



# The Remove Variety Show

## CHARACTERS :

**HARRY WHARTON**, Captain of the Remove.

**BOB CHERRY**

**FRANK NUGENT**

**HURREE SINGH**

**JOHNNY BULL**

**BILLY BUNTER**, The famous fat boy.

**OLIVER KIPPS**, The schoolboy conjurer.

**WILLIAM WIBLEY**, The junior acting expert.

Others of the  
Famous Five

*his job to see that the whole show goes with punch and smoothness from the start.*

**THE SET.**—Any platform will do, and no special furniture is needed beyond one or two chairs and a waste-paper basket. If KIPPS is to do any real conjuring tricks, he will, of course, need his apparatus. THE FAMOUS FIVE only are on the stage as the curtain goes up, and may or may not be in costume, according to taste.

## NOTE FOR PERFORMERS.

*If you are giving a performance of this Show, you should include a number of more or less "straight turns" for interest, as these are simply the outlines of burlesque numbers. The great essential is a lively pianist, who can get together all the old tunes which are used. Most of these will be found in any good collection of Camp Fire Songs or Student Songs. Above all, elect a producer and do as he says, for it is*

**OPENING CHORUS :**  
(Tune : *Bonnie Dundee.*)  
To the fellows of Greyfriars and other  
good men  
Who fancy a laugh and a joke now  
and then,  
Come, get a fine seat in the very first  
row  
To see the Removite Variety Show !

*We've music and magic and marvels  
and mirth,  
So come in and pay what you think it  
is worth!  
Roll up in your hundreds, you won't  
want to go  
Till you've seen the Removite Variety  
Show!*

*You'll see many stars who are famous  
and great.  
We're paying them all an exorbitant  
rate.  
And Bunter, who's not only great,  
but immense,  
Is coming to-night at enormous expense.*

CHERRY : In other words, an enormous expanse at enormous expense ! Now for the chorus, after which the audience will en-core-us !  
(Groans !)

*We've fun and frivolity, fancy and fact,  
With pep, punch and polish our  
programme is packed,  
And now that we've told you, you all  
ought to know  
We're really a splendid Variety Show !*

NUGENT : Well, what shall we do next ? Shall I recite "The Burn Stood on the Boiling Neck ?"

WHARTON : The fact is, we haven't thought out a real programme. I suggest, for a start, that you all agree to do exactly as I tell you.

ALL : Exactly as you tell us !

BULL : What the audience really wants is to hear me play the cornet.

WHARTON : Oh, go and eat coke !

BULL : No help for it ! (He produces a lump of coke and starts gnawing.)

HURREE SINGH : Well, let us get on go-fully ! The esteemed Quelch will be waiting for us.

WHARTON : Oh, blow Quelch !

HURREE SINGH : Certainly, my ludicrous friend. (He goes out.)  
CHERRY : Quelch will be surprised.  
(There is the distant report of an explosion.)

NUGENT (sadly) : That was Quelch ! What a shame !

WHARTON : Oh, go and chop chips ! (NUGENT produces a block of wood and an axe and gets to work.) Stop that row, you ass !

CHERRY : Well, why don't you get on with the show ?

WHARTON : Oh, go and drown yourself !

CHERRY : Boys, I resign ! This lets me out !

WHARTON (angrily) : Look here, you asses ! Stop fooling ! I'm expecting our star turns here shortly. Until they come I suggest that we each say what we can do and we'll put it to the vote. You begin, Johnny.

(Tune : Oh, No, John !)

BULL : My cornet solos are so splendid  
That the audience shout and cheer  
Every time the solo's ended—  
Let me play my cornet here !  
(ALL) Oh, no, John, no, John, no,  
John, no !

CHERRY : My recitations are so funny  
That the folks who get in free  
Tell me they're worth twice the  
money—

Surely you will vote for me ?  
(ALL) Oh, no, Bob, no, Bob, no,  
Bob, no !

NUGENT : My tenor songs have always sounded  
Very fine to everyone ;  
People say they are astounded,  
Shall I show you how it's done ?

(ALL) *Oh, no, Frank, no, Frank,  
no, Frank, no!*

WHARTON :

*My keyboard-thumping is so  
polished*

*That I play with all my might!  
Ten pianos I've demolished.*

*Let me have a go to-night!*

(ALL) *Oh, no, sir, no, sir, no, sir, no!*

(Enter BUNTER and KIPPS.)

BUNTER : I say, you fellows, are we late?

CHERRY : Just a few !

BUNTER : Sorry, but I was expecting a postal-order—

KIPPS : You fat burglar ! Your postal-order's come already ! Here it is, in your pocket. (Takes a postal-order from BUNTER's pocket.)

BUNTER (gasping) : Oh, crikey ! I—I remember now ! Yes, it came this morning in the post ! Give it to me, old fellow !

KIPPS (roaring) : Ha, ha, ha ! Was it this one ? Because it's a dummy ! A little exhibition of sleight-of-hand, ladies and gentlemen !

BUNTER : You—you rotter ! (Coughs.)

WHARTON (speaking without moving his lips) : Get out of this, Kipps ! We don't want you here, you cheeky rotter !

KIPPS : What ? Why, you told me you wanted some conjuring tricks.

WHARTON : What do you mean ?

KIPPS : So I'm a rotter, am I ? I'll show you ! (He tries to get at WHARTON, but the others hold him back.)

BUNTER : He, he, he ! A little exhibition of ventriloquism, ladies and gentlemen.

KIPPS : You cheeky, fat rascal ! Why, I'll burst you !

WHARTON : 'Nuff said ! It's your innings, Bunter ; you've got to do



Wharton : "Oh, go and chop chips !" Nugent produces a chopping block and an axe and gets to work.

a turn. Even a worm will do a turn, you know!

BUNTER : I'm going to start with a song, and you beasts can back me up by joining in the choruses.

BUNTER (*Tune : Billy Boy*) :

*Oh, you fellows often say I'm an ass !*

(ALL) *I'm an ass ! And that when I brag and bray, it's all gas !*

(ALL) *It's all gas ! But I'm going to show you now That I'm marvellous, and how !*

(ALL) *Oh, you're never quite so clever As you think, my Billy boy !*

*I will very shortly prove if I'm a fool !*

(ALL) *I'm a fool ! I'll astonish the Remove and the school !*

(ALL) *Not the school ? You'll be staggered when you see*

*A great hypnotist in me.*

(ALL) *There'll be laughter following after You have tried, my Billy boy !*

BUNTER : Oh, really, you fellows ! I tell you I'm a hypnotist ! I'm going to put the 'fluence on Bob Cherry. I've read a book about it. Sit in this chair, Cherry.



Kipps : "You fat burglar ! Your postal-order's come already ! Here it is, in your pocket !"

CHERRY (*meekly*) : Don't be too hard on me !

(BUNTER makes weird and wonderful passes in front of CHERRY's eyes until the latter falls asleep.)

BUNTER : He, he, he ! I told you I could do it ! He's now under the 'fluence. I'm going to make him believe he's somebody else. (In a dramatic voice) Cherry, you are now old Quelchy.

CHERRY : Bunter, how dare you allude to me by that disrespectful and opprobrious form of address ? Have you no manners, boy ?

BUNTER : He, he, he !

CHERRY : Bless my soul ! Is it possible, Bunter, that you venture to laugh in my face when I am correcting you ? I shall cane you most severely. Wharton, bring me a cane from my study !

WHARTON : Yes, sir. (*He goes out.*)

BUNTER (*hugely entertained*) : I say, you fellows, ain't it a scream ? He, he, he ! (*Snaps his fingers in CHERRY's face.*) Who cares for you, Quelchy ? Yah !

NUGENT : Look here, Bunter, you'd better stop this stuff. It's not safe.

BUNTER : Rats ! I'm going to make the beast cringe before I finish with him !

(WHARTON *returns with a cane.*)

CHERRY : Thank you, Wharton. Bunter, you will bend over that chair. (*BUNTER cackles.*) What ? Do you refuse to obey me ? (*BUNTER makes a face at him.*) I fear this boy is a little insane ! Wharton, you and the others will kindly bend Bunter over that chair for me.

WHARTON : A pleasure, sir !

(*They grasp BUNTER and bend him over the chair, despite his yells and struggles.* CHERRY then lays on "six" to the accompaniment of fiendish howls.)

CHERRY : There, Bunter, I trust that will be a lesson to you. Now, you fellows, let's throw Bunter out and get on with the show.

(*BUNTER is thrown out with a thud.*)

WHARTON : We now introduce the famous Indian Fortune - Teller, Mahatee Khan !

(*Enter HURREE SINGH, in robe and turban, with a jungle of beard. Piano strikes up "The Wraggle-Taggle-Gipsies," making it as weird as possible.*)

HURREE SINGH :

*Ye fellows of cadfulness, small and great,  
Would you like to know your life  
and fate ?  
I'll read the future while you wait,  
With a woollah-walla-abra-cadda-cooshty-oh !*

(*Reads CHERRY's palm.*)

*Oh dear, my friend, it is quite as plain  
As your facefulness that you soon  
will gain  
From Quelchy's cane a smiteful pain,  
With a—etc., etc.*

(*Reads WHARTON's palm.*)

*Oh help ! Dear me ! I'm very sad  
To see such terrible things, poor lad !  
I daren't say what—it is far too bad !*

*With a—etc., etc.*

(*Reads BULL's palm.*)

*Alas, your future's past a joke !  
You'll always be quite stony-broke,  
And all your plans will end in smoke.  
With a—etc., etc.*

(*Reads NUGENT's palm.*)

*Oh dearfulness ! An awful sight !  
I never have known such a terrible  
plight !*

*For you'll be burnt next Bonfire  
Night,*

*With a—etc., etc.*

(*Reads KIPPS' palm.*)

*Ah, this is worse than I had feared,  
You'll stop your trickfulness so weird  
When you yourself have disappeared !  
With a—etc., etc.*

CHERRY : Can you read your own palm, you bright beast ?

HURREE SINGH : No future is hidden from the wise and wonderful Mahatee Khan. (*He consults his own palm.*) I see certain persons who will affect my life. They will grasp me firmly, with malice aforethought. I shall be kicked with great force into the middle portion of next weekfulness. Alas ! All that I prophesy is bound to come to pass !

WHARTON : Right on the wicket ! And it's coming to pass now ! Collar him !

(*They collar HURREE SINGH and kick him out.*)

KIPPS : Now what about a few conjuring tricks ?

WHARTON : Good ! We will go out and refresh ourselves with a bottle of pop. (*The others go out, leaving KIPPS alone. KIPPS at this point gives a selection of his best tricks, and finishes with one of the other sort.*)

KIPPS : Now, in order to prove that my last and greatest trick is completely above-board, I want some gentleman who has the misfortune to be blind, deaf and dumb to come up here and see for himself. (*Enter BUNTER.*) Well, this isn't a gentleman, but it will do. I want you to help me in a trick, Bunter.

BUNTER : I'm expecting a postal order !

KIPPS (*fishing another one out of BUNTER's pocket*) : I know ! Here it is ! Now stand here, and I'll explain what I'm going to do. One of the greatest problems facing a fag in the Third is how to get ink off his face without washing. I've invented a marvellous new trick to deal with that. I shall paint your face with ink—

BUNTER : Will you ? I don't think !

KIPPS : Then I shall put a waste-paper basket over your head, and as you stand there in full view of the audience I will take it all off as

clean as a whistle with one sweep of my hand.

BUNTER : Are you sure you can do it ?

KIPPS : If I don't, I'll stand you a ten-bob note !

BUNTER : Done, old fellow !

(*KIPPS thereupon paints BUNTER's face with ink and places the waste-paper basket over his head.*)

KIPPS : Now, you heard what I said ?

I would put the basket over your head and remove it with one sweep of my hand ! (*Removes the basket.*) There you are ! I've done it !

BUNTER : But the ink hasn't gone, you fathead !

KIPPS : I said I'd remove the basket—not the ink !

BUNTER : You—you ass ! Then what's going to happen to the ink ?

KIPPS : You'd better ask Mahatee

Bunter makes weird and wonderful passes in front of Cherry's eyes until the latter falls asleep !





Hurree Singh: "All that I prophesy is bound to come to pass!" Wharton: "And it's coming to pass now!" The juniors collar Hurree Singh and kick him out.

Khan! I'm a conjurer, not a fortune-teller!

BUNTER (yelling): You shrieking idiot! I shall have to go and wash now! Take that!

(Hurls the waste-paper basket at KIPPS and then rolls out.)

KIPPS: And now, ladies and gentlemen, you may like to know that we have a new headmaster at Greyfriars since the school has been turned into a college for learning football instead of Latin. Let me introduce Dr. Bootemard, the hero of our comic opera.

(Enter WIBLEY, bearded and made up, wearing a gown and mortarboard with a football jersey and shorts.)

WIBLEY: Boy, why are you loitering about here? Take a hundred penalty kicks and finish them before tea.

(KIPPS exits.)

WIBLEY (Tune: *The Vicar of Bray*):

*In good old Greyfriars olden days  
We all learnt Latin grammar,  
We'd mumble Virgil's ancient lays  
And never feel their glamour!*

*But now the times have changed indeed,*

*The Governors have appointed  
A Head who cultivates your speed  
And makes you supple-jointed!  
And this is law, as I maintain,  
I'll teach you how to play, Friars!  
And whosoever may complain,  
I'll still be Head of Greyfriars!*

*When class begins the boys go out  
And practise forward passes,  
They're taught to kick by Mr. Prout  
Who takes the shooting classes!  
And if they miss an open goal,  
They always get a licking!  
Which seems to make them, on the whole,  
More accurate in kicking!  
And this is law, etc., etc.*

Then Quelch shows how to trap the ball

By means of demonstration,  
And when the shades of evening fall  
They start their preparation!  
They practise kicking till they're lame  
And undergo a massage,  
And then they have to play a game  
Of football in the pas-sahge!  
And this is law, etc., etc.

(Enter CHERRY, made up as MR. QUELCH, followed by the rest. CHERRY is smothered with bandages and sticking-plaster, and has crutches.)

MR. QUELCH (Tune: *I'll Go No More A-Roving*)

To-day I refereed a game—

WIBLEY: Bless me, I see you did!

MR. QUELCH :

And now I'm  
absolutely  
lame,  
Oh, mind what  
I do say!  
They trod on  
me with foot-  
ball boots  
And charged  
me like a lot  
of brutes,  
I'll go no more  
a-reffing  
For you, dear  
sir!

THE BOYS :

A - reffing,  
a-reffing!  
Since reffing's  
been his  
ruin!  
He'll go no more  
a-reffing  
For you, dear  
sir!

WIBLEY (Tune:  
*Come, Lassies  
and Lads*):

Come, come, my dear sir! It's bound to occur

When you referee games, you know!

It's all in a life of trouble and strife  
And you're bound to find it so!

To me it is rather fun,  
I feel I could chuckle with glee,

I find your bruising very amusing,  
Come, my dear Quelch, you agree?

For every master smiles at disaster,  
Why can't you laugh like me?

(Laughs heartily.)

MR. QUELCH (Tune: *One More Ribber*):

Perhaps it is true that it's funny to view—

WIBLEY: You see, there's no need to be cross!



Bunter: "But the ink hasn't gone, you fathead!"

Kipps: "I said I'd remove the basket—not the ink!"

MR. QUELCH :

*And I would laugh, too, if it happened to YOU,  
And then, sir, I shouldn't be cross.*

WIBLEY (Tune : *Blue Bells of Scotland*) :

*Now why, tell me why, have you brought these boys to me?  
I think, yes I THINK, they'll regret it presently!*

MR. QUELCH :

*I'm far too weak to cane them, so give them their desert,  
And it's oh, how I hope that the punishment will hurt!*

BUNTER (Tune : *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls*) :

*Oh, really, sir, it isn't fair,  
The footer was far too muddy!  
Besides, you know, I wasn't there!  
So can I leave the study?*

MR. QUELCH :

*This wretched boy, upon my soul,  
Is still no good at all;  
To-day he missed an open goal,  
And sat down on the ball!*

WIBLEY (Tune : *If You Were the Only Girl in the World*) :

*If you were the only goal in the world,  
And I was the only ball!  
We should never meet together all the while*

*You'd be playing football in your well-known style!  
A baby of even just over two*

*Would make you exceedingly small!*

*There would never be a goal scored in the game*

*Neither side would ever win the game,  
If you were the only goal in the world,  
And I was the only ball!*

(He picks up a cane. Tune : *Marching through Georgia*.)

*Swing the good old ashplant now  
So bend and touch your toes!  
Touch them as you used to touch them  
Some time, I suppose!*

(BUNTER tries dismally.)

*Far too fat, but never mind,  
Just keep that graceful pose,  
While I get busy with the walloping!  
(Whack! Whack!)*

BUNTER :

*Yarooooh! Yarooooh! I think it's rather rough! (Whack! Whack!)  
Yarooooh! Yarooooh! I say, sir, that's enough!*

*Let me off this time, sir,  
And I won't do it again!*

*Don't give me any more walloping!*

WIBLEY (Tune : *Hearts of Oak*) :

*Come, cheer up, my lad, it is painful,  
it's true,  
But it hurts me far more than it ever hurts you!  
Yet you see how I bear it, I grin all the while,  
So stop your lamenting, and let's have a smile!*

THE OTHERS :

*Heart of oak is our Head to another man's pain,  
He always is ready—steady, boys, steady!  
I fancy he's beginning to cackle again!*

MR. QUELCH (Tune : *Allan Water*) :

*In the case of Harry Wharton  
It's my painful task to state  
That at football class this morning  
He was very late.*

*When I asked him for the reason  
Wharton told me to my face,  
That he'd just been reading grammar—  
It's a dire disgrace!*

WIBLEY (sternly. Tune : *Men of Harlech*) :

*Wharton, have you lost your senses?  
Reading verbs and present tenses!  
Well, you know the consequences  
For this awful crime!*

WHARTON (wildly) :

*Please don't send me packing,  
Can't you give a whacking?  
I won't look at any book*



BUNTER : "Yarooth ! Yarooth ! I think it's rather rough ! (Whack ! Whack !) Yarooth ! Yarooth ! I say sir, that's enough !"

*If only you will let me off a sacking !  
 I was tempted to begin it,  
 Just to read for half a minute,  
 But when I was deeply in it,  
 I forgot the time !*

WIBLEY (Tune : Cockles and Mussels) :  
*In Greyfriars great college  
 All booklore and knowledge  
 Has now been forbidden and mustn't  
 be seen,  
 Instead we're enlarging  
 On dribbling and barging  
 To give us strong muscles and make us  
 all keen.  
 To give us strong muscles,  
 Yes, mighty strong muscles,  
 To give us strong muscles and make  
 us all keen.*

WHARTON (going down on his knees).  
 Tune : Polly-Wolly-Doodle) :  
*If you'll let me off just this once  
 more*

*I'll kick a bally footer all the day,  
 I'll pass and dribble, shoot and score,  
 I'll kick a bally footer all the day !*

WIBLEY :  
*Fare thee well, fare thee well,  
 Fare thee well, my foolish friend !  
 For you're going home to mamma  
 Just for reading Latin grammar,  
 And I hope you'll get there safely  
 in the end.*

BULL (Tune : Solomon Levi) :  
*Well, since the brute will give us the  
 boot  
 If that is what we try,  
 I'll now admit that I'm doing a bit  
 of Virgil on the sly !*

NUGENT :  
*I've had a pick at arithmetic  
 To pass the hours away !*

HURREE SINGH :  
*And as for me, it's geometry—  
 Why, I do it all the day !*

**CHORUS OF JUNIORS :**

*Down with the football! We've had  
about enough!  
Give us our Virgil! It's jolly excit-  
ing stuff!  
We're fed with goal and ball-control  
And penalty kicks and all,  
And we're more than fed with this  
putrid Head,  
Let's use him as a ball!*

**WIBLEY (Tune : The Vicar of Bray) :**  
*And thus it happens when we bring  
Our human nature to it,  
If we're compelled to do a thing,  
We never want to do it!  
For work and play are simply true  
As far as we're obedient  
To dodge the things we ought to do,  
And do the things we needn't!  
(Gosh!)*  
*And this is law, as I'll maintain,  
Whatever you may say, Friars,*

*And though perhaps you may com-  
plain,  
I'll still be Head of Greyfriars!*

**ALL : WILL YOU ?**

*(They all set on WIBLEY and kick  
him out, MR. QUELCH lending a  
helping crutch.)*

**WHARTON :** And to finish up with,  
we're going to sing a little verse in  
English. The words may seem  
strange to you, but I think you'll  
recognise the tune.

**FINALE (Tune : Auld Lang Sync) :**  
*So shake my hand, my trusty friend,  
Until you make me wince,  
We'll say Good-bye at this, the end,  
For the sake of Old Long Since!  
For Old Long Since, my lads,  
For Old Long Since,  
We'll drink a glass of ginger-pop  
For Old Long Since.*

**CURTAIN**

## • DON'T SAY "GOOD-BYE"

*to ALL the Schoolboy Pals you've met in the "Holiday Annual."*

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**MEET 'EM ALL AGAIN!**

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# Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll—crisp,—delicious,—most nourishing, is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, when you use

## *Hugon's* **'ATORA'** *The Good BEEF SUET*

### RECIPE.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Self-raising Flour, or  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Plain Flour and teaspoon Baking Pdr.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

