



The GHOST of No. 1 STUDY!

*A Play in Verse
for Amateur Actors*

By
**The GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER**

SCENE I.

Harry Wharton's Study.

WHARTON (turning a flushed face from the fireplace, at which he is kneeling, frying eggs):

Buck up, and babbu about there, Bob!

Your lazy limbs want oiling!

I've shoved the kettle on the hob,
And soon it will be boiling.

CHERRY:

Well, give a chap a giddy chance;
I've set the chairs out ready.

But look at Frank—he's in a trance;

Look out, you idiot—steady!

(Nugent staggers towards the table in a dreamy

manner with a
pile of plates,
which totter for an
instant, then fall
over with a crash.)

BULL:

To juggle in a
way so rum

Is scarcely
scientific;

NABOB (holding his
ears):

The dinfulness, my worthy chum,
Is really most terrific!

NUGENT (ruefully surveying the wreckage):
I've done it now! This blessed spill

Will get me in bad odour.

We may not mind, but someone will—
The plates belonged to Loder!

WHARTON:

If he should come upon your track
A poker he'll be using!

NUGENT:

Upon the coming Christmas vac.
My mind was sweetly musing.

CHERRY:

It can't be
helped, but pass
the ham,
And I'll com-
mence the
carving.

That soap-dish
there will
hold the
jam—

Ye gods! I'm
simply starving!

CHARACTERS

Harry Wharton
Bob Cherry
Frank Nugent
Johnny Bull
Hurrey Singh
Billy Bunter
Herbert Vernon-Smith

The Famous Five
of
Greyfriars
The Fat Boy of Greyfriars
The Bounder of Greyfriars

NOTE.—This play may be performed by readers of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL without fee or licence on condition that the words "By permission of the Editor of HOLIDAY ANNUAL" appear on each programme.



But pass the
bread -
and - but-
ter, Frank,
And pour the
tea out,
Harry.

WHARTON (*rising, after serving the tea*) :

Here's health
to us, the
Famous
Five
Of good old
Greyfriars
College !

To lead the
way we'll
always
strive

In every
branch of
knowledge.

(*All solemnly raise*

their cups and drink the toast. Suddenly BUNTER is descried peeping into the study.)

NUGENT (*threateningly*) :

Intruding porpoise, off you trot !

BUNTER :

Oh, what a ripping feed you've got !

WHARTON :

We want no uninvited scum !

BUNTER :

Is that the way you treat a chum ?

NABOB :

The beastly BUNTER is a cad—
His hateful presence makes me
mad !

BUNTER (*edging farther into the room*) :

I say, you fellows—just one tart !

WHARTON :

Vamoose !

CHERRY :

Absquatulate !!

BULL :

Depart !!!

BUNTER (*looking longingly at the feast*) :

Come, don't be cads ! A bun will do—
Or else a piece of —— Ow ! Yarooth !

Bull (as Nugent drops a pile of plates) : To juggle in a way so rum
Is scarcely scientific !

Hurree Singh (holding his ears) : The dinfulness, my worthy chum,
Is really most terrific !

WHARTON (*rising, the eggs being finished*) :
The close connection with the grate
Has made my face quite ruddy.
My word ! there's not a single plate—
We'll ransack someone's study !

BULL :
Just drop the eggs upon this dish ;
I'll get some plates from that guy Fish.
[Exit.

WHARTON (*turning the eggs into the dish with relish*) :

I like a really ripping egg,
There's nothing quite so decent ;
"And 'pon my soul," said Uncle Clegg,
"The things was laid quite recent !"

NABOB (*who is making toast at the fireplace*) :
Bananas in a luscious bunch
Content my humble wishes :
At tea or at the worthy lunch
They form the finest dishes.

(*Re-enter BULL with a pile of plates, which are distributed, and the feast commences.*)

CHERRY :
These eggs among the finest rank,
So prithee do not tarry ;

(CHERRY hurls a loaf at BUNTER's head, and the fat junior retreats from the study in wild disorder.)

WHARTON (laughing) :

You are a splendid marksman, Bob ;
That shot was jolly clever ;
But why not make a perfect job
And floor the worm for ever ?

BULL :

Resume ! I'm hungry as a hunter.
Thank heaven we've seen the last of
Bunter !

(All sit down and resume tea).

VOICE FROM WITHOUT :

Yah ! Beasts ! Cads ! Rotters !

(CHERRY and the NABOB rush from the room,
and a scuffle is heard outside. After a few
seconds have elapsed they return to the study,
dragging BUNTER along by the ears.)

WHARTON (sternly) :

Just hold him for a tick, my lads !
Now, Bunter, did you call us cads ?

BUNTER (gasping and spluttering) :

Oh, no ! I never said a word !

'Twas someone else you must have heard.

WHARTON (angrily) :

Beware, you blessed
Ananias !

No scum of your sort dare
defy us !

BUNTER (in tones of injured
innocence) :

Alas ! my word is always
doubted.

I know 'twas someone else
who shouted.

WHARTON (turning to the others) :

I really feel inclined to
clump him ;

But, on reflection, why not
bump him ?

OTHERS (in chorus) :

Yes, bump him ! Bump
him !

BUNTER (greatly alarmed) :

Hands off, you cads ! Or
else I'll tell

The Head, and Mr. Quelch
as well !

(BUNTER is seized by the
Famous Five, and bumped

three times on the floor, yelling and
struggling. Then he is bundled
unceremoniously from the study.)

WHARTON :

Now we have bruised and bumped the
beast,

We'll recommence our ripping feast.

(BUNTER reappears in the doorway, dusty and
dishevelled. Each of the feasters im-
mediately seizes an available missile.)

BUNTER (malevolently) :

The way you chucked me out was neat ;
But wait, you cads ! REVENGE IS
SWEET !

Exit.

SCENE II.

Vernon-Smith's Study.

THE BOUNDER is lounging comfortably back
in an armchair, smoking, and scanning a
sporting paper. On a table near at hand
is a glass containing contents of a suspicious
character. Suddenly a double-knock sounds
on the door. VERNON-SMITH jumps up in
alarm, sweeping the glass from the table in
so doing, and throws the cigarette into a corner
of the room. The knocking is repeated with



Bunter : Come, don't be cads ! A bun will do—
Or else a piece of—Ow ! Yarohoh !

Bunter broke off with a cry as Bob Cherry hurled a loaf at him.

greater violence. He waves the paper frantically to and fro in an endeavour to remove all traces of smoke; then, controlling his countenance with an effort, he mutters:

Good heavens! what a frightful din!

I mustn't lose my nerve. (*Louder*) Come in!

(Enter BUNTER.)

SMITH (*angrily*):

Be off, you fat, intruding beast!

You're always spying, dash you!

And if you came to find a feast,

To smitethens I'll smash you!

BUNTER:

Oh, Smithy! I suppose you're joking?

I'm sorry I disturbed your smoking.

SMITH (*aside*):

What can the silly idiot mean?

No signs of smoking can be seen!

BUNTER (*advancing into the study*):

I've guessed the rotten tricks you play,

And p'raps may let you off with
lenience,

Which just depends! But, anyway,

A keyhole is a great convenience!

SMITH (*seizing a cricket-stump*):

You spy! I'll thrash you till you're
dead!

BUNTER (*retreating with an amiable smile*):

Good-bye! I'm off to tell the Head!

SMITH (*hurriedly*):

Come back,
you idiot!
Don't be
silly!

Would tarts
be very
tempting.
Billy?

BUNTER:
I feel that I
could go
great guns;
But mind,
they must
be four-
penny ones!

(THE BOUNDER
tosses BUNTER
a coin.)

BUNTER (*about to
depart*):



Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh soon returned to the study,
dragging Bunter along by the ears.

Thanks, Smithy! Now I'll have some fun

As well as Study No. 1.

SMITH:

What's up with Wharton and Bob Cherry?

Are both the rotters making merry?

BUNTER:

I chanced to pass the study door,

And through the keyhole looking,

I quite collapsed upon the floor,

So fine a feed they're cooking!

SMITH:

But did you have the nerve to stop

And help the rotters scoff it?

BUNTER (*mournfully*):

With lusty kicks they made me hop,

And meant to keep me off it!

SMITH (*grinning*):

I guess you beat a sad retreat!

But what has Wharton got to eat?

BUNTER:

Sardines, and jam, and eggs, and cake,

And doughnuts quite delicious;

'Tis done in style, and no mistake,

And makes me jolly vicious!

SMITH (*edging closer to BUNTER*):

Then why not rob them of their feed,

And make the cads look silly?

A steady nerve is all we need,

So will you help me, Billy?

BUNTER:

I'm g a m e !

But after-
wards, I
fear,

The pair of
us will
rue it!

And, by the
way, it is
not clear

How you
intend to
do it!

(VERNON-SMITH
paces to and
fro for a mo-
ment in deep
thought. Then
he gives a
start.)

My word ! we'll
have the
cads on
toast,
As sure as
I'm the
Bounder !

We'll institute
a giddy
ghost !

What pro-
ject could
be sound-
er ?

BUNTER (*doubt-
fully*) :

No doubt 'twill
give them
fits and
starts,
And make
the rotters
dread it ;

Yet how a ghost can get us tarts
Is more than I can credit.

SMITH :

'Twill make them in a frightful funk,
And stop their hearts from beating ;
And when the cads have had to bunk,
We then commence the eating.

BUNTER (*doubling up with laughter*) :

Ha, ha ! The plan is simply prime—
For nerve it can't be beaten.
But if you don't dress up in time,
The grub will all be eaten !

SMITH :

Some paint and powder, and a sheet,
You'll see a transformation !
I think the dodge is really neat —
Excuse my jubilation !

(*He prances delightedly from the room.*)

BUNTER (*throwing himself into a chair and
kicking up his heels with merriment*) :

Ere long my stomach will be packed
With ham, eggs and buttered toast ;
And trouble, if the wheeze won't act,
Will fall on Smithy—he's the ghost !

SCENE III.

Harry Wharton's Study.

(*The feast is proceeding merrily, and the chums
are in high feather.*)



C H E R R Y (*leaning
back in his chair
with a contented
sigh*) :

A better feast
could not
be found
In all the
country
far and
wide !

(WHARTON *offers
him the toast.*)

I could noteat
another
round—
My inner
man is
satisfied.

NUGENT (*shaking
his head as the
plate of toast is
passed to him*) :

If any more grub I try to pack,
I'm bound to get a bilious attack !

WHARTON :

Will no one finish off the toast ?
Come, now, do justice to your host !

BULL :

My "little Mary's" far too full ;
So no more, thanks, for Johnny Bull !

NABOB :

Your good and worthy English dish
Gives strengthfulness to every sinew !
I'll make so boldfus as to wish
That such repasts may long continue !

ALL :

Bravo, Inky !

WHARTON :

But what of all this extra grub ?
It seems a rotten shame to waste it.
Where can we put it ? There's the rub ;
We don't want Bunter here to taste it.

C H E R R Y :

No fear ! I'd scalp the giddy glutton !
Let's give the grub to Todd and Dutton.

WHARTON (*slapping C H E R R Y on the back*) :
Not bad for Bob ! There's something in it ;
I'll fetch the fellows in this minute.

(*He rises to his feet, just as the door is
thrown open, and VERNON-SMITH, clad*

in a long white sheet, and with his features powdered and rendered ghost-like by a snow-white beard, enters the room. A scene of panic ensues. WHARTON staggers back, aghast, while his chums remain at the table, gazing with terror-stricken eyes at the strange apparition.)

WHARTON :

What is the thing, for goodness' sake ?

CHERRY (rubbing his eyes) :

Great Scott, you chaps ! Am I awake ?

(The "ghost" utters a series of low moans.)

WHARTON :

This is a most uncanny visit,
And makes me creep ! Whatever is it ?

GHOST :

Withhold your tongue, infernal fool !
I am the ghost of Greyfriars School !
While lurking in the gloomy cloisters,
I thought me of sardines and oysters ;
And seeing both are on this table,
Depart as fast as you are able,
That I may speedily enjoy
A meal of fish, instead of boy !

WHARTON :

If this is meant to be a hoax,
Depart, my friend, with expedition ;
It must be one of Smithy's jokes—
You cannot be an apparition !



As Vernon-Smith hurried from the room, Bunter threw himself into the armchair and kicked up his heels with merriment.

GHOST :

Insulting infant, get thee hence,
Or face the fearful consequence !

WHARTON (turning to his chums) :

United we stand, divided we fall !
I don't believe it's a ghost at all !

CHERRY :

If not, whatever can it be ?

BULL (seizing a lump of butter) :

Stand back a bit, and you will see !

(BULL hurls the butter with deadly precision,
and it strikes the "ghost" full in the face. He starts back with a yell.)

NUGENT (laughing) :

It's clinging to his face like mud !

The thing, no doubt, is flesh and blood.

WHARTON :

Advance, the five so good and famous !
A measly ghost shall never shame us !

ALL :

Never !

(The spectre backs away in alarm, but is seized and borne to the floor, struggling fiercely. He is soon overpowered, and WHARTON wrenches off the beard and outer garments, then utters an exclamation.)

WHARTON :

I knew the thing was all a myth ;

The spook, you chaps, is Vernon-Smith !

(The others crowd round threateningly.)

SMITH :

Hands off, you rotters ! Lemme go !
'Twas only just a joke, you know !

NUGENT :

It was a plot to bone our feast—
A poor attempt, to say the least.

(A scuffing noise is heard without, and CHERRY dashes from the room. After a few seconds he returns, dragging BUNTER along by the collar.)

CHERRY (rolling his victim on the floor in a heap) :

I found this
crafty worm
outside;
He constitutes
the second
victim.
With Smithy he
becomes
allied,
Because we pre-
viously had
licked him.

BUNTER (*sitting up*
and *adjusting his*
glasses):

'Twas Smith
alone the plot
did hatch,
For I've been
playing in a
match.

WHARTON (*incred-
ulously*):

You worm! You couldn't kick a
ball,
And couldn't run or even crawl!

NUGENT :

No doubt beneath the bar he sat
And watched the skylark soaring;
And as the porpoise is so fat,
He kept the rest from scoring!

SMITH :

He's not been near the football-field;
It's no good, Billy; all's revealed.

WHARTON :

Does anyone possess a cane—
Effective, strong, and supple?
I think we will impart some pain
To this delightful couple!

BULL :

I've got one in my study cupboard;
It's quite an age since Bunter blubbered!
(*He leaves the room, and returns shortly
after with a cane.*)

BUNTER :

Hold on! You know I'm very weak,
And if you hit me, I shall shriek;
Or else will go and fetch the Head,
And you will all be flogged instead.

WHARTON :

Although you may create a babel,



Johnny Bull hurled the butter with deadly precision and it struck the "ghost" full in the face.

We mean to hoist you on the table
And flog as hard as we are able!

(CHERRY and NUGENT proceed to lay
BUNTER across the table, while WHARTON
bends the cane into a convenient shape.)

WHARTON :

I think I'll give him three or four,
Although he merits quite a score.

NABOB (*stepping forward*):

The Christmastidefulness is here,
A time of peace and goodful cheer;
And though my worthy chums may
scoff,

I would suggest we let them off.

NUGENT :

I can't help thinking Inky's right;
Besides, the cads have had a fright.

WHARTON :

A licking each is what they need,
Without the slightest question;
Instead, we'll give them both a feed
Through Inky's kind suggestion.

SMITH :

I thank you, Wharton. Here's my hand!
Your sportsmanship is simply grand!

WHARTON (*shaking hands*):

Your thanks to Inky should be given;
'Tis he who for your cause has striven.



While Vernon-Smith and Bunter continued their meal, the Famous Five joined hands around them and wished them good cheer.

BUNTER (seated at table) :

I say, you chaps, these tarts are great !
The feed is going down first-rate !

BULL :
The porpoise takes away my breath ;
One day he'll eat himself to death !

CHERRY :

I reckon Smithy must be deft,
Or else there will be nothing left !

SMITH (joining BUNTER at the table) :

This pie looks absolutely prime,
But ere I start upon a plateful,
I'll wish you chaps a cheerful time,
And, honour bright, I'm very
grateful !

BUNTER :

In sampling this delightful dish,
I also will express the wish

That all you chaps may be supplied
With quite a ripping Christmastide !

(VERNON-SMITH and BUNTER continue their
meal, while the others all join hands.)

WHARTON :

Then here's to us, the Famous Five
Of good old Greyfriars College !
To lead the way we'll always strive
In every branch of knowledge !

SMITH :

To Wharton's remarks I would say,
" Hear, hear ! "
May your faces with fun soon be ruddy !

WHARTON :

And I, in return, give the grandest good
cheer
To the Ghost of No. 1 Study !

CURTAIN

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Good News For Newcomers

MANY new readers of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL will have met for the first time, in this volume, the famous schoolboy chums of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and St. Frank's. Very welcome to these will be the news that they can meet these popular characters again week by week throughout the year. Harry Wharton & Co., for instance, are featured Every Week in a long complete story in the MAGNET, price 2d.; the adventures of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, are recorded Every Wednesday in the GEM, price 2d.; whilst long complete yarns dealing with Nipper & Co. at St. Frank's appear Every Week in the NELSON LEE LIBRARY, price 2d. In each and every one of these papers the same high quality of stories, so much appreciated in the HOLIDAY ANNUAL, will be found. Therefore, it is with every confidence that I recommend them to the new friends I have made with this issue of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

The EDITOR