

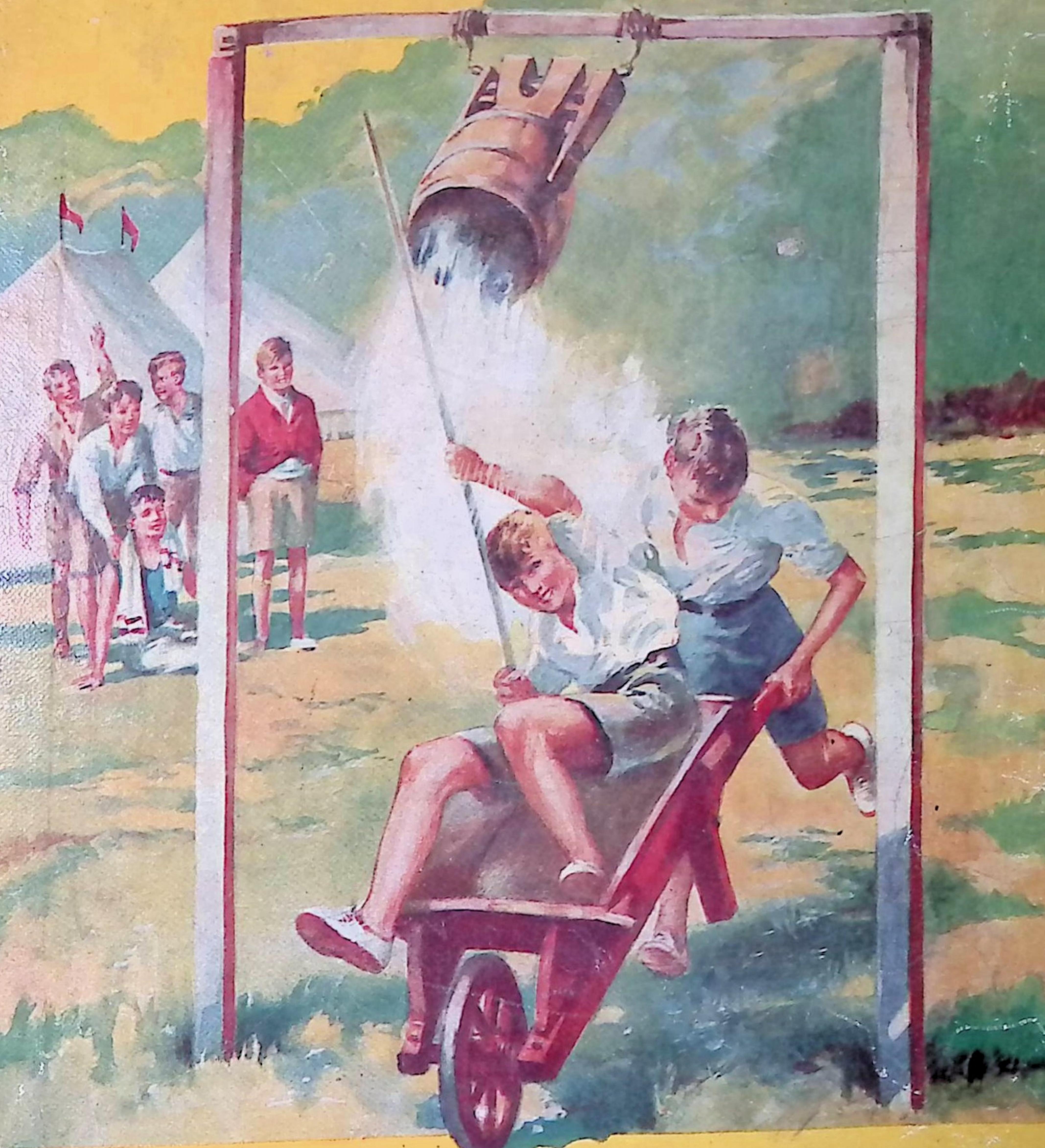
THE GREYFRIARS

# HOLIDAY

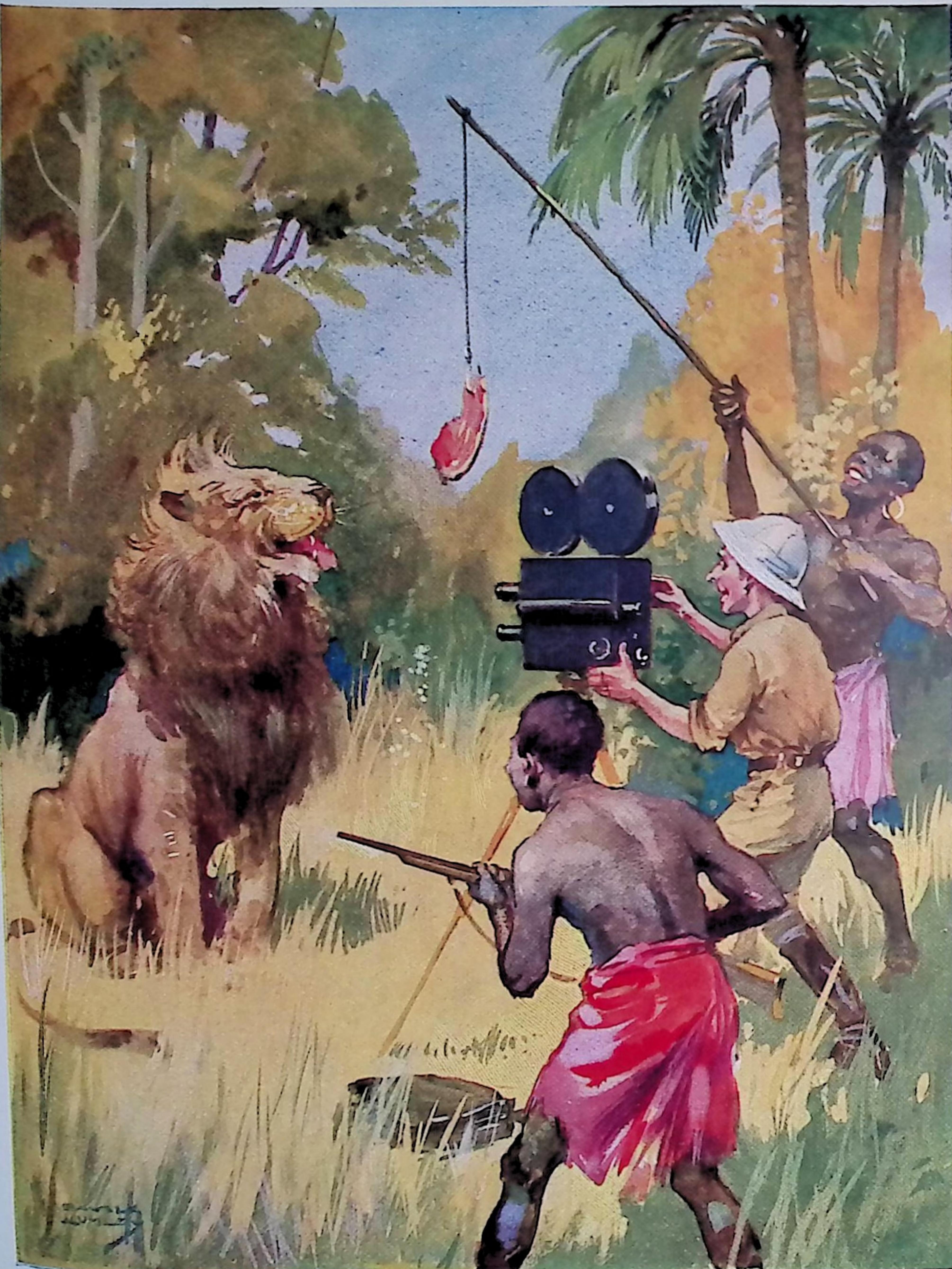
1934

ANNUAL  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

1934



## WILL IT COME TO THIS?



Frontispiece

HA  
So many "jungle" films have been made in the tropical forests that, as our artist suggests in this picture, the animals must be getting quite used to the movie camera!

*Specially drawn for the "Holiday Annual" by Savile Lumley.*

# *The Greyfriars* **HOLIDAY** **ANNUAL**

1934



This Book Belongs to K. H. M. CURTIS

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

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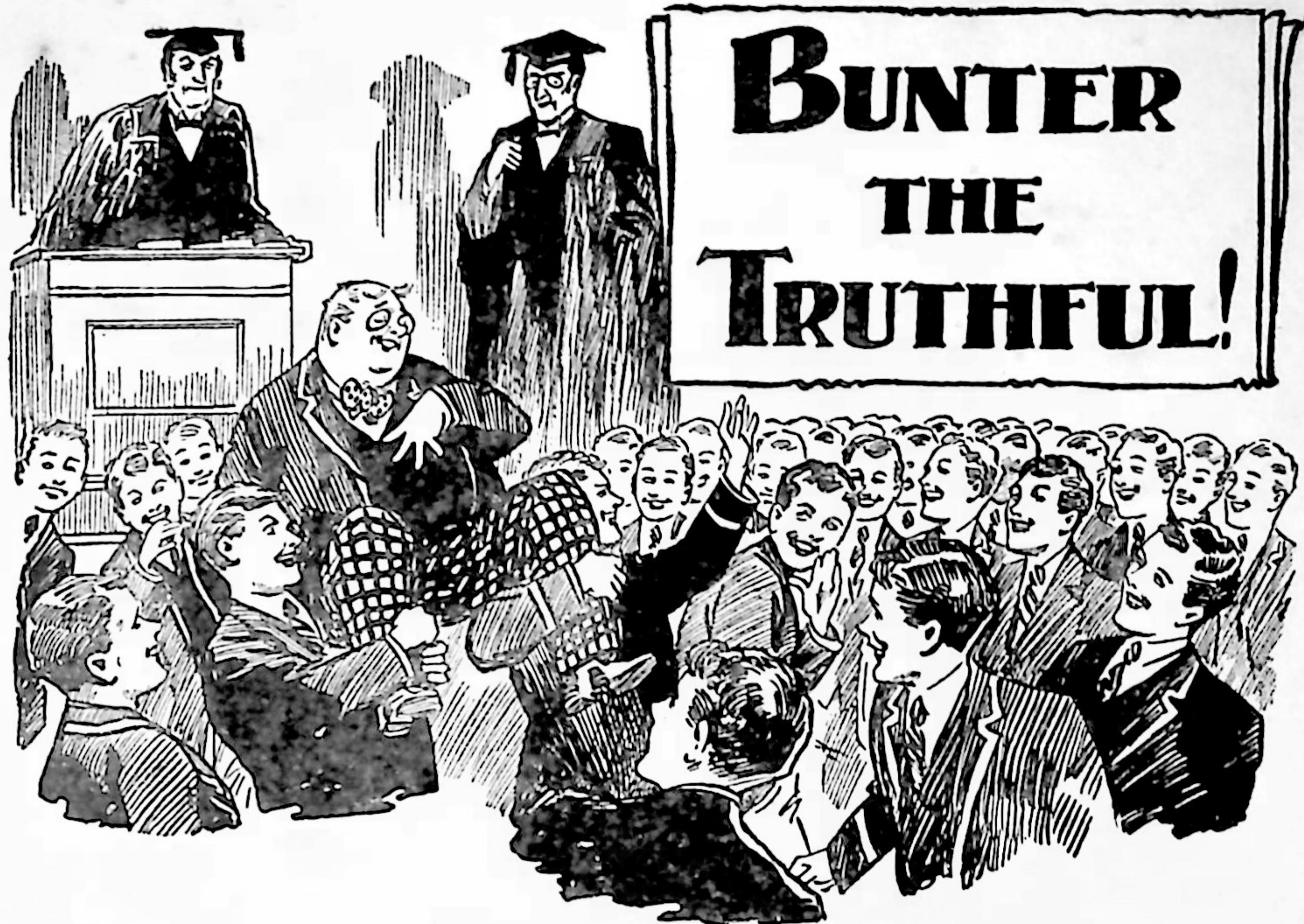
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# The Editor to his Friends

IN introducing to my host of expectant readers the latest volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL, I can assure them that I have taken the greatest pains to preserve that delicate balance between the various types of story which has always been the outstanding feature of successive HOLIDAY ANNUALS. Prominent as ever will be found the ever-youthful chums of Greyfriars School, whose adventures, chronicled by famous Frank Richards, have made them by far the best-known and most popular schoolboys in the world. Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, and Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, who are their only rivals in the affections of British boys and girls, also play their merry pranks in these pages. Stories of breathless adventure at home and abroad, written by authors who are masters of their craft, are here to give you a wholesome thrill. Every ingredient beloved by the reader of fiction, in short, will be found in this volume, blended with the skill that only experience can teach, to give the "H.A." just that little something that others haven't got! There is, however, one point in which this year's HOLIDAY ANNUAL differs from every one of its predecessors—the price is lower. At the old price of six shillings, the HOLIDAY ANNUAL for fourteen years maintained its position at the head of its class. At the new price of five shillings it provides an example of outstanding value which defies comparison.

THE EDITOR.

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



## THE FIRST CHAPTER AN OFFER FROM POPPER!

"**M**y Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—" Groan !

"To repeat, for the sake of emphasis, what I have already said—"

"Oh, my hat !

Would you believe it ?" asked Bob Cherry, sotto voce.

"He's going through it all again !" muttered Vernon-Smith, in almost tragic tones. "Why doesn't the old buffer dry up ?"

Quite a number of people besides Vernon-Smith were asking that question.

It was Speech Day at Greyfriars and Big Hall was crowded with distinguished visitors.

Speech Day gave an opportunity

By FRANK RICHARDS

for several eminent public gentlemen to let off steam. Sir Hilton Popper, who was one of those eminent public gentlemen, never failed to do so. He had been letting off steam now for the

best part of half an hour and most of his audience were getting a little tired of the sound of his rather grating voice. Sir Hilton had an ad-

vantage over them there. He never got tired of the sound of his own voice !

"We are living in parlous times, Ladies and Gentlemen ! The ideals of past generations are ruthlessly flung aside—"

Groan !

"Throw something at him, somebody !" begged Peter Todd.

"Truth is mocked at! A generation arises to whom lying and deceit are second nature! Ladies and Gentlemen! To what institution in the land of our birth do we look to as the bright, hopeful light in the darkness that surrounds us? I suggest that that bright, hopeful light is provided only by the English public school!"

Loud cheers filled the gap which Sir Hilton thoughtfully provided at this juncture. A number of people were observed to be consulting their watches.

"I'll lay ten to one he goes on another ten minutes!" came a stage-whispered offer from Harold Skinner.

There were no takers. But Skinner would have had to pay out, as it happened, for Sir Hilton was at last nearing the end.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! As a boy at Greyfriars, I was taught to worship the truth," rasped Sir Hilton Popper. "It is my hope that the present generation is brought up in the same way." And then came Sir Hilton's offer—Sir Hilton's surprising, staggering offer!

"To stimulate the interest of the present generation of Greyfriars boys in truth-telling," said the baronet, in slow, deliberate tones, "I have decided to offer a cash prize of ten guineas."

The present generation of Greyfriars boys suddenly found Sir Hilton's speech of engrossing interest. They listened all ears to what was coming. "That prize," said Sir Hilton, "will be awarded to the boy who at the end of a week from now is judged by popular vote to have been the most truthful!"

"Oh, great pip!" The method to be used in taking the vote, I leave to Dr. Locke. I am merely concerned with the idea of the thing. That, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the offer I make in the

interests of the moral welfare of the rising generation!"

Sir Hilton Popper then sat down. As it happened, he sat, by accident, on Colonel Wharton's knee, but nobody bothered about that in the excitement.

The cheering was tremendous. Grown-ups mixed laughter with their cheers and seniors looked a little bored over the matter—but there was no doubt about the enthusiasm of the juniors.

Shortly after that, the speeches ended, the gathering in Big Hall broke up and the crowds dispersed. And among the juniors who were not engaged with parents or other visitors, there was but one topic under discussion—Sir Hilton's ten-guinea offer for telling the truth.

"I'm going to have a shot for it!" Skinner remarked.

"'Shot'" is the right word for you, old bean!" grinned Bob Cherry. "The only way I can see you getting it is by holding up the old boy with a gun!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If there's anyone in the Remove who ought to win it, it's me," declared Bolsover major. "Never was any beating about the bush with me. I tell the truth all the time, whether people like it or not. What are you grinning at, Smithy?"

"Just thinking how easy it is to do that!" answered the Bounder. "I can easily say a lot of true things about you, old chap, if I feel like it. I can say you've got the biggest feet in the Remove—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And that your voice is like a fog-horn, and that your face gives most people a pain; and—"

"Why, you fatheaded freak, I'll—"

"I say, you fellows, no rowing on Speech Day!" came a squeaky voice

from the edge of the group as William George Bunter, the fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove, rolled up on the scene. "Now, about old Popper's prize; you know how truthful I am ——"

"Ye gods!" howled Bob Cherry. "Bunter's entering, too! What chance do we stand now?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——" hooted Bunter indignantly.

But the juniors refused to look or even to listen. The mere idea of Bunter, who had never been able to distinguish the truth from its opposite, entering for the Popper Prize was sufficient to render most of them hysterical.

Had they foreseen the course of events in the week that followed, Bunter's entry might not have provoked so much mirth among them. But they didn't foresee it. That revelation was in store for them.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER STRICTLY TRUTHFUL!

"SPARE a minute, Wingate?"

"Two, if you like!" responded George Wingate, the popular captain of Greyfriars, putting his book aside and waving Loder of the Sixth to a chair.

He was wondering what had brought the black sheep of the Sixth to his study; he had little in common with him and visits between the two of them were few and far between.

"It's about footer," Loder explained. "I see you've put me down to play against St. Jim's. I've come to ask you whether perhaps you ought not to consider one or two other chaps before me."

Wingate stared.

"But you've wanted to play for the First Eleven all the season!"

Loder nodded.

"I know that. But I feel I may

not be able to do justice to you. You see, as a matter of fact, I've been up rather late, recently. To tell you the truth, I've been idiot enough to break bounds and drop into the Cross Keys for a game or two of cards!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wingate. "Have you suddenly gone potty, Loder, that you're calmly telling me all this?"

"Not at all. I'm doing it because it's only fair to you. You see, I believe in being open and honest about a thing——"

"Oh, great Scott! I fancy I see!" gasped Wingate. "You're after the Popper Prize!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, between ourselves, Wingate, I haven't had very good luck and that ten guineas would just about put me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wingate. "All serene, Loder! If it comes to voting, I'll remember this; in the meantime, I'll think over what you've told me! Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder nodded and quitted the school captain's study.

It was happening all over Greyfriars!

Everybody was trying to impress everybody else with his truthfulness. Fags were striving with each other in handing over "large slabs" of truth to each other at frequent intervals. Removites, Fourth-Formers and Shellfish were sternly repressing the inclination to use those convenient though untruthful expressions that smooth over the minor difficulties of life. A veritable epidemic of truth-telling was raging over Greyfriars.

The method of deciding on the winner had been fixed. The school was to assemble in Big Hall and candidates were to be nominated. After that, a show of hands was to be asked for in respect of each candidate, the most truthful being thus selected by popular accord.

Ten guineas was well worth winning; hence the strenuous efforts that were being made in all directions.

In the Remove Form-room, the morning after Speech Day, Mr. Quelch was almost embarrassed by the truthful replies to his questions.

Even Skinner told the truth. When Mr. Quelch, after testing Skinner's knowledge of [the subject of the previous evening's prep., asked that somewhat shifty junior how much time he had devoted to it, Skinner's reply was brief and entirely true.

"Five minutes, sir!"

"Very well, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch, when he had recovered from the shock. "You should have devoted more time than that, even though you had the excuse of its being Speech Day. However, as you have told me the truth, I shall not punish you. You may sit down!"

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Skinner.

Bunter was on his fat feet before Skinner had resumed his seat.

"P-please, sir," he gasped, "I'll tell you the truth, too, only more of it than Skinner. I haven't done any prep. for a week!"

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Not for a week, sir!" said Bunter earnestly. "In fact, sir, to tell you the strict truth, I've scarcely looked at prep. this term!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a roar from the Remove. They couldn't help it.

But Mr. Quelch didn't laugh. He reached for his cane, instead.

"Bunter!" he gasped. "Upon my word, boy, you are the most incredibly stupid creature I have ever met! Come out!"

"W-w-what for? I—I've told you the truth, sir, haven't I?"

"Come here at once!" roared Mr. Quelch.

Bunter went. Judging by the howls

that rent the air of the Form-room a little later, his attempts at truth-telling had not been attended by the happy results they deserved.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER THE WINNER!

"You footling fathead——"

"You chuckle-headed chump——"

"Don't all speak at once!" said Harry Wharton, the Remove skipper. "You'll make me vain if you fling compliments about at this rate!"

A disconsolate crowd of Removites had sought out Wharton that evening in the Rag to point out one or two omissions he had made in drawing up the Remove Eleven for a forthcoming match with Courtfield Grammar School. Drawing up a junior eleven was an invidious task at the best of times, when there were always forty fellows holding the opinion that they individually deserved a place in the eleven.

"Of all the skippers——" said Bolsover, who was one of the rejected.

"Of all the so-called leaders——" remarked Trevor disgustedly.

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"It's just occurred to me, you chaps, that there's a truth-telling competition going on at present," he remarked. "If you'll give me five minutes, I'll just see if I can't win the prize by telling you a few home-truths about your play! Now, you, Trevor——"

"Well, what about me?" asked Trevor interestedly.

"If you were as good at playing footer as you are at playing the giddy ox, you'd be the best man in the Remove team. But you're not!"

"Look here——"

"As to you, Desmond, your style of play is suited only to special occasions. I wouldn't dream of leav-



"Now, about Popper's Prize," said William George Bunter. "You know how truthful I am——" "Ye gods!" howled Bob Cherry. "Bunter's entering, too! What chance do we stand now?" "Ha, ha, ha!"

ing you out if we were playing a blind school. Otherwise—nothing doing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Harry! At this rate you'll win the giddy ten guineas without exerting yourself!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"If you others want to hear the truth——" went on Wharton.

"Chuck it, you cheeky ass!" grinned Tom Brown, who had been one of the protesting army. "I'm satisfied with what you've said about the others!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Make way for the cheery old porpoise!" yelled Bob Cherry. "How's the Popper

Prize going? What about seeing the Head and telling him who robbed the tuck-shop last week?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter ignored that humorous suggestion. There was an air of suppressed excitement about him, and his eyes were gleaming unusually brightly behind his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows," he said. "I was wondering if one of you could lend me five bob."

There was a yell from the Removites.

"Dry up, Fatty!"

"Change the record! We've heard that one too many times!"

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"I suppose you're expecting a postal-order!" suggested Vernon-Smith, with crushing sarcasm.

"The postal-order you've been expecting for the last three terms!" grinned Ogilvy.

Bunter's eyes glimmered.

"That's just where you're wrong, as a matter of fact," he said. "I'll be quite frank with you; at the moment, I am not expecting a postal-order!"

The Removites stared.

"You—you're not expecting a postal-order?" stuttered Harry Wharton. "You really and truly mean that for the first time in history you're not expecting a postal-order from one of your titled relations?"

Bunter shook his head.

"I'm not; as a matter of fact, I haven't any titled relations, anyway!"

"WHA-A-AT?"

It was a howl from the crowd in the Rag. From time immemorial, Bunter had insisted on the existence of titled relations. Those titled relations had taken shape in Bunter's fat mind till he almost believed in them himself. And now, he was calmly denying them!

"You—you haven't any titled relations?" gasped Bob Cherry, quite faintly. "Hold me up, somebody! I feel as if I'm swooning! He'll be telling us next that there's no such place as Bunter Court!"

"There isn't!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Perhaps in the past—ahem!—I may have given you a somewhat false impression of my home," said Bunter, with a cough. "I really live in quite a small place—a villa, you know. There's no such place as Bunter Court!"

"M-m-my giddy aunt!"

"Chap's potty!" declared Johnny Bull. "When Bunter starts admitting he lives in a villa, that's the only solution!"

"No, it isn't!" yelled Squiff excitedly. "Can't you duffers see the idea? Bunter's having a cut at the Popper Prize—and he's setting about it in real earnest! He's just going to say the exact opposite to everything he's ever said before—in other words, he's going to start telling the truth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter wrathfully. "I hope I've always been a truthful kind of fellow; but there's just the chance that you may have placed the wrong meaning occasionally on things I've told you."

"Just a chance! Oh, help!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Well, now, what about that five bob?" asked Bunter argumentatively. "I've told you I'm not expecting a postal-order, so I can't promise a definite date for repayment; but if, nevertheless—"

"Here's a bob, Fatty—you're worth it!" said Wharton.

And, strangely enough, four other fellows followed Wharton's example.

Bunter rolled away from the Rag in possession of five shillings and a surprising discovery—that it paid to tell the truth!

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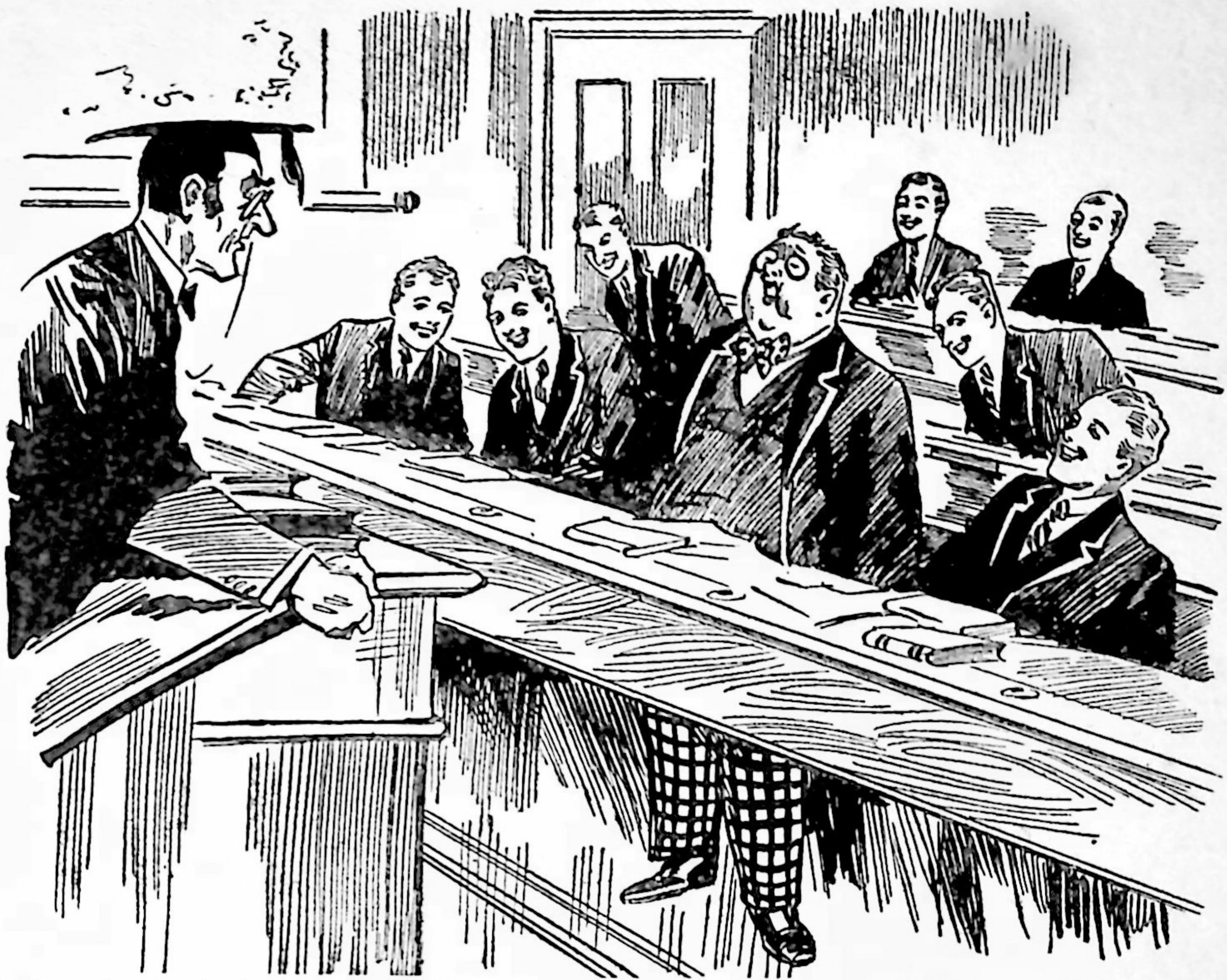
Bunter could never stick it out.

That was the opinion of most of the fellows. Even with the prospect of a splendid cash prize dangling before him, they thought, it was impossible for W. G. B. to keep on telling the truth for a whole week.

But they were wrong. Bunter did stick it out.

It wasn't that he had any more love for the truth than he had had before. But ten guineas was ten guineas, and Bunter went on telling the truth.

The story of his new departure soon spread far and wide. Fellows



Bunter suddenly stood up on his fat feet before Mr. Quelch. "P-please, sir," he said, "I'll tell you the truth. I haven't done any prep. for a week!" "What!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

belonging to other Forms came to the Rag for the special purpose of seeing the miracle with their own eyes—or rather, hearing it with their own ears!

By the time the meeting was held in Big Hall to decide the name of the winner, all Greyfriars was laughing over William George Bunter's remarkable essay in truth-telling.

The result of all this publicity was not altogether surprising. Bob Cherry nominated Bunter as a candidate for the prize; and when the vote was taken, Bunter secured an overwhelming majority.

The Head smilingly handed over the cash, and the winner, amid great rejoicing, was carried shoulder-high out of the Hall.

"Speech!" was the insistent cry of the Remove, a little later, at the celebration feed held in the Rag.

Bunter stood on a chair.

"Gentlemen!" he said. "The Popper Prize has been won by the fellow who deserved it most of all—myself! Of course, I don't really need the money—my titled relations are simply rolling in oof, and if you saw the luxury we live in at Bunter Court—"

But that was as far as he got. A roar of laughter drowned the rest.

Now that the Popper Prize had come home to roost, it was very evident that Bunter, the truthful, had promptly ceased to exist!

THE END

# THE ARTFUL DODGER!

By FRANK NUGENT.

WHEN Bunter owed to Peter Todd  
The sum of half-a-crown,  
His face, as he walked in the quad,  
Bore quite a worried frown.

For Toddy had kept on and on  
Demanding to be paid,  
And naturally the tin had gone  
On tarts and lemonade.

So Bunter had tried hard to screw  
A loan from half a dozen  
Fellows, when there hove in view  
Alonzo, Peter's cousin.

Now 'Lonzy's heart is very soft  
And ditto is his brain,  
So Billy Bunter smiled and coughed  
And started to explain :

A certain cheque was on the way  
(He meant "uncertain," rather)  
Which had been sent to him that day  
By his beloved father.

The cheque that evening would arrive ;  
But he was in a fix,  
And could Alonzo please contrive  
To lend him two-and-six ?

Alonzo took this story in  
With meek and childlike calm,  
Took out the necessary tin,  
Pressed it in Bunter's palm.

Then Bunter thanked him for the loan  
And flew—none could be fleetier ;  
He passed the tuckshop (with a groan)  
And went to look for Peter.

Next day Alonzo on his track  
At dinner trailed him down ;  
Requested him to give him back  
The borrowed half-a-crown.

Then Billy Bunter met his eyes  
Without the slightest quake,  
And said, in tones of great surprise,  
"There must be some mistake ;

I gave your money back last night ;  
I'm not a beastly cheater.  
As you yourself were not in sight,  
I handed it to Peter."

Said 'Lonzy : "I do not imply  
That you're a cheat—I'd spurn it.  
If Peter has the money, why  
I'll get him to return it."

Whether he got that half-a-crown  
Or whether he went without it,  
Bunter, at least, has never known—  
He heard no more about it.

