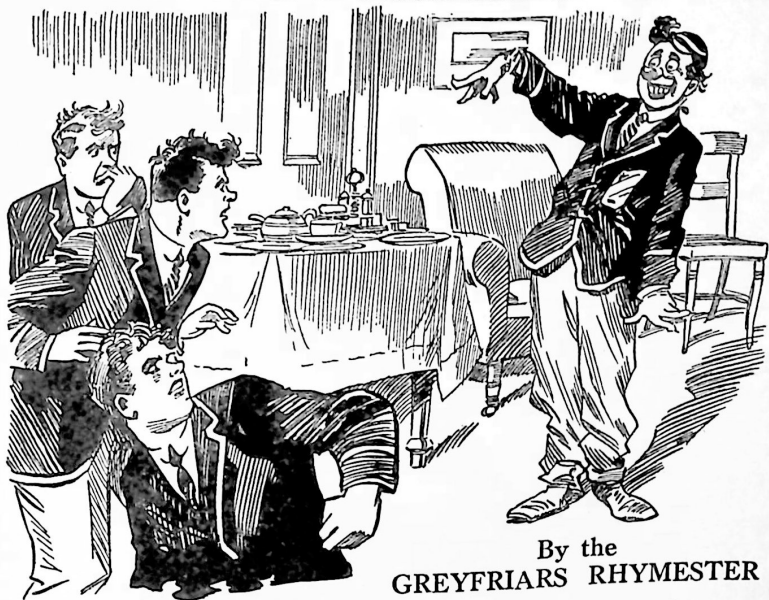


# The GREYFRIARS GUY



By the  
GREYFRIARS RHYMESTER

*A Play in Verse, with a few Musical Numbers, for Amateur Actors*

## ACT I.

(SCENE : No. 1 Study in the Remove.  
In the centre of the study a table is laid for tea, with a long cloth reaching right down to the ground. Under the table, behind the cloth, BILLY BUNTER is hidden from the view of the audience. Over to the right is a chair in which there is a guy wearing an old suit of clothes, a pair of old boots, a school cap, and a dusty old wig,

*a hideous grinning mask for its face. THE FAMOUS FIVE are facing the footlights as the curtain rises.)*  
CHORUS :

THE FAMOUS FIVE.

(Tune : " The Marseillaise.")

Ye sons of Greyfriars, great in story,

Attend to this, our "modest" song ;

Ye fellows who aspire to glory,

## CHARACTERS.

Harry Wharton	} The Famous Five.
Bob Cherry	
Frank Nugent	
Johnny Bull	
Hurree Singh	
Billy Bunter	The Fat Boy of Greyfriars.
Horace Coker	The Duffer of Greyfriars.
George Potter	Coker's Chums.
William Greene	The Fifth Form-master.
Mr. Paul Prout	

(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 the HOLIDAY ANNUAL " appear on each programme.)

Copy us—you won't go wrong!  
Copy us—you won't go wrong!  
We're the leaders of the college,  
And everyone admits that we  
Are just as clever as can be,  
And you cannot equal us for  
knowledge:  
The Five! The Famous Five!  
The Five! The Famous Five!  
We're here! Right here! Give us a  
cheer!

A rousing three times three.

WHARTON:  
Well, now we've begun  
On an evening of fun,  
And a firework display by and by.

NUGENT:  
With a jolly good spread  
And a good time ahead  
When we burn Horace Coker the  
guy!

BULL:  
This handsome spread's extremely  
nice,  
And now we've managed to  
provide it—

CHERRY:  
Hear, hear, old beans! Take my  
advice  
And let us forthwith get outside  
it.  
(*They draw their chairs to the table,  
looking from time to time at the  
guy in the chair.*)

NUGENT:  
This toast is really appetising.

BULL:  
I did it with the study poker.

CHERRY (*enthusiastically*):  
I say, you men, there's no dis-  
guising  
That guy's extremely like old  
Coker.

(*They all laugh.*)

WHARTON:  
I don't think Coker would admit it.

HURREE SINGH:  
The admitfulness is not terrific.

BULL:  
If Coker sees it, he will hit it;

We'll hide it—just to be pacific.

WHARTON:  
There'd be a most terrific  
scrimmage—

CHERRY (*still enthusiastically*):  
I'm sure that mask is Coker's  
image.

NUGENT:  
Suppose you grab your share of  
food  
And leave the guy till later.  
These sosses are extremely good,  
Likewise the baked "pertater."

WHARTON (*reflectively*):  
I wonder why the Bunter bird  
Has not yet come along?  
Can poor old Bunter not have heard  
A feast is going strong?

HURREE SINGH:  
He will arrivefulness in time;  
There's not the slightest doubt  
of it.

WHARTON:  
Then eat the grub, for it's a crime  
To let him clear us out of it.  
(*A voice calls from outside.*)

THE VOICE:  
You five fellows follow me  
To my room immediately,  
Whether you're willing to or not,  
For if you don't you'll catch it—  
hot!

CHERRY (*dismayed*):  
Oh dear, you men! That let's us in!  
I recognised that voice.

NUGENT:  
It's Gwynne!

WHARTON:  
Perhaps it was a jolly nerve  
To throw a cracker at his feet.

BULL:  
And now we'll get what we deserve:

CHERRY (*groaning*):  
Six of the best! Oh, what a treat!

WHARTON (*picking up a book*):  
This book is Todd's;  
I think I'll wear it.

CHERRY:  
Oh, what's the odds?



Harry Wharton & Co. drew their chairs up to the table for tea, looking from time to time at the guy of Horace Coker in the chair. Hidden from their view, under the table, was the fat figure of Billy Bunter.

Let's "Gwynne" and bear it !  
HURREE SINGH :

Let us not stopfully be late  
Or sixfulness may turn out eight.  
(*Exeunt THE FAMOUS FIVE. As soon as they have left the room, BILLY BUNTER crawls out grinning from under the table.*)

SOLO : BUNTER.

("The British Grenadiers.")  
Some talk of mathematics  
And some of "ologies" ;  
Of "stinks" and hydrostatics  
And such great stunts as these ;  
But of all the world's great sciences  
There's none that can compare  
With the science which can imitate  
A voice that isn't there.

Some chaps learn catechism—  
They're welcome to the task !

Give me ventriloquism ;  
That's all the art I ask.  
Then I can make the chaps disgorge  
Their foodstuffs rich and rare  
With the science which can imitate  
A voice that isn't there.  
(*BUNTER gathers an armful of food from the table.*)

BUNTER :

Knowing the trouble they are in  
Through bunging jumping  
crackers,  
I threw my voice to sound like  
Gwynne  
And caught those thumping  
slackers.  
Now, while they're gone, a record  
feed  
My gift for me is earning—  
Of which I always stand in need—  
(*Noise from outside.*)

Hush! Here's the beasts re-  
turning!

(BUNTER *crawls under the table with his food. Enter COKER, POTTER, and GREENE.*)

COKER:

The little sweeps aren't here;  
They knew they'd better clear  
Before I called upon 'em with a poker.  
I thought that even they  
Would know it does not pay  
For fags to try to cheek great  
Horace Coker.

POTTER:

Ye heavens fall!

GREENE:

Ye stars and all!

BOTH TOGETHER:

When fags begin to cheek great  
Horace Coker!

COKER (*spotting the guy*):

There it is—the guy, I mean!

GREENE (*critically*):

It's not unlike yourself, old bean!

POTTER (*looking at it narrowly*):

That's Coker's nose and Coker's  
grin—

COKER (*roaring*):

Look here, I don't want any chin!  
Is that guy meant for me? Great  
pip!

I'm glad young Snoop gave me the  
tip.

I'll confiscate this guy right now—

POTTER:

Those fags are bound to make a row.

COKER:

Shut up, George Potter! Rats to  
you!

Think I care twopence what they do?  
I'm Coker of the Fifth, remember!  
The Fifth, old chap—

POTTER:

Yes; of November.

COKER (*picking up the guy*):

Kim up, and kim along with me,  
You ugly, pug-nosed effigy!

To-night you will be burnt, old  
sport, on

The Fifth Form fire—as Harry  
Wharton.

SOLO AND CHORUS:

COKER, POTTER AND GREENE.  
("The Minstrel Boy.")

COKER:

The mis'rable  
guy to the  
Fifth has  
gone;

In my study  
you will  
find him,

With his mask  
and his  
gloves and  
his school-  
cap on,

And an old  
armchair  
behind him.

ALL THREE:

"The plan's gone  
wrong!"  
sang the se-  
nior pards,



Bunter crawled under the table with his food as Coker, Potter and Greene entered.  
Coker: "The little sweeps aren't here. They knew they'd better clear . . ."



"For the secret  
we have caught  
on ;

Instead of Coker,  
it's quite on  
the cards

This guy will  
be young  
Wharton."

(*Exeunt COKER,  
POTTER, and  
GREENE, bearing  
the guy. BUNTER  
comes out from  
under the table  
and grabs a little  
more refresh-  
ment.*)

Thank goodness  
Coker didn't  
see this feast !

But fancy pinching  
Wharton's guy  
—the beast !

(*BUNTER dives out of sight again as  
footsteps are heard. Enter THE  
FAMOUS FIVE—all wrathful.*)

CHERRY :

My only hat ! That was a frightful  
sell !

BULL :

Gwynne flatly said he didn't call  
us—well !

NUGENT :

It's awfully thick

To play such a trick ;

I always thought Gwynne was a pal.

HURREE SINGH :

It was terrific hardful luck—

WHARTON (*sitting down*) :

Great Scotland Yard ! Where's all  
the tuck ?

(*They glare wrathfully at the table.*)

NUGENT :

It's not extremely tempting, is it ?

BULL :

Bunter must have paid a visit.

WHARTON :

We'll give him a thick ear for luck

And black his spying eye—



Bunter (*frantically*) : "I say, you fellows, I ain't here." Wharton : "You've  
raided all our grub—that's clear." Bull and Cherry routed Bunter out  
from under the table and he stood quaking.

CHERRY (*impatiently*) :

Oh, never mind the beastly tuck,  
What's happened to our guy ?

WHARTON :

The guy gone, too ? What shall we  
do ?

It took us hours and hours to  
make.

CHERRY (*wailing*) :

And it was so like Coker, too—

Oh, get it back, for mercy's sake !

BULL :

It must have been Bunter, the  
gorging fool !

He's taken the lot—

BUNTER (*from under the table*) :

—Oh, really, Bull !  
(*Sensation.*)

CHERRY (*furiously*) :

Did I hear a flabby, footling,

Fatuous, frabjous, fathead speak?

BULL :

We all heard Bunter's whisper  
tootling ;

He's somewhere here, the thieving  
freak !



Cherry (wrathfully): "Where's our guy, you thieving rotter?" Bunter:  
"Oh, really, Cherry! I've not got her . . ."

WHARTON:

He's under the table, for a quid!

NUGENT:

Then he won't find one! Can't be did!

WHARTON:

Roll out, thou deep and artful porpoise—roll!

Ten thousand feet sweep over thee in vain;

Kicking will not make thy manners whole—

BULL (*grimly*):

But we are going to try it on again.

BUNTER (*frantically*):

I say, you fellows, I ain't here!

WHARTON:

You've raided all our grub—that's clear!

(BULL and CHERRY *rout him out. He stands quaking.*)

CHERRY (*wrathfully*):

Where's our guy, you thieving rotter?

BUNTER:

Oh, really, Cherry! I've not got her.

Coker looked in here just now

And took your guy away.

BULL (*sarcastically*):  
And how!

BUNTER:

It's a fact, upon my honour!

NUGENT:

If that's so, the guy's a goner;

But Bunter's such a fibbing thief—

BUNTER:

I say, you chaps, it's my belief

That Coker's going to burn your guy

Upon his own fire by and by.

CHERRY:

Is that the stunt? My only hat!  
We'll have a word to say to that;  
We'll go to Coker's study now,  
And if it's there we'll make a row!  
Come on, you men—

WHARTON:

Wait half-a-tick!

We've work to do—don't be so quick.

I rather fancy you forget  
That we've not dealt with Bunter yet.

ALL:

That's so! Don't overlook the fact  
That Bunter hasn't yet been whacked.

(THE FAMOUS FIVE *seize the quaking BUNTER and group themselves about him grimly.*)

FINALE:

THE FAMOUS FIVE.  
("Widdecombe Fair.")

You men, you men, come lend us your ears!

All along, down along, out along lea,

For Bunter is going to shed many  
tears,  
As we thrash him and smash him,  
and kick him and lick him, and  
bump him and clump him,  
And rag the fat bounder and  
all.

He knew what he risked when he took  
all our tea  
Under the table and down on the  
floor,  
And he knew very well if we found  
him that we  
Should thrash him and smash him,  
etc.

Now friends and companions, who  
watch this display,  
All along benches and down in the  
pit,

If you'll be so kind as to turn round  
this way,  
We will thrash him and smash him,  
etc.

(THE FAMOUS FIVE proceed to rag  
BUNTER as the curtain slowly  
descends, to the rhythm of "Thrash  
him and smash him, etc."'  
BUNTER'S yells ring out until the  
curtain has fully dropped.)

## ACT 2.

(SCENE.—Coker's study in the Fifth  
Form passage. A table is laid with  
crockery and cruet, bread, butter and a  
tea-pot. See that there is salt and  
mustard in the cruet. In a chair close  
to the right-hand side of the table the  
famous guy is slumped, only it is really  
BOB CHERRY, who has put on the guy's



As Coker took up his cup of tea Bob Cherry, disguised as the guy, emptied the salt-cellar into it unobserved.

clothes, gloves, wig, mask, etc. He is sprawled in the chair just like a proper dummy. WHARTON, NUGENT, BULL and HURREE SINGH are shouting the famous Guy Fawkes chant as the curtain rises.)

Guy! Guy! Guy!  
Stick him up on high!  
Put him on a bonfire  
And there let him die.

CHERRY:  
(*Springing up and doing a kind of golliwog cake-walk on the floor*)  
Guy! Guy! Guy!  
Stick him up on high!  
If you put ME on a bonfire,  
I'll give you a black eye.

ALL TOGETHER:  
Guy! Guy! Guy!  
Stick him up on high!  
And poor old Horace Coker  
Will shudder by-and-by!

Guy! Guy! Guy!  
We'll chair him shoulder-high,  
If Coker takes Bob Cherry  
For Guy! Guy! Guy!

WHARTON:  
This is the brainiest idea  
That I have struck for many a year.

CHERRY (*speaking through the mask*):  
The idea seemed to come to me  
When I saw this effigy  
Left alone!

For Coker has gone down to buy  
Tuck for tea, and left the guy  
On its own!

To take old Coker down a peg  
I thought it best to pull his leg,  
Dodging strife;  
To put these clothes on of the guy's,  
And then, before his very eyes,  
Come to life!

NUGENT:  
It's a topping scheme, old friend!  
Coker's hair will stand on end;

When a straw and sawdust dummy  
Comes to life, it's—well, it's rummy!

BULL:

Like Hamlet, when he saw his  
father's spook,  
Coker will cry, with scared and  
pallid look,  
"Angels and ministers of grace  
defend us!"

HURREE SINGH:  
Old Coker's cryfulness will be tremendous.  
But we had better go, my worthy  
chums,  
Before the mighty Sahib Coker  
comes.

WHARTON:  
Yes, so we had! You're quite  
right there!  
But let us put Bob in his chair.  
(CHERRY *sprawls back into the chair.*)  
Now hang your arms outside a bit,  
The fingers spread right out—that's  
it!  
Your toes turned inwards—that's  
the stuff!  
I think you look grotesque enough.  
Now, mind, old bean, stay there—  
That's right! A record shock  
you'll prove!

CHERRY:  
This posture makes me get the  
fidgets  
And gives me cramp in all my  
digits.

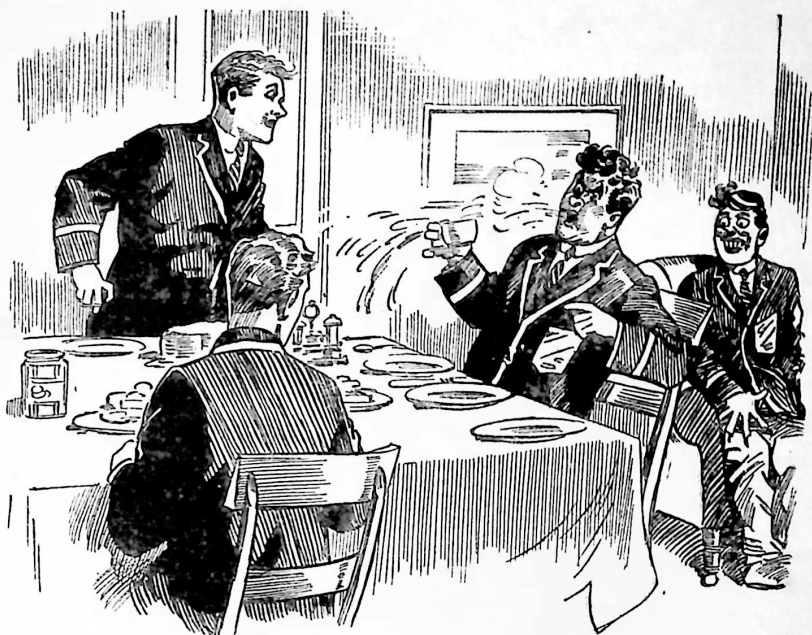
BULL:  
Ta, ta, old bean! And mind your  
eye!

Keep motionless and quite pacific!

NUGENT:  
Bye-bye! You look a frightful guy!

HURREE SINGH:  
The guyfulness is most terrific.  
(*Exeunt THE FAMOUS FIVE.*  
CHERRY, *sitting motionless, sings in*  
*a doleful voice.*)

SOLO: CHERRY.  
("Old Black Joe.")  
Gone are the days when I was  
young and gay,



Coker: "This is the stuff! The good old brew!" He took a long drink, then spluttered and choked.  
 "Why, what the dickens! Ooogh! Yaroooh!"

Gone are the times when a guy  
 could have his play.  
 My heart is soft—it's made of straw,  
 that's why!  
 And yet to-night they will be  
 burning—Poor Old Guy!

I'm going, I'm going! The fire will  
 burn up high,  
 And not a single voice will murmur  
 "Poor Old Guy!"

When I was young, I was a boastful  
 bloke;  
 Often to friends, I said, "You'll  
 watch my smoke!"  
 Now they've the chance, or will  
 have by and by,  
 For smoke will be the end of me, a—  
 Poor Old Guy!

I'm going, etc.

Last night I felt in cold and cheer-  
 less plight,  
 But they will make things warm for  
 me to-night;  
 Hundreds of eyes will watch me as I  
 die—  
 Oh, telephone the Fire Brigade for—  
 Poor Old Guy!

I'm going, etc.

(Enter COKER, POTTER and GREENE,  
 the former carrying bags of cakes  
 and doughnuts.)

COKER:  
 Strange! I thought I heard a row;  
 I must have been mistook.

POTTER :  
There's no one in the study now—  
Perhaps it was a spook.

GREENE :  
Or else that guy's a magic one  
And sometimes sings a song for fun.  
(All laugh.)

COKER :  
I did not mean to leave this place  
With that guy open to attack ;  
I meant to lock it up, in case  
It wasn't here when we came  
back.

However, as it happens, it  
Is quite all right, so let us sit  
And have our tea. Pass me a  
plate !

(He empties the doughnuts on a plate.)  
Our walk has made us rather late.  
Pour out the tea—don't fill my  
cup !—

And cut some bread. Come on,  
buck up !

(COKER takes a cup of tea. While  
the three seniors are attending to  
the bread, CHERRY, unobserved,  
empties the salt-cellar in COKER'S  
tea.)

POTTER :  
I hope our fireworks are O.K.—  
Shall I put butter on this bread ?

COKER :  
Oh, yes, I've stored them right  
away—  
Oh, no ; I will have jam instead.

GREENE :  
This doughnut is extremely prime.

COKER :  
Yes ; they're greengage jam this  
time.  
This is the stuff ! The good old  
brew !  
(Takes a long drink, splutters and  
chokes.)

Why, what the dickens ! Ooogh !  
Yaroooh !

There's something bitter in that  
tea !

Are you two playing games with  
me ?

POTTER :  
No, you ass ! The tea's all right !

COKER (bawling) :  
Taste it yourself, you silly kite !  
(POTTER sips his own tea.)

POTTER :  
Right as nine-  
pence ! Nothing  
wrong !  
Except it is a little  
strong.

GREENE :  
I put three spoon-  
fuls in the pot.

COKER (loudly) :  
Yours may be right,  
but mine is NOT.  
Pass me a dough-  
nut—yes ; be  
quick !  
And pass the jam  
—I like mine  
thick.

(CHERRY slyly kicks  
COKER under the  
table.)

Yaroooh ! Who



Coker : " You cheeky, funny ass ! I'll show you—to mustard Coker's  
doughnut, blow you ! Take that—and that—and that—and that ! "  
Greene (fiendishly) : " Ow ! Dragimoff ! He's mad ! My hat ! "

kicked my ankle  
—eh?

George Potter,  
keep your hoofs  
away!

POTTER:

I didn't touch you,  
on my word!

GREENE:

Nor I.

COKER:

Rot! Don't be  
absurd!

Someone kicked me  
—that's a cert!  
And kicked me  
hard enough to  
hurt.

There's only you  
two here with  
me—

(*sarcastically*)

Unless it was  
that effigy!

I've read of such things in a fable—

POTTER:

Perhaps someone's beneath the  
table.

(*The three seniors bend their heads  
under the table. CHERRY plasters  
mustard on COKER's doughnut.*)

GREENE (*crossly*):

Oh, rot! Of course there's no one  
there;

You must have dreamt the whole  
affair.

COKER (*picking up the doughnut*):

Look here, don't call my sayings  
rot;

I tell you (*splutters*). Wow! I'm  
burnt! I'm hot!

Oh, wow-wow-wow!

GREENE (*amazed*):

Why, what's up now?

COKER (*clenching his fists and hurling  
himself at GREENE*):

You cheeky, funny ass! I'll show  
you

To mustard Coker's doughnut, blow  
you!



Cherry: "One word of caution you must bear: Beware! Beware!  
Beware! BEWARE!"

Bunter (*frantically*): "Yaroo! Help! Murder! Goblins! Ghosts!  
Help! Rescue! Spooks and things in hosts!"

Take that—and that—and that—  
and that!

GREENE (*fiendishly*):

Ow! Dragimoff! He's mad! My  
hat!

POTTER (*rushing to GREENE's aid*):

Shut up! You're making me quite  
flustered!

COKER:

He did it! Yes—I'll give him  
mustard!

POTTER:

You talk as mad as any hatter;  
Leave off, you ass! Greene, what's  
the matter?

GREENE (*yelling*):

I haven't got the faintest notion.

(*CHERRY rises slowly and jerkily to  
his feet.*)

CHERRY (*in a creaky voice*):

Cease this ridiculous commotion!  
(*Sensation.*)

Cry quits to this untimely strife.

COKER (*goggling*):

Yaroo! That dummy's come to  
life!



I thought just now its fingers twitched—  
Help! Rescue! Help! The guy's bewitched!

(COKER & Co. rush out in terror.)

CHERRY (giggling):

Oh, dear! I haven't had such fun  
Since first at Greyfriars I begun  
My progress as a genial joker—

(Footsteps heard "off.")

Here's someone coming—may be Coker.

(CHERRY slumps back into his chair again in his "dummy" posture.)

BILLY BUNTER blinks cautiously into the room, and then enters on tiptoe.)

BUNTER:

He, he! It seems the coast is clear,  
And Cokerhassomedoughtnuts here;  
I saw them wrapped by Mrs. Mimble.  
I can annex them if I'm nimble.

(Blinks at CHERRY.)

He, he! That's that fathead  
Cherry's guy;

He said he'd get it back, but I  
Knew if he met the Fifth, he'd funk  
'em;

His talk was all a lot of bunkum.

(Grabs up the doughnuts.)

Only six—is that the lot?

They're greengage, though, not  
apricot.

(He blinks at the guy, and then his hair stands on end as CHERRY slowly and jerkily rises, pointing an accusing finger at him. The doughnuts drop on the floor.)

CHERRY (creakily):

My fat and flabby friend  
You'll come to a bad end,  
And what is more, you know,  
You haven't far to go!  
You are a thief, a worm, a pest!  
Without the slightest interest  
In anything beyond your grub,  
You bloated, over-nourished tub!  
One word of caution you must bear:  
Beware! Beware! BEWARE! BE-  
WARE!

(With each repetition of "Beware!" he jerks himself nearer to BUNTER until he is standing right over him.)

BUNTER (frantically):

Yaroo! Help! Murder! Goblins!  
Ghosts!

Help! Rescue! Spooks and things  
in hosts!

Yaroo! Keep off! Leggo! Oh,  
dear, I'm booked!

Help! Rescue! Quick! Before my  
goose is cooked!

(BUNTER dashes terrified through the door. Just outside there is the sound of a heavy collision and two frantic yells. CHERRY quickly slumps back into his dummy position.)

MR. PROUT'S VOICE (off stage):

Bunter! Boy! How dare you?

Ow-wow! I do declare you

Unnerved me when you caught me;  
How dare you thus assault me?

BUNTER (off stage):

Help, sir, help! A guy is walking!  
Help, sir, help! Yes, and it's  
talking!

COKER (off stage):

The little sweep is right,  
The thing gave me a fright.

MR. PROUT (off stage):

Follow me! When I, Paul Prout,  
arrive,

Fear nothing!

(Enter MR. PROUT, BUNTER, COKER, POTTER and GREENE. The master is carrying his rifle—an air-gun.)

COKER (pointing to the guy):

There, sir! It's alive!

MR. PROUT (doubtfully):

I shall now investigate

This self-apparent lie,

For knowing the inanimate

Construction of a guy,

A base deception it must prove,

And I can only think

That if you've seen the creature  
move,

It must be due to—drink!

COKER :

I say, look here,  
sir——

MR. PROUT (*sternly,  
holding up his  
hand*) :

The facts are clear,  
sir :

If you've seen move-  
ment in this *doll*,  
It must be due to  
alcohol ;

A statement easy  
to be proved——  
(CHERRY *turns his  
head.*)

Why, bless my  
heart and soul,  
it moved !

COKER (*sarcastically*) :

If you saw that guy  
move, I think

That it is plainly  
due to drink.

MR. PROUT :

Be silent, boy ! How dare you  
scoff ?

BUNTER :

Yaroo ! It's moving ! Keepitoff !

MR. PROUT :

Why certainly—that is a trifle  
While I have my beloved rifle.

(*He takes aim at CHERRY, who  
bounces fearfully out of the chair  
and crawls under the table.*)

CHERRY :

Nunno ! Don't shoot ! It's only  
me——

Bob Cherry, sir—a little spree——

MR. PROUT :

No wonder, Coker, that the guy can  
move,  
Since it is just a boy from the  
Remove.

(*To CHERRY.*) You may come out !  
I shall report this jest

To Mr. Quelch, and he will do the  
rest.

(*Enter HARRY WHARTON & Co.  
hurriedly.*)



Mr. Prout took aim at Bob Cherry, who bounced fearfully out of the chair and  
crawled under the table.  
Cherry : " Nunno ! Don't shoot ! It's only me—Bob Cherry, sir—a little  
spree——"

WHARTON (*to CHERRY*) :

Bad luck ! The game is up, I fear !

MR. PROUT :

It's always up when I am here.

CHERRY (*diplomatically*) :

Yes, sir, we cannot take you in ;  
You spot us before we begin.

NUGENT :

Of the Fifth we're always jealous,  
For their master is first-rate.

Please, sir, won't you one day tell us  
What you did in '88 ?

WHARTON :

As this is Guy Fawkes day, you  
know, sir,

Couldn't you please let us go, sir ?

MR. PROUT (*coughing*) :

Well, well, you've made a lot of  
noise,

But, after all, boys will be boys !

And just this once—excuse my  
cough !—

I think perhaps I'll let you off.

THE FAMOUS FIVE :

Hooray !

FINALE :

THE FAMOUS FIVE :  
(" *Auld Lang Syne*." )

We've had some fun this afternoon ;

It's set us in a roar ;

And evening's coming very soon

When we shall have some more.

ALL :

For Guy Fawkes Day, my lads,

For Guy Fawkes Day,

We'll share a box of fireworks yet

For the sake of Guy Fawkes Day.

BUNTER :

You beasts have kicked and clouted me

Without the slightest right ;

But as I have no squibs, you see,

We'll share a box to-night.

ALL :

For Guy Fawkes Day, my lads, etc.

COKER & Co. :

You've pulled our legs and have not been

Respectful to His Nibs ;

We'll let you off, though, all serene,

If you'll let off your squibs.

ALL :

For Guy Fawkes Day, my lads, etc.

MR. PROUT :

You're very good at flattery,

But I will answer you

With no assault and battery

Because your words are true.

ALL :

For Guy Fawkes Day, my lads, etc.

CURTAIN

## Au Revoir—Not Good-bye !

And so, like all good things, this wonder-volume comes to an end ; but readers who have found new chums in Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, and Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood need not feel that they have said good-bye to these delightful schoolboy characters. Every Saturday, for instance, a grand new long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. appears in the MAGNET, price 2d. ; every Wednesday Tom Merry & Co. are the " star " attractions in the GEM, price 2d. ; whilst those readers with a preference for an EXTRA-LONG school yarn will find just what they want in the monthly issues of the SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY, in which Jimmy Silver & Co., Harry Wharton & Co., and Tom Merry & Co. figure prominently at regular intervals.—THE EDITOR.

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