

# The Tuckshop Raider!

A PLAY IN  
VERSE  
FOR AMATEUR  
ACTORS

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## CHARACTERS:

BILLY BUNTER ... The Fat Boy of Greyfriars.

HARRY WHARTON	} The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove.
BOB CHERRY	
FRANK NUGENT	
JOHNNY BULL	
HURREE SINGH	

DAME MIMBLE ... Proprietress of the Tuckshop.

DOCTOR LOOKE ... Headmaster of Greyfriars.

BILL HIKES ... A Burglar.

FIRST GHOST	} Three Fearsome Apparitions.
SECOND GHOST	
THIRD GHOST	

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Greyfriars Tuckshop.*

(THE FAMOUS FIVE are perched on stools at the counter. DAME MIMBLE, with a beaming face, is all eagerness to serve them.)

DAME MIMBLE:

Good-evening, Master Wharton, sir!  
Good-evening, Master Cherry!  
Now, what would you young gents prefer?  
My tarts are tasty, very!



Bunter : " I'm starving, ma'am, without a doubt.  
I really feel I'm going out."

Cherry : " There's many a true word said in jest,  
And now we'll speed the parting guest ! "

WHARTON :

No need to recommend your tarts,  
For they are dear to schoolboy hearts.

HURREE SINGH :

The dearfulness, my worthy chum,  
Makes purses light, and faces glum !

WHARTON (*laughing*) :

I didn't mean " expensive," Hurree !  
You've put Dame Mimble in a flurry.

DAME MIMBLE (*indignantly*) :

The gent's remark was treasonable,  
My terms are always reasonable.  
Who dares to say that they are dear ?  
I never, never profiteer !

HURREE SINGH (*contritely*) :

I eat my wordfulness, good Dame,  
And hang my headfulness for shame.  
I crave your pardon begfully.  
I pulled your limb, ma'am, legfully !  
Pray serve us with the tartfulness  
So dear to every heartfulness !

CHERRY (*grinning*) :

And do it with the smartfulness !

(DAME MIMBLE *bustles about and serves the juniors with jam tarts and ginger-beer.*  
WHARTON *pays.*)

NUGENT :

Your uncle, Harry, was a brick  
To send that five-pound note so quick.

BULL :

He must have guessed that funds were  
low—

He's been a boy himself, you know !

CHERRY :

These tarts are absolutely prime !

WHARTON :

They'll disappear in record time.

NUGENT :

Bunter would beam, if *he* were here !

BULL (*glancing round*) :

Why, talk of angels, they appear !

(*Enter BILLY BUNTER. He rolls up to the counter, and blinks eagerly through his spectacles at the tuck.*)

BUNTER :

I say, you chaps ! I'm sinking fast,  
And feeling ripe for a repast.  
I've not had bite nor sup since tea,  
Nothing at all since half-past three.  
Except six dough-nuts and some toast.  
That's not enough to feed a ghost !  
I'm suffering now from slow starva-  
tion.

I crawled in here for consolation.

HURREE SINGH :

Crawl out again, my worthy Bunter !  
You are a greedy, fat tuck-hunter !

BUNTER (*appealingly*) :

Oh, don't be mean ! Spare just one  
tart !

WHARTON :

Vamoose !

CHERRY :

Absquatulate !

BULL :

Depart !

BUNTER (*turning to DAME MIMBLE*) :

Don't let them turn me out, good  
Dame !

I'm starving ! It's a jolly shame !

There's not another meal till  
brekker,

And not a bean in my exchequer !  
But if you'll be a perfect brick,  
And serve me with some tuck on tick,  
I'll settle up another day—  
My postal-order's on the way !

DAME MIMBLE :

I've heard that fairy-tale before.  
I cannot serve you. There's the door !

BUNTER :

Oh, really ! You've a heart of stone  
To talk to me in such a tone.  
I'm faint, and groggy at the knees—  
Wasting away by slow degrees !  
I'm starving, ma'am, without a doubt.  
I really feel I'm "going out."

CHERRY :

There's many a true word said in jest,  
And now we'll speed the parting guest !  
(BOB picks up a soda-water siphon from  
the counter, and brings it into action,  
squirting a jet of liquid into BUNTER's face.  
Exit BUNTER, yelling loudly. BOB pursues  
him to the door, while the others look on,  
laughing.)

WHARTON :

Exit the fat and fatuous Owl !

NUGENT :

To dry his  
features on a  
towel.

BULL :

Bob Cherry  
chased him  
off the pre-  
mises

HURREE SINGH :

With all the  
fleetfulness of  
Nemesis !

CHERRY :

And if he shows  
up any more,  
He'll get a  
shower-bath,  
as before !

WHARTON :

Let's hurry up  
and drink  
our "pop,"

Dame Mimble wants to close her shop.  
(While the FAMOUS FIVE are finishing  
their feed, and DAME MIMBLE has turned  
her back in order to put some things away,  
BILLY BUNTER creeps cautiously into the  
tuck-shop. Without being seen by those  
present, he slips behind the screen, where  
he is effectually hidden from view.)

NUGENT :

Now that we've had our celebration  
We'll go and tackle preparation.  
(All move towards the exit.)

DAME MIMBLE :

And I must look alert and nimble.  
It's eight o'clock !

ALL :

Good-night, Dame Mimble !

DAME MIMBLE :

Good-night, young gents, and thank  
you kindly !  
Pray mind the step. Don't stumble  
blindly !

(Exit THE FAMOUS FIVE.)

DAME MIMBLE :

I like those lads, for I can trust 'em !  
What should I do without their custom ?



"Why, goodness gracious ! What was that ? I heard a noise—perhaps a rat !"

They're always civil, gay, and genial;  
They never treat me like a menial.

But as for Master Bunter—why,  
He's greedy, artful, mean, and sly!

*(At this, the screen shakes violently, and BUNTER's furious face peers round it for an instant. He shakes his fist at DAME MIMBLE, then disappears again.)*

DAME MIMBLE *(in alarm)*:

Why, goodness gracious! What was that?

I heard a noise—perhaps a rat!

*(She pauses and listens a moment, but there is no further sound. DAME MIMBLE then puts on her hat and coat, lowers the lights in the tuck-shop, and passes slowly out, failing to notice BILLY BUNTER behind the screen.)*

DAME MIMBLE *(taking a last look round)*:

I've left my shop in perfect order.

I do not fear a night marauder.

I'll lock and bolt the door securely,

And that should be sufficient, surely!

*(Exit DAME MIMBLE, followed by sounds as of a door being locked and bolted. BILLY BUNTER emerges from behind the screen, and blinks around him in the half-light.)*

BUNTER *(gleefully)*:

Locked in the tuck-shop for the night!

The prospect fills me with delight.

Locked in a paradise of tuck!

Oh, what a ripping stroke of luck!

*(He dances to and fro in his excitement.)*

When Quelchy calls the nightly roll,

There will be ructions, 'pon my soul!

The name of "BUNTER, W. G."

Won't be responded to by me!

The whisper will go round the ranks:

"Bunter is playing foolish pranks."

And some will think I've run away,

And Quelchy's hair will turn quite grey.

Little will anybody dream

That I've devised a cunning scheme

To get myself locked up all night

Here, to appease my appetite!

And now, I think, I'll wander round

To see what dainties can be found.

*(BUNTER starts to explore the tuck-shop, pausing here and there before the various*

*jars and dishes, and sampling a little of everything, with obvious enjoyment.)*

BUNTER *(turning to audience)*:

Just a preliminary snack

To keep my jaws from getting slack.

They've had no exercise since tea.

Time they got busy, you'll agree,

And when I've had this little bite

To whet my healthy appetite,

I'll eat a really big repast.

Jove! this is Paradise at last!

Here will I feast and banish sorrow,

And risk the reckoning on the morrow!

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Greyfriars Tuck-shop.*

*Midnight.*

*(BILLY BUNTER, having feasted to his heart's content, is reclining on a heap of cushions on the floor, fast asleep. His hands are clasped in the region of his lower waistcoat button, and he is snoring happily. Empty dishes and glasses strew the counter.)*

*(Suddenly three distinct raps are heard, "off." BUNTER does not stir. The rapping is repeated, louder and more insistent.)*

*Rap! Rap! Rap!*

BUNTER *(sitting up with a start)*:

I seem to hear a rap-rap-rapping!

Was it a window-curtain flapping?

It gave me quite an awful scare!

Hark! There it goes again!—

*Rap! Rap! Rap!*

—Who's there?

*(Enter THREE GHOSTS, gliding into the tuck-shop from different entrances, and converging upon BUNTER, who quakes visibly. The ghosts are draped in sheets, and their faces are hooded, with slits for the eyes. They halt within a few paces of BUNTER, who blinks at the hooded figures in terror.)*

BUNTER *(wildly)*:

Help! Murder! Rescue! Yow! Oh, dear!

How did these gug-gug-ghosts appear?

Who are these phantoms, clad in white,

Disturbing me at dead of night?

Is it a jape—a silly antic?



Speak! Speak, or you will drive me  
frantic!

FIRST GHOST:

I am the Ghost of Greyfriars School!  
Tremble!

Cower and cringe, thou fatuous fool!  
Tremble!

Stuffer of tarts and buns and scones,  
I'll freeze the marrow in thy bones!  
Making night hideous with my moans!  
Tremble!

BUNTER (*quaking violently*):

Are you a really, truly Ghost?  
Or are you having me on toast?  
Don't terrify and torture me!  
Who might your ghostly comrades be?

SECOND GHOST:

I'm the Ghost of Simon Blenkinsop,  
Tremble!  
Who used to keep Ye Olde Tuckshoppe!  
Tremble!

One night, marauders entered in  
And brained me with a rolling-pin.  
Behold, I grin a ghastly grin!  
Tremble!

BUNTER (*in great alarm*):

You mean to say that you were slain,  
And that your ghost comes back again,  
And haunts this place when Greyfriars  
sleeps?

Groo! You are giving me the creeps!

THIRD GHOST:

I am the Ghost of Doctor Grimm!  
Tremble!

I used to wield the birch with vim!  
Tremble!

Beneath my robes, unhappy wight,  
I have a birch-rod, tucked from sight.  
I'll wield it now—this very night!  
Tremble!

(THIRD GHOST *whips out a birch-rod from  
beneath his robes, and swishes it through  
the air.*)

BUNTER (*squirming on the floor*):

Pip-please don't touch me! Keep  
your distance,

Or I shall bellow for assistance!  
Masters and fellows will arise,  
And you'll be given exorcise!

FIRST GHOST:

Be silent, fat and fatuous fool!



"Locked in a paradise of tuck!  
Oh, what a ripping stroke of luck!"

Thou canst not wake the slumbering  
school.

SECOND GHOST:

Shouting will not avail thee much—  
We have thee in our ghostly clutch!

THIRD GHOST:

Yea, verily! If we're defied,  
My birch-rod will caress thy hide!

BUNTER:

What have I done that you should  
haunt me,

And plague and terrify and taunt me?

I've never given you offence!

I am the soul of innocence!

Why don't you go and haunt old  
Toddy,

And Wharton, Bull, and everybody?

I'll tell you where the bounders sleep,

Then to their quarters you can creep

And give them such a shock and scare  
That bolt upright will stand their hair!

FIRST GHOST:

Thou art our special, chosen victim!

SECOND GHOST:

Now, Doctor Grimm, 'tis time you  
licked him!

(THIRD GHOST gives BUNTER a playful  
flick with the birch-rod. BUNTER leaps to  
his feet with a wild yell, and flees round the  
tuck-shop, with the THREE GHOSTS in hot  
pursuit. Stools are overturned, and pan-  
demonium prevails.)

BUNTER:

Help! Wingate! Wharton! Doctor  
Locke!

Save me, before I die of shock!

(Exit the THREE GHOSTS, with surprising  
swiftness. BUNTER does not see them  
vanish, and he continues to race wildly  
round, under the impression he is still being  
pursued. At last he halts, and blinks  
around the tuck-shop, and realises he is  
alone.)

BUNTER:

The Ghosts have vanished! Glory be!  
I thought it was the end of me!  
I've never had so bad a scare,  
Not anytime, nor anywhere!

(~~P~~ sinks down on to the heap of  
cushions.)

I wonder if those Ghosts were real?  
I doubt it. I begin to feel  
It was a nightmare, grim and fleeting,  
The dire result of over-eating!

(BUNTER composes himself to slumber.  
Presently he hears a stealthy, rattling  
sound, as of the tuck-shop door being un-  
locked.)

BUNTER (sitting up):

My nerves are steady now, and  
stronger.

I don't feel funky any longer.  
These are no ghostly sounds I hear.  
It's someone breaking in, I fear.

(The rattling sound continues.)  
I'd better lie discreetly still,  
In readiness for Burglar Bill.  
If only I can make a capture!

The prospect fills my soul with rapture!  
(Enter BILL HIKES, the Burglar. He is

a rough-looking individual, wearing a  
mask, and carrying an electric torch. He  
creeps stealthily into the tuck-shop, and  
passes BUNTER's recumbent form without  
noticing it.)

BILL HIKES:

Seems to have been a struggle here.

A rough-and-tumble, that is clear.

(He wanders round the tuck-shop, flash-  
ing his torch.)

There must be lots of grub about.

In the big cupboard, I've no doubt.

(He steps towards the cupboard and opens  
the door, flashing his torch into the  
interior.)

BILL HIKES:

Oh, what a sell! There's nothing  
here!

No cakes, no tarts, no ginger-beer.

There's not a single crumb in sight.

This must be my unlucky night!

BUNTER (aside):

Yes, Burglar Bill! You're out of  
luck.

Now is the chance to prove my pluck!

(BUNTER rises to his feet, and tiptoes  
towards the burglar. Hurling himself  
upon the man from behind, he bundles him  
without ceremony into the cupboard. Then  
he swiftly shuts and locks the door.)

BUNTER (gleefully):

Caught, like a rat inside a trap!

You won't get out of this, old chap!

I trapped you neatly, you'll agree.

Now you're my prisoner. He, he, he!

BILL HIKES (in muffled tones):

Open this door, and let me out!

BUNTER:

Sorry! It can't be done, old scout!

BILL HIKES:

Say, I shall die of suffocation!

BUNTER:

One burglar less will please the nation!

BILL HIKES (banging on the door):

Release me, there's a sporty kid!

And then I'll give you half a quid!

BUNTER:

Really! I never take a bribe

From members of the burglar tribe.

BILL HIKES:

What do you mean to do with me?

BUNTER :

Wait till the morning, then you'll see!  
(BILL HIKES hammers furiously at the door of the cupboard.)

BUNTER :

No use! You'll merely bark your knuckles!

Just listen to my merry chuckles.

Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!

Burglar Bill's been bagged by me!

BILL HIKES :

Just wait, you cackling little beast,



"Help! Murder! Rescue! Yow! Oh, dear! How did these gug-gug-ghosts appear?"

Till I've the luck to be released!

I'll punch your jaw and black your eyes,

And make your nose swell twice its size!

In fact, I'll lead you such a dance,  
You'll need to call the ambulance!

BUNTER :

Your threats don't worry me a scrap.  
You're talking through your hat, old chap.

Revenge is sweet, they always say,

But not a chance will come your way.  
They'll take you off, at rising-bell,  
To languish in a prison cell!  
A tragic end to all your schemes.  
Good-night, my beauty! Pleasant dreams!

(Ignoring the repeated bangings from the cupboard, BUNTER returns to his improvised bed.)

BUNTER :

What a surprise, when morning comes!

What a big bombshell for my chums,

And for my enemies as well,

When my exciting tale I tell!

I've caught a burglar single-handed,

And in the cupboard left him stranded.

The Head will pat me on the shoulder

And say: "No lion could be bolder!"

While all the fellows will

acknowledge

I am the hero of the college!

Meantime, a few hours' sleep I'll

borrow, And dream of glory on the

morrow!

(BUNTER settles down to slumber, and is soon snoring happily.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Head's Study.*

(DOCTOR LOCKE is seated at his desk, looking very worried.)

THE HEAD :

Now, where can that boy Bunter be?

His antics have distracted me!

He disappeared, without a trace,

And I have searched and scoured the place.

But he has vanished absolutely.  
If hiding, he has acted cutely.  
A further search must now begin.

(Knocking without.)

Dear me! I wonder if—— Come in!

(Enter THE FAMOUS FIVE. They salute

DOCTOR LOCKE respectfully.)

THE HEAD:

Good-morning, boys! I am afraid  
You have not found the renegade.

WHARTON:

No, sir; there's not a sign of Bunter.

CHERRY:

He has eluded every hunter.

With thorough zealfulness and zestfulness.

As Cherry says, the worthy Bunter  
Has baffled every eager hunter.  
We can't locatefully discover  
The whereabouts of our tuck-lover.  
Mysteriously, he's taken wing——

THE HEAD:

Don't be ambiguous, Hurree Singh!



"Help! Wingate! Wharton! Dr. Locke!  
Save me, before I die of shock!"

NUGENT:

We've searched for Bunter far and  
wide——

BULL:

In fact, we've scoured the countryside.

HURREE SINGH:

Most worthy sahib, we've explored  
The highways, byways, and the sward.  
Together we pursued the questfulness

WHARTON (eagerly):

Let us off lessons for the day,  
sir.  
And we will search another way,  
sir,

CHERRY:

Yes, rather! It is our intent  
To leave no stone unturned in Kent.

NUGENT:

If let off lessons for the week,  
We'd have a game of hide-and-seek,

BULL:

Exploring every inch of ground  
So that our school-mate might be  
found.

THE HEAD (frowning):

No, no! I really can't consent

To let you roam about in Kent,  
Neglecting, for a whole long week,  
Your Latin, History, and Greek.

(Knocking without.)

Dear, dear! Am I to get no peace?  
Come in, and let those knockings cease!

(Enter DAME MIMBLE, looking very  
wrathful, and leading BILLY BUNTER by the  
ear.)

DAME MIMBLE:

This fat young rascal, Doctor Locke,  
Has eaten nearly all my stock!  
All night he's feasted in my shop—

CHERRY:

Wonder he doesn't go off pop!

THE HEAD:

Be silent, Cherry! This is serious.  
Do you not hear my words imperious?  
Proceed, Dame Mimble, with your  
story—

BUNTER:

Sir, I have won renown and glory!

THE HEAD:

Silence! And hang your head for  
shame,

You wicked  
boy! Con-  
tinue,  
Dame!

DAME MIMBLE:

This rascal  
came to me  
last night,  
Declaring he  
was fam-  
ished quite.  
He begged me  
for some  
tarts "on  
tick."

I answered:  
"There's  
the door—  
go quick!"

I shut my shop  
at seven-fif-  
teen.

He must have  
slipped be-  
hind the  
screen,

And on my premises he stayed  
From dusk till daybreak, I'm afraid.  
He raided every single shelf,  
Glutted and gorged and stuffed him-  
self!

And when I met him there this morn-  
ing

He greeted me with words of warning.  
"I've caught a burglar, ma'am," says  
he.

"A hefty brute of six-foot-three.  
I locked him in the cupboard yonder."

THE HEAD:

Is that a fairy-tale, I wonder?

BUNTER:

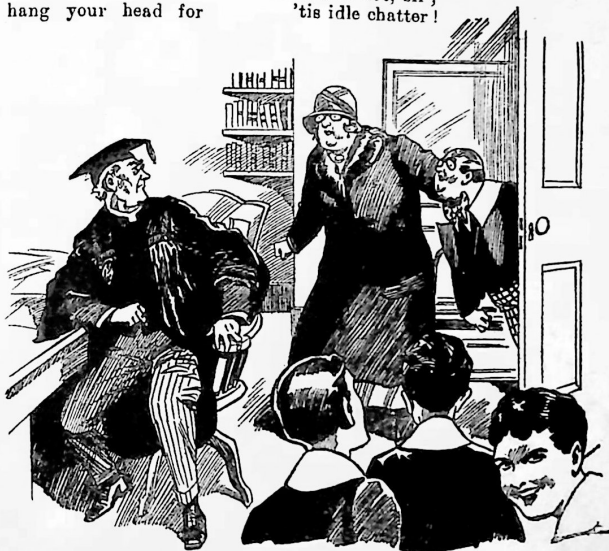
No, sir. I never tell a lie!  
Quite a George Washington am I.  
I bagged the burglar, safe and sound,  
And in the cupboard he'll be found.

THE HEAD (to DAME MIMBLE):

Did you investigate the matter?

DAME MIMBLE:

Of course not, sir;  
'tis idle chatter!



"This fat young rascal, Dr. Locke, has eaten nearly all my stock!"

THE HEAD :

Bunter is capable of knavery,  
But not, I think, of pluck and bravery.  
In fact, he has a craven habit  
Of being frightened as a rabbit!

BUNTER (*indignantly*):

Oh, really, sir, I don't deserve  
To be accused of lack of nerve.  
You should have seen my feat of skill  
In overcoming "Burglar Bill"!  
It was a fierce, terrific tussle,  
Requiring every ounce of muscle,  
For he was armed, and I was not.  
(I marvel that I wasn't shot!)  
At last, to my exceeding rapture,  
I brought him down and clinched the  
capture!

Now in the cupboard he does languish,  
Uttering howls of wrath and anguish!

THE HEAD :

I can't believe a word you say!  
Heroic feats are not your way.  
But, ere I thrash you with the cane,  
I will proceed to ascertain  
If there is any truth whatever  
In your wild tale of bold endeavour!

(DOCTOR LOCKE turns to THE FAMOUS FIVE.)

Go to the tuck-shop with despatch,  
And see if Bunter made this catch!  
(*Exit THE FAMOUS FIVE.*)

DAME MIMBLE :

Of course, the boy has told a whopper!

THE HEAD :

Ma'am! That expression's hardly  
proper!  
You should have said a "fabrication."

BUNTER (*aside*):

Soon they will have a revelation!

THE HEAD :

Unless your story, boy, is true,  
I shall severely punish you!  
Your foolish and mischievous action  
Caused untold worry and distraction.  
Parties have searched the whole night  
through,

Hoping to find some trace of you,  
Not dreaming that you schemed to stop  
All night in Mrs. Mimble's shop!

DAME MIMBLE :

My stock has vanished! It's a shame!

BUNTER :

Quite so; but  
Burglar  
Bill's to  
blame!

THE HEAD :

Tut, tut! The  
burglar is a  
fiction!

Your tale is  
doomed to  
contradiction.

(*Footsteps without.*)

Your school-  
mates, Bun-  
ter, are  
returning;  
Now the true  
version we'll  
be learning.

(*Enter THE FAMOUS FIVE, with BILL HIKES strug-*



"Silence! You scoundrel, hold your noise! Don't let the brute escape, my boys!"

gling in their grasp.  
They march him into  
the study, and DOCTOR  
LOCKE rises to his feet  
with a cry of amazement,  
while DAME  
MIMBLE shrinks back  
in alarm.)

THE HEAD:

Gracious! This  
gives me quite  
a shock!

WHARTON:

We found the  
burglar, Doctor  
Locke!

NUGENT:

Bunter has told  
the truth at  
last!

BULL:

Who said that  
miracles were  
past?

BILL HIKES (*struggling to get free,  
and shaking his fist  
at BUNTER*):

That's the fat  
cove who captured me!

I'll punch and  
pound and  
paste him—see?

I'll pulverise him good and proper  
Before you 'phone to fetch a  
"copper."

THE HEAD:

Silence, you scoundrel! Hold your  
noise!

Don't let the brute escape, my boys!

HURREE SINGH:

We have him in our gripful clutch.  
His struggles won't avail him much.  
We'll hold him, sahib, tight and cheer-  
fully,

Till the police arrive appearfully!

THE HEAD (*crossing to the telephone and  
speaking into the transmitter*):

"Give me Friardale, one-three-two!"  
(Pause.)



"Yes, sir! Alone I did the trick! I caught the burglar smart and slick!"

P.-c. Tozer! Is that you?

Come to Greyfriars with despatch.

We have made a startling catch!

It's a burglar! Don't delay!

Come and take him right away.

He's a desperate man, that's why!

We await you here. . . . Good-  
bye!"

(DOCTOR LOCKE rings off, and turns to  
BILLY BUNTER.)

Bunter, the tale you told was true!

My gallant boy, I'm proud of you!

BUNTER (*puffing out his chest with pride*):

Yes, sir! Alone I did the trick!

I caught the cracksman, smart and  
slick.

THE HEAD:

Bunter, you've won a hero's fame.  
Yet you are very much to blame  
For staying in the shop all night  
To glut your greedy appetite.

DAME MIMBLE:

He's eaten all my cakes and "fancies"—

THE HEAD:

Yes, yes! But in the circumstances  
I cannot give the boy a caning,  
So it is little use complaining.

BUNTER:

Only a cruel man like Nero  
Would ever cane a gallant hero!

BILL HIKES (*struggling fiercely*):

Just wait till I have served my sentence!

THE HEAD (*sternly*):

Silence! And cultivate repentance!

BILL HIKES:

Revenge is sweet, and mine will wait!

(*Footsteps without—the measured tread of a policeman.*)

THE HEAD:

My boys, remove this hulking lout—  
The handcuffs wait for him without!

(*Exit THE FAMOUS FIVE with BILL*

HIKES.)

BUNTER (*turning to the HEAD*):

Am I to be rewarded, sir!

THE HEAD:

H'm! What reward would you prefer?

BUNTER:

I do not crave for £ s. d.

In honour of my bravery.

I'm not by nature avaricious—

But a fine feed would be delicious!

DAME MIMBLE:

Good gracious! After all you've eaten?

For gluttony, this can't be beaten!

THE HEAD:

Let Bunter have his heart's desire.

Of food he never seems to tire.

Dame Mimble, pray escort him hence,

And feed him well—at my expense!

He foiled the burglar, don't forget,

So we are both in Bunter's debt.

BUNTER (*beaming*):

I thank you, sir, with all my heart!

Straight to the tuck-shop we'll depart!

(*Exit BILLY BUNTER and DAME MIMBLE, the former grinning broadly, the latter shaking her head in strong disapproval.*)

CURTAIN.

## MEET THEM ALL AGAIN!

IT will be with regret that you come to this page, knowing it to be the end of the jolly reading matter in this best of all boys' and girls' story Annuals.

But really there need not be any regretful feeling of parting from the merriest schoolboy characters that have ever appeared in any stories. They have, I know, established themselves in your hearts, and—you can meet them all again!

No, you will not have to wait until the 1930 Greyfriars Holiday Annual appears. That would be a blow indeed! On Monday next you can chum up again with Harry Wharton and Co. and the fat and funny Billy Bunter. Every Monday they give a "star turn" in the "Magnet" Library. That treat will cost you two humble pennies per week!

Jimmy Silver and Co., the staunch-and-true and merry chums of Rookwood School, appear regularly on Tuesdays, in that very popular paper named "The Popular." That also costs 2d.

"The Gem," out on Wednesday of each week, at the same price, is mainly devoted to the pranks of Tom Merry and Co., including the world-famous Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Two-pence again—and a real gem of weekly reading!

And still other "performances" are staged by the Greyfriars, Rookwood and St. Jim's schoolboys, in the well-packed pages of the "Schoolboys' Own Library," of which two issues are published each month. Fourpence per volume these cost—and they are real book-length stories!

So you see how simple it is to keep in touch with all these famous schoolboy chums the whole year round!

*The Editor.*



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