



GREYFRIARS SPORTS

The impressions of Sports' Day at Greyfriars as told to a representative of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL by a few of the school celebrities.



AFTER the sports which were held at Greyfriars during the summer, several of the school celebrities were invited to give their impressions of the day to a special representative of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Judging by the following selection, the events of the day were more in number than the programme indicated!

Bob Cherry.—Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's that? My impression of the sports? Oh, had a topping time! When I wasn't hoofing it or jumping it, I was chucking the cricket-ball, and when I wasn't doing that I was enjoying watching old Wingate and North bagging all the seniors' pots. It was a great day!

The Head.—My impressions of Sports' Day? Certainly! It was a very enjoyable day for all concerned, especially those who were successful in the events for which they had entered. My task in awarding the prizes to winners afforded me an added pleasure to that of watching the keenly-contested events.

Skinner.—The sports? Well, Wharton won the junior 220 yards by a short head, Russell won the junior mile by a neck, and Linley pulled off the hurdle race after shying at the last fence. After that I got bored stiff and went off to play nap in the study with Snoop and Stott!

Horace Coker.—It was a day of sheer rotten luck. For whom? Why, for me—Horace Coker! First I slipped on a banana-skin in the 100 yards, which prevented me winning that. Then the silly idiots of judges disqualified me in the mile, merely for knocking down Wingate and Blundell when they were passing me. Disqualified *me*, you know! I certainly beat the rest at throwing the cricket-ball. The ball went so far that they never found it, until some fathead said he saw it slip out of my hand and lodge in a tree at the back of me. It's true they found a ball there, but, as I explained to them, a jealous Sixth-Former might have put it there! Anyway, but for bad luck I should certainly have won most of the trophies. I stood Potter

and Greene a feed afterwards and jawed it over with them, and they quite agreed with me!

Billy Bunter.—It was a jolly fine Sports' Day. They did things really well in the refreshment-tent. It was all free, you know, and I rolled in there after dinner and had quite a decent snack. In fact, to tell you the truth, I stayed there till it was all over!

Dame Mimble.—Sports' Day was a day of hard work for me, and I was dead knocked at the end of it. I had a very busy time in the refreshment-tent, and didn't have a second to spare. When I wasn't serving some of the boys, I was watching Master Bunter. No, I don't relish Sports' Day!

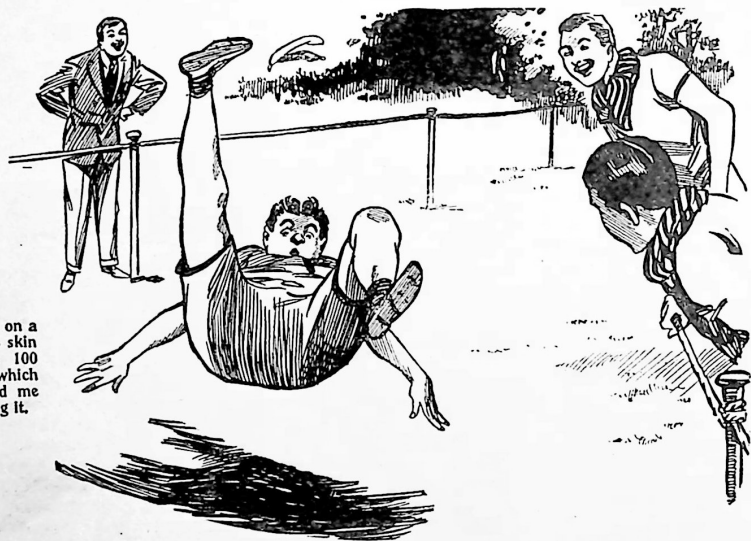
Gosling.—Wot I says is this 'ere—all boys oughter be drowned at birth. But seein' they ain't, the least the 'Ead can do is to stop young varmintins like that there Master Cherry throwin' 'is blinkin' cricket-ball through a winder I only just put right agin! An' the crowd a-cheerin' 'im, too! Sports! Huh!

Harry Wharton.—It was a day of real pleasure to me. I was fortunate enough to carry off three prizes, and I enjoyed every second of winning them.

Lord Mauleverer.—My impressions of the sports? Sorry, dear boy, but after all the energetic fellows had buzzed off I had a little snooze in the study and didn't wake up.

Fisher T. Fish.—Sports, did you call 'em? Say, but ain't you Britishers the humorists? I guess I've seen cripples putting more hustle in a stroll down a New York side-walk than you guys put in your running! Go in for 'em myself! Nope! There ain't enough greenbacks in the game, sir!

Tom Dutton.—Snorts? Who snorts? If you're suggesting I snort, I'll punch you on the nose! Oh, PORTS! Well, if you've had three ports, you must be pretty merry, I should say. What? WARTS? Why didn't you say so at first, then? If you've got warts, you'd better put something on them— What are you walking away for? Silly ass!



I slipped on a banana-skin in the 100 yards, which prevented me winning it.