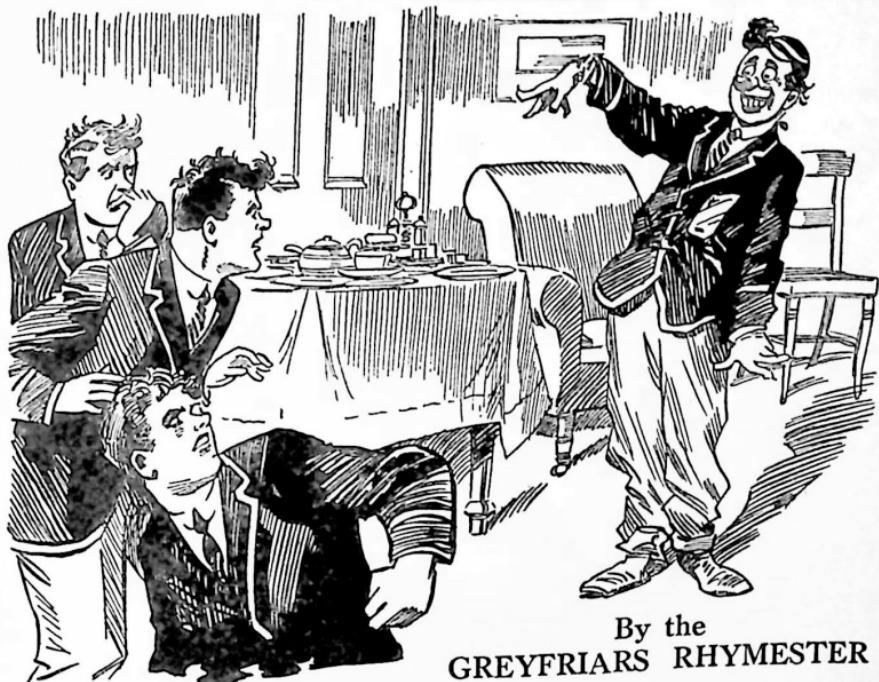


The GREYFRIARS GUY



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	

Mr. Paul Prout The Fifth Form-master.

(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 admittfulness 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 grin-
ning 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 returning !

(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*) :

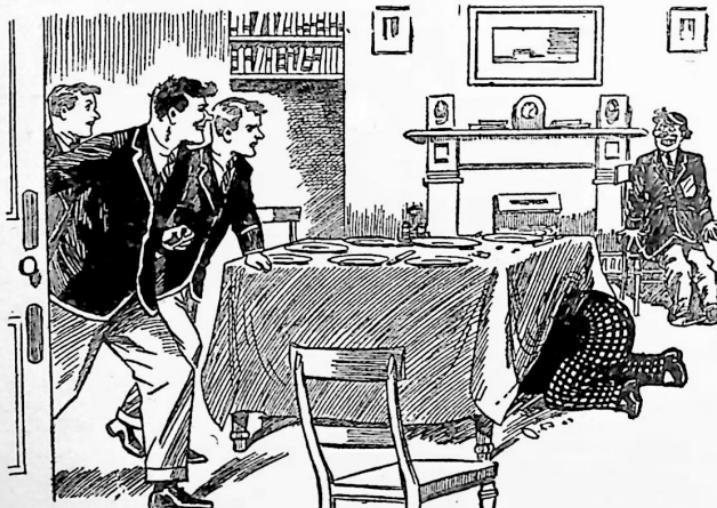
There it is—the guy, I mean !

GREENE (*critically*) :

It's not unlike yourself, old bean !

POTTER (*looking at it narrowly*) :

That's Coker's nose and Coker's
grin—



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"

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
wron g !",
sang the se-
nior pards,

" 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 refreshment.*)

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 !



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 (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 man-
ners 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.

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 tre-
mendous.
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 ! Yarooth !"

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 cheerless 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.)



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 !"

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 !
Yaroooooh !

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.)

Yaroooooh ! Who

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 ; (Takes a bite.)
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) : "Yaroh ! 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) :
Yaroh ! 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 Coker has some doughnuts 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*) :

Yarooh ! Help ! Murder ! Goblins !
Ghosts !

Help ! Rescue ! Spooks and things
in hosts !

Yarooh ! 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 :

Yaroh ! It's moving ! Keep it off !

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, 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,
For Guy Fawkes Day,
We'll share a box of fireworks yet
For the sake of Guy Fawkes Day.

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.

INDEX

	A		PAGE
Advice to New Boys		144
Around Greyfriars. <i>Poem</i>		107
Around Rookwood. <i>Poem</i>		37
Around St. Jim's. <i>Poem</i>		186
Artful Dodger, The. <i>Poem by Frank Nugent</i>		10
B			
Billy Bunter's Blunder! <i>Full Page Cartoon</i>		143
Billy the Bear. <i>Nature Story by Clive R. Fenn</i>		109
“Birds” of Greyfriars. <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i>		67
Bunter the Truthful! <i>Story by Frank Richards</i>		3
C			
Coker's Lament! <i>Poem</i>		169
D			
Desert Wings. <i>Story by Captain Robert Hawke</i>		154
F			
Foes of the Prairie. <i>Story by Stanley Austin</i>		113
G			
Greyfriars Guy, The. <i>Play in Verse by the Greyfriars Rhymester</i>		241
Greyfriars Rhymes :			
Johnny Bull		52
Bob Cherry		226
Fisher T. Fish		142
Harry Wharton		240
H			
Hero of Waterloo, A		80
Holiday Recollections. <i>Full Page Drawing</i>		227
J			
Jungle Railway, The. <i>Story by Howard Tracey</i>		41
Just Like Coker! <i>Story by Peter Todd</i>		125
L			
Last Jam Tart, The. <i>Waisted by W. G. Bunter</i>		91
Long Ago. <i>Poem</i>		214

INDEX—(continued)

					PAGE
My Footer Career. By George A. Grundy		M			38
Mystery Island! Story by Charles Hamilton	11
Outlawed. Story by Cecil Fanshaw	..	O	131
Plates in Colour:		P			
Dog-Fight, The	161
Hero of Waterloo, A	80
Last Lap, The	224
Will It Come To This?	
Pon's Little Mistake. Story by Mark Linley	170
Presence of Mind. Story by Owen Conquest	27
Schoolboy's Honour, A. Story by Frank Richards	..	S			
Skinner's Shady Scheme! Story by Bob Cherry	53
Spoofed! Story by Martin Clifford	145
St. Jim's Jingles:					
D'Arcy Minor	213
Tom Merry	197
Richard Redfern	203
Tubby's Tip. Poem by Arthur Edward Lovell	..	T	228
What Happened at the Boat-House! Story by Owen Conquest	..	W			
Wally the Whaler. Story by Percy A. Clarke	229
Where is Sister Bessie? Puzzle Picture	473
Who's Who at St. Jim's. By Monty Lowther	108
Win or Bu'st! Story by Wishart Philp	184
					215

