



# 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 buzz 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*):

## CHARACTERS

Harry Wharton  
Bob Cherry  
Frank Nugent  
Johnny Bull  
Hurree 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.

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!



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  
know-  
ledge.

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;

*(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! Yarrooh!

(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! Yaroo! I  
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 smitherreens 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

loses 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 game!

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  
Boulder!

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.*)



CHERRY (*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 not eat  
another  
round—

My inner  
man is  
satisfied.

Smith (*seizing a cricket-stump*): You spy! I'll thrash **NUGENT** (*shaking  
his head as the*

Bunter (*retreating with a smile*): Good-bye! I'm off to *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 boldful 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.

CHERRY:

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

WHARTON (*slapping CHERRY 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 scuffling 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- Johnny Bull hurled the butter with deadly precision and it struck the "ghost" full in  
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,



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 goodfoul 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**



# INDEX



PAGE

PAGE

<b>A</b>	
A.D. 1999! <i>Story by Bernard Glyn</i> ..	222
Alonzo's Ailments! <i>Poem</i> .. ..	73
Around Greyfriars .. .. .	44

<b>B</b>	
Bells of Greyfriars, The <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i> .. .. .	174
Behind the Counter! <i>By Tom Brown (in an interview)</i> .. .. .	239
Be Popular at Parties .. .. .	245
Buffalo Bill—Pony Express Rider. <i>Article</i> .. .. .	175
Bunter Comes to Tea! <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i> .. .. .	183
Bunter the Skater! <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i> .. .. .	34
Buried Treasure. <i>Article by Harry Wharton</i> .. .. .	262
By the Way— <i>Article by H. Vernon-Smith</i> .. .. .	263

<b>C</b>	
Carrot-Headed Hero, The <i>Story by John Brearley</i> .. .. .	113
Cycling Tragedy, A <i>Poem by Micky Desmond</i> .. .. .	221

<b>D</b>	
Day in the Life of a Headmaster, A <i>Article by the Rev. H. H. Locke</i> ..	244
Demon of the Lake, The <i>Story by Cecil Fanshaw</i> .. .. .	123

<b>E</b>	
"England Expects—" <i>Story</i> ..	184
Eyes of the Night! .. .. .	240

<b>F</b>	
First Bicycle at St. Jim's, The ..	225
Fixing the Blame. <i>Story by Clive R. Fenn</i> .. .. .	227
Fledgeling, The <i>Story by J. Lawn-Newark</i> .. .. .	22
Football Flashlights. <i>Article by George Bulkeley</i> .. .. .	212

<b>G</b>	
Ghost of No. 1 Study, The <i>Play in Verse by the Greyfriars Rhymester</i> ..	271
Going to School in the Good Old Days! <i>Article</i> .. .. .	259
Greyfriars Sports. <i>Article</i> .. ..	269
Greyfriars "Zoo," The .. .. .	195

<b>H</b>	
Heroes of Greyfriars History. <i>Article by Mr. Quelch</i> .. .. .	21
How I Won the Match! <i>Poem by Horace Coker</i> .. .. .	14

<b>L</b>	
Life as a "Mountie." <i>Article</i> .. ..	196
Life of a Blade, The <i>Poem</i> .. ..	122

<b>M</b>	
Making Game of Gussy. <i>Story by Martin Clifford</i> .. .. .	15
Motor-Bike Mac o' the Mounted! <i>Story</i>	103
My Ideal Film .. .. .	267
My Little Mistake! <i>Story by Clarence Cuffy</i> .. .. .	231

<b>N</b>	
Nature Story. <i>By Clive R. Fenn</i> ..	227

<b>O</b>	
Old Boys' Dinner, The <i>Story by Frank Nugent</i> .. .. .	3
Our Incurable Interviewer Calls On: Lord Mauleverer .. .. .	230
Harold Skinner .. .. .	258

<b>P</b>	
Parables and Parodies. <i>By Monty Lowther</i> .. .. .	90
Plates in Colour:	
Demon of the Lake, The <i>Facing</i>	129
Duel at Ten Thousand Feet, A. <i>Facing</i>	32
" How's That ? " .. .. <i>Frontispiece</i>	
Saving Uncle Sam's Mail! <i>Facing</i>	176

# INDEX—(continued)

	PAGE		PAGE
Plates in Photogravure :		Round the Playing Fields. <i>Article by</i>	
Eyes of the Night! .. <i>Facing</i>	240	<i>Eric Kildare</i> .. .. .	265
First Bicycle at St. Jim's, The			
<i>Facing</i>	225		
Rookwood's Reckless Rascal!		<b>S</b>	
<i>Facing</i>	96	Snow-Fight, The <i>Poem</i> .. .. .	257
Walking the Plank! .. <i>Facing</i>	65	Song of the "Fish," The <i>Poem</i> .. .. .	240
Pride of the Footplate, The <i>Story</i>		Speedway Fury! <i>Story by A. Carney</i>	
<i>by J. R. Hind</i> .. .. .	45	<i>Allan</i> .. .. .	133
Purple Idol, The <i>Story</i> .. .. .	164	St. Jim's Inventor, The <i>Article</i> .. .. .	41
Putty's Priceless Prank! <i>Story by</i>		St. Sam's Propheteer, The <i>Story by</i>	
<i>Owen Conquest</i> .. .. .	91	<i>Dicky Nugent</i> .. .. .	177
<b>Q</b>		<b>T</b>	
Queer Railway, A Very <i>Article</i> ..	241	Third Form Crusoes, The <i>Story by</i>	
		<i>Martin Clifford</i> .. .. .	145
		Thunder of Hoofs. <i>Story by Edmund</i>	
		<i>Burton</i> .. .. .	247
		Tuckshop Dame, The <i>Poem by Dick</i>	
		<i>Penfold</i> .. .. .	226
<b>R</b>		<b>V</b>	
Reforming Mauly! <i>Story by Frank</i>		Vanished Eleven, The <i>Story by Frank</i>	
<i>Richards</i> .. .. .	35	<i>Richards</i> .. .. .	53
Remove Passage, The <i>Poem</i> .. .. .	191		
Rivals of St. Frank's! <i>Story by</i>			
<i>Edwy Searles Brooks</i> .. .. .	198	<b>W</b>	
Robin Hood's Coup! <i>Story</i> .. .. .	213	Walking the Plank! .. .. .	65
Rookwood's Reckless Rascal! .. ..	96		

## 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