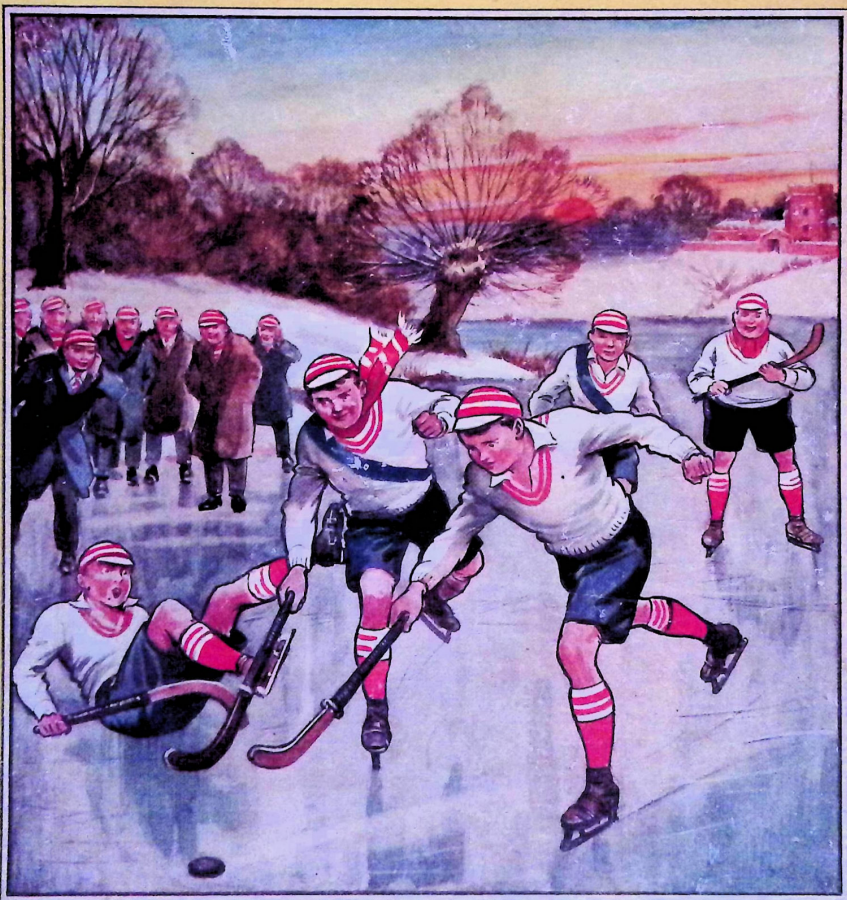


The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
FOR
BOYS & GIRLS

1938

1938





Frontispiece

HA

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" CHRISTMAS PARTY!

Specially painted by R. J. Macdonald.

The GREY FRIARS HOLIDAY

Annual



*This Book
Belongs to*

*TINKER DAVIES
22 BOUNDARY ROAD,
SIDCUP.*

The Editor To His Friends

THE appearance every year of a new volume of "The Holiday Annual" is an event which is hailed with delight by thousands of families throughout the British Empire. For it is unique in that its contents deal largely with the adventures, amazing and amusing, of those famous characters Billy Bunter and Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars; Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's; and Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

These names are household words throughout the English-speaking world, familiar to every boy and, in most cases, to his father as well!

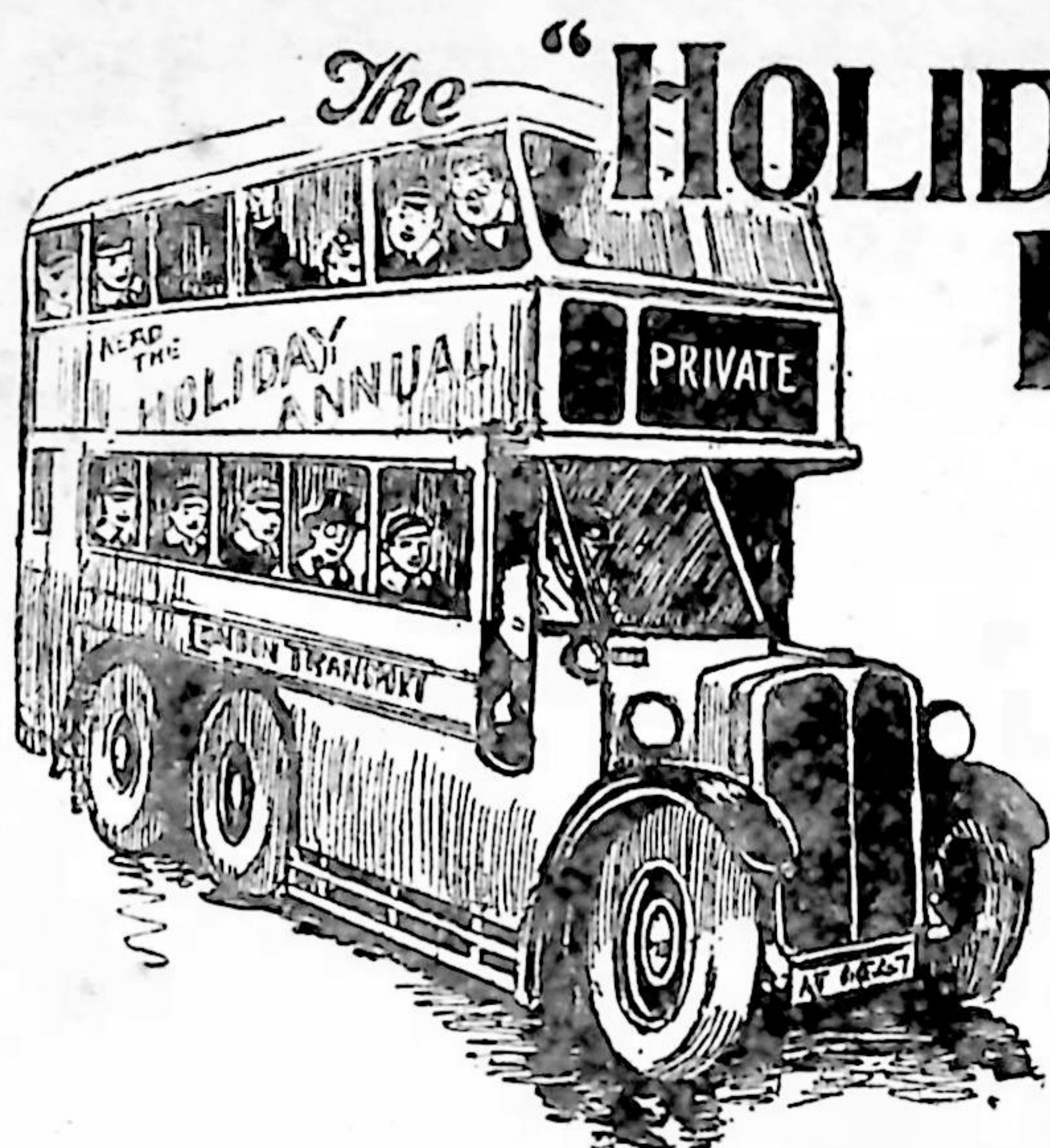
In the pages which comprise this the nineteenth successive "Holiday Annual," the famous schoolboys appear at their very best and liveliest in story, article, picture and verse. And to every one of you who have been lucky enough to secure this book I can safely promise a rare feast of fun and good cheer!

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

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

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The "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" BEANO

By the EDITOR

In which I stand treat to "Holiday Annual" schoolboy contributors for services rendered, and a good time is had by all—especially the fat boys of St. Jim's, Greyfriars and Rookwood!

"WELL, that's that," I said to my sub, when we had finished correcting the proofs of this year's HOLIDAY ANNUAL. "That's another twelve months' work finished."

"Yes," grinned the sub-editor. "Now we can start right away on the 1939 issue."

It had been a gigantic task. There were stories to be arranged, authors and artists to interview, long-haired poets to throw down the lift-shaft, and would-be Shakespeares to set the office dog on to. Thousands of letters had been written, and our waste-paper basket was brimming full with works by Alonzo Todd, Herbert Skimpole and other gifted (?) writers.

And when we had fixed up the stories, articles, poems, plates, sketches, etc., the giant printing machines began to pour a continuous stream of "galley-proofs" into my sanctum; we were flooded out with line and colour blocks from the process engravers, and we had to fight desperately with shears, gum and blue-pencil to save ourselves from being submerged!

Finally we cut and cancelled our way through the pile—trimming, deleting, compressing, arranging and pasting up, until the 1938 HOLIDAY ANNUAL actually began to take shape. Mountains of manuscripts and whole art galleries of drawings were slowly but surely melted down between the covers of this present volume. Then we went out and had a spot of lunch.

After that, there was a meeting of the "professional" authors and artists—all first-class men at their jobs. We threw them bags of gold for their contributions, and after drinking our health in ginger-pop, they danced away down Farringdon Street, gaily flourishing their doubloons and singing.

"And now," said I, "what about the others? What about that mass of good stuff we get free, gratis and for nix?"

"You mean the stories and verses by the school fellows?" asked my sub.

"Certainly! If Wharton and the rest were pro's instead of amateurs, we should have to pay them half their



"Where is the Splitz Hotel?" panted Billy Bunter, charging down the platform like a runaway omnibus.
 "I haven't had a square meal for ages!"

weight in gold to write a line for us. As it is, we get a stack of first-class copy for nothing more than a kind smile. I think it's up to us to stand the fellows a feed, don't you?"

"Hear, hear!" said my sub enthusiastically, thus showing that he himself expected an invitation.

"Good! Then let us make the necessary arrangements!"

We devoted the afternoon to getting out a list of the fellows we meant to invite, and to hiring the banqueting hall of the Splitz Hotel for the occasion. As we felt doubtful whether Dr. Locke, Dr. Holmes and Dr. Chisholm would allow the boys to come to London during the term, we arranged the beano for the first day of the Christmas vac.

The Splitz Hotel fairly excelled themselves and provided a ripping feast. I had to convince them that we should not be requiring wine or other strong drinks, but we ordered unlimited gallons of ginger-pop and cherry wine.

Directly the train from Friardale drew up at Charing Cross there was a terrific commotion. People were knocked headlong right and left. Porters and trollys were mixed up in hopeless confusion.

This was due to Billy Bunter, who charged down the platform like a runaway omnibus.

"Where is it?" he panted, when

he saw me. "Which way to the Splitz Hotel? I haven't had a square meal for ages!"

"Calm yourself, my corpulent friend," I replied. "I have engaged a private bus to take us there——"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "But, I say, you know, I want to get there first."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Well, you see," said Bunter, with a burst of confidence, "I happen to know that Baggy Trimble and Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's, and Tubby Muffin of Rookwood, are coming. It stands to reason that there won't be enough grub to give us all a square meal, so I want to get in first."

I managed to convince Bunter that the Splitz Hotel was equal to the terrific task of feeding all four appetites, so he mounted the bus, beaming like a full moon. I then had a chance to speak to some of the other fellows.

"Awfully decent of you to invite us, Mr. Editor," said Bob Cherry, with a smile of cheerful anticipation.

"Hear, hear!" agreed Harry Wharton. "I must say that you chaps at Fleetway House are real sportsmen, and no mistake."

"The sportsmanshipfulness is terrific!" added Hurree Singh.

I then made my little speech of welcome and we moved towards the ticket-collector in a bunch. I noticed that Fisher T. Fish was very careful to conceal himself in the crowd as we passed the ticket-collector, but the eagle-eyed official barred his path.

"Ticket, sir?" he asked.

Fisher T. Fish turned pale.

"I—I—I guess I've lost it," he said.

"Then you'll have to pay again. Six-and-threepence, please, sir."

"Say, look hyer, I guess I ain't gonna pay twice. No, sir, not this

baby!" And Fisher T. Fish made a break for the exit.

A porter sprinted after him and collared him low, Rugby-fashion, and Fishy sprawled and roared. I hurried up to settle the matter, and when six-and-threepence of my life's savings had been transferred to the railway, they let Fishy go through.

I spoke to the sub-editor about it as we drove away to Waterloo.

"Look here, Jones," I said. "Did we invite Fisher T. Fish to this beano?"

"Blessed if I can remember," he answered; "but I rather fancy not."

I gave the Transatlantic gate-crasher a grim look. But for my reluctance to disturb the harmony of the occasion, Fishy would have left our bus on his neck.

At Waterloo we were just in time to meet the Southampton train which bore the Rookwood contingent. Tubby Muffin was equally anxious to get to the banquet. He had a dreadful fear, he told me, that Bunter would get there first.

I greeted Jimmy Silver & Co. as they piled on the bus and exchanged Christmas greetings with the Greyfriars fellows. Then we drove off to Victoria, where the St. Jim's fellows were waiting for us.

"Bai Jove!" beamed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as the merry old bus drove up. "This is wathah jollay!"

Baggy Trimble and Fatty Wynn were waiting together on tiptoe with impatience.

"Where's Bunter?" they howled in chorus, as the bus stopped.

"Here he is!" I replied. "Do you want him?"

"Nunno!" replied Trimble. "We were afraid he might have got there first."

This touching solicitude of the fat

juniors for Bunter was really pathetic.

We all shouted a welcome to the St. Jim's fellows as they poured into the bus, which was now crammed to bursting-point. There was general alarm when Trimble and Wynn attempted to go upstairs. Bunter and Muffin were already on the top-deck, and it was obvious that the roof wouldn't have stood the strain of all four of them. The conductor hurriedly stopped them, and they went inside.

Then off we crawled to the Splitz Hotel. We had to crawl because the bus was loaded down far below the Plimsoll line, and it was a wonder that the engine moved it at all.

Arrived at the Splitz, the four fat boys had a foot-race through a crowd of surprised waiters, and they all four dead-heated at the winning post (the banqueting hall), having lowered the record for the distance by nearly three seconds.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Bunter, in ecstasy. "I say—ripping——" He couldn't speak for delight.

The tables were piled high with



When Fisher T. Fish tried to bilk the railway, a porter sprinted after him and collared him low, and Fishy sprawled and roared.

Christmas fare. A great fire threw a cheerful, ruddy glow over the whole scene—spotless table-linen, glistening cutlery, sparkling glass, holly, mistletoe and coloured streamers. The table was laden with turkeys, ham, beef, sausages, puddings, pies,

jellies, dessert, vegetables, pork pies, nuts and raisins, ginger-pop, etc., mixed up in wonderful and delicious profusion.

No wonder the fat boys were speechless with delight!

"Now, gentlemen," I exclaimed, as the waiters began to bustle about, "sit down and let the revels commence!"

"Hooray!"

Tubby Muffin was already seated. He sat down at a distance of about two-and-a-half feet from the table.

"Draw up your chair, Muffin," I said genially.

"I'd rather not," said Tubby. "You see, I'm going to sit like this and eat until my waistcoat touches the table. Then I shall stop!"

"You will!" I answered grimly. "You'll be a hospital case by then!"

I had arranged the table so that Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood fellows were mixed together. D'Arcy was sitting between Lovell of Rookwood and Tom Brown of Greyfriars, and so it went on all down the table.



The four fat juniors had a race through a crowd of surprised waiters, and all of them dead-heated at the winning-post—the banqueting hall!

There was a buzz of merry talk mingled with the rattle of knives, forks and glasses. Fisher T. Fish and the four fat boys were too busy to talk, but everyone else exchanged friendly, good-humoured chat about every subject under the sun.

One quaint result of the beano—and one I had not anticipated—was the number of invitations for Christmas which were showered on me.

Wharton asked me to put in a short time at Wharton Lodge, D'Arcy begged me to join his party at Eastwood House, Jimmy Silver was equally anxious to see me at the Christmas party at his home, and Bunter pressed me to share a bedroom with a couple of reigning monarchs at Bunter Court.

It was nice to be so popular, but my own arrangements forced me to decline these invitations. My sub-editor, however, accepted them all, including Bunter Court.

"Whoever cooked that turkey," said Bunter, with a blissful sigh, "knew something about turkeys!"

"Well, you ought to know," grinned Tom Merry. "You've eaten the whole bird."

"Bunter often gets the bird," remarked Monty Lowther, "so he's used to it! Pass those pies, Raby, old top!"

"Pleasure!"

"Bai Jove!" beamed Arthur Augustus to Tom Brown. "I wegard this as simply stunnin', you know! There's only one thing w'ong with it!"

"What's that?" inquired Brown.

"We should be weawin' dinnah clobbah, deah boy," said Gussy seriously.

"How remiss of us!" agreed Lovell, with a grin.

"But othahwise evewythin' is toppin'!"

I can say with truth that the fat boys excelled themselves. I began to grow distinctly alarmed after a time, and I saw the waiters whispering among themselves, with glances at Bunter & Co. The amount of provender they shovelled away had to be seen to be believed.

I noticed with anxiety that Tubby Muffin's waistcoat was already halfway to the table, and he was still

going strong. Fisher T. Fish was making notes of everything he ate, together with the probable prices of the things, so that he would know how much he succeeded in "cinching" on the beano.

I hope he was careful to add my six-and-threepence to the list!

All good things come to an end eventually, and our banquet was no exception. Even Bunter finished after a time. I noticed that he looked with agony on the piles of stuff still on the table, but even he couldn't manage another ounce. Tubby Muffin leaned back with a sigh of utter bliss, and I noticed that his third waistcoat button was gently touching the table.

Then came a shower of crackers, which were duly pulled, and the paper-hats contained in them were put on. Then Wharton rose to his feet, a glass of ginger-pop in his hand.

"Gentlemen!" he cried.

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm going to propose the health of the staff of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL. (Loud cheers.) This has been a ripping beano——"

"Mmmmmmm!" agreed Bunter, full beyond words.

"And we've enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. ('Yaas, wathah!') THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL can't help being a first-rate book with such a first-rate Editor in charge of it——" (I blushed modestly amid the cheers.) "So let us wish him and his staff a really ripping Christmas, long life and happiness."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. I made some sort of speech in reply; but I was really very happy indeed to see all those beaming faces around me, and I felt that my job was well worth while, if only for this alone.

But there are thousands of beaming

faces which I cannot see, and I didn't forget them at that moment.

"I want to propose a toast too," I said. "A toast to the fellows who have made not only THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL, but even this banquet, possible. So I ask you to join me in



Even Billy Bunter finished eating after a time. He looked with agony upon the piles of stuff on the table, but he couldn't manage another ounce!

wishing, most sincerely, health, happiness and prosperity to those very good friends whom perhaps we never see—Our Readers!"

I want you to be sure that this toast was honoured with terrific cheers, and the friendliness we felt for each other was extended to include you all, wherever you may be.

After that, the merry meeting broke up. Bunter was far past the power of movement, and the hotel manager arranged a chair for him in the lounge, where he could sleep off his terrific gorge like a boa-constrictor. When we left the hotel, he was fast asleep, with a gentle smile on his face.

I shall never forget that beano. Neither will Jones, my sub-editor. He ate himself into a state of coma, and we had to wheel him back to Fleetway House in a bath-chair! Still, as he said when he regained consciousness:

"I wouldn't mind doing the work of an Annual twice the present size if there was a beano like that at the end of it."

To which I can only add, "Hear, hear!"

A KANDID KONFESSION!

(OR THE LITTLE FAILING OF A GREAT SPIRIT)

By BILLY BUNTER

I'm always full of vigger,
And if you shoold want to see
A fine athlettick figger,
Well, just take a look at me!

I'm not so thin as Toddy,
Who coold crawl inside a pipe;
I've a fine subbstantial boddy!
Strong and stirdy—that's my type!

Said our medickal eggsaminer
When testing me last week,
"For a bild of strength and stamminer
You're probably uneek!"

"And your figger, Master Bunter,
Has no match in erth or sky,
Unless you count the grunter
In old Farmer Cobbett's sty!"

But altho in eech direckshun
I'm a creddit to my sex,
I am still not quite perfeckshun,
For I have a few defex!

In the 1st place, I'm unabel
To do jusstis to my food!
And my appetight at tabel
Very offen isn't good!

Tho I may be simply thirsting
For the appul-dumplings fine,
I feel very neer to bursting
When I've eeten more than nine!

Sum fine day I hope to alter
Such a meeger appetight!
Eat my fill, and never falter
When the bursting-point's in site!

Then, agen, it's rather funney,
But my memmory is slack!
I can think to borro munney,
But forgett to pay it back!

Tho I serch my mind sinseerly
When my postle-order cums,
Yet I can't rememmbler cleerly
All those tryfling littel sums!

And agen, I serch it vainly
When sum grubb I chance to spot,
For I can't rememmbler planely
Wether it is mine or not!

Yet altho I laber under
Such a horrid handicapp,
You'll agree that I'm a wunder,
And, in faktt, an "all-rownd" chap!

