

WHERE THEY FIND INSPIRATION!



Gorging—gliding—boxing—footer—cooking! Amazing and amusing are the varied ways in which popular Greyfriars characters seek elusive inspiration!

HARRY WHARTON. I find my inspiration on Little Side. Give me ninety minutes in the forward line in a keen footer game and I've gained sufficient inspiration to carry me through a week's hard work in the Form-room—not to mention the super-human task of editing a complete number of the "Greyfriars Herald"!

H. VERNON-SMITH. The place where I feel most inspired is—er—the Remove Form-room. There is something in that musty air and those map-laden walls that exhilarates my senses, while the frozen smile of Mr. Quelch invariably warms the cockles of my heart. I'd be bored to tears without my daily dose of inspiration in the Remove Form-room. Ahem! Excuse my cough, won't you?

DICKY NUGENT. I get all the inspirashun I want in front of the Form-room fire—toasting herrings on

the end of a penholder! The fragrant oader of these finny spessimens never fails to give me a brainwave for a fresh hare-raising story of St. Sam's.

GEORGE WINGATE. If I'm ever in need of inspiration, I take a walk across to Pegg Bay and climb down the cliffs to a rocky ledge I know. I let my eyes take in the grand view of the rugged coast and my ears the thunderous crashing of the waves below me. And inspiration arrives as surely as the incoming tide!

HAROLD SKINNER. For real inspiration commend me to a genuine Havana cigar like the one I'm smoking while I write. It dropped out of Sir Hilton Popper's pocket when he was stalking across the quad this morning, and I was on it like a bird. Boy! What a luxury! Am I enjoying myself? Am I feeling—(Skinner was unable to tell us how he was feeling. He

broke off at this point to make a wild dash for the nearest bathroom. We'll give you one guess!—Ed.)

GEORGE BLUNDELL. If you want inspiration, take my tip—try gliding. I've tried it and I got a record kick out of it! Sailing through the air in an engineless plane gives a man a sensation that has to be felt to be believed. I felt like a bird. When the Head heard about it afterwards I got the bird, too—but it was worth it!

BILLY BUNTER. My ideer of inspiration is—the skool tuckshop! When I roll through that sacred portal and sit on one of those hallowed stools, something akin to extacy steels over me! Those sukkulent steak-pies! Those delicious doenutts! What a feest for the eye! What a feest for the Inner Man, too, if only a chap had enuff spare cash! And that reminds me, you fellows, I've been expecting a postal-order—(Oh, no, you don't, old fat man!—Ed.)

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.
Put me in a good, classy tailor's shop



I get all the inspirashun I want in front of the Form-room fire—toasting herrings on the end of a penholder.—Dicky Nugent.



For real inspiration commend me to a genuine Havana cigar like the one I'm smoking while I write.—Harold Skinner.

with a large range of natty suitings to choose from. I'll find inspiration galore in ordering elegant clobber with which to adorn my not ungraceful figure!

FISHERT. FISH. I guess there just AIN'T no inspiration for a guy with his eye teeth cut at a sleepy hang-out like Greyfriars!

BOLSOVER MAJOR. What inspires me more than anything else is the good old boxing-ring—especially if I'm inside the ropes, pommelling away at somebody in gory and glorious battle. I find it a real tonic to turn a human being into a punchball. If his weight is suitable (about three stone less than my own) and he doesn't object to really tough methods, my joy is complete!

HORACE COKER. I'll tell you one place where I found inspiration—on the faces of the fellows I beat with such marvellous ease in the Senior Cross-country run this year! (Coker is evidently confusing *INSpiration* with *PERspiration*!—Ed.)