

THE GREYFRIARS

# HOLIDAY

1935

ANNUAL

1935

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



AN EPISODE OF THE GREAT WAR!



Frontispiece

CAUGHT NAPPING!

Specially painted for "Holiday Annual" by Flying Officer W. E. Johns.

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**HOLIDAY**  
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## The Editor To His Friends

**F**OR 16 years the "Holiday Annual" has held the premier position in the field of young people's Annuals, so that it is now looked upon as nothing less than an institution, deeply rooted in the affections of several generations of ardent readers. Yet equally with the first issue, the present volume will be found to retain in its famous school stories all the freshness, the liveliness and the exuberance of youthful spirits which so charmed the readers of sixteen years ago. For who can be dull when Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School are around? Who can resist the cheery personalities of Tom Merry, Jack Blake and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's; or of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood? These characters are enshrined in the hearts of thousands of boys, and girls, too, in Great Britain and in all the Dominions beyond the seas, and in their freshness and charm they remain unique—easily the best-loved schoolboy characters in the world.

Add to this feast of favourite schoolboy fare a carefully-selected programme of adventure yarns by the best authors, and artistically illustrated; and embellish the whole with a plentiful supply of light and humorous features, and with four magnificent plates in full colours—there you have the "Holiday Annual," after the now-famous recipe of your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

FLEETWAY HOUSE,  
FARRINGDON STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.4.

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# Frank Richards *versus* Greyfriars!



By HARRY WHARTON

*Challenged by many Greyfriars characters as to the manner in which they are depicted in his stories, Frank Richards, at Harry Wharton's invitation, takes up the challenge—to the discomfiture of those concerned!*

I'd heard so many complaints from Greyfriars men about the manner in which they were depicted in Frank Richards' stories that I thought it a good idea to invite Mr. Richards to Greyfriars especially to deal with them. I didn't expect for a moment, however, that he'd accept the invitation, so it came as a real surprise when Trotter, the page, poked his head round the door of No. 1 Study one half-holiday and announced that Mr. Richards himself was in the waiting-room.

You can bet your life I scooted down the stairs like a flash of greased lightning. Frank Richards, whom I have met, of course, on other occasions, greeted me with his customary friendly grip.

"Well, Wharton, what's the

trouble?" he asked, as soon as we had exchanged conventional greetings.

I explained that some of the fellows had been raising objections to the characters they had been given in the "Magnet" and "Holiday Annual" yarns. Mr. Richards smiled as he listened.

"Do you consider yourself that I've treated any of them unjustly?" he asked.

"Not a bit!" was my prompt reply. "Personally, Mr. Richards, I think you size up their characters in an amazingly accurate fashion."

"Then who are the objectors?"

"Principally, the fellows you describe as either outsiders or fatheads. Loder, for instance——"

"Well, what about Loder?" asked Mr. Richards, a trifle grimly.



Gerald Loder smoked cigarettes and played penny nap the other evening when the Head was only two doors away from him.

"He strongly resents being depicted as a smoky outsider. He thinks he ought to be the hero of the Sixth!"

Frank Richards simply roared at that quaint idea.

"Well, that's the choicest bit I've heard for a long time!" he declared, as he wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes. "You'll be telling me next that Bunter fancies his luck as the hero of the Remove!"

"He does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fact!" I grinned. "And there are plenty of chaps with other bees in their bonnets. Coker denies that he's the dumb-bell you make him out to be. Potter and Greene deny that they give Coker soft sawder because of the material advantages they get out of his friendship. Temple thinks it's the limit for you to depict him as a conceited ass. Mr. Prout regards himself as a genial and entertaining old sport, quite unlike the pompous

and pedantic old person called Mr. Prout in your stories."

"This is really too bad," Mr. Richards said, with a sad shake of his head. "I had no idea I was arousing such hostility among the originals of my characters. Are there any more to add to your list?"

"Several in the Remove," I answered. "Bolsover completely repudiates the suggestion that he's a bully, and Fish considers he's simply a smart American business man with lots of bright ideas—and not a mean, grasping bounder, as you make out. Oh, and Tom Dutton is furious because you call him deaf—his own idea is that he's just a little hard of hearing. That's about all I can remember just now."

"And quite enough, too, for one sitting!" gasped the author. "Look here, Wharton, do you think you can get all the fellows you've mentioned to meet me?"

"They'll jump at the chance!" I told him. "In fact, while we're about it, what's wrong with assembling the whole school to meet you? The Head will certainly allow us the use of the Hall when he hears who's here."

"I'll see him myself and fix it up, then," Mr. Richards said. "I think I can justify myself to the school at large and perhaps—who knows?—I may be able to convince even the fellows who're kicking that they're wrong and I'm right!"

As a result of this little confab., Mr. Frank Richards was within half an hour facing in Big Hall the cordial though curious eyes of nearly all the school.

After Wingate of the Sixth had made a neat little speech of welcome, Mr. Richards stepped to the front of the platform and thanked us for the hospitable reception he had received.

Then he touched on the subject of the grievances of fellows who felt they were being libelled in the stories. Finally, he reeled off the names I had previously mentioned to him and invited the owners to step up on to the platform.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, even Mr. Prout joining the crowd. Frank Richards turned to this gentleman first.

"Mr. Prout," he said, in his most soothing voice, "may I assure you that I have the highest regard for your character and that I do my best to show that regard for you at all times in my stories?"

Mr. Prout swelled almost visibly.

"Your intentions, my dear sir, are, I doubt not, of the best!" he boomed. "Nevertheless, it is, to my mind, altogether regrettable that you should convey an impression that any suspicion of pomposity or pedantry attaches to me. Grmph!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a spontaneous yell from the school. Prout's method of denying that he was pompous and pedantic merely made it quite clear to everybody that he was; he was convicted out of his own mouth in the very attempt to state his innocence.

Before Prout had recovered from his astonishment at our mirth, Mr. Richards was turning to Loder.

"Loder, I understand your grumble to be that I don't make you the hero of the Sixth. Can you tell me of any incident where you showed up in an heroic light?"

"I can!" yelled Bob Cherry from the middle of the crowded hall. "He smoked cigarettes and played penny nap the other evening when the Head was only two doors away from him in Wingate's study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you cheeky young hound!" hissed Loder.

He looked as though he would have given lots for the chance of wading through the crowd and wielding his ashplant over Bob's back; but that was hardly possible, of course, in the presence of the distinguished visitor.

"That was certainly heroism of a kind," remarked Frank Richards, with a smile. "Unfortunately, it's not quite the kind of heroism I mean. Well, Coker?"

"I want to tell you something," growled Coker, who had aggressively forced his way to the front of the crowd. "You make out I'm a dense kind of fathead. Well, I'll prove I'm not by showing you I can read your inmost thoughts. I've jolly well found out why you say I'm dense—by my own unaided brain power, too!"

"And why is it?"

"Because you're jolly well jealous of me!" was Coker's triumphant answer. "Now say I'm dense again, and see how many will believe you



Mr. Prout: "It is regrettable that you, Mr. Richards, should convey the impression that any suspicion of pomposity or pedantry attaches to me. Grmph!"

now my powers of deduction have shown you up in your true light!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Coker, your logic is irrefutable!" gasped Mr. Richards. "But now here are Potter and Greene. I believe you resent my suggestions that your friendliness to Coker is not altogether unconnected with his ample supplies of pocket-money?"

"It's a base suggestion!" said Potter.

"Absolutely!" said Greene.

"Then supposing I told you that



Fisher T. Fish bounded out of the Hall like a greyhound on being told that Mr. Richards had dropped sixpence outside—not waiting to hear that he had also picked it up again!

Coker's Aunt Judy had just lost all her money——"

"What!" yelled Potter and Greene simultaneously, their admiration for Coker giving way suddenly to looks of concern for themselves.

"Oh, it was only a suggestion!" said Mr. Richards quickly. "But, judging by your faces, it might make just a little difference, mightn't it?"

And the assembled school simply rocked with mirth.

By this time it was obvious to everyone with a grain of savvy that Mr. Richards was neatly tricking all the objectors into displaying the very characteristics which they denied belonged to them. Mr. Richards found it easy to hoodwink the remainder of the fellows on the platform on similar lines. Temple was soon displayed as just the kind of conceited ass he thought he wasn't. Bolsover, after protesting that he wasn't a bully, wanted to slaughter a Second Form fag on being told the kid had made a "long nose" at him. And Fisher T. Fish bounded out of the Hall like a racing greyhound on being told that Mr. Richards had dropped sixpence outside—not even waiting to hear Mr. Richards add that he had also picked it up again!

Finally, the author dealt with Tom Dutton.

"I believe you object to my telling my readers that you can't hear?" he yelled.

Tom Dutton looked surprised.

"Blessed if I can tell you!" he said. "How should I know what's happened to your aunt's beer? If you think I took it, you're wrong! I don't touch the stuff myself!"

And we just yelled!

Frank Richards had justified himself without any difficulty; there was no possible doubt left on that point.

"Gentlemen, chaps and fellows," said Frank Richards breezily, when the laughter had died down, "I've done my best to prove that I have not been unjust in my analysis of the gentlemen who have protested against the way I describe them in my stories. I think I have succeeded."

"Hear, hear!"



"If I allowed it to rest at that, however," went on the author, with a friendly smile at the crowd on the platform, "I shouldn't feel satisfied with my trip to Greyfriars. What I do want to say before I go is that none of them need feel perturbed because their little failings are held up to the light. It takes all sorts to make a world."

"Hear, hear!"

"Greyfriars would be a dull old place if you all did the same thing and behaved in the same way, you know. And if it gives my friends here any satisfaction to know it, most of the colour and variety I get into my yarns comes from their little individual habits and weaknesses.

"Now that I have put it in that way I hope they'll all be able to shake me by the hand and look on me for the future, not as a carping critic, but as a sympathetic friend."

Frank Richards' words went home. There wasn't one of the objectors who wasn't glad to shake him by the hand after that, and when he left Greyfriars later in the day the loudest cheers of all came from the men who had thought Frank Richards was unjust to them!

But I'm afraid the impression Mr. Richards' words made did not last very long. A few days after he had gone, the old complaints started again, and I heard that Billy Bunter had been seen writing to Frank Richards protesting against being called "fat, greedy and obtuse," that Fisher T. Fish had been grouching about being described as a Shylock, and even Mr. Prout was up in arms at being referred to as pompous and pedantic. People never seem to like hearing the truth about themselves!

THE END

## Wiles of a War Pilot!

THE Great War pilot who invented a brand new flying manoeuvre was lucky; he was like a cricketer with a deadly break in his bowling, and stood a good chance of bagging several "wickets" before his scheme was rumbled.

One of the first manoeuvres invented was hiding in the sun—that is, keeping your 'plane between the sun and the enemy, so that the other fellow was blinded by the glare and couldn't spot you. Then you waited your chance to dive down on the enemy 'plane like a bolt from the blue, trusting to a well-aimed burst of bullets to put him out of action before he had a chance to return your fire. The coloured plate facing page one shows a British pilot in a Sopwith Camel scout machine carrying out this neat little manoeuvre on a German two-seater. Both pilot and gunman in the German machine are "caught napping," being quite unaware of the death-spitting fury diving on them.

A more spectacular stunt was to aim your 'plane straight at an enemy machine as if you were going to collide in a terrific head-on crash. Both 'planes would rush together with their guns ablaze, the pilots trusting to the engine in front of them to stop the bullets. It was a test of nerves—each pilot waiting for the other to turn aside to avoid the inevitable collision.

Sometimes, in the fury of combat, neither would give way, and the 'planes would crash and hurtle to earth locked together. But if one did turn aside, the other pilot had a perfect, if brief, target—a chance to rake the enemy machine from nose to tail!

# The St. Jim's Band

By MONTY LOWTHER  
(of the Shell)



WE each have planned in our military band  
To kick up a terrible din,  
With a ghastly groan from the saxophone  
And a shriek from the violin.  
The time's all wrong, but we still go strong,  
Though we don't care much for the tune,  
With a rum-tum-tum  
On the big bass drum,  
And a growl from the deep bassoon.

The cornet played by Herries  
(What a tone !)  
Keeps company with Merry's  
Saxophone,  
While Gussy on the cymbals  
Can't displace  
The roar of Baggy Trimble's  
Double-bass.

But they all play grand in the military band,  
Though they can't tell ray from doh,  
With Bernard Glyn and his old violin  
And Dig with his G banjo.  
If Blake starts sharp on his automatic harp  
He can win by half a bar,  
With a tootle-toot  
On the frivolous flute  
And a twang on the soft guitar.

It's left to me to thump it  
On the keys,  
While Figgins does the trumpet  
Melodies,  
And Kerr must practise daily  
On his own  
To give his ukelele  
Such a tone.

But we take our stand in the military band ;  
It's a sight you never could forget  
To see Manners blow his little piccolo  
And Gore on his long clarinet.  
They shout " encore ! " with a devastating roar  
As we march on the scene,  
With a ran-tan-tan  
On the old tin can,  
And a clang on the tambourine.

Hurrah ! Pom-pom !  
Hurrah ! Pom-pom !  
Make way, for here we come !  
With a toodle-oodle-oo  
On a fife or two  
And a bang on the big bass drum !