

The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL

For
BOYS
and
GIRLS

1939





Frontispiece

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER!

Specially drawn for the "Holiday Annual" by R. J. Macdonald.



The
Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
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Issued from the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

The Editor To His Friends

As its title implies, the "Holiday Annual" is conceived year by year on the note of fun and cheery sportsmanship which is the essence of the real holiday spirit. It is this cheery note, running through the pages of the book like a golden thread, which helps to make it, year after year, the most popular Annual on the market.

In the present volume—the twentieth of the series—Harry Wharton & Co. and the inimitable Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School play their usual prominent part, aided and abetted in the business of fun-making by Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, and by Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood. These evergreen and famous characters have made for themselves a place in British fiction that is all their own, as countless thousands of boys and girls can testify; and their appearance each year in the "Holiday Annual" is an event eagerly looked forward to in innumerable British homes.

To all my old friends and loyal supporters of many years' standing I give warm greetings; while a special welcome is extended to those who with this volume are tasting the delights of the "Holiday Annual" for the first time.

THE EDITOR.

The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

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JUST IMAGINE!



"Just imagine meeting Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars and Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's," says this "Holiday Annual" reader—and as if by magic he finds himself among his schoolboy heroes!

JUST imagine the time we'd have if we could meet Harry Wharton & Co. and Tom Merry & Co. and the rest of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL fellows!"

It was my Cousin Jim who made that remark when we were all sitting round the library fire at my place after our Christmas dinner.

Jim and I and my other cousin, Arthur, were in festive mood. There was snow and frost outside, and the fire blazed and crackled merrily. The luscious flavour of Christmas pudding and mince-pies still lingered on our lips. They had jolly good reason to linger on mine. I had had three helpings of pudding and four mince-pies!

Mater and pater and aunt and uncle were talking of Christmases of long ago. Jim and Arthur and I were discussing a much more exciting matter—the expected arrival of the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

Not many chaps have the chance to meet the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL. We were among the favoured few. My pater had known him at school, and had been asking him to come to see us for years. Now, at last, he was coming, and we felt like jumping for joy!

"If only we could!" sighed Arthur, referring to Jim's remark about meeting Wharton and Merry and the rest.

"Well, why



"Is it possible for you to introduce me to the St. Jim's and Greyfriars chaps?" I asked. "Why, certainly!" replied the Editor. "I'll introduce you to them now!"



"I say, old chap, when you meet Wharton, give the beast a punch on the nose for me!" spoke up a squeaky voice beside me. "BUNTER!" I yelled.

not?" I asked. "The Editor himself is coming here to-day. If he can't give us an intro., nobody can. I've a jolly good mind to ask him and chance it!"

"What's this you want to ask me, young man?" asked a deep but pleasant voice from the doorway.

In walked the Editor himself. We recognised him at once from a photograph of him that stands in the pater's study.

As soon as greetings were over, I answered his question.

"What I wanted to know, sir," I said, "was whether it's possible for you to introduce me to the Greyfriars and St. Jim's chaps?"

Of course, I fully expected him to say it couldn't be done just then, because it was holiday time and they would be scattered all over the country. So it was quite a staggerer to me when he calmly answered:

"Why, certainly! I'll introduce you to them now, if you like!"

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say you've brought them all along with you?" I asked faintly.

"Well, hardly," laughed the Editor.

"And yet, in a way, I have. If you'll come with me, you'll see what I mean. Will you excuse us?"

The old folks said they would. Jim and Arthur were not so sure.

"What about us?" asked Jim. "We'd like to come, too. Wouldn't we, Arthur?"

"What-ho!"

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done," said the Editor regretfully. "There's room for no more than one at a time, so it's a case of 'first come, first served.' Have you got your HOLIDAY ANNUAL, youngster?"

"Rather! Here it is!"

"Bring it with you, then. You'll need it."

I was fairly bubbling over with excitement when we left the library together. There was an air of mystery about the business that tickled me no end. How on earth, I wondered, was the Editor going to introduce me to the heroes of Greyfriars and St. Jim's when they were not there to be introduced?

Well, I'll tell you how he did it. It was really the giddy limit! As soon as we were in the hall, the Editor dived into his pocket and brought out a paper bag.

"Eat this!" he commanded, as he whipped something out of the bag.

I blinked at it. It was a mince-pie.

"Well, really, sir," I said, "I've had four already, and I don't think I can——"

"If you want to meet your HOLIDAY ANNUAL heroes, eat it!" said the Editor, in a tone that brooked no argument. "Put your ANNUAL on the floor first."

I stood the ANNUAL upright on the floor and ate the mince-pie, and then a most extraordinary thing happened.

I found myself diminishing in size!

When I started eating that mince-pie, I stood about as high as the Editor's shoulder. After two bites I was no higher than his hips, and by the time I had got half-way through it I had descended to the height of his knees.

After I had finished it, I shrank so much that in a few seconds my copy of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL seemed to tower over me like a house!

"I say, Mr. Editor, what's happening to me?" I gasped.

The Editor, who now looked rather like a close-up of Mount Everest, beamed down on me reassuringly.

"It's all serene, kid!" he said. "Just walk into the book and you'll soon feel all right again."

I took his word for it and stepped inside the front cover, which was ajar. And, much to my surprise, I found myself walking up a carriage-drive towards a grey pile of buildings that seemed strangely familiar to me.

When I looked back, all trace of the book had vanished and I could only see an old gateway and a porter's lodge.

"Why, it's Greyfriars!" I ejaculated. "The Editor has kept his word and I'm going to meet Wharton and——"

"I say, old chap, when you meet Wharton, give the beast a punch on the nose for me!" spoke up a squeaky voice beside me. "I'll hold your coat if you like!"

"BUNTER!" I yelled. "The fat old Owl himself—as large as life and twice as natural! How do you do, old fat man?"

Bunter blinked at me reprovingly through his big spectacles as I seized his podgy paw.

"Blessed if I know who you are!" he said, with a sniff. "Don't call me fat, anyway, whoever you are! I'm

not fat. I'm not a living skeleton like some of the beasts in the Remove, admittedly, but I'm not fat either—just well covered!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I roared. Bunter's solemn protests against being called fat were even funnier in reality than in Frank Richards' stories. Bunter sniffed again; then he stopped sniffing and eyed me with closer attention.

"I say, old fellow, I don't know you, but you seem to know me, so perhaps you'd like to help me out of an embarrassing situation—as one gentleman to another, you know. The fact is, I've been disappointed about a postal-order——"

"From a titled relation, I suppose?" I chuckled; and Bunter blinked.

"Er—yes, exactly! How do you guess? Anyway, if you can let me have ten bob now, I'll pay you back out of the postal-order the moment I get it and——"

"Nothing doing, my fat pippin," I said. "I know too much about you. But, just to show there's no ill feeling, here's half a crown as a gift."



"Why, it's Gussy!" I gasped. "I thought you were Bunter." Arthur Augustus gave me a look of withering scorn through his celebrated window-pane. "Weally, deah boy!"

Bunter frowned.

"Look here, if you think I accept gifts from fellows I don't even know, you're jolly well——"

"Oh, all right, then, I'll hang on to it!" I grinned.

That threat was enough for Bunter. His scruples vanished in a flash and he fairly grabbed at my half-crown.

"Gimme the cash as a temporary loan, old chap!" he gasped. "But it's distinctly understood that I don't accept it as a gift!"

"Anything for a quiet life!" I laughed.

I pressed the silver coin into Bunter's fat and grubby paw.

The next moment I had the shock of my life. As if by the wave of a magician's wand, that fat and grubby paw had suddenly changed into a neat and exceedingly well-manicured hand!

I looked up. What I saw made me rub my eyes. It was no longer the fat and fatuous Bunter who stood before me, but the slim and elegant Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's! There was no mistaking that immaculate topper and gleaming monocle.

"Why, it's Gussy!" I gasped. "I thought you were Bunter."

Arthur Augustus gave me a look of withering scorn through his celebrated window-pane.

"Weally, deah boy! If you're wefewwin' to that fat boundah of the Wemove at Gweyfwiahs, I uttahly fail to undahstand how such a mistake

is even wemotely poss! Is this half-crown yours?"

"Yes. But—but isn't this Greyfriars, then?" I stuttered, as I pocketed my half-crown again.

"Bai Jove! I should say not!" said Gussy warmly. "This is St. Jim's, deah boy—an' St. Jim's is a cut above Gweyfwiahs, though I gwant you there are some quite decent fellows at Gweyfwiahs! Yaas, wathah!"

"Well, it's a real treat to see your smiling face, anyway, old bean!" I said. "I'm just a reader of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL, and how I got here I don't quite know. But now that I am here, I'd like you to introduce me to Tom Merry and Figgins and the crowd generally!"

"Pleasuah, deah boy, I assuah you!" said Arthur Augustus. "Let's twot ovah to the footah pitch. Most of them are playin' at pwesent."

Naturally, I jumped at it, and we duly "twotted ovah" to the "footah" pitch. There was a game in progress when the playing-fields came into view through the trees, and I immediately indentified the rugged-faced

youth who was charging madly after the ball.

"That's Grundy!" I grinned.

"Wight on the wicket, deah boy! Watch him twy to score a goal. You may find it wathah funny."

I watched. Grundy stopped his mad rush and steadied himself, then boot-ed the ball. It was no surprise to me to see the ball fly



Instead of booting the ball I found myself booting the rear portion of a gentleman wearing a schoolmaster's cap and gown! "Whooop!" howled Henry Samuel Quelch.

off his foot at a tangent and go sailing over the touchline instead of into the goal—to the accompaniment of a howl of laughter from the other players.

"Look out, deah boy!" exclaimed the swell of the Fourth.

He was warning me of the ball, which was descending right on to the spot where I stood.

I could not resist the temptation to boot it back to the field of play. Judging it to a nicety, I aimed a kick at it just as it reached me.

What happened next was simply horrifying.

Instead of booting the ball, I found myself booting the rear portion of a gentleman who was wearing a school-master's cap and gown!

"Whoooooop!" howled the gentleman. And while I was dazedly trying to figure out how it had happened I realised that I was no longer out in the open but inside a rather stuffy class-room, watched by a crowd of grinning juniors!

My hair almost stood on end when my visitor wheeled round and fixed a gimlet eye on me. I knew him at once. What HOLIDAY ANNUAL reader would not recognise the stern features of Henry Samuel Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove?

"I'm sorry, sir—" I faltered.

"Boy! How dare you?" said Mr. Quelch in a grinding voice. "You had the temerity—the incredible audacity—to bring your pedal extremity into collision with my anatomy!"



"Wharton, you will introduce this boy to the Form," said Mr. Quelch. "Oh! Yes, sir," smiled Wharton.

"It was an accident, sir—really and truly! I'm really awfully sorry I—"

Mr. Quelch's brow grew less thunderous.

"If that is really the case, of course, the enormity of your offence is considerably lessened. But who are you—and what are you doing here?"

"I am a reader of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL, sir. I am here because I want to meet Wharton and the other chaps I've read so much about."

The Remove master's brow cleared completely. His tight lips relaxed into a faint smile.

"Well, really, this is most unusual. But the HOLIDAY ANNUAL is a juvenile publication which I hold in high esteem and I would not wish to see you disappointed. As the lesson is nearly over, you may meet the boys. Wharton!"

A bright-eyed fellow at the top of the Form stood up.

"Wharton, you will introduce this boy to the Form," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir," smiled Wharton, and he stepped out and shook my hand and introduced me to himself for a start.

The next few minutes were really great. I went all round the Form with Wharton, meeting and chatting with all the fellows I'd been longing to see. Many of them, like Bob Cherry, the Bounder, Peter Todd, Bolsover major, Skinner, Lord Maulverer, Fisher T. Fish, and, of course, Hurree Singh and Wun Lung, I recognised at once.



"Bai Jove! So you're a New House wottah, are you?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, wading into me. "I wondahed that when I met you befoah. Take that, deah boy!"

Others were not so easy to place, but they were all equally welcome to me.

Bunter was there, looking rather peeved over something; but he brightened up when I came along.

"I say, old chap," he murmured, "you didn't give me that half-crown you promised me, you know. But if you'll hand it over now, it'll do."

"Wait till we get outside and I'll take you to the tuckshop and make it good for you there," I answered. "In fact, while I'm about it, I'll stand treat to the whole Form and blow the expense!"

"Oh, good!"

It was not my fault that I failed to keep that promise. As soon as Mr. Quelch released his Form, I marched out of the old School House with the entire Remove at my heels and headed for the tuckshop under the elms.

Then fate intervened—in the shape of Horace Coker! The great man of the Fifth was sitting at the counter with Potter and Greene when we arrived. He gave us one look, then pointed to the door.

"Outside!" he said.

"Same to you, old bean, and many

of 'em!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"I said 'outside,' and that's what I mean!" said Coker, descending from his stool. "I'm not having a rowdy crowd of fags barging round me while I'm here. Buzz!"

We did not buzz.

Coker decided that he would try to make us buzz! He took a step forward and raised his fist threateningly.

I was in the front of the crowd and I raised my arms to defend myself. The next moment I was in the thick of a wild and whirling battle.

And it was then that I found that once more things were not what they seemed! Instead of fighting with Wharton & Co. against Coker and his henchmen, I seemed to be fighting with a different crowd entirely against quite a different enemy.

"Go it, School House!" some of the combatants were yelling.

"New House for ever!" came an answering shout from the foe.

This part of my adventure is rather peculiar. I've always been a staunch supporter of the School House myself. But now I found myself fighting stoutly for the New House, side by side with Figgins, Kerr and Fatty Wynn and a crowd of other New House fellows, with Tom Merry and his followers in opposition.

The fighting grew fiercer and more desperate. I found myself hemmed in by a bunch of School House fellows, all hammering away at me for all they were worth.

Most prominent of all amongst them I saw Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, his monocle still gleaming, as he battled for his House.

"Bai Jove! So you're a New House wottah, are you?" I heard him cry as he waded into me. "I wondahed that when I met you befoah! Take that, deah boy!"

I took it—but, to my relief, it turned out to be not a buff on the nose, as I had fully anticipated, but a presentation volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL which Gussy was giving me!

Once again the scene had changed. Now I was back in the great hall of St. Jim's—or Greyfriars or goodness knows where! Everybody seemed to be there from both schools, and for some reason they were all cheering me heartily!

Arthur Augustus silenced the crowd with a wave of his hand.

"Gentlemen!" he cried. "I am suah I voice the feelin's of ewevybody when I say that the awwival of this young admiwah of ours gives us the utmost pleasuah and gwatification!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm afwaid I did the youngstah a vevy gwave injustice a short time ago," went on the swell of the Fourth, giving me an apologetic glance. "I mistook him for a New House chap!"

That brought a yell from the New House section.

"If that's what you did, you paid him a compliment!" they roared.

D'Arcy smiled indulgently.

"Now, deah boys," went on my inimitable host, "it is my pleasuah an' pwivilege to invite all and sundwy to twot up an' shake our honahed visitah by the hand. Pway don't wush!"

But there was a rush all the same. The first to reach me was Bunter.

"Look here, old chap," he gasped, "about that half-crown——"

But Bunter was swept aside and I saw him no more.

I had a busy time after that, I can assure you! Heroes of Greyfriars and St. Jim's passed by me in endless procession, each stopping for a word and a handshake, with Gussy standing by as a genial M.C.

I began to feel quite dizzy.

Gussy's monocle seemed to gleam more and more brightly.

Then suddenly I began to wonder whether it really was Gussy's monocle, after all. I looked at it closely—and then I jumped.

What I had taken to be Gussy's monocle was only my Cousin Jim's new wrist-watch gleaming in the firelight!

I was back in the library at home, and pater was digging me in the ribs with my HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

"Wake up, you lazy young beggar!" he was saying. "Here's the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL just coming into the room and you fast asleep! It's the Christmas pudding and mince-pies that have done it!"

Yes, it was only a dream, after all!

But it beats any dream I've had before or since; and if I never do meet my HOLIDAY ANNUAL heroes in reality, I shall always consider that I've done the next best thing—just imagined it!



BILLY BUNTER *the Fat Boy of* GREYFRIARS



A FEW CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES

By C. H. CHAPMAN

Every picture tells a story! Billy Bunter in characteristic poses both grave and gay. It is to be regretted that several pictures show him eating—but then, Bunter spends half his time feeding his face!