

Schoolboys' Own Library

GREYFRIARS TALES ONLY

All of my remaining SOLs have authorship of...

Frank Richards

...and they vary in price between 50p and £3. **(plus postage, to be paid by purchaser)...**

Checkout Ebay to see just how reasonably-priced they are!!

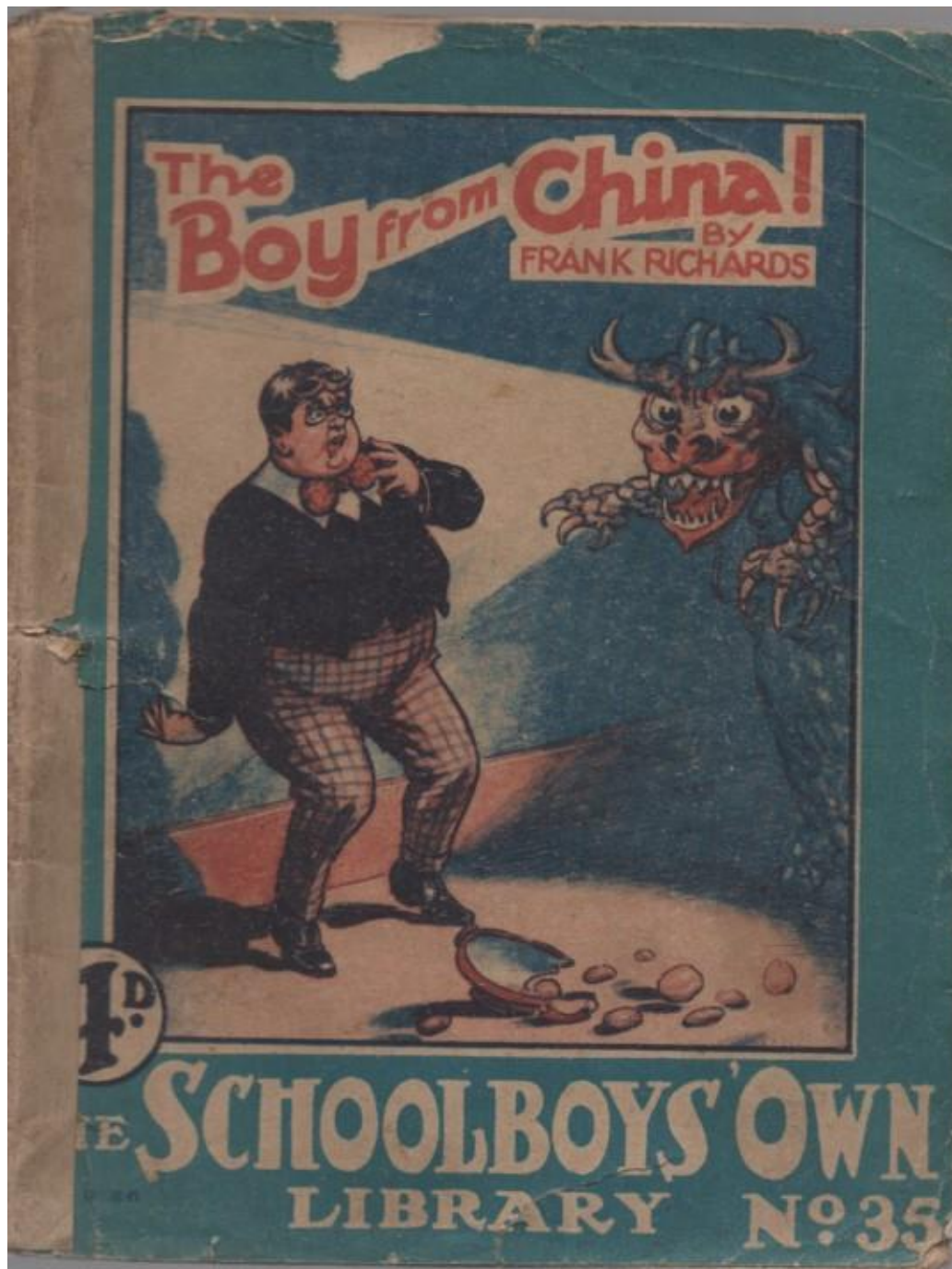
Contact Len Cooper for details: CooperLen1956@gmail.com

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Len Cooper

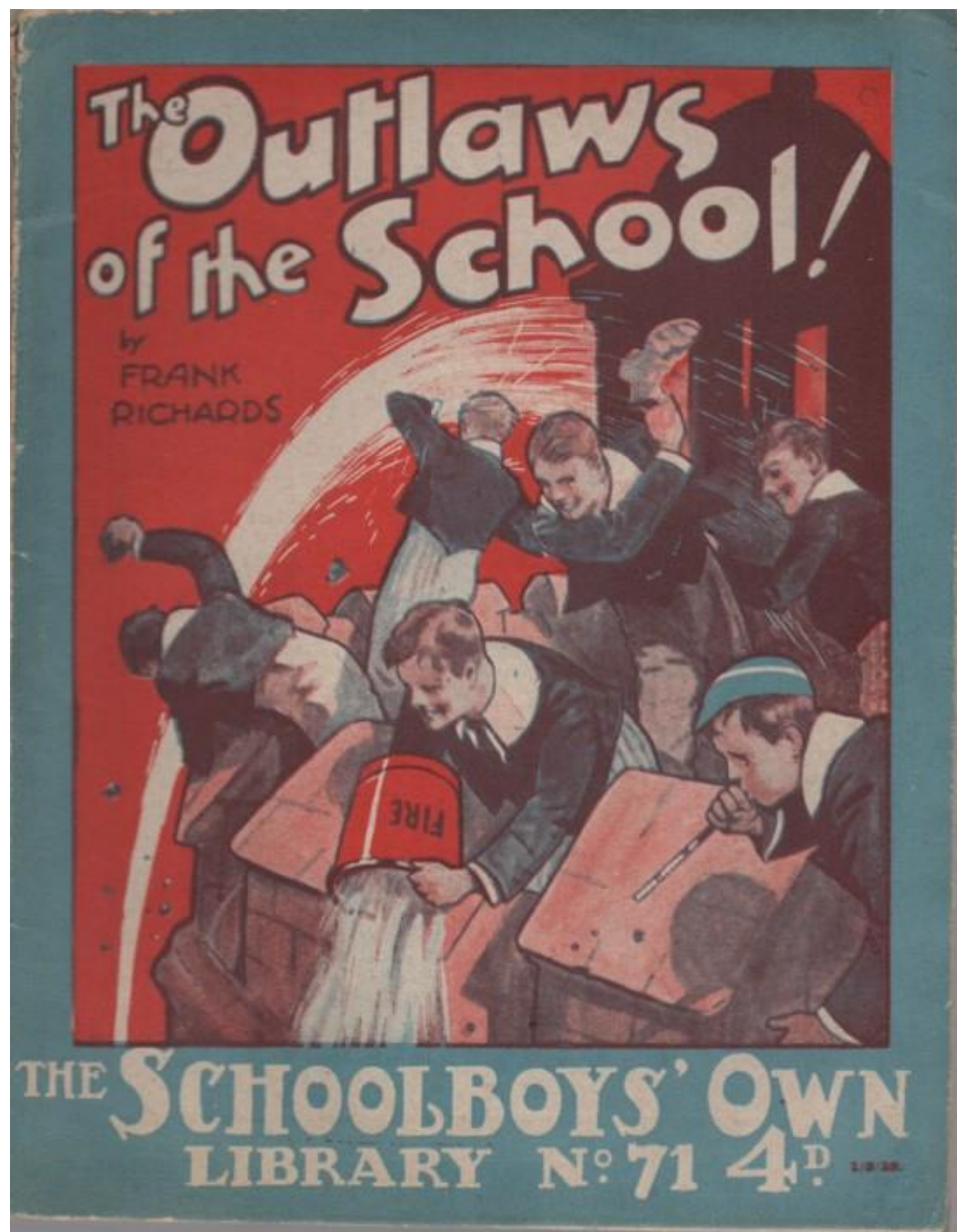
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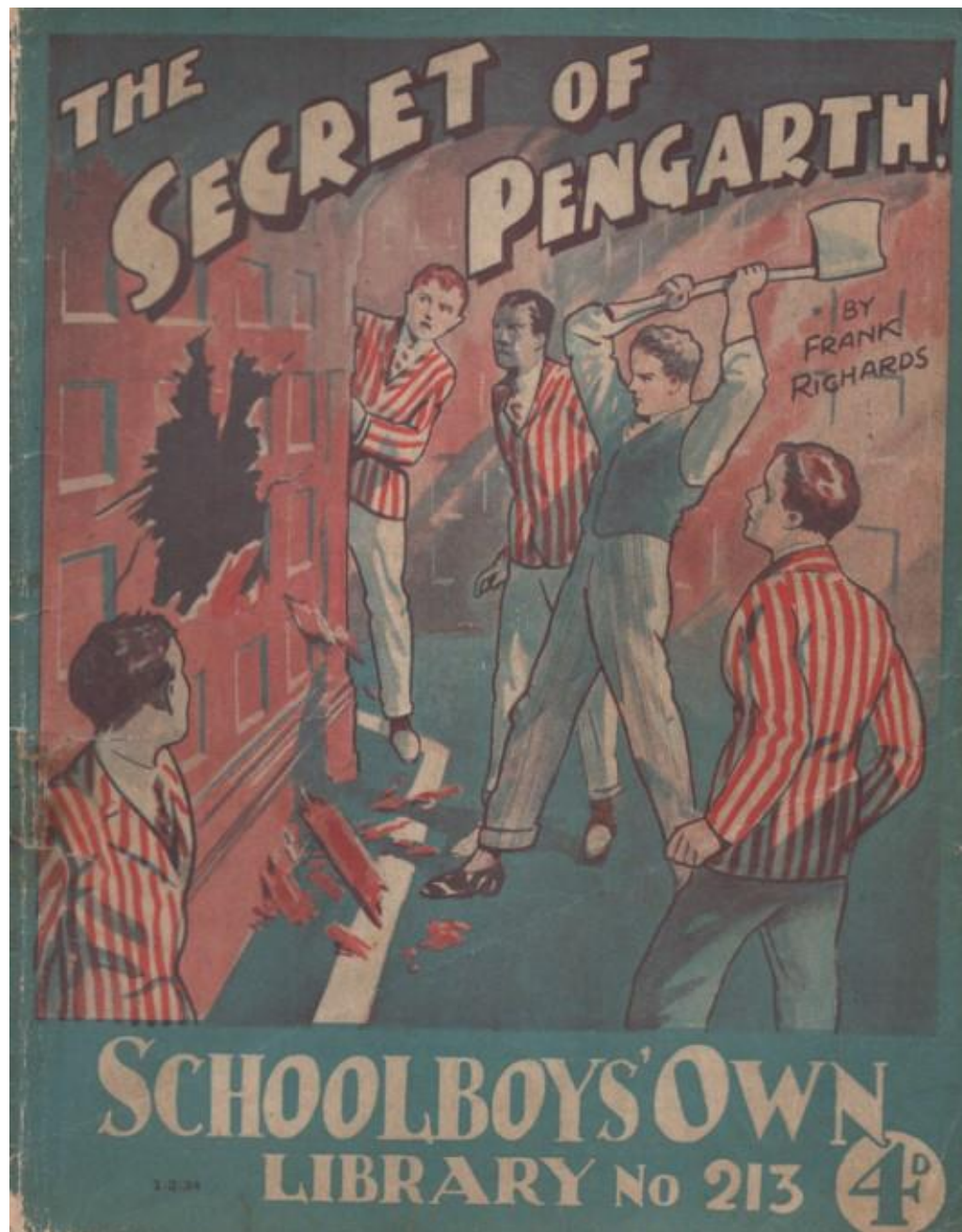
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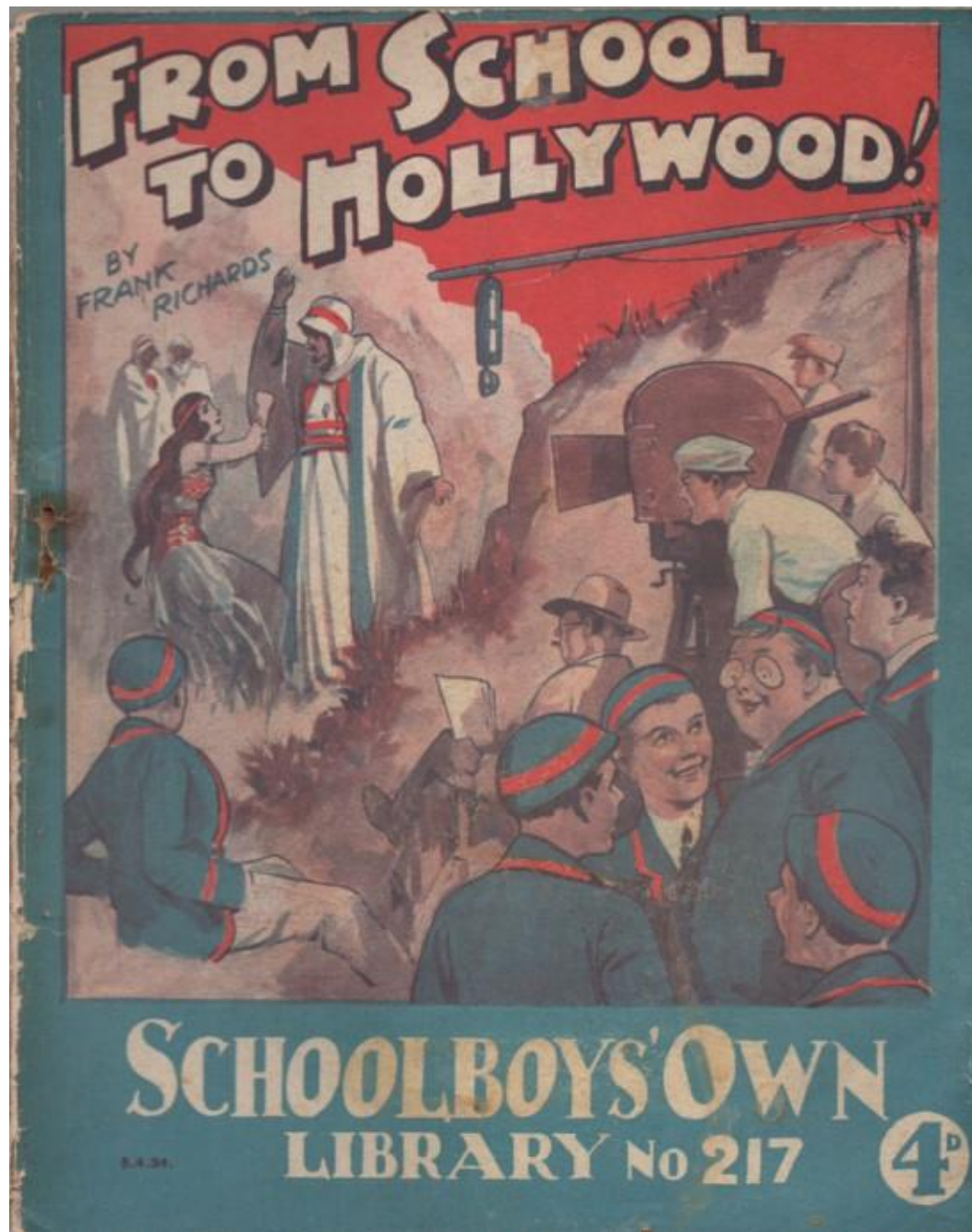
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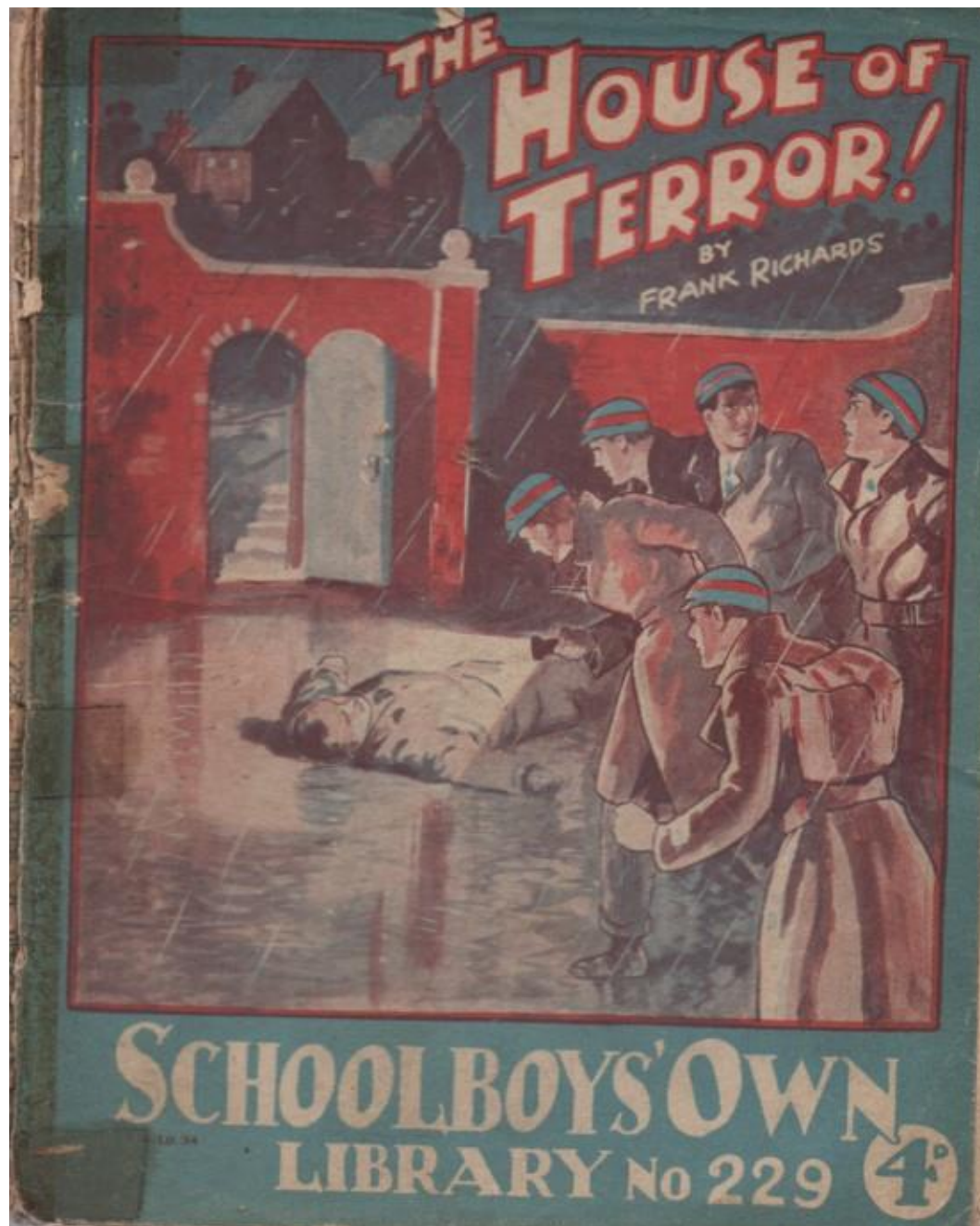


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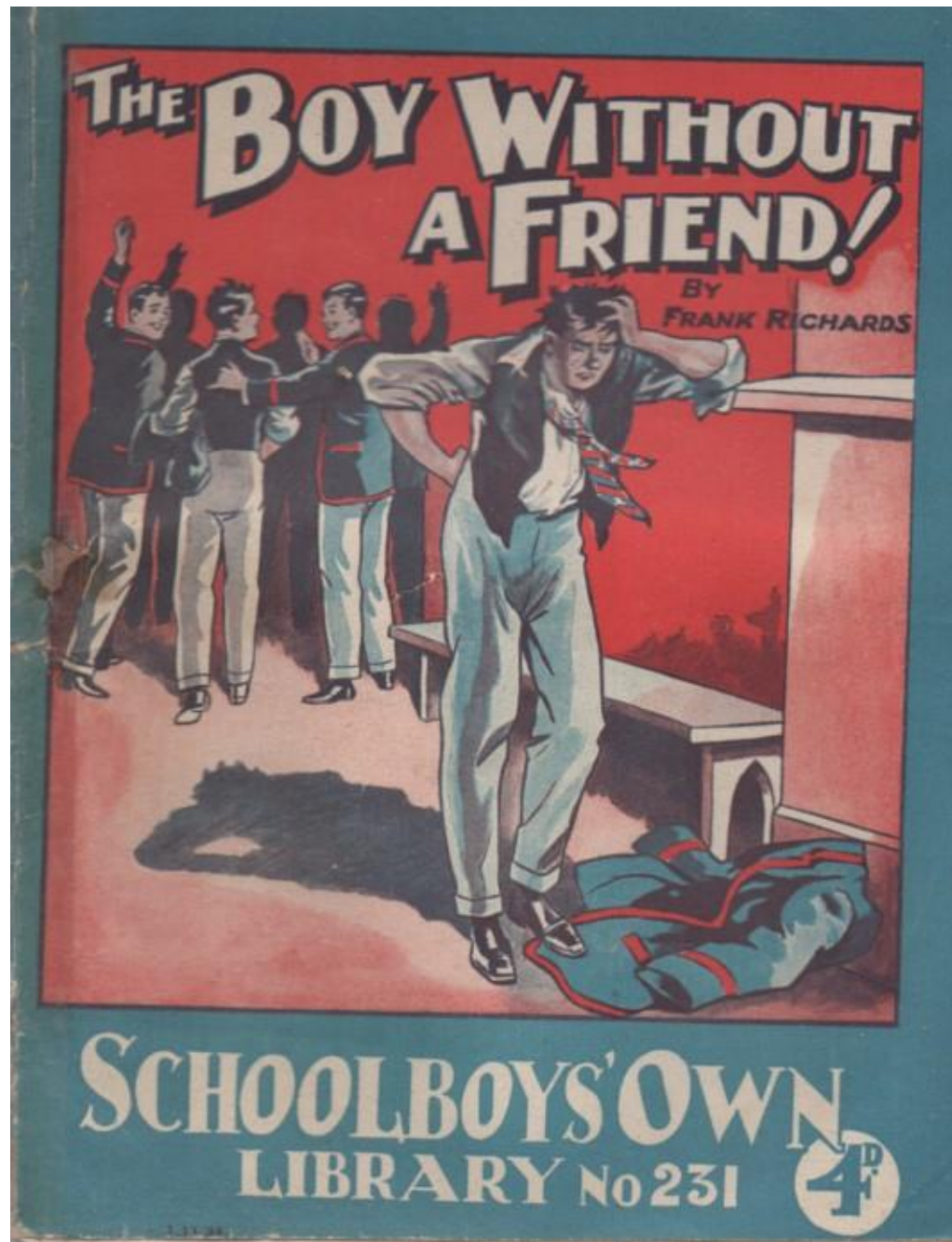
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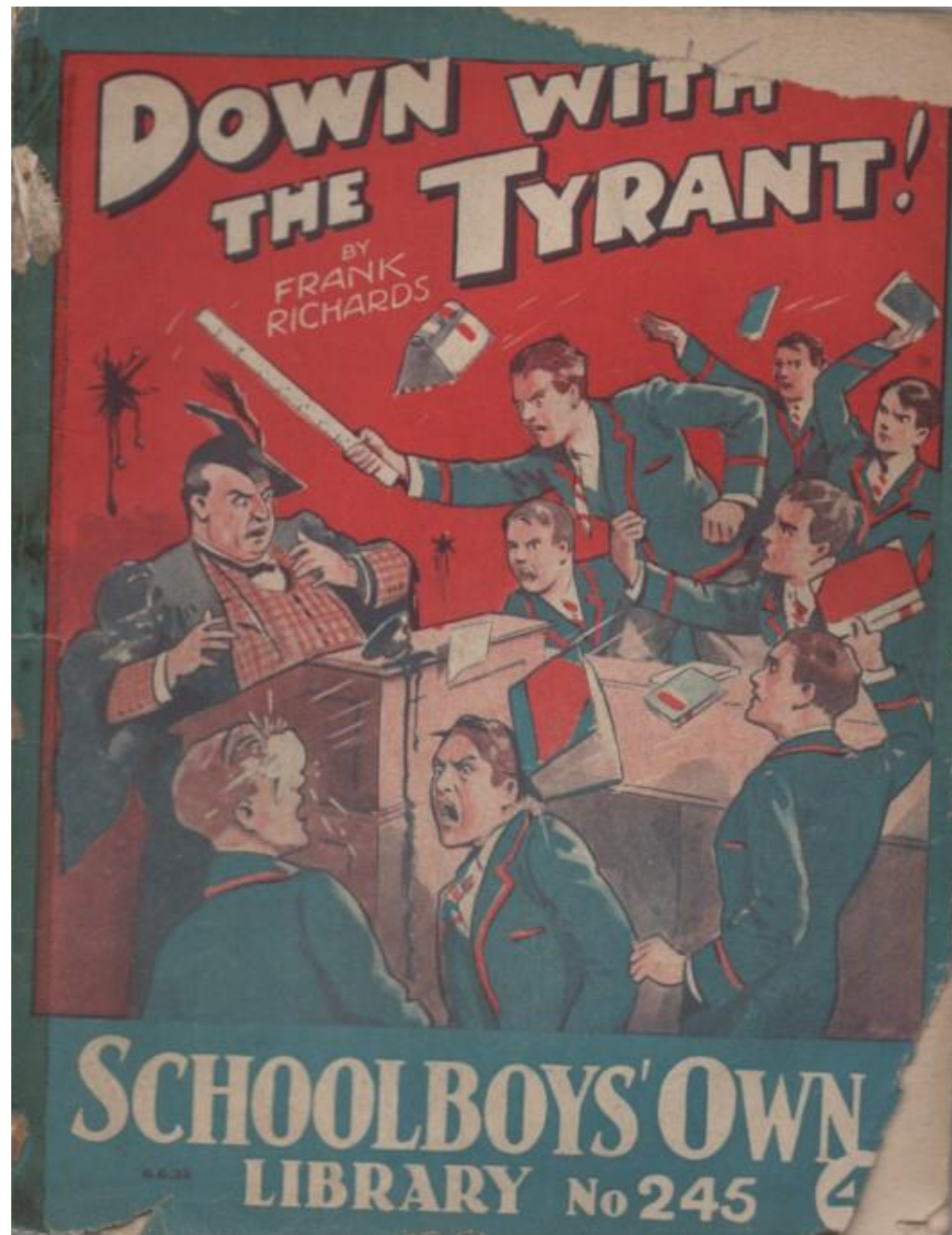
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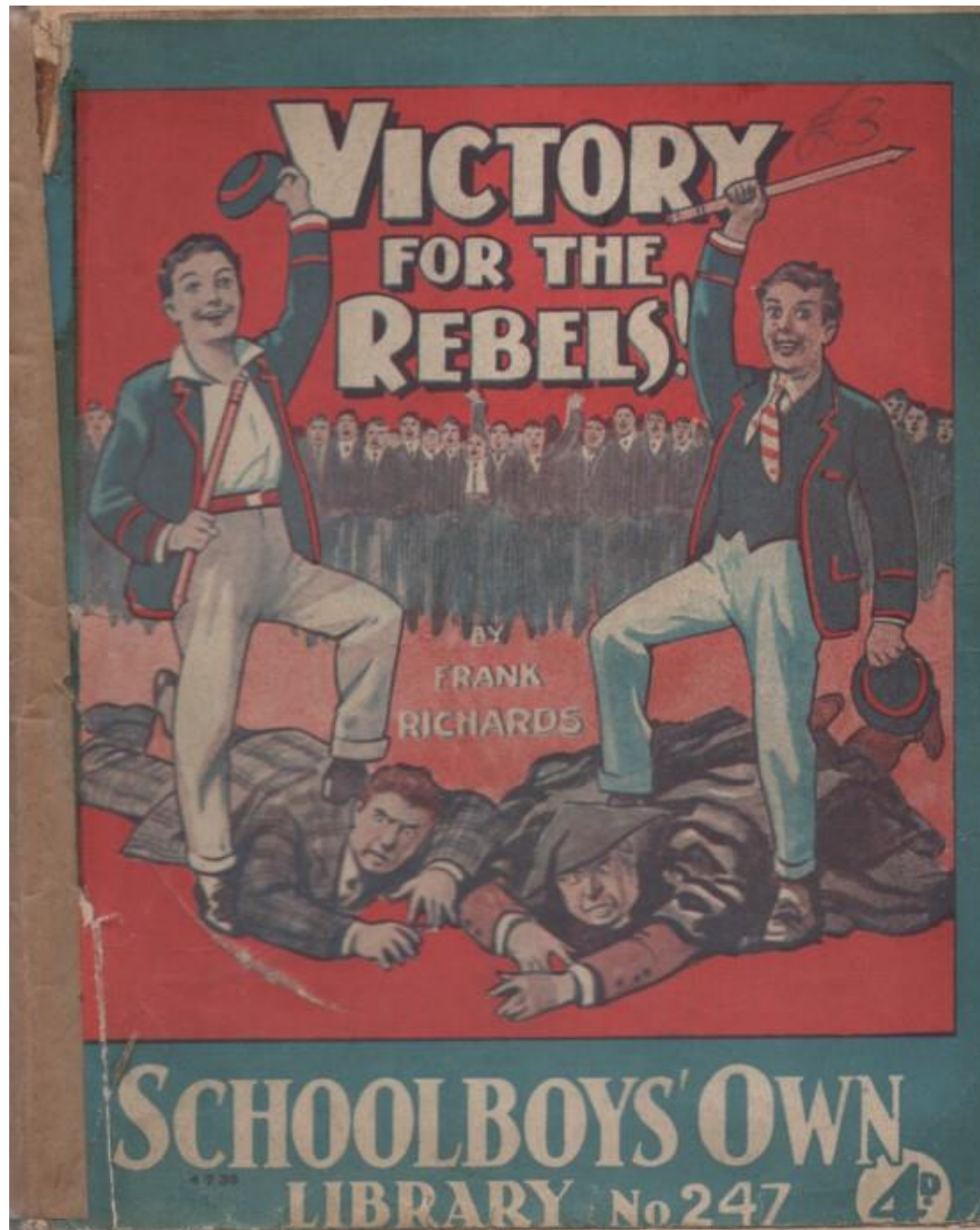
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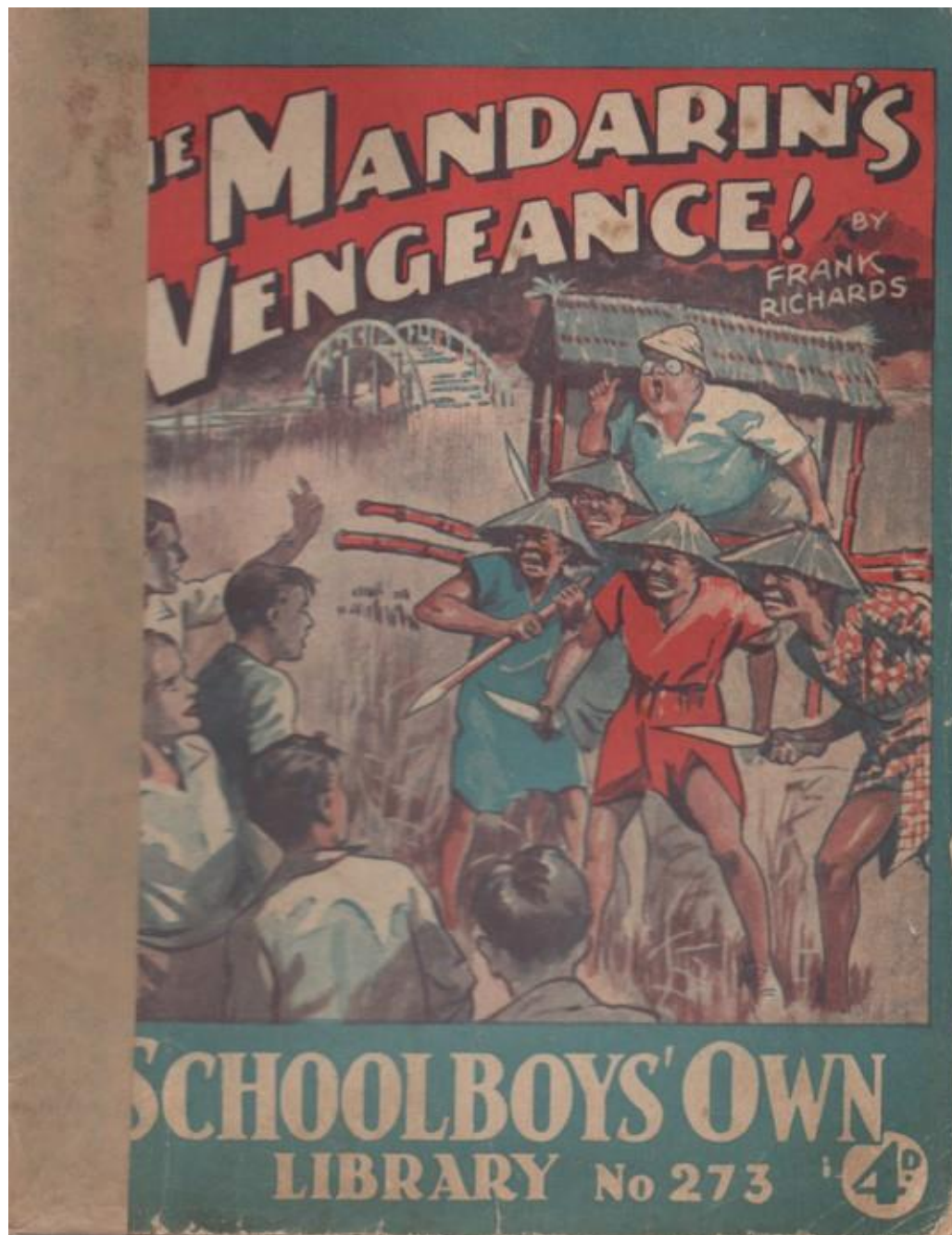
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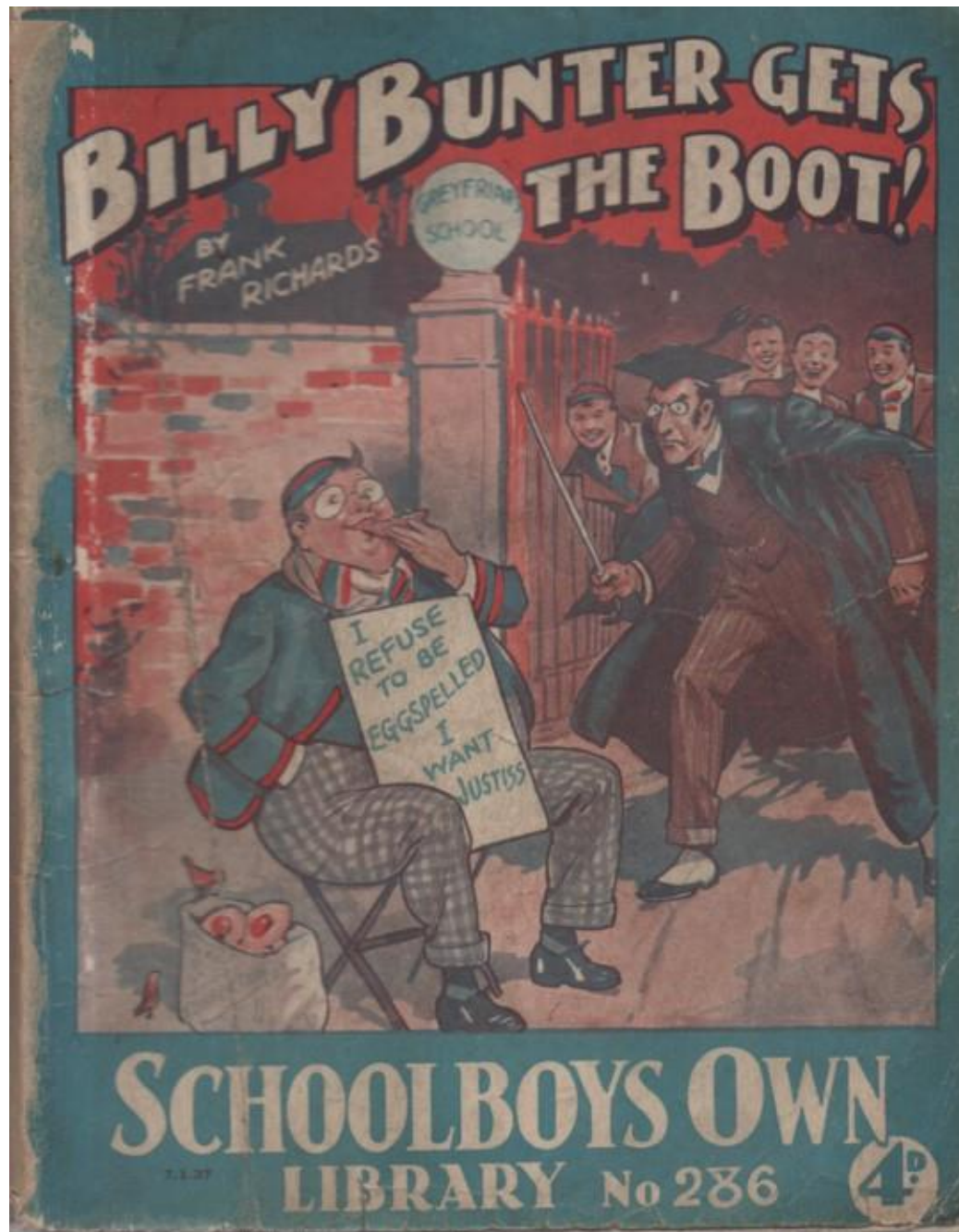


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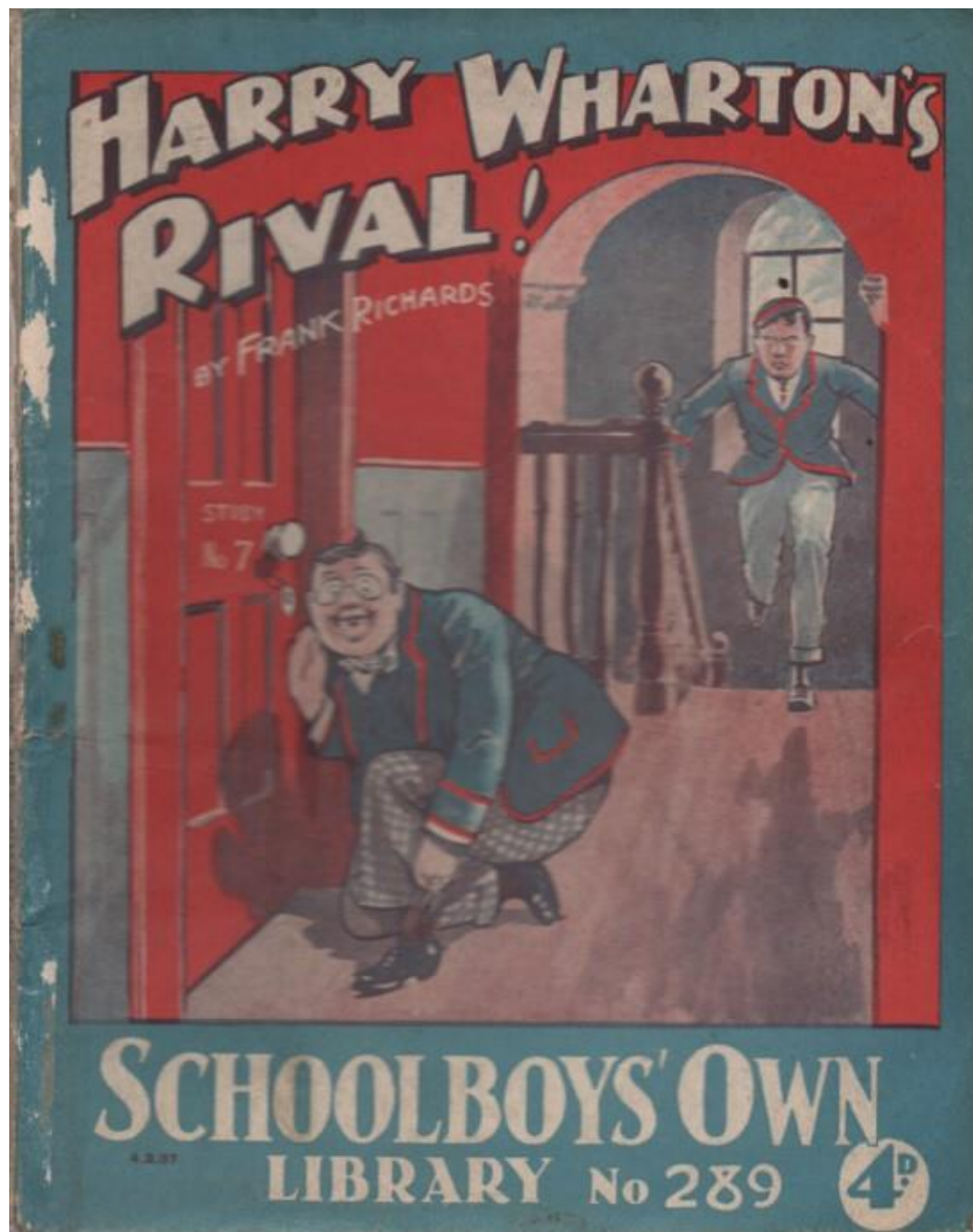
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No. 334.—THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY.

HARRY WHARTON DECLARES WAR!



By FRANK RICHARDS

Not many fellows would have the nerve to carry on a feud with a Form-master, but once Wharton's headstrong, defiant nature is roused there's no stopping him! And he declares war with a vengeance on the master of the Remove!

CHAPTER I.

The Early Bird!

"MIND you beat them, Smithy!" "We'll lick 'em all right!" returned Vernon Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, confidently. "But we're sorry, Wharton, you're not coming over with us."

"The sorrowfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh in his weird and wonderful English. "With our esteemed captain in the team the lickfulness would be terrific. But—"

"Oh, ring off, Inky!" scowled the Bounder.

As Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was "gated" for the rest

of the term it fell to Smithy's lot to take his place as captain of the Remove football team. The Bounder had no doubt that with himself as captain the Remove eleven would "lick" the Highcliffe men. But apparently Harry Wharton's pals entertained some doubts.

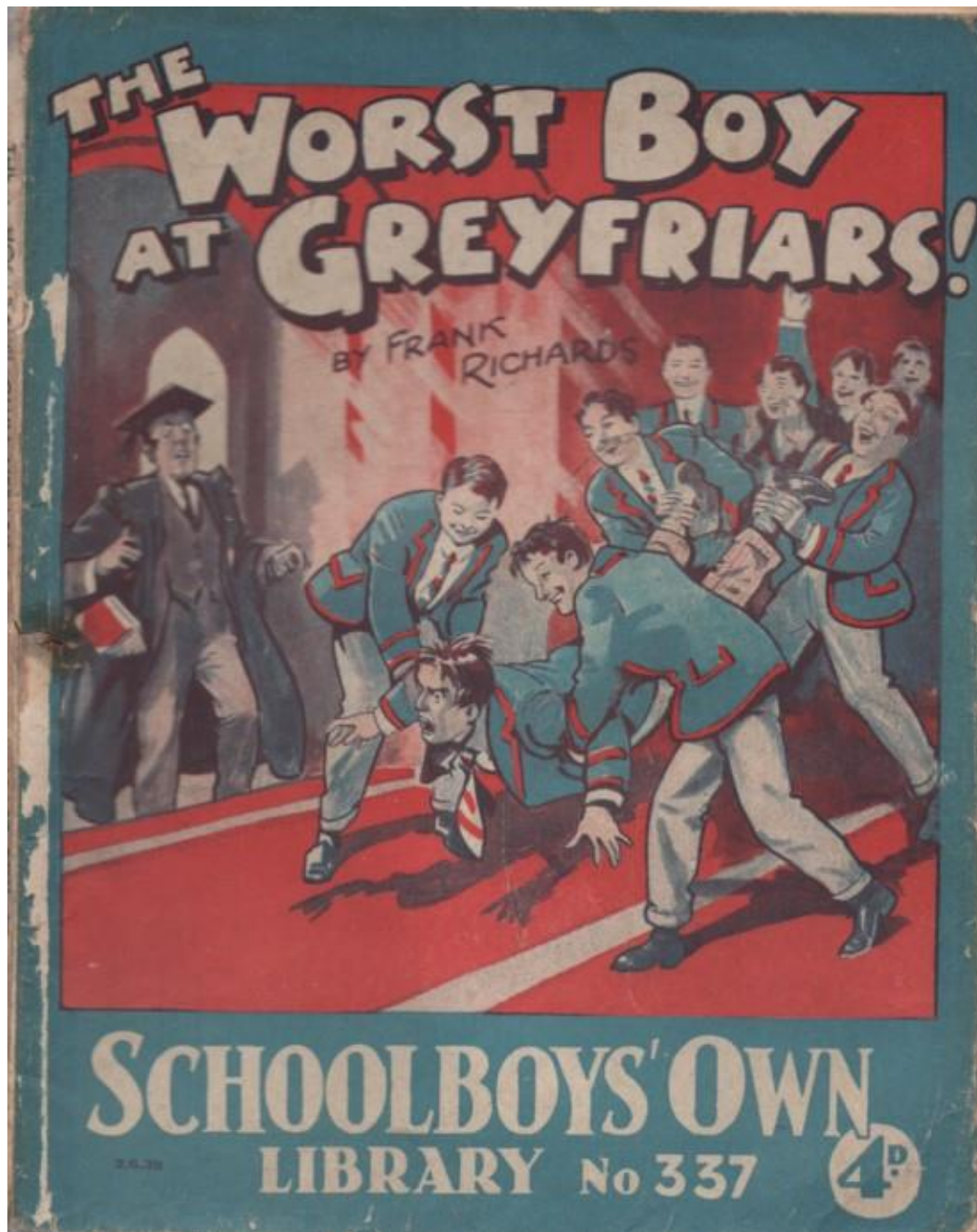
The coach was now filled to capacity. Practically every Remove man was accompanying the team to Highcliffe. And as the Bounder gave the driver the signal to start, Harry Wharton, standing at the gateway of Greyfriars, waved a parting hand, and then turned back into the quad.

From the expression on his face it would have been difficult to read his

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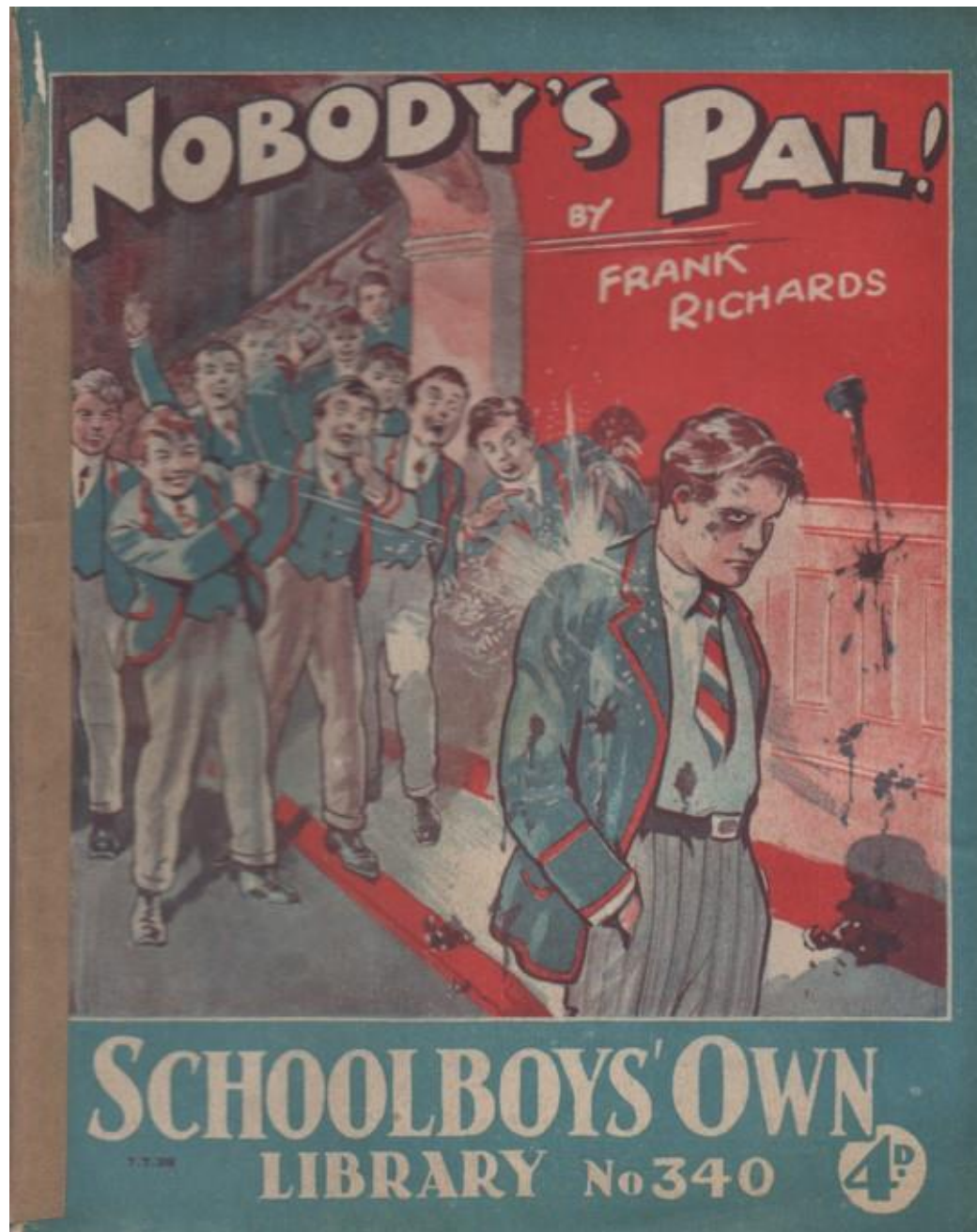
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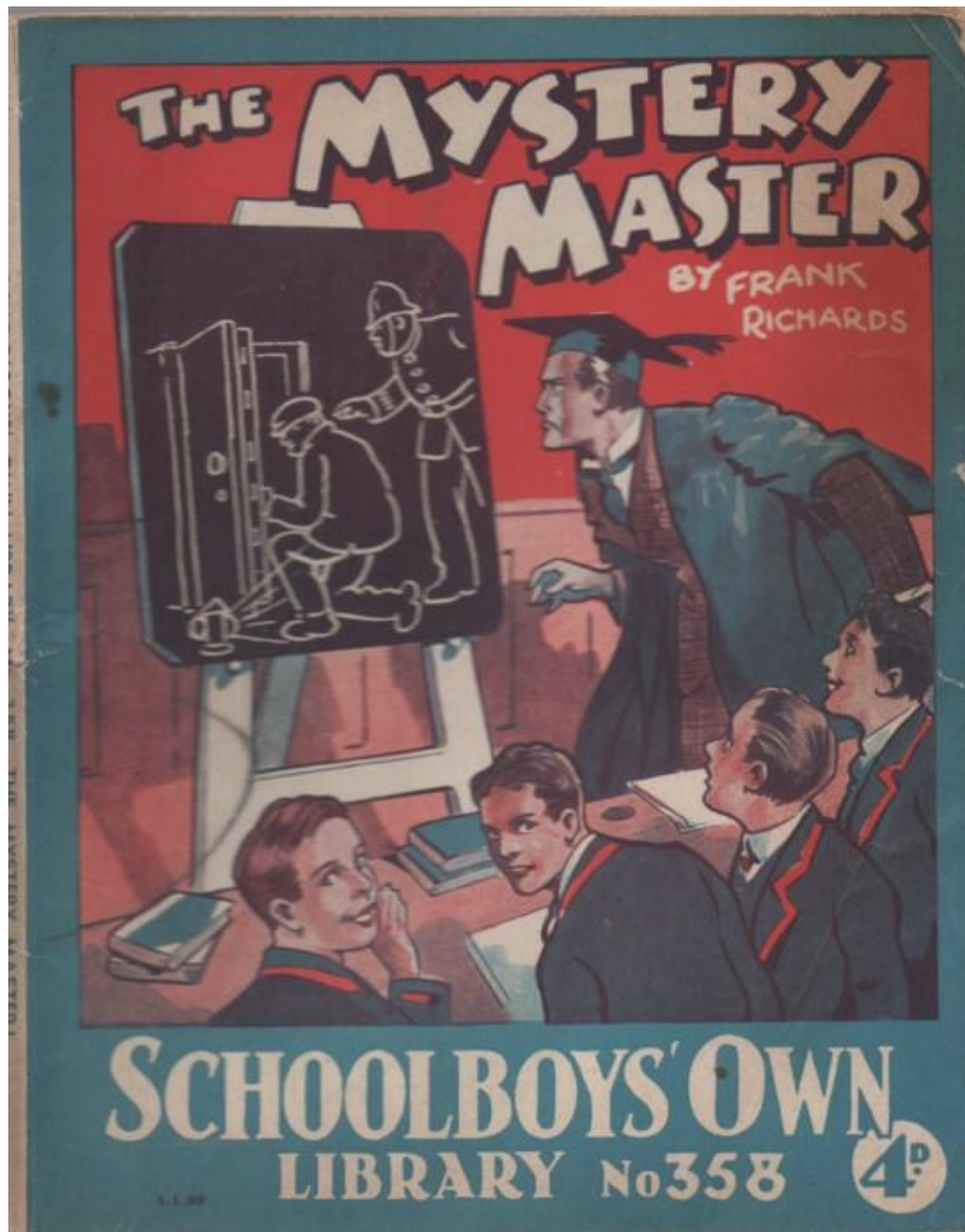
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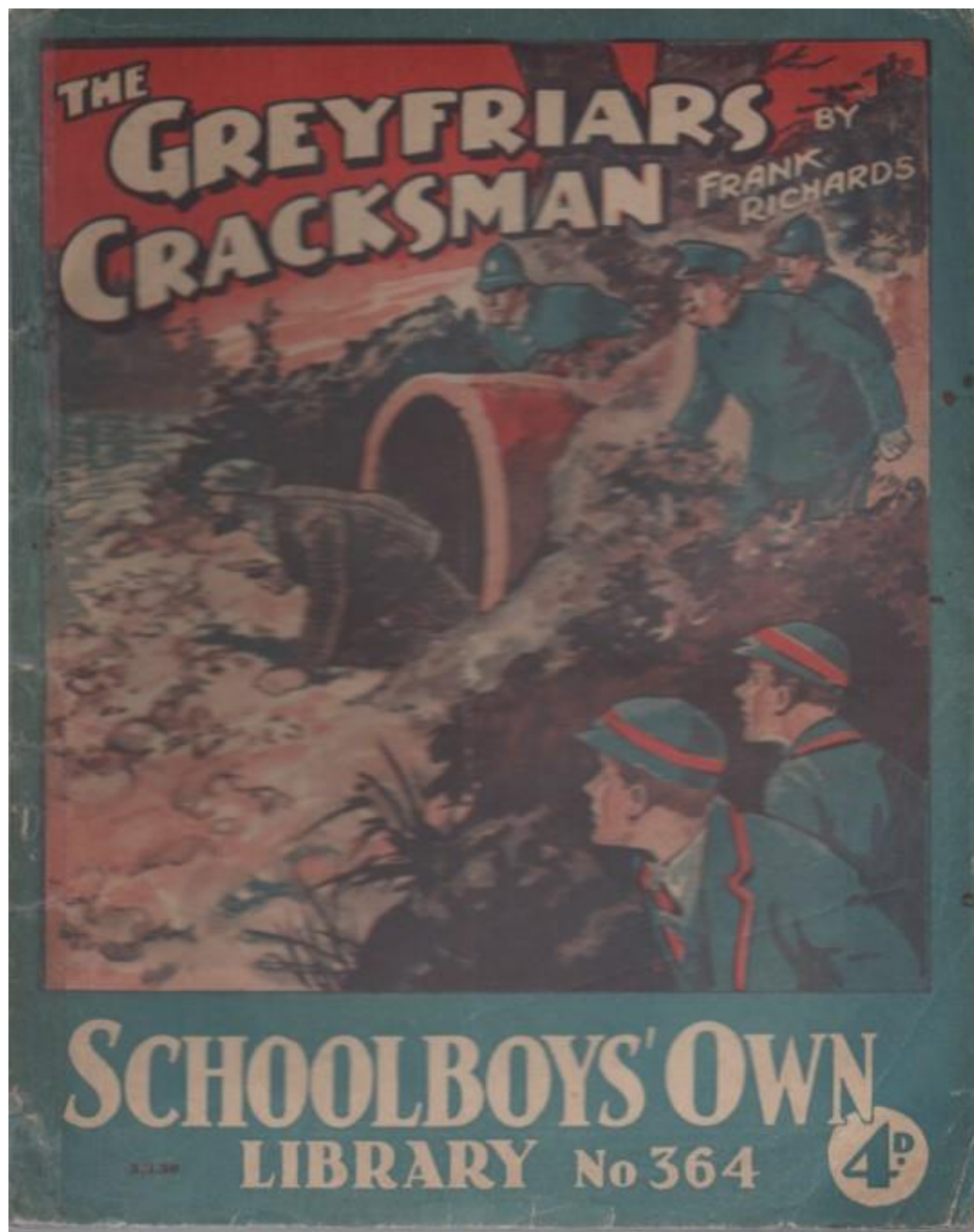
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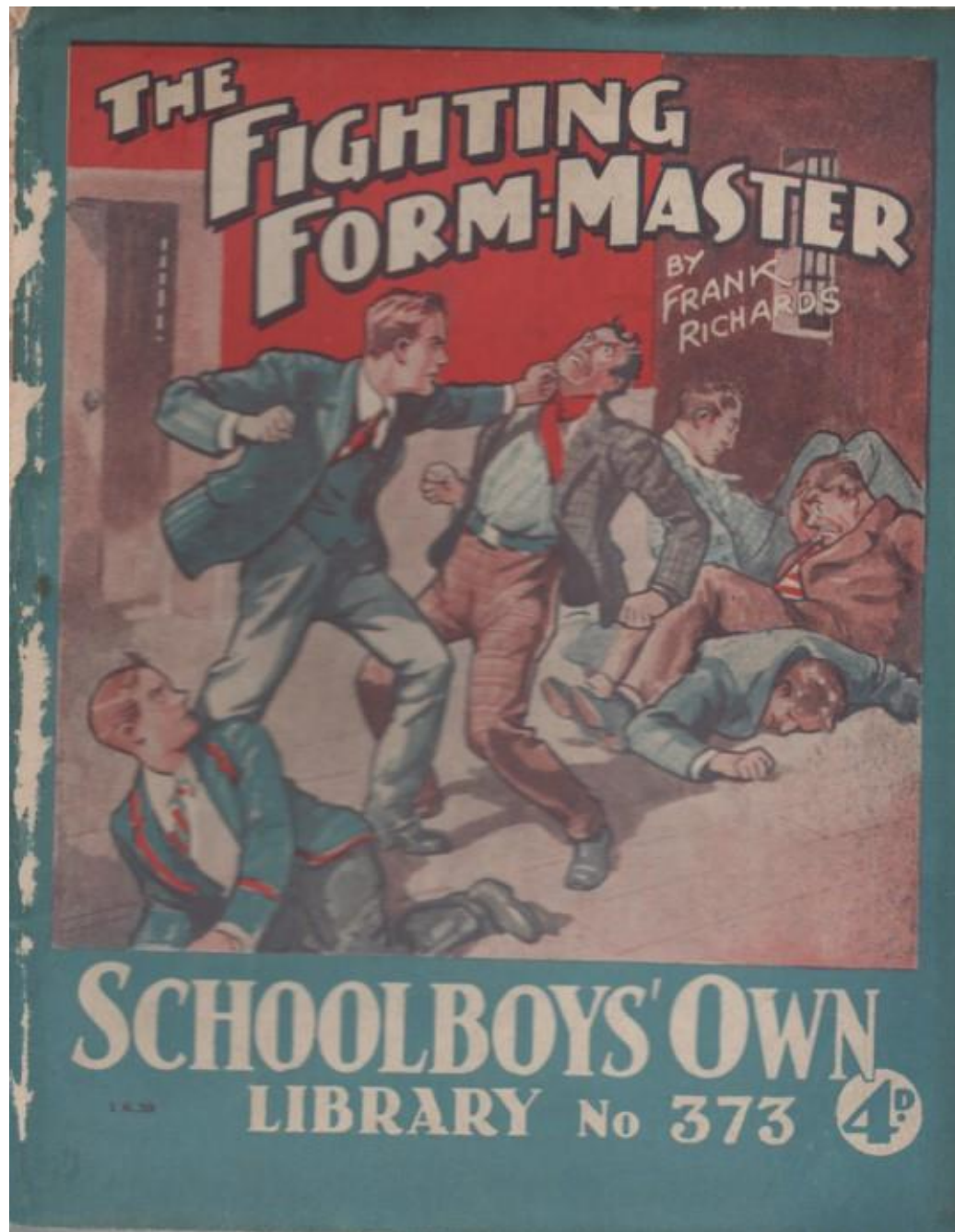
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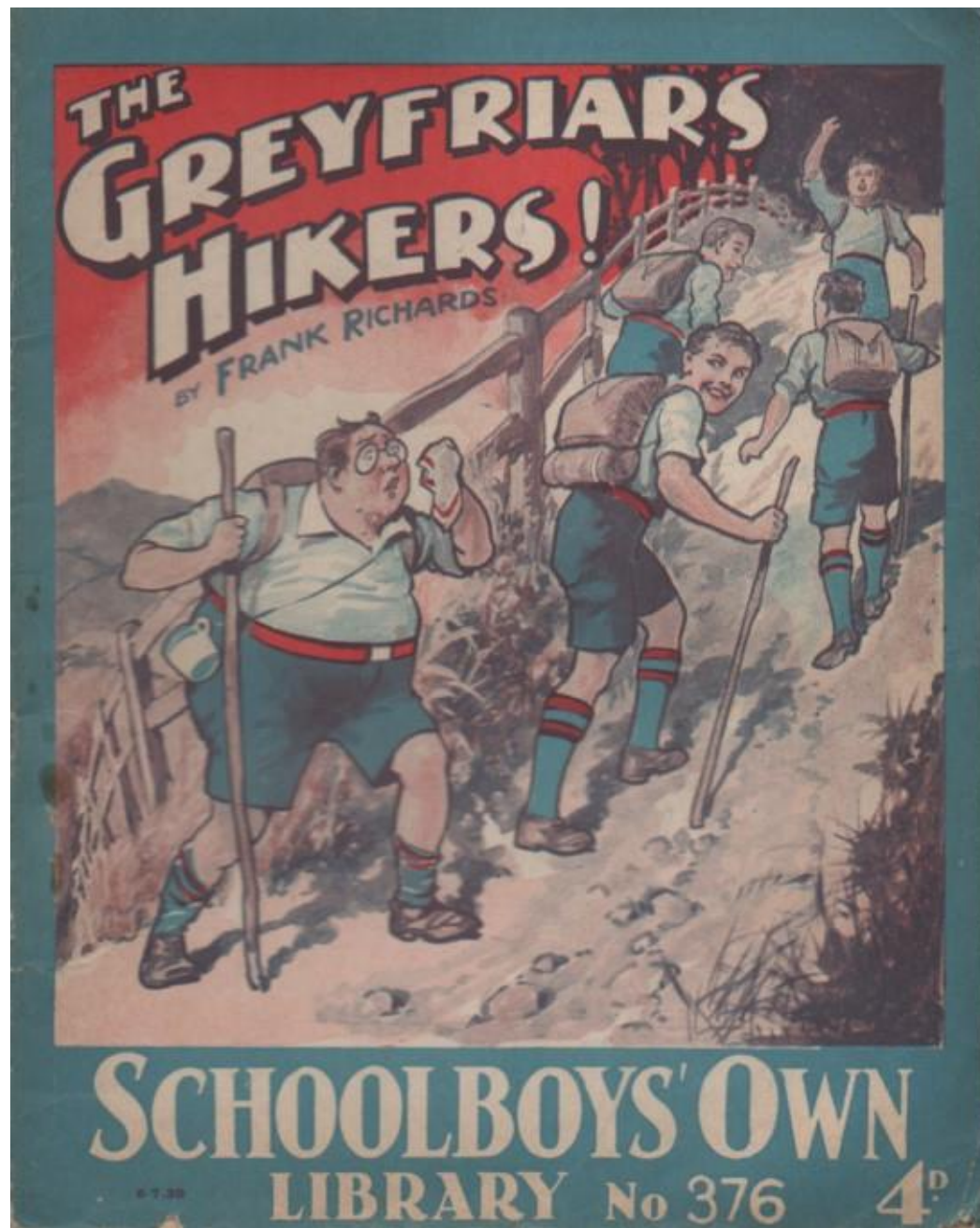
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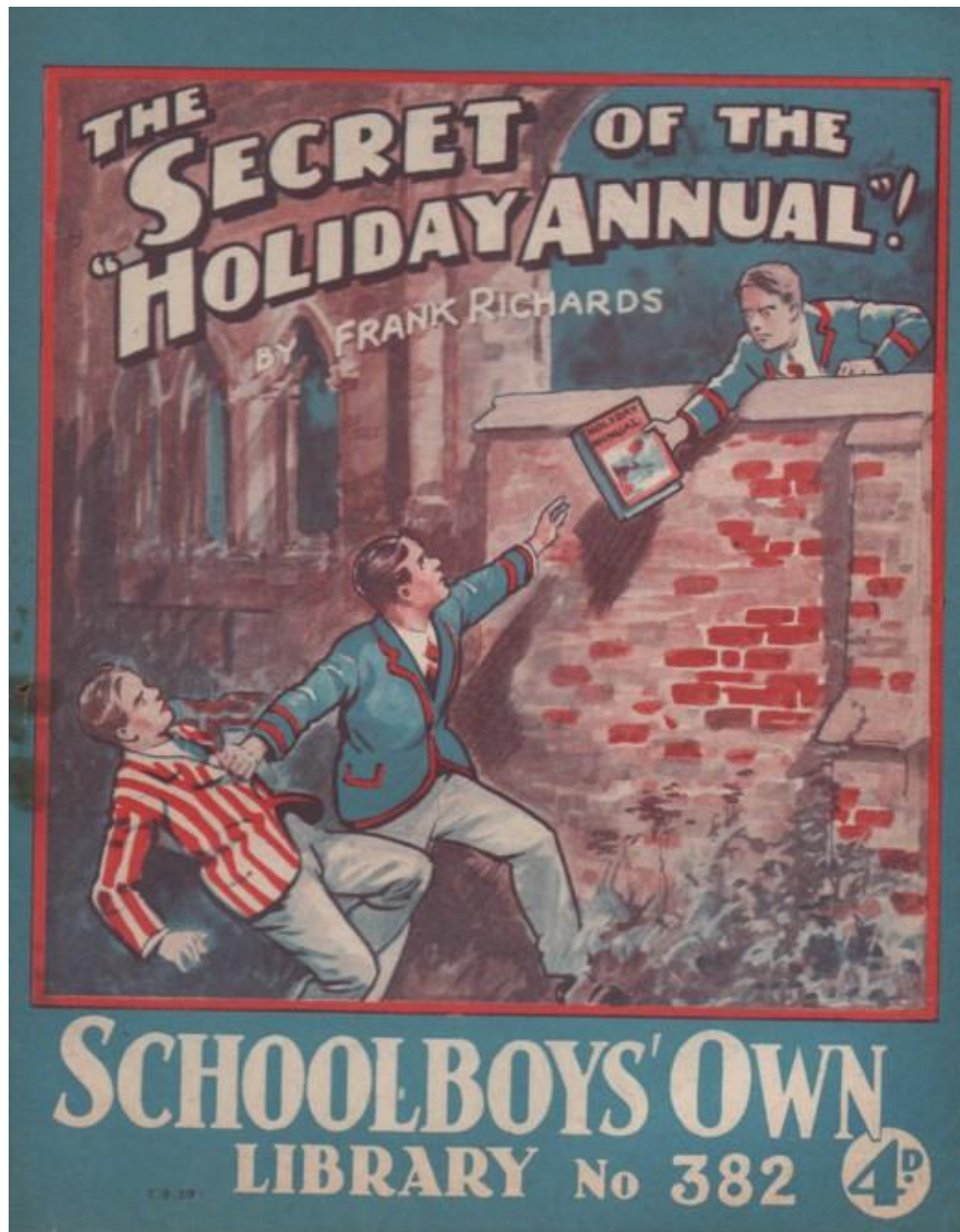


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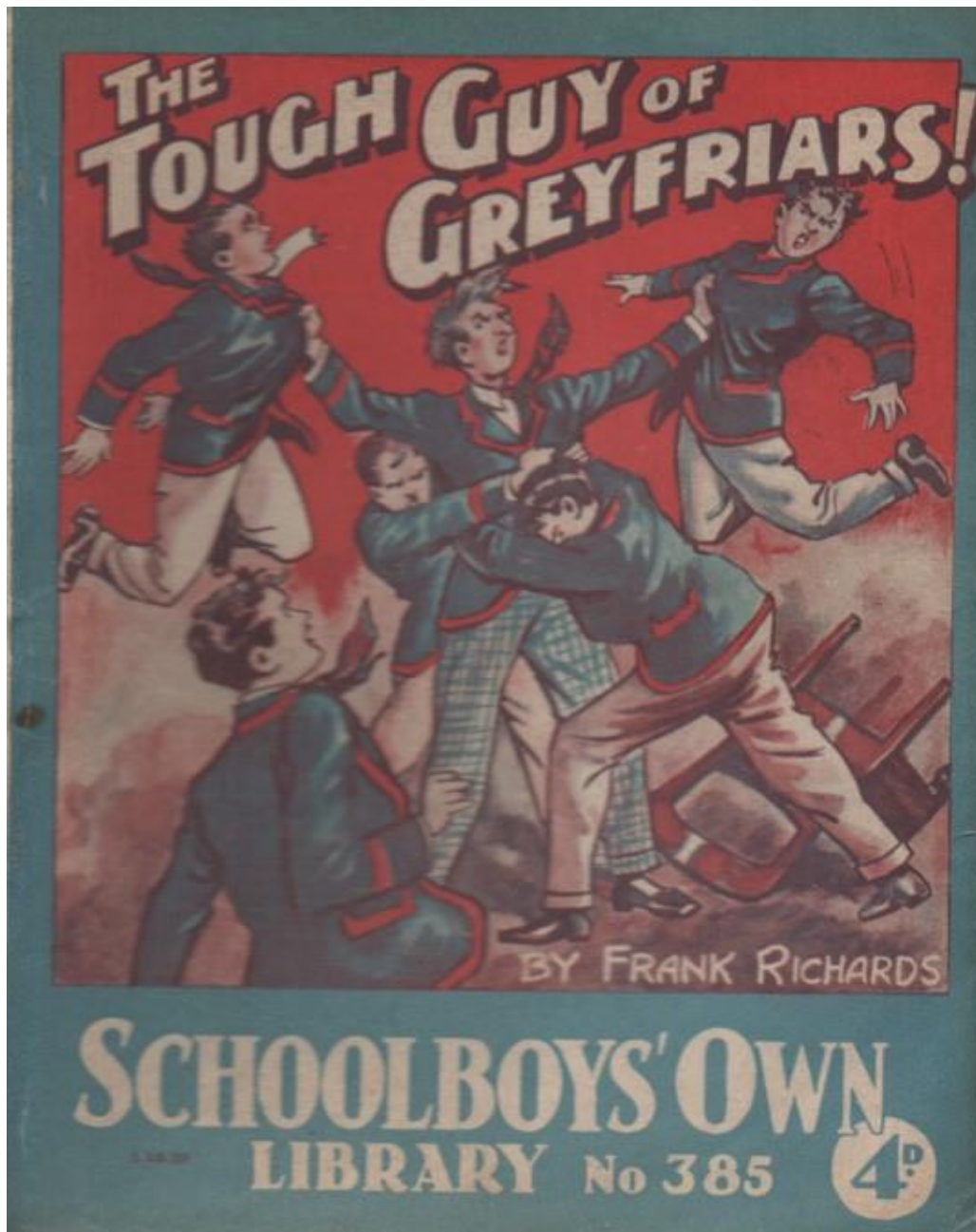


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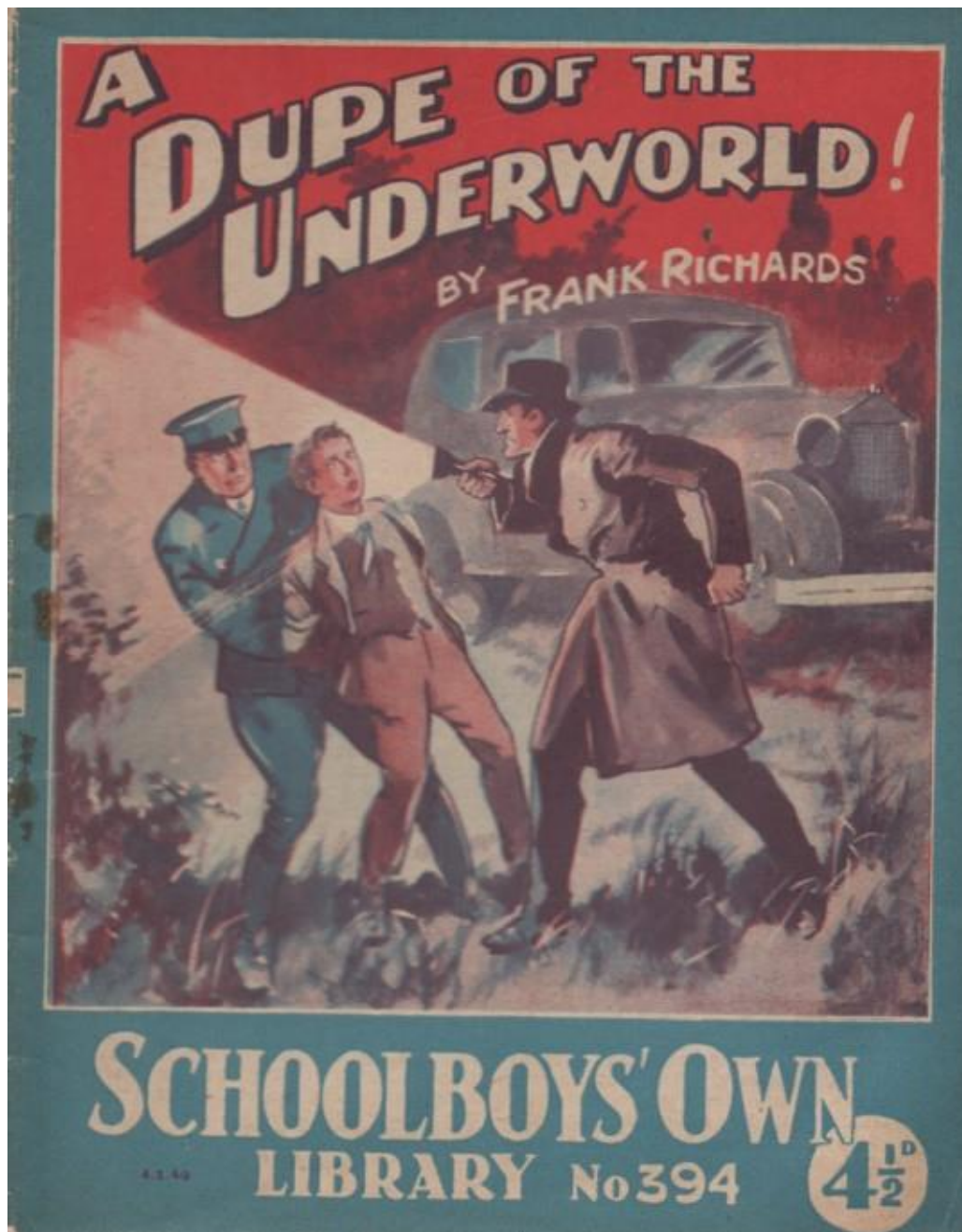
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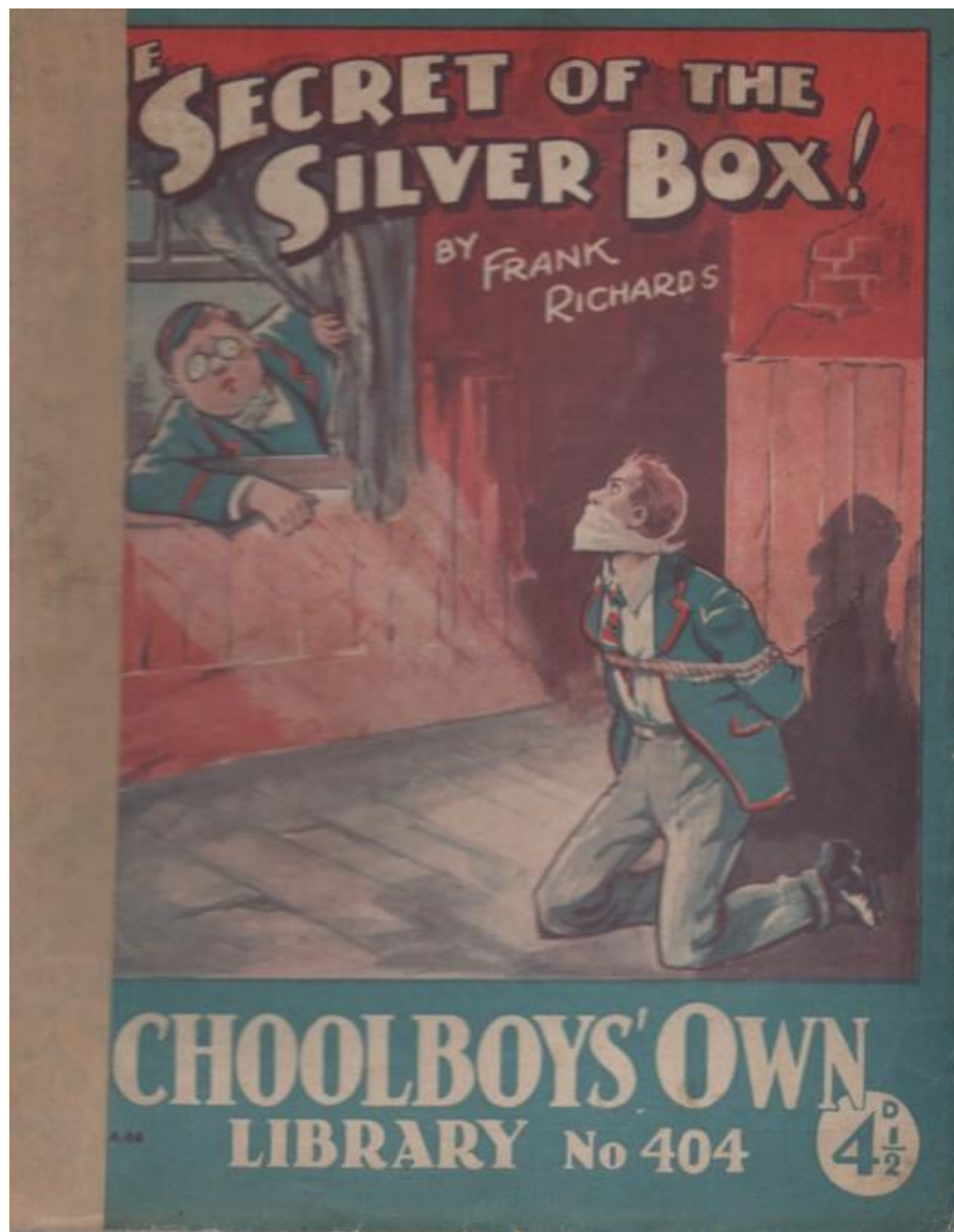
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THE MYSTERY OF STUDY N° 1!



Hidden somewhere in Greyfriars is a rich haul of banknotes . . . a haul that means endless trouble to **HARRY WHARTON & Co.**

CHAPTER I.

Coker Gets Going!

"O H, listen to the band!" chortled Bob Cherry.
Harry Wharton & Co. smiled.
Coker of the Fifth did not smile.
He glared.

If there was anything that Coker loathed, when his motor-bike wouldn't start, it was a mob of fags gathering round to watch the entertainment.

Sometimes that motor-bike went like the wind; and Coker, astride of it, careened at terrific speed, to the terror of all inhabitants. Sometimes, like the donkey in the old song, it wouldn't go!

This was one of the latter times. Way the jigger wouldn't go Coker was not aware—but it wouldn't! It uttered

what seemed to be sounds of bitter protest. It grunted; it groaned; it coughed. But it did not go.

Coker, red and ruffled, wrestled with it, persuaded it, coaxed it, and called it names in turn; but the motor-bike was deaf to the voice of the charmer.

Coker had been at work some time, and he was getting oily and grimy and frightfully exasperated, when the Famous Five came along and stopped to enjoy the show.

For long, long minutes that motor-bike had been producing music like that of a jazz band with an extra allowance of saxophones. But it seemed disinclined to further exertion. It remained where it was, and Coker of the Fifth grew redder and redder, and more and more ruffled.

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