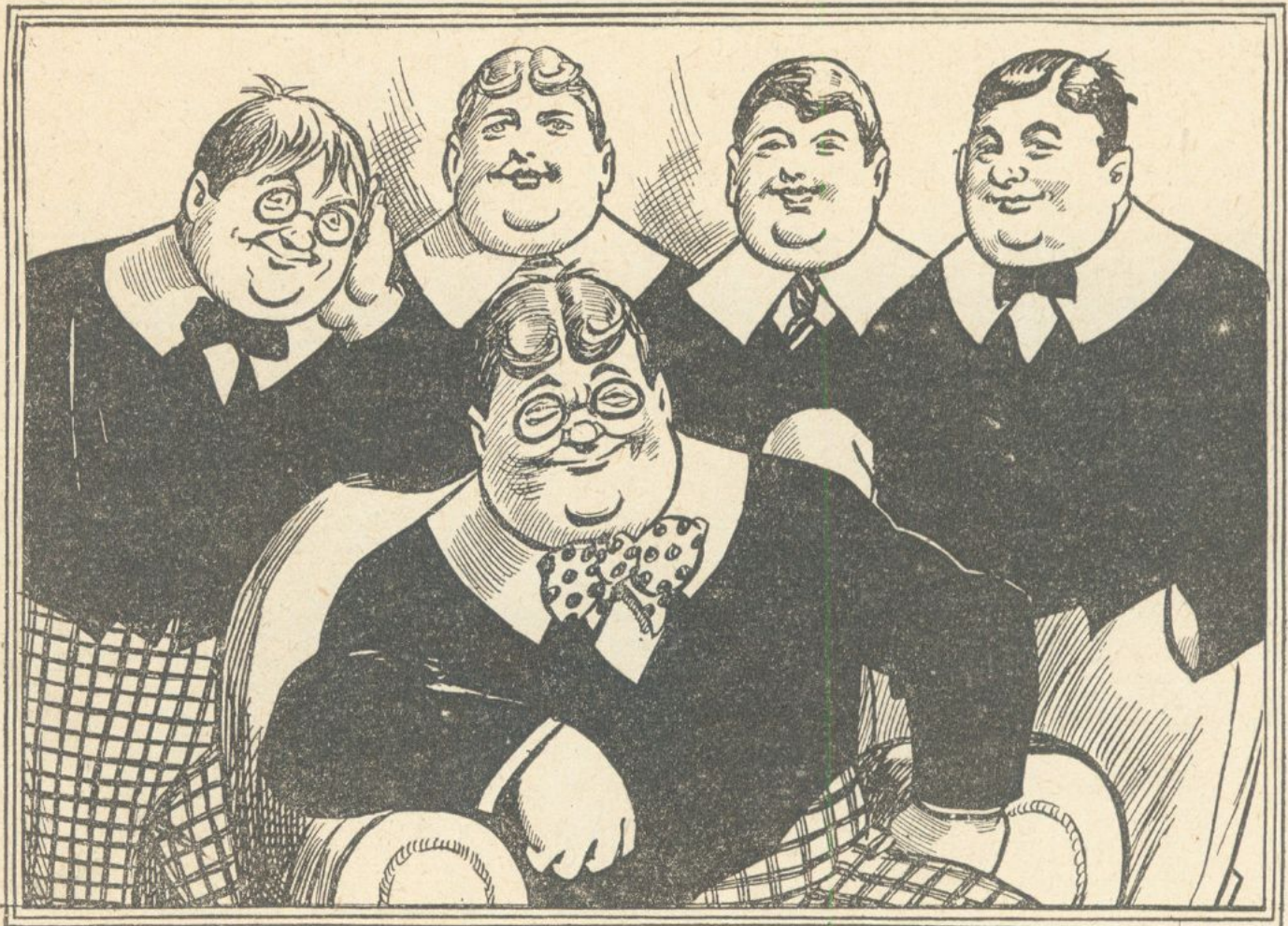


BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL

St. Jim's
Friars Wood

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER, the fat and famous Editor of the WEEKLY which bears his name

BASSETT



THE EDITOR AND HIS STAFF

Sammy Bunter

Fatty Wynn

Tubby Muffin

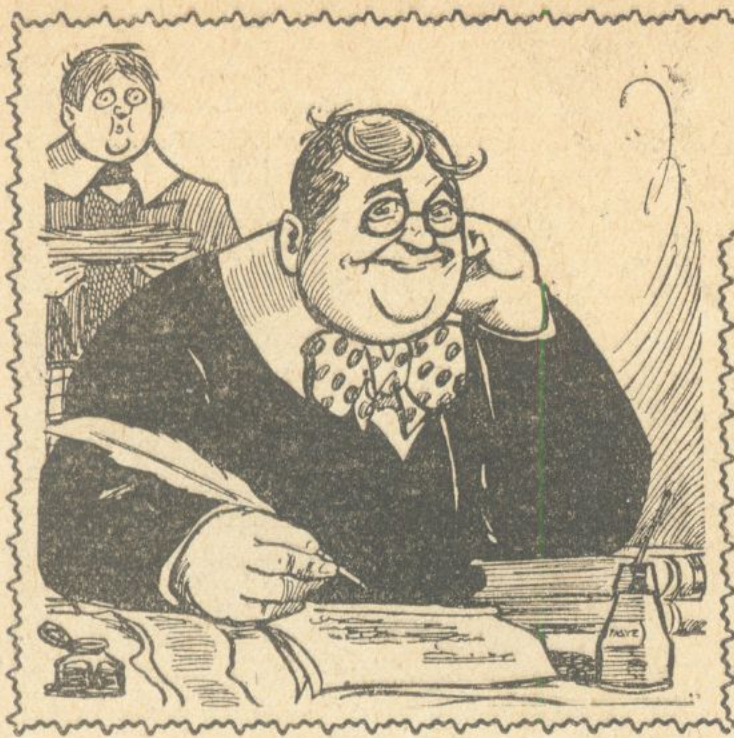
Baggy Trimble

Billy Bunter

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In Your Editor's Den

By BILLY BUNTER

My Dear Readers,

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL for 1923 had only one serious fault. There wasn't enough Bunter in it! So in order to remedy this defect, I wrote to the Editor, and asked him if he would permit me to publish an eight-page paper, to be entitled BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL, in the 1924 ANNUAL.

After a rather stormy discussion on the question of how much payment I should receive for my services, the Editor consented to my proposal. In the first place, he was only going to pay me half-a-crown for my YEARLY. I was so indignant about this that he has extended his generosity to the extent of two-and-ninepence. This sum will secure me a modest snack at the Greyfriars tuck-shop.

With only a few pages at my disposal, I can't make much of a stir. I wanted to find room for "The Advenchers of a Pit-boy," by my miner Sammy. I also wanted to publish a story of power and punch, from the pen of Percy Bolsover, the popular prize-fighter. Then there was a 200-verse "Ode to a Chirping Cricket," by Alonzo Todd. All these things I have had to leave out, with many heart-burnings; and the writers are already claiming compensation. But there! You

really can't find room for everything, as the cannibal said when he was offered an extra missionary.

Even in eight pages, however, I have managed to pack some perfectly priceless features, as you will all agree. The four fat sub-editors on the staff of my WEEKLY have each provided a kontribution; and in addition there is an artikle by Dicky Nugent, the frivverlus fag, and a poem and an artikle by Dick Penfold.

In case there are any readers of THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL who have never heard of my wonderful WEEKLY, let me explain that it is published every Tuesday in THE POPULAR. My little paper has an amazing histery. It started with a circulation of only one reader—myself—and in a mater of weeks it was selling like hot cakes. BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY is now blest and beloved by billions of boys in the British Empire.

Harry Wharton, of the Remove, tries to run a rival rag, called the "Greyfriars' Herald," which is published in the "Magnet Library" every week, but it is a feeble imitation of my famous jernal, of course! You wouldn't catch the Editor of the "Holiday Annual" letting Harry Wharton put in an eight-page number of his blessed "Weakly" like I am being allowed to do! Not likely! Of course, I don't want to boste, but it's no use hiding your light under a bushell, is it? Over-modesty has always been my greatest fault—everyone at Greyfriars will tell you so—perhaps!

By the way, should you find any spelling mistaiks in this issue, kindly attribute them to the carelessness of the printers!

Your plump pal,
BILLY BUNTER.

OUR EDITOR

By DICK PENFOLD.



Who walks as if he owns the earth !

Who is the plumpest boy we know,
The biggest duffer here below,
Who thinks he's full of push and go ?
Our Editor !

Who gobbles pastries by the score,
Then, like the workhouse boy of yore,
Picks up his plate and howls for more ?
Our Editor !

Who always seems to smile and smirk ?
Who simply loves to slack and shirk
While Sammy does the donkey work ?
Our Editor !

Who loves to tease, torment, and try us
By spouting fibs like Ananias ?
(Lucky we've got a cushion by us !)
Our Editor !

Who walks as if he owns the earth,
Yet fourpence-halfpenny's all he's worth ?
Who makes his schoolmates sob with mirth ?
Our Editor !

Who acts so quaintly and so queerly ?
And who imagines, most sincerely,
Nothing can equal BUNTER'S YEARLY ?
Our Editor !

GUY FOX DAY!

By DICKY NUGENT.

GUY FOX DAY falls on November 5th, but it duzzent squash it by falling on it !

The day is named after Guy Fox, who was a Span-yard living in England in the rain of Alfred the Grate.

It appears that Guy Fox had a grudge against the King and the Parlyment, so he desided to give them a good blowing-up. I don't mean verbally, but a real blowing-up with gunpowder.

There were several other people in the plot, and they smuggelled some gunpowder—barrels and barrels of it—in the Parlymentary vaults.

But the best-laid skeems of mice and men—and Foxes—often come unstuck, and this was a case in point.

Sumboddy discovered the pressence of the gunpowder, and the dasterdly plot was nipt in the bud.

I forget what happened to Guy Fox. If he wasn't put in the pillory, he was hanged at Tyburn. And if he wasn't put in the pillory or hanged at Tyburn, he was put in



Guy Fox gets busy !

the stox. And if he wasn't put in the pillery, or hanged at Tyburn, or put in the stox, he was put to the torcher. Anyway, his precious skeem eggsplored, but the gunpowder didn't!

It was on November 5th that this diabolical, devillish, dasterdly plot was discovered; and every year, on that date, the event has been commemerated by the publick. Bon-fires and beekons are lighted all over the country, and firework displays are given.

At Greyfriars we have grate fun. It isn't often that the fags get a chance of staying up till midnite, and we always make the most of it.

This year I have made a ripping guy. It is a giant, standing ten feat in its socks. It takes four of us to lift it. On bonfire night we shall cast it to the flames, and dance a war-dance round its ashes.

The only drorback to Guy Fox Day is that it isn't kept up often enuff. I konsider we ought to have a Guy Fox Day every week, or once a munth at least. It's simply awful having to wait three hundred and sixty-four days till the next Guy Fox Day comes round.

I've got a lovely lot of fireworks this year. Squibbs, and starlights, and jumping crackers, and golden reigns, and other kinds of sky-rockitts. I shall fairly set the place alight—metaforically, of corse!

Although old Guy Fox was a dasterdly crimminal, he was a pretty decent chap, on the quiet, bekwase if it hadn't been for him we shouldn't have a Guy Fox Day.

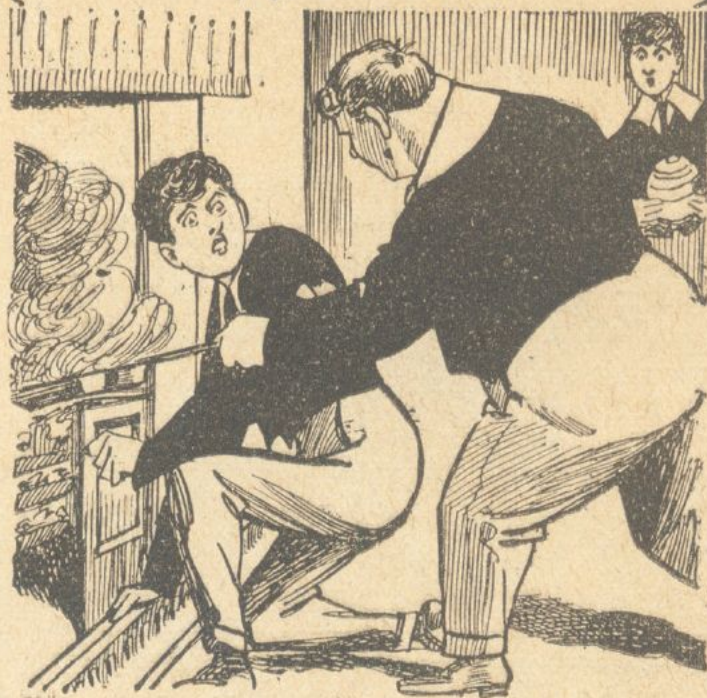
Hear is a list of the guys that the fags have invented this year:

Guy.	Inventor.
A hefty giant.	Dicky Nugent.
Kaiser Bill.	George Tubb.
Fallstaff.	Sammy Bunter.
Dick Terpin.	Bolsover miner.
Scrooge.	Wingate miner.
Berglar Bill.	G. A. Gatty.

Personally, I am afrayed Gatty is in for trubble. His guy is so like Billy Bunter he's bound to get into the wars. I think I can see Gatty doing another guy when Billy spots Berglar Bill!

FIGURES OF SPEECH!

By JIMMY SILVER



"The Fat in the fire."

TUBBY MUFFIN is not only plump, but dense. We have tried to bump him out of it, but in vain.

Everything you say to Tubby he takes literally.

Let me give you a few illustrations of what I mean.

We were having a high tea in our study the other afternoon, and we found that we had forgotten to buy the plum-cake. It was then too late to get one, as the tuck-shop was closed.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said Lovell.

Tubby Muffin, who had been standing in the offing in hopes of a feed, looked round eagerly.

"Where?" he asked. "I could just do with a nice cutlet of cod. But fancy frying fish in a kettle!"

"You silly duffer!" shouted Lovell. "That was merely a figure of speech."

"Oh!"

We proceeded with our preparations for tea. Raby started frying some rashers of bacon, and Newcome was about to fill the teapot—the silver teapot we had borrowed

from Smythe of the Shell—when Smythe himself walked in.

“You’ve raided my teapot, you cheeky young sweeps!” roared Smythe.

“Oh, crumbs!” gasped Raby. “The fat’s in the fire now with a vengeance!”

Instantly Tubby Muffin rushed towards Raby and snatched the frying-pan out of his hand.

“Hi! What are you up to?” yelled the astonished Raby.

“I’m going to fry these rashers myself,” said Tubby. “You’re too careless. Fancy spilling the fat in the fire!”

“I didn’t!”

“Then what did you mean by saying ‘the fat’s in the fire’?”

“Oh, dear!” gasped Raby. “You’ll be the death of me, Tubby!”

Eventually, having restored Smythe’s tea-

pot to its wrathful owner and borrowed another, we settled down to tea. In the course of the meal Tubby Muffin remarked that Adolphus Smythe was a silly ass.

“It’s a case of the pot calling the kettle black!” chuckled Lovell.

Tubby Muffin stared.

“How can a pot possibly call a kettle anything?” he said. “It hasn’t a tongue! You fellows do say such queer things. I believe you are all potty!”

“Density, thy name is Muffin!” said Newcome. “Let’s show him the door, you fellows!”

“But I don’t want to see the door!” protested Tubby.

That was the last straw! There was a bump and a yell, and the study door slammed, with Tubby Muffin on the other side of it!

Fine Feeds Make Fine Fellows!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.



WHAT is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

At first, there would not seem to be any difference, becauſe both are “fed up.” But whereas the pessimist is fed up with life in general, the optimist is fed up with good, nourishing food. That’s why he’s an optimist.

If you see a fellow going about with a hang-dog look, as if he is carrying the weight

of the whole world on his shoulders, you can safely wager that he hasn’t had a good, square meal for days. If, on the other hand, you see a fellow who is bubbling over with the joy of life, you may conclud that he has just attended a study banquet.

A good feed makes all the difference in the world to a fellow. When he is hungry, he is a mizzerable, moping, moony, missanthropic mugwump (you’d better memmerise this phrase!). When he is well-fed, he is a bright, bonny, beaming, bouncing boy.

A good feed will cure all the ailments under the sun, except Indiageſtion, and schoolboys don’t suffer from that.

The other day I was reading the life of Shelley, and I came across a remarkable fact.

Shelley’s first novel, “Zastrozzi,” was published while he was still a boy at Eton. He reſeved eighty pounds for it. And what do you think he did with this windfall? Stood all his ſchoolfellows a hansom feed, of course! And it was the moſt ſenſible method of getting rid of the munney—much better than hoarding it. Shelley knew a thing or two about the value of a good feed, though I was ſorry to read that later in life he became a vegeſtarian.

Some fellows are aſhamed to admit that they enjoy their food. They are afraid they will be dubbed gluttons.

But what is there to be ashamed of in having a harty appetite? It is a thing to be grateful for and proud of. I am the biggest eater at Rookwood, and I do not hezzitate to own it. Why should I? Others can denounce me as a glutton if they like, but I don't care. Far better than being a secret eater—a fellow who stints himself in the

dining-hall and then locks himself in his study and gorges until he falls asleep!

All the greatest men in history owe their greatness to the fact that they were well-fed.

The Duke of Wellington declared that an army marched on its stummack, and Wellington, like Shelley, knew a thing or two about the value of a good feed!

EXTRACTS FROM MY EXERCISE BOOK!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

From an Essay on "THE BOER WAR":—

"The Bore War was fought in South America a few years before I was born. Lots of our Tommies were sent out to the releef of Lady Smith, whoever she might have been. I expect she was the wife of some big shipping magnet; anyway, she is supposed to have been very attractive. The British got the best of it in the end, but the Bores fought with true Dutch courage."

From an Essay on "NATIONAL PASTIMES":—

"In olden times our greatest national pastimes were cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and boles. It will be remembered that Sir Oliver Cromwell was playing boles on Plymouth Hoe when the Spannish Armada came in site. He went on calmly with his game, and remarked to his friend, Shakespeare: 'I do not fear these huge Spannish galleons. I am a man of war myself!'"

"Cock-fighting has now been banned as a crool sport, and in its place we have another sport which causes a flutter—football. A



Cup—without a saucer—is presented every year to the best team.

"In our list of national pastimes we must inelood golf, cricket, baseball, tennis, hockey, kiss-in-the-ring, boxing, Jew-jitsoo, swimming, and other indoor pursoots."

From an Essay on "LONDON.":—

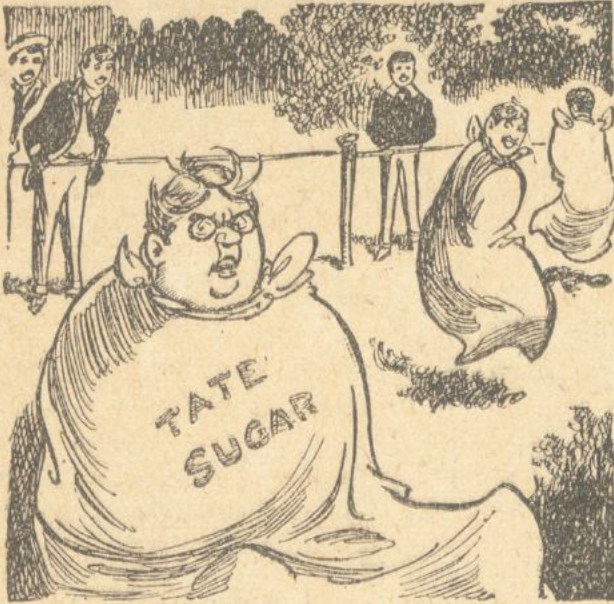
"London is a mity city standing on the River Tems. It is not altogether a nice place, though many people speak of it as Capital. In the olden days London used to konsist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street.

"But it has spread rapidly of recent years, and eaten into the counties of Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, and Hearts. We shall soon find the following towns linked up with London: Guildford, S.W. 99; St. Albans, N. 150; Margate, E. 77; Windsor, W. 93. The letters and numbers after each name refer to the postle districts.

"London contains many places of publick interest, the cheef of which are the British Abbey, the Tower of Parlyment, and the Monument Museum."

Great Days at Greyfriars

Sports' Day



See all the runners toe the line!
And note their crouching attitudes;
While keen spectators think it fine
To give advice or platitudes.
"Don't take it easy at the start!"
"Spurt like the dooce when finishing!"
The runners take these tips to heart,
Excitement's undiminishing!

The pistol cracks, and off they go!
The tape is held in readiness.
Some gallop fast, some seem so slow—
We slate them for their steadiness.
And then the tape comes fluttering down,
A thrilling race—yea, verily!
Who wins? The verdict goes to Brown,
And all applaud him merrily.

The sack-race starts; and in their sacks
Competitors come blundering;
Some topple over on their backs,
Then sit up dazed and wondering.
There's Billy Bunter in the rear,
His antics are peculiar;
At others, too, we scoff and jeer,
Their movements so unruly are!

The flags are fluttering in the breeze,
The fun is fast and furious;
The kindly, wise old Head agrees,
That sport is not injurious.
He loves to watch each thrilling race,
So breathless and so glorious;
And loves to see each smiling face
Of those who prove victorious!

WHAT I WOULD DO WITH ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

By SAMMY BUNTER

First of all I should buy up Billy's WEEKLY, lock, stock, and barrel, and run it myself. I should alter the title to "THE TUCKSHOP TIMES."

I don't know how much the printing plant would cost; but young Tubb, who is a bit of an amateur gardener, bought a hothouse plant for eighteenpence, so I don't suppose the printing plant would cost me more than two shillings.

Of course, I should have to employ a printer. Printers are a mercenary race. I never yet met one who would be prepared to work for less than ten shillings a week. So I should have to set aside the sum of twenty-five pounds for the printer's yearly salary.

I should buy a larder of my own, and stock it with tuck. Come to think of it, I should do this first, before I bought the WEEKLY and the printing plant.

I have often dreamed of possessing my own private larder, with good things stacked upon the shelves. But alas! A lack! These dreams have a habit of never coming true.

Been very keen on musick, I should natcherally buy a grammarphone. This would make the fags' common-room a cheerier place on winter evenings.

I should also buy a bicycle, with an auto-wheel attached, so that I shouldn't have to peddle. Peddling takes all the joy out of cycling.

I should also take out a sort of seezon ticket, entitling me to go and feed at the village bunshop whenever I felt in the humour. (I fancy I should feel in the humour about a duzzen times a day!)

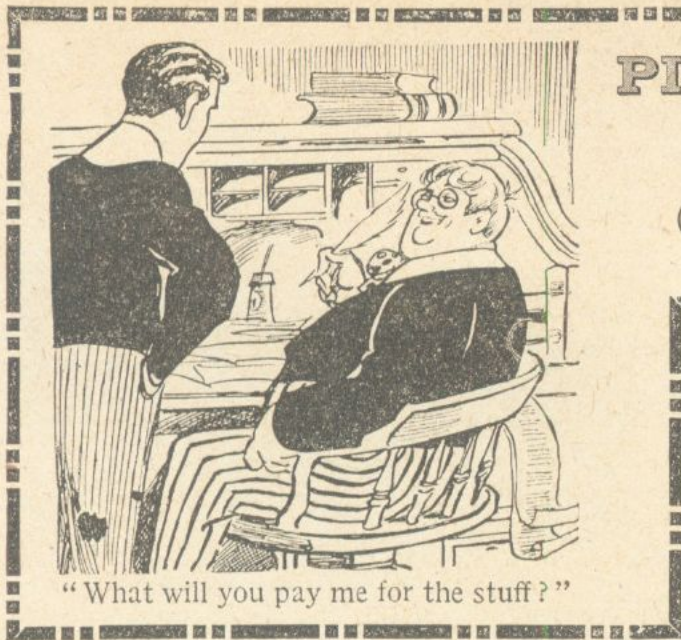
If there was anything left out of the hundred pounds, by this time, I should buy—

But what's the use of dreeming dreams? I've never had a hundred pounds in my life, and I'm never likely to boast such a sum—unless the Age of Miracles returns!

PITY THE POOR POET!

By DICK PENFOLD

(whose clever verses will be found in other pages of this Annual)



From early morn till late at night I'm called upon to sit and write. "Ode to a Dainty Buttercup," "Sonnet to an Expiring Pup," "Ode to a Little Warbling Linnet"—(I write a dozen lines a minute!)

My hair is crisp and black and long—just like the blacksmith's in the song. My eyes are wild, my brow is lined; at times I wander in my mind.

Then Harry Wharton comes along with "Hallo, Penfold! Going strong? I want a poem for my paper—'Ode to a Joker and a Japer.' Write twenty verses, if you please; and dot your i's and cross your t's. See that the poem's full of fun, and let me have it when it's done."

"What will you pay me?" I inquire. "Seventeen-and-sixpence I desire." Says Wharton, in his lofty manner, "Leave out the bobs, and take a tanner."

Then Billy Bunter says to me, "I'm publishing my WEEKLY, see? I want a poem right away, about a match in which I play, and score about a dozen goals. That will delight my readers' souls."

I take my pen up drearily, and say to Bunter wearily, "What will you pay me for the stuff?" "Oh, tuppence—if it's up to snuff!"

And so I set to work again, until it drives me half insane.

But if I plod and persevere, I'll make a fortune, never fear. In ninety years or so (hip, hip!) I'll go and bag the Laureateship. And when I'm in that proud position, I'll win such fame and recognition, that all the fellows will declare, "I knew Dick Penfold had it *there!*" They'll tap their foreheads as they speak—a tribute to my brains unique.

And now I must turn out my lamp and go to bed; I've writers' cramp.

BEING a bard is not all honey. You scribble verses that are funny, send them to journals of renown, and hope to earn an honest crown.

The editor looks stern and solemn, and says, "These verses fill a column. To pay a crown, I'd have a fit. Here, sonny, take this threepenny-bit!"

And so you have to slave and strive, and somehow keep yourself alive, on threepence here and threepence there, until you're well-nigh in despair.

Those who prefer to scribble prose are lucky beggars, goodness knows! They write an article or story, and reap no end of fame and glory.

I know a chap who wrote a novel, of a poor slum waif in a hovel, who lived with scoundrels sly and sinister, but later rose to be Prime Minister.

The lucky author, I declare, is now a multi-millionaire. He runs a car—a Mercedes—and lives in luxury and ease.

But the poor wretch who lives by verse, he simply goes from bad to worse. He has to pawn the "Baby Grand," and problems rise on every hand.

I've been a rhymers now for ages; I must have filled a million pages! But am I rich, like other kids? Do I possess a pile of 'quids'? No, gentle reader, I do not; a pile of pence is all I've got.