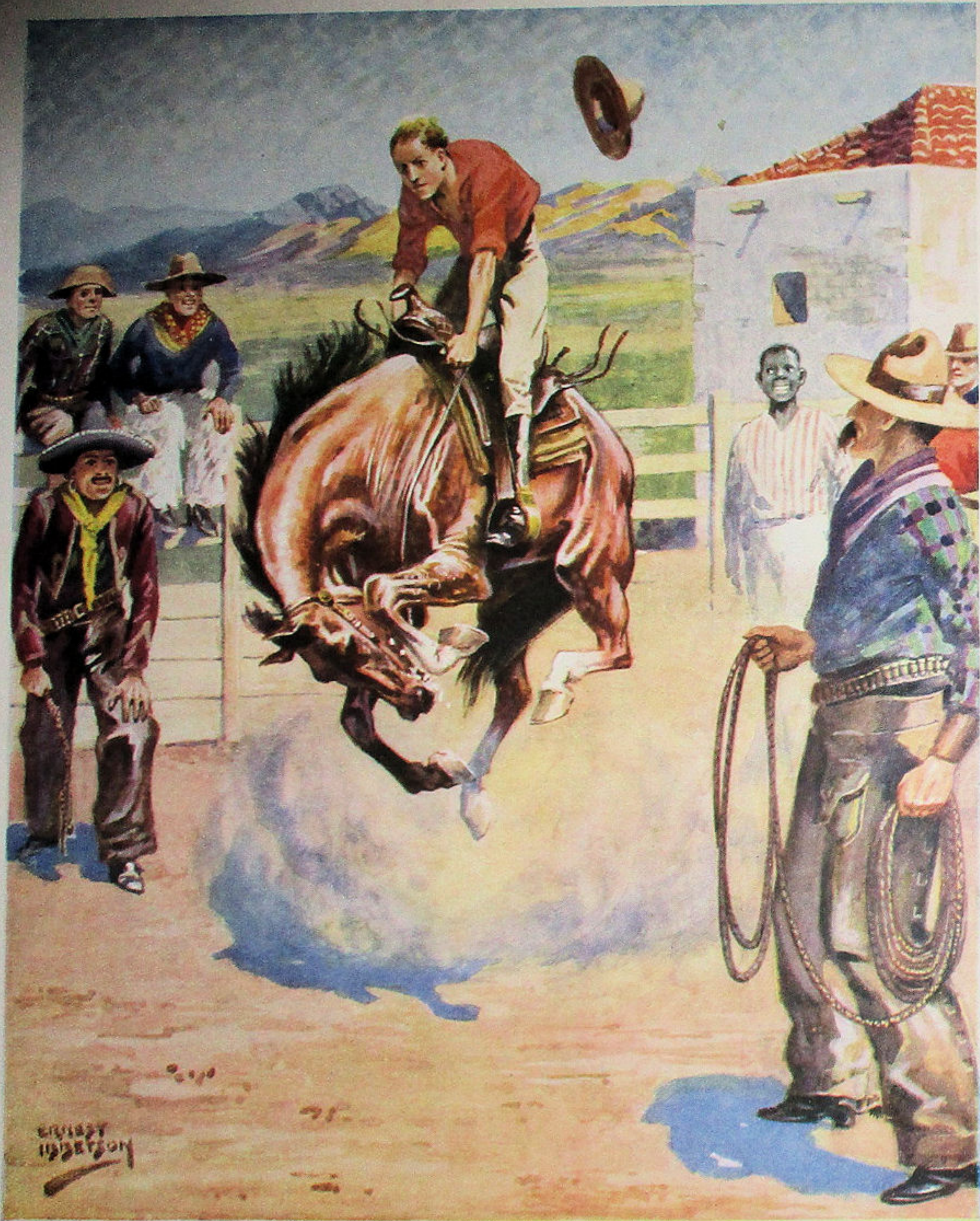


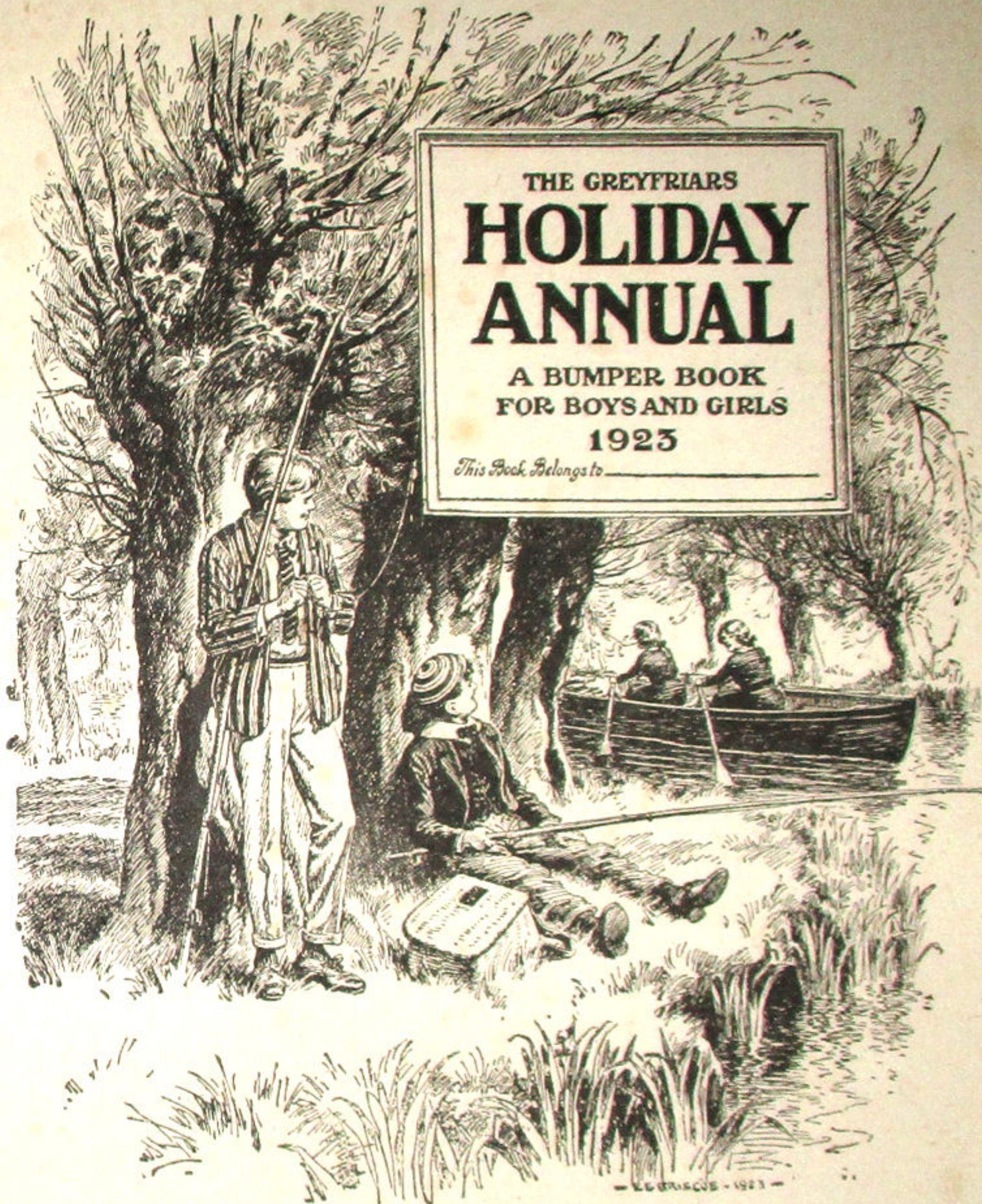
THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY

1923 ANNUAL 1923
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



E. B. RHISCOE





THE GREYFRIARS
**HOLIDAY
ANNUAL**
A BUMPER BOOK
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
1923
This Book Belongs to _____

- LEURICUS - 1923 -

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS

THE immense popularity of the previous issues of the Greyfriars HOLIDAY ANNUAL made the production of this—the volume for 1923—an exacting, but, at the same time, a pleasant task.

It is not too much to say that the expectations of a mighty host of my reader-chums are concentrated upon this volume, which now lies before them. It will be for them to pass the ultimate verdict upon it—and I am bold enough to look forward to that verdict with complete confidence.

The reason is not far to seek. The authors to whom I have entrusted the task of writing the letterpress, and the artists who have illustrated it, are well-known to British boys and girls as past masters of their art. Their popularity has long been fully established in the pages of the famous series of Companion Papers from which the HOLIDAY ANNUAL has sprung.

There is no need for me to call the attention of my old chums to the fact that the famous schools of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood—household words up and down the world—figure largely in the pages that follow; of course they do! So much goes without saying, to all readers the previous volumes of the "ANNUAL," at least.

In the attractiveness and variety of its contents, and especially by reason of its splendid school stories, the HOLIDAY ANNUAL may well claim to be the Holiday Book of the season. To the young its appeal is irresistible; and, if I be not mistaken, many of the seniors will be glad to give a place on the library shelf to a book which has in it the spirit of the good old schooldays, the magic of the playing-fields, and the reminder of the times when the thought of adventure overseas thrilled the very marrow of their bones!

THE EDITOR.

THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C. 4.



A Day with the Chums of Greyfriars!

[This Story is specially contributed by a reader of the Famous Companion Papers.—Ed. HOLIDAY ANNUAL.]

FOR years I had read of the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of the Greyfriars Remove. I had revelled in their japes, I had pictured myself sharing their joys and sorrows, and their fights and feuds and friendships. But I had never imagined, even in my wildest dreams, that I should ever meet these schoolboy heroes in the flesh.

I am just an average sort of fellow, with no wonderful virtues, and no particular faults—at least, I hope not.

My parents keep a farm on the borders of Kent and Sussex, and on leaving school, I went home to assist them.

We specialise in luncheons and teas for tourists, and, with my sister, I help to serve meals to weary cyclists and famished pedestrians.

Judge of our amazement when, one sunny morning in July, a party of not less than forty cyclists drew up at the farmhouse.

They dismounted from their machines, laughing gaily, and wheeled their bicycles into the two large sheds which stand in the yard.

“Public school boys,” murmured my sister. I nodded.

“I can’t quite make out from their caps which school they belong to,” I said.

And then my eyes fairly started out of my head.

Amongst the chattering, laughing throng

I caught sight of a plump youth who wore spectacles.

“If that isn’t the celebrated Billy Bunter,” I said, “I’ll eat my hat!”

“Billy Bunter!” echoed my sister in surprise. “You don’t mean to say —”

“They are Greyfriars fellows!” I exclaimed. “They are the fellows we read about in ‘The Magnet Library’ and THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL.”

We were so excited that we clean forgot our duties. We could only stand and stare in a fascinated sort of way at the cyclists.

At that moment a sunny-faced, curly-headed youth came strolling towards us. His cap was perched on the back of his head, and he quickly raised it and smiled at my sister. Then he turned to me.

“Lunch for forty, please,” he said. “Rather a shipping order, what? Hope it won’t take your breath away.”

“I fancy we can cope with it, Master Cherry,” I said with a smile.

“Eh? How did you know my name?”

“I recognised you from the sketches I’ve seen of you,” I said. “It’s a real treat to see you fellows in the flesh. We never thought we should have the honour.”

“Indeed we did not,” said my sister, smiling her sweetest smile which she reserves for special occasions. “What would you like for lunch, Master Cherry?”



At that moment a sunny-faced, curly-headed youth came strolling towards us, his cap perched on the back of his head. He quickly raised it, and smiled at my sister. (See page 3.)

"Cut out the 'Master Cherry,' if you don't mind, and call me Bob. So far as the grub is concerned, we'll have whatever you can give us. We've come a long way—we're making a tour through Kent and Sussex, you know—and we're as hungry as hunters—I might almost say as hungry as Bunters."

"We can give you cold chicken and salad, with apple-dumplings to follow," said my sister.

"Ripping! I say, you fellows, we're going to have the feed of our little lives!"

"Oh, good!" said Billy Bunter, squeezing his plump hands together. "Tell them to look sharp and get it ready, Cherry. I'm in the throes of starvation!"

"Not judging by your appearance, at any rate," chuckled Bob Cherry with a glance at Bunter's portly figure.

"By the way," added Bob, turning to me, "what is your name?"

"Jack Neville. And this is my sister Phyllis."

"Good! Perhaps you'd like to be introduced to our crowd?"

"We should love it."

Bob then performed the introductions. They naturally took some time, and Billy Bunter waxed impatient.

"I say, what about lunch?" he growled.

But no one heeded Bunter.

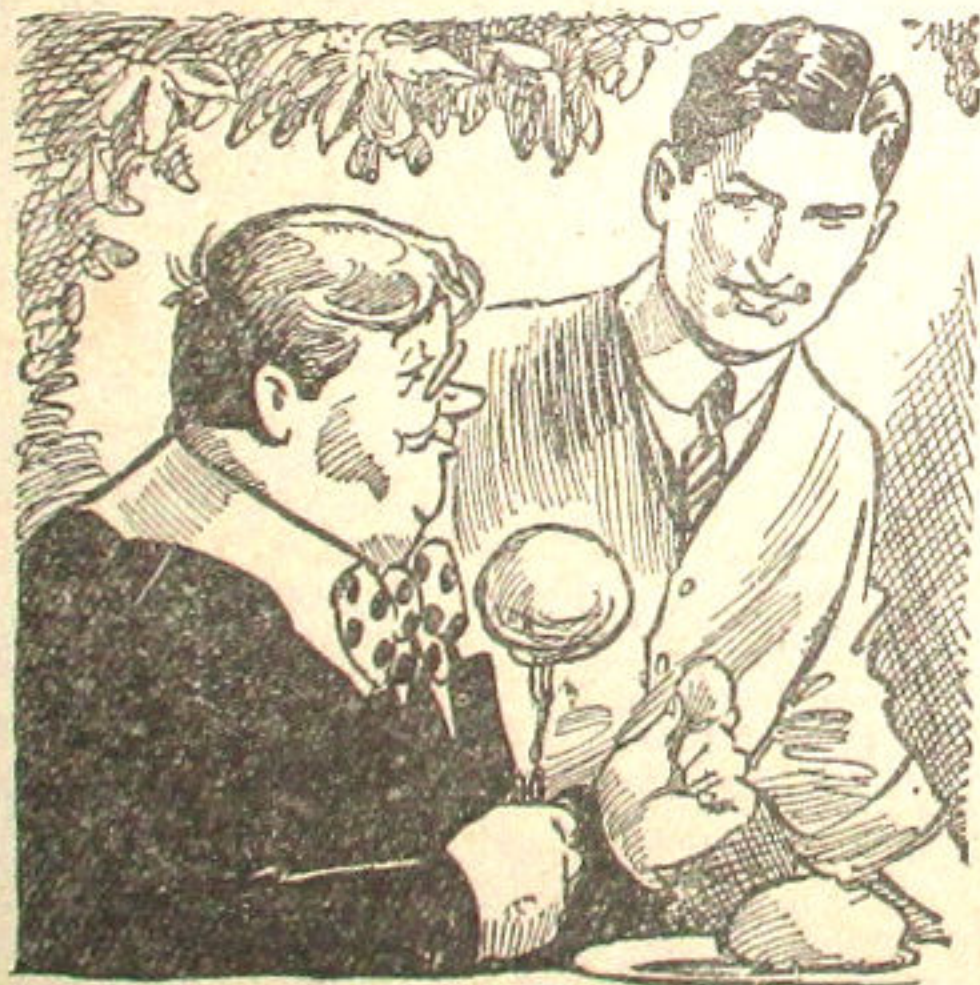
We chatted with Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, and found him an awfully decent sort. But then, we had known all along what a fine fellow he was.

We then had a brief conversation with Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull, after which Hurree Singh came forward, made a sweeping bow for my sister's benefit, and remarked that "the pleasure of meetfully encountering our esteemed and ludicrous selves was terrific."

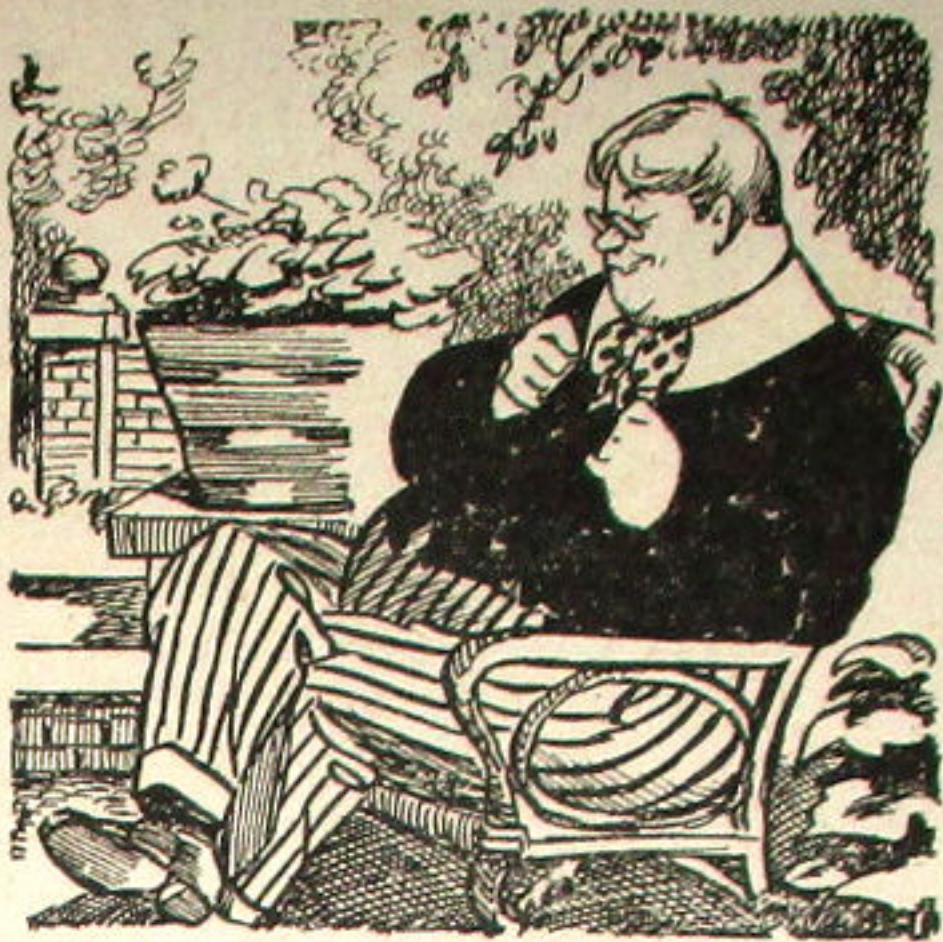
Vernon-Smith told us all the latest cricket news, and we listened with more than ordinary interest to the fellow who at one time had been a bounder, but who was now one of the shining lights of the Remove.

We had a cheery word with Peter Todd and Squiff and Tom Brown, and a rather more serious chat with Mark Linley. We asked several questions of Wun Lung, the little Chinese, but after he had said "Me no savvy" half a dozen times, we gave it up.

Billy Bunter did not deign to come and be introduced to us. At any rate, he was not particularly keen on talking to me; but I fancied I saw him wink at my sister. Had I felt certain about it, I should probably have punched his head, in spite of the fact that he was a Greyfriars fellow.



I looked at the fat junior in some alarm. He seemed to have swollen visibly. He had eaten seven big apple dumplings, and I expected him to go off pop any minute. (See page 6.)



Leaning heavily back in his chair, the Owl of the Remove dozed off to sleep. (See page 6.)

"There," said Bob Cherry at last, "I think I've performed all the introductions. One of these times, Neville, when things are slack at the farm, you must come and see us at Greyfriars."

"We shall be delighted," I said. "And now we'll see about lunch. You must be ravenous."

We bustled about to prepare lunch, and in ten minutes we had everything on the tables.

The Removites elected to feed in the open air. They seemed to enjoy the long, rambling garden, though Billy Bunter complained bitterly about the wasps which persisted in buzzing round his ears.

Bunter, in fact, complained about everything. He was a fellow with a grievance. When I set his portion of chicken before him, he blinked wrathfully at me through his big spectacles.

"Do you call this a suitable portion for a growing youth?" he demanded. "Why, it isn't enough to satisfy the cravings of a sparrow!"

"You would like some more, Master Bunter?" I asked politely.

"Yes. I want about six times this quantity. Give me a couple of legs——"

"You've got two already," said Peter Todd. "And a couple of wings."

"He thinks he's an angel now," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd better give Bunter a whole bird, and have done with it!" growled Johnny Bull. "I never saw such a greedy glutton in all my natural!"

"Oh, really, Bull—— I say, waiter. Don't stand there goggling at me like a country yokel! Buzz off and attend to my requirements."

"You might bear in mind the fact that there are thirty-nine other young gentlemen at the tables," I reminded him.

"Your sister can look after the others. Or, if you like, she can look after me exclusively, and you can attend to everybody else."

But I refused to consent to such an arrangement. I knew that Phyllis was not exactly pining for the task of looking after Billy Bunter.

In due course, I brought Bunter an ample supply of chicken—sufficient for six ordinary fellows, I should imagine—and he promptly set his jaws to work.

I looked on in blank amazement. I had read a good deal of Billy Bunter's eating achievements, but I confess that I had thought them rather exaggerated. I now saw, however, that there had been no exaggeration.



My sister and I brought our autograph-books out, and persuaded the Greyfriars fellows to give us their signatures. (See page 6.)

Billy Bunter polished off the chicken with amazing rapidity. Then he turned and beckoned to me.

"Hi, waiter! Make yourself useful. Can't you see that I've finished the first course? Apple-dumplings this way!"

It is with reluctance that I mention how many apple-dumplings Billy Bunter managed to consume. I am afraid some of my readers will think I am romancing.

But the solid fact is that Bunter ate seven. Seven! Just think of it! They were good-sized dumplings, too.

I looked at the fat junior in some alarm. He seemed to have swollen visibly. I half expected him to go off pop.

"Do you feel all right?" I murmured, bending over him.

"No, I don't. I feel jolly peckish."

"You—you wan't something more?"

Bunter nodded.

"Those apple-dumplings were very filling," he admitted, "but I've still a little space left, as the editor said when he accepted the poem."

"You'll have another apple-dumpling?"

"No, thanks. I believe in variety, you know. Got any jam tarts?"

"I'm sorry, but——"

"Bless your sorrow! Got any cake?"

"Yes."

"Home made?"

I nodded.

"Well, you might fetch me a slice."

"What do you call a slice?"

"Oh, about half a cake," said Bunter.

I brought the half cake, and the fat junior consumed it without turning a hair.

His gastronomic feats filled me with amazement. When the meal was over he was unable to rise, which was hardly surprising.

Leaning back heavily in his chair, the Owl of the Remove dozed off to sleep; his snore mingled with the hum of merry voices in the garden.

"I think we'll leave Bunter here," said Harry Wharton, "and go for a short spin. We'll return again for tea."

Nearly three hours later the Greyfriars fellows, having thoroughly explored the neighbourhood, came back. They brought

good appetites with them, and did full justice to the tea we provided.

After tea Bob Cherry suggested an open-air concert.

My sister brought the gramophone into the garden, and it was a treat to hear the Greyfriars fellows roar out the popular songs.

Kipps entertained the company with some juggling feats. Billy Bunter, who had been awakened in time for tea, and had eaten a tremendous meal, was called upon to do some of his celebrated ventriloquism, and Wibley proved himself an excellent mimic. He "took off" Mr. Quelch, and the Head, and Gosling the porter, and other well-known people.

When the concert was over, my sister and I slipped indoors for our autograph-books, and we persuaded the Greyfriars fellows to give us their signatures. This they willingly did, and those autograph-books will be our most treasured possessions in future.

The day was drawing to a close when Harry Wharton & Co. resumed their journey.

"We're putting up at the next big town we come to," explained Harry Wharton. He paid the bill and shook hands cordially.

"We've enjoyed ourselves immensely," he said. "Thanks awfully for looking after us so well."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Bob Cherry. "This is the first time we've visited your farm, Neville, but we hope it won't be the last."

"Before the summer has expirefully ended, we shall be here again," promised Hurree Singh.

We were very sorry indeed to see the last of the Greyfriars party. But we were consoled by the knowledge that we should continue to read about them week by week in the pages of "The Magnet Library."

In future, we shall follow their adventures with a keener interest, and the day on which we had the pleasure of meeting our schoolboy heroes will ever remain a red-letter day in our calendar!

THE END

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



SKIPPER OF THE SCHOOL

By GEORGE WINGATE

A's for my ASHPLANT—a useful thing,
very!

It comes in quite handy for fags like Bob
Cherry.

B's for my BAT, which I joyfully wield
To slog Loder's bowling all over the field!

C's for the CAPTAINCY, which I possess:
A job I'll retain for a long time, I guess.

D's for the DORM., which I cautiously enter
To save a weak fag from his burly tormentor.

E's for the EGGS which are sent me from
home,

Resembling Macaulay's famed Lays of Old
Rome!

r's for my FAG, who, for burning the toast
Gets a jolly good lamming: he's not over-
dosed!

G's for the GYM., where there's many a
tussle

Between brawny giants of vigour and
muscle!

H is the "HERALD"—clean, chatty and
clever:

Let's hope that its flag will keep flying for
ever!

I's for the INK on my tablecloth spattered:
The clumsy young fag didn't think that it
mattered!

J is for JAM which is smeared on my chair,
Thus causing my visitors nearly to swear!

K's for my KODAK—I use it a lot,
And some very remarkable snaps I have got.

L is for LODER, so leering and lanky,
Believed by the fags to be hopelessly
cranky!

M's for my MINOR, the lawbreaking Jack,
Who sprints for dear life when I get on his
track!

N's for the NUMBER of goals that I get;
How grand when the sphere crashes into
the net!

O's for the ORGAN that rumbles in church,
And during the sermon I blink on my perch.

P's for the POET who's writing this verse—
George Wingate, whose rhymes are both
telling and terse.

Q is for QUELCH, whom I like and respect.
He'll give me an "invite" to tea, I expect!

R's for the RASHERS served up in the morn,
As tough and unsightly as Gosling's pet corn!

S are the SPATS which I sport every
Sunday,

For surely a skipper may swank just for
one day!

T's for my TEA, which I loathe such a lot:
It's often too weak to stand up in the pot!

U's for the UNDERDONE beef we demolish
A chunk of hard leather they ought to
abolish.

V's for the VICTORY gained on the field
Over foes who fought hardly, resolved not
to yield.

W's for WALKER, no duffer at games;
Though once a black sheep, he's now
straight in his aims.

X is 'XHAUSTION—I'm feeling it now.
These couplets are tough things to tackle,
I vow!

Y's for the YOUTHS whom I have to
control:

They work hard for Greyfriars with heart
and with soul.

Z's for the ZEAL which is shown by the
fags

In running the "HERALD"—the smartest
of "rags."