



At intervals I sip my cup of coffee and proceed with my Editorial

# MY BUSY DAY!

By HARRY WHARTON

(Editor of the famous "Greyfriars Herald")

I HAVE lots of busy days, of course. It stands to reason that a fellow who is captain of his Form, skipper of the eleven, president of the Debating Society and of the Amateur Dramatic Society, and Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald," finds his hands pretty full. It is in the last-named capacity that I work hardest.

If you have ever edited an amateur magazine you will agree with me that it is real hard graft. The magazine doesn't automatically produce itself; it has to be produced by hard work and tireless effort.

I am going to give you a picture of what it's like on Press Day.

I arise at five o'clock in the morning, and go down to my study, which also serves the purpose of an editorial sanctum.

If it happens to be summer one doesn't mind starting work at five. But on chilly, pitch-dark winter mornings one is inclined to agree with the words of the song:

"Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning,  
But it's nicer to stay in bed!"

To rise at five on a dark December morning requires greater heroism than is possessed by the majority of people.

I don't want to pretend that I personally am

a hero. I simply have to turn out early on Press Day, whether I like it or not.

First of all, I lay and light a fire in my sanctum. Usually the wood is damp, or the coal refuses to burn. It is only on rare occasions that I can get the fire going at all.

Still, I have a little oil-stove which behaves fairly well. With the aid of this stove, I make myself a cup of coffee. Then I settle down to work.

I ought to mention that before getting to business I always lock, bolt, and barricade the door, so that would-be intruders are compelled to keep their distance.

I have switched on my reading-lamp, and a beam of light is thrown over my desk.

Pausing at intervals to sip coffee, I proceed with my Editorial.

Now, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to write an editorial. Lots of fellows think it's the simplest thing to write in the whole issue.

By the time this volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL is in your hands, the "Greyfriars Herald" (which is incorporated in "The Magnet Library") will have been running over two years. That means that I have had to think out over a hundred editorials—all different. Naturally, it becomes more and more difficult as the weeks go by, to clothe





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finished by this time, and a variety of odd jobs done—there comes a furious banging at the door.

"Come in, fathead!" I exclaim.

"You're the fathead!" comes the sharp retort. "How do you suppose I can get into the study when it's bolted and barred and hermetically sealed?"

I promptly remove the barricade, turn the key, and fling open the door.

Enter two of my sub-editors, Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, each bearing a bulging sack of correspondence.

The sacks are tilted upside down, and disgorge their contents.

Hundreds of letters shoot out upon the carpet. They have come from all parts of the globe. They are addressed, of course, to the Editor of "The Magnet Library," in London, and he has sent them on to me at Greyfriars.

In the interval before breakfast, I digest the news and views of my correspondents.

Some of the letters require immediate answers. The letters "R.S.V.P." appear at the foot of them.

"What does it mean?" asks Bob Cherry. "Readers Seem Very Pleased?"

"No, ass! It's a request for a reply. Pass over the pen and ink. How I wish we had a typewriter!"

"Any interesting letters this morning, Harry?" inquires Nugent.

"Yes. Here's one from a Birmingham

an editorial with freshness and originality.

My early morning labours, therefore, are anything but light. At about eight o'clock—the editorial is

reader. He says that some of our contributors—particularly that duffer Nugent—need muzzling."

Nugent gives a snort of rage.

"He says that, does he? I'll teach him to take my name in vain! What's his address? I'll write and tell him exactly what I think of him!"

I continue to go through the letters.

"Here's a note from a girl reader. She wants to know if Bob Cherry puts his hair in curling papers every night before he goes to bed."

"Tell the young lady not to be saucy!" growls Bob. "Curling papers, indeed! How can I help having curly hair? The curls are natural. I don't force 'em."

I take up my pen, and dash off as many replies as possible before breakfast.

After breakfast comes a brief interval for recreation. Then we go in to morning lessons.

When the class is dismissed I again repair to my sanctum, and find the midday post in.

Mountains of work have to be surmounted. I slog until dinner, by which time I generally have writer's cramp, brain fag, and housemaid's knee—the latter caused through burrowing on the floor amongst my correspondence.

After dinner, the real work of the day begins—the preparing of the next issue for press.

All through the afternoon—it's generally a half-holiday on

Press Day, but not for us, a steady stream of long-haired poets, artists, and other nuisances pours into my sanctum.

Coker of the Fifth has written a



Bolsover stops to argue the point; whereupon our Fighting Editor seizes him by the scruff of the neck, and frog-marches him out into the passage



"Sonnet to a Sossidge." Like the sausage, Coker badly wants skinning.

Bolsover major weighs in with a boxing story, entitled "Bill Basher, the Beetle-browed Bruiser." We have no use for Bill of the beetle brow, and we tell Bolsover so with more emphasis than politeness. Bolsover does not seem to understand that the Editor's decision is final. He stops to argue the point; whereupon our Fighting Editor seizes him by the scruff of the neck and frog-marches him out into the passage.

Then comes Alonzo Todd with an "Ode to a Chirping Chaffinch." Both Alonzo and his ode are bundled into the waste-paper basket, and a considerable period elapses before Alonzo is able to extricate himself.

Skinner comes to the fore with a detective story. It is described in the sub-title as "A Tale of Hair-Raising Horror and Morbid Mysteries." Neither horrors nor mysteries, we inform Master Skinner, are quite in our line, and with much gnashing of teeth he takes his departure.

Then Dick Penfold dashes in with a poem—the latest product of his busy brain.

Pen's poem happens to tickle our editorial palate. We pat the bard of the Remove on the back, and promise him the munificent sum of fourpence-halfpenny for his contribution. He prances gaily from the sanctum, with visions of a fourpenny jam tart and a ha'porth of bull's-eyes.

Of course, Billy Bunter is in the picture.

Although he edits a paper of his own, Bunter is not averse to contributing to a rival journal. Indeed, he considers he has a right to do so. We accept his contribution, not because of its

literary merit, which is nil, but because we know it will amuse our readers.

And so the merry game goes on until my sub-editors and I are completely snowed under with manuscripts. It now becomes necessary to pin to the door of our sanctum the following expressive notice:

**"BEWARE!**

"Whoever brings his balderdash  
In hope of fame or 'rhino,'  
Will exit with a sickening crash  
And land upon the lino!"



Both Alonzo Todd and his ode are bundled into the waste-paper basket!

Perhaps I ought to make it clear that "rhino" does not refer to the beast of that name, but is a slang term for "money."

For hour after hour we pursue our unremitting toil, and at last our next issue is

ready for the printers. It appears in due course in "The Magnet Library," to be read by boys and girls throughout the Empire. I hope this article won't give anyone the impression that I am discontented with my lot.

Hard work is one of the secrets of a happy life. And I would not relinquish the editorial reins for anything. I love my job, and the members of my staff love theirs, with the possible exception of Lord Mauleverer, our Fashion Editor, who tells me he would rather take forty winks on the study sofa than write an article on fancy waistcoats or silk socks.

I have no doubt that our little paper will hold a permanent place in the affections of its readers. And the man at the helm—that's me—means to spare no effort to keep up the high standard of humour and brightness for which "The Greyfriars Herald" is famous.

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## Ballads of Famous Schools

No. 1

# Greyfriars

UPON the suri-bound coast of Kent,  
So much beloved by Caesar,  
There stands a weather-beaten school,  
Considerable its fees are.  
It is a grand and glorious place  
Once famed for deeds monastic;  
But since those wondrous days of old  
The changes have been drastic.

The monks have gone, and in their train  
Have followed countless heroes;  
Upright and true in all they do  
And blithe as seaside pierrots.  
We all love Wharton's winning ways;  
We all respect the "Boulder";  
Bob Cherry, too, so staunch and true—  
A rattling good all-rounder!

The fellows shine in every line  
Of schoolboy lore and knowledge;  
And many are the contests waged  
Against St. James's College.  
When on the river, in the gym,  
Or down the long track running,  
The Greyfriars juniors stand supreme;  
Their deeds are simply stunning!

The Head is worthy Doctor Locke,  
A man of endless learning,  
Who seeks to rule the famous school  
With wisdom that's discerning.  
With Prout and Quelch to back him up,  
He makes his pupils pat in  
The fundamental parts of Greek  
And much-detested Latin.

George Wingate, captain of the school,  
Well fills his proud position;  
And on the playing fields he proves  
A sterling acquisition.  
He's down on Loder's little ways  
And all that is improper;  
And sneaks and cads, and "nuts" and "lads"  
Have often come a cropper!

Here's health to all the gallant 'Friars,  
Whose motto is no slack word,  
But one which prompts them with desires  
To flourish—not go backward!  
Their actions prove that British pluck  
Has not one whit departed;  
So let us bid them great good luck,  
The brave and lion-hearted!