubts as to their existence. Having introduced himself, Lord Mauleverer soon showed that there was



no swank in his make-up by offering them a lift back to Greyfriars.

Just then, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, Mark Linley, and Fisher T. Fish came along, and the six tired and dusty juniors accepted his lordship's invitation with alacrity, piling into the cool and shady interior of the carriage. When the new fellow relieved his coachman of the reins and whip and expressed his intention of driving, however, there were some dubious exclamations.

This slim and languid youth did not strike them as being able to manage four high-spirited horses, and, as Bob Cherry remarked, they were not tired of life. Crack! The words were hardly out of his mouth when the horses started. It was too late to back out now. The Removites could only hope that they would reach Greyfriars without broken bones. If Lord Mauleverer seemed too tired to live when on terra-firma, he was a different fellow on the driver's box.

The team dashed down the village High Street at a furious pace. P.-c. Tozer jumped into the road and waved his hand pompously for them to stop; but he might just as well have tried to stop the wind. Narrowly escaping being run over, he jumped back on to the path quicker than he had left it, purple with indignation. Suddenly a wheel of the coach caught a barrow laden with vegetables, and, to the owner's wrath, sent both the barrow and its load flying.

Harry Wharton & Co. soon saw that Mauly knew how to handle his team, reckless as he was, and began to enjoy the sensation of speed. On they sped up the crowded village street, chickens squawking, dogs barking, boys waving their caps and hands, to meet their next obstacle in the shape of a baker's cart. Crash! The cart was flung on the pavement, and the loaves bumped in the road, to the accompaniment of roars from the baker.

They were soon out of the village and careering along the rough country lane towards the school. The delighted juniors were now urging Mauly to "go it," and he "went it!"

Suddenly there was a yell of warning from the Removites. A lumbering wagon had appeared round a bend in the lane. But his lordship was equal to the occasion. The lighter vehicle swept by the wagon with about an inch to spare, and although the off wheels slid over into a ditch by the side of the road, the coach, carried on by its own impetus, swept on unharmed. The gates of Greyfriars now appeared in sight, but, instead of the horses showing signs of slackening speed, the whip cracked, and they seemed to go faster than ever.

Would the new fellow be ass enough to drive right up to the schoolhouse? It looked like it. At full gallop through the gates went the thundering team, narrowly missing Gosling, the porter, up the drive, through the Close, crowded with fellows coming in from the playing fields, to stop at last before Dr. Locke, the astounded Head of Greyfriars!

#### Enter Tom Brown !

THERE were two Tom Browns due to arrive one Wednesday afternoon. One was the genuine article, so to speak, all the way from Taranaki, New Zealand, while the other was specially manufactured by Skinner & Co. for Billy Bunter's benefit.

The rotter's brigade had "stuffed" the Owl of the Remove that the new fellow was a Maori, "as black as the ace of spades," that his father owned gold and diamond mines by the dozen in Poppa-Galla-Gogga-Wallah, and, most important of all to Bunter, had £2 a week pocket-money. The fat junior swallowed it all, and, with the idea of being the close chum of a millionaire's son to spur him on, he resolved to be on the spot when this remarkable New Zealander's train came in at Friardale Station.

With the object of worming his way into the new junior's good graces, Bunter decided to stand him a stunning feed at Uncle Clegg's, a feed which Skinner and Stott did not intend to miss. By selling Bob Cherry's penknife and Wharton's cricket-bat, he soon had enough money for his purpose, and he set off at a run for the station,





The coach, driven by Lord Mauleverer, swept by the wagon with about an inch to spare. It was a near thing for the Removites and for his lordship, who was not in the least perturbed by the incident. (*See previous page.*)

leaving the japers in hysterics. Meanwhile, the Famous Five, who had been asked to meet the new boy's train, had decided upon a jape of their own, with the Upper Fourth as victims.

The great Cecil Reginald Temple and his chums were "airing" a new football that half-holiday, when a crowd of Removites, led by Harry Wharton & Co., bore down on them. To the Upper Fourth skipper's surprise and wrath, Wharton hooked the ball away from him and darted off. A battle royal was soon raging, the Fourth-Formers making desperate but vain attempts to regain possession of their footer, the Removites passing it swiftly backwards and forwards.

A gleam of fun came into Harry Wharton's eyes. They had to go to the station to

meet the new fellow, so why not take Temple's ball with them? The word was passed quickly round among the Remove, and they were soon dashing down the country road, still on the ball, with the Upper Fourth streaming after them in furious pursuit. At the end of the long chase the Removites had not been robbed of their prize, and outside the little station the struggle for the leather was waged so fiercely that nobody heeded the arrival of the four o'clock train, the one by which Brown—the real Brown—was expected.

It was not until the train shrieked its way out of the station that the chums of the Remove remembered the new boy they had come to meet, and they made a rush for the platform, only to find their way blocked by





The footer rebounded from the wall and caught Bunter full in the chest, sending him flying backwards into a box of eggs. Squelch! (See this page.)

the Fourth-Formers. Temple, Dabney & Co. were deaf to all arguments. They wanted their ball back, and until they got it no cheeky Remove fags would pass.

Things were at a deadlock, as it were, when a sunburnt boy of about fifteen years of age stepped towards the struggling crowd and introduced himself as Tom Brown. One glance was sufficient to tell Harry Wharton that there was a promising recruit for the Remove, and Brown was quick to accept the invitation to "pile in" and help his Form to take Temple's footer back to Greyfriars.

Away they went again, with the Upper Fourth in full cry after them. Temple robbed Nugent, but he had hardly gone three yards when a lithe form took the ball from his very toes and sped away like an arrow, to the cries of "Bravo, Maori!" It was the New Zealander. At that moment a farm cart blocked the way close by the village tuck-shop, and Tom Brown was quickly surrounded by Fourth-Formers. Quick as a flash he let the leather drop, and as it

bounced he kicked for safety, taking the door of Uncle Clegg's shop as goal.

The ball went true to its aim, flew like a bullet through the doorway, and bounced on a wall, the juniors rushing after it. From within the shop came a fearful yell. We are told that every bullet has its billet, and this one had certainly not missed its mark. Uncle Clegg's customers were William George Bunter, Skinner, and Stott, together with Bunter's black chum, who, strange to say, talked like a nigger minstrel as well as looked like one, and they had just finished the feed so generously provided by the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter was sitting on a high cane stool when the ball came in, and behind him there was a big box of eggs. The footer rebounded from the wall and caught him full on the chest, sending him flying backwards. Squelch!

When the Removites in the doorway saw Bunter's plight they yelled, and when the fat junior was yanked out of the box they roared. He was smothered with eggs from neck to knees. To Bunter, however, as he squelched and gasped and spluttered, it was far from being a laughing matter, and the discovery that his black but comely friend was none other than Snoop, of the Remove, was the last straw!

It was gall and wormwood to him to think that he had spent all the money he could rake together in order to stand the three japers a feed. But he received no sympathy from Harry Wharton & Co. To quote Nugent, "it served the greedy young rotter right for sucking up to a rich chap, as he supposed." The ball had now been recovered from the corner it had rolled into, and, having paid Uncle Clegg for the smashed eggs, Tom Brown's idea of showing Temple & Co. a Rugby three-quarter's run instantly caught on. The Removites rushed the clamouring Fourth-Formers outside the tuck-shop and



fought their way clear to the street, Tom Brown with the ball under his arm.

He went up the High Street as if he were on the Rugger field, flooring his opponents right and left. He swiftly reached the lane leading to the school, and there he dropped the ball and raced down the lane. Not many had survived the rushing and racing about, but those who had, resolved to see it out to the finish, followed my leader valiantly. The Removites reached the gates of Greyfriars first, passing in fine style, and flushed with victory.

Wildly excited, they rushed the ball across the Close with the object of getting it into the schoolhouse and up into the Remove passage. Of all the gallant company that had started out from Greyfriars, there remained of the Remove only Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Tom Brown, and of the Upper Fourth, Temple and Dabney. Bob Cherry was charged over by Temple, and Wharton, tackled by Dabney, passed to the boy from Taranaki. The New Zealander rushed it towards the School House and kicked.

The leather rose in the air and sailed in at the wide doorway just as Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, came out to see the cause of the disturbance. The result was inevitable. Biff! Bump! It was Tom Brown's second goal!

Fisher T. Fish from  
"Over There"

THE first thing that struck Fisher T. Fish as he came out of Friardale Station was a muddy football, hot

from the foot of Harry Wharton. It descended like a bolt from the blue and bowled him over like a ninepin. As soon as he had recovered from the shock and removed some of the mud from his features, however, his natural transatlantic "bounce" asserted itself.

He endeavoured to show the Famous Five, who were there to meet him, how things were done "over there," in the great "Yewnited States," by challenging them to a walking match to the school, with a strong belief in his ability to walk them off their legs.

"Jevver get left?" he sang out as he put on speed down the village High Street, his long legs going like clockwork; but when he arrived at Greyfriars a good five hundred yards behind the chums of the Remove, he had to admit that it was Fisher T. Fish, of "Noo York," who, to use his own phrase, "came out at the little end of the horn."



Alonzo Todd reached Greyfriars in a top hat and perspiring under the burden of a weird parcel, gaping wide at three different places, which shed boots, socks, and underwear in his trail. (See next page.)



The arrival of Harry Wharton was unique in its way. The captain of the Remove rescued Frank Nugent from a watery grave in the Sark, and was carried into the school unconscious after his terrible ordeal.

#### Alonzo Theophilus Todd.

AND then there is Alonzo Theophilus Todd. A fellow with a name like that was surely born to be japed! His nickname of the Duffer has stuck to him since his first day at Greyfriars. When Skinner met him at the station and told him that a new chap was always expected to arrive with his things in a brown-paper parcel, and that it was absolutely forbidden for juniors to arrive in the station hack, he hardly expected to take Todd in; but he succeeded beyond his wildest hopes.

The result of the meeting with the japer of the Remove was that Alonzo reached Greyfriars in a top hat, and perspiring under the burden of a weird and wonderful parcel, which was tied round with yards and yards of string. Nevertheless, it was gaping wide in three different places, and shed boots, socks, slippers, and underwear about the Close.

The gentle Lonzy was shocked when he discovered that Skinner had not told him the truth, but it was soon evident that his previous experience had not made him any wiser. His trusting nature was destined to lead him into further trouble. While the Duffer removed some of the dust he had gathered during his walk to the school, the merry japers proceeded to tell him what he must do to get on the right side of his Form-master.

He gratefully received the helpful information, and hurried off to Mr. Quelch's study to keep his appointment. Without knocking on the door of the study, he flung it open unceremoniously, and strode up to the amazed Mr. Quelch.

"How do you do, cocky?" he asked. "I hope your mother is well. Is your father out of prison yet?"

Todd had carried out Skinner & Co.'s instructions to the letter, so he was hardly prepared for Mr. Quelch's subsequent

actions. We will draw a veil over the painful scene that followed.

#### Conjurer and Juggler!

"No larks, mind, you young rascal!" was Mr. Kipps' parting admonition to his hopeful son, Oliver, before the latter took the train for Friardale—and Greyfriars. "Don't perform the disappearing trick with the headmaster's gown or your Form-master's books, or bring out rabbits and ribbons from the porter's neck!"

But who could expect a cheerful humorist to refrain from using his peculiar gifts to get a little harmless amusement out of life? It certainly could not be expected of Oliver Kipps.

The first person he encountered on entering the quad at Greyfriars was William Gosling, the crusty old guardian of the gates. Gossy soon discovered that this was something very new in new boys when Kipps gently removed the porter's ancient high hat, and, together with his own topper, sent it spinning round and round in the air in the fashion of a professional juggler.

The strange sight drew wondering fellows from all directions. Horace Coker was the first on the scene, and before the great man of the Fifth knew what was happening, his hat had been jerked off to join the others. Kipps kept three going as easily as two. Potter's hat was soon added to the rest—then Bob Cherry's. Five hats spun in the air with wonderful accuracy, while the crowd roared.

How long Oliver Kipps' display might have gone on will never be known. It was terminated abruptly, however, when, forgetful of everything but his performance, he laid sacrilegious hands on Mr. Henry Samuel Quelch's mortar-board.

Luckily, the amazing new fellow escaped the vials of his Form-master's wrath. He explained to Mr. Quelch that he hadn't meant to be disrespectful. Conjuring and juggling were born in him, and for the moment he had forgotten where he was.

"An extraordinary boy!" opined the master of the Remove, and the rest of the school agreed with him.