



Great Games at Greyfriars!

By
GEORGE WINGATE
(Captain of Cricket.)

Greyfriars boasts a proud record
of great accomplishments in the
realms of sport!

CRICKET has been played at Greyfriars for over a hundred years. In 1815, when Waterloo was fought and won, a challenge was issued to "Eleven Men of Kent," and the match—the first of its kind—was played on the Greyfriars ground. It was a single-innings affair. The Kentish yeomen batted first, and by vigorous slog-ging hit up 240 "notches" (runs). It looked as if the Friars would be overwhelmed; but they rose manfully to the occasion. Sylvester, the captain of the school, made a century, and he was well supported by one of the junior masters. In an exciting finish, Greyfriars won by 4 runs; and the match ended in semi-darkness.

Before cricket came into popular vogue, the ancient game of "stool-ball" was played at Greyfriars. The two games have much in common, so it is hardly surprising that Greyfriars should win its first cricket match.

IN 1850, Greyfriars had the temerity to send a cricket challenge to Cambridge University. They paid dearly for their presumption, for the 'Varsity men enjoyed a "walk-over." Their brilliant batting, their deadly bowling, and their amazing alertness in the field were long remembered at Greyfriars. An interesting feature in connection with this match is that one of the participants, who played for Greyfriars, is still living. He is Sir Nigel Meredith, and is ninety-five years of age.



... The awful consequences that might result after
bowling out the Head!

GREY FRIARS cricket improved wonderfully as the years went on. After the disastrous match with the 'Varsity, its history is a record of continual advance. In 1888, we find Greyfriars meeting and defeating the famous M.C.C. It is only fair to point out, however, that the M.C.C. did not send down their strongest side. Nevertheless, the Greyfriars victory was a big feather in

the School's cap. Every member of the Greyfriars Eleven was presented with a special medal to commemorate the win.

The highest score which stands to the credit of the Greyfriars senior eleven is 640 for five wickets (innings declared closed). This gigantic score was compiled against Friardale Village, whose fieldsmen must have been in a state of collapse by the end of the day. It was a whole-day match, and it took place during a heat wave!

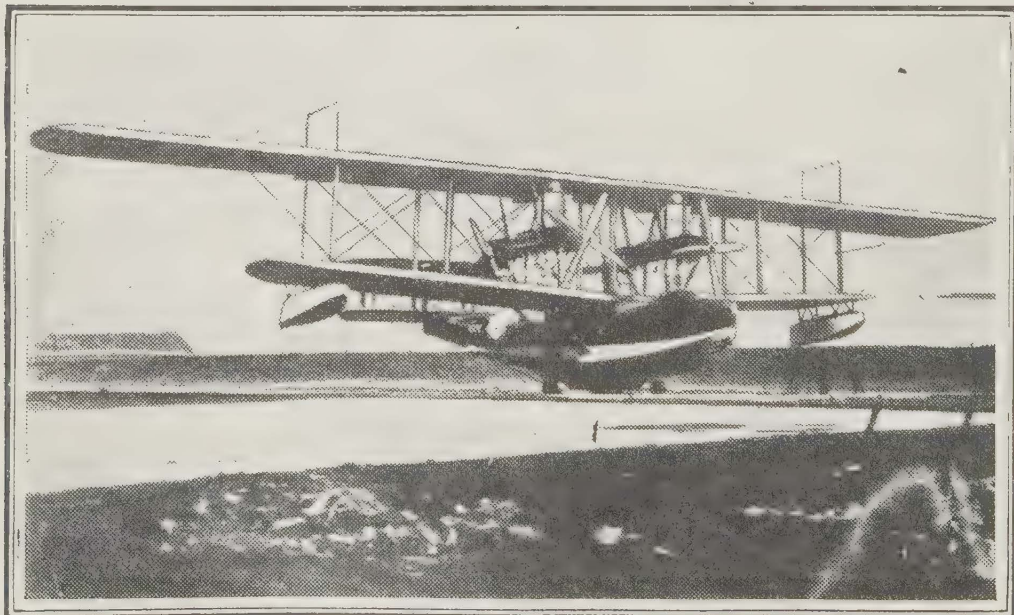
A "curiosity" match was played at Greyfriars twenty years ago. There were eleven fellows in the school bearing the name of Jackson—all related, though not all brothers—and all good cricketers. The team of Jacksons challenged the rest of the school to a match, and so keen and wholehearted was their play that they scored a handsome victory, "Tiny" Jackson batting heroically against the giants of the First Eleven!

CRICKET matches between masters and

boys have been more frequent than one might suppose. Invariably the boys have won; but in 1872 there was a notable exception to the rule. Dr. Grimwood, the Headmaster of that period, was a very majestic and awe-inspiring personage; and the masters were also inclined to be martinets. Consequently, the boys felt that it would be only prudent to present them with a victory. The awful consequences which might result from bowling out the Head for a "duck's-egg" were not to be contemplated! The bowlers had implicit instructions not to aim at the wicket; and the fieldsmen to "muff" their catches.

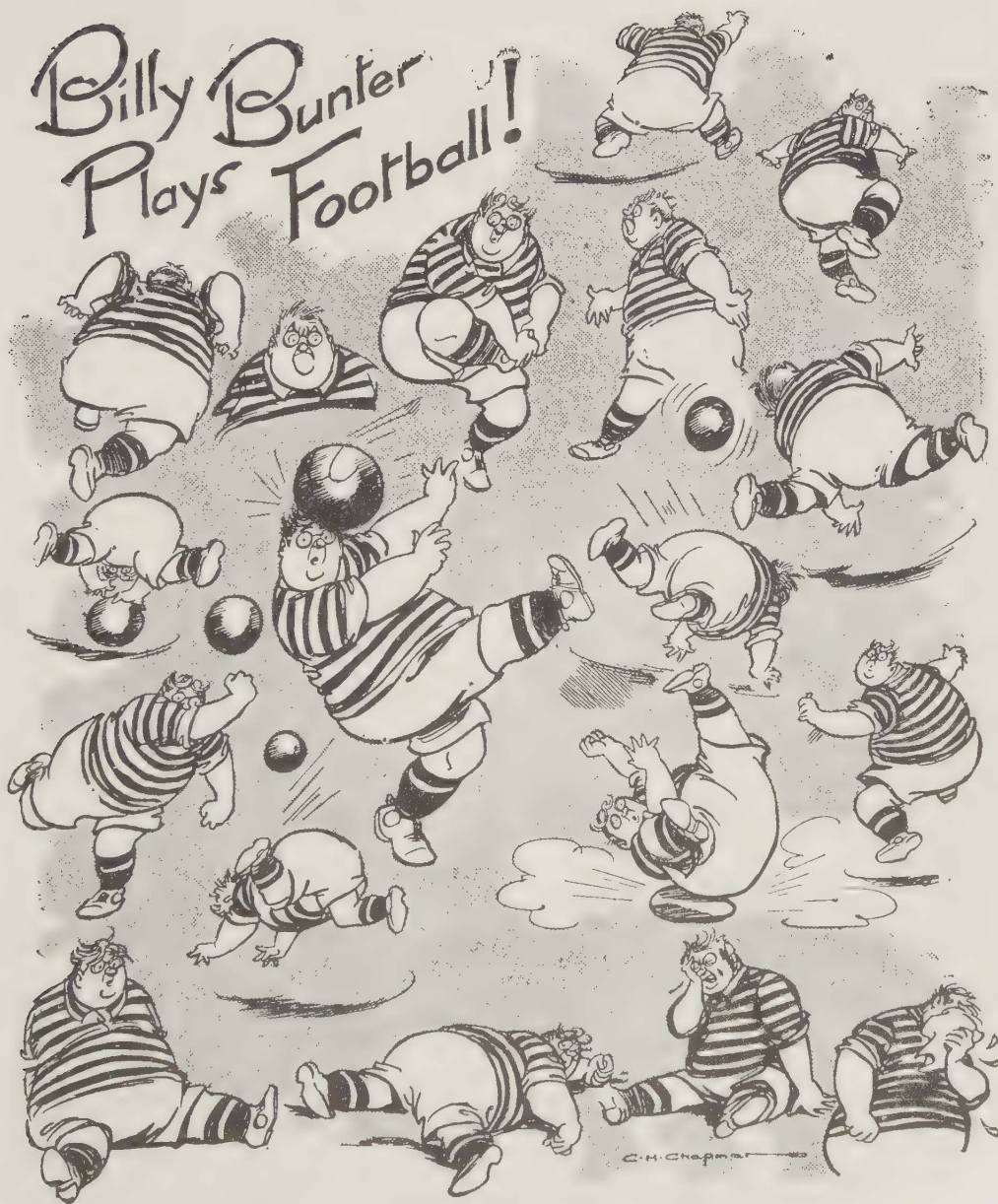
Despite these subterfuges, the masters only just managed to snatch a victory; but they retired to their studies with the impression that players like Dr. W. G. Grace were small beer compared with their estimable selves!

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SEAPLANE!



The "Titania," in use with the Royal Air Force, is, at the time of writing, the largest seaplane to fly successfully. Its span is 139 feet; height, 30 feet; length 67 feet. Driven by four Rolls-Royce Condor engines, giving a total of nearly 2,800 horse-power, it can carry several tons of bombs.

Billy Bunter Plays Football!



The woes of weight fall heavy on the Greyfriars 'porpoise' (and on the ball!) when that inexperienced footballer takes the field!



The entire form marched out from morning lessons and trooped up to the old tower.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR MAX RENTON,
D.S.O.

PEERING back through the mists of memory to the days when I was a boy in the Greyfriars Remove I recall some stirring and exciting scenes. In 1885, I was the ringleader of a Remove rebellion, which was directed against a tyrannical Form-master of that period. This man—his name, appropriately enough, was Tanner!—had been far too free with the cane, and we had reached the limit of our endurance. At a given signal from me, the entire Form marched out from morning lessons, and trooped up to the old tower, where ample supplies had been laid in. Here, in our lofty and ivy-mantled refuge, we held a “barring-out,” which lasted nine days. Surely a school record? We defied all efforts to dislodge us; and it was not until my father, a retired colonel, came on the scene, that we yielded to persuasion, and declared the barring-out at an end. Some of us were secretly relieved, for we had become weakened by privation. My father ascertained the reason for the rebellion, and he conferred long and earnestly with the Head. The sequel was that Mr. Tanner was requested to resign—ample evidence of his brutality having been revealed—and the Remove Rebels were let off with a “gating.” But I tremble to think what

STORIES OF MY SCHOOLDAYS!

*Related by a number of Celebrated
Old Boys of Greyfriars*

might have happened but for my father's timely intervention!

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BRIAN BEVERLEY,
K.C.B.

I HAVE vivid—and painful!—recollections of my first, and only, public flogging. Doubtless I deserved it, for I was guilty of the enormity of “walloping” a prefect. I forget what led up to the affair, but I know the prefect must have been hurt, because I damaged my own knuckles severely in the process! At all events, I was arraigned before the Head in Big Hall, and sentenced to receive a round dozen with the birch. Floggings were floggings in those days. They did something more than merely take the dust out of one's jacket! So painful was the ordeal that I decided to give my prefect foe a wide berth in future, and not run the risk of further chastisement. A flagellation is apt to make one's elation flag!

SIR PERCIVAL PORTLEIGH, Bart.,
(*Head of the firm of Portleigh & Co.,
Wholesale Provision Merchants.*)

WITH one exception, I believe I was the plumpest boy who ever passed through the portals of Greyfriars School. The exception is one of the present pupils, William George Bunter, to whom I was introduced on Founder's Day. I think I must have been a trifle less plump than Bunter, or I should assuredly have burst! The incident of my schooldays which stands out most vividly is my participation in a midnight feast—a veritable orgy, into which I threw myself with tremendous zest. I blush to say how much “tuck” I disposed of on that occasion! I was the victim of a bilious attack the next day, and the victim of a flogging next

The French Lesson!

By
DICK PENFOLD



L ATIN and Greek, six times a week,
Make many boys unhappy ;
Science we hate, and Maths. we slate,
And Euclid makes us snappy.
The only lesson not taboo
Is French conducted by Mossoo !

His guileless ways provoke our praise,
He's always neat and dapper ;
Preferred to Prout, without a doubt,
And also Quelch and Capper.
An hour of happiness we woo
When in the hands of meek Mossoo !

He never canes the boys with brains,
He seldom canes the brainless ;
And this is fine, for chums of mine
Prefer their lessons painless !
They like to take things easy, too ;
And that is why they like Mossoo !

He has been known to grieve and groan
At Bunter's French translations ;
Even a saint would make complaint
At Billy's perpetrations !
And Bunter's "pidgin-French" won't do
For skilled French scholars like Mossoo !

Skinner and Stott will "make things hot,"
For this most patient master ;
He tears his hair in his despair,
And thinks it a disaster.
Skinner's "Tray-bong !" and "Parley-
voo !"
Is French that does not suit Mossoo !

Swiftly will pass the hour in class
Under Mossoo's direction ;
When Quelch appears, we quake with fears,
And walk with circumspection !
For "ragging" Quelchy would not do—
He's sterner, firmer than Mossoo !



HOW SAMMY BUNTER WASHED THE PUP!



"I'LL GIVE YOU
A JOLLY GOOD
WASH, YOU
DIRTY LITTLE
PUP, AND



— THEN WE WILL SEE WHAT
A LITTLE SOAP
AND



WATER



— WILL DO FOR YOU!



C. H. Chapman

THE GREYFRIARS OF YESTERDAY

Brevities and Levities from my
"HISTORY OF GREYFRIARS,"

By Mr. HENRY QUELCH, M.A.

STRANGELY enough, the very first boy to be enrolled as a scholar at Greyfriars School was named Alpha. No, the name of the second boy was not Beta; it was Smith!

THE Greyfriars tuckshop was established in the reign of Queen Anne. It was not, as a certain Second Form boy supposed, founded by Friar Tuck! The Governors sanctioned the inception of "Tuck Shoppe," as a place where, to quote the words of these grave and reverend seigneurs, "reft and refreshment might be supplied to scholars after their frenuous pastimes on the playing-fields."

GLANCING through the School Register, I find that there was a Wingate at Greyfriars in Queen Elizabeth's reign; also a Gwynne. There have been several Bunters, but they have differed in many respects from the present Bunter. In the time of Charles I., there was at the school a certain Boniface Bunter—a youth of high intellectual attainments, who rose to be captain of the school. Later, there was a Reuben Bunter—a boy who was slim to the point of emaciation, and who eventually fell into a decline. I can hardly believe that this boy was a forbear of the present Bunter!

WHARTON is a name which has figured largely in Greyfriars history, and most of the bearers of this name have had distinguished school careers. The same remark applies to the Nugents and the Russells. Of course, there were no Hurree Singhs or Wun

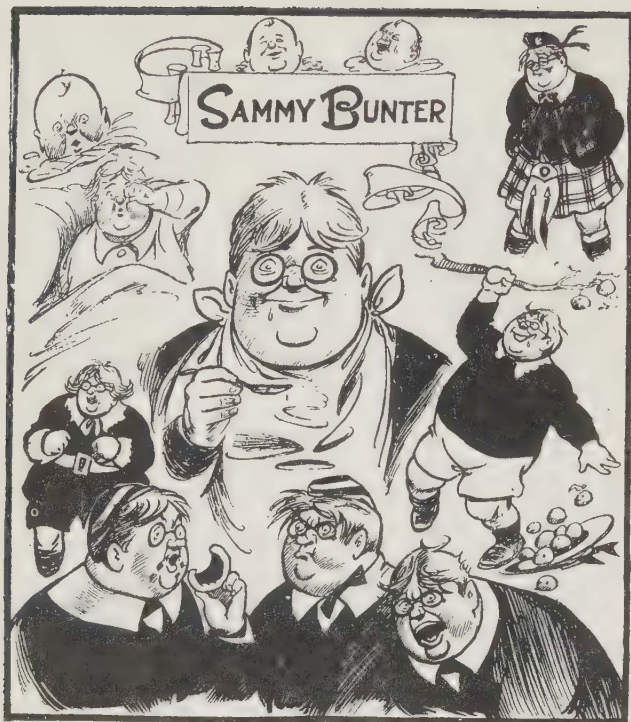
Lungs in bygone days, as Greyfriars was then strictly confined to boys of British parentage.

THERE were 80 pupils at Greyfriars in the year of its inauguration. The pupils now number 320, which makes calling-over a tedious business!



Was Reuben Bunter, who was at Greyfriars round about the time of Charles I., a forbear of the present Billy Bunter? Reuben was slim and eventually fell into a decline. Would Billy know his ghost?

MANY Greyfriars scholars have won distinction in varying walks of life. Among its Old Boys the school can boast a Cabinet Minister, a Major-General, a famous explorer, several County cricketers, and a newspaper proprietor.



Nothing to approach Sammy Bunter was seen or known at the Greyfriars of old. Here he is depicted in a number of easy stages, growing plumper and plumper, and ever more ravenous as the hair encroaches farther and farther in unruly waves over his massive brow.

THERE have been three great fires in the history of the school, and five great rebellions. Both fires and rebellions were satisfactorily extinguished! The most serious of the fires occurred on Guy Fawkes' Night, in 1869, when the bonfire was built in the Close. A strong wind from the sea drove the flames towards the school building, and fired it. Since that time, the Guy Fawkes celebrations have been held in the playing-fields. The most serious rebellion was one in which the whole school was involved, in 1789, the year of the French Revolution. The rebellion lasted nearly a fortnight, with the inevitable result—a triumph for law and order, and the surrender of the rebels.

DURING the Great War, the Greyfriars district was bombed from the air by Zep-

pelins. The damage, fortunately, was slight, and the casualties nil. A bomb fell just beyond the school boundary, however, and Greyfriars may be said to have had a narrow escape.

THE most famous Headmaster of Greyfriars was Dr. Marvell, who held office for thirty-six years, in the time of the Tudors. The school prospered exceedingly under his wise and equitable rule. The present Headmaster, Dr. Locke, bids fair to outrival this venerable pioneer.

THE average number of expulsions from Greyfriars has been one per year. No less than 21 scholars were expelled in 1789—the year of the Great Rebellion—but for many years after that there were no expulsions.

THESE regrettable incidents are mere specks, however, on the bright escutcheon of Greyfriars. They are more than outweighed by acts of heroism, as recorded in the school archives. As, for example, on that black, storm-torn night well over two centuries ago, when a great ship foundered and broke up on the shore near the school.

No boat could possibly live in that swirling, roaring sea for more than a moment or two. The obvious, but extremely perilous, thing to do, of course, was for the boys to form a human chain, and to wade into the crashing surf until the few survivors from the wreck could be reached. In this way, seventeen of the crew and passengers were dragged ashore. The bravery of this act was no whit lessened by the fact that eighty-eight souls perished that never-to-be-forgotten night, when the Greyfriars boys vied with each other in acts of heroism.