



*H. Vernon-Smith, of the Remove, recalls some of the little-known but important happenings of the year at Greyfriars School.*

THE Greyfriars Jazz Band was an idea which originated in the amazing brain of Horace Coker of the Fifth. Poor old Coker gets steadily funnier—and madder—as time passes.

From the various Forms at Greyfriars he recruited twenty potty musicians armed with tin whistles, cornets, mouth-organs, drums, saxophones and trumpets.

Full of enthusiasm, Coker arranged a concert in the music-room, and a tremendous audience, including most of the Remove, rolled up—bent on ragging.

We stood about ten minutes of the horrible din made by Coker's band, under the lordly Horace's conductorship. Then a hail of rotten eggs, squashy fruit, and old cabbage stumps drove the players from the platform in utter confusion.

After that the band was disbanded—in fact, Coker himself narrowly escaped being disbanded by his own infuriated musicians.

AN event which aroused great enthusiasm throughout the school was the Greyfriars Model Exhibition.

Sir Leslie Rainham, one of the School

Governors, offered a prize of £20 for the best model made by a Greyfriars boy. There was no restriction as to subject.

The exhibition was a huge success, roars of laughter being caused by Billy Bunter's weird model of the Greyfriars Tuckshop and Dicky Nugent's model coal mine, which was more coal than mine.

Many of the entries were really good, however, and the prize was deservedly taken by George Blundell of the Fifth, whose working model of an Atlantic liner was wonderfully accurate and detailed.

The runner-up was Robert Donald Ogilvy of the Remove. Ogilvy constructed a complete model of Greyfriars in plywood, and his work was so good that he was awarded a special prize of £10. William George Bunter immediately discovered that the canny Scot was the best pal he had ever had.



*Billy Bunter's model of the tuckshop caused roars of laughter.*



The desk-lid shot up and caught Mr. Quelch a nasty crack under the chin.

terrific crack under the chin.

The irate Form-master inquired deeply into the matter and discovered that Harold Skinner was the culprit. So Skinner's little joke "recoiled" on his own head, but there was not much "spring" about him when Quelchy had finished with the cane.

TOWARDS the end of the winter deep anxiety was felt when Dr. Locke, the headmaster, had a short but serious illness.

The Greyfriars fellows, without exception, rallied round, and almost complete silence reigned over the School, everyone moving about as quietly as possible.

Whole Forms clubbed together to send him flowers, and even Bunter could hardly have dealt with the great stacks of fruit which were conveyed to the Head's house.

When the invalid appeared in public once more he was given an overwhelming reception, and the old Head's voice trembled with emotion as he said a few words of thanks to the assembled School. It was truly a wonderful tribute to Dr. Locke's popularity.

TENNIS is not very extensively played at Greyfriars, but in



Frank Nugent was cheered to the echo for his victory in the tennis tournament.

THE coming of "spring" was heralded at Greyfriars by some japer who fixed a large and rusty coil spring under the lid of Mr. Quelch's desk in the Remove Form-room.

When Quelchy turned the key in the lock the desk-lid shot up and caught him a

spite of that, George Wingate and the other members of the Sports Committee decided to organise a "knock-out" tennis tournament open to all Greyfriars fellows.

The affair went off quite successfully, though Horace Coker did not think so when he was soundly and completely routed by Dicky Nugent of the Second.

The result provided a certain amount of surprise and, incidentally, was a triumph for the Remove, for Frank Nugent came out victorious in the Final after a hot tussle with Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth.

Nugent showed himself to be a graceful and clever player and was cheered to the echo for his win.

PERHAPS the most daring jape of the year was carried out at the expense of Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell. One evening Mr. Hacker was summoned to the Head's study. Exactly what happened there is not generally known, but it seems that Dr. Locke had given the Shell master a very thorough "dressing down."



The pseudo Dr. Locke "slanged" Mr. Hacker without mercy.

Mr. Hacker, taken completely by surprise, had been reduced to a state of helpless bewilderment—until he found that the Head had been out the whole of that evening.

With consummate daring, some practical joker had disguised himself as Dr. Locke, seated himself in the Head's study, sent for Mr. Hacker and "slanged" him without mercy.

The impostor had turned the light low, and had evidently played his part very cleverly, for the Shell master was completely deceived.

Luckily for himself, the identity of the japer is still a mystery. Everyone seems to think that it was a Shell fellow, so perhaps it was only coincidence that Mr. Hacker had reported William Wibley, the actor of the Remove, for sliding down the banisters a few days previously.