



I am too busy even to sit down.

SOME QUEER CALLERS!

By BILLY BUNTER

(Editor of the famous "Weekly,"
which bears his name)

READERS of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL will be surprised and delighted to observe that since the last "Annual" was published, I have completely mastered the ruddyments of spelling.

Occasional errors may still creep in; but then, we all go wrong sometimes, as the criminal said when he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Talking of hard labour, I may say that this term fully applies to the running of my "Weekly."

The life of an editor is not "one grand, sweet song," as many may suppose.

Some of my readers probably picture me reclining in a cosy armchair, languidly dictating articles to my plump sub-editors. On the table, conveniently close to my elbow, is a delightful rabbit-pie, and a glass of foaming ginger-pop.

The stern reality, however, is very different.

I am often too busy even to sit down. I stand in my shirtsleeves, busy with scissors and paste and the editorial blue pencil, and wading all the while in a sea of rejected manuscripts.

My editorial office—No. 7 Study, in the Remove passage—is a perfect beehive of industry. I am no slacker, in spite of what Mr. Frank Richards says about Bob Cherry having to wake me with a wet sponge every morning.

But I am wandering from the point, as the

child said when it dodged its mother's knitting needle.

I have set out to describe some queer callers who have dropped in upon me from time to time, in the course of my editorial kareer.

I shall never forget my first visitor. She was a female of advanced years—I don't like the term "old woman"—and she said her name was Mrs. Furniss. She looked a very fiery Furniss, too!

"Madam," I said, waving her towards the coal-scuttle, "take a seat!"

"Thank you, Master Bunter, but I prefer to stand. I am not the sort of person to sit down under anything—even your editorial mantelpiece!"

"To what," I said, blinking at her. "do I owe the honour of this visit?"

"I am going to write for your Weekly," was the reply.

"Oh!"

"I have made up my mind to contribute a Needlework Column each week. Also a Cookery Column, and a column article on the equality of the sexes."

"My hat!"

"For each of these column features, I shall require remuneration at the rate of one guinea," said Mrs. Furniss.

"Sure you wouldn't like to fill the paper, and accept a salary of twenty pounds a week?" I said, unable to repress my sarcasm.



I told her that I had no use for her needlework article. At this she brandished her parasol in a threatening manner.

"Madam," I said, as soon as I had recovered, "the truth is sometimes painful, but I always tell it. My first name is William. It should have been Washington. To be quite frank with you, I have no use for a needlework article, or an article on the equality of the sexes. As to the Cookery Column, I am quite capable of writing that myself."

Mrs. Furniss brandished her parasol in a threatening manner.

"As to letting you run this paper, madam," I went on, unheeding, "the whole thing is impossible—absurd! And now, would you be good enough to make yourself scarce, as I've got crowds of work to do."

No sooner had I uttered these words, than I fled from the editorial sanctum in terror of my life. For Mrs. Furniss, wielding her parasol above her head, was bearing down upon me.

"Boy!" she shrieked. "Impertinent jackanapes! How dare you insult me in this manner? Wait till I get hold of you. I will castigate you severely!"

I fled down the passage.

A very undignified chase followed.

Mrs. Furniss, breathing threatenings and slaughter, and brandishing her parasol aloft, pursued me fiercely, uttering screams which would have done credit to a terrified fag at the dentist's.

But I knew the geography of Greyfriars

Mrs. Furniss took me seriously.

"No, I wouldn't mind at all, Master Bunter," she said. "It is really very generous of you to make the suggestion."

I fairly gasped.

better than my lady visitor, so I was able, eventually, to take sanctuary in the woodshed, and she never found me.

It was not until a couple of hours had expired that I was able to summon up sufficient courage to emerge from my hiding-place. And then I learned, greatly to my relief, that Mrs. Furniss had left the school premises.

Shortly after this incident I had another visitor—a youth this time. He was what you would call tassy-turn; that is to say, a fellow of few words. He burst into my sanctum one afternoon, when I was in the middle of my editorial, and our conversation was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

"I'm Ben Bashem."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Bashem, I'm sure!"

"Brought you short story. Called, 'Percy, the Pugilist.' Take it?"

"No; I'm sorry, but——"

"Then take that!"

So saying, Mr. Ben Bashem, the man of few words, shot out his left, and I dropped like a stout log into the fender.

Crumpling his rejected manuscript in his hand, my assailant strode away. And I was very glad to see the back of him. I don't like these people who believe that actions speak louder than words, and who start knocking you about on the slightest provocation.

My next caller was a burly navvy, who was employed by the London, Frighten, and Slow-coach

Railway, and who worked on the line.

This hefty fellow laboured under the delusion that he could write poetry.

"Every night,



Mr. Ben Bashem, the man of few words, shot out his fist, and I dropped like a stout log into the fender.



Before I could realise how it happened, I was on the floor, blinking up at a maze of stars.

night, when I gets 'ome, I writes a hode."

"A what?" I gasped.

"A hode—a bit of poetry, you know. My wife—who knows a bit of French—says it's 'tray bong.' I've jest written a piece beginnin' :

" 'I'm a navvy, I'm a navvy,
Workin' on the line.'"

"I think it's very good, meself," went on the navvy. "I sent it to 'Punch,' but they said it lacked 'punch.' I suppose that was their idea of a joke. Then I sent it to the 'Fireside Favourite,' and they sent it back an' told me to feed it to the flames. Since then, I've tried it on half a dozen papers, but they won't touch it. So I've brought it to you, Master Funker."

At this, my blood began to boil—as the missionary said, when the cannibal put him in the stewing-pan.

"Look here," I said, turning to my burly visitor, "my name's not Funker, neither is it Grunter or Stunter. I am William George Bunter, the editor of a highly respectable journal for boys, published weekly in the 'Popular.' I don't know what your name is, and I don't care. But I may as well inform you, here and now, that I have no use for your poem. You can feed it to the office mastiff, or you can take it away and bury it—whichever you like."

The next moment, I found myself in the grip of an earthquake.

when I gets 'ome, Master Grunter —" he began.

"Pardon me," I said, with dignity, "but my name's Bunter."

"Sorry! Well, as I was sayin', every

I saw the burly form of my visitor looming up before me like a grotesque giant, and then, before I could realise how it had happened, I was on the floor, blinking up at a maze of stars and consternations—or, is it constellations?

"I'll learn yer!" shouted my assailant. "I'll learn yer to say nasty things about my hode! Would you like a second 'elping?"

Now, as a rule, I am very fond of second helpings, but on this occasion I hastily declined the offer, and lay groaning on the carpet.

"Yow-ow-ow! You've fractured my spine, and broken my back in three places!" I gasped faintly. "Besides which, you've knocked my spectacles into the fireplace, and broken them, and now you'll have to pay for them!"

The only answer to this outburst was a loud snort. Then the navvy, with a final shake of his burly fist, stamped out of my sanctum, greatly to my relief.

You mustn't suppose, from the incidents I have just described, that all my interviews are of a painful nature. Some of them are very pleasant.

I shall never forget the benevolent old lady who called one day, and said she was most interested in my "adorable little paper," and that she had pleasure in presenting the editor with a parcel of tuck. Dear old soul! I could have fallen on her neck with joy. The parcel contained two cakes—one currant and one seed

—a delicious rabbit-pie, and plenty of sundries.

Another occasion an Old Boy of the school looked in to see me. He was a portly genial old



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boy, and he gave me his blessing—and a Treasury note.

“I used to occupy this very same study,” he told me. “Moreover, I ran a weekly magazine. But it wasn’t printed and published weekly, like your own paper. Funds wouldn’t run to it. We used to run off about fifty copies on a very inky duplicator. Very few of our readers could decipher the writing, so the paper soon went smash. By the way, if ever I can be of any assistance to you, kid, in your journalistic work, let me know.”

I fairly bubbled over with gratitude, and inwardly wished that a few more Old Boys would drop in, and treat me to cheery conversation—and Treasury notes.

Perhaps the most curious caller I have ever had was a long-haired, distracted-looking man of middle-age. He said he was an artist—I gathered as much from the smears of paint on his coat—and he went on to inform me that he was the father of the most miserable boy in Britain.

Glancing at the father, I could quite understand why the poor kid was miserable.

“My name is Mr. C. Scape,” said the artist. “My son, James, is known as Dismal Jimmy. He had never been known to smile—until the other day.”

“And what happened then, sir, to make him smile?” I asked.

“Why, he got hold of a copy of your Weekly. I watched him read it. After a few moments a slow smile overspread his features. Then he laughed outright. Then he guffawed. Finally, he went into convulsions.”

I wish I could linger to relate other editorial eggperiences I have had, but owing to pressure on my space—as I always say after dinner—I must bring this article to a finish.

Of course, if you hunger and thirst for more articles from my gifted pen, you will know where to find them.

In your town is a certain street. In the street is a newsagent’s shop. In the newsagent’s shop is a copy of “The Popular.” In the copy of the “Popular” is Billy Bunter’s Weekly. And the green grass grew all round, my boys, and the green grass grew all round!

THE END

Sports and Sportsmen

No. 2.—CRICKET



King Willow sits upon his throne,
His subjects flock around him.
And sportsmen all, in every zone,
Monarch of Games have crowned him.
In flannels white the fieldsmen stand
And pay their homage duly;
And they agree, on every hand,
That cricket thrills them truly!

Each Greyfriars fellow is a keen
And ardent leather-hunter;
A few exceptions may be seen,
There’s Snoop, and Billy Bunter.
By slackers such as these, I fear,
A bat is never wielded;
Nor is the swift, elusive sphere
By boys of this sort fielded.

But others love the grand old game,
The slogging and the smiting;
They love amassing runs—and fame,
In tussles most exciting.
Some find their pleasure on the stream
Or on the bounding billow;
But few of us would ever dream
Of shunning good King Willow.

Long may he reign! for he has proved
For many a generation,
A worthy king, esteemed, beloved
By boys of every station.
Let slackers smoke their cigarettes
In quiet glade or thicket;
The real good sportsman ne’er regrets
The hours he’s spent at cricket!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



THE GORGER'S CONFESSION!

By BILLY BUNTER

A's for the APPLES they grow down in Devon,
When eating them, why, I am in the seventh heaven!

B's for the BUNS, which I eat with great glee:
I once shifted nearly two dozen at tea!

C's for CREAM PUFFS, so delicious and nice.
Such delicate morsels are gone in a trice!

D stands for DOUGHNUTS, all jammy inside,
I think I could eat quite a score if I tried!

E's for the EATABLES Mimble supplies
To do my heart good and to gladden my eyes.

F is for FISH (I don't mean Fisher T.),
But the herrings and sprats that are caught in the sea.

G is for GRUB—what a wonderful word!
The sweetest and fairest that ever was heard.

H is the HALL, where the fellows are fed
On cheap margarine and a hunk of stale bread.

I is for IMPOTS., I get quite a lot
For grousing to Quelch that my soup isn't hot!

J's for the JUICY and succulent plum,
To think I can't have any makes me feel glum.

K's for the KITCHEN—I raid it at night:
Down the corridor creeps a fat phantom in white!

L is for LOBSTER, served up with nice salad.
On this "fishy" topic I'd write quite a ballad!

M is for MATRON, to whom I retire
When I've eaten too much, and could almost expire!

N's for the NUTS, which I crack with great skill,
Whether chestnuts or walnuts, or those from Brazil.

O's for the OMELETTES, rippingly fried,
And choice to the palate, but rarely supplied.

P's for the PUDDING served up at our dinners,
I sample my own, and then Smithy's and Skinner's.

Q is for QUELCH: he declares I'm a glutton
And eat far too much, but I don't care a button!

R's for REMOVALS—I carry them out
Whenever there's cake or jam-tarts left about!

S is for SAUSAGES, served up at brekker:
I'd have 'em for tea, but, alas! my exchequer.

T's for TOMATOES, so ripe and so red:
I like them so much I could eat them in bed.

U's for the UPROAR I cause in the Hall
When my appetite's large and my helping is small!

V's for the VISIONS I have when in bed
(I always have nightmares when I'm over-fed)!

W's my WEEKLY, you've heard of it, yes?
It's streets in advance of the "Herald," I guess!

X is 'XCESSIVE—my appetite's that:
If it grows any bigger I'm bound to get fat!

Y is for YESTERDAY, when I sat down
To a wonderful orgy; it cost half-a-crown!

Z is the ZEST with which I devour
The contents of cupboards, when placed in my power!