

THE GREYFRIARS

AOLIDAY

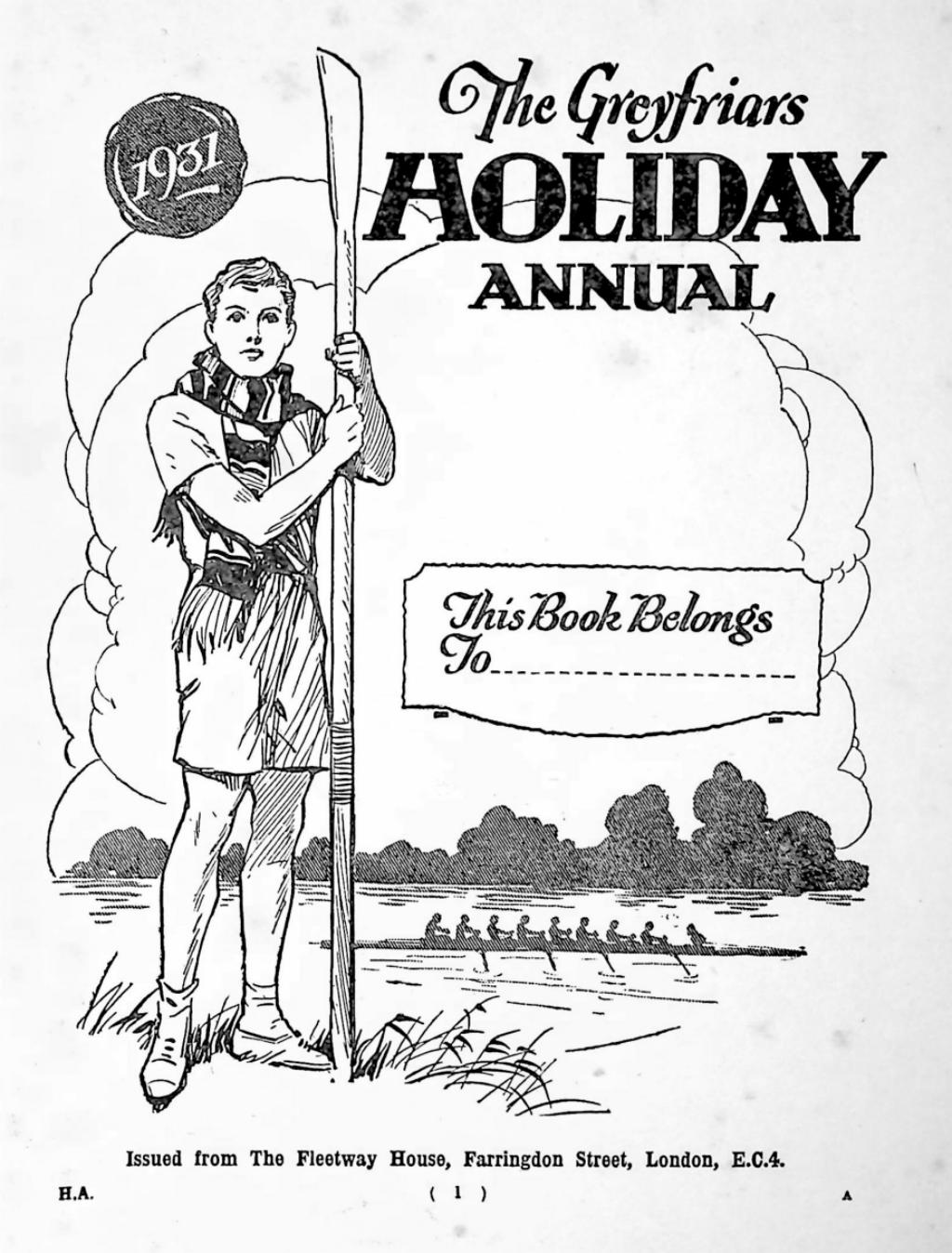
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS





The Greyfriars HOLIDAY ANNUAL

*This Book Belongs
To* _____

Issued from The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



Your Editor to his Friends

YEAR by year the task of compiling the pages of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL is lightened and made pleasanter by the ever increasing enthusiasm with which each successive volume is received by a great army of British boys and girls.

To your Editor it is a sheer labour of love which affords him as much pleasure as the finished product brings to his readers.

In the ensuing pages will be found a host of stories, colour plates, pictures cleverly reproduced in photogravure, and drawings in black and white, all contributed by the leading authors and artists of the day. No trouble or expense has been spared to make this issue of what has come to be regarded as the leading boys' annual "better than ever."

The wide range of subjects, deftly treated for readers of all tastes, will find favour with the most critical. Herein will be found a budget of stories dealing with the most famous schoolboy characters in the world; vigorous adventure tales of thrills on land and sea and in the air; jaunty poems, vivid articles and a clever playlet for amateur actors; all of which good things combine to give that manly, healthy note of quality for which the HOLIDAY ANNUAL has rightly become famous.

It is without fear, therefore, that I place this bumper issue of fun and fiction before you; assured that, from the moment it passes into your possession, I shall have made another friend.

THE EDITOR.

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

A VISIT to GREYFRIARS!



A HOLIDAY ANNUAL Reader pays Greyfriars a casual visit, and, in a letter to Mr. Frank Richards, the celebrated author of the Greyfriars stories, tells of his impressions of that famous school and its equally famous occupants.

DEAR MR. RICHARDS.—A short time ago, being in Kent on business, I felt that I must take the opportunity of visiting Greyfriars, and after my visit it struck me that you would be interested to hear of my impressions. So here goes!

It was a glorious summer's afternoon, and a half-holiday at the School, when I descended from the ancient cab at the gates of Greyfriars. What a flood of memories those old grey towers, of which I had read so much, brought back to me!

The first face I recognised was the sour and crumpled visage of Gosling, the porter. He greeted me with the somewhat vague remark :

“ Wot I ses is, wot's all this 'ere? ”

A small silver coin pressed into his horny palm seemed to provide a satisfactory answer.

Having passed the Guardian of the Gates, I hurried up the drive towards the School House, gazing round me as I did so. It being a half-holiday, there were few Greyfriars men to be seen; but from the direction of Little Side came the click of leather meeting willow, and the merry shouts of the cricketers.

I easily recognised from the descriptions in “ The Magnet ” the shady Close, the Gym., and the Tuck-shop.

Entering the House, the first fellow I met was one whom it would be impossible not to identify: William George Bunter! Farter than even my wildest imaginings, and with spectacles agleam with curiosity, he waddled towards me. On asking for Mr. Quelch's whereabouts, he retaliated by requesting me to change a postal-order. As this time-honoured and mythical piece of paper was well known to me, however, there was nothing doing. Whereupon he rolled away in high dudgeon, leaving my question unanswered.

Trotter, the page boy, who appeared a moment after, proved more obliging, and I was soon chatting pleasantly with the



Entering the School House, the first fellow I met was one whom it would be impossible not to identify—William George Bunter.

Remove master. For all his stern discipline towards his pupils, I found "Quelchy" to be a most engaging and interesting personality. On learning of my desire to have a short tour of Greyfriars, he at once volunteered to conduct me personally. And I could not have had a better guide.

He showed me round the Form-rooms, the Remove passage, dormitories, Common-rooms, and Big Hall. Although this was my first visit, I could easily recognise all these places, so well have you described them in your stories.

Leaving the House, we paid a visit to the ruined Priory, the Cloisters, and the Crypt, and then made a brief survey of the historic playing-fields. On Little Side I was introduced to Harry Wharton and his friends, who were engaged in the pleasant task of "wiping the floor," as they put it, with Cecil Temple of the Fourth and his side.

The Famous Five were much as I had expected them to be, 100 per cent. thorough-going British schoolboys.

Time was now fleeting, however, so that, after thanking Mr. Quelch for his kindness

and exchanging a few words with that fine old scholar and gentleman, Dr. Locke, I had to bid farewell to Greyfriars.

I walked down to the gates, accompanied by a lively crowd of Removites, amongst whom I spotted Redwing, Mark Linley, Bulstrode, Tom Brown, "Squiff," Hazeldene, Penfold, and many others.

Their hail-fellow-well-met attitude towards a perfect stranger was truly amazing, several of them pressing me to pay them another and longer visit in the near future. As for myself, I seemed to have known the Remove fellows for years. And so with parting adieux—may they be merely "aux revoirs"—I rolled away in the rickety old cab.

As I realised that only through your tales could I have known of Greyfriars and all its varying personalities, I felt that I must express my gratitude in some shape or form. Hence this letter. With renewed thanks, and hopes that you will long write for "The Magnet,"

I remain, yours sincerely,

Frank Catheran



After thanking Mr. Quelch for his kindness and exchanging a few words with Dr. Locke, I bade farewell to Greyfriars.