



A Play in Verse for Amateur Actors  
by  
**THE GREYFRIARS RHYMESTER**

**Characters**

**Special Note**

**HARRY WHARTON**

Captain of the  
Remove.

**BOB CHERRY** ..

**HURREE JAMSET** ..

**RAM SINGH**..

**JOHNNY BULL** ..

**TOM BROWN** ..

**DONALD OGILVY**

**DICK PENFOLD** ..

**PETER TODD** ..

**S. Q. I. FIELD** ..

**MARK LINLEY** ..

**HERBERT**

**VERNON-SMITH**

**BILLY BUNTER** ..

Members of the  
Junior Cricket  
Team.

The Bounder of  
Greyfriars

The famous fat  
boy of Grey-  
friars.

Master of the  
Remove.

At Courtfield  
Junction.

**MR. QUELCH** ..

**A PORTER** .. ..

*These characters are not all "speaking parts," and the full number of cricketers is not strictly necessary if you have only a few actors. The speeches of the ordinary cricketers can mostly be given to any characters you please. But it is advisable to have as many actors as possible in order to work the "off-stage effects" —station noises, passengers, etc., for Act 1, and applause, roars from the crowd, etc., in Act 2. In both acts it is better to let "non-speaking" characters wander on and off the stage.*

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ACT I.

SCENE : *The Waiting Room and Buffet at Courtfield Junction Station. A dreary-looking room, with a counter at one end, on which are a few prehistoric sandwiches and an antique tea-urn. Seats round the walls. HARRY WHARTON and several other juniors walk in, all of them clad in flannels and carrying cricket bags. VERNON-SMITH, however, is not present.*

WHARTON (*looking at his watch*) :  
What matters if it's getting late ?  
We're here, without compunction!  
A pleasant, never-ending wait  
At dear old Courtfield Junction.

BULL :  
If I'd not paid my railway fare,  
I'd take a cab, and bilk 'em !  
BROWN (*looking out of the door*) :  
Look, there's a porter over there !  
(*Shouts.*) When's the train to Ryl-  
combe ?  
(*The PORTER enters. He is also antique.*)

PORTER :  
Let's see, now ! When's it doo ?  
There's one at two-to-two—  
No, just a minnit—wait !  
That train's one fifty-eight !  
Well, that'll come along  
At—wait a bit ! I'm wrong !  
One fifty-eight don't run.  
It's changed to ten past one,  
While Summer Time is on,  
So that 'ere train is gone !  
Well, then, the two-to-two  
Will be the next one through !

CHERRY :  
The two-to-two, old addle-pate,  
Is also the one fifty-eight !

PORTER :  
Ay, yes, sir, so it be !  
Well, wait a bit ! Let's see !  
The two-to-two's gone by,  
It's Summer Time, that's why !  
Well, then, the next will run

At fifty-eight past one !

TODD :  
But we explained to you  
That that's the two-to-two !

PORTER :  
Ay, so you did ! Let's see !  
Well, then, you 'ark to me !  
One fifty-eight's gone through,  
The next is—

ALL TOGETHER :  
Two-to-two !

PORTER :  
Exactly, sirs, you got it plain !  
(*Shouts as he walks out.*)  
Herne Bay and Whitstable this  
train !

WHARTON :  
St. Jim's will wonder where we are.  
I wish we could afford a car.

HURREE SINGH :  
We shan't be very latefulness,  
The cricket match will duly start,  
For what does proverb statefulness ?  
Faint lady never won fair heart !

WHARTON :  
Let's hope you won't be wrong !

BULL (*grimly*) :  
If Smithy comes along !

BROWN :  
Yes, why should Smithy stay behind  
And hire a car to bring him here ?

TODD (*dryly*) :  
He had to wait, I think you'll find,  
Until he knew the coast was clear !

WHARTON (*sharply*) :  
You're talking through your hat !  
What do you mean by that ?

TODD :  
Oh, nothing much ! I merely men-  
tion  
This morning Smithy got detention !

WHARTON :  
But Quelchy let him off, we know !

TODD :  
We know that Smithy told us so !

CHERRY :  
Oh, rot ! It's rather thick  
To doubt old Smithy's word !

'Twould be a  
dirty trick,  
The worst  
I've ever  
heard,  
And Smithy's  
not the  
sort  
To leave us one  
man short.

BULL :

We left while  
Quelch was  
still about.  
Did Smithy  
wait till  
Quelch went  
out ?

WHARTON :

If Smithy's still  
detained—  
my hat !

I'll have a word to say to that.  
If, owing to his swanking whims,  
We're one man missing at St. Jim's,  
I'll knock his napper off its hinges,  
I'll punch him till he fairly cringes !

HURREE SINGH :

My honoured chum must not forget  
That nothing has been proved as  
yet.

CHERRY :

If Smithy says he'll meet us here,  
He'll keep his promise, don't you  
fear !

PORTER (*heard shouting outside*) :

Herne Bay, this train ! Herne Bay !  
Herne Bay !

Unless it goes the other way !  
(*The guard's whistle blows and the  
train is heard puffing out.*)

CHERRY (*looking round*) :

Well, here we've got to stop !  
Let's have a ginger pop !  
(*He raps on the counter.*)

PORTER (*outside*) :

Herne Bay, Herne Bay, Herne  
Bay, Herne Bay !



WHARTON (*shaking Bunter angrily*) : Have you left Smithy stranded ?  
Quick ! Explain, you bloated lunatic !

Why, darn the train—it's gone  
away !

(*The PORTER comes in.*)

Now, why d'ye want to make a  
scene ?

And what ye knocking for ?

There's no one there, and 'asn't been  
Since 1894.

CHERRY :

We thought we'd like a ginger beer !

PORTER :

All right ! I'll see if any's here !

(*As the PORTER searches for it,  
BILLY BUNTER rolls in, also clad  
in flannels.*)

BUNTER :

I say, you fellows ! Here you are !

BULL (*groaning*) :

It's Bunter ! How did he arrive ?

BUNTER :

Oh, really, Bull ! I came by car !

A fairly comfortable drive !

I'm going with you to the game,

Although it's not what I call  
cricket !

But still, I'm going all the same ;

You chaps can buy my railway ticket!

TODD :  
I don't think! How d'you get the car?

You've bilked the taxi-driver!

BUNTER :

Yah!

I daresay Vernon-Smith'll pay,  
He 'phoned the order, anyway!  
The taxi came for him, you see,  
I met it in the lane—hee, hee!

WHARTON (*roaring*):

What! My hat! If you took that,  
You've left us absolutely flat!

(*He shakes BUNTER angrily.*)

Have you left Smithy stranded?  
Quick!

Explain, you bloated lunatic!

BUNTER :

Leggo, you beast! It's your fault  
—there!

You wouldn't pay my railway  
fare!

(*There is a silence as they gaze at him.*)

PORTER :

Can't find no  
ginger-beer,  
young gents!  
But here's a  
pot of pepper-  
ments!

TODD (*roaring*):

Bag him! Rag  
him! Scrag  
him!

Bump him!  
Clump him!  
Thump him!

(*BUNTER makes a jump for the counter and sprawls over it face downwards. The others pin him there in*

*a nice position for whopping.*)

WHARTON :

Now, you chuckling chump!

Here, Toddy, fetch a stump!

(*TODD takes a cricket stump out of a bag and starts work on*

*BUNTER.*)

CHERRY :

Just keep on whacking him!

Never mind cracking him!

Give him some ginger, he

Well deserves injury!

BUNTER (*yelling frantically*):

Leggo! I haven't seen it!

Yaroo! I didn't mean it!

WHARTON (*fiercely*):

You've stranded Vernon-Smith, you  
brute!

We haven't got a substitute!

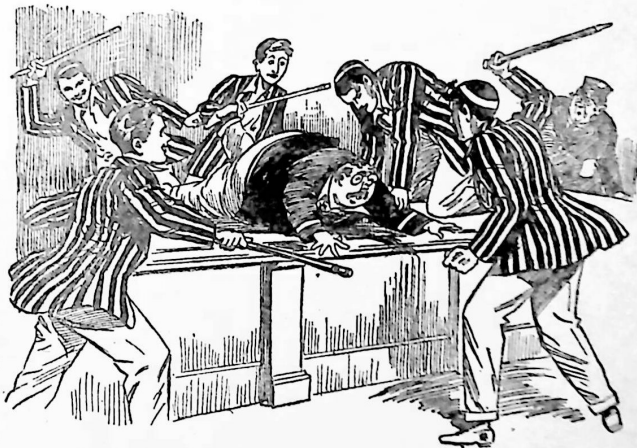
BUNTER :

I didn't take the car—

(*VERNON-SMITH enters, breathless and furious, with trouser-clips on his flannel bags.*)

CHERRY (*jubilantly*):

Here's Smithy now! Hurrah!



BUNTER: Leggo! I haven't seen it! Yaroo! I didn't mean it!

WHARTON: You've stranded Vernon-Smith, you brute! We haven't got a substitute!

VERNON-SMITH :

I had to scorch here on my bike—

WHARTON :

That's cycle-racing, if you like !

VERNON-SMITH :

Dashed if I know what was wrong,  
The taxi never came along !

I should have come in any case,  
While you were keeping me a place ;

If not by motor-car or train,  
Then in a private aeroplane !  
You couldn't beat St. Jim's, that's flat,

If I weren't in the team to bat !

BULL :

Swank as usual ! What a youth !

VERNON-SMITH :

Swank be hanged ! It's solid truth !  
I'm going to bat with all my power,  
I'll be the Hero of the Hour !

CHERRY :

Yes, yes, old chap, we're not denying

That you'll be rather stupefying !

PORTER :

These pepperments, by all accounts,  
Are tuppence-haperny a hounce !

BUNTER (*behind counter*) :

Yes, I say, what about some grub ?

WHARTON :

Ring off, you over-fatted tub !

Good job for you that Smithy's present,

Or you'd have found it most unpleasant !

BROWN :

It's beastly mean and underhanded  
To take his car and leave him stranded.

VERNON-SMITH (*shouting*) :

What's that ?

BUNTER (*also shouting*) :

I never took it !

I'm sorry, anyway !

CHERRY :

You look it !

VERNON-SMITH :

I'll scrag and slay and slaughter you,

I'll hang and draw and quarter you !

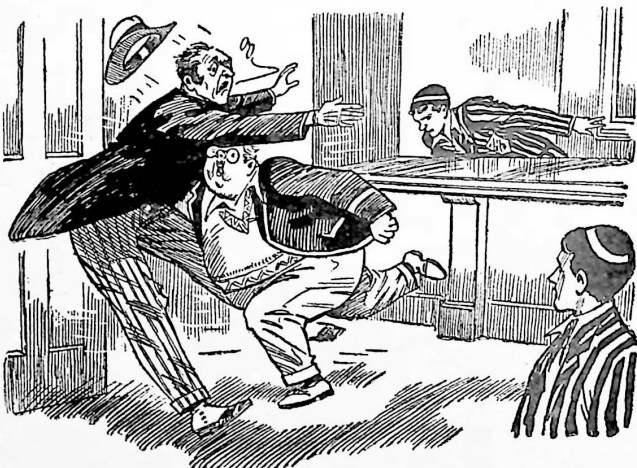
(*He sprints round the counter to get at BUNTER, who scrambles over it and makes a burst for the door. At this moment MR. QUELCH enters, and there is a grinding collision.*)

MR QUELCH (*reeling*) :

Ow ! Oh ! Wha-at was that ?

BUNTER (*on the floor*) :

Ow ! Yow ! Whoop ! My hat !



MR. QUELCH (*reeling*) : Ow ! Oh ! Wha-at was that ?

BUNTER : Ow ! Yow ! Whoop ! My hat !

(*On seeing MR. QUELCH, VERNON-SMITH drops out of sight behind the counter.*)

MR. QUELCH :

Bunter! Boy, what means this riot?

BUNTER :

Ow-wow! Yooop! Oh, lor'!

MR. QUELCH :

Be quiet!

How dare you rush about a station  
With such absurd acceleration?

Behave yourself more circumspectly,  
Get up, and try to walk correctly!

BUNTER (*rising*) :

Oh, yes, sir! So I do!

MR. QUELCH :

No doubt!

Then let me see how you walk out!

(*BUNTER starts to walk out with dignity, but trips over a cricket bag and exits on his neck with a yell.*)

Not very dignified, I fear!

Now what are you boys doing here?

WHARTON :

We're waiting for a train, sir, and  
It's rather late.

MR. QUELCH :

I understand.

(*A train roars into the station, and stops.*)

CHERRY :

A train's here, porter!

PORTER :

Let it wait!

It's only forty minutes late.

I asked ye half-an-hour ago

D'ye want some peppermints, eh?

THE CRICKETERS :

No!

PORTER :

They're quite all right, and nothing  
wrong,

All nice and white and hextra  
strong.

Still, if you won't, you won't, that's  
plain!

(*He shouts as he goes out.*)

Redcliffe, Lantham, Rylcombe  
train!

TODD :

Rylcombe! That's our train at last!

I hope the creeping beast is fast!

(*They gather their bags together in great confusion, not thinking of VERNON-SMITH.*)

MR. QUELCH :

I'm sure you'll have a pleasant game.

CHERRY :

Hope so, sir—thanks all the same  
(*BUNTER comes hurrying in.*)

BUNTER :

I say, what about my fare?

TODD :

Nothing doing! Shanks's mare!

BUNTER :

Look here, I'm coming, too!

BROWN :

All right, old barrel—do,  
If you can pinch another car.

If not—well, then, it's au revoir!

PORTER (*outside*) :

Redcliffe, Lantham, Rylcombe train,  
Unless it's going back again!

(*The cricketers hurry out, MR. QUELCH following them.*)

BUNTER :

Look here, you beasts! I say—  
(*VERNON-SMITH dodges out from behind the counter.*)

VERNON-SMITH (*hissing*) :

See if Quelch has gone away!

Get on with it, you fool! Be quick!

The train will go in half a tick!

(*BUNTER looks out of the door.*)

BUNTER :

No, he's standing just outside!

I say, old chap, what made you  
hide?

VERNON-SMITH (*savagely*) :

What brings that old fool here?

I fancied I'd got clear.

I suppose he's waiting for a train—

Here, Bunter, go on—look again!  
(*BUNTER does so.*)

BUNTER :

Still there, old chap ! But what——

VERNON-SMITH :

What rotten luck ! Great Scott !

The last dashed minute, too !

I don't know what to do.

*(A guard's whistle blows.)*

There goes the train—don't care !

A car would get me there

If only Quelch would go away.

*(The train puffs out.)*

This seems to be my lucky day !

BUNTER :

You've cut detention ! Hee, hee, hee !

I'll help you !  
Leave it all to me !

If you go there by car, old bean,

I'll travel with you—all serene.

*(They have their backs to the door and do not see MR. QUELCH walk in.)*

VERNON-SMITH :

Get that old fool away from here !

I'll hop it while the coast is clear.

MR. QUELCH :

Vernon-Smith !

*(They spin round in horror.)*

You need not add

To your offences, which are bad,

Inducement of this foolish lad

To help you in your plot.

I leave you in detention, yet

I see you here, and don't forget

I warned you plainly you would get

A flogging, did I not ?

BUNTER :

I—I say, it wasn't me, you know !

MR. QUELCH :

I know that, Bunter. You may go.

*(BUNTER does, thankfully.)*

VERNON-SMITH :

Look here, sir, now I know

I'm bound to get the worst,

What matters if I go

And play for Greyfriars first ?

MR. QUELCH :

You are the most audacious boy

That ever I beheld.



VERNON-SMITH : I suppose he's waiting for a train. Here, Bunter, go on—look again. BUNTER (looking out of the door) : Still there, old chap !

Your disposition to annoy

Is quite unparalleled !

On no account will I allow

Your joining in the cricket now !

*(A train comes into the station.)*

PORTER (outside) :

Friardale train, Friardale train !

If the engine stands the strain !

MR. QUELCH :

Come ! I'll take you back with me !

I dare not let you wander free.

*(He grasps VERNON-SMITH by the shoulder and, menacing him with*

his umbrella, marches him to the door, where they meet the PORTER.)

PORTER :

Now just a tick before you go,  
D'ye want some peppermints, sir?

MR. QUELCH :

NO !

(They all go out.)

CURTAIN.

ACT 2.

SCENE : Inside the St. Jim's pavilion.

The Greyfriars dressing-room. There are lockers round the walls, and blazers hanging on coat-pegs. A mound of cricket tackle is on the floor.

BULL, OGILVY, HURREE SINGH and PENFOLD are at the door, looking out into the sunset-tinted field of play.

BROWN is putting on some pads.

WHARTON is walking grimly up and down. From the field outside come a rull and a volume of clapping.)

BULL :

Another two for Toddy—fine !  
(A sharp crack and a roar.)

A single—that makes ninety-nine !  
(Another crack, and a great roar of applause.)

Hooray ! The hundred up at last !  
(The juniors are all clapping.)

OGILVY :

I say, they're scoring pretty fast !

PENFOLD :

Phew ! That was a rather nasty ball !

Twenty to win ! Two wickets to fall !

BROWN (grunting) :

Three wickets ! But Smithy isn't here !

PENFOLD :

Well, that makes two, you ass !

BROWN (cordially) :

Hear, hear !

BULL :

Old Blake is going to try a lob—  
(A sharp crack and a yell.)

Oh, shot, sir—

(A bigger yell—" 'Zat ? ")

HURREE SINGH :

Out !

PENFOLD :

Well caught !

OGILVY :

Oh, Bob !

WHARTON :

You're in,  
Browney ! Best  
of luck !

BROWN :

I'm sure I'm go-  
ing to get a  
duck.

WHARTON :

Stick there, old  
chap, for mer-  
cy's sake !

Just see how  
many you can  
make.

I'd give my ears,  
and all my  
scalp,



The two juniors had their backs to the door and did not see Mr. Quelch walk in.  
VERNON-SMITH : Get that old fool away from here ! I'll hop it while the coast is clear.

To win without  
old Smithy's  
help.

BROWN :

Whatever made  
him miss the  
train ?

WHARTON (*wryly*) :  
Don't let's start  
all that again.  
The silly ass has  
let us down,  
That's all that  
matters.

(*A burst of  
clapping as  
CHERRY comes  
in, bat in hand.*)

CHERRY :

Now then,  
Brown !

There's only  
twenty runs to get,  
Show 'em they've not licked us yet.  
(*Brown nods, takes a bat, and goes  
out.*)

WHARTON (*as CHERRY takes his pads  
off*) :

Well played, old man ! - That's  
great !

OGILVY (*as the score goes up*) :  
Old Bob scored thirty-eight !  
And Toddy's ten, not out.

WHARTON :

That's grand !

You made a jolly useful stand.  
Get your pads on, Inky, quick !  
Your turn will come in half-a-tick !

HURREE SINGH :

The tickfulness will be terrific,  
The bowlfulness is also great,  
The runfulness is not prolific,  
The duckfulness will be my fate !

WHARTON :

And Smithy's still not come.

CHERRY :

The whole affair is rum.  
He said he'd come in any case.



MR. QUELCH (*grasping Vernon-Smith by the shoulder and raising his umbrella  
menacingly*) : Come ! I'll take you back with me ! I dare not let you wander  
free !

Whatever could have taken place ?

WHARTON :

When we heard the porter call,  
We crowded out in such a fuss,  
I didn't notice him at all,  
I took it he had come with us !  
At Rylcombe he could not be  
found,

Though I inquired of everybody,  
And no one's seen him on the  
ground—

(*A click and a loud yell.*)

BULL :

Clean bowled, by gum !

WHARTON :

Who's out ?

PENFOLD :

Old Toddy !

WHARTON :

Now, old black bean, be very  
downy,  
Stonewall, and leave the runs to  
Browney.

We still want twenty runs to win,  
And no last batsman to go in.  
So keep your pecker up, old scout,

Just watch the ball and don't get out!

(HURREE SINGH grins, nods, takes a bat and goes out. There is applause as TODD returns.)

CHERRY :

What happened, ass?

TODD :

A slight mistake!

Played back to Wynn and out to Blake.

The chap who's keen on keeping in, Plays back to Blake and out to Wynn.

(BOB CHERRY threatens him with a bat.)

CHERRY :

Of all the silly footling chumps—

WHARTON :

How long before they pull up stumps?

Ten minutes more. H'm! Well, perhaps,

We'll make a draw of it, old chaps. Our chance of beating them is small,

Old Inky's deadly with the ball, But as a bat he's not so good—

(BUNTER pushes his way in through the door.)

BUNTER :

I say, you fellows, where's the food?

TODD :

Great Christopher Columbus! You!

BUNTER :

I say, you fellows, listen—do!

I took a taxi-cab, you see,

And owe the driver one pound three!

So you can pay the man for me

While I go in and have some tea!

(A crack outside and a roar.)

OGLIVY :

By Jingo! That's a four!

Now only sixteen more!

CHERRY (like the Bull of Bashan) :

Good old Browney! Ripping shot!

(Another crack, and a yell.)

Good, that's another!

BULL :

No, it's not!

Old Gussy's stopped it on the line

They've run a two for it.

WHARTON :

That's fine!

BUNTER (roaring) :

I say, you fellows, who will pay My taxi fare? You chaps, I say—

WHARTON :

You bloated barrel! I can see You dishing me for one pound three!

BUNTER :

I—I've only got a penny—

TODD :

Well, we shan't lend you any.

BUNTER :

You beast! The driver must be paid!

(A loud crack and a shout.)

CHERRY :

Good shot! Oh, Browney! Oh, well played!

FIELD :

A boundary! We'll beat them yet!

PENFOLD (desperately) :

We'll never do it! Ten to get!

If only Vernon-Smith had played—

BUNTER :

Hee, hee, hee! I'm much afraid That poor old Smithy's gone to see A private flogging. Hee, hee, hee!

WHARTON (spinning round) :

What? What was that you said?

BUNTER :

He's got a flogging from the Head.

TODD :

Got a flogging? Smithy? Why?

BUNTER :

He cut detention on the sly.

WHARTON (choking) :

Then what he told us was a lie!

BUNTER :

You bet it was. When Quelchy came

He spoiled old Smithy's little game.  
He found him in the waiting-room  
And marched him off to meet his  
doom.

CHERRY :  
Of all the dirty tricks, that takes  
A whole dashed basketful of cakes !

WHARTON :  
He'll answer for this trick to me !

BUNTER :  
Now what about my one pound  
three ?  
(*A crack outside.*)

Ogilvy :  
Good old Inky ! Run, man, run !  
(*A loud appeal, " 'Zat ? "*)  
Not out ! Good, that's another  
one !

WHARTON :  
If you say one pound three  
again  
I'll bounce this bat upon your  
brain.  
(*Another sharp crack, and a loud  
roar.*)

CHERRY (*yelling*) :  
Well shot, Browney ! That's the  
style !

TODD (*grinning*) :

That one's gone about a mile.

PENFOLD :

Good old Browney, that's a four !  
Come on, now ! Just five runs  
more !

Ogilvy :

It's an "over" now.

CHERRY :

Last over, too !

Oh, Inky, please hit something, do !  
Here goes Fatty ! Wait, don't  
shout !

(*A dead silence outside ; a sharp  
click and a roar.*)

No, umpire, no !

PENFOLD :

Yes, Inky's out !

Caught wicket ! And they win the  
game

In the last over. What a shame !

CHERRY :

No, stay, I've got a great idea !  
That silly fathead Bunter's here !

TODD (*yelling*) :

Yes, he's a Greyfriars man, you  
know.

Here, Wharton, let's make Bunter  
go !

It might just  
make a draw  
for us—

WHARTON :

He bats just  
like an octo-  
pus.

If he can last  
the over  
out,

We'll make a  
draw of it, no  
doubt !

Come on, Bun-  
ter, fair and  
fat,

You've got to  
go out there  
and bat !



BULL : Another two for Toddy—fine ! (*A sharp crack and a roar from  
outside.*) A single—that makes ninety-nine !



The juniors applauded Todd as he came out. CHERRY : What happened, ass ?  
TODD : A slight mistake ! Played back to Wynn and out to Blake. The chap who's keen on keeping in, plays back to Blake and out to Wynn !

(They surround BUNTER, and force pads and gloves on him. He yells wildly.)

BUNTER :

I say, what's up ? You lemme be !  
You hand me out that one pound three !

Leggo, you beasts ! I want my tea !  
Here, help ! Yaroop ! You're choking me !

(BUNTER goes down with the rest on top of him. When they yank him to his feet, he is padded and gloved.

BOB CHERRY puts a bat in his hand.)

CHERRY :

Now bat, you bloated buzzard, bat !  
Go out and stay there—savvy that ?

WHARTON :

Don't swiipe or swing about,  
Just stick there, don't get out !

BUNTER :

Leggo, you beasts ! Ow-wow !  
All right ! I'm going now !

(BUNTER is hustled out of the room.)

TODD :

He's bound to swiipe, the chump !

He'll lose his middle stump !

(HURREE-SINGH comes in apologetically.)

HURREE SINGH :

I'm sorry, my disgusted chum !

WHARTON :

All right, old bean ! Don't look so glum !

PENFOLD :

There he waddles ! What a figure !

BULL :

Gussy's trying not to snigger !

TODD (sarcastically) :

Then Greyfriars had the heavy roller !

CHERRY :

I'm sorry Fatty Wynn's the bowler.  
He's deadly straight with every ball,

We'll soon see Bunter's wicket fall.

TODD :

I know he's going to swiipe,  
I see it in advance !

The ass is just that type.

Crumbs ! What a graceful stance !

(They all laugh.)

PENFOLD (weakly) :

He ought to bat—he's batty !

FIELD :

Shurrup ! There goes Fatty !

(A dead silence, then a sharp crack and a roar.)

CHERRY (*shrieking*):  
Oh, what a swipe! It's gone!

TODD (*dancing*):  
Run, Bunter, run—go on!

Ogilvy (*howling*):  
Go on, you ass! You ought  
to get a three—

WHARTON (*wailing*):  
He's caught!

PENFOLD:  
No, no, he's not!  
Go on, ass—run!

CHERRY (*hysterically*):  
It's SIX! Great Scott!  
We've won! WE'VE WON!  
(*They grasp each other and dance like dervishes. Some of them dash out of the room, leaving CHERRY and WHARTON sobbing weakly on each other's necks.*)

WHARTON:  
That barrel's done it, after all!  
I'll fill him full of tuck!  
He actually hit the ball—  
Oh, what a bit of luck!

CHERRY:  
What a wallop!  
What a hit!  
I think I'm going to have a fit!  
We've beaten them at last!  
Well played!  
Without that duffer Smithy's aid!

WHARTON:  
The Hero of the Hour, he said!  
To think that Bunter's that, instead!  
(*A mob of juniors enters, carrying BUNTER shoulder-high. They*

*march him round the room.*  
BUNTER yells.)

BUNTER:  
You rotters! Put me down!  
Stop prodding me, Tom Brown!  
Yah! Beasts! You lemme be!  
And where's that one pound three?

WHARTON:  
You shall have it, never fear!  
Now, you fellows, come on—cheer!  
Three cheers with all our power  
For the Hero of the Hour!  
(*The juniors burst into cheers, with BUNTER still yelling to be put down.*)

Hip-pip-pip—  
HOORAY!  
CURTAIN.

## STAGE EFFECTS

WITH a little ingenuity, quite surprisingly good "off-stage" effects can be produced for next to nothing. The "trains" want a little practice before the performance. For those who have a gramophone and



CHERRY (*hysterically*): It's SIX! Great Scott! We've won! WE'VE WON!  
WHARTON: That Barrel's done it after all! He actually hit the ball!

money to spare, there is a realistic sound record of trains, etc., issued by His Master's Voice, No. E583, price 4s. If you don't care to spend this money, make the effects as follows: For the "puffs," fill a thick cardboard box half-full of rice, and give an energetic shake for each puff. For the noise made by the train coming in, vibrate a wooden plank on an empty wooden case, adding "clanking" sounds with pieces of pipe, etc. Get a table lamp and an old sixpenny shade. Cut slots in the shade, and put it on the lamp with the top cap off. If you rotate this shade with your finger, the light will throw the glint of carriage windows across the wall of the stage—make them rush in quickly, slow down and stop. For the engine's steam noises, use a siphon of soda-water, with assistance from your own lips.

An old tin can trundled on the floor makes good "milk-churn" noises. The engine whistle can be produced on the lowest note of a twopenny tin-whistle. Use an ordinary football whistle for the guard. Add any other "station sounds" you fancy; and if you get a group of fellows working these effects, and rehearse them well beforehand, you will be astonished how realistic they become.

In Act 2 you also want to rehearse the shouts and applause following the crack of ball and bat, or the click of ball and wicket. (These may be produced quite easily with a mallet, a bat and a stump.) Get your off-stage effects well-drilled and timed, and it will add quite 50 per cent to the enjoyment of the performance.

Here's wishing you luck with it, anyway!

---

## AU REVOIR!

YOU'VE reached the only dismal stage,  
Which is, of course, my final page.  
We've had enjoyment, you and I,  
And now it's time to say good-bye!

But let's be cheerful while we may:  
We'll meet again some other day.  
Next year you'll find me on the stall,  
All ready when you pay your call.

Yes, I'll be waiting for you, chum,  
And hoping you'll be sure to come;  
You would not purposely desert me,  
For that would disappoint and hurt me!

Meanwhile, the lads of whom I speak  
Are waiting for you every week  
In rattling yarns of school and sport,  
All stories of the finest sort.

If you have twopence you can pay,  
The MAGNET every Saturday  
Will give you all the Greyfriars news;  
What finer value could you choose?

St. Jim's, of course, I could not miss!  
The GEM, each Wednesday, sees to this.  
The price of this is twopence, too.  
My chums delight in it—do you?

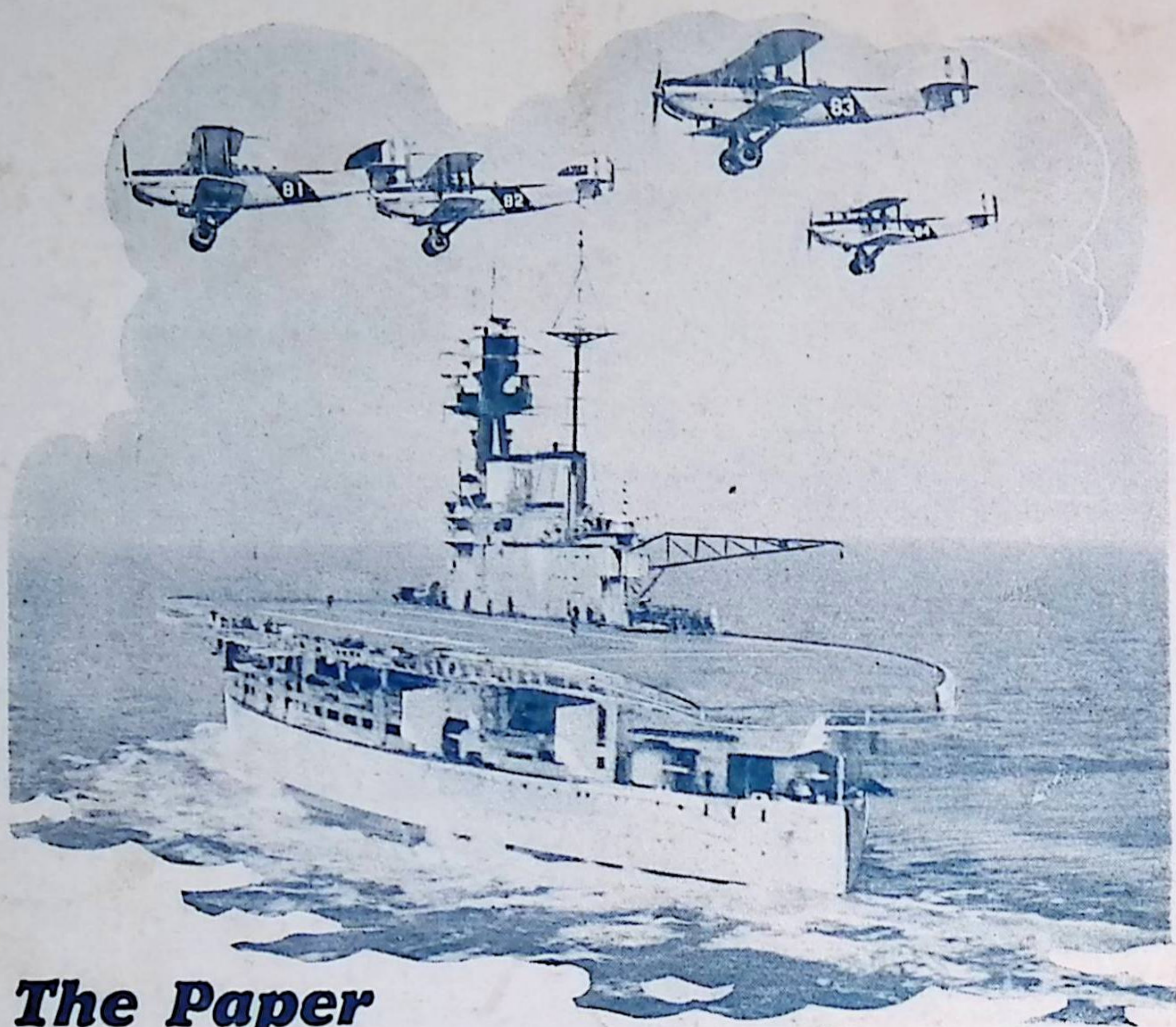
And if you'd purchase (for a song)  
A host of stories extra-long,  
Then buy each month the SCHOOLBOYS' OWN.  
For fourpence—well, it stands alone!

So, as you see, if you're about  
When all these ripping books come out,  
And buy them at your nearest stall,  
We need not say Good-bye at all!

THE EDITOR.

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