

1922

# THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL

A BUMPER BOOK FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS.  
PACKED WITH STORIES, ARTICLES,  
AND PICTURES.

*This Book  
Belongs to \_\_\_\_\_*

1922



- E. BRISCOE

## **THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS**

In presenting this my third volume of **THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL** to my many reader friends, I have behind me the comfortable knowledge of the instant and wonderful success scored by its two predecessors.

For the present volume I can confidently predict a greater reception still. Its big budget of fine stories includes complete tales of all the old favourites of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Schools. The best work of such masters of fiction as Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, Owen Conquest, Duncan Storm, Morton Pike, Sidney Drew, Michael Poole, and numerous others is here represented, together with hundreds of pictures, verses, articles and tricks.

For the younger generation, either boys or girls, as well as for many an "old fogey," this volume will prove the pleasantest of companions for leisure hours at the winter fireside or under summer skies.

As a book, the **HOLIDAY ANNUAL**, bright and interesting all through, is always in season, and year by year is welcomed as a prime favourite by a great and ever-increasing circle of readers.

With the great majority of these, I doubt not, I can claim old acquaintanceship through the pages of the famous series of Companion Papers from which the **HOLIDAY ANNUAL** has sprung.

To all these old friends, and to all new readers alike, this little foreword serves to convey the heartiest greetings and best wishes of

**YOUR EDITOR.**

The Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street,  
London, E.C. 4.

# THE HISTORY OF GREYFRIARS

By BOB CHERRY (of the Remove Form at Greyfriars)

(AUTHOR'S NOTE.—For years, Mr. Quelch, our respected Form Master, has been slogging away at a History of Greyfriars. I have been allowed to peruse his long-winded narrative, which I have condensed and served up in a readable form, so that even fellows of Billy Bunter's intelligence—or lack of it—will be able to read, mark, and inwardly digest.)

**H**UNDREDS of years ago, Greyfriars School was a sort of off-shoot of the Zoo. It was inhabited by the monks, and fragments of monkey-nuts are still to be found in ye ancient cloisters.

Some direct descendants of these monks still exist at Greyfriars. Coker of the Fifth and Temple of the Upper Fourth are good specimens.

Now, when Henry the Eighth—the monarch who had nine lives—or was it wives?—sat on

the throne, he summoned all the knights and squires to his consulting-room.

"I say, you fellows," he said, "I think all these monkey-houses—I mean monasteries—should be closed. Don't you?"

"Yes, rather!"

"True, O King!"

"But supposing the monks refuse to quit?" said Sir Fatted de Fitzbooters.

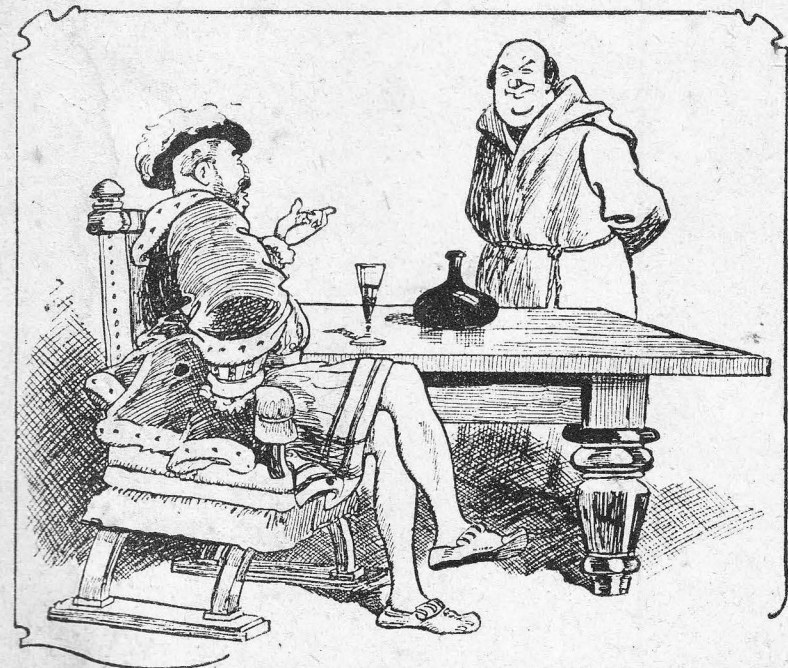
"Rats!" said His Majesty. "I'll get through on the 'phone to all the special

constables, and have the monks ejected without delay!"

And he did, with the result that the Early Closing Order came into force from that day.

But the merry monks of Greyfriars defied the King, and hid themselves in the crypt. Henry offered a term's pocket-money for their capture, and eventually some scurvy knave betrayed their whereabouts, and they were collared, and hauled up before the King.

"Now, look here, you saucy varlets!" said Henry grimly,



"Tell me exactly where the treasure is hidden and you will be allowed to buzz off," said the king. Friar Tuck shook his head. "Go and eat coke!" he growled.



"I have reason to believe that you've got a goodly treasure hidden away in the vicinity of Greyfriars. Is that so?"

"Right on the wicket!" said Friar Tuck (who had been known to shift half a barrel of monkey-nuts at one sitting).

"Tell me exactly where the treasure is hidden, and you will be allowed to buzz off!" said the king.

Friar Tuck shook his head.

"Go and eat coke!" he growled.

"You refuse to divulge the whereabouts of the treasure?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I shall have no alternative but to chop off your nappers!"

"Go ahead! If it will provide your nine wives with a bit of sport, never mind us!"

With a snort of rage, King Henry went to the phone and rang up the Public Executioner.

"Hallo! That you, Chopstein?"

"Yea, sire."

"I've got a job of work for you. Get a good edge on your axe, and take a taxi to Tower Hill. There's going to be a wholesale execution this afternoon. See that it's advertised in all the papers, and on all the hoardings."

"All serene, sire!"

That afternoon the people of England fairly went mad—in fact, it was surprising how many folk lost their heads! The chopper came down with a vengeance!

Even on the scaffold, however, when they saw Chopstein sharpening his axe, the monks refused to reveal their secret.

"You shall never know where the loot is!" said Friar Tuck. And he flicked his fingers contemptuously in King Henry's face.

The king gave a snarl.

"Get over that block!" he hissed.

And the next moment the executioner had done his fell work.

After he had disposed of the monks, Henry made strenuous efforts to find the Greyfriars treasure. Search-parties were constantly at work, but there was nothing to report. Beyond a barrel of monkey-nuts and some bottles of ginger-pop, nothing was discovered in the crypt and the subterranean passages. And at last King Henry realised that there was nothing doing. The monks had been too cute for him.

For some time after this, Greyfriars was allowed to go to rack and ruin. In 1551, however, Edward the Sixth got into touch with the Ministry of Labour, and arranged for the place to be restored. He then opened it as a school for mischievous young monkeys.



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