

The COLLECTORS' DIGEST

MARCH 1958
VOL. 13, No 147

1/6



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THE COLLECTORS' DIGEST

Vol. 13 No. 147

Price 1s. 6d.

MARCH, 1959

Editor: HERBERT LECKENBY
12 Herbert Street,
Hull Road, York.

or

c/o YORK DUPLICATING SERVICES
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From the Editor's Chair

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA. A most interesting leaflet displaying photos of some of our Canadian and American chums, accompanies this issue of the C.D. It is the work of that real live wire John P. Davis of Vancouver, and entirely at his own expense. You will agree that it was very generous of him, and a jolly good idea. John has asked me to thank publicly Ray Hopkins, Tex Rickard, Jimmy Iraldi, Bernard Thorne and all the others who helped by supplying photographs and information.

Incidentally, Bob Whiter used the same photo of Bill Gander when he did the cover for the Annual. A glance at the sketch and the photo certainly proves that Bob did make an excellent job of it.

* * * *

AN ENTERTAINING AFTERNOON. The other day I paid one of my now infrequent (thanks to the C.D.) visits to a cinema. The film was "Home Before Dark" in which Dan O'Herlihy plays opposite Jean Simmons. Seeing Dan is one of our members (you all know of his interest in Magnets and Gems), it was of special interest and I thoroughly enjoyed the over two hours it took to run. For, apart from the prominent part Dan has, it's a most interesting film. I advise you to see it if you can.

* * * *

THE ANNUAL. Since last month I have had letters from one or two

collectors who were of the opinion that rather too much space was devoted to the Hamilton papers. Fair enough, for they are entitled to their opinion. But the answer, of course, is in the "Collectors Who's Who". I tremble to think how many letters of protest I should receive if I made much cutting down of the Hamilton section.

As for the subs. outstanding, my appeal last month brought some response but not as much as I had hoped for. Come on you fellows to whom it applies, and thus help to reduce the anxieties of

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT LECKENBY

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Blakiana....

Conducted by JOSEPHINE PACKMAN

27 Archdale Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E. 22.

This is a crucial time for we Blake lovers. His fate now hangs in the balance, and it is up to every reader of Blakiana to do his or her share to see that he does not die. I therefore ask each and every one of you to rally round and buy the issues of the S.B. Library - not only for yourself but extra copies for a friend. In this way we can, collectively, not only do our bit in terms of 'circulation figures' but also express to Mr. W. Howard Baker, the Editor (who has worked so hard to keep Blake alive), our appreciation for the way in which he has endeavoured to please 'the old brigade'. Remember, it is up to every one of you; so please do your bit is the earnest request of your conductress

JOSIE PACKMAN

* * * * *

THE HANDS OF TIME

By Elizabeth (Bette) J. Pate

PART THREE

Now the tempo of existence has changed into the swift rush of jets, the maelstrom of the hydrogen bomb - countries once far distant are now close neighbours by reason of the wonder of aeronautics and the bondage of a common fear in this brave new world.

The hour hand moves swiftly round the face of time but the slow old pendulum is heavy, archaic, in this age of devastating speed.

In the past, experience has been synonymous with age but now the accent everywhere is changed and we find the business executives, scientists, service personnel all younger men, who find their specialised knowledge fits them for positions held in former years by venerable grey beards, who had qualified for their positions in most cases by reason of age or years of service.

Attuned to the tempo of the times we find that the metamorphosis in Sexton Blake has been sudden and startling. As the pendulum has swung sharply forward jet-propelled in this year of grace, 1956, we find that the modern Blake, to balance this, has stepped backwards in age to be rejuvenated. Younger in years (and in heart) he is very much the gay cavalier of the New Elizabethan Age and we find the accent placed now on

action. Of course, Blake, unlike his early contemporary, Sherlock Holmes, has always been primarily a man of action and secondly a thinker. His energy has always been more important - and rightly - to theorising from trifles - now however there is time only for swift, breathtaking action.

No longer does he transact his business in the quiet dignity of his Baker Street flat - in a chromium plated, coldly efficient office he has now become "Sexton Blake Investigations" of Berkeley Square, with Edward Carter, the quondam Tinker, as his chief operative, and a blonde secretary, Miss Paula Dane, generously endowed by Nature, as his main associate. Blake first met Paula when he saved her life whilst investigating the De Courcy case, and attracted by her blonde loveliness and personal courage offered her a place in his employ. Rather a nice, unobtrusive character, is Blake's receptionist, Marion Leng. Aged about twenty she is slim, dark haired with doe-like eyes and a deep abiding loyalty for her exciting employer. She shares the outer office with a rather interesting middle-aged typist, Miss Pringle, with whom Blake shared secret service work in the war years (at times Miss Pringle sounds like a rejuvenated Mrs. Bardell as she worries over the detective in his hazardous undertakings).

With the accent on youth and action rather than experience and intellect Blake has changed from the dignified man of logic and science to a virile adventurer who solves his problems physically rather than mentally. As always, he is still the gentleman but it must be admitted that he is a lot more aware of the ladies now than ever before.

Also we find that his relationship with Tinker has undergone a startling change - the twenty years between has shrunk considerably and whilst Blake has grown younger Tinker has grown older. In place of the former warm camaraderie of their elder/younger brother relationship we have the modern, casual, businesslike partnership - brittle and rather cold with little depth of feeling. They are very much business partners, running a machine-like organisation with little time for old-fashioned emotions.

Naturally Blake has changed physically and as James Stagg paints his portrait in "Assignment in Beirut" we see him very clearly: "He is tall, something over six feet and the width of his shoulders had nothing to do with the ability of his tailor. His face was long, thin and intelligent whilst his grey eyes were seaman's eyes, clear and focussed clearly into the way ahead - direct and unwavering. Dark hair (brushed back from a high forehead) came down in a "V" and was relieved

by one or two early kinks, and set off the lean tanned face that had not one ounce of superfluous flesh. At his temples the darkness of his hair was flecked with iron grey."

As always he walks easily and with athletic grace, but the old familiar tweeds have given way to the double-breasted business suit in charcoal grey, white shirt and a patterned tie in silk.foulard - he carries a curly-brimmed grey homburg.

He has a trade mark now - gone are the old familiar pipe and stained red dressing gown without which no stage was set at Baker Street for the man of thought.....these props fairly reeked of the old era. Now his hallmark is hooked satanic eyebrows, presumably because they give his face a rakish, devil-may-care appearance which sets the pattern for this very modern detective.

No longer is Blake "persona grata" with Scotland Yard. On the contrary, relations are very strained and he is very much just a private detective instead of the private detective of former days. Certain Yard men of course are still friendly, but officially connections between Blake and the Yard are almost non-existent.... perhaps in the past some writers have shown the detective's genius at the expense of the official man and it is a good thing to see this in its right perspective, but not so drastically expressed as here.

The famous Rolls-Royce, the Grey Panther, has been replaced by a Bentley - presumably more in keeping with this jet age....somehow the Rolls does conjure up another era!

At first after Paula Dane joined with Blake, Edward Carter, relegated to the Records Department, took very little active part in the detective's cases and the detective with his blonde secretary became the new team. And the character of Edward Carter, at times lacking in depth appeared as a shadow of the erudite, personable young man of former days - he had grown older certainly but had become a more shadowy and colourless personality, seldom allowed to appear on the scene.

But perhaps you are asking - what of Blake of today, in this year of grace? The picture has changed a little in the past two years - the focus has sharpened, the image has become clearer. Now Sexton Blake of Berkeley Square is emerging once more as the private detective. With his personality more finely drawn there is a subtle blending of the old and the new, and we are seeing the best of the two worlds. And once more Tinker has become a deeper, better drawn character and has entered into a new partnership with Blake, sharing with him now as before and going forward together to even greater fame.

The Circle of time is complete and once more the hands on the clock come together, they meet.....hesitate - then swiftly gathering momentum, race towards the new century.

And will there be a place in this new age for our old friend? Knowing his adaptability I have no doubt there will be. Will we recognise him? Perhaps! By that time no doubt we too will have grown blasé about space-ships and inter-planetary travel, and a Space Detective will not be beyond the realms of our imagination - doubtless Scotland Yard will be fully air-borne and we will find Blake and Tinker nonchalantly donning their space suits and pocketing their ray guns before boarding their rocket ships to follow the trail in this new dimension. Far-fetched, you say? Well, that is probably what readers of the Marvel would have said in 1893 if it had been suggested that their favourite detective would be flying in jet planes faster than sound - yesterday's impossibilities so soon become today's commonplace, and Man, fortunately, can accept this constantly changing scene and still retain comparative sanity.

Even as I write American scientists have launched a rocket to orbit the moon - to the Victorian this would have been straight from the pen of Jules Verne, yet we, in 1958, are quite calm about it all, accepting these scientific discoveries if not without a twinge of fear, at least with an outward appearance of aplomb typical of this blasé age. So it will be with Blake ever moving with the times - accepting the seeming miraculous and turning it to his advantage in his ceaseless war against crime.

"The clock", you ask. "What has happened to the grandfather clock?"

My dear sir, time may be relative in this space age, but in spite of the speed of travel etc., Man's life will still be measured by a finite number of ticks of the grandfather clock, so despite its quaint form it will still have its place in the future as measuring the basic unit of time.

EPILOGUE

Time:- Your "Golden Years" of Blake.

There was the sound of a door opening and the sudden shaft of sunlight rushed on the ancient face of the grandfather clock. For one fleeting moment of time it seemed to come alive with an expression all its own. Then with a sharp click the door closed, shutting out the light. As the two figures crossed the hall the younger one turned to his tall companion with a quiet laugh.

"You know, Guv'nor, sometimes I've had the strangest feeling about 'Grandpa' there - can't help thinking he's almost human, watching me - a bit like the Recording Angel!" he finished with a mock shiver as they mounted the stairs together.

"Well, Tinker" Sexton Blake replies with a quizzical lift of his eye brows, "fancy you getting notions like that in your old age....it never used to bother you when you slid down the bannisters in your exuberant youth and missed that clock by inches." Then he was suddenly serious, "Yes, old chap, I know what you mean - felt that way at times myself. But I must admit I've always thought of him as a benevolent old fellow - he's seen much of life, you know, and he has perhaps developed the wisest philosophy....'see all, think long, speak seldom'."

"I really feel that one day he will have something to say guv'nor" Tinker replied as they crossed the landing.

The closing door shut off the sound of their voices and down in the hall, the stately old clock ticked on, his enigmatic face bland as ever - or was it? Perhaps it was merely a trick of the light filtering in above the door, merely imagination, but I could have sworn that for a fleeting instant it wore a knowing smile! But who am I to say - and who can say it didn't?

* * *

THE SEXTON BLAKE CIRCLE

A Special Meeting of the Sexton Blake Circle was held at 27, Archdale Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22, on Sunday, January 18th, 1959. In opening the Meeting the Chairman, Len Packman, said that this Special Meeting had been called in consequence of the article on the Sexton Blake Circle appearing in one of the January issues of the S.B. Library. He went on to say that he had received a number of letters requesting membership. In every case he had sent a personal reply together with a pamphlet setting out the purposes of the Circle and the rules governing membership. The results were already forthcoming, as quite a few new members had now been enrolled. The Chairman's action was unanimously approved.

A discussion on the Sexton Blake Circle Feature for the 1959 Collectors' Digest Annual then took place and a programme drawn up, subject to revision if necessary.

A full Meeting will be held later in the year, the date to be announced in Blakiana at least one month in advance. Thus all members who will be able to attend can be assured of a warm welcome.

It was pleasing to record that a Sexton Blake Library written by one of our members, Rex Dolphin, was to be published shortly. The Meeting opened at 8 p.m. and closed at 9 p.m.

* * * * *

UNION JACK TITLES - YEAR 1915 (JULY - DECEMBER)

No. 612	The Spectre of the Normanville's.....	M. Osborne
No. 613	Scoundrels All (Rymer).....	G. H. Teed
No. 614	The Secret of Kilchester Towers (Yvonne).....	G. H. Teed
No. 615	In London's Labrynth.....	
No. 616	Bribery and Corruption (Hammerton Palmer).....	G. H. Teed
No. 617	The Prisoner of the Dardanelles.....	W. M. Graydon
No. 618	Sexton Blake, Pirate (Rymer).....	G. H. Teed
No. 619	The Mark of the Maimed Hand (A. Dexter).....	M. Osborne
No. 620	The Case of the Cataleptic (1st Kestrel).....	L. Jackson
No. 621	The Vengeance of the Black Hand.....	W. M. Graydon
No. 622	The Case of the Cabinet Minister.....	G. H. Teed
No. 623	The Case of the 'Frisco Leper (Rymer).....	G. H. Teed
No. 624	At Four O'Clock (1st Humble Begge).....	A. Murray
No. 625	In Time of War.....	W. M. Graydon
No. 626	The Death Sleep (H. Begge).....	A. Murray
No. 627	The Case of the Junior Cashier.....	
No. 628	The Man who Made Good.....	W. M. Graydon
No. 629	Self-Accused (H. Begge).....	A. Murray
No. 630	The Case of the Audley Tiara (Plummer).....	M. Osborne
No. 631	The Man with the Scarred Neck (Yvonne).....	G. H. Teed
No. 632	The Counterfeiters (Ezra Q. Maitland).....	M. Osborne
No. 633	Fugitives from Justice (Yvonne).....	G. H. Teed
	(No. 633 Xmas Double Number, dated 27.11.1915)	
No. 634	In the Heart of London.....	
No. 635	The Case of the Engleby Ear-rings (Plummer).....	M. Osborne
No. 636	The Case of the African Missionary (H. Begge).....	A. Murray
No. 637	Tried in Camera.....	W. M. Graydon

(Number 612 is dated 3rd July, 1915 and Number 637 is dated 25th Dxcember, 1915).

* * * * *

Full correction to "100th Birthday" article published January. Blake 20 years old in 1878, hence born 1858 and 100 years old 1958.

* * * * *

HAMILTONIANA

compiled by HERBERT LECKENBY

MIDLAND CLUB MEMBERS ON TELEVISION! On February 7th I received the following letter from Television Studios, Lime Grove:

Dear Mr. Leckenby,

Your name has been given to me by Mr. Packman. We are considering doing a small feature on the people who keep up their interest in Frank Richards' characters and writing and I believe that you print privately a magazine devoted to the subject. Would it be possible for you to send me a few recent issues for us to look at? We should like to have them quite early next week and could either reimburse you for them or send them back to you later if you would prefer.

It would be very kind of you to do this for me.

Yours sincerely,

BARBARA VESEY BROWN (Miss)

("Tonight" Programme)

I sent off a parcel straight away including a copy of the Magnet Golden Jubilee number.

Len Packman had advised that the Midland Club should be approached and this was done. Despite the short notice their energetic secretary, Harry Broster, succeeded in getting 15 members together and a recording was made for the popular programme "To-night".

Harry told me it took about four hours to record on Friday the 13th!

It was understood that they would be on view on the 18th but actually we had to wait until the following evening. Anyway our members put on quite a good show and appeared to be quite at ease. They expressed their views on Bunter, Vernon Smith, Mr. Quelch, Harry Wharton and Co. for all the world as if they were having one of their ordinary meetings. The seven who had "speaking parts" were Tom Porter, Jack Corbett, Winifred Partridge, George Chatham, Ron Dickens, Jack Bellfield and Tom Smith.

Yes, a good show and I think special thanks are due to Harry Broster for his enterprise in getting so many members together so quickly.

THE UNPLEASANT MASTERS AT THE HAMILTON SCHOOLS

By Roger M. Jenkins

No. 2. - Mr. Henry Selby.

"Mr. Selby ought never, as a matter of fact, to have been a schoolmaster at all," declared Charles Hamilton in Gem No. 307. "Patience and a good constitution were required to see a man through the arduous duties of a fag form-master. The Third Form at St. Jim's would have tried the patience of an archangel, and undermined the constitution of a Samson. And Mr. Selby was not patient, he had a nervous temperament, and he did not like boys. He was altogether in the wrong place for him - which led to discomfort for himself and much more discomfort for his Form."

There is no doubt that Mr. Selby was a thoroughly unpleasant master; you have only to turn to the story of Joe Frayne's early days to read a description of the worst kind of tyrant master. For example, in No. 162 he embarked upon a course of regular canings to continue until Frayne had told him who had kicked a football at him. Dr. Holmes was not pleased to learn about this: "I must ask you" went on the Head quietly but significantly, "to modify your methods - to keep order in your form with fewer punishments. If we cannot agree in principle it will be impossible for us to work together." But despite the grim picture that was so often painted in early days, the reader was left with a residual impression that there was, perhaps, a little to be said in Mr. Selby's favour. This, at any rate, was the case in Gem No. 229 in which the Third Form master recognised the new cricket coach as a criminal, and denounced him only to find that no-one believed him. This was a novel presentation, which, for the first time, showed Mr. Selby in a not wholly discreditable light. As time went on his character was to be rounded off even more.

Mr. Selby's temper, we learn, depended a good deal upon the state of his digestion - and neither was good. When he arrived in the classroom in a bad temper he would search round for a victim, and the fags were stated to feel "a good deal like Ulysses & Co., in the cave of the Cyclops, when the eye of Polyphemus was seeking out the next one to devour." Sometimes Mr. Selby would even go so far as to listen at the form-room door in order to overhear what the fags were saying, and on one celebrated occasion - in Gem No. 307 - Manners took a snapshot of him with his ear to the keyhole. Despite the almost farcial theme of this story, the plot was nevertheless developed in a most convincing fashion, and Manners was led to realise that, no matter how badly Mr.

Selby had behaved, he could not bring himself to go on blackmailing the Third Form master with the threat of showing Dr. Holmes the photograph he had taken.

A very revealing light on Mr. Selby's character was shed in the series about Sneath the blackmailer in Gems 923-924. His spendthrift nephew Lucien Selby had signed a cheque in someone else's name, and it was Cardew who anonymously rescued Mr. Selby from his embarrassing predicament. But undoubtedly the greatest series in which he played a part was the one in Nos. 906-909 relating to the loss of his French banknote for 10,000 francs.

Mr. Selby was engaged in the questionable pursuit of gambling on the exchange rates, and was hoping eventually to make a profit, though so far the exchange had moved against him. It seemed to be quite clear that Levison minor had taken the banknote, and it galled him that he should have to explain the whole matter to Dr. Holmes. The Head was kind enough not to refer to the speculation at first, but became quite firm later when Mr. Selby showed signs of anxiety about recovering the money:-

"You have the right to call in the aid of the police if you so decide. But I must tell you that if the police are called into this school, owing to your carelessness with your property, I shall expect you to resign your position here."

"Dr. Holmes!"

"It is better to speak frankly, Mr. Selby. In the first place, it is expected of a form-master in this school to be above the temptation to dabble in risky speculations. In the second place, having the banknote in your possession, it was your duty to keep it locked up and avoid placing temptation in the way of any weak or unscrupulous character. You have therefore been guilty of two faults in this matter."

And later:-

"His father will be bound to make the loss good!" exclaimed Mr. Selby passionately.

"That is a matter you must decide and settle with Mr. Levison personally," said the Head. "Whether an action at law would be practicable I cannot say. I am no lawyer. If such an action is entered upon you will, of course, no longer have any connection with this school, as I have said."

Unpleasant as he was throughout this series, Mr. Selby was never presented wholly without sympathy. There was no villain or hero in this series but just a collection of imperfect human beings. Martin

Clifford wrote few stories indeed which excelled this one for dramatic and convincing presentation of character.

One of the most hilarious episodes in which Mr. Selby featured was the story in Gem No. 797 which related the sad story of Mr. Selby's birthday present. Manners minor had read that even the most abandoned ruffians had some redeeming traits in their character, and so the Third Form raised a collection to buy their form-master a birthday present in order to tame him with kindness. Trimble thoughtfully suggested a birthday cake, which would undoubtedly be given back to the fags to eat, and when they had acted upon his suggestion he even more thoughtfully consumed the cake himself and filled the box with old newspapers and a brick. Mr. Selby regarded this remarkable present as a piece of calculated impudence, and caned the whole form, with the result that they gave up being kind to him, and returned to their old methods. "That night, when the Third Form master sought his room, a bag of flour descended from the top of the door upon his weary head, and the terrific yell that rang out from Mr. Selby brought comfort and solace to listening ears in the Third Form dormitory."

* * * * *

LET'S BE CONTROVERSIAL

(In this series, Eric Payne touches on certain matters of interest to students of the Hamilton papers. He gives his own view superficially. If you will write to him, expressing your opinions on the topics he discusses, he will summarise readers' views in a future issue).

No. 24. TWO YEARS OF CONTROVERSY.

The main facts of the remarkable Charles Hamilton Story have been told so often that there seems little left to tell. Too much repetition of well-known data would only stifle interest. With these thoughts in mind, "Let's be Controversial" was born. It was intended to take new slants on the Hamilton Story, and to make the themes as varied as possible; to pull no punches, to be provocative, to try to be original; to encourage readers to express their own views.

When we first discussed the new series, the Editor and I decided that it should run for six issues. With the knowledge that we should be treading on some people's toes, we started, daringly enough, by taking a fresh slant on the popular Talbot. The series proceeded more timidly until No. 4 when it let down its hair and came into its own. In No. 4 we discussed the substitute writers - not whether they were good or bad but "whether we owe anything at all (continued on page 72)

QUIZZLE NO. 4

The letters in the numbered squares, if placed in sequence in the lower grid, will spell out a bone of contention between Greyfriars and Sir Hilton Popper.

* * *

CLUE DOWN: A. A striking problem for Tom Merry or Harry Wharton to think about? (3, 8, 5)

CLUES ACROSS:

- A. Chumley for short.
 B. Chinese junior (3, 2)
 C. When 'prep' is done.
 D. He called himself Clavering when he first went to Greyfriars.
 E. This Rookwood junior is no rabbit.
 F. Shares Study 3 with Russell.
 G. He kidnapped Bob Cherry.
 H. Can a lad yawn in this town near St. Jim's?
 I. As Bunter borrows, he is doing this in the Remove.
 J. Gussy - clean bowled.
 K. The Co must have seen this ship on their Kenya trip.
 L. A terrible third?
 M. All Removites are, but especially Wibley, by the sound of it.

* * *

- N. Start the right way to please Bunter.
 O. Frank Richards' tales are fine from first to last.
 P. Acid Drop.

Write on a postcard the words in the lower grid and the answer to the Clue Down. 5/- for the first correct solution received by the Editor. 10 points to Club Branch if any.

RESULT OF QUIZZLE NO. 3 Solution to clue down: "After Lights Out". Hidden words: "Frank Richards' Schooldays". First correct solution received from Elsie Palmer, 489 Leeds Road, Thackley, Bradford, Yorks, to whom 5/- has been sent. 10 points earned for Northern Club.

A		1					
B		2					
C	3						
D			4				
E	5						
F		6					
G	7	8					
H					9		
I	10	11					
J	12						
K	13						
L			14	15			
M		16	17	18			
N	19		20				
O	21					22	
P		23					

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	

to the substitute writers."

When No. 6 which was to be the final item, had been published, the Editor sent me instructions: "Controversial too popular to abandon yet. Carry on till No. 12." But when No. 12 arrived, we were in the thick of the vortex caused by the "We who idolise" question, and our Editor was very definite: "unthinkable to stop Controversial just yet. Carry on for a few more months."

The older we get, the faster time seems to pass, so it is almost a shock to find that we have reached No. 24, and "Let's Be Controversial" is two years old. Two years - which is surely long enough for any series if it not to overstay its welcome. It seems only yesterday that I was asking "Is Gussy Tedious?" and trying to prove that the idea was ridiculous. "Controversial" has caused quite a few mild tiffs in its time, as it was intended to do, but I hope that it has always remained fair in outlook and courteous in expression.

My very grateful thanks to all of those good people who have contributed to "Controversial Echoes", thereby helping the series to any success it may have attained. My thanks to the Editor who has ever given me my head. And especial thanks to Mr. Frank Richards, round whom it has all revolved, who has viewed it all with kindly tolerance and interest, and without whom there would have been no C.D. at all, let alone no "Let's Be Controversial."

IS THE STRICT DISCIPLINE OF THE HAMILTON SCHOOLS OLD-FASHIONED?

I hope not. I think not, too, so far as the public schools are concerned, though in too many of our day schools discipline seems to be non-existent to-day.

Recently a mother told me that she has to provide her 14 year old son with a packet of cigarettes every time he travels by coach with his school team to play soccer or cricket against another school. She said that the master in charge smokes with his boys, and asked me if I thought it was a good thing. It is only necessary to say here that on the day that Mr. Quelch says "Light up, boys," I shall sell my Magnet collection, and replace it with American horror comics.

In one way, of course, Frank Richards has modified the corporal punishment in the stories of the last 20 years. The hand-caning of years ago has been replaced by the application of an ashplant to that expanse provided by nature for the purpose. If there were more Mr. Quelches in our schools, there would be fewer louts and thugs in our streets.

WOULD THE MAGNET BE A SUCCESS TODAY? I feel sure it would. Really

well-written school stories will always find their full quota of supporters.

True, some youngsters revel in space fiction and sensational reading (but some youngsters always have, and in bygone days their tastes were met in "Modern Boy" and papers of that type); some youngsters only want to look at picture strips (it's all the same if they don't, there's little else for them); some misguided parents allow their offspring to spend hour after hour, night after night, gazing at the little goggle-box, and some youngsters ask for nothing more. Even so, good stories will always hold their own.

Admittedly, I know little of the problems with which publishing houses have to contend, but it seems to me that Amalgamated Press has been utterly flabby in its post-war policy. I believe that the Magnet presenting new tales by Frank Richards, or the cream of the old Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood stories would have caught the imagination of the youth of the nineteen-fifties. The Schoolboy's Own Library would sell because well-written school stories will always sell.

Some folk say we must progress with the times; they really mean that we must ape America in all we do. Because the Magnet and the Gem are so essentially British, they would not sell today. I don't believe it.

Before the war, British periodicals were the finest in the world; that is why there is a demand for them now from collectors all over the world. British boys' books do not lead the world today for the simple reason that they do not exist. We are told they would not sell, but how does anyone know when none is published. The Bunter books are a tremendous success. Why should not that success be equalled by the Magnet and the Schoolboy's Own?

The greatest absurdity has been the refusal of the A.P. to publish the Holiday Annual again each Christmas, a time when even indifferent Annuals sell like hot cakes. Possibly "wheels within wheels" may prevent the re-publishing of the Holiday Annual. I will never believe it is due to the fact that the publishers fear it would not sell.

It's just my point of view. What's yours?

* * * *

CONTROVERSIAL ECHOES

No. 22. TO BIND OR NOT TO BIND?

RAY BROWN writes: "I can really recommend the method of putting the

paper in Easibinders, for I have used them with great success in my small collection. They should prove cheaper than binding, and they have the advantage that any paper can easily be removed as required. The company will 'block' the end with the appropriate title, e.g. Magnet 1663 - 1683. I would add one warning - it is essential to remove those darn wire staples before inserting."

BEN WHITER writes: "I greatly enjoyed 'Let's be Controversial' every month. With regard to the latest topic, I like binding all copies. They seem to look much better, especially in the nice bookcases that can be obtained these days."

BASIL ADAM writes: "I agree with you entirely when you state that binding is the only way to preserve our beloved copies. I don't think that it necessarily takes away the individuality of the copies.

Two things lessen the charm of bound copies - the removal of the covers, and, as you mention yourself, unwieldy volumes. All the best series in the Magnet I have bound in not more than 25 copies to the volume. Even 30 to the volume is, in my view, just a little bit too much. My much prized 1925 "Wharton Downfall" series is bound in only 15 Magnets to the volume.

I have always been reluctant to bind indifferent copies, but, as you say, it is amazing the job a binder can make of bedraggled material.

I think that one gets much more satisfaction from keeping one's own paper purchased week by week than by all the "sky's the limit" collecting. Unfortunately, one is tempted from time to time to pay a little more than usual to obtain a number or series one is keen to own. Why do we collect? I like to feel that my collection contains the cream of the Greyfriars tradition. It is comforting to find that one can still keep in touch with all that is good and noble through the best of the Greyfriars stories."

GEORGE SELLARS writes: "I agree with all you have said about binding, for it is the only way of preserving the books. A few years ago I had 36 Gems bound by Mr. Ashley, and most of them were very worn indeed. When I received the volume, I was amazed that binding could make such a difference, and it is now the pride of my collection.

I believe that those collectors get the most pleasure who have collected the books, week by week. Of course, the greatest joy possible is Treasure Trove, and I discovered one two years ago. The strangest thing about it was that I had visited the old bookstall in the market a short while before, in my dreams, and had bought a pile

of the old papers. Was this another dream? I pinched myself to make sure I was awake. I was - for I collected over 300 of the old papers, Gems, Populars, Union Jacks, Lees and Jesters. It was a dream that came true."

ROGER JENKINS writes: "I agree with you wholeheartedly on the wisdom of limiting Magnet and Gem volumes to 33 copies or less; a yearly volume is much too bulky to be readable.

There is one type of old boys' book which is definitely improved by binding, and that is the Schoolboys' Own and similar sized books. Not only do three or four copies make a most attractive volume, but the removal of the metal staples makes it much easier to read the various numbers; no longer do the pages tear across the awkwardly placed staples.

Like you, I deplore the rocketing prices of the old books, but there seems to be no answer to the problem. In a free market it is only the law of supply and demand that can operate, and it is unreasonable to expect collectors to part with their books at a figure much below the market price. Nevertheless, it does mean that few newcomers to the hobby can afford to acquire anything like a substantial collection."

ERIC FAYNE adds: "The Easibinders, concerning which Mr. Brown has sent me leaflets, would seem to be neat and efficient for the purpose, and their use should, I think, prove much cheaper than normal binding. The address of Easibind Ltd., is 84 Newman Street, London, W.1.

Skimpole, in early days, acted on the principle of "What's mine is mine" until, unexpectedly he became the possessor of something he valued. Then his motto was "What's mine is me own!"

It is tempting to decry high prices when one has nothing to sell.

My grateful thanks to the senders of two letters which reached me far too late for inclusion in the Echoes on the subjects they discussed. Frank Hancock sent a long some interesting points on our Rookwood theme, and David Lancake wrote on Pet Aversions. I shall hope to be able to analyse some of their points at some time in the future.

Collector seeks copies of "Felix the Hunchback" - "The Divorced Queen" "The Sea Sprite" and "Belle Vue" - in any of the various editions in Henderson's Weekly Budget People's Pocket Story Books. Offers to Box M, c/o the Editor of the Collectors' Digest.

I MEET E. R. HOME-GALLBy W. O. G. Lofts

There were 35 houses on the Thames backwater Island; and I knew that in one of them lived E. R. Home-Gall. Not knowing the name or number of his house, I knocked at the door of one of them to enquire where he lived. Well, I guess that was my lucky day, as that very house was his!

That was how one Sunday afternoon I met Edward Reginald Home-Gall; alias 'Rupert Hall' and 'Edwin Dale' of the "Champion" and "Triumph" fame, one of the most prolific of all boys authors. And like Johnny Walker still going strong these days for the "Lion" and "Tiger", now that the former papers have ceased.

Despite the fact that I had called on him unawares; Mr. Home-Gall was very pleased to see me. A bachelor, and in his early sixties, I found him a most pleasant and friendly type of man, and it was easy to see how his stories have been so successful, for he no doubt incorporates this sort of spirit into them.

One of the first questions I asked him was about his father; whose real name was William B. Home-Gall, but better known as the writer 'Reginald Wray' for his tales in most of the early papers. It was very sad to hear that he had died as long ago as 1936 after a sudden heart attack - he was only in his late fifties.

Mr. Home-Gall was able to give me some very interesting facts about his late father, and of a very strange coincidence story..... W. B. Home-Gall was born near Hong Kong Harbour, where, sad to relate, his father who was a sailor, was drowned at sea when his ship foundered and sank with all hands. The name of the ship? Believe it or not, "The Champion". This "Champion" no doubt had carried many people in its career on the seas, but how strange that a grandson of grandfather Home-Gall should write for a paper called the "Champion" for many years. W. B. Home-Gall travelled a lot in his younger days, and for some time lived in Texas, U.S.A. where he was a cowboy. At a later date he came to England, and was a coachman. His first attempts at writing brought very little success, but later he soon became an established writer for many of the early Harmsworth papers and comics.

Very interested in the Boy Scout movement, he held the high rank of District Commissioner, and was a very popular figure indeed in the Hampton Court area.

Edward R. Home-Gall was no doubt influenced by his father into taking up writing, and joined the Amalgamated Press in 1914 as an

office boy. His first tale was published in the semi-religious type of paper "The Sunday Circle", and the second a football yarn in the pink "Boys Realm" under the great editor John Nix Pentelow. Under age for war service he somehow wangled his way into a Territorial Unit, enlisted in the Isle of Wight Rifles, took part in the landing on Gallipoli, and was later invalided home with enteric. He made a very good recovery, and returned to fight at Messines, where he was commissioned as a Captain. For gallantry on war service he was awarded the Military Cross.

At the age of 21 he returned to Amalgamated Press, who had kept his office boy job open for him, which by the way paid the sum of 12/6 a week: in those days! He submitted an idea for a new paper to be called "The Football Favourite" which was accepted. The paper later achieved, what was in those days a phenomenal circulation. He contributed many tales for this paper, one of the best well known being the series "Terrible Twins" the rich and poor football fans who changed personalities. When this series finished he decided to go free-lancing but this was, as like many other authors have discovered, not very successful as his average earning for the first six months was about 16/- a week!

During his free-lancing days he wrote for mostly the Thomson papers, and still has copies of the tales he wrote for "Rover", "Wizard", "Adventure" etc. A very very interesting disclosure was that it was he who wrote all those tales in Hinton's "School and Sport" of Harry Lovell and Co., after Charles Hamilton had ceased to write for the paper owing to non-payment for the stories. Mr. E. R. Home-Gall also was not paid for those he wrote.

About 1923 there came the turning point in his career, when he had a serial accepted by the "Champion" run under those days by a Mr. R. Eves. From then onwards for nearly thirty years he wrote three tales each week, for either the "Champion" or "Triumph" of between 5,000 and 7,000 words each! Plus other tales in the "Champion" Annual and short stories. One can imagine what his output was in the year. Do you remember his tales of Speedway? He has the distinction of writing the first speedway tale in this country. One reader our in Australia read one of his tales whilst working as a car attendant on the Australian Railways and wrote to him asking how he could become a speedway rider. Mr. Home-Gall gave him all the help and details. His name? Bluey Wilkinson, who became one of the greatest riders ever known in this branch of sport.

In his library, he has a collection of boys paper which would

make many of us green with envy. Volumes of "Boys Friend" - "Pluck" - "Marvel" - "Halfpenny Comic" - "Union Jack" - "Big Budget" - "Chums" - all grace the shelves - many of course, which belonged to his late father. Of his own writings he has kept a complete file of them, and inside a large tin trunk I was shown hundreds of bundles of complete stories. Millions of words and thousands of hours to write, all of which he says "Gave him the greatest of enjoyment."

I was also shown folders of hundreds of letters he has received from readers all over the world, and the most amusing he thought ever received was of the boy reader who loved the tales of "Rupert Hall" but could not stand the tales of "Edwin Dale." It took a long time to puzzle this out, until he remembered that one name he used only for sporting tales, and the other for adventure stories.

Now there has been some confusion in the past over readers getting mixed up over the writings of the Home-Gall's. As already stated at the beginning of this article, W. B. Home-Gall or Reginald Wray was the father of E. R. Home-Gall. Now to complicate matters, W. R. Home-Gall had another son with the same initials as his own, and he too was connected with the Amalgamated Press for a time.

Just before leaving Mr. Home-Gall, after over five hours of very interesting conversation, he very kindly presented me with several of his bound books. Knowing of the keen interest shown in all his writings by Richard McCarthy of Australia, and Derek Adley of Harrow, Mr. Home-Gall consented to autograph copies for these two old readers.

Hearing also of the great regard our editor, Herbert Leckenby, has always had for his father, he especially autographed one at my request to Herbert, "thanking him for the remembrance of his late father."

With such friendliness and kindness, one cannot wish anything else but continued success to Edward Reginald Home-Gall for many years to come.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARIES - 1st series - 11, 17, 37, 41, 105, 109, 111, 197, 198, 201, 202. 2nd series - 102, 111, 213, 236, 243, 272, 293, 296, 306, 422, 474, 495, 520, 667. BOYS FRIEND LIBS. 3d. - 1st series - 10, 68, 102, 105, 107, 165, 229, 246, 669. 2nd series - 392, 396. UNION JACKS - 881, 1041, 1064, 1098, 1179, 1180. JOSIE PACKMAN, 27 ARCHDALE ROAD, EAST DULWICH, LONDON, S.E.22.

CHUMS and BOY SCOUTS ANNUAL - collector wishes to buy duplicates. Write - W. J. MACDONALD, 1356 DOG WOOD, VANCOUVER, 14, B.C. CANADA.

SHADOW OF A GUN (No. 425)MARTIN THOMAS

Merging into the freshness of a spring afternoon at Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of the immortal Bard, wafts the grey hall of death. The killer strikes, withdraws, and, unseen by the thousands thronged in the vicinity of the Memorial Theatre, glides swiftly away. The victim, member of a travelling skiffle group, is identified as one, Michael Reed. The girl with whom he had recently struck up a friendship is kidnapped and held to ransom. She is Judy Romsey, daughter of a scientist, member of a team of such, engaged on top secret research concerning this country's defence system against nuclear ballistic missiles.

With such sources of vital information in his possession, which at all costs must remain secret, and in view of the terrible responsibility thrust upon him because of the abduction of his daughter as a means of coercion, John Romsey is now a security risk, and Craile is concerned for his subsequent movements, which have now become of national importance.

What was the connection between the murder in Stratford and the abduction of the girl in Bath? Sexton Blake Investigations, with Tinker particularly prominent, cover a lot of ground in this assignment - Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Somerset, are four of the counties in which the action takes place.

The unmasking of the arch-traitor is a fine piece of writing and rounds off a grand novel with Sexton Blake at his best - a novel which will assuredly enhance still further the reputation Martin Thomas is building up as one of the leading S.B.L. writers of the new era.

Rating.....Excellent.

STOP PRESS - HOMICIDE (No. 426)REX DOLPHIN

A spin in the Jaguar to his newly-acquired country cottage in the Thames Valley followed by a foursome on the golf links hard by, and Sexton Blake is immediately precipitated into a particularly gruesome case - no less than the discovery, amidst a heap of burning rubbish on a farm some few miles away, of the severed arm of a young woman.

Identification of the mutilated body is more difficult of establishment than anticipated, despite the three-pronged investigation into the solution of it by Sexton Blake Investigations, the Press, and the C.I.D. the middle and last department being presented by Splash Kirby, of the "Daily Post", and Chief Detective - Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard,

respectively - a combination of those allied to the cause of law and justice which proves irresistible and against which one in particular - the mysterious Count Paul Ferenc - finds himself bereft of adequate defences in which to combat it.

The murderer is Ferenc, but this is giving away no secrets, because it is under his real name that Blake denounces him in a climax remarkably well-built up and which teems with suspense. When you get an author possessing such a deep insight of the Blake character - not forgetting colleague, Coutts, as well - who is also gifted with the ability of putting over a first-class novel, then the result is obviously going to be satisfactory to all concerned Blake fans. And, in his debut, Rex Dolphin proves quite conclusively - as did Martin Thomas before him - that expert knowledge of the famous resident characters combined with a natural flair for story writing can pay dividends.

A really fine debut which should please the most critical devotee.

Rating..... Excellent

WALTER WEBB

Old Boys Book Club

NORTHERN SECTION MEETING - FEBRUARY 15th, 1959. Happy days for the Northern O.B.B.C! Once again there was an excellent attendance of eighteen. Gerry Allison also reported another new member, Mr. Cyril Matthews of Huddersfield, whom we hope will be able to attend our meetings when business permits.

Stanley Smith was in excellent form with his fascinating talk on that controversial and short lived venture H. A. Hinton's "School and Sport." He illustrated it with copies from his collection, one of the very few in existence. In fact none of us know of any other. Stan, though giving credit where credit was due expressed surprise that Mr. Hinton (an experienced editor) should make so many mistakes at the outset, the unwieldy size for instance. He, deservedly got a hearty round of applause when he finished, and a good discussion followed.

Stan was also responsible for another excellent idea. He had invited members to bring copies of papers they would like to exchange. Quite a number of members complied, with the result that quite a lot of swapping was done. Next meeting, March 14th. Geoffrey Wilde will be giving his first talk "Claude Hoskins." Another big attendance is hoped for.

HERBERT LECKENBY, Northern Section Correspondent.

LONDON SECTION. 'Consilio et Animis.' There was a distinct flavour of St. Frank's at the February Neasden meeting; the complete Nelson Lee Library series on the shelves, host Bob Blythe a 'Desert Island Books' castaway with a predominance of books about St. Frank's and written by Edwy Searles Brooks; a quiz "Who", half about St. Frank's and half about Hamiltonia and a quiz by Phipps. The very fine map of St. Frank's and its environs was in evidence. What could Leetites wish for more? Unfortunately our Nelson Lee Librarian was unable to be present owing to a bout of 'flu, thus it was Len Packman in the chair similar to the time when he conducted the Nelson Lee column in the "C.D." when our host was indisposed. Len gave us a very humorous reading from "Penny Popular," 240 which was greatly enjoyed. Roger Jenkins was the other castaway and gave us a very good eight books which he would like on the desert island. Don Webster gave us a "Classic and Modern Quiz" and with Laura's fine feed plus the eleventh anniversary cake and card we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Votes of thanks to the host and hostess followed and the next meeting was arranged for Sunday, March 15th at Hume House, 136 Lordship Lane, East Dulwich, S.E.22. Kindly let Len Packman know if intending to be present.

UNCLE BENJAMIN alias Phipps.

THE MIDLAND CLUB. The 'flu epidemic claimed so many Club members that it was not found possible to hold a meeting. However, a bumper attendance at the next meeting to make up for it is hoped for.

MERSEYSIDE SECTION MEETING - 8th FEBRUARY. This was, undoubtedly, the finest meeting for months, and in spite of the bitterly cold weather, the following members were present: Don Webster, Jim Walsh, Frank Case, Norman Pragnell, Bill Windsor, Ernie Steen, George Riley, Bill Greenwood, Eric Coldwell and Frank Unwin. What a delight to welcome Frank Case and Bill Horton again after long absences due to unavoidable circumstances! After the Chairman's usual bright and breezy report, a copy of our very first newsletter was distributed to all members, and it is hoped to make this a monthly event. Its reception was most gratifying. The only sad note was the news of Jack Morgen's resignation. Jack has been one of the pillars of the Merseyside Section, and his loss will be keenly felt. All members join in thanking him for the sterling work he has put in. There will always be a very warm welcome for him here. To fill the vacancy, the writer was appointed Secretary, and George Riley, our youngest member, and one of our keenest, has added the duties of treasurer to those of Librarian, which he has carried out so well.

There was never a dull moment throughout the evening commencing with a rather difficult Classics quiz, which was clearly won by Jim Walsh, with Bill Horton second, and Frank Case and Eric Coldwell jointly third. Following this came a stimulating "debate" on the respective merits of Sherlock Holmes and Sexton Blake. This was the opportune moment for Don Webster to discuss the disquieting news in the C.D. regarding the possible demise of Sexton Blake. This would indeed be a tragedy, and members of this Section intend to do their bit by ordering next month's S.B.Ls and giving them a trial. Those of us who are already Blake enthusiasts can confidently recommend them.

We then enjoyed another most entertaining Classics quiz by Don, won in great style by Frank Case, with Jim Walsh a short head in front of George Riley, third. The writer completed a grand evening with his choice of "Desert Island Books", which will be followed by other members choices at next month's meeting on Sunday, March 8th, at 6.30 p.m. Please do try to be prompt, members! FRANK UNWIN

THE GOLDEN HOURS CLUB. The apparent bad luck which started the year for the Club turned out to be good fortune in disguise as the new headquarters in C.E.N.E.F. House proved to be even more comfortable than the old clubroom, now unavailable. There was a good attendance on Friday, January 30th, when Arnold Keena, the Chairman, opened proceedings at 6.30 p.m. The Secretary had passed round greeting cards received from the English Clubs and Jack Murtagh in New Zealand, so that those members absent from the Christmas Party could share the good wishes - the card received from the Northern Club bearing the signature of all members present at the Xmas Party aroused great interest and was voted a really friendly gesture. Election of Office Bearers then took place and as Arnold Keena and Stan Nicholls had intimated that they were not available for re-election the Secretary called for nominations and Syd Smyth and Bill Hall were duly installed as Chairman and Treasurer for 1959 - as there were no takers, the Secretary was returned unopposed (and very pleased too).

The new Chairman then took control of the meeting to discuss plans for the activities of the club during 1959. Each member was invited to air his views as to the best way to spend the two hours available and the debate proved most interesting if a little exhausting in the torrid atmosphere of Sydney. Arnold Keena had purchased a huge bundle of Magnets and Boys Friend Librarys from Club funds and these were distributed to those members interested by Syd Smyth as a very pleasant finale to the evening. Next Meeting is scheduled for 27th February, 59 at 5.30 p.m.

B. PATE - Secretary.

NELSON LEE COLUMN

by JACK WOOD, Nostaw, 328 Stockton Lane, York.

Phone: 25795

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Jim Sutcliffe's recent request for information about Charles Wentworth has brought a letter from Bill Lofts, who suggests that Hardy was, after all, the writer of these yarns about the Blue Crusaders.

He points out that Hardy was writing at the time and that he was not likely to relish another author using his creations. In addition, editors did not like to have two stories in the same magazine bearing the same author's name.

A good argument, but Bill is continuing the investigation, and we may hear more from him later. Brooks, at last, has denied being Wentworth.

The influenza epidemic knows no barriers, and it has hit St. Frank's like all the rest. As a result Nipper, the genial skipper of the Remove, has been unable to talk to Jim Cook, our Roving Correspondent.

Jim did clear up the Christmas mystery, however, before influenza stopped the lines of communication, and writes as follows:-

It is a far cry from where I left you at St. Frank's at Christmas, but to keep the record in order I must begin this latest despatch from the Old School by relating the sad fact that we, Dr. Stafford, Nelson Lee and Nipper and myself were the victims of a gigantic jape.

You will recall that Lord Dorrimore had sent instructions to the Head and Nelson Lee for them to remain at the College for Christmas and that a mysterious uncertainty had followed this idea from the sporting Peer. Well, we did stay at St. Frank's and the unusual quiet that reigned over the Houses gave the Head and Mr. Lee a chance to review some suggestions put forward by the School Governors at their recent meeting.

Patiently we all waited for Dorrie. On Christmas morning, old Mudford the postman, arrived at the Lodge gates with some delayed parcels for the domestic staff. It had been snowing all the previous day and the old Triangle was now covered with a white carpet of virgin snow. The absence of the juniors made itself felt very strangely for

St. Frank's was another world. A world of silence haunted by memories and ghosts. It was as if death had taken away a loved one. I got the impression the whole world had died and that all the boys of St. Frank's had died with it!

But it soon changed. After breakfast we wondered anew what had kept Lord Dorrimore and finally Lee decided to ring the London residence in the hope that Dorrie had left some message with his valet. But Dennis, Dorrie's valet, startled Lee by saying his master had rushed off to Leopoldville in the Belgium Congo three days ago. And further enquiries had elicited the fact that an attempt had been made to burn the Wanderer - Dorrie's famous steam yacht - by racial mobs. Lee knew there had been riots in Leopoldville by discontented elements and the Belgians were experiencing some of the unpleasant attacks that became so daily an occurrence to us in Cyprus. So naturally, Dorrie had flown out to Africa at the first possible moment. You will recall I had reported that the Wanderer was laid up for repairs in Leopoldville at the time of our adventure in the Kalahari Desert.

Now if Dorrie had left three days earlier as Dennis had stated Lee began to wonder how a telegram purporting to have been sent by Lord Dorrimore from London could have been despatched by his Lordship when at the time he must have been in Africa!!

Well, we never found out who sent it. And Nelson Lee came to the conclusion that we had been japed. It was all very mysterious and puzzling. And particularly nastily. Just the thing that may have come from the spiteful mind of Bernard Forrest.

We stayed at St. Frank's for Christmas Day and we were visited by Dr. Brett, the village Medico, who had seen Nipper crossing the Triangle, as Dr. Brett was passing the school on his way to a patient. The arrival of the good Doctor was a splendid chance for us to realise that doctors and nurses were always missing their Christmas festivities. So, on Boxing Day, Dr. Stafford went to his sister's residence and Lee, Nipper and myself went to Grays Inn Road for the rest of the holiday.

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WANTED: MAGNETS - 771, 773, 774, 799. S.O.Ls - 60, 65, 68.

1/2d. GEMS - 16, 23, 29, 37. GEMS - 279, 359, 364, 433.

B.F. LIBRARY 1st series - 237 King Cricket, 334 The Jungle Patrol, 383 After Lights Out. 497 Adventure Creek.

DR. ROBERT WILSON, 100 BROOMFIELD ROAD, GLASGOW, N.1.

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