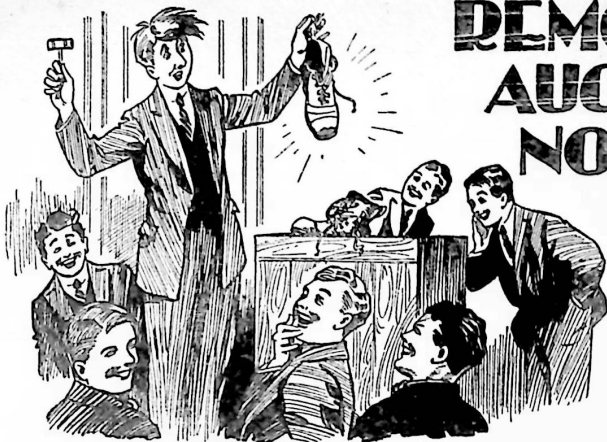


# REMOVE AUCTION NOTES!



*Happening to be at Greyfriars, the HOLIDAY ANNUAL representative presented himself at the Annual Remove Auction Sale. Judging by his notes, this event is certainly something new in auctions!*

THE Annual Auction took place in the Rag a day or two before Breaking-up Day. Peter Todd, the official auctioneer, had a number of interesting articles to offer, and although the prices realised were not exactly record-breaking, the affair was voted a complete success.

The first item consisted of a postal-order for sixpence made payable to William George Bunter. For an article of such unique character some spirited bidding naturally took place, Vernon-Smith eventually getting the prize for the princely bid of 7s. 6d. The purchaser cynically remarked that he intended to have the postal-order framed, upon which the auctioneer, with a cheerful grin, informed the crowd that he had bought the article himself at Friardale Post Office, and the whole thing was therefore already a "frame-up"!

The next bargain offered was a typical herring of the kind used for frying on the end of a penholder in the Third Form-room. The auctioneer assured the crowd that it had been acquired from the Third Form at

great cost. His listeners, however, seemed to think that the tale was a little fishy, and Skinner loudly expressed the opinion that it was all cod. Billy Bunter bought the fish for a bad halfpenny, after "bating" the auctioneer down.

Roars of ironical applause greeted the appearance of a cricket bat which Coker of the Fifth had entered in the sale. The auctioneer mentioned that although Coker had used the bat for two seasons, it was quite as good as new—the reason being that during the whole of that period Coker had not succeeded in hitting a ball! The article was soon withdrawn—the only bid being Johnny Bull's offer to exchange the bat for a book on "Cricketing for the Beginner."

A bulky volume, entitled "The Story of a Potato," was the next offer. The auctioneer explained that his cousin, Alonzo, who was parting with the edifying book with heartfelt regret, intended to give the proceeds to the Society for Providing Haircuts for Hottentots. But at this juncture the owner said that he had suddenly

changed his mind and decided to send the book itself to the Society for Bringing Big Books to the Blacks. "The Story of a Potato" was promptly returned to its owner forcibly!

A pair of old boots belonging to Bolsover major caused a good deal of amusement. The auctioneer displayed one boot and "put his foot in it" by offering the pair as curios, saying that they were claimed to be the largest size worn by any schoolboy in Great Britain. At this statement, Bolsover, with a menacing growl, flung himself at the humorous Peter. Representatives of the Auctioneers' Protection Corps hurriedly rushed to the rescue and ejected the interrupter—together with his boots!



Bolsover was ejected from the Rag without ceremony—together with his boots!

Before anything else could be offered Tom Dutton rolled up with the news that Bunter had been seen running up to the box-room with a cake that looked suspiciously like Peter Todd's. With a yell that sounded like, "I'll squash that fat burglar!" the auctioneer immediately jumped off his rostrum and leaped for the door, and the auction thereupon came to an abrupt end.

## Our Chamber of Horrors



### WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER

By BOB CHERRY

OUR Chamber of Horrors would not be complete  
Without the worst horror of all!  
Whenever you've anything tasty to eat  
You know that the Porpoise will call!  
You lock up your cake in a cupboard as strong  
As a bank, when you have to go out;  
Be perfectly sure it'll not be there long  
If the Porpoise is hanging about!

"Well, granted my food is not safe from attack,  
My money's as sound as a bell!"  
Alas, my poor friend, you are on the wrong track!  
He'll get all your money as well!  
A big postal-order is coming his way;  
It's been in the post for ten years.  
He'll take all your cash with a promise to pay  
The moment that order appears!

"My food and my money in danger? Oh, well,  
At least he won't get at my clothes!"  
Alas and alack, it's my duty to tell  
The whole truth without sparing the blows!  
"He'll make a selection of all your best hats,  
Your waistcoats he'll slit up the back,  
And when it is fine, he'll go out in your spats,  
And when it is wet, in your mack!

My food and my money and clobber! Great Scott!  
Thank goodness my home is all right!"  
It grieves me to say, my poor friend, that it's not;  
Your home's in a dangerous plight!  
Before the vacation he'll make you his friend,  
And stick like a leech to your side;  
You can't keep him out, he will go in the end  
To your home, for he won't be denied!