

# How to Edit a Paper!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

(Editor of the famous Weekly  
which bears his name)

**T**HE HOLIDAY ANNUAL for 1924 would not be complete without an article from my fassile pen.

(I am not quite certain if I have spelt "fassile" correctly, but you must excuse an occasional slip, as the novice said when he went skating for the first time.)

I am going to tell you how to edit a paper. And if there is any person living who can give sound and valuable advice on this subject, that person is W. G. Bunter!

Except for a brief period when I was away in the Congo, on a tour of adventure, I have edited my WEEKLY since its commencement.

Week in, week out, my wonderful paper has appeared, to delight the hearts of billions. And it will continue to appear, I hope, until I am a doddering old josser in a bathchair. (The bathchair, by the way, will have to be drawn by horses on account of my weight. Mere man-power would not be sufficient to push me along.)

But I must proceed with my main toppick.

In the first place, editors are born and not made. An editor is born with a distinctive bump on his cranium. It is situated between the bump of knowledge and the bump of self-esteem.

When I was barely three years old, my mater took me to a frenologist. A frenologist, I may say, is a man who is skilled in the science of bumps.

After making a careful scrootiny of my massive dome, the expert informed my mater

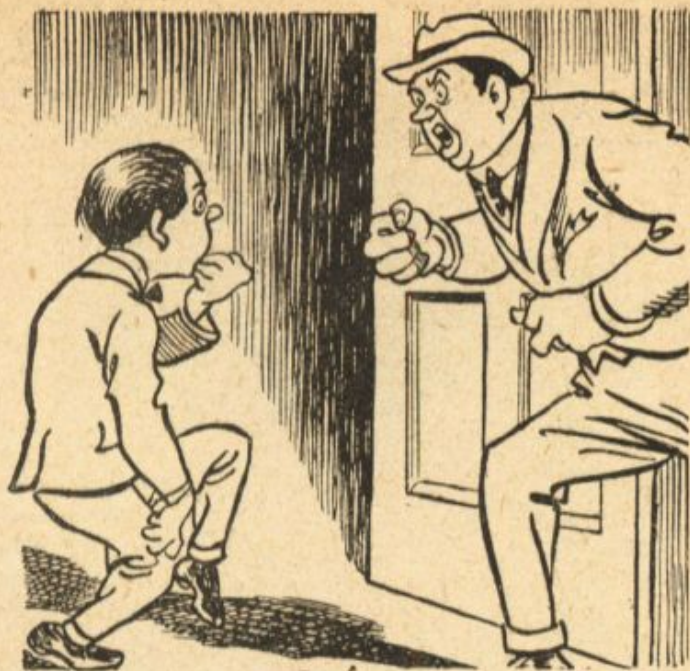
that I possessed the bump of editorship to a marked degree.

"This boy, ma'am," said he, "will be an editor, and you are not to dissuade him from this calling. Do not try to make a pork butcher or a chimney sweep of him. Do not send him into the Army, the Navy, or the Flying Corpse. It is in the capassity of editor that he will make his mark."

Did not that man speak truth, dear readers? Have I not made my mark as the editor of the most widely-read journal in the world? Ha, ha! The answer is in the infirmative.



"This boy, ma'am," said the frenologist, "will be an editor! Do not make a pork butcher of him!"



If a burly lout demands to see you, let the office boy interview him first!

Now, we will assume that you are a born editor, and that you have arrived at years of discretion, and are simply bursting to start editing something. The question naturally arises, what will you edit?

Your best plan will be to bring out an entirely new paper. Although the market is overcrowded with jernals of all sorts, there is still room for more.

What about a paper called "The Food-hog's Fortnightly," or "The Gormandiser," or "The Grub Gazette"? Such a paper would command a ready sale.

Although lots of people pretend not to be interested in tuck, they simply dote on it, in their hearts. And they would buy "The Food-hog's Fortnightly," and devour its columns in secret, and sleep with it under their pillows. The editor of such a paper would be a multi-millionaire in a matter of months.

But before you can start editing a paper, you want a staff. You need at least half-a-dozen people to do all the donkey-work. It is not an editor's job to fool about with scissors and paste. He should be a sooper-visor, not a drudge. He should lie back in a luxurious chair, puffing at a fat cigar, and giving his subs their orders.

Now, before I launched my WEEKLY, I appointed a fully qualified staff of sub-editors.

I engaged my miner, Sammy, to sweep and scrub the editorial sanctum; I engaged Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble to be the St. Jim's representatives; and Tubby Muffin to be the Rookwood representative.

You see the wisdom of this, don't you? If I had to do all the work myself, I should soon waste away to a shadow. I should be the skeleton of the Bunter family's cupboard. But now that I have four fat subs under me, I can afford to slack.

How nice it is to know that if I should happen to be taken ill one week, or feel disinclined for work, there will be somebody to carry on! And even if my miner had the misfortune to be taken ill at the same time, there would still be three others to keep the flag flying.

Now, having appointed your staff, you must select a sweet of offices. Fleet Street is the ideal place to edit a paper; but if your supply of pocket money happened to be scanty, I am afraid you would find it rather difficult to rent premises in the "Street of Adventure." You must be content with making a modest beginning; but in selecting your offices, mind you take a private room for yourself—a sanctum sanctorum, where you can shut yourself off from the clash of the typewriters and the clang of the tellyfones.



When you've got your sweet of offices, you must engage artists.

An editor should always have a private room. He will find it useful for dodging unwelcome callers.

If some burly lout should come along with the intention of giving the editor a black eye, he will first of all have to interview the office-boy, then the junior sub-editor, then the second junior sub, and so on; and he will never be able to fight his way through the lot, and lay hands on the sacred person of the editor himself.

There is just one little point which I omitted to mention.

Before you can start to run a paper, you will need capital. If you already possess capital—capital! If you don't—well, you're done.

You see, you will have to buy a printing plant. And printing plants don't grow in hothouses! Then you will have to employ printers, and so on. You will also have to lay in a huge supply of paper. On top of all this, you must engage authors and artists. But these little things need not discourage you, if you are a fellow of determination and metal.

In the course of my wide experience, I have found that the best way to edit a paper is to keep it bright and breezy. The public wants to be cheered up, not cast down.

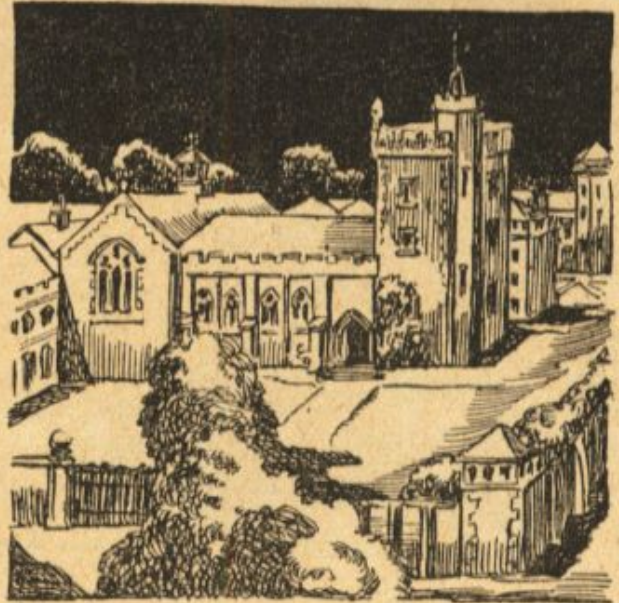
If your paper deals with tuck, see that you treat of tuck in a cheerful manner. Don't tell your readers that too much tuck is bad for them, or that roast pork and apple sauce will give them indigestion. Don't tell them that they must chew each mouthful of food thirty-six times, or any tommy-rot of that sort. Prate to them of the joys of tuck! Let the motto of your paper be "Eat not to live, but live to eat."

But the very best way you can learn how to edit a paper is to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the issue of **BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL**, which appears in this volume. There you have, in a nutshell, the key to successful editorship. If you conduct your paper on these lines, you can't possibly go wrong.

Now that this article of mine has been given to the world, editors will spring up all over the place like mushrooms. And thousands of fellows will rise up and bless the name of W. G. Bunter for planting their feet firmly on the pathway of successful jernalism!

## Great Days at Greyfriars

### Christmas Day



The old school tower stands grey and grim  
Beneath the snow's soft pattering;  
And silence broods in Close and gym,  
No crowds, no cheers, no chattering.  
For Greyfriars' boys are gone away  
To homely Yule festivities;  
For which (as Lonzy Todd would say)  
They show pronounced proclivities!

No sounds of laughter fill the air,  
No outbursts of hilarity,  
Upon this festival so rare,  
That speaks of joy and charity  
The school is silent as a tomb,  
Deserted, cold, and desolate;  
No sound disturbs the common-room,  
Where happy boys played chess o' late!

At Wharton Lodge, and Bunter Court,  
Are signs of gay frivolity;  
And there is heaps of fun and sport,  
Of jest and youthful jollity.  
The mistletoe is hung on high,  
And gorgeous coloured papering;  
While happy boys go romping by,  
Careering, cheering, capering!

But Greyfriars School will silent stand,  
In solemn, stern austerity;  
While winter storms, on every hand,  
Are raging with severity.  
The only creature at its post,  
While winter days drag wearily,  
Will be the celebrated ghost  
That haunts the place so eerily!