

GREYFRIARS GOSSIP

Some interesting and amusing facts
concerning Greyfriars and its Scholars

:: By BOB CHERRY ::

"**W**HY is Greyfriars School like a cup of cold tea?" asked Tom Brown, who is always popping conundrums at people. I gave it up, and Brown smilingly enlightened me. "Because," he said, "it's been standing a long time!"

The old school has certainly weathered the storms of centuries. One part of it dates back to the Tudor period. It makes a fellow feel rather awed to think of all the generations of schoolboys that have passed through Greyfriars. Time, the ever-rolling stream, has borne them away on its swift current. But the old school still stands, and will survive for many years yet. One might appropriately say of our historic edifice, "No hungry generations tread thee down!"

One of the oldest portions of Greyfriars is the ivy-covered tuckshop, standing beneath the old elms, in a corner of the Close. I don't know if the tuckshop has its ghost or not. At all events, it is "haunted" daily-by Billy Bunter!

The place which always has a grim fascination for me is the punishment-room. This is a cold and cheerless apartment, in which many

an unhappy youth doomed to expulsion has passed his last night at Greyfriars. The names of many of these victims have been carved on the walls, for future generations to see.

Some of the prisoners have not allowed their sense of humour to desert them, even in such unpleasant circumstances. For example,

a fellow named Gunn, who was expelled some years ago, hacked the following verse on the wall:

"My name is Gunn,
No wrong I've done,
Yet here I brood in
sorrow.
Doomed to await
A Gunn's sad fate—
They're 'firing' me
to-morrow!"

Coming from places to personalities, Greyfriars possesses a Bull and a Fish amongst its scholars. The Bull can bellow, too, on occasion! You

should have heard him the other day, when he discovered that Billy Bunter had purloined his plum cake! As for the Fish, it hails from the other side of the "herring pond," and is constantly being "baited" by its schoolfellows!

Bolsover Major doesn't believe in wearing gloves in winter. In order to keep warm, he invariably has a fight on his hands!



The Tuckshop is "haunted" daily
by Billy Bunter



Sport Snapshots!



A. VERNON SMITH
Sports Editor of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

CRICKET

GREYFRIARS has again had a splendidly successful season. Never has cricket been played with such zest and enthusiasm. The Clerk of the Weather has interfered with a few games, but on the whole he has behaved quite well.

THE First Eleven, under the capable captaincy of big-hearted George Wingate, won fifteen matches out of twenty. Only one match was lost, and the remainder were drawn. Wingate and his chum Gwynne played like giants, and covered themselves with glory.

THE Greyfriars Remove cannot show quite so good a record. However, we won fourteen games out of twenty-two, which is highly satisfactory. On two occasions we were fortunate to snatch victory by a single run!

HARRY WHARTON is at the head of the batting list, with an average of 44. He scored four centuries during the season, his 120 (not out) against Rookwood being a masterly achievement. The runs were made against the clock, Greyfriars bringing off a sensational victory on the stroke of time.



Hurree Singh tops the bowling list; on a wicket that suits him he is practically unplayable.

HURREE SINGH, the dusky junior from India's coral strand, tops the bowling list. He took exactly one hundred wickets, at a cost of six runs apiece. "Inky" is certainly a deadly bowler, and on a wicket that suits him he is practically unplayable.

THE Remove cricket funds are in a very healthy state. Frank Nugent, the Hon. Treasurer, reports that there is a balance in hand of twelve pounds. If Billy Bunter were Treasurer, he would suggest "bluening" the balance on a feed at the tuckshop!

FOOTBALL

THIS ever-popular game is "going great guns" at Greyfriars. Everybody plays it—the majority from choice, the minority under compulsion. It is great fun to see the slackers being forcibly marched down to the footer ground on a Saturday afternoon.

PERHAPS the greatest game seen on the school ground last season was that between "Past" and "Present"—the Old Boys of Greyfriars and the school First Eleven. A tremendous struggle was witnessed, the "Present" winning an exciting game by 3 goals to 2. Wingate was the hero of the

match, scoring all three goals for the present generation.

THE Remove Eleven came through the season with flying colours. Our biggest victory was against "the lads of the village," whom we routed to the tune of 10-0. On that happy occasion—happy for us, at all events!—Frank Nugent scored five goals. The village goalie had a gruelling time, and he was mightily relieved when the final whistle rang out.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOB CHERRY again won the Boxing Championship of the Remove, after a terrific tussle with his chum Harry Wharton. Those two had fought their way to the final—and what a final it was! It lasted nine rounds, and then Bob Cherry administered the fateful "knock-out."

MONTY NEWLAND won the Chess Championship of the Remove. Harry Wharton won the Swimming Championship, and Johnny Bull the Sculling Championship. Billy Bunter "walked over" in the Eating Championship, being unchallenged!

THE annual Marathon Race was won by Mark Linley, whose pluck and endurance made him a very fine long-distance runner. He beat Redwing, the second man home, by two yards, in an exciting finish.

ALONZO TODD won the Ludo Championship of the Lower School after a terrific struggle against Dicky Nugent of the Second,

who had played himself into the final. Both the players were trembling with excitement as "Home" loomed nearer with every fresh throw of the dice. Alonzo remarked to me that "there was nothing in it." I quite agreed with him, for Ludo holds no attractions for me. Perspiration was streaming from the gentle Duffer's face when he wanted three moves for Home. With a shaking hand he rattled the dice-box. Would it bring him the coveted trophy—I'm not quite sure what the trophy is, or if there is one—or would it send him back several more squares? To look at Alonzo's face one would imagine that life or death rested

on the throw of that dice. Anyway, he turned up a three and promptly moved his disc Home. If Alonzo continues to take Ludo so seriously it's quite on the cards that he'll be moved into a "Home" at no distant date.



It is great fun to see the slackers being forcibly marched down to the footer ground on a Saturday afternoon.

GEORGE TUBB, of the Third, holds the distinguished title of Champion Marble Shooter. He also merits the distinction of being one of the dirtiest and cheekiest fags in the Lower School. Still, that's by the way. I don't know what goes with Tubb's title. My recollections of marbles tell me that I got more kicks than halpence for wearing the "knees" out of my trousers. Still, if Tubb's satisfied, that's everything.

HORACE COKER, of the Fifth, has been admitted on all sides as the Champion Chump of Greyfriars. This hardly entitles him to be mentioned in "Sport Snapshots," although it's rare sport pulling his leg.

MY "HISTORY OF GREYFRIARS"

By Mr. H. H. QUELCH, M.A.

(Master of the Greyfriars Remove)

THE fact that I am engaged in writing a complete and comprehensive History of Greyfriars, from the time of its inception down to the present day, has been seized upon by schoolboy humorists as a tremendous joke.

In Harry Wharton's schoolboy journal, "The Greyfriars' Herald," I have from time to time seen sarcastic references to my "History." One writer declares that I have already written ten thousand chapters, and that a further ten thousand remain to be written—if I live long enough!

Another writer likens my History of Greyfriars to Tennyson's "Brook," because it "goes on for ever."

Yet another writer says that since I commenced my colossal task of writing the school's history, no less than six typewriters have broken down under the strain of over-work!

I am not angry with those who poke fun at my labours. Their criticisms are good-natured, I know, and I can therefore afford to smile.

But I would remind my schoolboy critics that Rome was not built in a day. Neither can an exhaustive history of a public school be written in a week. It is a task of great magnitude, and it involves a tremendous amount of research work. I have spent many hours in the school library, going through old records, and extracting valuable information from them, in order to make my History as complete as possible. Nobody wants to read a mere skeleton of a history. A full and concise record is required; and several years of strenuous desk-work will be necessary before I can write "Finis" to my History of Greyfriars.



Mr. Quelch at work on his famous "History of Greyfriars."

Of course, it is a labour of love. One does not do this sort of thing as a self-inflicted penance. I love Greyfriars—every stick and stone of it—and I could wish for no better hobby than the compiling of its history. I am too old for cricket and football; I do not play bowls because it induces backache; I am too staid a person to play ping-pong and similar games, and I therefore spend my leisure hours at my typewriter, tackling my formidable task.

"And what will be the good of it all?" I can imagine some folk saying. "When the History of Greyfriars is finished—if ever it is finished!—who will want to read it? Nobody except the antiquarians. It won't be like a thrilling work of fiction, or a 'best seller.' It will remain, forlorn and forsaken on people's bookshelves, musty and cobwebbed with disuse."

My answer is that the History of Greyfriars is not being written for the masses, but for the understanding few. If only half a dozen people find pleasure from its perusal, I shall rest content, knowing that the labour has not been in vain.



"I could say me A B C backwards afore I reached the age of nine," said Gosling. "A proper star turn, I was!"

It was a summer evening; old Gosling's work was done. And he before his parlour door was sitting in the sun.

Sounds quite poetic, doesn't it? Matter of fact, it was quite a poetic sort of evening, with the golden sun sinking in the what's-a-name, and the gentle zephyrs blowing across the thingummy-bob.

I gave Gosling good-evening, and seated myself beside him, and struck up a conversation.

"Where were you educated, Gossy?" I asked, "I've often wondered. You're not an Old Boy of Greyfriars, I suppose?"

"No, I ain't," grunted Gosling.

"Eton?" I hazarded.

"Eh? Eaten wot? Which it ain't supper-time yet, Master Brown."

"Eton's a public school," I explained. "Are you an Old Etonian?"

Gosling grunted a denial.

"Then you're an Old Harrovian, perhaps, or a Carthusian, or a Wykehamist?"

Gosling eyed me with suspicion.

"Don't you accuse me of bein' none of them things!" he said. "Which I'm an 'ard-workin' an' respectable man as ever was! As for my eddication, I never went to none of yer swell schools."

"You had a private tutor, perchance?"

GOSLING'S SCHOOLDAYS

An Amusing Chat with the Celebrated Porter of Greyfriars

By TOM BROWN

"No. I was eddicated, Mr. Brown, in me native village—Little-Clacton-in-the-Wold. Wot's more, I was the brainiest scholard in the school!"

"In that case, I suppose there were only two pupils—yourself and the Village Idiot?" I suggested.

Gosling glared.

"There were fifty pupils," he said, "an' I was the star turn, so to speak. It didn't take me long to master the three R's—Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic. I could say me A B C backwards, an' count up to ninety-nine, afore I reached the age of—"

"Ninety-nine?" I queried.

"No!" said Gosling, waxing indignant.

"Nine!"

"Then you were an infant prodigy, Gossy," I said solemnly.

"I dunno wot that means, an' I don't care," said Gosling. "I know I was as brainy in them days as the 'Ead is now. An' I'm still as brainy as ever. I'm wastin' me time and talents 'ere, foolin' around doin' menial work. Which I ought to be a Cabinet Minister!"

At the mere thought of William Gosling directing the destinies of the nation, I burst out laughing.

"Himpudent young rascal!" roared Gosling. "You've bin a-pullin' of my leg all the time! Jest you go along orf out of it, or I'll lay my broom across yer shoulders!"

Not wishing to be belaboured by Gosling's brawny arm, I promptly scuttled away to safety.

The Midnight Feast!



"GOOD-NIGHT, you kids!" the prefect cries.
"Good-night!" the Lower Fourth replies.
Then, when we hear his distant tread,
With one accord we bound from bed!

Candles are lighted here and there,
And cheery voices fill the air.
"Now for the merry midnight feast!
And then our joy will be increased."

"I say, you chaps!" cries Billy Bunter,
"I feel as hungry as a hunter.
Ten tarts was all I had for tea,
And that's a trifling snack, to me!"

We sit on Bunter in our wrath.
Then spread a snow-white tablecloth.
Or, strictly speaking, it's a sheet;
As tablecloths they're hard to beat!

A glorious hamper greets our gaze;
We gather round a bike-lamp's rays;
And then proceed to feast and feed:
"Eat, drink, be merry!" is our creed.

Who dreads the pangs of indigestion?
We laugh to scorn the bare suggestion!
And what if nightmares crown our folly?
Away with gloom and melancholy!

The puddings, pastries, and the pies,
All disappear before our eyes.
Then comes a warning of disaster:
"Look out, you chaps! I hear a master!"

Swiftly we spring between the sheets,
And every heart with tension beats.
A tall, stern figure fills the door,
And then departs; we breathe once more!

