

THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY

1933 ANNUAL 1933
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Greyfriars HOLIDAY ANNUAL 1933

To all my friends, and all who look
At this delightful story book:

Take note: This book belongs to ME,
And when you've read it, you'll agree
That having bought the book so cheap, it
Is wise of me to try to keep it.

I think you know its owner's name.
But here I write it, all the same:

WILLIAM BUTTLE

Should you this book by chance to borrow,
Please let me have it back to-morrow.
Send it at once, and by express,
Straight to the following address:

14, GARDEN ROAD

SENNING TOWN

But, if you're tempted, by and by,
To sneak this book upon the sly,
I don't mind giving you a tip—
I won a boxing championship!

Yet, if you come and say, "Old Pal,
Show me your 'HOLIDAY ANNUAL.'"
To lend it to you I've decided,
And may you laugh as much as I did.

In witness whereof, it is good
To set my hand and seal in blood—
At least, it looks like blood, I think,
But—keep it secret—it's red ink.



W. Buttle
(Signature in red ink.)

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

The Editor to his Friends

IT has ever been my pride that the HOLIDAY ANNUAL gives its many thousands of readers the ideal variety-programme of entertaining fiction, and my bulky post-bag shows how widely the fact is appreciated.

And so it is with a great tradition behind it that the present volume makes its bow.

In the following two hundred and eighty pages will be found healthy and vigorous stories of school, sport and adventure which will make an instantaneous appeal to every manly boy, and to his sister. Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, and Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, are, of course, well represented in the wide range of contents, for the HOLIDAY ANNUAL would be quite incomplete without the adventures of these popular schoolboy characters.

Neither trouble nor expense has been spared in the preparation of this HOLIDAY ANNUAL, and I can say with complete confidence that for sheer reader-interest, this volume ranks higher than any of the long line of HOLIDAY ANNUALS which have preceded it. For thirteen years in succession the HOLIDAY ANNUAL has "topped the bill," and I look to this, our fourteenth volume, to break all previous records for popularity with British boys and girls.

THE EDITOR.

THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGDON STREET,
LONDON, E.C4.

COKER'S CAPTURE!

By FRANK
RICHARDS



THE FIRST CHAPTER Only Prout!

BANG!

Coker, Potter and Greene jumped. It was a quiet, summer afternoon and the three Fifth-Formers had been taking it easy on a bench under one of the great elms in the Greyfriars quad. The sharp, violent explosion came to them like a bolt from the blue.

"Sounded like a gun!" remarked Potter.

"You mean it *was* a gun!" corrected Coker.

The great man of the Fifth stared across towards the school chapel, from the direction of which the noise had apparently emanated.

Coker was looking grim. He had just been reading an American monthly magazine called "Rough-Stuff Stories." It was a somewhat sensational publication, devoted to lurid accounts of conflicts between gangsters and

policemen in the United States. Coker took most things seriously, and he took "Rough-Stuff Stories" with exceptional seriousness.

Just before the interruption came he had been enlarging to Potter and Greene on the dangers of gang lawlessness penetrating Great Britain. He had also confided to his henchmen what steps he intended to take in the cause of law and order if that unhappy state

of affairs came to pass. Potter and Greene had begun to find it all rather monotonous, and the explosion from behind the chapel was quite a relief to them.

"Better look into it," Greene said, standing up. "You stay here, Coker, old chap. Potter and I can run over and find out what's on."

"Bosh!" was Coker's retort to that ingenuous suggestion.

He crammed "Rough-Stuff Stories" into his jacket pocket and stood up himself. At

**Horace Coker captured a gunman bold
(At least—'twas his fond illusion),**

But after events left Coker cold,

For he'd jumped to the wrong conclusion!

the same moment a second explosion occurred.

Bang!

"My hat!" Potter was beginning to look quite alarmed. "What the thump can it be?"

"Leave this to me, you men," said Coker grimly. "If I'm not mistaken, something pretty queer's going on behind the chapel!"

"Eh?"

"Funny if what I've been warning you about should come to pass so soon!" said Coker seriously. "It won't surprise me, anyway. The menace of the gunman is bound to spread to England, as I've just been telling you. Looks to me as if it's here at Greyfriars already!"

"Oh, great pip!"

Potter and Greene looked at each other, then looked at Coker. The suggestion that a gunman might at that moment be plying his nefarious trade at Greyfriars seemed to leave them a little dazed.

Bang!

It was the third explosion.

"Watch me!" said Coker. And he sprang into action.

His spring landed him on the gravel path near by. A sledgehammer was lying on the path, left there temporarily by Mible, the gardener, who had been using it. Coker picked up the sledgehammer.

"Here, half a minute!" gasped Potter.

"What are you going to do, old chap?" asked Greene.

Coker didn't trouble to reply. He was already sprinting across the turf towards the chapel, sledgehammer in hand.

Five juniors were strolling in the same direction as Coker tore along. They fairly blinked at the great man of the Fifth.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's come at last!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ware lunatics!" gasped Wharton.

"Mind your eyes, you men!"

The Famous Five of the Remove scattered. Coker, unarmed, held no terrors for Harry Wharton and his chums; but Coker with a sledgehammer in his hand was a horse of a different colour.

Coker charged through the juniors, hardly heeding them in his anxiety to reach the scene of those three mysterious explosions.

"What the thump—" gasped Johnny Bull, as Coker flashed by.

"All serene, you kids!" Potter said, reassuringly, as he and Greene came following after. "Coker's not mad—at least, not more so than usual!"

"Well, that's not particularly comforting!" laughed Harry Wharton. "What's he doing with that fearful-looking hammer?"

"Hunting gunmen!" explained Potter. "He's just heard that din from behind the chapel. He thinks we're invaded by American gunmen and gangsters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. seemed to regard Coker's brilliant suggestion as funny. They roared.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We all heard the row, but not one of us thought of that possibility. American gangsters, you know! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kim on," said Greene. "He'll be doing some damage with that hammer if we don't chip in. I'm after him!"

"Count us all in!" chuckled Frank Nugent. "We're game!"

And the Famous Five accompanied Potter and Greene, who, truth to tell, felt rather glad to have their support.

The two seniors and the five grinning juniors broke into a run.

Coker disappeared round the bend of the chapel.

His pursuers fairly tore after him.

In a matter of seconds they, too, turned the bend.

They were just in time to see Coker creeping up behind a preoccupied individual who was standing on the grass, his back to the newcomers, examining a revolver.

"Surely he's not—" gasped Greene.

He was not! Coker of the Fifth was, as most Greyfriars men were willing to testify, several sorts of an ass; but even he was not such an ass as to hit a man on the head with a sledgehammer on mere suspicion.

Instead of using the hammer, Coker used his tongue.

"Drop that gun!" he said suddenly, in ringing tones. "I've got you covered!"

The man dropped his revolver, though whether out of politeness or surprise could not be seen.

Then he looked round and a shuddering sort of gasp escaped Coker's lips.

For the man with the gun was not an American gangster, but Paul Prout, Coker's own Form-master!

THE SECOND CHAPTER The Gunman!

"**P**ROUT!" Potter and Greene and the Famous Five said it in unison.

Then they roared. They couldn't help it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat! Obvious, of course!" gurgled Greene. "Prout—the one man in the school who goes in for guns! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can it!" said Johnny Bull, sotto voce. "He's waxy!"

Undeniably Prout was waxy. He glared at Coker with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Coker!" he roared. "How dare you?"

"I—I——"

"You have the temerity—the amazing impudence—to threaten me with a sledgehammer!" hooted Mr. Prout. "I repeat, sir; how dare you?"

Coker hastily disposed of the sledgehammer. Obviously that formidable weapon of war was not needed against Prout.

"It's—it's a mistake, sir!" he stuttered.

"Quite a mistake, I assure you!"

Mr. Prout's glare became a little less truculent.

"I am prepared, Coker, to listen to a



With a sledgehammer gripped in his hands, Coker charged through Harry Wharton & Co., hardly heeding them as they scattered before his wild rush.

reasonable explanation, though what explanation there can be——"

"I—I thought you were a gangster, sir!" explained Coker.

"Gangster?"

"Just that, sir!" said Coker cheerfully. "Of course, I should have remembered that guns are your hobby. But one doesn't expect the corner behind the chapel to be turned into a shooting gallery."

"What!" roared Mr. Prout.

"Can't term it anything else, when you start blazing away with a revolver——"

"Silence, sir!" snorted the master of the Fifth. Then he calmed down a little as he picked up the revolver he had dropped. "Perhaps, though, there is something in what

you say, Coker. I do not want to be unfair."

"It did give us a bit of a start, sir," Potter ventured. "Nothing much, of course."

Mr. Prout nodded.

"Very well, Potter. In the circumstances, Coker, I may perhaps consent to overlook the matter on this occasion."

"Thanks!" grunted Coker, not too graciously.

"I assure you, anyhow, that I was not, as you seem to think, merely 'blazing away.' In point of fact, I was experimenting with a new type of trigger," said Mr. Prout, not without a touch of pride. "It is an invention of my own, and I think I may claim, without fear of contradiction, that it is an advance on anything previously known."

"Can we have a look, sir?" asked Wharton interestedly.

Mr. Prout smiled a smile of gracious condescension.

"I should be most happy, Wharton, but I am afraid—What is the time?" he asked, breaking off suddenly.

"Nearly three o'clock, sir!" answered Greene, glancing at his wrist-watch.

Mr. Prout hastily pocketed the revolver again.

"Dear me! In that case, I must postpone demonstrating the invention for I am already late for a most important appointment!" he said. "Pray ask me another time, my boys."

The master of the Fifth rolled off at express speed.

"Good old Prout!" chuckled Bob Cherry, as he vanished round the corner of the chapel.

"And Coker actually took him for a gangster! Shame, I call it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——" said Coker, glaring.

"Like to show us some more?" asked Johnny Bull. "We're at a loose end; we'll follow you round, if you like, while you collect gangsters!"

"Why, you silly young ass——" Coker made a bull-like rush at the Removites. "Back up, you men!" he roared.

But there were no men left to "back up." Potter and Greene had quietly withdrawn in the opposite direction at the same time as

Prout. Coker was left to mop up the turf with the Famous Five on his own.

He felt quite up to that task. Coker was never lacking in self-assurance. But the task was a little beyond him, for all that. Instead of mopping up the turf with the Famous Five, Coker had the unhappy experience of being bumped and rolled and dragged over the turf, himself.

"Yooooooooop!" he roared. "Leggo, you little demons, or I'll —whooooo!"

"And that's that!" remarked Harry Wharton, as he and his chums deposited the dizzy Fifth-Former on the path. "Good-bye, Coker!"

"See us again, soon!" begged Bob Cherry. "Always welcome!"

"The welcomefulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five departed.

They departed under the impression that they had seen the last of the great man of the Fifth for that afternoon. But that impression, as things turned out, was quite erroneous.

Coker, after sorting himself out, shook his fist at the sledgehammer, for lack of a more suitable object, and tramped off in the direction of the school gates.

Disgusted with the unsympathetic treatment he was receiving at Greyfriars, he had decided to shake the dust of the school from his feet and seek some quiet meadow where he might finish "Rough-Stuff Stories" in peace.

But Coker was not destined to go beyond the gates.

As he drew near the porter's lodge his gloomy eye fell on the tall figure of a stranger who had just arrived.

"American" was stamped all over the newcomer, from the brim of his elegant Stetson hat to the tips of his heavy boots. He was an unusual kind of visitor, and Coker found himself regarding the man with a certain amount of suspicion.

"Mr. Prout, sir?" Coker heard Gosling, the porter, say as he came within earshot. "Can't say whether 'e's in, sir, but if you care to walk hover to the School 'Ouse across there, you can soon find out. 'Ot day, sir!"

The visitor's response to that broad hint was to dive his hand into his hip pocket and



"Drop that gun!" cried Coker in ringing tones swung round, startled, and Coker gasped.

the sledgehammer raised threateningly. The man It was Mr. Prout, his own Form-master!

bring out a handful of silver from which he selected a tip for Gosling.

Coker started violently.

Just for one moment, as the American's hand withdrew from his pocket, he had caught a glimpse of something that glittered in the sun.

It was a revolver!

"My hat!" murmured the great man of the Fifth.

He knew he had not been mistaken. He had seen the weapon as clearly as if it had been held up in front of his nose.

All Coker's dampened enthusiasm concerning gangsters suddenly came back with a rush. The man was an American. That alone was a suspicious circumstance to Coker. Apart from that, he had a sinister look about him—Coker was sure of that, now—and, above all, he carried a gun.

To Coker the whole thing was as clear as daylight. The man was a gunman. The gang war had come to England, as Coker had foreseen!

The suspect walked up the gravel drive towards the School House, without so much as a glance at Coker.

Coker followed.

His rugged face grim and set, the Fifth-Former tramped behind the visitor.

The latter looked round once or twice. Coker responded on each occasion by scowling a ferocious scowl.

Eventually, the American halted.

Coker halted, too.

"Kinder following me, kid?" the suspected gunman called out.

"Suppose I can walk up the drive if I like, can't I?" Coker retorted. "Any objection?"

"Okay with me, Vere de Vere!" smiled

the visitor, with a sarcasm which was wasted on Coker. "I guess you can have the entire walk to yourself; I'm in no hurry."

And he proceeded to seat himself under the same elm beneath which Coker had previously been reading "Rough-Stuff Stories."

Coker, after a moment's hesitation, strolled off cautiously towards the playing-fields, looking back at frequent intervals to make sure the man was still there.

He spotted the Famous Five at one of the practice-nets on Little Side, and gave them a shout. Wharton & Co. looked up in some surprise.

"Hallo, hallo! Dear old Coker again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Found that gangster yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, you young idiots!" snorted Coker. "As a matter of fact, the answer is yes! I have!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Fact!" said the great man of the Fifth, quite enjoying the sensation his announcement had caused. "A dangerous gunman is at present at large at Greyfriars. Prout's the man he's after, and by the look of him, he's out to kill!"

"What the merry dickens——"

"Don't jaw; I'm in a hurry!" snapped Coker. "I want you fags to ring up the police and get them to send a body of men at once. Meanwhile, I'm going to have a cut at him myself."

"Great pip!"

"If I win, all well and good," said Coker. "If I don't, then it's all U P with me!"

"Oh, crikey!"

"Hurry!" snapped Coker.

Then he turned on his heel and walked off, leaving the Famous Five looking after him quite dazedly.

After the first half-dozen paces, Coker broke into a run. He had suddenly noticed that his gunman had risen from the seat under the elm and resumed his interrupted walk to the House.

As he ran, a brain-wave smote him. He detached his fountain-pen from the breast-pocket where he usually kept it and transferred it to the side pocket, holding it there, as the

heroes of "Rough-Stuff Stories" often did their revolvers.

He caught up with his intended captive at the foot of the School House steps.

The American, at the sound of his scudding footsteps, looked round.

Coker wasted no time. He levelled the concealed fountain-pen through his side pocket.

"Put 'em up!" he said, just as "Rough-Stuff Stories" had taught him to say it. "I've got the drop on you!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER

Just Like Coker!

"FOR the love of Mike!"

Thus the American. Apparently he was taken completely by surprise. He regarded the menacing Coker with eyes that were wide open with astonishment.

"Put 'em up!" repeated Coker.

Still no response. Coker's quarry looked bewildered but that was all. Coker came to the conclusion that he had to make matters more clear.

"Horn in on this, big boy," he said, adopting the language of "Rough-Stuff Stories" for the sake of clarity; "I got a heater in this pocket. Put 'em up and make it snappy, or you'll get the works, see?"

"Holy smoke!" gasped the visitor.

His hands went up. Coker grinned.

"Not so dumb, huh?" he remarked, still talking in the vernacular. "Now, march!"

"What in thunder——"

"Up the steps, or I'll plug you!" said Coker fiercely.

The American decided to obey. He marched up the steps into the House, still holding his hands above his head.

Several juniors were in the Hall as Coker and his prisoner came in. They stared.

"New game, Coker?" asked Skinner.

Coker frowned.

"Don't be cheeky! I've just taken him prisoner!"

"Wha-at?"

Coker tramped triumphantly on.

Skinner and the others were left, staring open-mouthed.

Two minutes later Wharton and a crowd of Removites swarmed in.

"Seen Coker?" Wharton asked.

"Couldn't help it; he stands out a mile!" Skinner answered. "He's just gone upstairs, following a queer-looking cove who's holding his hands up. What's the idea?"

"Give it up! He just told us he was going to catch an American gunman who had come to slaughter Prout!"

"Here comes Prout!" said Bob Cherry at that moment, and there was a rush for the portly Fifth Form-master. A dozen excited juniors hastened to pass on the amazing news.

"Someone's called to shoot you, sir!"

"What!" roared Mr. Prout.

"It's all right, sir; Coker's got him!"

"They've just gone upstairs—"

"Coker's made him put his hands up—"

"He's a queer-looking chap—"

"Silence!" hooted Mr. Prout.

"Have you all taken leave of your senses?"

Wharton! You will kindly explain."

Wharton told what little he knew, and Mr. Prout listened almost in stupefaction.

"Extraordinary!" he exclaimed, when the Remove leader had finished. "The matter shall be investigated at once."

He brought out the revolver with which he had been experimenting earlier in the afternoon, and rolled up the stairs, followed by a buzzing crowd.

Coker met him on the landing. The great man of the Fifth was looking rather pleased.

"All serene, sir!" he said reassuringly. "I've got him in your study!"

"Bless my soul!"

"He's a desperate-looking criminal," explained Coker. "No doubt about it, sir, he'd have shot you down without compunction!"

"B-b-bless my soul! I will see this—this criminal, at once!" gasped the master of the Fifth, leading the way to his study. "I can hardly credit—"

"It's true enough, sir," Coker said. "I



"Leave the man to me, sir," said Coker, "and I'll—Ow!" Coker's chatter gave way to a sudden howl as Mr. Prout's thumb and forefinger closed over his ear.

heard him ask Gosling where you were, with my own ears! Here you are!"

He stepped into the study and pointed to a chair in the middle of the room, where his prisoner was sitting, trussed up like a chicken.

Mr. Prout blinked; then suddenly he gave a shout, while the juniors looked on with interest from the doorway.

"Dugan! My dear fellow—"

"Prout!" came an answering roar from Coker's prisoner. "I'll say I'm glad to see you!"

"You know the chap, then, sir?" asked Coker cheerfully. "Jolly glad he's trussed up, then, I'll bet!"

"Coker!" roared Mr. Prout, taking a step forward.

"Leave him to me, sir," said Coker confidently, "and I'll—Ow!"

Coker's confident chatter gave way to a sudden yelp, as Mr. Prout's thumb and forefinger closed over his ear.

"Coker!" hooted Mr. Prout. "Utterly absurd youth! How dare you?"

"Ow! Wharrer you doing?" gasped Coker in amazement. "I tell you, if you leave him to me—"

"Silence!" roared the master of the Fifth. "Are you aware, Coker, that the gentleman whom you have tied up, as you might a common thief, is a very old and esteemed friend of mine?"

"Just where you're wrong!" said Coker. "You may think he's a friend of yours, but the fact is, he came to shoot you. If he didn't, why was he carrying a gun?"

"Dolt!" snorted Mr. Prout, as he took out a knife and started hacking away at the cord round Coker's prisoner. "The 'gun,' as you call it, was undoubtedly the revolver which I myself sent him recently to enable him to test my new trigger!"

"What!"

"Mr. Dugan, the gentleman whom you have ill-used, formerly accompanied me on a hunting expedition into the Rockies. We have a mutual interest in firearms."

"M-my hat!" stuttered Coker, his hair almost standing on end. "Then—then I've made a mistake!"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" chortled Skinner, from the back of the crowd. "First

time it's ever happened! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Thanks!" drawled Mr. Prout's American friend, as he stood upright at last. "I guess I'm glad it's nothing worse than a mistake. When I put up my fins for your young friend here, I allowed he was cuckoo; he certainly gives a guy that idea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the delighted crowd from the passage.

Coker stood in the centre of the study, shifting from one foot to the other. His face was almost green.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned. "I—I—I—"

"Go!" said Prout majestically. "I will deal with you later!"

"I—I'm awfully sorry——"

"Naturally!" nodded the Fifth Form-master. "Now go!"

Coker went, followed every step of the way back to his study by the most uproarious, hilarious crowd that had ever invaded the sacred quarters of the Fifth.

Later, Prout dealt with him. Let it be said that the dealing in question, thanks, no doubt, to the good offices of Coker's gunman, was exceedingly light; a brief but pointed lecture on the subject of jumping to conclusions, and it was over.

From the point of view of the Remove, however, that was not the end. The references made in Coker's hearing by members of that celebrated Form, to "gangsters," "gunmen," and "racketeers" make Coker's ears burn for weeks after. And the great man of the Fifth, having burned his copy of "Rough-Stuff Stories," could only suffer in silence and long for the time when Coker's capture would be blessedly forgotten!

~~~~~ THE END ~~~~~

# Song of the Summer.



SUMMER holidays—  
How they fly away !  
Breezily, easily,  
Busy all the day.  
Life goes " swimmingly "  
In the sparkling sea !  
Merrily, verily  
As happy as can be.

Seaside holidays !  
In a sunny land ;  
Clattering, pattering  
Over golden sand.  
New vitality  
From the ocean air ;  
Scampering, clambering,  
Laughing everywhere.

Country holidays !  
On the breezy downs ;  
Cricketing, picnicking,  
Banishing the frowns.  
Sunlit skies above,  
Pasture-land below,  
Laughingly, chaffingly,  
On our way we go.

River holidays !  
On a placid stream ;  
Lazily, hazily,  
Resting oars abeam !  
Drifting peacefully  
With a sleepy tide ;  
Tastefully, gracefully,  
Silently we glide

Mountain holidays !  
Climbing windy heights ;  
Busily, dizzily  
Seeing all the sights  
Toiling manfully  
Up the scented hill ;  
Lustily, gustily  
Struggling onward still.

Oh, summer days have  
come and gone ;  
But memories we can't  
forget  
Of life and laughter, joy  
and song  
Are lingering in our  
fancies yet.







## WHICH SCHOOL IS BEST?



"... Greyfriars, of course!"

Below, Harry Wharton, Tom Merry, and Jimmy Silver give their answers to this question: We leave readers to decide for themselves which argument is most convincing!

"... Give me St. Jim's!"

### By HARRY WHARTON

**W**HY, Greyfriars, of course! Ask anyone at Greyfriars, and he'll tell you the same! Look at the position of it! Beautiful country, the sea a couple of miles away, and a town within easy reach; it's as good as a house-agent's advertisement! St. Jim's and Rookwood may have their points, but they haven't got 'em all, like that!

Nor is that everything. Without drawing invidious distinctions, I maintain that our Head knocks spots off any other headmaster extant. When he wields the merry old birch he'd knock spots off the back of a leopard, I truly believe!

Consider, too, the weird and wonderful language of old Inky, the gorgeous peculiarities of Bunter, the ponderous pomposity of Mr. Prout, and the hundred and one other interesting things at Greyfriars, and tell me frankly whether the other two schools can show anything like them.

They can't; it's just impossible. So, with all due respect to St. Jim's and Rookwood, I can only say that Greyfriars is far and away the best of the three!

### By TOM MERRY

**H**ow on earth a chap in his right mind can answer anything else but "St. Jim's" is altogether beyond me. Without the slightest shadow of doubt St. Jim's is the best of the three!

Mind you, I'll admit at once that we don't boast so many freaks as they do at Greyfriars. I can, of course, point to Arthur Augustus



"... Rookwood's best!"

D'Arcy, Grundy, Mr. Ratcliff, and Skimpole; but I grant you that as a freak show we have to give Greyfriars best. I base our claims to superiority on other grounds. St. Jim's itself is better-looking than either Greyfriars or Rookwood. Even if I didn't belong to St. Jim's I should have to admit that much.

As to the surrounding country—well, Wharton may crack up Kent as much as he likes, but give me Sussex, all the time!

Another thing, there's a keener kind of atmosphere about St. Jim's than about the other two schools. I attribute this to the House rivalry which is such a feature with us, and which I think is another reason why St. Jim's comes out on top!

### By JIMMY SILVER

**P**RATE not to me of Greyfriars or St. Jim's! I stand for Rookwood, now and for ever!

Every fellow with an ounce of brain knows that Rookwood's best. Wasn't it William the Conqueror who said that the Battle of Banockburn was won on the playing-fields of Rookwood? It wasn't? Well, never mind; he should have said it, anyway!

Have the other two schools got a Classical House? They have not! Have they got a Modern House? They have not!

As to scenery—well, if you can beat the view of Hampshire you get from the Clock Tower at Rookwood, your Uncle James will be very much surprised to hear it. Take it from me, you chaps, Rookwood stands supreme—the best school in all England!