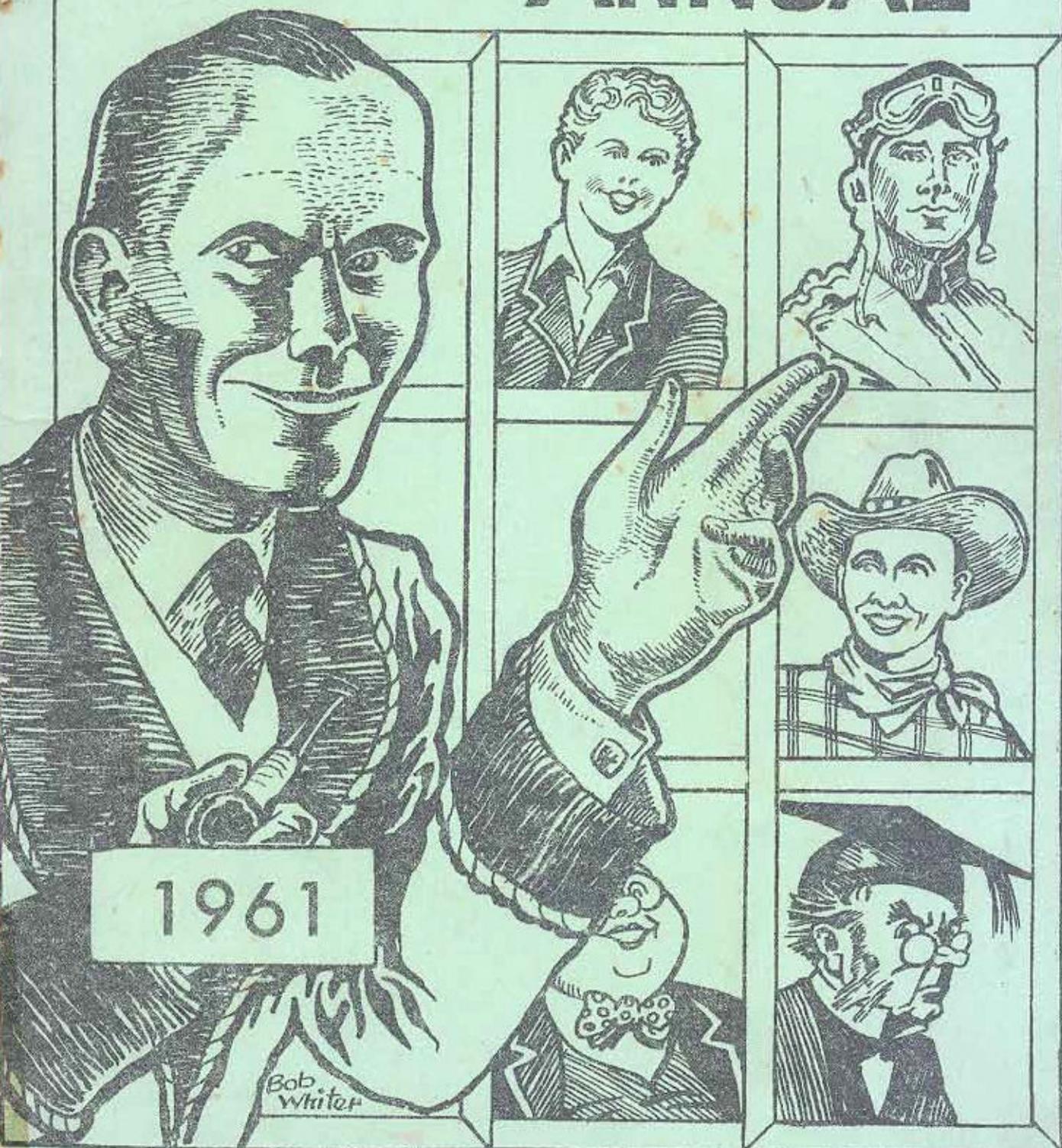


The COLLECTORS' DIGEST ANNUAL 15s.



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Collectors' Digest Annual

CHRISTMAS 1961 Fifteenth Year

Editor:

ERIC FAYNE

EXCELSIOR HOUSE, GROVE ROAD, SURBITON, SURREY, ENGLAND

Dear Readers,

Another year slipped past, almost unnoticed! Another Christmas! Another Collectors' Digest Annual - the fifteenth of them!

We believe that the Annual helps to make Christmas just a little brighter in many homes, keeping evergreen the memories of old papers and old days. Christmas is the time for memories.

Nevertheless, the Annual is not strictly a Christmas book - it is a Year Book. We hope that all our readers may find this 15th edition, like its predecessors, entertaining and useful throughout 1962 and for many years to come.

We extend our grateful thanks to our contributors, who have turned up trumps as always; to our readers the world over whose backing and loyalty makes the Annual possible; and to York Duplicating Services for their incomparable and superlative work in the production of this volume and the monthly Collectors' Digest.

- - And, of course, it goes without saying that we remember affectionately the man who inspired it all - Herbert Leckenby.

Your Sincere Editor and Friend,

Eric Fayne



frank

BY

J. BREEZE BENTLEY

nugent

Frank Nugent, Harry Wharton's first friend at Greyfriars School and his closest chum, is the only member of the Favour Five who was already at Greyfriars when the Magnet stories began. He is the youngest member of the Co. (six months younger than Harry Wharton), the slimmest English member of the Co. and only half an inch taller than the stocky Johnny Bull. He has a frank open face, and honest blue eyes and, like Bob Cherry, is rather addicted to wearing his cap at the back of his head. In class he is bright, though not outstandingly so. On the games field he is a competent player. In the earlier stories he was a regular member of both cricket and football teams, but later on, as more and more good players arrived, his place became more chancy and he was liable to be the one member of the Co. not included. Being of a cheerful and patient disposition he bore this with philosophical fortitude. In boxing, too, he was in the early days, considered a great fighting man, but in the 1921 Holiday Annual was listed twelfth: it is significant that of the eleven above him, no less than nine had come to Greyfriars as new arrivals in some story or other.

Magnet No. 1 "The Making of Harry Wharton"

We first met Frank Nugent in the second chapter of Magnet No. 1, on the platform of Melthorpe Station, where he was changing trains, on his way to Greyfriars - rather late in the term, the date being February, 1908. Here he ran into Harry Wharton who, much against his will, had been sent to Greyfriars by his uncle, Col. James Wharton, in the hope that it would change him from the wild, headstrong, proud and touchy boy that he was. Nugent recognised Wharton as a boy going to the school, and would not be put off by Wharton's sulky moodiness. He quickly saw that Wharton was a spoilt youngster.

"Been to school before?"

"No."

"Brought up by a maiden aunt, I suppose, and spoilt."

Wharton turned very red.

"Ah! he blushes," said Nugent. "The shot tells. My dear chap, Greyfriars is the last place in this world for mammy's own boy to come to. We sha'n't coddle you there, I promise you."

Wharton rejoined that he didn't want to go to Greyfriars, and that it was a "rotten place," anyhow, - at which Frank Nugent feigned to take offence and, mainly in jest, provoked a fight. It ended in a bitter struggle and Harry Wharton (who, like so many new boys, could not box) received a hammering.

When the battle was over, Frank Nugent was for shaking hands, but Wharton refused; and at Friardale, when Frank secured the only cab, Wharton would not share it but

walked briskly after the slow-moving vehicle. It was as well that he did, for as the cab was crossing the bridge a motor-car (driven furiously as were all motor-cars in the early Magnet stories) caught its off-side wheel, making the cab lurch so violently that Frank was shot out and into the river. Harry Wharton, close behind, jumped in and got him out.

On the morrow, when Wharton was placed in Study No. 1 with Frank Nugent, George Bulstrode and William George Bunter, there began a friendship that was to last to the present day.

It was, at first, not an easy friendship, for Harry Wharton was difficult: unco-operative, touchy, and of violent temper. Frank recoiled from his passionate outbursts, yet held to him in gratitude for his pluck. Wharton ran into trouble with Bulstrode (at that time 'cock of the walk' in the Remove) and with Quelch, and decided to run away. Nugent went after him, but Wharton roughly pushed him aside and went on till he was accosted by one of the countless ruffians with which the countryside of Kent is infested. Nugent went to his rescue and was struck down by a cudgel. The shock made Harry Wharton realise the worth of Nugent's friendship. He admitted that he was in the wrong and they returned to school together.

Those early days cost Frank Nugent a lot of patience, and his good-humour was often tried, but in the end he made Harry Wharton what he became. He taught him to box, primarily to defend himself, but the pupil became more adept than his tutor. And on the cricket field, Wharton proved so good that by Magnet No. 10 he had become cricket captain, and had established himself as a power in the Form. Throughout this time, Frank Nugent, Harry Wharton, Inky (who arrived in Magnet No. 6) and Bob Cherry (who arrived in Magnet No. 2) were becoming recognised as the "Co," later to be called the Famous Four and, much later, with Johnny Bull, the Famous Five.

Magnet No. 100: "Nugent Minor"

In Magnet No. 100, Dicky Nugent arrived: Mother's little darling, spoilt, wilful and troublesome. He was destined to give Frank many a headache. On the afternoon when Dicky was expected, Frank was wanted in a match, and Billy Bunter agreed to meet him - for a consideration, of course, Bunter let him fall into Bulstrode's hands. Bulstrode by now had lost the captaincy of the Remove, and moved to Study No. 2 where he nursed his grievances and was invariably 'against the Co.' The bully of the Remove skilfully played on Dicky's resentment of his brother's failure to meet him, and on his wilful determination to shew that he was not influenced in any way by Frank, and persuaded Nugent minor to have tea in his study and to smoke a cigarette to show his independence!

Afterwards, the Second Form (who had no reason to love Bulstrode) ragged Dicky for being uppish in having tea with a Removite, and during the ensuing melée Frank arrived on the scene. This was distinctly unfortunate; the Second resented the interference, and Dicky Nugent pigheadedly swore that he would not try to get on with his Form and set his face against the advice tendered by his major. Matters went from bad to worse till Dicky, beside himself with temper, hurled a stone at Wingate, and was sentenced to expulsion. Only a plea by Frank to George Wingate saved him. The captain himself asked that the punishment be lessened, and Dicky was allowed to stay.

Magnet No. 107: "The Cad of the Sixth"

In Magnet No. 107 there was further trouble when Carberry, Loder and Carne took Dicky Nugent with them to the Waterside Inn, to fag for them whilst they were "on the spree." Frank was detained, so the job of rescuing Dicky fell to Harry Wharton who

used Billy Bunter's ventriloquism to break up the party by making them believe that Dr. Locke had seen them. Dicky ran away, was brought back by the "Co" and found himself before the Head. Carberry, with deep cunning, had reported that he and his friends had visited the Inn to trap a junior, known to be there! Dicky was aghast at this treachery, and with Wharton as witness, was able to prove that he had gone there at Carberry's behest. The plot recoiled on Carberry, and he was expelled.

Magnet No. 223: "Frank Nugent's Great Wheeze"

In Magnet No. 223, Frank Nugent's love of a jape prompted a challenge to the Fifth by a bogus French team, supposedly touring England. In the match that followed, the Remove won by an innings and seventy-eight runs.

Magnet No. 245 "For His Mother's Sake"

Trouble came again in Magnet No. 245 when Frank received a note from his mother, asking him to meet her at Friardale Station, and to be sure to bring Dicky with him. As Frank said, rather bitterly "Mother wants to see Dicky; I'm only to take him." Dicky, of course, wouldn't go. At the railway station, Frank was naturally wounded by his mother's question "Where's Dicky?!" with no thanks to him for turning up; and greatly upset when his mother tells him that the recurrent quarrels between herself and his father have culminated in her decision to leave him.

"I must take Dick with me. You will remain with your father. I shall take Dick. I cannot part with Dick."

"You can part with me," Nugent could not help saying, in bitterness of spirit.

"That - that is different. You are the elder; you do not need my care, as Dick does," faltered Mrs. Nugent. "I am broken-hearted to leave you, but there is no other way."

"Surely, it cannot be as bad as all that," said Frank Nugent, wretchedly. "Has there been a row?"

"Yes, a terrible scene; and before the servants, too" said Mrs. Nugent. "Don't talk to me about it. I can't bear it. You know what your father's temper is like."

Frank was silent. He was loyal to his mother, and he did indeed know that his father had a hot and hasty temper, and required careful handling. It was not the lad's place to tell his mother where her duty lay. What had happened, he did not know, but he knew that there were few things that could excuse the step his mother was taking. But he could not tell her so.

Mrs. Nugent tried in vain to get Frank to bring Dicky. He was in a cleft stick: if he did as his mother asked, he was disloyal to his father; if he did not do as she asked, he would hurt her. In the end he refused. While he was going back to Greyfriars, Mrs. Nugent telegraphed Dicky. The two brothers passed one another in Friardale Lane: Dicky going to the village in high hope of a hamper or a good tip. He went off with his mother, not very willingly, just as Mr. Nugent arrived at the opposite platform, and stormed off to Greyfriars to see Frank.

At Greyfriars he upbraided Frank for letting Dick go with his mother.

"You have done wrong, Frank. You know very well that Dick should not have been taken away by his mother in this - this irresponsible flight. It was all about nothing, too, - nothing at all but your mother's incredible obstinacy."

Frank's look became resentful.

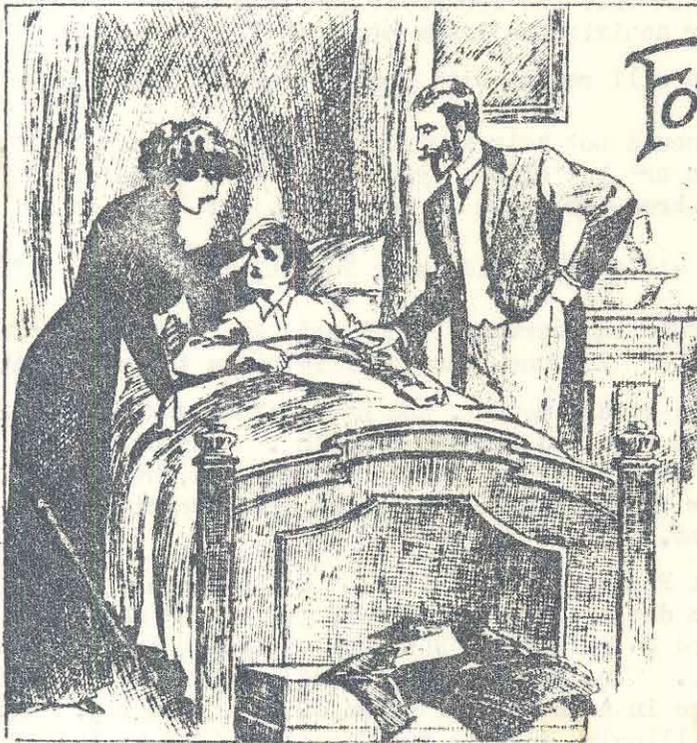
"I don't suppose it was all mother's fault," he said.

"I insist upon knowing what she has told you!" exclaimed Mr. Nugent excitedly. "You may speak to me freely, Frank. I am a calm and reasonable man. I make it a point to keep my temper, and to remain patient, in all circumstances - even the most



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For his
Mother's
Sake!

A Splendid, New,
Long, Complete
School Tale of
Harry Wharton &
Co. at Greyfriars.

-- BY --

Frank Richards.

irritating circumstances. Only this morning, I explained to your mother, in the most patient manner possible, that I should not allow her folly and obstinacy to irritate me, or to disturb my equanimity in any way. And after that, she has left home. I insist upon knowing what explanation she has given you. Probably she has complained of my temper!"

"Yes, dad, that was it."

"My temper," exclaimed Mr. Nugent indignantly. "You know what a good-tempered man I am, Frank." Mr. Nugent looked very bad-tempered indeed, at this moment. "I appeal to you, as my son. Have you ever, on a single occasion, known me to be hasty

or obstinate?"

As Frank had never known his father to be anything else, he was in somewhat of a difficulty what to reply. Fortunately, Mr. Nugent did not require an answer. He was only pausing for breath, not for a reply.

"It is incredible," he repeated. "Good heavens! I seriously think that your mother will be wanting a vote next, and breaking windows, and throwing things at policemen! What will people think of her leaving home? I have been most reasonable. There is not the slightest doubt that the kidneys were burnt."

Frank gave a jump.

"The what?" he exclaimed.

"You are aware," said Mr. Nugent, "that I have bacon and kidney for my breakfast every morning. I have done so all my life, ever since I can remember, almost; and I claim to be able to tell whether they are properly cooked or not. They were burnt."

"Father!"

"I suggested, in the gentlest possible manner that the cook should be discharged. It would be far from me to interfere with your mother's proper authority in the household. I merely said, that unless the cook was discharged, it would be necessary for me to breakfast in the city. Your mother refused to discharge the cook. Refused, Frank!"

"Oh!"

"I was very calm. I make it a point to remain calm in all circumstances, as you know. I think that is the duty of the father of a family. It was quite by accident that I pushed the plate off the table with my elbow and that it fell to the floor. Your mother promptly declared that a new carpet would be required. I stated immediately that I should not consider for one moment the purchase of a new carpet. If your mother had then admitted that she was in the wrong, and discharged the cook, there would have been no trouble at all."

Frank was silent.....

"I have always been an exceptionally calm-tempered man. As I told your mother only this morning, my mother never found any fault with my temper. I must say, Frank, that your mother is a most unreasonable woman."

"Oh, father!"

"And I will not allow my lad to be taken away from school in this absurd way," pursued Mr. Nugent. "It will be most awkward for me to explain to the Head. Nothing makes a man look more ridiculous than an appearance of discord in his home."

"If you tell the mater that you're sorry, dad..."

"Sorry!" thundered Mr. Nugent.

"Ye-e-es"

"I'm not sorry. I have nothing to be sorry for."

"Oh, father."

"Even now, I am willing to overlook the whole matter, if your mother will express some regret for what has happened," said Mr. Nugent magnanimously. "I shall insist that the cook is discharged and that there shall be no suggestion of the purchase of a new carpet in the dining-room; otherwise, I am willing to give way on every point."

Frank did not speak.

"I suppose I must go and see the Head now," said Mr. Nugent...

"Yes, father."

Mr. Nugent strode to the door, opened it and almost fell over Bunter.

Within five minutes, the whole school knew of the story.

It prompted the Bounder - at that time evilly-disposed towards the Famous Five - to write a cruel parody on the troubles of the Nugent family, but Horace James Coker intervened, burnt the precious manuscript, and thrashed Vernon-Smith with a dog-whip.

Dicky stuck it with his mother for a few days, then came back to Greyfriars, tired of being the recipient of floods of tears and, of course, of having to minister instead of being ministered unto.

Finally, Frank decided to go to his mother and on the journey was injured in a railway accident. Over his sick-bed, the two foolish parents became reconciled.

This story, in which Frank Nugent was portrayed in marked contrast to his parents and brother was unusual for the Magnet series. On several occasions, Charles Hamilton shewed how boys' fathers could have faults: Mr. Vernon-Smith and Mr. Bunter readily come to mind, but rarely did their mothers have faults.

Magnet No. 250: "Vernon-Smith's Feud"

Five stories later, in Magnet No. 250, Frank Nugent ran into further trouble. He learned, with anger, that Vernon-Smith proposed to take Dicky Nugent for a run in a motor-car - at that time a mark and sign of the Bounder's opulence and love of show. Fearing that his brother was, once again, going to be led astray, Frank tried to interfere, and when Vernon-Smith refused to leave Dicky to his own devices, knocked him down. Mr. Quelch witnessed the scene and asked for an explanation. Vernon-Smith blandly explained that he was going out to look for botanical specimens and that Nugent objected to his brother's going with him. Quelch innocently asked "Why?" to which schoolboy 'honour' prevented a reply. Nugent was therefore told to apologise to Vernon-Smith, refused to do so, and was caned.

Despite an appeal from Frank, Dicky went off with the Bounder.

On their return, Frank picked a quarrel with Vernon-Smith and a fight ensued, which was won easily by Vernon-Smith, for the Bounder had been training, very quietly, and was on the top of his form, while Frank Nugent, who was far from cool, wasted himself in attack. The fight was refereed by Wingate himself, who was shocked by Nugent's wilful refusal to shake hands afterwards. Later that evening he called Vernon-Smith to his study for a quiet talk, which enabled Vernon-Smith to make guarded statements that could only mean that Frank was steadily 'going to the dogs.'

Then Smithy spread a rumour that he was going to introduce Dicky Nugent to night life at the Cross Keys, and he took a plain cap to the dormitory that night. Frank Nugent, now in the state of mind of an agitated hen trying to stop a duckling-chick from entering water, stayed awake, saw the Bounder leave his bed, got up himself and went down to make sure that Dicky was still in his own dormitory. He found him there, asleep. On the way back, he ran into Quelch and at once became suspected of breaking bounds. The Bounder had, of course, nipped back into bed as soon as Frank left the dormitory, and appeared to be fast asleep when Nugent was shepherded back by his form-master.

The next evening, Smithy got Dicky Nugent to go down to Friardale for a newspaper - an old gag. Nugent major, believing this to be a blind, followed him and peeped inside the grounds of the Cross Keys. Quelch caught him red-handed as he came out. He was taken back to school, and expelled.

This story was the first of the dramatic series of Vernon-Smith's feud against the Famous Five which ended, in the sixth story with Bob Cherry's Barring-Out, with the exposure of the Bounder's roguery.

Magnet No. 409: "Harry Wharton and Co's. Pantomime"

The next event was in wartime, Christmas 1915, with Harry Wharton and Co. eager to help in some way with war-work. This did not take them into a munitions factory, but to the pantomime at Lantham, where the manager had been badly let down by some of

his actors who had left for more lucrative jobs. Whilst waiting in the manager's office, Frank Nugent and Harry Wharton were surprised by Conchita, the Fairy Queen, all ready for the dress rehearsal.

"What are you little boys doing here?" she asked.

"We're looking for jobs, miss" stammered Frank Nugent.

"My word," said the Fairy Queen, "you don't look much like panto kids."

"We are, all the same," said Harry "and we're not exactly little boys, either."

"Jolly nearly as old as you are, Miss Conchita," said Frank.

She laughed again.

"How old are you, kid?" she asked Frank.

"Fifteen" (A slight exaggeration this, he was two months younger than that.)

"And how old do you think I am?"

"Seventeen."

To Frank Nugent's great astonishment, the Fairy Queen pinched his ear in quite an affectionate manner, and tripped out of the room, laughing gaily.

Wharton was tried out for the part of The Marquis of Carabas, and the chums were somewhat taken aback when Conchita smoked a cigarette during her dance with him. I need hardly say that Wharton passed his test with flying colours.

That evening, in their lodgings, Frank waxed eloquent about Conchita's charm and good looks and was taken aback when Bob Cherry was quite unimpressed.

Next morning, she pulled Frank's leg because he had been shocked by her smoking, and was rather tickled when he told her that she ought to wait until she was twenty-one.

That afternoon, he joyfully accepted an invitation to ride in her car on a shopping expedition, and had supper with her. The only fly in the ointment was the presence of Freddy Badger (the stage-manager) at supper. In Frank's opinion, Badger was altogether too familiar with her. He did, however, fall in with her suggestion that Frank be promoted from the chorus to a small part.

Evidently Conchita was rather taken by the boy's admiration. In fact - as Bob Cherry remarked in an unfortunate moment - she was quite motherly towards Nugent.

On the opening night, Frank caught Conchita flirting with "old Badger" and was so upset that he forgot his lines, and only the kind attention of the Fairy Queen made him remember them. But after the first act, he was so dismayed by the affectionate regard of Conchita for the stage-manager that he missed his call and did not appear again.

After the show, Conchita sent for him and quickly realised that she had captivated him. Very simply and tenderly, she told him that he had paid her a great compliment. She had liked him from the moment she saw him, because he was 'so good and kind, simple and unsuspecting' that he reminded her of her own young days and had brought back to her many feelings and thoughts long-forgotten.

Frank sat petrified.

"My dear," she continued. "I am not old enough to have lost all my vanity, and I was pleased and amused when you supposed that I was a girl of seventeen. My dear, on the stage we do not grow old. But it is twenty years since I was seventeen."

Frank was thunderstruck.

"Don't repeat what I've told you," said Conchita, softly. "Ladies do not like to have their exact age known - especially in my profession. Professionally, I am

supposed to be twenty-five. And" (her face dimpled into a mischievous smile) "I didn't smoke until after I was twenty-one."

She then asked Frank to be friendly towards Freddie Badger, as she was engaged to him.

Thus ended Frank Nugent's schoolboy romance. It came and went very quickly. Perhaps the memory of it made him more sympathetic to Bob Cherry and Marjorie Hazeldene in the days to come.

Magnet No. 434: "Frank Nugent's Folly"

The story in Magnet No. 434 was of quite a different kind.

Frank Nugent has been Treasurer of the Remove Sports Club for a long time, and like all schoolboy treasurers, he has had his troubles and tribulations. Not those of Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Rookwood Fourth, who was a pound short until someone discovered that he could not add up the accounts, correctly. Frank Nugent's trouble was Sidney James Snoop. The sneak of the Remove got into the grip of a moneylender, and beseeched Frank to lend him £6 "until Wednesday" when he was sure a remittance would arrive. Frank refused point-blank. He had little cash of his own; the cricket fund was not his to use. But when Snoop got out of bed that night, threatened to end it all by throwing himself into the river, and promised faithfully to mend his ways, and reiterated his certainty that the money would come on Wednesday, Frank gave in, and lent him the money from the cricket fund.

The following afternoon Vernon-Smith caught Bunter prying into Nugent's desk and, with Bob Cherry as a witness, searched the desk to find whether the Owl had snaffled the cash. The desk had only three-and-six in it. They not unnaturally concluded that Bunter was the thief.

Snoop overheard this, sought Frank and blandly informed him that the money was not forthcoming - his uncle would not send it. But it did not matter: Frank could make out that the cash had been stolen: all the fellows were sure that Bunter had taken it.

"Don't you see," said Snoop. "Bunter's fixed it on himself. Don't say a word. The money's gone, and Bunter's taken it, see?"

Nugent stood transfixed.

"So I'm to put it on Bunter."

"Yes, that's the idea."

Nugent was revolted by the duplicity and shewed it by knocking Snoop down. Vernon-Smith witnessed this.

Later that afternoon, when the matter was gone into, Frank refused to blame Bunter and stated quite openly that "the money was not in the desk."

The Bounder remarked "I suppose that you've got the money in a safe place."

Frank replied touchily "If the club don't think the money's safe, they can elect a new treasurer."

But in spite of that remark, he worried no end, and during the next two or three days was gloomy, morose, short with his friends and obviously off colour. This did not go unnoticed by the Bounder who, in one of his better moments, got Snoop into his study, locked the door, gave him the money and told him to repay Frank, with the stern warning that if he did not do so or revealed the source of the money, the Bounder would see that he got the sack.

Snoop did as he was bidden.

Then Frank told Harry Wharton all about it. His friend's comment was "Keep your

mouth shut and don't be such a good-natured ass again." And so the affair passed over.

Magnet No. 446: "A Split in The Study"

Three months later, in Magnet No. 446, there was trouble between the chums of Study No. 1.

Harold Skinner had drawn a caricature of Harry Wharton with his usual skill and animosity, and put it on the noticeboard, where it amused the Remove no end, Frank Nugent laughing with the rest. But Harry Wharton's nerves were on edge when he came in and he was nettled by the obvious amusement and ripped the offending drawing from the board. When Skinner tried to stop him, he punched him vigorously, and bowled him over.

Wharton was displeased that Nugent should have been amused by the sketch, and shewed his ruffled feelings, so that when Bob Cherry called in Study No. 1, he sensed that all was not well.

"Was it one of you chaps gave Skinner his nose?" asked Bob. "I've just seen his nose. It's a corker!"

"I did," said Harry, curtly.

"Good, I dare say he asked for it," said Bob.

"Nugent doesn't think so," said Wharton, with a curl of the lip.

"Never mind about that," said Nugent "It's not worth jawing about, anyway"...

"I do mind about it," said Wharton obstinately. "Skinner was a cheeky cad."

Bob chuckled.

"That picture on the board?" he asked.

"Oh! you've seen it?"

"Yes, I saw it. It was cheeky, of course, and all rot, but it was funny, wasn't it?"

"It didn't strike me as funny."

"Oh, come. It was funny enough, and Skinner knows how to draw, too... He drew me once with feet like a giant; but I didn't mind. I know I've got good-sized feet - better than Skinner's stumpy hoofs. Surely, you didn't give him that nose for drawing a comic picture?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, it's no bizney of mine," said Bob, though his expression changed a little..

"So you agree with Nugent."

"Well, he deserves it for a lot of other thing," said Bob.

"He deserves it for that!"

"What's the good of jawing?" said Nugent. "You were hasty, and that's all about it."

"I wasn't hasty!"

"Well, you weren't then," said Frank, impatiently. "Is that satisfactory?"

Wharton threw himself into his chair again, his brow very dark.

"For goodness sake, don't play the giddy ox!" exclaimed Nugent. "I suppose I'm not bound to approve of everything you do? You know jolly well that you oughtn't to have knocked Skinner down, as he's a weedy rotter, and can't stand up to you. It isn't the game to hit a chap who can't tackle you."

"So I don't play the game!"

"I don't say so, and you know it. If you want it quite plain, I think you ought to tell Skinner you're sorry."

"I didn't mean to hurt him," said Wharton flushing. "I suppose you'll be calling me a bully next."

"Well, you did hurt him... but for goodness' sake don't let's begin ragging over a worm like Skinner. Let's go and rag Coker."

"Hang Coker."

"You're not coming?"

"No."

"Well, don't then," said Bob tartly, and he left the study.

Nugent made a move to follow him, but hesitated.

"Better come along, Wharton!"

"I'm not coming," said Wharton, grimly. "You've as good as called me a bully, and you say I don't play the game. I expect you to take that back."

Nugent paused.

"You put the words into my mouth," he said. "All I said was that you acted hastily, and that you ought to tell Skinner you're sorry."

"Well, until you think differently, you needn't trouble to speak to me again" said Wharton savagely.

Bolsover, Snoop and Stott then inveigled Skinner into challenging Wharton to a fight. Harry declined the offer, and once again asked Frank's opinion.

Nugent made an uncomfortable movement.

"You oughtn't to fight him," he said "Skinner's no match for you... you ought to tell him you're sorry, and let the matter drop."

In the 'Rag' Skinner openly challenged Wharton, and when again refused, smacked his face. That did it. They retired to the gym, where Wharton, too furious to heed Frank's plea for leniency, smashed up Skinner in a couple of rounds. That tore things in Study No. 1.

The rest of the Co. was at a loss. Johnny Bull suggested knocking their heads together till they found some common-sense. Bob and Inky grinned at the idea, but did not work on it.

Later, Harry happened to meet Marjorie Hazeldene, who advised him to do as Frank suggested, but he still wouldn't agree. But on the way back he came upon Ponsonby and Co. ragging Frank Nugent - five to one, as usual. He whaled in and got him free. That healed the breach and Harry then in a pleasanter frame of mind, did apologise to Skinner. Skinner just couldn't make sense of it. But then, he never could appreciate straight dealing and fairness.

Magnet No. 470: "The Fellow Who Funked"

This account of Frank Nugent would be incomplete if the story in Magnet No. 470 were not mentioned. Several Greyfriars boys had been ragged, one by one, by Pon. and Co., and the Famous Five, and Bolsover major set out to avenge them. Nearing Pegg, Nugent went to the top of a rise, to look for them, when the rest came upon eight Highcliffians - and the battle began. Frank Nugent, however, ignored their call and went over the hillock and down the other side. They did not see him again till after prep. when Skinner and Co. accused him of running away, and the Co. looked uncomfortable. Frank was indignant that his friends should have any doubt of his pluck, and refused to speak to them.

Of course, it was all a mistake. Nugent, from this vantage point, had seen several Highcliffe juniors bring Dick Trumper off his bicycle by a cord stretched across the road, and had gone to his assistance.

When the truth came out, Bolsover said "Well, I'm sorry. I'll tell Nugent so. I don't see why he couldn't have explained, all the same."

"Because you put his back up at the start," growled Wharton. "I'd have done the same, in his place."

"Yes, you would; you're a touchy ass" said Bolsover. "But, I should have expected more sense from Nugent."

There we will leave him. Frank Nugent continued to play an important part in the Greyfriars stories. True, he did not, in the later stories, receive so much limelight, but the rôle of guide, philosopher and friend does not hit the headlines. It was a pity that his love of joking became overshadowed by Bob Cherry's japes, and that at times he was made to appear the weakest member of the Famous Five, for he was a well-drawn and distinctive 'character,' and undoubtedly "one of the best."

* * * * *

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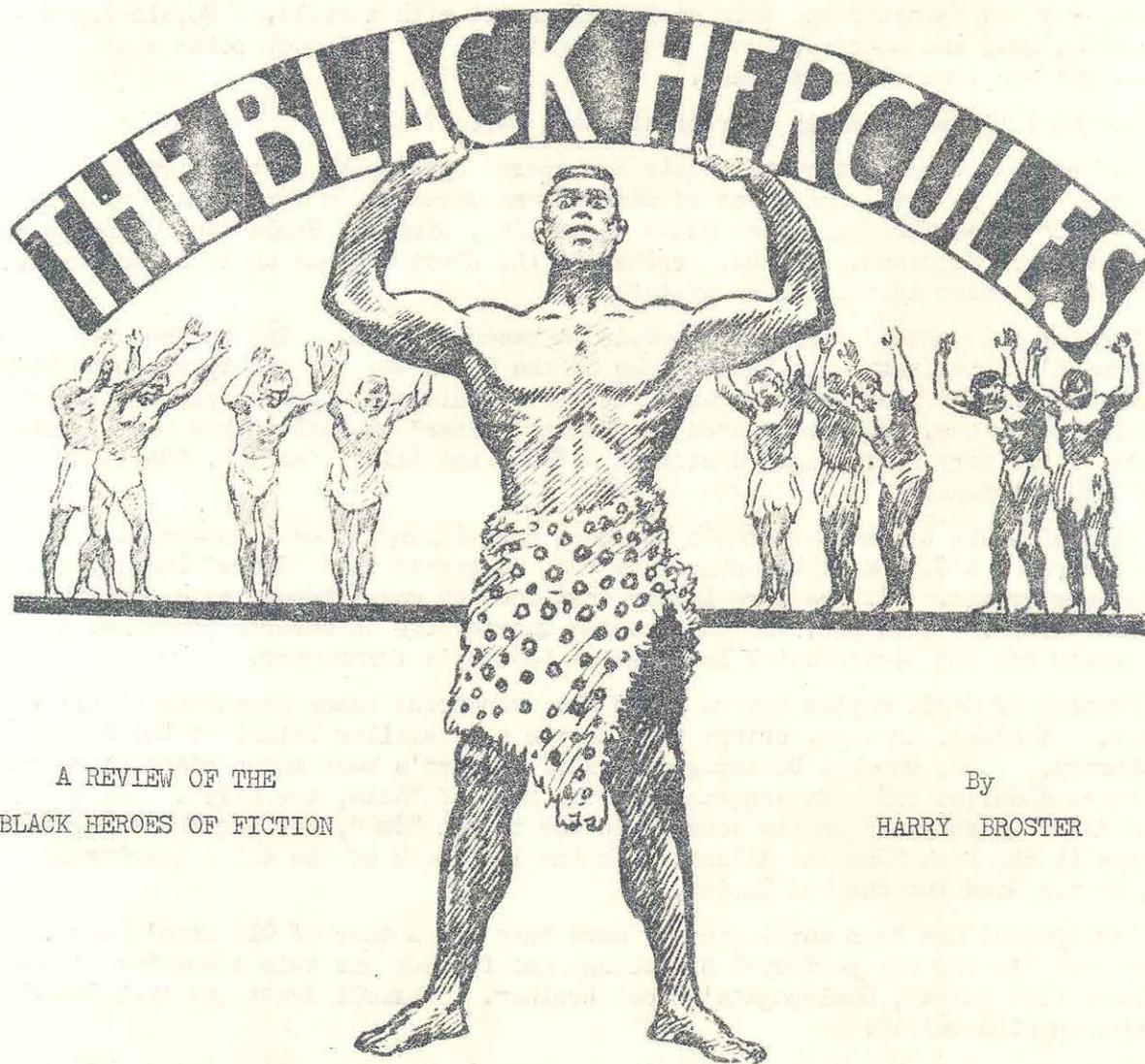
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The Boy from Bermondsey



A REVIEW OF THE
BLACK HEROES OF FICTION

By
HARRY BROSTER

It is generally accepted that to imitate is a form of flattery. That being so, a good few authors of boys' stories can pat themselves on the back.

For the purpose of this article I will single out one great author who has been imitated time and time again over the years - Sir Henry Rider Haggard. This will bring up again another old argument - did he write for boys or for adults? Were his stories classics?

Who has not heard of "She", "King Solomon's Mines", "Allan Quartermain"? The two first named have been screened more than once.

There are others, nearly as well known - "Ayesha - Holy Flower Ivory Child", "Marie", "Allan's Wife".

Most of Rider Haggard's yarns were of Africa - old Egypt and the Cape Province - the district round Zululand, from the Cape to Northern Rhodesia.

The saga of Allan Quartermain is familiar to most boys - the great white hunter, renowned for his sagacity and more so for his skill with a rifle. Physically unremarkable, ugly and bearded, but a great fighter. It is a moot point where Haggard got his idea of Quartermain.

How many times has Allan Quartermain been copied?

Was not Quartermain the only white man spared by Dingaan in the Piet Retief massacre? Was he not a confidant of Dingaan and Cetewayo, a firm friend of King Panda? For those who find these names unfamiliar, Dingaan, Panda, and Cetewayo were in turn King of Zululand. Chaka, brother to the first two and uncle of Cetewayo, was the first ruler in this black dynasty.

Much of the saga of Allan Quartermain is based on fact. Interwoven with Quartermain's friendship with these Kings of the Zulus was the enmity of these Kings against Zikalali, the most powerful witch doctor in Zululand - how he plotted their downfall one by one, and how he used the "White Hunter" to achieve his ends is the subject of the very early Haggard stories - "Nada the Lily", "Marie", "Child of Storm" and "Finished".

Without doubt Allan Quartermain has been copied many times in comparatively recent years. A Sexton Blake enthusiast once suggested that "Spots" Loseley was a second Quartermain. It was more likely that Loseley was intended as a prototype of Sir John Curtis. This man, who accompanied Quartermain on several journeys, was more likely the one Cecil Hayter intended as Loseley's forerunner.

Mention of Cecil Hayter brings us to that wonderful black character of his - Lobangu. Lobangu, in turn, brings to mind the very similar Umlosi of the Nelson Lee Library. Now, who but Umslopogaas, Rider Haggard's best known black character, were these modelled on? Umslopogaas was the hero of "Nada, the Lily". He accompanied Allan Quartermain on his journey to Kor to see "She", the great white goddess. This was in the book "She and Allan". In the last book of the Allan Quartermain saga, he too died for the two Queens.

Umslopogaas has been duplicated by more than one author of Old Boys' books. Hayter used him for his portrayal of Lobangu and further his twin character M'Wama was taken from Galazi, Umslopogaas' blood brother. Maxwell Scott and then Brookes followed on with Umlosi.

There have been black men in Charles Hamilton's yarns. Did not one, M'Pong, attach himself to Tom Merry in one of the holiday travel series in the Gen? The Popolaki series by Charles Hamilton had a similar character in Bobolobo, the Kikuyu chieftain.

Maybe S. Clark Hook thought of Umslopogaas when he introduced Pete. Even authors who write for adults have kept Umslopogaas in mind. John Buchan, F. A. M. Webster, and Stuart Cloeti have "flattered" Rider Haggard. We must not forget the stories of Sanders by Edgar Wallace and Francis Gerard, and realise that Bosambo was, next to Sanders, the main character.

The history of Hayter's Lobangu, chief of the Etibai, has a great resemblance to the story of Umslopogaas - Bulalio, he was called when he was chief of the People of the Axe.

The themes of Rider Haggard - lost kingdoms, treasure, past civilisations - have, like his principal characters, been copied time and time again. Readers of boys'

concluded on page 85...

BY ANY OTHER NAME

BY TOM HOPPERTON

There is a hoary tradition of descriptive surnames in English literature which we can trace from medieval times through Ralph Roister Doister, Doll Tearsheet, Toby Belch, Mr. Horner, Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Benjamin Backbite and the like to the late flickerings in Marryatt's Jacob Faithful and Jack Easy. Then, as realism prevailed in adult work, there was a sudden recrudescence in boys' fiction until the swarms of Giles Evergreens, Frank Fearlesses, Tom Torments, Ned Nimbles, Tom Floremalls and Dick Lighthearts must have induced frantic head-scratching when the flummoxed authors had to think up fresh variations.

The practice was not confined to the boys. Dicky Nugent, when he staffed St. Sam's with Dr. Birchemall, Mr. Lickham, Mr. Swishingham and Mr. Chas. Tyser, was simply writing like a reincarnation of one of the Brett or Hogarth House authors who, in all seriousness, headed their academies with Messrs. Canem, Lashem, Hackchild and Tickleham. Incidentally, I once discovered in a "2d box" a life of Dr. Birchemhall by some parson, but he was John and not Alfred so I saved my twopence.

We can maintain dry eyes that the mania finally began to abate in the 'nineties. It was an unnatural and crude convention, automatically limiting any subtlety in the development of the characters. These Neds, Toms and Lashems were not so much named as labelled, and they had to live up to the label.

"The Schooldays of Jack Jingle, or the Boys of Redcliffe," by Charles Hamilton, would therefore hardly raise a single eyebrow when it appeared in "The Best Budget" in 1902, whatever it might do now. But considering that from then until 1907 his work appears to be entirely free from such influence, it is surprising that when he began working for "The Gem" he turned back the clock. Whether some quirk of memory brought to the surface that Tom Merry who graced the Aldine "British Boys' Paper" in 1888 or whether the name was original, I have no way of knowing. Certainly, with the exception of Tom's rival, Gordon Gay (and that juxtaposition is significant), it was his sole lapse into the former manner and custom, and the general remark on our author's handling of names is not one of reproach but of admiration of the felicity he displays.

That astute critic, George Orwell, was struck by one aspect of this in his attempt to assess why "The Gem" and "Magnet" exercised such a fascination. Orwell was working to a self-imposed brief - that the stories were imitative and politically pernicious - and he contented himself with pointing out that aristocratic names were used to convey a snobbish atmosphere, plus the suggested borrowing of names, of which more anon.

Orwell, as a short-term reader and presumably ignorant of Rookwood, could not possibly know how right he was, if not about the snobbery at least about the names. A probably incomplete count of the casts at Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rookwood and Highcliffe shows 117 names with aristocratic associations. A thorough scouring of

"Debrett" and "Burke's Peerage" could hardly make the total more impressive. Furthermore, they fall almost entirely into two quite distinct groups - those of mediaeval nobles and those of the Augustan and early Georgian aristocrats. The practice is surely too persistent and widespread to be accidental, a view which is supported by a marked differentiation in the use of the names.

Let us eliminate the exceptions first. Johnny Bull began life as John Bull Junior and the name is purely evocative. Blake started and remained the bluff Yorkshire lad and bore a name to suit. We have been told that Jimmy Silver was the author's counter-suggestion to the editorial "Jack Fisher." This last reminds one of the admiral, but Silver is not a name of any historical significance and in fiction seems to be confined to Long John - or so I thought until Eric Fayne pointed out to me that a Jimmy Silver featured in an early P. G. Wodehouse story. There was a corpulent Bob Cherry the lead (hero seems inappropriate) in "Unlucky Bob; or, Our Boys at School," serialised in Brett's "Our Boys' Journal" in 1882 and popular enough to be re-issued in penny numbers and, later, wrappers. No matter by whom perpetrated, Bob Cherry sounds to me suspiciously like a pun.

But there is no pun about Nugent. This family are far from being new gents, including as they do an impressive collection of Earls of Westmeath, Baron Devlins and Lord Grenvilles stretching back to the 13th century. And so it is with the other members of the heroic Cos. Wharton, Lowther, Manners, Raby, Lovell, D'Arcy, Digby, Herries, De Courcy and Courtenay without exception bear the names of old nobility of at least Plantagenet times. Their foils, whether villainous, innocuous or piebald, derive from the Johnny-come-latelies who did not reach the top bracket until three, four or five hundred years later, as witness Ponsonby, Temple, Selwyn, Gower, Townsend, Topham and Mornington - all names which achieved prominence after 1700.

This is most marked at Rookwood, where the knuts sound so much like a muster-roll of the Whig aristocracy as to impel one to the belief that Mr. Hamilton had been browsing through his favourite Macaulay when he dubbed his cast, but the pattern is still plain enough in such a one-shot story as "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays," where Ethel Cleveland (née Maynard) and Dolly Carew are balanced by Dolores Pelham.

Such names, it should be noted, were not sprinkled indiscriminately. Mr. Hamilton argued with Orwell that aristocrats will not do the things necessary for survival. Among these he must include the acceptance of non-classical education, because the denizens of the New House and Modern Side were delivered in plain vans, as it were. Dodd, Doyle, Cook, Figgins and their cohorts were uniformly commonplace in their labelling.

"Borrowed," "lifted," "taken," "copied" and the like are words which leave a nasty taste in the mouths of both author and reader. To get it over, let us have a look at the repeated remarks about names common to our subject and to earlier works.

Orwell (again!) was early on the scene with the resemblance to Prout, the House-master in "Stalky and Co.," of whom Kipling said: "All Mr. Prout's imagination leaned to the darker side of life." That one sentence in itself precludes any further consideration of our Prout being a copy, and if they had not both been masters the thought would never have arisen at all. Besides, if the Fifth-form Master had been, say, Herbert Prout, it would have been a disregarded tag of no consequence. But PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT rolls most magnificently off the tongue and suits Old Pompous down to the last "Unprecedented!"

Besides Manders and Hurree Mookerjee, Kipling could have been levied for Terence

Mulvaney, one of the "Soldiers Three," and from "The Story of the Gadsbys," while Anstey's Hurry Baboo Jabberjee is worth examining in conjunction with Inky. You can find Skimpole in "Bleak House," Darcy in "Pride and Prejudice," Silver in "Treasure Island," Gosling as an innkeeper instead of a customer in "Kenilworth," Miss Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield," while self-evident titles are "Tom Wildrake's Schooldays," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Sandford and Merton," "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond" and "Alton Locke" ---- and on the subject of Lockes, Endymion Ferrers is the hero of Disraeli's "Endymion." Ferrers, however, is another of those twelfth-century names, the most notorious of the line being that Lord Ferrers who was hanged in 1760 for the murder of his steward, and who finally dispelled the legend that a nobleman was entitled to be scragged in a silk rope, while a final reminiscent touch is imparted by our old friend Ferrers Lord.

One could continue, but where does it get us? Charles Hamilton created hundreds of characters: it would be odd indeed if there were not some repetitions in his names, and equally odd if his mind did not throw up occasionally names which he had met with in reading. Yet, even if he did take Skimpole from Dickens, or for that matter is indebted to the entire list given above, does it really matter? No one has yet been able to demonstrate what would be ---- that he had abstracted a character from its creator. The nearest one can get to that is in the series where there is an unfortunate similarity in name and denouement to the old melodrama, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and even here the worst that can be said is that a play about an American criminal sparked off a run of school stories.

There are only two of these names that have ever particularly interested me. The historical Mauleverers would probably have passed unnoticed if Sir Thomas had not signed Charles I's death warrant and so came down to us with the label of Regicide, and they died out two centuries ago. It is unlikely that Mr. Hamilton was a devotee of Emma Robinson's and drew on "Mauleverer's Divorce." What is likely is that our Mauly stems from the Lord Mauleverer in "Paul Clifford," a book our author quotes on occasion and from which he admittedly derived one of his pen-names.

And then there is W. G. B. himself. In June, 1907, Phillpot Wright began a series in "The Vanguard" about Taffy Llewellyn and Co. at Blackminster School (and Blackminster sounds quite depressing compared with Greyfriars). One of the Co. was a stolid, thick-headed youth named Billy Bunter, although this one was of average intellect. He was splashed quite frequently -- for example, the cover of No. 61 had a cut of a brawl under the banner heading, "Billy Bunter's Celebration." In the $\frac{1}{2}$ d "Gem," No. 41, in December, Skimpole made his bow and exercised his first benevolence on a tramp called Bill Bunter, while Dame Bunter was the tuckshop-keeper at Cliveden School in "The Boys' Herald." In 1908, the Owl was born. So sort that out!

The peculiar thing about this rash of Bunters is that the name appears not to be a real one, and after 1908 I have not encountered it outside "The Magnet" except with Dorothy L. Sayers' valet. It does not appear in any of the three main dictionaries of English surnames, and it is not listed in any telephone directory. What I have found, both in Pierce Egan and the later (1851) Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor," Vol. 4, is a description of a class of low women who specialised in taking furnished lodgings and eventually absconding without paying any rent. They were called "bunters," which seems entirely appropriate.

In this connection, who was responsible for Tuckless as Sammy Bunter's middle name? It appears in the odd sub. story and in "The Greyfriars Herald," but did Frank Richards ever use it? Tuckless, I take it, is simply a concocted joke: there are all sorts of compounds with "Tuck" in the dictionaries and directories, but no

Tuckless.

Anyway, having collected his names and no matter how, the author is still faced with the problem of their successful application. There has not, as far as I know, been any reasoned enquiry into why certain names produce the effect they do, but we all have some ingrained if unrecognised prejudice in the matter. We would be immediately unanimous that a navvy rejoicing in Montmorency Fitzclarence would sound as incongruous as Earl Bloggs of Poplar (and some current titles are getting very near to that!)

I suggest that it is this unconscious preference that largely guides the average writer, although he must surely give some conscious thought to it, if only in scouting through the telephone directory. Charles Dickens collected bizarre names. Oscar Wilde had a sure hand with his *fin de siècle* characters, because he employed precisely the same technique that Charles Hamilton does with his elegants of combining a slightly precious Christian name (Vivian, Dorian) with a tested aristocratic surname. On the contrary, if Bernard Shaw's Ned Nimblish efforts like Captain Brassbound and Alfred Doolittle are disregarded, it is impossible to see any pattern in his nomenclature -- probably because there isn't any! Still, it is not in such starry realms that one should seek an apt comparison for a boys' author.

Working from first essentials, it is safe to say that a monosyllabic surname is unlikely to be impressive (said he, basking in trisyllabic security but cocking a wary eye at the Editor). Mr. Hamilton exploits this fully in his working class characters. Bunn the baker sounds as if he played Happy Families as well as roulette. You don't have to have read "The Water Babies" for Grimes to convey a grubby impression, while Mack, Clegg, Curll, Japp and Hook provide sufficient examples to illustrate the point.

Allied to this and frequently used as an alternative is the faintly Dickensian trick of using an odd cognomen. Bandy, the Blatchfordian grocer, Orris, which sounds like a vulgar mispronunciation of Horace, Crum the hypnotist, Riggs the moneylender (thimble-rigging?), Gosling, Kettle, Trumper, Pepper, Trumble, Tozer and Bella Bunbury ("The Importance of Being Ernest"?) Bandy, no doubt, was intended to be ridiculous, but even where the names are used in apparent good faith they leave a vague impression of belittlement. The others in this category, Alonzo Theophilus Todd, Clarence Cuffy, and the abominous swarm, Baggy Trimble, Tubby Muffin, Turkey Tuck and Bunny Bottles, are freaks in any case, and titled to stress the fact.

During his early period, Mr. Hamilton displayed a certain economy in his use of names, dipping frequently into a pool of favourites, one or two of which were nearly sure to appear in practically every story. When Hurree Singh first appeared in the Third Form at Netherby, he was associated with Redfern, Lawrence, Knowles, Lantham (then a person), Hake, King and Devereux. The admirable and dramatic St. Dolly's stories had two Redferns, Gunter, Morgan, Vernon, Rake, and as Sixth-formers Knowles, Courtney, Carne and North. Talbot and Darrell appear as far back as 1902 in "The Heart of Africa." Talbot was a busy lad: in addition to this and his criminal activities, he turned up in 1907 at Redcliffe School, and three years later he was working in Signor Tomsonio's circus. A heavy crop can be culled from "The Boys' Realm" in 1906-7, including Herries, Locke, Temple, Carne, another Redfern, Lawrence, Cardew, Russel, two Hiltons, Valence, Ponsonby and Lagden. "The Boys' Herald" of the same period yields Neville, Flynn, Bunter, Pankhurst, (for which C. H. might have been kinder to Suffragettes), Price, Cuffy, Trimble, Lawrence, Kildare and Hake.

We can only note, without explaining, the personal quirks which kept bringing certain names forward as the prime favourites. Every schoolboy (to get Macaulayish)

knows that Warwick the King-Maker was a Neville, but few or none will know or care that Wilmot was the family name of the Earls of Rochester. It is not a particularly attractive name: it has no overt association for the average reader, but it has some fascination for Mr. Hamilton. I can think of four Wilmots who shone for a season.

Lovell was also well represented, from Arthur Lovell as the hero of "King Cricket" via the great Arthur Edward to the Colonel Lovell who found Harry Nameless was his long-lost nephew, in "The Boy Without a Name."

The most significant appears to have been Redfern. Owen Redfern was the hero at Netherby, plus another Owen Redfern at Carnforth. St. Dolly's had two of them, the major Captain of the School, the minor the leading light among the juniors. Our more familiar Redfern never reached such eminence, but Barbara made her way to the top at Cliff House. It is a name of no note whatsoever, and the only explanation I could offer would be that it was kept in the author's mind by those then-ubiquitous adverts for Redfern's Rubber Heels, which seem to have vanished into the limbo of the lost together with Robey's fifty-shilling bikes and that fascinating assortment of junk vended by Pain's Present House.

To balance this uncertainty on our part, the author could only hope for the best in framing his names, the readers' reactions being often among the imponderables. Mornington to some will mean Georgian earls: to others, simply bricks and mortar, the Crescent. Wharton should conjure up visions of stately successions of Lords, Earls and Dukes who held the title, but there will always be the odd reader who remembers only that the most famous of the line was Dr. Johnson's "detestable Wharton," "abhorred by Heaven and long since due to Hell." Fortunately, few of the paper's juvenile readers were likely to alternate between "The Magnet" and old Samuel, so that jarring note could not often be struck. At the other extreme, what are we to make of the readers who hadn't the gumption to distinguish between a Greyfriars senior and a Highcliffe junior, whose names had not even the same spelling, and who wrote to the Editor to complain?

Technique and not chance is applied to the occasional parvenu or nouveau riche who inevitably finds his way into school stories. The main method is to hyphenate something more euphonious to the original plebian name. This, of course, is no mere fictional device: an example recently married into the Royal Family. It never fails, but I think none of the later examples such as Vane-Carter has just that touch of eminent rightness which distinguishes Vernon-Smith. It is not to our author's discredit that time played a trick on him here. Samuel Vernon-Smith as originally depicted would certainly double-barrel his name. The prosperous financier of later years would be too tough and too cynical of the Vernons to give a hoot. Several correspondents in "The Collectors' Digest" have mentioned coming across real-life Vernon-Smiths, but we have never learned who inspired whom, and it really does require more-than-average cheek to ask: "Tell me, old man, did you name yourself after the Bounder?"

Akin to this is a device for softening the crude impact of a thoroughly proletarian name which dates back to Elizabeth, if not earlier -- spelling Smith with a "y" and an "e". Just as Pontifex blows up Prout to the appropriate degree of inflation, so does Adolphus give the perfect balance and right touch of aspiring snobbishness to Smythe. And Adolphus was a first-class foil to Silver; probably the most credible and understandable knut of them all. I can only once remember his stepping out of character. "Fat Jack of the Bone-House!" was frequently hurled at the bloated trio by rude, crude and generally unshaven intruders, but it shook me a little to find the elegant Smythe applying it to Bunter. (Short pause for a

commercial! Does anyone know the origin of this phrase? It baffles my every inquiry.) The interesting exception to both types is Lumley-Lumley, who simply doubles the name of the 15th century barons.

The foreign names were not of prime importance and, if they conveyed an acceptable impression of Frenchness, or whatever the country might be, obviously needed no deeper consideration. The French names are, in fact, run-of-the-mill handles corresponding to our English White, Carpenter and Bridges. One minor mystery is why the Chinese brothers were called Wun Lung and Hop Hi. If I understand the Chinese procedure aright, it reverses ours in that the surname is written first and the given name follows. From this, the younger brother should have been Wun Hi, and I fear that Frank Richards sacrificed reality to perpetrate a couple of poor puns. Not that it matters much: they were a couple of poor characters.

Greyfriars was developing at a time when Americans appeared to regard as the ultimate in melliflence some such styling as Hiram P. Klunk. Plain Harry Truman got by quite well as a haberdasher: to become a President he had to incorporate an entirely imaginary "S" as a middle initial. (This sounds odd, but it isn't.) The fashion being what it was, Fisher T. Fish was inevitable, but our author was apt to out-Yank Brother Jonathan himself. I am not suggesting that Frank Richards would ever be found chalking "GO HOME YANKS!" on walls, but there certainly is a strong element of derisory caricature in many of his American names. Even when giving us a scion of the old Dutch "aristocracy" (Ivy League version), he skipped over a dozen or more quite impressive names such as Vandervelt and Vanderheyden to evolve ----- Van Duck!

I don't know whether Brander is a Dutch name: it does suggest the appropriate overtones of brutality, which may have been the main consideration. But his nephew, Otto, was impeccably Dutch, probably a descendant of that Van Tromp who "was an admiral brave and bold."

Faced by the thousand or more characters who received names in "The Gem," "Magnet" and "Boys' Friend," to say nothing of the dozens of other papers, it is obvious that one can prolong comment on groups and individuals almost indefinitely, and that any survey is confronted by so many widely varying points for consideration that it is forced into being rambling and discursive. But is it possible to systemise the main trends in the subject?

This reminds me of an evening I spent being tortured by a hi-fi expert whose collection consisted almost entirely of elderly acoustic jazz records. As he fiddled with a control panel bigger than that of a Constellation, it struck me that he must be what Terry-Thomas calls "stone bonkers" to spend hundreds of pounds on electronic equipment in an effort to extract from his discs sounds that the old horn recording never put there in the first case. I should hate to fall into a similar error here and read formulae and a slide-rule into certain distinguishable trends of usage, when possibly only subconscious taste had prevailed.

A demonstration of how easy it is to persuade oneself into error was given in an Australian article by Mr. Edward C. Snow, a former sub-editor of "The Magnet" and "The Gem," who said: "Charles Hamilton's main reason for success is no trade secret: it lay in the fundamental gift of nomenclature. In order to make his characters live and last his lifetime, careful consideration had to be given to alliteration, relevancy, class and vocation. The author's ability in that respect has been admired or grudgingly admitted the world over."

Here's a fine jumble! This "main reason" is so simple that no collector is

going in turn to be simple enough to believe it. If it were so, we must be a singularly obtuse lot to have devoted hundreds of pages in our mags to dissecting the style and stories without having arrived at it. He follows with a splendid example of post hoc, ergo propter hoc fallacy. If Percy Griffith's editorial directive in 1907 had read: "Take special care with the names, they must last for over fifty years," Martin Clifford would have cackled a lot louder than Baggy Trimble ever did.

The greatest of care is no insurance against the vicissitudes of taste, in which that excellent stylist, Michael Storm, gives us an object lesson with his two leading characters, Nigel Dorn and Egbert Brooks. Nigel has remained obstinately "posh" for half a century: the royal Saxon Egbert, thanks to the ministrations of the tribe of Wodehouse, is now so indissolubly linked with Woosterish silly-ass comedians as to be faintly comic. Charles Hamilton skirted this pitfall by using everyday names for his leading boys and by plain luck in his more precious labels.

And why the reference to alliteration? There was a little of it among the adults of the earlier period, and while such birds of passage as Philip Phipps and Jonas Jex went their way a trace still remains with Larry Lascelles and Paul Prout. It is so rare among the boys as to suggest deliberate avoidance. The "Jack Jolly" stuff was reserved for the supplements.

No matter how clearly we see the practical results, it still seems unlikely that our author ever sat down to work saying to himself, "Now, for a hero I will couple a plain first name, Tom, Harry, Jimmy, with an old aristocratic surname: for a knut I'll vary the procedure with an "elegant" Christian name, Aubrey, Valentine, Adolphus, with a handle from the newer gentry: for the horny handed, some monosyllable, preferably with onomatopoeic significance: for a low criminal, a nickname and a penny-plain surname, like Hooky Walker or Tickey Tapp. I slipped with Billy Bunter and Len Lex, but I will not rely on alliterative effect."

If some budding author were to deduce such a set of rules for himself, excellent as they may be in their sphere, he would still have no guarantee of success. The root of the matter is that outstanding aptitude in such things is not arrived at by formulae or technique alone. Its eminent success, even on a small scale, depends in the last resort on an innate delicacy of judgment and appreciation of the nuances of sound and association. On so sweeping a canvas as Charles Hamilton's, it further necessitates a cultivated and balanced literary mind.

In that respect, both we and our author can congratulate ourselves. The nomenclature of a story may not be of the highest importance: even when the reader has to live with the characters for years its degree of effectiveness may be a trifle, but, as Michelangelo remarked, trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle. We can feel a deep appreciation that Mr. Hamilton's craftsmanship extended even to that detail for, while Shakespeare might have been right in saying that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it is very certain that our famous and enduring friends of the school stories would not.

* * * * *

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In the first two years of its existence, the Nelson Lee Library was devoted to detective stories, and, like the Sexton Blake Library, the stories were contributed by various writers.

None of the early Lee tales was more entrancing to the reader than the three series, featuring The Black Wolf, by G. H. Teed, which commenced in October 1918.

Space does not permit one to review all three, but I propose to scan the third of the series, which introduced the remarkable "Crystal Urn," an ancient curio of fabulous worth.

It should be mentioned that the Black Wolf was a woman - Mademoisells Miton - who had a number of skilful criminals under her control. So let us now look at the third series in which the Black Wolf crossed swords with Nelson Lee, the detective.

Two men sat on a balcony of the Hotel de Paris on the Grand Canal in Venice.

They had dined together because, both being globe-trotters, they had affinity of interests and pleasures. One was Nelson Lee; the other, an American, Peter Gilmore, famous explorer and archaeologist.

Gilmore had taken something from his pocket, which he had passed across to Lee.

He had uncovered from the jungle in Yucatan a great stone sphinx with the head of a woman, and the body of a serpent.

Cut from solid rock, the stony scales of its long twisting body were a triumph of art and beauty.

In the small priests' temple which he had discovered, he had come across an altar, on the face of which was carved the representation of a great vase. The base of it was triple terraced, while the stem was long and slender. The bowl of the vase was of a graceful shape, and the lid was a representation of the actual lid which had reposed on an ivory shield above the altar. A crystal lid with a great diamond set in its centre.

It was this crystal lid which Gilmore showed to Nelson Lee. Although Peter Gilmore had found the lid, he had found no vase.

So far Gilmore had held little faith in the supposed existence of the continent of Atlantis in the Atlantic. But in view of his discoveries he had now to believe that its existence had been a fact.

He had made enquiries in Paris and London and in one or two instances had come upon rumours. From Paris his enquiries had led him to Venice, for he had come upon definite rumours that Lucrezia Borgia, the royal poisoner of hated memory, had actually come upon the urn, which in some way had fallen into the hands of the Pope, who was also her father - Rodrigo de Borgia. That Lucrezia Borgia possessed some piece of mysterious crystal which

THE BLACK WOLF
BY REUBEN GODSAVE

she prized above everything, is certain.

Through all the talk Nelson Lee had sat listening tensely.

Down the canal at that moment there came a large gondola. Just as Lee was about to speak again, a voice broke out - a clear, young voice which rose and fell in sweet, clear cadence. It was the voice of a boy, and as the light from the landing shone across the gondola, Nelson Lee caught a glimpse of the face of the singer. It was dark and young and full of the beauty of the sunny vineyards.

Then something drew Lee's eyes to a white face which stood forth from the shadow of the silken hangings of the gondola. As the gondola passed on, Lee recognised the face of the Black Wolf - Mademoiselle Miton.

Gilmore followed Lee to the landing where one of the gondolas was moored to the hotel steps. The gondolier was just about to pole off when Nipper also boarded the gondola.

Away ahead of them still sounded the voice of the singer. The gondolier whom Lee had engaged proved his worth as they turned into canal after canal. Ahead of them they caught a fleeting glimpse of the gondola which they were following. Even as they bore down upon it, they saw it touch against the steps of a building, and a moment later three figures emerged from it.

An old acquaintance, Rodrigo, informed Lee that the building which the Black Wolf had entered was the Palazzo Alino, which had been leased to a beautiful woman. It was supposed to have been the residence of the poisoner, Lucrezia Borgia. For sixty years the old man, Rodrigo, had at times, when the Palazzo Alino had been empty, searched for the record of Lucrezia Borgia's life, which it was said she always kept.

In order to establish a connection with the Black Wolf, Nipper, suitably disguised, arranged to assist one of the many gondoliers who plied the canals. With Luicci, the gondolier, Nipper drifted in the gondola about the Palazzo Alino. As they once again approached the steps, the lower gate was opened and a servant made a sign to them. "My mistress wishes to employ you. Wait here." Suddenly, through the water gate appeared the Black Wolf. "The Church of Santa Maria della Salute" she said curtly.

From there onwards it was a steady round of canals and shops. They finally arrived back at the Palazzo Alino, and when she stepped out she made a point of hiring the gondola for several days. So it was that they tied the gondola to the water steps and followed the Black Wolf into the Palazzo Alino.

When evening fell they received word that their services were required. The Black Wolf dressed in a rich evening gown, stepped over the gunwale, followed by the Italian youth who had sung the night before. As the gondola slipped past the Palazzo Alino, there suddenly appeared a large gondola ahead bearing straight down upon them. As the two craft rode beside each other, Nipper saw three men spring over the side towards the feize where the Black Wolf sat.

Nipper did not propose to stand by while others, equally guilty as far as he knew, attacked the Black Wolf. At that moment a flash came from the inside of the feize, and an Arab rolled over with a stream of blood flowing from his shoulder. The Black Wolf remained ambushed behind the curtains of the feize, but she was firing steadily, and Nipper could hear her voice encouraging him and Luicci. Then he himself became engaged with another Arab, who twined his legs about him, and in a frenzy of hatred, forced the point of a blade down towards Nipper's throat. From behind

came a sharp report, and the next moment the Arab lurched heavily. So sudden had been the intervention of her shot, and with such violence did the Arab plunge into the water, that Nipper could not disengage himself in time to escape. Into the canal he went, still clinging to the Arab who had been badly wounded, and evidently determined that, if he must die, Nipper should die with him. Nipper's lungs felt as if they must burst, but with one supreme effort, he finally drove free from the Arab.

He shot upwards, and, as the air rushed into his lungs, he opened his eyes to gaze into profound darkness. Cautiously he paddled about until his hands touched a ledge of stone. He drew himself up on the ledge, and, feeling in his pocket for his torch he took it out. Pressing the switch he was relieved to see the light shone out clear and bright.

There was a wild scampering of rats as the light struck that place, which, although Nipper did not know it, had not seen the light for hundreds of years. The wall opposite him might be sheer and blank above the water, but down beneath the surface there would be an opening which led out into the waters of the canal. The secret way into the canal had probably been made by some nobleman of Venice as a means of escape should it ever be required.

Nipper tried to figure out which house it could be where he stood. He remembered they had just swung out from the Palazzo Alino. If he took the tunnel to his right, it must run in the direction of the Palazzo Alino. He started along the tunnel and became aware that the rising floor of the tunnel was drier. He came to an old door which hung on rusty hinges. Squeezing gingerly through he found himself in a square chamber.

In the centre was a long table, still littered with the dishes of a feast, and, stepping closer Nipper saw that the dishes were of gold and silver. About the table were twelve great chairs, as well preserved as they had been four hundred years before, and a shiver went through him as he saw that every chair but one held its occupant - a grim, grinning skeleton. As he moved close to the table, he saw that the twelfth chair, too, had been occupied, for on the floor, close to the empty chair, at the head of the table, he saw a form clad in the richest of brocade - brocade which had defied the ravages of time and rats, and still hung about the bones of what had once been a woman.

He flashed the light upon the gruesome sight, and saw that the richly coiled hair was red. On the bony hands which had once been flesh and blood there gleamed a ring. Nipper bent, and gently disengaged it from the skeleton of the finger. He held it to the light, and then, as his eyes fell on the arms which had been engraved on it, a throb of wonder went through him. He knew it for the arms of the Borgias.

It had been the last poison orgy of Lucrezia Borgia. And here, on the floor, lay Lucrezia herself, who had killed herself when she found that her son, too, had met the fate intended for others.

Nipper made for a door just opposite. It was only by the exercise of the greatest strength that he was able to drag it open, nor as he did so did he see the creeping figure which appeared in the opening which led to the tunnel along which he had come. All unconscious that he was being dogged, Nipper slipped through into the passage. A few feet only and he came to a flight of stairs which led upwards. Climbing them he found himself in a semi-circular chamber. Then his eye fell on a peculiar-looking steel bar in the wall. Nipper laid his hand on it and moved it in all directions. A twist to the right resulted in a block of stone swinging slowly

outwards on its corner pivot. Climbing through the opening, Nipper saw two bars of light. He found that they were just the same distance apart as his own eyes. He moved forward and gazed through.

A brilliantly lighted room, sumptuously furnished met his gaze. Through a great door at the far end the Black Wolf herself entered. The Italian boy followed her. He saw the Black Wolf walk to the opposite wall and press a button in the panel there. Immediately another panel swung open to reveal what Nipper took to be the Sacred Urn of the Priests of Atlantis. He watched while the Black Wolf approached the Italian boy and spoke a few words to him. The boy rose at once, and Nipper saw him walk across to the niche where the urn stood. The Black Wolf now pressed an electric button, and the door of the room opened. Into it came a strange party. Nipper recognised the three French henchmen of the Black Wolf.

Between them was an Arab, while one walked behind with a drawn revolver.

A cry which broke from the lips of the black as he saw the urn, was more than mere admiration of a beautiful creation. There was love and reverence in that cry. The Black Wolf gazed earnestly at the black. Then she made a sign to the Italian boy, who straightened up and opened his lips. The next moment the room was filled with a volume of clear sound. He was singing some wild song of the hills, which rose and fell with a lilting cadence of sound.

As the boy's voice reached a certain high note in his song, there came a sudden, shivering crash and the pedestal which had held the crystal urn, now held but the shattered fragments of what had once been a beautiful vase.

Then, shrill and quivering with the agonised terror of a lost soul, there rang out in the room the voice of the black. "He has seen what I wished him to see" said the Black Wolf raising her voice above that of the Arab "Take him away and throw him into the canal." But even as she spoke, the Arab paused in his tirade and stiffened. The next instant he had dropped loosely to the floor. He had died as mysteriously as the crystal urn had been shattered.

Once more the room was vacant and Nipper wondered how he could get into the room in order to get the fragments of the vase. Feverishly he sought for some mechanism which would release the frame of what he thought to be a huge portrait, the eyes of which he had used to look into the room. He found a lever, and pressed. It swung open. He sprang down into the room, raced across to the niche in the wall, and swept up the fragments of the shattered vase. Then back again to the opening, noting as he did so that the subject of the portrait was a full length of a woman dressed in heavy brocade. And her hair was red. Nipper paused and examined the ring on her right hand. It bore the arms of the Borgias.

He slipped through the opening. He had scarcely gone a half a dozen steps when something came flying at him from round the turn. Nipper caught one fleeting glimpse of a dark face; then the crash came, and the torch tumbled to the floor, though it did not go out. He knew that only by breaking away from the Arab and rushing to the secret tunnel could he hope to survive. As they went down during the struggle, Nipper made a grab at the torch and sprang away towards the hole through which he had come. Even as he scrambled through, the Arab clutched at his foot. The Arab's head was through the opening when the mechanism of the stone slab suddenly operated crushing the head of the Arab like an eggshell. Nipper turned away sick.

He went along to the banqueting room of death and down the sloping tunnel to the stone edge. A low dive brought him to the stone arch. He kept down and swam

strongly for some distance. Then he raised his arms and they came in contact with nothing, so swimming upwards he shot to the surface of the canal.

It was after midnight when Nipper staggered into Lee's room at the Hotel de Paris and related every detail of the evening.

Lee, Gilmore and old Rodrigo followed him with engrossed attention. Old Rodrigo pounced upon the ring. He peered closely at it, and gave a sharp exclamation "It is - it is the ring" he cried. "I will stake my reputation that it is the ring worn by Lucrezia Borgia herself." Rodrigo then examined the pieces of crystal. He turned to Lee with a bewildered air. "But, signor, these are not old Venetian!" he exclaimed. Lee had told him none of the particulars of the sacred vase for which they were searching. "It is modern work, and I could lead you to the man who fashioned it." At Lee's request Rodrigo examined the crystal lid in Gilmore's possession. Now it was a different story, and he crooned over it with the ardour of a lover.

Now that Rodrigo knew so much, Lee told him how the Black Wolf possessed the sacred vase, the lid of which he had just seen. How she had had a copy made, and made use of the peculiar quality that a fine crystal has. That under certain conditions, a similar note struck by any instrument - providing it is exactly similar in tone, will cause the crystal to shatter to pieces. In the case of the Black Wolf the instrument was the human throat. She had discovered that one of the Italian boy's most powerful notes was in the same tone as the crystal.

Venice was asleep. But not so the quartet sitting in the shadow of the feize of a gondola. The gondola came to the narrow canal whereon was situated the Palazzo Alino, and with Nipper leading the way Lee and Gilmore with old Rodrigo dived down at the secret entrance to the Palazzo Alino. All four arrived safely on the stone ledge, and then, following Nipper's lead, arrived at the banqueting room. On the threshold the party came to a halt, and cast the lights of their torches upon the scene.

Rodrigo trembled with excitement, "It is Lucrezia Borgia herself!" he cried. "The same hair, the same gown which Titian himself portrayed". Lee and Gilmore were on their knees beside him now, and their eyes confirmed what the old expert said. Lee requested Rodrigo to use his knowledge of the old Venetian palaces in an effort to unearth a secret compartment. Taking a careful look round the room, he made for a bastion of stone in one corner. Running his nimble hands over the bastion, it suddenly turned to one side revealing the fact that it was completely hollow. A small iron box lay within the hollow. Lee had it out in a second, and was just about to speak, when - "You will drop that box and hold up your hands" came a cool voice behind them. So engrossed had they all been that they had not heard a sound. They swung round, and there in the doorway stood a slim figure in white with an automatic in each hand.

"Who gave you authority to enter here? And what are you searching for?" asked the Black Wolf. "We are here for the same purpose which induced you to take the Palazzo Alino," replied Lee. Before any of them guessed his purpose, Lee had thrown the iron box up in front of him, dashed forward crying to the others to follow.

Mademoiselle Miton fired straight at Lee. Lee, who had anticipated the shot held the iron box high, and the bullet crashed against it, ricochetting off to the table, striking one of the golden plates, and then spending itself against the wall. Lee had nearly reached her when the second weapon rang out, and Gilmore gave a cry as a bullet caught him in the shoulder. Even as Lee reached out for her, the Black Wolf hurled the pair of weapons at him, and, sped into the darkness of the secret tunnel.

Gilmore's wound was not serious, and making a rough pad of his handkerchief, he closed his coat over it. Lee and Nipper dumped the gold and silver plates and goblets into the sack which had been formed from one of the cloaks on the skeletons. They raced down the passage and on to the ledge. Using the cords which Nipper had fashioned from the braid he had ripped from several of the coats, Lee tied one end to the sack, while the other he attached to himself. Rodrigo and Gilmore dived into the water. Nipper followed with the iron box. Lee had just laid his hand on the sack to hurl it over, when suddenly he saw three dark-skinned, figures appear from the tunnel on his left. At the same moment the Black Wolf swept into view from the other tunnel followed by three men. Lee made a clean dive into the water. It must have mystified the Black Wolf to know what had become of him, for she knew nothing of the opening in the wall beneath the water. As Lee burst to the surface, his three companions drew him in, and Nipper caught hold of the cord and drew up the sack of plate which had sunk to the bottom of the canal.

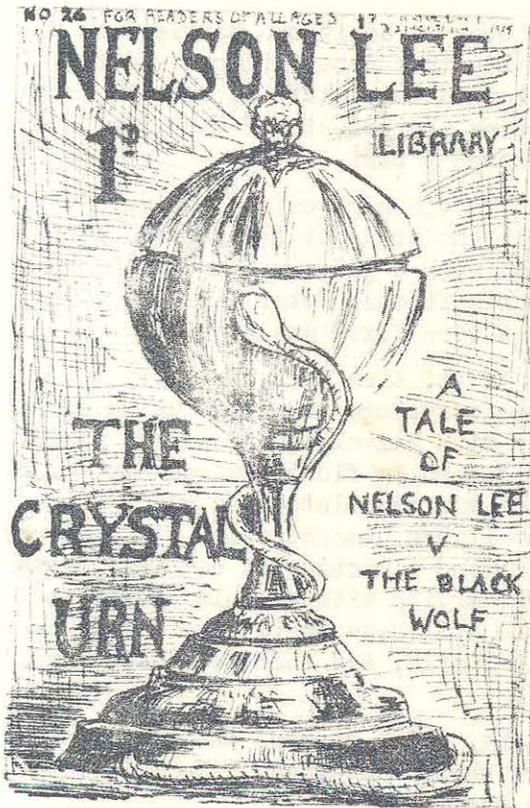
The next morning, armed with an authority which would prevail against all the tricks of the Black Wolf, Nelson Lee visited the Palazzo Alino. But even as they drew near, a large gondola appeared, and they saw Luicci signalling to them. He informed Lee that two gondolas, bearing much luggage and several persons had left early that morning. And from the next house four dark skinned men had boarded a small boat and sailed into the Adriatic.

Lee and his party departed for London but soon, when he had deciphered the documents, Lee was to come to grips in a last struggle for the sacred urn of lost Atlantis.

It was as Nelson Lee was passing Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment, that his attention was attracted to the rigid attitude of a man who stood there staring straight ahead.

Suddenly the figure of the man toppled forward like a plaster statue. Lee sprang forward, got him up and spoke sharply to him. But he might as well have spoken to one of the sphinxes by Cleopatra's Needle, for all the notice the other took of his voice. Lee gazed round and as a taxi hove in sight, he whistled. Lee requested the help of the driver to take them both to Lee's home in Gray's Inn Road.

Between them they managed to get the corpse-like figure into the cab, and at Gray's Inn Road, Nipper assisted Lee to carry the body into the house. While Nipper sponged the man's wrists and throat with hot water, Lee set to work with a hypodermic syringe, and after a time a movement came from the man. Then when Lee poured a stiff dose of brandy down the patient's throat, a husky voice rumbled through between the swollen lips.



What the man told Nelson Lee was astounding. He had been Dr. Challoner's assistant for eighteen years. His name was James Maxwell. Although assisting in the excavations in Morocco Maxwell never knew exactly what the doctor was looking for. He had helped to uncover some remains which were thousands of years old. Dr. Challoner had told him about the lost continent of Atlantis. On one occasion Dr. Challoner had gone away for three months and returned to the camp an old man. His head had been shaved and his beard had grown long. He was driving two pack horses ahead of him, and they were heavily loaded. He informed Maxwell that they must get away at once. He had got into a temple on the ruins. In order to save his life he had had to join the priesthood, when he then learned their secrets. He had escaped with scrolls and with the sacred urn of ancient Atlantis.

The doctor managed to get a boat across to Las Palmas, in the Canaries. But the night before they got away they were attacked by a great crowd, and Maxwell was taken prisoner. He was taken inland, but later on he too escaped. Disguised as an Arab, he worked his way to the coast, and finally got to Teneriffe. He made his way to England, hoping to find the doctor when he got there. He had found that very day that the doctor was dead, and he knew he had been killed by the agents of the priests of Wady Pera.

Maxwell had wandered on to the Embankment and while he stood there, an old man came up from the pier. He came close to Maxwell, who knew that he was one of the priests of Wady Pera. The old man had said not a word, but lifting his hands he pointed his fingers at Maxwell, who felt a great shock, and then an icy wave swept over him. Maxwell had remembered nothing more until he had awakened in Nelson Lee's room.

At that moment the consulting-room door burst open to admit old Rodrigo who was in a frenzied state. He calmed down and informed Lee that Peter Gilmore and the servants, in his house at Clarges Street, had all turned into statues, and the house was overrun by the children of Methuselah. "He means the priests of Wady Pera, guv'nor" said Nipper. The four of them then chartered a taxi.

The taxi swung into Clarges Street and skidded to the kerb outside Gilmore's house. All four rushed into the house and made for the study at the far end of the hall. At what he saw, Lee drew up on the threshold with a gasp. Standing close to the desk, in an attitude of strained rigidity, was his friend, Peter Gilmore. The head was held stiffly on the shoulders, and the eyes were fixed and staring.

Lee dragged Gilmore to the couch and laid him on it, then turned swiftly to Nipper giving him instructions to fetch the hypodermic syringe and drugs which he had used on James Maxwell. While Nipper was gone, Lee with Maxwell ascended the stairs in order to explore the house. A figure in white seemed to float towards him. He caught a glimpse of a long white flowing beard. He saw deep into eyes which were old, old, old as man can never fathom age. He saw wisdom unmeasurable. Then every light in the house went out, and he was left panting and clutching at nothing, reeling back upon another shattered creature behind him, trying with all his energy to get a grip on himself. Then from the depths of the stillness there came a laugh - it was a lilting titter, changing to a deep satanic rumble, and then to a harsh and screaming vocalisation.

Down through the darkness came a streak of light, which stabbed the blackness uncertainly for a moment, then shot straight toward where Lee stood. He felt a burning sensation from head to foot and he knew no more.

Jim Maxwell saw the stabbing light which gashed the darkness; he saw the

uncertain feeling of the point for a target. He rose somehow to his feet and dashed for the door. He raced along Clarges Street towards Piccadilly. Across that thoroughfare he staggered until he came to a gateway into the park. He managed to reach a seat, where he collapsed in a dead faint.

With all the necessary drugs and the hypodermic syringe, Nipper arrived back at Clarges Street. Alighting from the cab, he collided full-tilt against the bulky figure of Jim Maxwell who was about to ascend the steps of the house. Nipper reeled back as he recognised the stricken face which was turned in his direction.

Nipper, seeing something had happened during his absence, raced up the steps and jerked open the front door. With the house in darkness, he drew his pocket torch. Pressing the switch, he saw Nelson Lee. His right hand, was half-raised, grasping an automatic pistol; his left hand was raised to his face, as though to ward off something which was about to strike him. His body was rigid.

Following the same procedure as Lee had applied to Maxwell, Nipper had the pleasure of seeing his master slowly open his eyes. With a quick motion, Nipper poured a generous portion of Brandy between Lee's lips. With the assistance of Jim Maxwell and Nipper, he slowly got to his feet.

It was only when Lee, Nipper and Jim Maxwell were working over Gilmore that a head appeared from behind a large book-case, and they saw Rodrigo looking at them. Slowly the old man advanced into the room. Five minutes later, Gilmore was able to sit up; and then leaving Maxwell to look after him, Lee searched for the servants who, according to Rodrigo, were in the same condition as Gilmore. Lee was very busy that night in the house in Clarges Street.

Whilst Nelson Lee was upstairs, Gilmore found that the Borgia papers and the crystal lid had disappeared. He also had been visited by the priests who had put him in the rigid state in which Lee had found him. Dr. Challoner had been driven on by sheer desire for scientific truth. To the priests the sacred urn was the symbol of their old worship. The lid had been found. What rejoicing there would be amongst the priests of Wady Pera to have the urn and lid reunited.

As far as Lee knew, the Black Wolf possessed the urn. It followed naturally that the priests would find her out, and if they weaved the frozen spell about her, the chances were that she would die.

Old Rodrigo, going to the British Museum that morning on business relating to the Borgia papers, had seen the Black Wolf enter a house in a square near the British Museum.

When Lee returned to the study after seeing to the servants in the Clarges Street house, Gilmore acquainted him with the loss of the papers and lid. It was by pure chance that Lee looked into the cabinet which had housed the safe, in which the lid had been stored. Bending down he picked up something which had fallen beneath the edge. As Lee came back to the desk he held in his hand a single white violet.

From past experience, Lee knew the weakness of the Black Wolf for white violets, and with the knowledge of her being in London, he was determined to try and recover the urn and lid. It was getting on for three o'clock in the morning when the car left Gray's Inn road bound for Russell Square. Arriving at the corner of the square, Lee set Nipper and Maxwell to watch the front, and Gilmore and Rodrigo to watch the back. By the use of a small instrument Lee forced a window and gained access to the house.

Knowing that the Black Wolf used a drug, which, when sprayed had the effect of paralysing a person for a period of minutes, Lee had brought with him a gas mask. Tiptoeing along the hall, Lee came to the foot of the stairs, which were carpeted. He did not know that as he passed up the first step the pressure of his weight caused a buzzer to ring close to the bed of the Black Wolf, nor did he know that immediately she woke to the sound of the buzzer, the Black Wolf pressed another button, which roused her servants on the floor above.

Although the mask saved Lee from the effects of the drug which the Black Wolf sprayed on him, it hampered him in the ensuing fight with her henchmen. A blow on the head sent Lee headlong down the stairs.

When Lee came to himself, he found Mademoiselle Miton looking down at him with a peculiar expression in her eyes - an expression strangely soft for the Black Wolf, and which she quickly veiled as Lee looked up. Lee told her that he was aware that she possessed the sacred urn with the crystal lid. Also he told her that his only interest in the urn was to return it to the priests of Wady Pera. Lee warned her that the priests would use their terrible powers, once they found her whereabouts. The Black Wolf's reaction to his warning was to set a price of £200,000 on the urn. Anyone paying that sum could have the urn.

Back in Gray's Inn Road, Lee found a box which had been placed on the table in their absence. Opening it, a heap of gems met his eyes, plus a small piece of paper on which were the hieroglyphics similar to those on the sacred urn. After an hour's work, Lee read something like the following: "To the Man of Understanding - The priests of Wady Pera know that the Man of Understanding would return to them the sacred urn. They repay. Accept the Gratitude of the Priests of Wady Pera. But the woman who would befool the priests of Wady Pera shall perish by the Frozen Spell even this night."

Nelson Lee jumped to his feet. It was obvious that the priests knew that the Black Wolf had both the urn and the lid. Lee could not leave her at the mercy of the priests. Again the car went to Russell Square, this time approaching the house openly. Up the steps rushed Lee. The door being unlocked, he strode into the hall, closely followed by the others. At that moment the silence was broken by a scream which came from somewhere above.

Lee was up the stairs taking them two at a time. Making straight for the study he saw the Black Wolf was standing by the table, with one hand upraised as though to ward off an attack of some kind, and with a look of unutterable horror in her eyes. Lee strode over to her and threw his arms about her. Laying her on a couch, he drew out the hypodermic syringe and the necessary drugs to revive her. The other victims on the floor above were also seen to.

Lee walked across to the Black Wolf and took the hand she held out. "It is useless to try to thank you. I know something of the frozen spell, for the secret is on the urn, and some of the glyphs I had succeeded in deciphering. Had you not come within the hour, I know full well what would have happened to me." "Then they have succeeded in getting the sacred urn and lid?" asked Lee, with a trace of eagerness in his voice. The Black Wolf smiled wanly. She rose and crossed the room to where a screen stood. She drew this aside, disclosing an open panel in the wall. "They were in here" she said simply. "It is empty now. The Black Wolf acknowledges defeat at the hands of the priests of Wady Pera."

Lee lit a cigarette and made as though to go. Then he paused for a moment.

"Mademoiselle," he said softly, "I think the climate of London would prove a little unhealthy for you. If Scotland Yard was aware of your presence here, they might take note of the honour you do them in a way which would not appeal to your ideas of hospitality."

"Your suggestion is so graciously given that I can do nought but accept it" said the Black Wolf, with a flash of malice in her dark eyes.

Lee bowed and turned to the door.

* * * * *

FOR SALE: Bound yearly vol. "The Saturday Magazine," (year 1837) £1.4.0. Good condition with leather spine cover. Bound yearly vol. "The Penny Magazine (1838) £1.4.0. 25 monthly bound (paper covers) copies of the English "Punch". Four weekly numbers to a vol. These were published between 1878 and 1895, the Golden Age of Punch. These vols. are in excellent condition; 8/- per vol. The Penny Poets, published in 1895. No. 1, £1.0.0., No. 3, 6, 10, 18, 24, 28, 8/- each. These rare gems are in good condition. Outside Australia, the prices are in English sterling. Please write first by air mail. Cash when order is confirmed. All orders - post free.

ARTHUR V. HOLLAND, "Ascot," 68, Thornton Street, Wellington, N.S. Wales, Australia.

WANTED: Sexton Blake Libraries current series Nos. 1 to 24, 26 to 31, 33 to 35, 38 to 104, 106 to 122, 124 to 129, 131 to 142, 144, 146 to 150, 153 to 158, 160, 162 to 166, 168, 170, 172 to 175, 177 to 179.

MR. D. NEWMAN, 13, Longcroft Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

WANTED: Old Boys' Papers; good condition; reasonable. Particulars to:-

ROBERT W. STORY, 70 Berwick Avenue, Toronto, 7, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED! Stories by Hilary Marlow, Joan Vincent and Renee Frazer in 4d Schoolgirls' Own Library.

HOPKINS, 129 Shardeloes Road, London, S.E.14.

WANTED: Magnets 1587, 1588, 1566, 1553, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544; S.O.L. 236, 355, 358, 361, 185, 186, also Bullseye's all numbers.

A. F. THURBON, 29, Strawberry Hill Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

WANTED: Gems, Magnets, 1920 - 1931. Populars, Nelson Lees 1926 - 1931.

IAN MENZIES, 290, Ash Street, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED: Boys' Friend Library No. 525 "The Sports of St. Clive's."

FRED GRIFFIN, 2558, Grand Concourse, Bronx, 58, New York, U.S.A.

FOR SALE or EXCHANGE: Magnets and Gems (bound and loose), Union Jacks, Nelson Lees, Sexton Blake Libs, Penny Populars, C.D. Annuals and Digests, Scout, Boys Own Annuals, Chums, Empire Library and many others. Wanted particularly: S.O.L's, Magnets and Gems 900 - 1200, Detective Magazine, and similar.

VERNON LAY, 52, Oakleigh Gardens, Whetsone, London, N.20.

Will pay 15/- each for Magnets 1084, 1086, 1117, 1121, 1125, 1129, 1141, 1174, 1214, in good condition.

NEILL, 258, Hornchurch Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH 'CHUMS'

By BRIAN DOYLE

* * * * *

"Have you, most excellent readers, too many boys' papers? And without suggesting unkindness towards my rivals, have you such good boys' papers that another may not enter into friendly rivalry with them? I think you will say that you have not..."

So ran Max Pemberton's first editorial to Cassell's new venture "Chums", on September 14th, 1892. The 'friendly rivalry' he mentioned was to continue uninterrupted for another 48 years; until, in fact, the dark days of 1940, when together with so many other fine publications, "Chums", by then relegated to the form of a yearly annual, became a casualty of the war.

Most collectors have two or three - often more - "Chums" annual issues in their collections. And how handsome they invariably look on the bookshelf, in their scarlet-and-gold binding and generally fine appearance.

Scores of first-class boys' writers and illustrators contributed to the pages of "Chums" over the years and it is generally regarded by collectors as third only to the "B.O.P." and "The Captain" as one of the trio of the best general boys' papers ever published.

I only wish I had the space to write in general terms of the many fine stories which have appeared in this ever-popular paper. But this is primarily a factual feature, designed largely for reference, and I must resist any temptation to ramble...

First, to clear up any doubts about just when "Chums" actually finished as a weekly, a monthly, and finally as an annual, I quote from a letter received by fellow-collector Anthony Baker, from Mr. Percy Kent, of the Back Number and Binding Dept. of the Amalgamated Press (this was also quoted in the 1954 C.D. Annual, but it may prove useful to those who didn't see it then):

"I would like to inform you that this company acquired 'Chums' from Messrs. Cassell's in January 1927 and it ceased as a weekly publication with No. 2077, dated July 2nd, 1932. But it carried on as a monthly, and finally ended with the July issue in 1934. During the time the monthly was running, it had been our practice to print a surplus quantity of each issue for annual requirements, so that after the July number was available, this, together with the previous 11 issues, were collated and bound into a book called "Chums Annual", ready for sale in September. Your 1934-35 Annual, therefore, contained issues dated August 1933 to July 1934 and was on sale in September 1934. The date 1934 is perhaps a little confusing, but when you consider these annuals were chiefly bought at Christmas time, purchasers would be led to suppose that a book dated 1934 was out-of-date and technically 1934-35 was correct, as the period of sale extended to September 1935, when the next annual was published. The 1935-36 annual was the first ever specially compiled by the editor."

This, of course, throws a good deal of useful light on a confusing matter. All this, added to the fact that A.P. began dating the annuals differently to Cassell's when they took over in 1927 (details are in the lists) must have made book-buying a complicated business at the time.

Now to the editorship. My good friend and fellow-collector, W. O. G. Lofts, has

done a good deal of research in this matter and according to his findings the editors of "Chums" were as follows:

1892-93: Max Pemberton; 1894-1907: Ernest Foster; 1907-15: Ernest Herbert Robinson; 1915-18: F. Knowles Campling; 1918-20: A. Donnelly Aitken; 1920-24: Clarence Winchester; 1924-26: Arthur L. Hayward; 1926-39: Draycott M. Dell; 1939-41: William B. Home-Gall.

It must be emphasised that the above details are approximate. It is very difficult to obtain completely authentic information these days.

In the following lists you will find, year by year, a complete record of every serial story that appeared in "Chums", giving author, title, illustrator, and the type of story it was. In the vast majority of cases I have been able to give the illustrator's name. In a few instances, however, I have been unable to discover full details and have either put his initials (where I do not know his full-name) or a question-mark (where I have no information at all).

These lists will, I hope, be useful in several ways. If, for example, you see a "Chums" annual advertised for sale, just quoting the year, you may wonder just what it contains, whether there is likely to be any material in it of interest to you personally. All you have to do now is look up the volume in the lists and there you have the answer to your query.

It's fascinating too, to note how the career of, say, an artist, can change over the years. Fred Bennett, for example, began by illustrating adventure stories and dramas; in later years he had developed into one of the country's foremost humorous artists. It's interesting too, to see how some authors stuck to their own particular type of yarn for years, and others 'had a go' at many different types. Most of the editors wrote the odd story themselves too.

With the odd exception here and there the stories I've listed were all serials. The series of complete short stories are omitted.

At the end of the lists I have drawn up some notes on the leading and most popular writers and artists, which I hope will be of interest and use to collectors.

Finally, I would like to give my sincere thanks to New Zealand collector, Geoffrey Hockley, who has helped to supply details of volumes I do not yet possess. Geoff has one of the two complete sets of "Chums" in the world - the lucky chap....!

SERIAL STORIES IN "CHUMS" 1893 - 1941

VOLUME 1 (1892-93)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
D. H. Parry	For Glory and Renown	Gordon Browne	Old-time war story.
E. Everett-Green	The Haunted House at Hoe	"W.S.S."	Old-time adventure.
Max Pemberton	The Iron Pirate	Gordon Browne	Modern pirate yarn.
G. A. Henty	Jack Dillon of Dunnsmore	?	Story of the Mahratta war.
Barry Pain	"Two"	Gordon Browne	School story.
Arthur J. Daniels	A Yarn of Three Youngsters	J. Prater	School story.

VOLUME 2 (1893-94)

D. H. Parry	Under the Shadow of Night or The Mystery of Willow-stream	"J.F."	Modern Mystery and Adventure
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VOLUME 2 (1893-94) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Standish O'Grady	Lost on Du-Corrig, <u>or</u> 'Twixt Earth and Ocean	John Gulich	Adventure on the Irish Coast.
J. R. Hutchinson	Quest of the Golden Pearl	George Hutchinson	Adventure
Arthur J. Daniels	Bowled Out, <u>or</u> The Mystery of Middleham School	Gordon Browne	School story.
Andrew Home	Disturbers of the Peace	A. Monro	Rustic life.
Max Pemberton	The Sea Wolves	Gordon Browne	Modern sea story.
Anonymous	Under the Black Eagle	George Soper	Russian adventure.
Ascott R. Hope	Who and Why?	W. H. C. Groome	School mystery.

VOLUME 3 (1894-95)

G. Manville Fenn	The Queen's Scarlet	A. Monro	Army life.
R. L. Stevenson	Treasure Island	George Hutchinson	Reprint of the famous sea classic.
Andrew Home	Through Thick and Thin	W. H. C. Groome	School story.
Henry Frith	Tracked by Thugs	?	Adventure.
D. H. Parry	'Twixt Russian and Turk	A. Monro	Adventure.
Arthur J. Daniels	Two in a Tangle	"V.C.C."	School story.

VOLUME 4 (1895-96)

S. Walkey	In Quest of Sheba's Treasure	George Hutchinson	Adventure in Arabia - the first of Walkey's many famous serials.
Andrew Home	From Fag to Monitor	A. Monro	School story.
H. Barrow-North	Gomburg's Revenge	A. Monro	Adventure.
Robert Overton	Friend or Fortune?	A. Monro	School story.
C. J. Mansford	Over the Rolling Waves	G. A. Symington	Sea story.
Harry Collingwood	In the Grip of Anarchists	Paul Hardy	Adventure.

VOLUME 5 (1896-97)

G. Manville Fenn	Gerard's Jungle	Paul Hardy	Adventure.
Arthur J. Daniels	Tricked and Trapped	A. Monro	School story.
S. Walkey	Rogues of the "Fiery Cross"	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
H. Barrow-North	The Langdale Clue	A. Monro	City life.
Andrew Home	Exiled from School	A. Monro	School story.
John K. Leys	By Creek and Jungle	Paul Hardy	Adventure in Borneo.

VOLUME 6 (1897-98)

Fred Wishaw	Clutterbuck's Treasure	Paul Hardy	Adventure
Robert Overton	Link Upon Link	A. Monro	School story.
Arthur J. Daniels	Pursued by Three	A. Monro	Mystery.
Harry Blyth	Hunji the Hindoo	Paul Hardy	Mystery.
Andrew Home	Spy in the School	A. Monro	School story.
J. R. Hutchinson	A. Pirate's Legacy	George Hutchinson	Sea story.

VOLUME 7 (1898-99)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
H. Barrow-North	Boys of Dormitory Three	A. Monro	School story.
G. Manville Fenn	To Win or Die	Paul Hardy	Klondyke gold-rush adventure.
Fred Whishaw	A Maze of Mystery	A. Monro	Adventure.
Walter P. Wright	An Ocean Ishmael	Paul Hardy	Sea story.
Reginald Wray	Against Fire and Steel	Paul Hardy	Adventure in India.
Arthur Rigby	Witnessed by One	A. Monro	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 8 (1899-1900)

Arthur J. Daniels	Within a Schemer's Web	A. Monro	School and Mystery.
S. Walkey	King of the Seas	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Andrew Home	Conspirators in School	A. Monro	School and Mystery.
W. Killingsworth	Across the Wild Sudan	Paul Hardy	Adventure.
E. C. Heath-Hosken	Fought Out at the Front	Paul Hardy	Boer War Story.
H. Barrow-North	Jerry Dodds, Millionaire	A. Monro	School story.

VOLUME 9 (1900-01)

G. Manville Fenn	With Bayonet in the Jungle	Paul Hardy	Malayan Adventure.
Arthur Rigby	Pluck Against Peril	A. Monro	City adventure.
Arthur J. Daniels	A Plot to Plunder	A. Monro	School and Mystery.
W. Killingsworth	Through Fire for the Flag	A. Monro	African adventure.
Reginald Wray	At the Mercy of Spies	Paul Hardy	Adventure.
S. Walkey	With Redskins on the Warpath	Paul Hardy	Indian warfare.

VOLUME 10 (1901-02)

E. C. Heath-Hosken	Held by Banditti	Paul Hardy	Adventures among Italian bandits.
Walter P. Wright	Hidden Beneath the Sea	Paul Hardy	Adventures deep-sea diving for treasure.
H. Barrow-North	Honour at Stake	A. Monro	Mystery among junior office clerks.
Arthur Rigby	Rex the Mysterious	A. Monro	Airship adventures.
Herbert Compton	A Scourge of the Sea	Paul Hardy	Sea adventure.
Andrew Home	Shadowed at School	A. Monro	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 11 (1902-03)

H. Barrow-North	Chronicles of St. Simon's	Gordon Browne	Humourous school stories.
Fred Whishaw	Alone in the Pacific	Paul Hardy	Adventures with a shipwrecked crew.
Robert Overton	Ashore and Afloat with Smugglers	A. Monro	Adventure.
S. Walkey	For Comrade and Country	Paul Hardy	Sea adventure with a Spanish war back- ground.
L. J. Beeston	In a Conspirator's Toils	A. Monro	Mystery and adventure with engineering background.
Arthur J. Daniels	A Desperate Deception	A. Monro	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 11 (1902-03) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
W. Killingsworth	For His Vow's Sake	Paul Hardy	Adventures in Siberia and Mongolia.

VOLUME 12 (1903-04)

Robert Leighton	Heir from the Colonies	A. Monro	Mystery and adventure.
John Mackie	Into the Hidden City	Paul Hardy	Caribbean treasure-hunt.
Harold Avery	Old Scuttle's Island	Gordon Browne	Adventures in search of ghost-guarded treasure.
Arthur J. Daniels	A Prince in Peril	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
E. C. Heath-Hosken	Renton Mandrake: Pirate	Paul Hardy	Modern piracy.
Andrew Home	By a Schoolboy's Hand	A. Monro	School and Mystery.
Arthur Rigby	On the Trail of the Loot	Paul Hardy	Prophetic adventure story about a Korean war.
S. Walkey	Wild Cat the Boy Scout	J. Finnemore	Indian warfare.

VOLUME 13 (1904-05)

Derwent Miall	Boycotted at School	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
Robert Overton	Decoyed Across the Seas	Paul Hardy	Adventures in Australia.
Paul Creswick	In a Hand of Steel	Paul Hardy	Mystery and Adventure in the Lake District.
S. Walkey	Rovers of Black Island	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
L. J. Beeston	Shadow of St. Basil's	Albert Morrow	School and Mystery.
H. Barrow-North	Tom Durncombe's Peril	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 14 (1905-06)

Tom H. Fowler	Another of the Name	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
Reginald Wray	His Father's Honour	Paul Hardy	Adventures in South America.
Robert Leighton	Monitor at Megson's	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
Henry Frith	For Queen and King	"F.D."	Historical adventure in Elizabeth I's reign.
Alfred St. Johnston	In Quest of Gold	Gordon Browne	Gold-hunting with Australian bush-rangers.
Arthur J. Daniels	A Secret Under Seal	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
Arthur Rigby	On the Track of a Mascot	Paul Hardy	Adventures in Tangier and Morocco.
Fred Wishaw	Through a Venturesome Ordeal	Paul Hardy	Adventures in South Africa.
S. Walkey	Under Nelson's Flag	Paul Hardy	Adventures of a Midshipman.

VOLUME 15 (1906-07)

Lewis Hough	For Fortune and Glory	Thomas Somerfield	Mystery and Adventure.
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VOLUME 15 (1906-07) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
John Mackie	Hidden in Canadian Wilds	Paul Hardy	Adventure.
E. Le Breton Martin	Nippy	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
S. Walkey	Pirates of El Dorado	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Lionel Lounsberry	Randy the Pilot	Thomas Somerfield	Flying adventures.
Andrew Home	At School With a Secret	?	School and Mystery.
Singleton Carew	At Sea With Gold-Sharks	Paul Hardy	Sea adventure.
Arthur J. Daniels	Traced by Two	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 16 (1907-08)

Tom H. Fowler	Chums to the End	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
G. Firth Scott	In the Grip of the Glaciers	Paul Hardy	Adventure about a sea-hunt for treasure.
John Bloundelle-Burton	The Hispaniola Plate	Harry Lane	Sea treasure-hunt in Charles II's reign.
Maxwell Scott	On the Watch	Fred Bennett	Mystery featuring Martin Dale, detective.
S. Walkey	Comrades in Peril	Paul Hardy	French Revolution adventures.
L. J. Beeston	Secret of St. Udolph's	Ernest Smythe	School and Mystery.
Frank H. Shaw	Peril of the Motherland	Fred Bennett	Futuristic story of a great war with Russia.
Julian Linley	The Water Rat	Paul Hardy	Mystery and adventure set against the Thames.
Robert Leighton	Sneak of the School	T. W. Holmes	School and Mystery.

VOLUME 17 (1908-09)

Frank H. Shaw	Vengeance of the Motherland	Fred Bennett	War story.
Herbert Maxwell	Mystery of Melfors Manor	Peddie	School and Mystery.
L. J. Beeston	The Spy at Sedgemere School	Tom Day	School and Mystery.
Alec G. Pearson	The Witch's Treasure	Paul Hardy	African adventure.
Basil Windham	The Luck Stone	Gordon Browne	School and Mystery.
Julian Linley	An Outlaw of the Sierras	C. H. Blake	Western adventure.
S. Walkey	Yo-ho! for the Spanish Main	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Frank H. Shaw	Secret of the Sargasso Sea	H. L. Shindler	Sea adventure.

VOLUME 18 (1909-10)

Hal Ravenglass	Tom Gibson's Money	C. H. Blake	School and Scouting adventures.
Fred Whishaw	In the Grip of the Czar!	Paul Hardy	Adventures in Revolutionary Russia.
W. B. Home-Gall	Adventures of the Terrible Three	Fred Bennett	Humourous stories.
Julian Linley	Doings of Bob and Jerry	Fred Bennett	Adventures of a boy acrobat and a boy detective.

VOLUME 18 (1909-10) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Frank H. Shaw	In the Days of Nelson	Paul Hardy	Sea adventures.
L. J. Beeston	Tom Garth of Hollowfield	Fred Bennett	School story.
"Buffalo Bill"	True Story of My Life	Paul Hardy & George Soper	Western
Grenville Hammerton	Explorers of the Deep	W. Edward Wigfull	Adventures in search of the lost city of Atlantis.
Walkey, S.	Jack-a-Lantern	Paul Hardy	French Revolution adventures.
Frank Cleveland	Great Mutiny of 1911	Paul Hardy	Adventures in India.
Lucien Davies	Bully of Marshlands School	Fred Bennett	School story.
Alec G. Pearson	Brooke of the Black Dragoons.	Harry Lane	Military adventure.

VOLUME 19 (1910-11)

Max Pemberton	Captain Black	Gordon Browne	Sea adventure (sequel to "The Iron Pirate")
Frank H. Shaw	Terror from the East	Paul Hardy	War adventure.
E. Le Breton Martin	Horace Malory's Heir	Tom Peddie	School story.
S. Walkey	Wolf-on-the-Trail	Sherie	Indian warfare.
E. H. Robinson	For School and Honour	Tom Peddie	School story.
Frank H. Shaw	In the Land of the Great White Tsar	Paul Hardy	Adventures in Revolutionary Russia.
S. Walkey	Red Assegai	H. L. Shindler	Adventures amid the Zulus in Africa.
E. Le Breton Martin	Last of the Dorringtons	Fred Bennett	School story.
Grenville Hammerton	By Riverside and Sea	Harry Lane	Adventures of a Thames-Bank working lad.
S. Andrew Wood	The Cave Dwellers	Sherie	Adventures of two boys and a clerk who run away and live in a cave.
Fred W. Young	Under the Iron Duke	Sherie	Adventures of a boy trumpeter in the days of Wellington.
Walkey, S.	The Ten Pirates	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Frank H. Shaw	First at the Pole	H. L. Shindler	Arctic adventure.
Maxwell Scott	A. Perilous Quest	Harry Lane	Mystery story fea- turing detective Martin Dale.
Frank Howell Evans	Brothers in Deed	H. L. Shindler	City life.

VOLUME 20 (1911-12)

Anonymous	At the Blast of the Bugle	Sherie	Army life.
Anonymous	Bob of the Foundry	Fred Bennett	Industrial life.
S. Walkey	Hurrah! for Merry Sherwood	Sherie	Adventures with Robin Hood.
Ross Harvey	Meyo's Term	?	School story.

VOLUME 20 (1911-12)(cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Ernest H. Robinson	Poggles of Parbury College	?	School story.
Hubert Feveril	Rifleman Dick	Harry Lane	Army life.
Andrew Soutar	"Seconds Out"	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
Frank H. Shaw	The Blackbirder's Legacy	Paul Hardy	South Seas adventure.
Anonymous (but probably by Frank H. Shaw)	The Champion of the School	"Phil E."	Council school story.
Maxwell Scott	The Double Six	Harry Lane	Detective story.
Maxwell Scott	Secret of the Ring	Harry Lane	Detective story.

VOLUME 21 (1912-13)

S. Andrew Wood	A Stranger at School	"G.M.P."	School story.
S. Walkey	Crossbones Island	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Wingrove Willson	Jack, Pat and Mac	?	School story.
D. H. Parry	'Listed in the Lancers	?	Army life.
Claude Grahame-White & Harry Harper	The Air-King's Treasure	H. L. Shindler	Air adventure.
Andrew Soutar	The Fighting Six	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
Maxwell Scott	The Silver Key	Harry Lane	Detective story.
Andrew Soutar	"Silver Whip"	Fred Bennett	Horse-racing story.
Frank H. Shaw	Swoop of the Eagle	Harry Lane	War story.
Frank H. Shaw	Treasure of the "Clangrant"	Fred Bennett	Sea story.
Raymond Loxley	Under the White Ensign	?	Navy life.

VOLUME 22 (1913-14)

Wingrove Willson	Chums of the Fifth	?	School story.
Andrew Soutar	The Eagle's Claw	Sherie	Historical adventure.
Ernest H. Robinson	From School-Cap to Crown	"F.R."	School story.
Alfred Judd	The Heir to Eastwood	"F.R."	School story.
Austin Dale	Hemington's Hope	?	School story.
D. H. Parry	Jim of "C" Squadron	Harry Lane	Army life.
Frank H. Shaw	Lion's Teeth and Eagle's Claws.	Harry Lane	War story.
Herbert Maxwell	Mystery of Quayle Hall	?	Detective story.
Andrew Soutar	Son o' White Rep	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
Frank H. Shaw	Sons of the Sea	Robert Strange	Sea story.
S. Walkey	Warwhoop of the Redskins	Sherie	Indian warfare.

VOLUME 23 (1914-15)

Andrew Soutar	Battling Martin	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
S. Walkey	Captain Swing	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Theodore Roberts	Comrades of the Wild	Sherie	Canadian adventure.
D. H. Parry	The Crew of the Armoured Car	Harry Lane	War story.
S. Walkey	For Drake and Merrie England	Paul Hardy	Spanish Armada story.
Alfred Judd	A Maze of Mystery	?	School story.
Frank Howel Evans	The Real Thing	Harry Lane	War story.

VOLUME 23 (1914-15) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Andrew Soutar	Red Dennis	Sherie	Old-time prize-fighting story.
D. H. Parry	The Scarlet Scouts	Harry Lane	War story.
Ralph Simmons	For School and Country	?	School story.
Stephen H. Agnew	Skeleton's Gold	Robert Strange	Adventure.

VOLUME 24 (1915-16)

Frank H. Shaw	Blackhand's Treasure	Sherie	South Seas adventure.
Alfred Judd	The Boys and Gunn Island	Gordon Browne	School and Adventure.
Fred Martyn	Confessions of a Boy Spy	Unillustrated	War story.
S. Walkey	In Quest of a Kingdom	Robert Strange	African adventure.
Carras Yorke	Lads of Lancashire	?	Industrial story.
Wingrove Willson	The Pauper of St. Jude's	Albert Morrow	School story.
Ralph Simmons	The School Mystery	?	School story.
Maxwell Scott	A Scrap of Paper	Harry Lane	Detective story.
Sydney Horler	Standish of the Rangeland	"E.H.S."	Western
D. H. Parry	Swords on the Great North Road	Paul Hardy	Historical adventure.
Frank H. Shaw	With Jellicoe in the North Sea	Fred Bennett	War story.

VOLUME 25 (1916-17)

S. Walkey	Under the Black Flag	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
D. H. Parry	Charge, Boys, Charge!	Albert Morrow	War story.
J. Oliver Curwood	The Wolf Hunters	?	Canadian adventures.
Frank H. Shaw	When Beatty Kept the Seas	Gordon Browne	War story.
Carras Yorke	Waif of the Line	H. R. Millar	Railroad story.
J. Oliver Curwood	The Gold Hunters	?	Canadian adventures.
Alfred Judd	The School Adventurous	Gordon Browne	School story.
Frank H. Shaw	Hounds of the Sea	Gordon Browne	War story.

VOLUME 26 (1917-18)

S. Andrew Wood	Dick Hilton, Ironmaster	W. G. Whitaker	Industrial story.
E. Protheroe	The Boy Who Stayed At Home	H. L. Shindler	School story.
Charles Gilson	Captives of the Cave	"B.H."	Adventures in the Congo.
Maxwell Scott	The Lost Will	E. P. Kinsfella	Detective story.
Max Pemberton	The Man of Silver Mount	Gordon Browne	Mystery and Adventure.
Alec G. Pearson	The Mystery Ship	Unillustrated	War story.
S. Walkey	Pirates of Skeleton Island	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
S. Walkey	When the Guillotine Reigned	Paul Hardy	French Revolution adventures.
Eric Wood	With the Guns in Italy	Gordon Browne	War story.
Eric Wood	With Haig in the Greatest Battle	Gordon Browne	War story.
Morton Pike	With Claude Duval on the King's Highway	H. M. Brock	Highwaymen adventures.

VOLUME 27 (1918-19)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Alfred Judd	The Flying Detective	Harry Lane	Detective story.
T. C. Bridges	Guardians of the Straits	?	War story.
H. Mortimer Batten	Ishmael of the Prairies	Ernest Smythe	Western
Frank H. Shaw	Keepers of the Seas	Gordon Browne	War story.
S. Walkey	King of the Outlaws	Paul Hardy	Adventures with Robin Hood.
S. Andrew Wood	Mutineers of St. Martin's	Thomas Henry	School story.
Reginald C. Fry	The Nameless Island	Unillustrated	Adventure.
Frank Dudley	The Owls of Wigton	Harry Lane	Scouting story.
S. Walkey	Phantom Jack	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
D. H. Parry	Red Treasure	Tom Peddie	Adventure.
Eric Wood	Secret of the Shining Mountain	H. R. Millar	Adventure.
E. Mason	Terror of the Sargasso	Unillustrated	Adventure.
Frank H. Shaw	Treasure Trove in Southern Seas.	Gordon Browne	South Seas adventure.

VOLUME 28 (1919-20)

Ernest H. Robinson	The Bamboo Rod	Unillustrated	Chinese mystery.
Frank H. Shaw	Brand of Mystery	Gordon Browne	Mystery and adventure.
Eric Wood	Brothers of the Wild	H. L. Shindler & Stanley L. Wood	Adventures with Hudson's Bay Traders.
Ross Harvey	The Dud's Term	Thomas Henry	School story.
D. H. Parry	Hussars of the Wold	"A.W."	French Revolution adventures.
Oswald Dallas	Lake of the Purple Flames	Robert Strange	African adventure.
Eric W. Townsend	The Land Pirate	C. H. Blake	Adventures diamond-mining in South Africa.
John Hunter	The Masked Champion	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
S. Walkey	The Night Rovers	Paul Hardy	Smuggling adventures.
S. Walkey	The Queen's Champion	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Edmund Burton	Quest of the Golden Orchid	?	Adventures in Peru.
S. Andrew Wood	The Railway Adventurers	Paul Hardy	Adventures with a railroad setting.
Frank H. Shaw	Mystery Ship of the Seven Seas.	Gordon Browne	Sea adventure.

VOLUME 29 (1920-21)

Georges Carpentier	Brothers of the Brown Owl	?	Boxing story.
Eric Wood	The Drowned Planet	Robert Strange	Adventures on a mysterious flooded planet.
W. Bourne Cook	Grey Wizard	H. M. Brock	Sea adventure.
Sydney Horler	King of the River	Stanley L. Wood	Canadian adventure.
Eric Wood	The Lost Planet	Robert Strange	Adventures of space explorers on Mars.
Frank H. Shaw	Man Who Owned the World	Gordon Browne	Scientific adventure.

VOLUME 29 (1920-21) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
S. Andrew Wood	The Motor Gipsies	Fred Bennett	Adventures on a motor-caravan tour.
Ross Harvey	Out for the Cup	Unillustrated	Football story.
F. S. Brereton	Scouts of the Baghdad Patrols	Stanley L. Wood	Scouting adventures.
S. Walkey	Sea Kings and Sea Wolves	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Charles Gilson	Secret Society of the Tortoise Mask	Gordon Browne	Adventures in a hidden Chinese city.
Alfred Judd	Treasure of Kingsdown School	Thomas Henry	School story.

VOLUME 30 (1921-22)

S. Walkey	Adventures of Jack-a-Lantern	Paul Hardy	French Revolution adventures.
Alfred Judd	The Amber Skull	Fred Bennett	School story.
Eric W. Townsend	Blackbirder's Treasure	"E.K."	Adventures among the head-hunters of Borneo.
Frank H. Shaw	Bridge of Destiny	"E.K."	Engineering and bridge-building adventures.
Alfred Judd	Chums of Beechwood	Fred Bennett	School story.
Clarence Ponting	Death Mask of the Elephant	Albert Morrow	Mystery and adventure.
Eric Wood	Flaming Cross of Santa Marta	H. M. Brock	Pirate story.
Charles Gilson	The Forest King	Gordon Browne	Amazon adventures.
Frank H. Shaw	Fourth Finger of Li Chan Suey	Gordon Browne	Chinese mystery in Australia.
Ernest H. Robinson	Gold of Mystery	Albert Morrow	Mystery and adventure.
Anonymous	League of the Twisted Horseshoe	J. Greenup	Mystery story.
Gordon Wallace	Only a Boxer	Inder Burns	Boxing story.
Ross Harvey	Outlaws and Rustlers	Stanley L. Wood	Western.
Gunby Hadath	Won By a Try	"F.G."	School story.
D. H. Parry	In the Days of Plague and Fire	Thomas Somerfield	Historical adventures.

VOLUME 31 (1922-23)

Martin Walker	Blood Will Tell	Thomas Henry	School story.
Edward Blair	The Blue Mask	Thomas Somerfield	Pirate story.
Herbert Ford	The Branded Man	Ellis Wilson	Western.
John Hunter	For Honour and the Team	"E.K."	Football story.
James Marr	Into the Frozen South	Photographs	Factual series by the Scout who went to the Antarctic with Shackleton.
Martin Walker	Jump To It	"E.K."	Boxing story.

VOLUME 31 (1922-23) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
W. H. Morris	King Cade	Paul Hardy	15th Century historical adventure.
Guy St. Mervyn	King of the Road	Thomas Sommerfield	Highwaymen adventures.
Eric Wood	Legacy Ranch	Ellis Wilson	Western
D. H. Parry	The Missing Million	Gordon Browne	Mystery and adventure.
Gunby Hadath	New House at Oldborough	"F.G."	School story.
Charles Gilson	Secret Society of the Map	Gordon Browne	Mystery and adventure.
Wingrove Willson	Sioux of St. Jude's	Thomas Henry	School story.
S. Walkey	When the Vikings Came	Paul Hardy	Viking adventures.

VOLUME 32 (1923-24)

S. Walkey	Captives in El Dorado	?	Adventure.
D. H. Parry	Deathless Dynasty	W. Bryce Hamilton	Adventures on the North-West Frontier.
Sydney Horler	That Council School Boy	Laurence East	School story.
W. Bourne Cook	The Curse of Amaris	H. M. Brock	Adventure and Mystery.
Frank H. Shaw	When the Sea Rose Up	?	Scientific adventure about the world flooded.
Eric W. Townsend	Island of Slaves	Thos. Sommerfield	Pirate story.
Gunby Hadath	Against the Clock	"F.G."	School story.
L. C. Douthwaite	Luck of St. Boniface	Thomas Henry	School story.
S. Walkey	Kidnapped and Marooned	Paul Hardy	Sea adventure.
Morton Pike	'Prentice Lads of London Town	Thos. Sommerfield	17th Century adventures.
Marr Murray	Peril Island	H. M. Brock	Adventure.
H. Wedgwood Belfield	Honour of the Hiltons	T. H. Robinson	Cricket story.
Frank H. Shaw	"His Crownship"	Thomas Henry	School story.
Percy F. Westerman	In the Clutches of the Dyaks	"E. K."	Adventure

VOLUME 33 (1924-25)

John Hunter	Before Midnight!	"E.K."	Mystery and adventure.
Jack Hobbs	Between the Wickets	?	Cricket story.
Richard Bird	Change Over	"F.G."	School story.
S. Walkey	Flame-Beard's Treasure	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Sydney Horler	The Football Funk	Thomas Henry	School story
John Hunter	Hitting the Limit	"E.K."	Mystery and adventure.
Alfred Judd	Nobody's Pal	Thomas Henry	School story.
Frank H. S haw	Red Deluge	H. M. Brock	Adventure and war.
Charles Gilson	The Red Tribe	Gordon Browne	Congo adventure.
W. H. Morris	Road of Adventure	Paul Hardy	Adventures with high- waymen, thief-takers and soldiers-of- fortune.
Ernest H. Robinson	Scarlet Arial	Robert Strange	Mystery with a radio background.

VOLUME 33 (1924-25) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
S. Walkey	Sword of Tallifer Trueblade	Paul Hardy	Historical adventure in the days of the Monmouth Rebellion.

VOLUME 34 (1925-26)

Andy Wilson	The Amateur Pro's	C. P. Shilton	Football story.
John Hunter	Buccaneer's Gold	Robert Strange	Adventure.
Sir Samuel Baker	Cast Up By the Sea	Gordon Browne	Smuggling adventure of Napoleonic days.
Charles Buchan	Cup Fighting Rovers	C. P. Shilton	Football story.
John Hunter	Gold from Colorado	Stanley L. Wood	Western.
John Sylvester	Hurricane Harker	Albert Morrow	Boxing story.
C. M. Bennett	Pedro of the Black Death	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Fennimore Cooper	The Pilot	Gordon Browne	Sea adventure.
J. W. Hearne	Play the Game	"F.G."	Cricket story.
H. E. Boyten	Plot and Peril	C. E. Brock	16th Century adventure.
S. Walkey	Powder-Monkey Jack	H. M. Brock	Napoleonic sea story.
John Worthing	Stand and Deliver	Gordon Browne	Highwaymen adventure.

NOTE: Volume 35 is dated '1927-28' - not '1926-27'. Vol. 34 was headed simply '1926'. The next volume, No. 35 is headed '1927-28'. The reason was probably because the Amalgamated Press took over "Chums" from Cassells in January, 1927 and decided to adopt this new form of dating. Confusing, but there it is!

VOLUME 35 (1927-28)

John Sylvester	Blue-Eyed Buddha	Albert Morrow	Indian adventure
Hylton Cleaver	Carson the Second	H. M. Brock	School story.
E. H. Robinson	Clue of the Two-Inch Nut	Unillustrated	Detective story.
Sydney Horler	The Dark Horse	"F.G."	School story.
'Patsy' Hendren	The Final Test	"F.G." and T. H. Robinson	Cricket story.
Max Pemberton	The Iron Pirate	Gordon Browne	Modern pirate yarn (reprint of the story in the first "Chums" volume in 1892-93).
John Hunter	Man from Arizona	Stanley L. Wood	Western.
Alfred Judd	Mystery of Allen's	Robert Strange	School story.
John Hunter	Stars of Doom	Albert Morrow	Mystery story.
W. H. Walker	Suspended for Life	"F.G."	Football story.
G. R. Lindner Clark	Terror of the Bush	Stanley L. Wood	Australian adventure.
Michael Poole	Reformers of W rexton	'Greenup'	Humourous school story.

VOLUME 36 (1928-29)

Gunby Hadath	Crank Carey of Cobhouse	Gordon Browne	School story.
John Sylvester	For Lawrence and Arabia	"T.S."	War adventure.

VOLUME 36 (1928-29) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
St. John Pearce	Forty Years On	T. H. Robinson	School story.
E. R. Evans	From Coronel to Falkland	E. Silas	War adventure.
Leslie Beresford	For Honour and the Foreign Legion	?	Foreign Legion story.
C. W. C. Drury	Mystery of the Gap	T. H. Robinson	School and adventure.
George E. Rochester	Pirates of the Air	"T.S."	Air adventure.
Colonel Etherton	Secret of the Yellow Robe	Albert Morrow	Adventure.
John Hunter	The Speed Kings	J. Greenup	Motor-racing story.
A. Carney Allan	To Make a Man of Him	"C.L."	Adventure.

VOLUME 37 (1929-30)

Robert Harding	The Frontier Afire	Harry Lane	Adventures amidst the Afghanistan tribes.
Hylton Cleaver	A House Divided	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Earle Danesford	Island of Ghosts	Thomas Somerfield	Adventure and Mystery.
George E. Rochester	Jackals of the Clouds	Thos. Somerfield	Air adventure.
Frank H. Shaw	Son O' the Seven Seas	J. H. Valda	Sea adventure.
E. R. G. R. Evans	South with Scott	Thos. Somerfield	Factual account of Scott's last expedition to the South Pole.
L. C. Douthwaite	Third Robin Featherstone	?	School story.
Hylton Cleaver	To Leave Greyminster	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Paul Corydon	To Sweep the Spanish Main	Gordon Browne	Pirate story.
John Wheway	Trojans, the Soccer Kings	C. P. Shilton	Football stories.
Rowland Walker	War Wings	Serge Drigin	Air adventure.

VOLUME 38 (1930-31)

Eric Townsend	Cordillera Gold	T. Cuneo	Adventure story.
G. Clabon Glover	El Mico - the Monkey <u>and</u> The Return of El Mico	?	Adventures of a trumpeter in a Spanish Cavalry Regiment.
John Hunter	Island of Secrets	Thos. Somerfield	Adventure and Mystery.
E. R. G. R. Evans	Keeping the Seas	E. Silas	Factual Naval series about the Dover Patrol in the Great War.
Hylton Cleaver	The Greyminster Mystery	T. H. Robinson	School story.
John Sylvester	Master of the World	?	Scientific adventure.
S. Walkey	Rogues of the Roaring Glory	'Glossop'	Pirate story.
Hylton Cleaver	Term of Thrills	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Oswald Dallas	The White Cockade	'Glossop'	Adventures in the Scottish Highlands in Bonnie Prince Charlie's time.
Charles Gilson	The Yellow Death	Thos. Somerfield	Adventures in China.

VOLUME 38 (1930-31) (cont'd)

Also a series of separately-titled stories about a space-voyage to Venus, by John Sylvester, illustrated by Tom Hall; a series of motor-cycle racing stories by Jim Kempster, illustrated by Roland Davies; and a series of stories about Duke's School, by Hylton Cleaver, illustrated by T. H. Robinson.

VOLUME 39 (1931-32)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Paul Corydon	Barracuda	'Glossop'	Pirate story.
Gunby Hadath	Brent of Gatehouse	T. H. Robinson	School story.
L. C. Douthwaite & Eric Macdonald	From Out the Ether	"S.D."	Adventure.
Earle Danesford	The Nightmare Planet	R. Wenban	Space adventure.
L. C. Douthwaite	Seconds Out!	R. H. Robinson	School and boxing.
Oswald Dallas	Secret of the "Golden Venture"	'Glossop'	Modern piracy.
D. H. Parry	Under the Sword of Terror	Eric R. Parker	French Revolution.
George E. Rochester	Wings of Doom	Thos. Somerfield	Aerial piracy.
John Hunter	The Yellow Idol	Thos. Somerfield	Adventure.

VOLUME 40 (1932-33)

George E. Rochester	Captain Robin Hood, Skywayman	Thos. Somerfield	Air adventure.
S. Walkey	Drake Goes West	Paul Hardy	Sea adventure.
Hylton Cleaver	The Forbidden Study	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Reginald Crunden	The Happy Company	Fred Bennett	Humourous series.
Piers Anson	Maroon Island	John Abbey	Sea adventure.
Francis Marlowe	Quest of the Rug	Frank R. Grey	Foreign Legion.
Gunby Hadath	Sanction Stands Alone	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Alan Breck	Sons of the Legion	Harry Lane	Foreign Legion.
Michael Poole	Wake Up, Marston!	?	School story.
Percy F. Westerman	The White Arab	T. Cuneo	Secret Service adventure.

VOLUME 41 (1933-34)

St. John Pearce	All the School Wondered	T. H. Robinson	School story.
E. R. G. R. Evans	Galleons of Death	Paul Hardy	Pirate story.
Percy F. Westerman	The Red Pirate	Eric R. Parker	Modern piracy.
St. John Pearce	Schools in Turmoil	T. H. Robinson	School story.

VOLUME 42 (1934-35)

Harry Edmonds	North Sea Mystery	Thos. Somerfield	Adventures in Royal Naval Intelligence.
Oswald Dallas	The Roadmaker	'Lang'	Adventure series about an Empire pioneer.
D. H. Parry	Tiger of Tangier	Paul Hardy	Cromwell-Roundheads adventure story.
St. John Pearce	The School Jonah	T. Laidler	School story.
Sackville Hart	For the Glory of the Legion	'Glossop'	Foreign Legion.

VOLUME 42 (1934-35) (cont'd)

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>STORY</u>	<u>ILLUSTRATOR</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
Eric Townsend	Champion of Ratlingham	Serge Drigin	School and boxing.

VOLUME 43 (1935-36)

Gunby Hadath	The Last Falaise	T. H. Robinson	School story.
Draycott M. Dell	Ghosts of the Spanish Main	'Glossop'	Pirate story.

VOLUME 44 (1936-37)

L. C. Douthwaite	The Gold Trail	Fred Bennett	Adventures in the Canadian North-West.
Oswald Dallas	Sheba the Magnificent	E. Silas	Abyssinian adventure.

VOLUME 45 (1937-38)

L. S. Metford	The Masked Pilot	?	War adventure.
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VOLUME 46 (1939)

Geoffrey Meredith	Master of the World	'Glossop'	Adventure.
Stanton Hope	The Yellow Python	?	Adventure.

VOLUME 47 (1940)

Sackville Hart	The Flying Dutchman	Gordon Browne	Sea story.
Garth Clinton	Forbidden Peaks	"B"	Adventure.

Also contains "The Treasure of Pirate's Island," by S. Walkey. A long, complete story, which was Walkey's last contribution to "Chums".

VOLUME 48 (1941)

E. R. G. R. Evans	Captain Sinister Sails Again	'Glossop'	Pirate story.
Cedric Weston	The Dravarr Treasure	?	School and adventure.

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SOME NOTES ON A FEW OF THE "CHUMS" CONTRIBUTORSTHE AUTHORS:

L. J. BEESTON: A story by him appeared in the very first volume of "Chums" in 1892, and he continued to write for the paper for many years, sometimes using the name 'Richard Camden'. He also wrote for various A.P. publications.

RICHARD BIRD: Real name: William Barradale-Smith. Famous for his fine school stories, Bird was a schoolmaster by profession so knew what he was writing about. He wrote many short stories and serials for "Chums", "B.O.P." and "The Captain". Also had numerous school stories published in book-form. Contributed many adult stories to "Strand Magazine", etc.

HYLTON CLEAVER: First story, "The Red Rag", was published in "The Captain" in 1913. When P.G. Wodehouse stopped writing his famous school stories for that magazine, Cleaver stepped into his shoes and rapidly became one of the most famous and brilliant school story writers ever. Most of his tales were about Greyminster or

Harley Schools, and some were based on his own schooldays at St. Paul's School. 'Mr. Dennett', a housemaster at Greyminster, is a classic creation and was based on an actual master at St. Paul's. Cleaver wrote mainly for "Chums", "The Captain" and "B.O.P." He was a sports writer on the London "Evening Standard" until last year. Is still writing energetically and was recently a welcome guest at the London O.B.B.C. Also wrote humorous stories for "Chums" under the name 'Reginald Crunden'. Was a frequent contributor to "Punch" in the 1930's and during the last war.

OSWALD DALLAS: Besides writing many serials and hundreds of short stories for many different papers and magazines, he had many books published. A professional soldier and a keen sportsman, his stories were mainly of adventure in many different parts of the world. A widely-travelled man, Dallas knew his locations and wrote of them vividly.

EARLE DANESFORD: Pen-name of F. Addington Symonds, famous as the brilliant editor of the original "Champion" (1922). Also wrote as 'Howard Steele'. He mainly wrote adventure stories. Was also a contributor to the 'Sexton Blake Library'.

CHARLES GILSON: Had a distinguished Army career and travelled to practically every corner of the world. His stories were always exciting, colourful and action-packed. If writing today he would probably be writing epics for the CinemaScope screen and its Stereophonic sound! Was particularly at home when writing about the Orient. Contributed to "Chums", "The Captain", "B.O.P." and many others.

GUNBY HADATH: Another schoolmaster-author who became justly famous for his excellent public school stories. First wrote for "The Captain" in 1909 and contributed regularly to this magazine until its final volume. Also wrote many stories for "Chums" and "B.O.P.", etc. Also wrote under names: John Mowbray, Felix O'Grady and James Duncan. Perhaps his most popular stories were about his creation 'Sparrow'. One of them, "Sparrow in Search of Fame", first appeared as a serial in "Modern Boy". A real-life school story hero, Hadath was Captain of his school (St. Edmund's, Canterbury) and brilliant at almost every sport. At Cambridge he won a classical Tripos M.A. degree and his college colours for rugger, soccer and cricket. He later became Senior Classical Master at a big public school. His first book was a formidable tome on Ancient Philosophy! He also became a member of the Inner Temple and, on leaving schoolteaching, coached pupils for the Bar. Played cricket for the Gentlemen of Surrey.

ROBERT HARDING: One of "Chums" most widely-travelled authors, he was often called 'the complete globe-trotter'. Used his travel experiences when writing his serials and short stories; they were invariably tales of strange people having unusual adventures in far-off parts of the world. Many of his stories were published in book form. He was editor of "B.O.P." from 1935-46 and the famous paper celebrated its Diamond Jubilee under his editorship in 1939.

SYDNEY HORLER: Famous to adult readers for his popular thrillers, Horler wrote school stories and football yarns for several boys' papers, including "Chums", "Sports Budget" and the monthly Aldines. Probably his finest soccer story was "Goal", which appeared as a serial in "Football Weekly" and has been reprinted as a book many times.

STANTON HOPE: One-time editor of "Chuckles". Also wrote Sexton Blake stories.

JOHN HUNTER: Contributed his very first story to "Chums" - "A Race With Death" - and afterwards wrote for practically all the boys' papers. Specialised in sporting (especially motor-racing), adventure or detective stories. Wrote a serial - "The Lure of the Lost Land" - for the first issues of "Boy's Magazine". Later wrote many

Sexton Blake stories and became one of the 'modern' team of Blake writers.

ROBERT JAMESON: Wrote a large number of stories about the Great War for "Chums" - stories which mainly presented the stark realities of war without any attempt to glorify them. Was himself an officer in the Royal Fusiliers, served on the Western Front throughout the Great War, and was twice wounded and gassed.

JOHN MACKIE: An author who had almost as many adventures as those he wrote about. He once said he never wrote about incidents of which he had not had personal experience. In the course of his world-wide travels he had hand-to-hand fights with cannibals, hunted down notorious cut-throats with the Canadian frontier police, existed on crows, snakes and roots, fought in the Boer War, and rode 800 miles on horseback in search of gold. Wrote several adventure serials for "Chums" and "The Captain".

DERWENT MIALL: Wrote some fine school serials for the comic paper "Lot O' Fun". Also many historical and modern adventure stories for Henderson's publications.

ST. JOHN PEARCE: After winning a prize for copying one of the illustrations in the first "Chums" in 1892, while still a schoolboy, he decided to become an artist. It didn't work out, however, and he began writing. Wrote many first-class school stories and serials for "Chums" and other papers, as well as adult books, plays, poems and articles. His most popular creation, perhaps, was "Buckle" of Barchester School, who figured in many humorous school tales in "Chums".

D. H. PARRY: Wrote the very first serial in "Chums" - "For Glory and Renown", illustrated by Paul Hardy. The team was still going strong in 1935! He was introduced to popular writing by his friend, Max Pemberton. Was regarded as one of the greatest living authorities on the Napoleonic Wars. His history of the Victoria Cross became a well-known classic. So did his "History and Costumes of the Regiments of the British Army". Also wrote - and was perhaps better-known - under the name of Morton Pike. As Pike wrote many serials and stories for "Boys' Friend", "Boys' Herald", "Boys' Realm", etc. Wrote of highwaymen, historical adventures, and of Robin Hood. During one 7-year period he wrote more than two million words about Robin Hood. Wrote a magnificent Robin Hood serial "Guy of the Greenwood" in "Boys' Friend" in 1904. Also "Gilbert Nameless", a story of the apprentices of London Town. First serial in "Boys' Friend" was "The Red Rapiers" followed by a sequel "The Black Dragons".

MICHAEL POOLE: As well as writing many school stories for many papers, also turned out an occasional Sexton Blake story. Real name: Reginald Heber Poole. Wrote many bound school stories; also contributed many humorous stories to magazines such as "Crusoe", "Happy", etc. Wrote probably the finest series ever to appear in "Boys' Magazine" - "The Blott of Berrisford", which dealt with the adventures of a trouble-haunted, inventive youth, and which was later reprinted in 3 "S.O.L's", and later still in bound book form.

ERNEST H. ROBINSON: Editor of "Chums", 1907-15. Wrote for many A.P. papers, as well as for "Chums". An expert rifle-shot himself he introduced the famous "Chums" Sharpshooters League, which had a membership of thousands of schoolboys. Mainly wrote action-packed adventure stories; also countless factual articles on radio, science, etc.

GEORGE E. ROCHESTER: A prolific, versatile writer, known mainly for his flying and adventure serials. Wrote for "Modern Boy", "Champion", "Triumph", "Thriller", "B.O.P.", etc. His amusing school stories "Adventures at Greystones" and "The Freak of St. Freda's" found a wide public too; the latter ran as a serial in the "Popular"

in 1927. Also wrote as: Eric Roche and John Allan.

MAXWELL SCOTT: Creator of "Nelson Lee". Was a brilliant surgeon who lived on the Yorkshire coast near Whitby. His first Nelson Lee story was in "Marvel" in October 1894, and from then until about 1915 he wrote many Nelson Lee yarns for papers like "Boys' Friend", "Boys' Herald", "Boys' Realm", "Big Budget" and "Comic Home Journal". Also wrote several Sexton Blake stories. Created detectives Vernon Read and Kenyon Ford for "Big Budget" and "Boys' Leader", and Martin Dale for "Chums".

FRANK H. SHAW: Contributed to many A.P. publications. Specialised in sea, scientific and futuristic stories which were tremendously popular with his readers. All stirring, spectacular stuff. Also wrote under the name of Grenville Hammerton.

ERIC W. TOWNSEND: Wrote yarns of Pierre, the half-breed, in "Sport and Adventure", the paper that replaced the old "Marvel". Wrote the first serial for the original "Champion" - "The Bell of Santadino". Also wrote stories for the "Boys' Friend Library".

H. W. TWYMAN: Famous as a former editor of the "Union Jack" and the first editor of "Detective Weekly", its successor, Twyman had at least one story in "Chums", in the 1932-33 volume. It was a humorous tale and was illustrated, appropriately enough, by his old colleague from the "U.J.", Eric Parker.

S. WALKEY: That's how his name always appeared. His christian name was, in fact, Samuel. He was the best author of spine-tingling pirate and buccaneer stories ever. He also created a French Revolution character, "Jack O' Lantern", as well as writing about Robin Hood, Redskins and smugglers. His tales were always illustrated by the graphic Paul Hardy. Walkey was introduced to "Chums" by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and made his first appearance in 1895 with "In Quest of Sheba's Treasure". He - and Hardy - were still there in 1940! Always wrote in his spare-time; his day-time work was as staff controller with a bank. Came from Cornwall. His most famous story was "Rogues of the Fiery Cross".

JOHN W. WHEWAY: Who contributed occasional stories to "Chums", is famous as the author who took over the Cliff House stories in "The Schoolfriend", when Charles Hamilton stopped writing them, and carried on with them for a number of years. Also wrote for other boys' papers, including "Pluck" (an adventure serial by him appeared in the first numbers of this paper).

REGINALD WRAY: Also wrote as W. B. Home-Gall and Reginald Drew. Editor of "Chums", 1939-41. His many school tales included ones about Schoolboy Acrobats, Schoolboy Ventriloquists and Schoolboy Inventors. Wrote a humorous series in the "Chums" of the early-1900's about "The Terrible Three", illustrated by Fred Bennett, then just beginning to find his feet as a humorous artist. Other stories about these characters also appeared in the 1920's. When "Boy's Realm" began it included his serial "Quest of the Scarlet Star". Wrote for many papers.

THE ILLUSTRATORS:

JOHN ABBEY: A Dutch-born artist who was for many years Art Editor of "Chums", being responsible for the 'lay-out' of pictures, etc. Also illustrated many "Chums" stories. Exhibited paintings at the Royal Academy. Did many illustrations for the first "Tom Merry's Own Annual" in 1949, and also contributed an article on birds.

FRED BENNETT: Had very long run as a Harmsworth artist. Illustrated the very first "Jack, Sam and Pete" story, "The Eagle of Death". His work was almost invariably signed in full, with a long sweeping signature, and was fairly weak at the

beginning of his career but improved enormously in later years. Starting as a dramatic artist he was perhaps at his best in action themes. Later he concentrated almost solely on humorous drawings, especially for Reginald Crunden's "Happy Company" series in "Chums". Was still active as late as 1939 in the short-lived "Wild West Weekly". He was responsible for the very first "Champion" cover in January, 1922, and was one of F. Addington Symonds' own 'Happy Company' of authors and artists during the early run of that paper. Bennett was the official artist at the 1929 Boy Scouts' World Jamboree. Also did pictures for Sexton Blake and 'Holiday Annual' stories.

GORDON BROWNE: Made a brilliant debut by drawing the very first "Chums" cover in 1892 - a picture that was used for many years on the cloth cover of the annual. He did a vast amount of work from then on for all types of stories. His work even appeared in the final "Chums" volume in 1941! Was a member of the Royal Institute and the letters 'R.I.' often appeared after his name at the head of a story. Also well-known as the first illustrator of E. Nesbit's famous "Treasure Seekers" books for children.

T. CUNEO: A well-known story and magazine artist, Cuneo was famous for his remarkably graphic war illustrations (some imaginative, forecasting the expected invasion, bombing, etc. at the beginning of the last war) which appeared regularly in the "London Illustrated News".

SERGE DRIGIN: Probably the only Russian artist who worked as an illustrator for boys' papers. Had an adventurous life sailing before the mast before deciding to try his luck at illustration. Once admitted that he never had an art lesson in his life.

CECIL GLOSSOP: Always signed his work simply 'Glossop'. His first drawing appeared in "Chums" while he was still a schoolboy. He later worked as a cartoonist before concentrating on story illustration. Worked on many "Pluck" illustrations, and also did many covers for "Chums". Specialised in humorous stories but could turn his hand to a dramatic picture with equal facility.

PAUL HARDY: Illustrated the very first serial in "Chums". Did his best work on S. Walkey's famous pirate stories. It's been said that "Chums" without Walkey or Hardy would have been like "Hamlet" without the Prince! His work had the quality of etchings. The villainous characters who formed his pirate crews were faithfully portrayed and completely authentic, as were the nautical details of the old-fashioned ships he drew. To ensure that he had details of clothes correct, he used to keep a huge cupboard full of period costumes, complete with swords, cutlasses, pistols, etc. so that he could copy them faithfully. He also employed real-life models to pose for him. His characters usually had staring eyes, turned-down mouths and were seldom inactive or in repose. His uncle was Heywood Hardy, the well-known animal painter. Paul Hardy himself frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, his contributions often being watercolours. He was also a keen metal-worker. At the great Wembley Exhibition he showed a splendid old-time galleon in full sail (this time without pirates!) moulded entirely in nickel. Another of his metal galleons was accepted by the Canadian Government for exhibition in the Toronto Museum.

THOMAS HENRY: Almost invariably illustrated school stories and used a very witty, seemingly casual technique. As well as work for "Chums", "The Captain", etc. he did countless drawings for such magazines as "Happy" and "Crusoe". Famous, of course, for his inimitable illustrations to Richmal Crompton's "William" books - every one of them, and still going strong today.

T. W. HOLMES: Did first covers for both "Boy's Friend" (1895) and "Boy's Realm" (1902). Work appeared regularly in those papers and also "Boy's Herald", "Boy's Leader", "Big Budget", etc. Illustrated many of the early Sexton Blake stories in "Union Jack". His association on school stories with Henry St. John in the fondly-remembered St. Basil's stories will linger long in the memories of old boys of 1900-05. He was a brother of another boys' papers illustrator, Fred Holmes, who also did work for "Chums".

THOMAS LAIDLER: Excellent "Chums" illustrator who specialised in school stories. His boys always looked believable and were very well-drawn. His pictures bear a striking resemblance to those of Thomas Henry, but so far as I know the only thing they had in common was their christian name. Laidler began by designing posters; then, after the Great War, did many book jackets, magazine covers and story illustrations.

HARRY LANE: Illustrated a number of early Sexton Blake stories; and also Maxwell Scott's serial "Nelson Lee's Pupil". Illustrated one of the first "Champion" serials - "Sons of Steel" by Allen Blair. Did many drawings for "Pluck", "Rocket", "Boy's Herald", "Boy's Friend" and "Big Budget".

'LANG': Christian names were A. Ernest but he never used them when signing his work. Was a Civil Servant before becoming a commercial artist, then illustrator. Worked for many boys' papers of the 1930's. At his best in foreign adventure stories, his work being strong and active.

ALBERT MORROW: Illustrated many "Chums" stories. Was a brother of George Morrow, the famous "Punch" artist who specialised in drawings set in prehistoric and historic times.

ERIC PARKER: Famous, of course, as the definitive artist of Sexton Blake. Is to Blake what Sidney Paget was to Sherlock Holmes. Did a vast amount of other illustration work too. Had a particular liking for period stories, especially of a military nature. He could draw a Napoleonic soldier so that every button was accurate. He would spend hours in military museums doing research for his drawings. Pet hobby was making old-time forts.

T. H. ROBINSON: One of the best school story illustrators "Chums" ever had. Not much seems to be known about him, unfortunately. He brilliantly brought Hylton Cleaver's Greyminster characters to life, particularly Mr. Dennett, Cleaver's memorable housemaster. Robinson often used busts of boys' heads and put different school-caps on them so that he could copy accurate details of shadow, etc. His boys always looked just right and seemed to have different personalities too. He illustrated stories in "Cassell's Magazine" in the '90's, and also in the "Holiday Annual".

THOMAS SOMERFIELD: Did illustrations for numerous "Chums" stories for well over 20 years. Began his career by working as a caricaturist on a provincial newspaper. Had a preference for drawing aeroplanes and anything mechanical. His fine work that went with George E. Rochester's flying stories will be remembered by many.

J. H. VALDA: Illustrated stories for "Champion", "Pluck", "Rocket", etc. Also Sexton Blake stories.

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The Tragedy on Little Side

A DRAMATIC STORY, INTRODUCING THE WORLD-FAMOUS DETECTIVE

HERLOCK SHOLMES

By PETER TODD

Murder on Little Side at a great public school. It seemed impossible. A heinous deed performed in full sight of two football elevens and a host of spectators. It seemed incredible. Yet it happened, and had it not been for the amazing gifts of that great investigator, Herlock Sholmes, the mystery would never have been solved.

Sholmes and I had indulged ourselves to the extent of taking a day off on the Kentish coast. After all, nothing is so pleasant as a few hours by the sea in mid-winter, when the icy winds whistle, there is rain in the air, and giant waves break on the shore, hurling spray and stones far and wide. Sholmes had solved the problem of the stolen Television Aerial, so that he was far from busy at the moment, and several of my patients had unaccountably changed their doctor so that I also had free time on my hands.

Our exchequer was not rosy, but Sholmes, with his remarkable brain-power, had devised a system whereby we travelled without cost to ourselves. As a result of this, we arrived at Folkestone by mid-day, and filled an interesting hour in strolling through Woolworth's and Marks and Spencer's. After eating our sandwiches in a shelter on the sea-front, we decided that we had exhausted the attractions of Folkestone in mid-winter, and we commenced our homeward journey. An hour later we found ourselves in the vicinity of a public school named Greyfriars. A football match was in progress on one of the sports pitches, and we stayed to watch.

I was not very keen on staying there in such cold weather, but Sholmes, who wore a heavy blankety overcoat with an astrakhan collar, pointed out that the entertainment was free, and under the circumstances I had to agree with his logic. We struck up an acquaintance with another onlooker - a lad who informed us that his name was Redwing - and we learned from him that Greyfriars Juniors were playing a visiting team from Rookwood school.

Eventually the game ended in victory for Greyfriars by three to nil, one goal having been taken by a player named Nugent, and the other two coming from the boot of a young athlete who was known as Vernon-Smith.

After the final whistle, the two teams were walking away towards the changing rooms, no doubt holding the usual post mortem on the game. Sholmes and I were just about to make our way to the gates when a shrill cry came from our companion, Redwing.

"Look!" he called out, pointing. "Somebody's hurt - or something."

We looked back at the playing field, and there, sure enough, was one of the players, stretched prone upon the frozen ground. As we watched the scene, the other players who had apparently been walking ahead of the stricken boy, observed what had occurred and rushed back to the ominous figure, regardless of the cold wind which whistled up their shorts.

Sholmes nudged me with a bony finger.

"Your services are required, Jotson," he said. "Go and render first-aid. Luckily you have with you your little black bag. In the meantime I will wend my way to yonder tuckshop and enjoy a brew of hot coffee."

I nodded, and, leaving my old friend, I hastened with Redwing to the scene of the tragedy.

"Make way," called out Redwing. "This gentleman is a doctor - no less than Dr. Jotson of London."

The chattering crowd heaved, and I pushed my way through and gazed down at the prone figure.

He lay there, apparently lifeless. His face was white as marble, his eyes were closed, his fingers were clenched.

"It's Nugent," murmured Redwing, in a hushed whisper.

"Murdered! My best pal, murdered!" gasped a dark-haired lad with a choking sob.

Vernon-Smith, the fellow who had kicked two goals, gazed round him wildly, his shirt flapping in the breeze.

"What foul fiend has done this deed?" he demanded, his eyes flashing.

There was no reply. There was complete stillness, apart from the shrieks of excitement which came from a distant football game where the seniors were engaged in a ding-dong tussle on Big Side. Little did they dream of the tragedy so near.

"Let the doctor see the body," said the dark-haired lad, brokenly.

Vernon-Smith took the initiative at once.

"Let the doctor examine the body," he ordered imperatively. "One of you others run for an undertaker."

"Air, air!" I commanded. "Give me space."

I knelt down beside the still form, a grim expression on my face. After an examination lasting twenty minutes, I rose to my feet.

"This boy is not dead," I announced.

A great breath of relief swept through the crowd.

"How do you know, Dr. Jotson?" asked Vernon-Smith, a trifle sceptically.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"He is still breathing, my boy. That is usually a sign of life. I cannot commit myself, of course, but I assume that he is not dead. There is no sign of any injury. No bruise, no stab-wound, no mark of any place where a revolver bullet has penetrated his epidermis. I have examined his stomach with my stomach-pump, and there is no sign of poison."

A boy with a mop of fair hair drew a deep breath.

"Then what has happened to him, in the name of all that's wonderful? he demanded.

I spread my hands impotently.

"I cannot tell," I exclaimed. "A dreadful crime has obviously been committed by some person or persons unknown. How, or why, we do not know. Fortunately, the greatest criminologist of modern times is present, and we must appeal to him for assistance. Herlock Sholmes is here. It is a task for him."



"Not the Herlock Sholmes!" breathed the dark-haired lad.
 "The very same!" I said. "I will fetch him speedily. At the moment he is fortifying his inner man at the school shop."

I hastened to the tuckshop, where I found Sholmes seated on a high stool, signing autograph-books for a number of small boys. Dressed in a high-necked puce sweater, his blankety overcoat with the astrakhan collar, his deerstalker cap, and with two pipes in his mouth, he looked every inch a detective. I seized him impulsively by the sleeve.

"Sholmes," I said, in agitation, "will you come at once? A terrible crime has been committed!"

Without a word, the great man slipped from his stool, swung on his rubber heels, and accompanied me back to Little Side, where the crowd fell away to allow him to reach the prostrate boy on the ground. In a few words I explained the mystery.

"No wound! No poison! No weapon!" I crooned. "Yet this unhappy lad has been stricken in the prime of youth."

Herlock Sholmes knelt down. He looked up again quickly.

"This boy's name is Nugent! he said.

A gasp of amazement ran through the entire throng. It seemed like black magic.

"Sholmes!" I gasped. "How can you know?"

"The name is in his cap," answered the great detective. "Therefore I assume that his name is Nugent. He is a Greyfriars boy."

"Amazing!" I ejaculated. "Sholmes, your prowess surprises me more each day that I live. How can you tell that he is a Greyfriars boy?"

"The stripes of his football shirt are blue and white," replied Sholmes, crisply. "This lad has received a terrible shock. The flickering eyelids, the spasmodic pulse, the clenched teeth, the hair standing on end - they all tell the same tale. A shocking shock has been administered in some way." He looked up at me, and for a moment I saw something like suspicion in his eyes. "How has it been done? Jotson, you did not look him full in the face? That might account ---"

"Sholmes!" I said reproachfully.

"No, no, this was a school match, and Dr. Jotson did not approach until after the tragedy happened," interpolated Vernon-Smith. "Nugent was quite all right at the final whistle. I had a few words with him as we were leaving the mid-field, and he was perfectly normal then. Yet, when I looked back, after somebody called out - there he was, stretched on the ground - unconscious. I thought he was dead."

Herlock Sholmes sprang to his feet. There was a greenish glitter in his fine eyes.

"You spoke to him?" He regarded Vernon-Smith shrewdly. "Come with me, my lad. I want a few words with you."

He placed a hand on Vernon-Smith's shoulder, and the two walked away to a little distance.. They stood in earnest conversation for a short time, and then we were amazed to see Vernon-Smith sink down on the ground and burst into tears.

Herlock Sholmes strolled back to us, a wry smile playing round his well-cut lips. We eyed him expectantly.

"I have solved the mystery," he announced, nonchalantly.

A murmur of astonishment - almost of awe - ran through the crowd which had grown

to huge proportions by this time. I caught Sholmes by the sleeve of his blankety overcoat with the astrakhan collar.

"Sholmes!" I gasped. "You have really discovered the murderer?"

Sholmes smiled again, and lit his pipes which had both gone out.

"No murder has been committed, Jotson. The boy lives!" he murmured.

"Then you have discovered the miscreant who perpetrated this dreadful crime. Ring Whitehall 1212. Send for Scotland Yard!" I cried, wildly.

Herlock Sholmes blew out a dozen smoke rings.

"No, no, Jotson, do not be impetuous. No crime has been committed."

My breath came in short pants.

"But, Sholmes - the poor boy is completely spiflicated, to use a medical term. Surely ---"

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders.

"The entire affair has been an accident - unfortunate, but quite unintentional and without malice aforethought. When I was informed that Vernon-Smith was the last person to speak to Nugent, I knew that he was, without doubt, the guilty person." Sholmes removed his deerstalker cap, and scratched his thinning locks. He put his head on one side.

"Then - then Smithy did it?" babbled Redwing.

"Yes - accidentally!" assented the great detective. "To put it modestly, it was quite clear to one of my brain-power, that Vernon-Smith had administered the shock which placed this unfortunate lad, Nugent, on his beam ends. I will explain what happened."

"Please do not delay. Tell us at once," I urged. "I must confess that I am entirely in the dark."

"Yet the matter is quite simple," remarked Sholmes. "As you know, Greyfriars School won this match by three goals to nil. Nugent kicked one of the goals for Greyfriars, the other two being taken by this lad named Vernon-Smith. As the team came off after the final whistle, Vernon-Smith walked with Nugent. It was Vernon-Smith's words which gave Nugent the shock which his frame could not withstand. I asked Vernon-Smith what he actually said, and he has told me. He said 'Congratulations on your goal. I could not have done better myself.'"

Sholmes shook his head sadly, and went on:

"That remark in itself was a terrible strain. But noticing nothing, Vernon-Smith continued talking. He said 'Both of my own goals were lucky flukes. In fact, between you and me, most of my goals this term have been lucky flukes.'"

A simple kindly remark to a less robust colleague - and Vernon-Smith strode on, not knowing the harm he had done. The shock to Nugent was so great that he collapsed under the strain. Voila! 'Nous devons nous mettre à cheval', as the Chinese say. A simple case. Nugent will soon recover. Ah, I see that even now he is sitting up and taking nourishment in the form of ginger beer and potato crisps. How lucky that I was here!"

Sholmes shivered a little in his blankety overcoat with the astrakhan collar. He said:

"Come, Jotson, we are due back at Shaker Street. Let us make our way over to the road, and thumb a lift!"

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JUSTICE for "THE TUCKSHOP REBELLION"

By KENNETH KIRBY

My first feelings on reading "The Tuckshop Rebellion", (Magnets 1510-1515), were like those of Keats with Chapman's Homer. A new planet had swum into my ken, and I was prepared to back it, for pure entertainment and excitement, as the greatest of all school stories. I was thus taken aback ("actually quite put out" as Mr. Woose would put it) to find that both Roger Jenkins and Eric Fayne do not think very highly of it. Up to this I have always found myself fully in agreement with Mr. Jenkins, especially when he is scientifically demolishing the claims to parity with the Magnet of such upstart rivals as the Nelson Lee. But it would seem that even he is not absolutely infallible. Even Homer nods.

Mr. Jenkins lists as the only perfect Magnet series the two "Wharton the Rebel" stories, and the "Bunter Court", "Courtfield Cracksman", "Brander Rebellion", "Loder's Captaincy", "Lancaster", and "Stacey" series. It is my earnest submission, M'Lud, and with due deference to my learned friends, that the "Tuckshop Rebellion" is fully entitled to a high place among that august assemblage. If your Lordship pleases I shall now lead evidence in support.

Many of the finest Magnet series suffer from the fact that their plots are necessarily episodic. Thus even the Stacey series consists largely of successive clashes between Wharton and his cousin, each one a more or less complete story in itself. Under this handicap not even the genius of Charles Hamilton could entirely prevent a certain impression of repetitiousness, which is perhaps at its worst in the "Mauleverer in the South Seas" series with its succession of narrowly foiled attempts to kidnap Mauly. "The Tuckshop Rebellion" has a single closely-knit plot which, despite its wealth of incident, moves with effortless smoothness to its climax. The start, as so often in Magnet series, is deceptive. No. 1510, "Billy Bunter's Housewarming", is all Bunter, who piles up what must surely be a record list of misdemeanours for the first day of term, bilking the railway, misappropriating Hacker's first class ticket, snaffling and whacking out an enormous hamper of Hobson's, and finally "bonneting" Hacker when he throws the incriminating hamper basket out of the window. Brilliant fooling as it is, some few who feel that there can be too much Bunter may sigh resignedly "just the Bunter mixture as before". But unobtrusively the threads of a major plot, which has little enough to do with Bunter, are being drawn together, until the stage is set with Bunter's excited if ambiguous bulletin: "Hacker's head!.. I've just seen Carne sticking it up in Hall!" And so tyranny leads inevitably to rebellion, the crisis or turning point, found in all good drama, occurring when the apparently somnolent Mauleverer pipes up "I've been thinkin' --," words which never fail to be immensely important in any Magnet series! And now, with a shock of excitement, we realise, and are a little surprised to find that we have really known it all along, that this indolent and innocuous-seeming aristocrat is actually a born leader of the pirate captain type, with a framework of steel under the mild exterior and the Napoleon-like capacity for grasping, in addition to a deeply-conceived plan, the mass of detail essential to the effective functioning of the plan. (This emergence of Mauly, his promulgation and execution of the plan to seize and fortify the

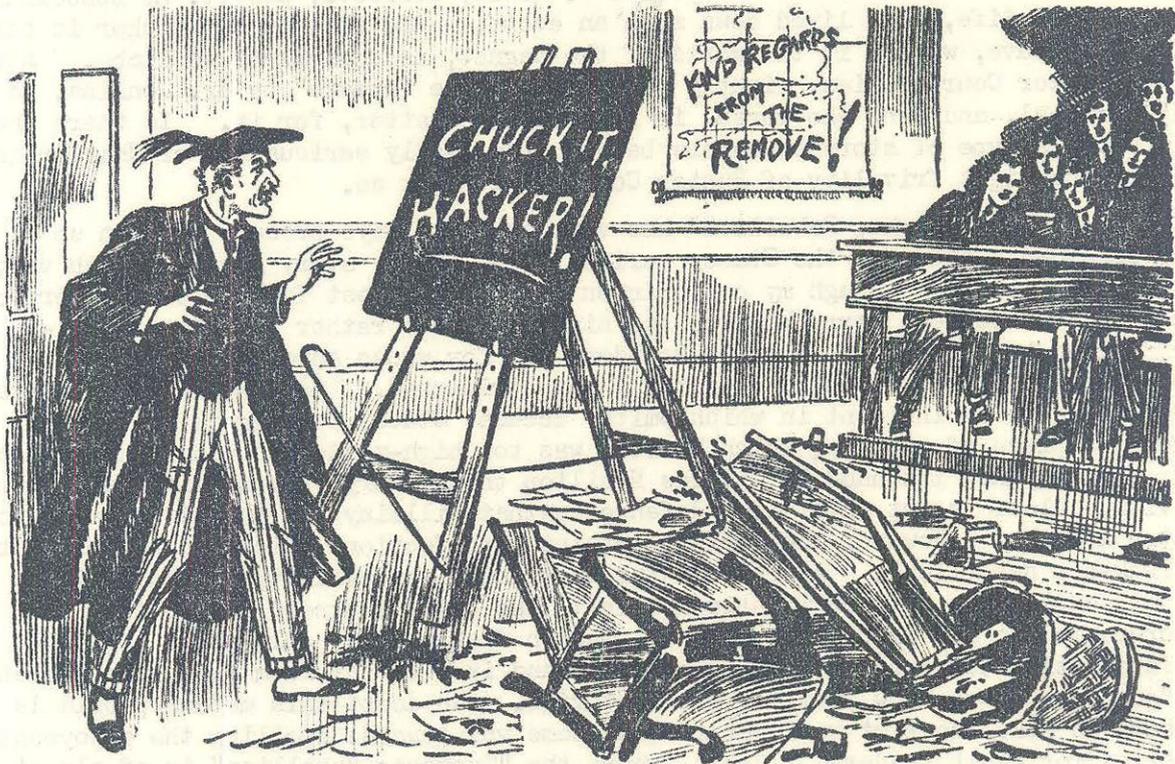
tuckshop, and his easy domination of such powerful characters as Wharton and Vernon-Smith, is to me one of the most exciting and satisfying passages in all Hamiltoniana.) And so, effortlessly and inevitably, the story moves to its climax with the final defeat of Hacker and his banishment on long leave, fallen from his high estate like Lucifer, yet still firmly convinced that he has been in the right all along.

In its comparatively short space "The Tuckshop Rebellion" provides practically all the features which I find attractive in school stories. To the struggle against tyranny and the feuds and japes of school life, which are so customary we can add the defence of a beleaguered fortress, as in "The Cloister and the Hearth", the emergence of the pirate captain hero, like "Captain Blood", the planning and logistics of a miniature military campaign, a wealth of exciting incidents, and the inimitable Hamiltonian humour of situation and dialogue. In addition we have a great cast of the well-loved characters, schoolboy and adult, each contributing his share to the story yet no single one hogging too much of the lime-light. There is not too much Bunter and, what is far more important, not too much Horace Coker!

Interplay of character is exceptionally fine. The story abounds in little scenes where characters react to each other or to the pressure of events. Examples of these flashes of personality are the meetings between Hacker and Mr. Vernon-Smith, and between Prout and Dr. Locke, the brush between Mauly and the Bounder, and the awful plight of the invertebrates Skinner and Fishy, caught between the Scylla of Hacker's tyranny and the Charybdis of hardship with the beleaguered garrison. Despite all the familiarity of the substitute writers with the Hamiltonian legend only Frank Richards himself could make a dialogue between (say) Bob Cherry and the Bounder ring really true.

But what appeals most to my adult judgment is the irresistible logic and compulsive credibility of the story. A successful rebellion in a school, especially by a junior form, is an incredible event, and especially hard for me, a schoolmaster, to swallow. It is one of the very highest features of Charles Hamilton's genius that he can build up the motivation of a plot like this to the point where adult incredulity completely vanishes. Certain original premises, more or less improbable in themselves, have to be accepted: that a near-maniac like Hacker could have existed in teaching outside Dotheboys Hall, that schoolboys of the calibre of Wharton, Vernon-Smith and Mauleverer, (especially the last with his unlimited financial resources), could be found in the same form; but once that is done the rest follows inevitably. Even the Master does not always bring it off so successfully. I found the "Popper's Island Rebellion" disappointing, the motivation, in this instance, being quite inadequate. For one thing it is impossible to believe that a whole form, composed mainly of law-abiding citizens, would risk the disgrace of expulsion and defy the authority of a headmaster whom they respected, for the sake of a fat nuisance who had earned the sack over and over again in the past, and was largely responsible for his own predicament in the present. But in the "Tuckshop Rebellion", (as in the very fine "Brander" and "Secret Seven" series), the boys were not only justified but inexorably forced into rebellion. Schoolboy rebellions are meat and drink for schoolboy readers but only a genius can make them ring true for an adult schoolmaster.

A very special attraction of "The Tuckshop Rebellion" is the fascinating personality of Mauly, for once the star of the show, and, in this situation, perfectly cast. There is infinite enjoyment in watching him control his unruly army with a mixture of firmness and tact, cope ingeniously with every change of the tactical situation, and plan defence and counter-attack. He makes excellent yet sensible use of his wealth. (It is vicariously pleasant, for adult as well as schoolboy, to identify oneself with



"Who—who—who did this?" gasped Mr. Hacker, as his eyes fell on the inscription on the blackboard and the map that hung on the Form-room wall. The Shell fellows exchanged glances. "Does any boy here know anything of this?" snapped the new Head, his glare sweeping round the Form. "Oh, no, sir!" answered all the Shell at once.

someone who wields the power furnished by unlimited supplies of cash!) He stamps out defeatism ruthlessly and combats the disintegrating effects of boredom by keeping his followers busy with defensive or offensive duties. Maully has never featured largely in an inferior series but this is his finest hour.

What are the criticisms advanced by detractors of "The Tuckshop Rebellion"? Roger Jenkins feels that it lacks the "high drama" of the Brander series. Certainly the powerful emotions of the Wharton the Rebel and Stacey series are largely absent, especially as it is clear to the reader, if not to the rebels, that there is no real danger of final victory for the tyrant, even if he were to succeed in the short run in making his authority effective. But is the absence of high drama in itself a bar to perfection in its type? Roger Jenkins and Eric Fayne feel that there is too much slapstick, citing as example the scene in which Hacker is captured by the rebels and made to wash dishes as farcical and incredible. This I strongly dispute. Throughout the writings of Charles Hamilton a recurring theme is crime and punishment, wrongdoers, whether they be heroes or villains, Whartons or Lodgers, being eventually forced to atone for their sins. (The only "darling of the Gods" is Billy Bunter, who seldom receives adequate punishment, the kicks and whoppings which are the reward of sometimes quite despicable villainies seldom retaining their impression beyond the next feed.) Now Hacker had put himself beyond the pale by the ferocity of his assault upon the helpless Mauleverer. As a similar thrashing inflicted upon an adult schoolmaster would hardly be palatable the humiliation inflicted by Mauleverer in his turn is not farcical at all but rather the appropriate and highly effective

retribution. As Roger Jenkins and Leslie V. Rowley correctly assert, no schoolmaster could, in real life, have lived down such an event. And that is why Hacker is sent off on long leave, which, in the world of the Magnet, is equivalent to limbo. After all, the Bunter Court series, rightly placed among the "greats" by Mr. Jenkins, is highly farcical, and none the worse, in fact all the better, for it. Is there then not room for a type of story somewhere between the deadly seriousness of Wharton the Rebel and the light frivolity of Bunter Court? I think so.

In fact "The Tuckshop Rebellion" has virtues not always present even in so highly regarded a story as the Stacey series. The Stacey story contains much very fine dramatic writing, though my own opinion is that the best feature of the series is not the feud between Harry Wharton and his double but rather the diamond-cut-diamond clash between Stacey and the Bounder, but for whose shrewdness and lack of schoolboy scruples Stacey would inevitably have triumphed. (An excellent illustration of this is the incident in which Smithy accuses Stacey to Wingate of carrying "smokes", a piece of sneaking which Wharton was too high-minded to undertake. The moral, probably not intended by Charles Hamilton though very true to life, seems to be that virtue alone is not sufficient defence against villainy but that it takes a rogue to match a rogue! However the series contains imperfections which are not present in "The Tuckshop Rebellion". Apart from the intrinsic improbability of the plot (do you ever get doubles who are not identical twins?) the chief weakness is the fact that the characters do not act in character. Mr. Quelch displays not only gross injustice and rank favouritism but crass stupidity as well, and is very far from being the gimlet-eyed "just beast" we know from the other stories. No doubt this metamorphosis is necessary to make the plot work but it goes some way towards spoiling the enjoyment of the series for adult readers. Again, where the "Tuckshop Rebellion" is of almost perfect length, some readers might well feel that Stacey remained on the scene a trifle too long. My only criticism of the "Tuckshop Rebellion" is that the ending is a trifle too short and abrupt. If I could have the story remoulded "nearer to the heart's desire" I should only ask for the conclusion to be extended for a few pages so that the "fall from on high" of the villain could be pleasurably prolonged. But possibly the final instalment had to be "hacked to fit the Procrustean bed" of the Magnet's 28 pages.*

And now, M'Lud, the defence rests, and I unhesitatingly demand for my client, "The Tuckshop Rebellion", a high place among the perfect Magnet series.

* This quotation is my own and I did not crib it from Roger Jenkins' article in the "Collector's Digest Annual". Nothing of the sort. I have never read anything by Roger Jenkins and I don't even know his name, so how could I? I hope you can take a fellow's word.

* * * * *

WANTED: S.O.L's 42, 258. Nelson Lee No. 130 (old series). Your price paid plus postage. The advertiser has some S.O.L's, Nelson Lees, Gems and Magnets for exchange only.

BRIAN HOLT, BRITISH EMBASSY, REYKJAVIK, ICELAND.

WANTED TO BUY Any James B. Hendryx stories, especially the "Connie Morgan" series. Also would like to obtain E.R. Burroughs' stories "The Mad King" and "The Moon Maid"; also interested in Nelson Lees.
A. G. DAVIDSON, 193, Rae St., North Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Let Me Reminisce

by JACK HUGHES

The dusk gently filled the study.

The darkness gathered on the pages of the book, which until now I had been reading.

The late afternoon sun having made its final attack on the window venetians, now left the sky, draining it of light, leaving behind a great backdrop of vivid colour as the sunset prepared to give way to evening.

Looking at the beautiful western sky, yet almost without seeing, my mind was filled with memories awakened by the volume that had been my companion that afternoon; a volume that first became mine many years ago.....

.....It was very early, and it was Christmas Day. On the foot of my bed lay a number of gaily wrapped parcels, and with breathless excitement each was opened and examined. There were, of course, the "useful" presents of socks and slippers, singlets and shirts, from loving relatives, but it was the book that gave most joy that day in 1932.

A copy of Crackers Annual inscribed "much love from mum and dad".

Oh what happiness!!

Its cover showed Little Elf and his pretty friend Wildflower reading the self-same Crackers Annual, and its pages were full of those friends who came in Crackers week by week: Kitty Clare, Paul, Polly and Pinkie, Marmy and his Mother, Sally of Sunshine Alley.

These had been my friends for some years, as Crackers, with My Favourite, Bubbles and Tiger Tim's, had come regularly to our home. Each evening dad would read to my sisters and me as we sat near the log fire in winter or in some cool spot on summer evenings.

But as I revelled in the delights of that Annual, I little realised that on the high seas making its seven weeks long journey to my home land was a copy of a weekly that would woo me from comics, and make me at nine years of age, its devoted fan. Already on sale in England, Gem 1295 The Rival Scouts would be on sale at Tasmanian newsagents shops in late January 1933.

That New Year brought me a spell of sickness and a period in bed. A kind neighbour sent a bundle of "the Scout" for me to read, and the format or size of this paper intrigued me. So much so, that I felt I must change my subscription to the Scout, and for a couple of weeks it did arrive.

But there never was a boy less interested in Scouting matters than I, and once again I began clamouring for a change in my weekly paper. Never to be forgotten that evening as I travelled on a double decker tram into Hobart city, to meet my father and go to his newsagent to pick for myself a new weekly.

The newsagent, kindly man, suggested this paper and that, but none seemed to please, then from a pile of 'ordered' books he drew one - a copy of the Gem - it was "Tom Merry and Co. at the Fair" - but if I wanted the Gem (and I did) I would have to wait till Monday as he had no spare issues on hand.

Thus next Monday, as soon as school was done, I was on the tram for town to

collect my first Gem, 1295, and the Scout was replaced by The Rival Scouts.

It would be over 20 years before I would read Tom Merry and Co. at the Fair, but from that day when I took my first Gem, it would be my favourite paper, to be read and treasured until in 1961 the very same issues are a source of pleasure.

So my memories ran: From comics to the Gem - of arguments with school friends as to the reality of St. Jim's. For me the college did exist, and the claim of one boy that his brother had a friend in England who had actually visited St. Jim's seemed to clinch the argument. In fact Gussy so won my heart that I appeared one day at my own college wearing a monocle I had manufactured from a lens of a discarded pair of spectacles. Great was the resultant mirth when at a form concert I arose to announce an item and quite seriously put the monocle to my eye.

Dad still read to us in the evenings, and when he read of Gore's expulsion 1323/24 we wept bitterly.

It was quite late in the year when, one evening, having purchased my Gem and the current issues of the Schoolboy's Own Library, I met my father as he left his office, and we decided to walk the few miles home. Passing a shop I glanced through the window and there on a shelf I spied a copy of the 1932 Holiday Annual - the first I had seen. From that moment I longed to purchase it, but pocket money was scarce and by no dint of asking could I extract the necessary. But some weeks later an unexpected tip from a loving aunt allowed me to make the purchase. From the next issue I always managed to convince someone that their gift to me at Christmas should be a Holiday Annual.

About this time, in a second-hand shop I discovered a number of Nelson Lee Libraries, and for a few pence each bought a number, but at first was not very interested in the adventures of Nipper and Co. Their subsequent arrival in the pages of the Gem did awaken my interest, but a number of years passed before I became a Lee collector.

My introduction to the Magnet came about when a friend and I prepared a hand drawn poster advertising the Gem and presented it to my newsagent. In return he handed me a Magnet, but my pocket money just didn't stretch far enough for me to continue taking it.

Late in 1934 my father's transfer to sunny Queensland gave me some concern that I might miss out on my Gem. A copy bought one windy day in Melbourne was next in sequence, but when we reached Brisbane the issue of the Gem on sale was a week ahead, and I gave my father no peace until he had been to the wholesalers, Gordon and Gotch Ltd. to secure the missing copy.

A year later my enthusiasm for the Gem had waned, and with No. 1 of the Pilot I switched to that paper. Memory chastens that my desire simply was to collect a weekly from its first issue. For two years I carefully stored the Pilot with my collection of Gems, 'til one day the old loyalty returned. Once more the Gem came each week, but the problem was, how to fill in the two year gap of missing Gems.

I thought: 'No one else in the world collects Gems'.

But by using different coloured carbons in my typewriter I drew up a letter-head advising I was in business buying companion papers, and wrote dozens of letters to likely names in old 'Pen-pals' ads. And replies did come. Stored away I still have the result of that mailing:

From Africa someone sent a monkey skin - would I in return please send a camera -

he was sorry that he had no Gems for disposal;

From the Dead letter offices of Postal Services in England and America came a batch of my letters marked "addressee unknown";

From near and far came polite notes saying that the writers no longer read the Gem;

From a Mr. Tex Rickard of Alberta, Canada, the beginning of a pen friendship from which I learnt of substitute writers and of Mr. Chas. Hamilton. Forever I will be grateful for the very early Gems and Magnets he sent me.

From Adelaide where a one-time Lee collector was desirous of selling his collection, and for a few pounds some hundreds of the Old Series and all the three New Series came into my possession.

From England, an Army officer, already on transfer to India, wrote offering the Gems of the two year run, and these arrived a little time later.

Another of my letters, as bread cast upon waters, drew a reply from Syd Smyth of Sydney, N.S.W., and here began a correspondence that stretched through a war and included visits to our respective homes and the viewing of each others collections. Syd it was who later introduced the Collector's Digest to me, and there commenced a new phase of collecting and interest which in turn led to some happy days spent in York in the autumn of 1954, with friend Herbert.....

.....Happy memories! They come flooding back, yet regretfully I must turn to the tasks of the evening. The Crackers Annual goes to its place on the shelf. As I close the door of that cupboard, for a moment I glimpse the pine boxes that house the Gems and Magnets and Lees and other items that have for so long been so dearly loved, and these invite me to come again and browse to my heart's content.

* * * * *

WANTED: Early Magnets (pre-1914) preferably bound. Bound Boy's Friends (Rookwood). Some Magnets for exchange.

S. B. WHITEHEAD, 4, Bernard Crescent, Hunstanton, Norfolk.

WANTED - WANTED - WANTED !!! HOLIDAY ANNUALS. Reply giving price, and date to:-

JOHN GUNN, Queens Head Hotel, Matlock.

WANTED: Early "Wizards" from No. 1 to 200. Good condition if possible. Fair price offered.

JIM SWAN, 3, Fifth Avenue, Paddington, London, W.10.

WANTED: Single copies or bound volumes of the following:- "Champion" No. 260 to No. 341; "Triumph" No. 1 to No. 190; "Pluck" (last series) No. 78 to No. 97; "Rocket" No. 78 to No. 87; "Triumph Annual 1938"; "Champion Annuals" for years 1936, 1937 and 1939; the last volume of Boy's Friend. "Champion" No. 176: I will pay £1 for single copy of this number. Please write air mail stating prices wanted to:-

MR. R. J. McCARTHY, Wetlands, Augathella, Queensland, Australia.

FOR EXCHANGE: Boy's Friends; Schoolboys Owns; Gems; Champions; Sexton Blakes; Chums Annuals; Nugget Libraries. Wanted Reprint Gems.

S. PERRY, 13, Lyndhurst Rd., Wood Green, London, N.22.

PIPPINIANA: Collop the Third

What is Gossamer?

BY

OTTO

MAURER

FAIRY QUEENS AND ALL THAT

In Roland Quiz's Tim Pippin stories, as in all the numerous imitations of them, love, of course, plays a considerable part. The hero is always devoted to a beautiful girl who, if not known to be a princess from the outset, is sure to turn out to be one in the end, before he marries her. It would be worthwhile, on some future occasion, to produce a collop on these heroines, and on the decorous way in which Quiz and his disciples and plagiarists - with the most notable exception of Walter Villiers - adapt the theme of love to the inexperienced, juvenile minds for whom their stories are in the first place intended. There were, however, considerable difficulties - sometimes ingeniously circumvented or briskly overridden by Roland Quiz - about so contriving the hero's perilous wanderings and sanguinary adventures that the heroine could, without prejudice to propriety or to the delicacy of her sex, more than sporadically appear in them, still less take an active part in them; and in some cases, for example in S. Holland's Fairydom and Alfred R. Philips' Prince Goldenwings, we see nothing at all of her till the final chapters. This means that the stories would be a good deal less varied and attractive than they are, if there were not other more glamorous and unconventional ways in which the feminine element could enter into them, in addition to the often somewhat perfunctory official romance of the hero and heroine. Fortunately there was, however, ample scope in this fairy-tale world, with its unlimited supernatural possibilities, for the erotic imaginations of the authors, and still more of the artists, to unfold themselves exuberantly, but still on the whole more or less innocuously, beyond the narrow confines imposed by monogamy. How far the authors and artists, in exploiting these voluptuous possibilities, took the callow minds of their youthful readers into consideration, and what the reactions of those youthful readers were, it is difficult to judge. It all remained harmless enough, at least by modern standards. Only in the case, once more, of Walter Villiers, can it be supposed that children's curiosity may sometimes have been prematurely stimulated about matters of which it would have been better for them to remain ignorant.

In the intervals of his strenuous exploits, which chiefly take the form of giant-killing, the hero encounters - and there were, of course, plenty of precedents for this in the traditional fairy-tales on which our authors based their narratives - a multitude of non-human or not quite human beings in female form and distinguished chiefly by potent sex appeal: fairies, mermaids, nymphs, enchantresses, witches or even wizards in magical disguise, but first and foremost fairy queens. Whereas the rest of these beings appear as a rule only once and are no more heard of, the fairy queen appears again and again and is nearly always one of the central and most

permanent personages in the story. This begins in chapters five and eight of Giant-Land (July/August 1872) with the first appearance of Queen Mab, who dominates the original Tim Pippin stories of the years 1872-1875. Conceived on much the same lines as this Queen Mab are Quiz's own Queen Titania in the later stories of Tim Pippin the Younger (1899 and 1910-1914), Violet-Eyes and Queen Sapphire in S. Holland's Fairydom (1873), Fairy Starlight in W. Villiers' Silverspear stories (1874-1875), Queen Lunar (later altered to Luna) in A. R. Philips' Prince Goldenwings (1877), Queen Sapphire in the anonymous and undated Silver Axe and Queen Snowdrop in Catch-me-who-can (1896), which was probably the work of Vane St. John. Quiz himself introduces into most of the shorter stories written for Young Folks Tales after 1907 innumerable variations on his original fairy queen, sometimes under the name Mab or Titania, sometimes under such newly improvised names as Roseinbloom, Heartsease, Emeraldal, Mizpah, Stella, Fairy of the Steppes, Queen of Hearts, Morgana, Aurora, Sunshine and Silverwings.

All later appearances of fairy queens in the writings of Quiz himself and in those of his imitators are but variations or amplifications of the original passages in Giant-Land. Here was something that the ingenuous imagination attuned to these stories could listen to again and again, never wearying of it or having too much, just as some of us can never have too much of Billy Bunter's postal order or of D'Arcy's top-hats. The essential passages run:

Standing in front of the inscription... was a pretty little fairy, not more than a span in height. She was arrayed in gossamer robes of the purest white, and had upon her fair shoulders transparent wings of butterfly form. Upon her haughty little head was a crown of silver, studded with diamonds, which sparkled and flashed their gorgeous rays of light; and in her hand she held a sceptre of burnished gold! (Chap. 5)

And:

Tim heard a merry little laugh. He raised his head, and the sight which met his gaze completely bewildered him. Queen Mab was no longer the wee thing she had been the moment before; but of proportions equal to that (sic) of his own darling Primrose. And, oh! how angelic was her form! How dazzlingly beautiful! How queenly, as she stood there charmingly poised, with her dainty foot upon the giant's ear! - her arms extended, her wings upraised, her long silken hair falling in golden meshes over her fair shoulders, her light gossamer robes tossed gently by the zephyrs! But, above all, the sweet, heavenly smile upon her countenance! What a picture of loveliness! Tim stood transfixed with wonder and admiration.

John Proctor's original illustration to this scene is reproduced here. A glance at it is enough to convince us that Tim had indeed good grounds for being "completely bewildered" and "transfixed". Mr. E. S. Turner, in his Boys will be Boys (1948) comments sardonically on this picture, as though it were typical of the Henderson publications, in which he otherwise shows no interest: "James Henderson's Young Folks Budget regaled its readers with a frontpage picture showing Queen Mab appearing before the dazzled hero clad only in a wisp of gossamer."

In point of fact this illustration stands in its uninhibitedness quite alone in the Henderson publications. Likely enough the brilliant and temperamental cartoonist, John Proctor, who had only been specially engaged a few weeks previously, as "one of the first artists of the day", to illustrate Giant-Land, was gently informed by the editor of Young Folks Budget that, although his picture of Queen Mab was admirable, it must never happen again. One thing is certain: that Proctor, in the three further pictures which he drew of gossamer-clad Queen Mab and Tim Pippin, that with the Hippogriff of March 1874, that with the Bird of Paradise of January 1875 and that with

the Fairy Camel of October 1875, carefully draped her "angelic form", and that he exercised the same - for him perhaps somewhat irksome - restraint also in his illustrations introducing fairies for Fairydom and the Silverspear stories, only indulging his fancy, to a limited extent, in portraying the Spirit of Night and the Sea Nymph in February and April 1873. (See accompanying reproductions.) Hendersons continued, indeed, to reproduce Proctor's provocative original picture of Queen Mab on the ten or so occasions when they reprinted Giant-Land, but that they felt some uneasiness about it is betrayed by the way in which, on the last of these occasions, in Sparks in April 1919, when the appearance and clothing of the hero were in any case being touched up on more modern lines by some later artist, substantial additions were also made to Queen Mab's draperies. (See accompanying reproduction, noting how the Fairy Queen's face has also been modified, certainly not for the better.)

Proctor's alluring original picture of Queen Mab, far from misrepresenting, rather indiscreetly gives away the latent character of all these innumerable Fairy Queen episodes, betraying the significance which they have, whether consciously or not, for the author, and are bound to have as well, if not for the child reader, then at least for the more mature reader to whom the stories from the beginning also widely appealed and have always continued to appeal. For what, after all, are we to make of it, when these extremely personable "most sylph-like looking beings" (Quiz), with "garments of beautiful white, semi-transparent texture floating so airily about their lovely forms" (Villiers), suddenly appear before the boyish hero in lonely spots, or even when he is lying in bed at night, "bewildering" and "transfixing" him, making "his heart beat with wild, strange emotion," (Quiz's Tor) and sending "strange thrills through his frame" (Silver Axe)? Admittedly they always come for some explicit, legitimate and laudable purpose - to give the hero some important piece of information or advice, to warn him of some danger, to deliver him from some unpleasant predicament, to present him with a cloak of invisibility, a mystic mirror, an enchanted sword or some other such useful magical appliance, to ask some special service of him, or at least to thank and reward him for what he has performed and to tell him how very very pleased they are with him. Their advice and help moreover always prove trustworthy and efficacious; it is hard to see how the hero could ever make any headway or even remain alive for five minutes without their patronage and protection. But could they not contrive, one might well ask, to conduct these salutary ministrations without quite so frequently or lavishly displaying their charms to impressionable striplings who should, strictly speaking, have no eyes for any charms save those of the demure human maidens of their choice? One cannot help suspecting that these fascinating aerial ladies, with no other attachments that we ever hear of, may be amorous of the hero; in fact, we are on one occasion expressly told how Queen Mab "gazed down upon Tim with a look full of loving tenderness." All this cannot fail to be highly gratifying as well as exciting for the hero, and might lead us to wonder whether he is not sometimes in danger of forgetting the princess he left behind him. What, we feel inclined to ask, does that princess herself think about these glamorous encounters? Roland Quiz gives us an explicit answer to this last question. Primrose, the beloved of the original Tim Pippin, jealous though she is of her human rival, "that hateful Princess Bluebell", feels no jealousy at all of the Fairy Queen Mab; nor does Pansy, the beloved of Tim Pippin the Younger, feel any jealousy at all of Queen Titania. Their conviction, in which we are bound to concur, is that "her Fairy Majesty is as good as she is beautiful." "How good of her to remember poor me!" says Pansy of Queen Titania on one occasion. It is, indeed, one of the several functions of the Fairy Queen in these stories to be a kind of divinity, and a righteous and benevolent divinity too, the embodiment of the loftiest moral code and of a providence that watches over and rewards the good and brave and punishes all evil. But that

does not prevent her from at the same time making the most of her allurements in semi-transparent garments of gossamer or "silver tulle" (Fairydom). This makes a somewhat complex, indeed ambivalent figure of her. Tim Pippin, however, the irreproachable, who is equal to all other situations, is equal to this situation too. He is never so completely swept off his feet with wonder and admiration that he does not retain something at least of that sang-froid which had enabled him, at the beginning of his first interview with Queen Mab, to reflect detachedly: "Where ever did she spring from?"

In the case of Tim Pippin the Younger the situation is considerably eased, since the only Fairy Queen he ever has to do with is not the unattached Queen Mab, but Titania, who is safely wedded to King Oberon. One of the very last exploits of the original Tim Pippin, in the Golden Pheasant (1875) had been to deliver Titania (of whose very existence he had previously been unaware) from a terrible predicament in which she has been involved through the unfounded jealousy of her husband, the now penitent Oberon; for "Fairies, like mortals, have both their good and evil qualities." (This is, however, the only occasion on which we hear of fairies having anything but good qualities.) As Titania was under a spell to fall in love with whatever being she should first see on awakening from her magic sleep - Quiz here quotes verbatim from Shakespeare's Midsummer Nights Dream - it was one of the conditions of Tim's successfully performing this exploit that he should not let her see him: "Goodness gracious! her Majesty would be in love with me! That would never do!" (Quiz was, it appears, quite conscious of the little problems to which we are here drawing attention.) Events move in such a way that Titania always remains well in the background; instead Tim has a brief vision of Oberon, who comes to thank him and reward him for his services. The commission is entrusted to him by Queen Mab, of whom we now learn that she is only queen of those fairies that "roam invisible over the broad surface of the earth," whereas Oberon and Titania are not denizens of this earth at all, but reign over the supramundane domain of Fairyland proper. This is the last occasion on which Queen Mab appears. In the adventures of Tim Pippin the Younger, not begun till over twenty years later, nothing more is heard of her; she has been completely superseded by Oberon and Titania who, as a fairy couple, favour and protect the human couple, Tim Pippin the Younger and Pansy. This is obviously a much less problematic relationship than that between unpartnered Queen Mab and the original Tim Pippin. In the latest stories, written from 1910 onwards and in part the work not of Quiz himself, but of his son, Bertram Quittenton, comparatively little remains of the mystery, remoteness and emotional tension which had formerly invested the fairies. Instead of appearing only seldom and in startling ways, as Queen Mab had done, Titania and Oberon are for ever dropping in and conversing with the hero and heroine in a familiar tone, as with one of themselves, and quite often shaking hands with them. Titania and Pansy blow kisses to one another, and Titania even on one occasion blows a kiss to Tim too, and on another sends him one through her messenger Puck: "The kiss is for thee, so happy thou'lt be!" "I am beginning to love you more and more every day of my life," says Oberon to Tim Pippin, "giving his hand a hearty shake." (Dec. 1912). One curious point is that Oberon, who had previously been represented as an exquisitely handsome young man, now appears as a venerable old man with a long beard, which might make one wonder whether it is quite right for the perennially youthful Titania to indulge in quite so much familiarity with Tim Pippin as she does, for example, in the following passage:

Lo! to our hero's amazement Queen Titania stood before him!

How divinely beautiful she appeared, in her robes of snowy whiteness, as she gazed affectionately upon him.

Her Majesty's cheeks assumed a charming rose tint as she advanced, took our hero's hand, and kissed it.

Dropping his hand, she drew back a few paces, and our hero, cap in hand, bowed most graciously, saying:-

"Your Majesty has done me a great honour, more than I deserve, I am sure."

(Young Folks Tales No. 210, Feb. 1912)

For this all round trivialization of the old fairy theme presumably Bertram Quittenton was in the first place responsible, as also for the episode in one of the very last booklets (Dec. 1913), where Oberon and Titania talk of abdicating and urge Tim Pippin and Pansy to become fairies and rule over Fairyland in their place, expressing, however, the greatest satisfaction when their offer is politely refused.

Yet even in this final series the Fairy Queen is still a highly glamorous figure. This is due, however, far less to the actual text than to the illustrations, and chiefly to those which repeat with endless variations the old motif of the Fairy Queen appearing before the hero alone at some solitary spot. There are no fewer than nineteen of these, all but two of them by G. W. Wakefield. Wakefield was engaged in the same years in illustrating for Photo Bits such extremely dubious serials as Derk Fortescue's Peggy the Peeress, the character of which can be judged from the following extract, where Peggy the Peeress describes how she "punished" Prince Conrad von Hugelheim:

From his shoulders to his ankles and back again - he was wearing a tight-fitting suit which was admirably adapted to the occasion! - I worked at every inch of cloth available, and favoured him with the "dusting" of his life! How I did it, I don't know, what with my twelve-inch waist and my bodice and sleeves stiff with pearls, but I did do it, and I guess it was a mighty sore man over whom I finally bent, with flaring cheeks and blazing eyes and enquired how he liked the strength of my arm?

He looked up as calmly as though I had been fanning him, and, rising to his feet, smiled brightly. "I could have asked for nothing more delightful," he said...

(Photo Bits, 8th October 1910)

It is interesting to see how successfully Wakefield could, as an illustrator, enter into the spirit of this narrative of flagellation and fetishism, and how very little he needed to modify his technique a few months later to produce highly effective pictures of Tim Pippin kneeling before the Fairy Queen for Young Folks Tales. (See accompanying illustrations.) Wakefield contrives in his own way to put every bit as much erotic dynamism into close-fitting robes as Proctor did into nudity and wisps of gossamer. In fact, these fairy queens, however much they may in principle be advocates and rewarders of all the virtues, especially of constancy in love, tend inevitably in practice to become also the outlets and embodiments of our idle, wayward, more or less harmless, more or less conscious erotic fancies, and that gives them something in common with the glamour girls of the music hall stage and Hollywood. A further example of this is the unsigned illustration (probably by W. M. Bowles) in Pals (1896), showing the appearance before Sharp sword of the Fairy Queen Snowdrop; with her high buttoned boots, black stockings, brief skirt and glimpses of lace petticoat she is the perfect chorus-girl of the day. A fairy queen ought to have something of the pantomime fairy about her, and those who are that way given may even well visualize her as a kind of celestial strip-tease artiste.

According to the most authentic ancient traditions fairies were very far from being paragons of virtue or disinterested promoters of human happiness and domestic concord. One has only to read such old ballads as Thomas the Rhymer, Tam Lin and Clerk Colvill to see how ready fairy queens were to fall in love with handsome young

men and seduce them away from their human ties. They had their sinister and pernicious aspects:

The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
 In yon green hill to dwell.
 And pleasant is the fairy land,
 But, an eerie tale to tell,
 Ay at the end of seven years
 We pay a tithe to hell... (Tam Lin)

The latent wanton, lascivious and irresponsible element, to which attention has here been drawn, was then by no means first imported into the fairy-tale world by Quiz and his imitators. It has been inherent in that world from the outset, and what is interesting and distinctive is the particular way in which they adapted and developed it and were also sometimes at pains to tone it down or counteract it. Though Quiz consistently avoids any suggestion that conflict could ever arise between the sentiments or interests of his fairy queens and his human heroes and heroines, S. Holland's Queen Sapphire of Fairydom unsuccessfully tempts Dick Daring to abandon the quest for his beloved Daisy and marry a fairy princess instead, while Alfred R. Philips' Queen Lunar falls so violently in love with Prince Goldenwings, whose plate she "replenishes with her own fair hands", that she employs both trickery and force to prevent him from continuing his quest, and he is only able to escape by shooting arrows through a large number of her fairy knights:

"Really, I am very sorry for them," said our hero, "but yet they deserved it, for turning upon me after I had done all the good I could for them. It was too bad. How funny they look, kicking about with the arrows through them like so many cockchafers on pins!" (August 1877)

Such an episode is quite inconceivable in the stories of Quiz. Walter Villiers, whose imagination, whatever else one may say about it, is remarkably fertile, deals in a most ingenious way with the potential rivalry between Silverspear's human beloved, Princess Amine, and the Fairy Queen Starlight. Amine, a mettlesome damsel about whose bosom we read a good deal, is less imperturbable than Quiz's heroines, and cannot help feeling a certain jealousy of Starlight. "Oh, I wish I were a fairy!" she sighs, reflecting how "light and bright and dainty" Starlight is. Nor can one altogether blame her for this, when one reads of Starlight's "lovely features and faultless form", or of the way in which she "imprints a kiss on Silverspear's brow" or asks him, with "her sweetest smile", "what wouldst thou with me?" or "What can I do for you at this hour of night, King Silverspear?" Amine's little attack of jealousy and diffidence is dispelled, however, when Silverspear says to her: "You are a fairy to me my darling." On a later occasion he says to her more explicitly: "You are so like the Fairy Queen in form and feature, that you would pass very well for twin sisters." By exploiting this resemblance Silverspear plays a trick on a particularly revolting subterranean giant, at the successful conclusion of which Starlight cries to Amine: "Dearest Amine - my second self for the time being - how can Starlight best reward you?"

The opposite possibility, namely of the Fairy Queen being jealous of the human heroine, is touched upon in Catch-me-who-can - nor is this the only passage in this story where one suspects Vane St. John, or whoever else the author may be, of indulging in a little quiet parody. The Fairy Queen has here summoned the beneficent demon Aristoriah for advice and help when the heroine, Princess Miaza, is in extreme peril; she asks him:

"Now tell me, Astoriah, what think you of the princess?"

The genie, with folded arms, regarded Miaza attentively for a moment.

"Well," demanded the fairy again.

"Her features," replied Aristoriah, "are really the most beautiful I have ever seen. I am speaking," he added with a bow of profound respect, "of mortal woman - not of fairies."

"Proceed!" cried Snowdrop, with a somewhat hasty flourish of her wand. The upshot of Aristoriah's advice is that Fairy Snowdrop turns Miaza into "a bird of truly gigantic proportions."

Fairy queens are not the only mysterious beings in female form whom the heroes of these stories encounter under piquant circumstances. They also, for instance, from time to time run into mermaids, who give special opportunities to the illustrators, since it is a well-established and perfectly respectable tradition, to which even the demure Books for the Bairns conform, that mermaids require no gossamer or other drapery - at most, perhaps, a wisp of seaweed. A curious point is, however, that these mermaids are repeatedly depicted in the posture for which they are anatomically least adapted, namely sitting down. Again and again the hero is summoned by pitiful lamentations to rescue alluring damsels in distress, who then promptly try to undermine his virtue and constancy by shamelessly making love to him, ultimately turning out to be insidious enchantresses or hideous old witches, harpies or even wizards in magical disguise. Silverspear has many such adventures. On one occasion a distracted young lady with "a more beautiful face than he had ever seen before" - both Amine and Fairy Starlight might have something to say about that - begs him to stay with her: "In yonder cell I have prepared a couch of roses for you!" "Not to-night," he answers; "I have an important matter to attend to. Some other time." But when she beseeches him for "one brief embrace - one loving kiss," he thinks: "I might as well humour her," and allows her to twine her arms around his neck, upon which, "to his unutterable surprise," she suddenly changes into a bear. In reality it was all along his bitterest enemy, the African Magician. Quiz's Tor nearly falls into a similar trap, when at midnight in the Perilous Chapel the seductive young enchantress, Lady Hellawes, after having first asked that he will "not compel her to do an unmaidenly act," says: "Oh, fair young sir, I must make the confession, however unmaidenly it may be: I love thee!" She begs him for "A kiss - just one kiss!" but he very properly refuses her, and she comes to the bad end she deserves. (Young Folks Budget, December 1877.) In the final Tim Pippin series the hero is again and again exposed to such traps and temptations. One presumes that it was not Quiz himself, but Bertram Quittenton who put into the mouth of one of these designing minxes the curious words: "I love thee, knight, don't think me rude." (Young Folks Tales, December 1911.)

Unlike Walter Villiers, Roland Quiz was, in keeping with the general spirit of his age, as a rule concerned to tone down rather than to heighten the inherent amorous elements of the fairy-tale world, and to keep them within decorous limits. This appears frequently in his adaptation of that popular old romance, The Seven Champions of Christendom, which in its original form would have been most unsuitable reading for children. Here, for example, is the description, as it stands in the old text, of how St. Denis releases Eglantine, by cutting down the mulberry tree in which she has been imprisoned by enchantment for many years:

No sooner was the flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow tree a naked virgin... fairer than Pygmalion's ivory image, or the northern snow; her eyes more clear than the icy mountains, her cheeks like roses dipped in milk, her lips more lovely than the Turkish rubies, her alabaster teeth like Indian pearls, her neck seemed an ivory tower, her dainty breasts a garden where white doves sat and sung, the rest of nature's lineaments a stain to June, Pallas or

/continued Page 78...



TIM'S INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN MAB IN FIG. 1.

1. John Proctor in Young Folks Budget No. 84
3rd August 1872



Tim Finlay's interview with Queen Mab.

2. Modification of the same picture in
Sparks No. 276, 26th April 1919



TIM'S INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN MAB IN FIG. 1.

3. Proctor in Young Folks Budget
No. 212, 16th January 1875



William Bowcher in Young Folks Budget
No. 302, 30th September 1876



RETURN OF THE SPIRIT OF STORY TO FAIRYLAND.

19

No 5. Proctor in Young Folks Budget No.113
22nd February 1873



THE OLD STORY, RECALLED BY THE OLD WIFE AND TO GREAT LIPS.



THE MERMAID AND THE BOATMAN.

6. Proctor in Young Folks Budget No. 120
12th April. 1873

7. Bowcher in Story-Ruggets No. 352
21st January 1899



"DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!" I RAPPED OUT.

8. G. W. Wakefield in Photo Bits No. 641
8th October, 1910



Prince Pippin bows to the fairy queen. [See pag: 8.]

9. G. W. Wakefield in Young Folks Tales No.195
September 1911



AS HE TOUCHED THE FAIRY QUEEN'S HAND HE MADE A PROFOUND ONE.

10. W. M. Bowles (?) in Pals No. 27, March
1896

(continued from Page 74)..

Venus; at whose excellent beauty, this knight more admired, than her wonderful transformation; for his eyes were ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could remain no longer silent... (Richard Johnston, 1596, in the text probably used by Quiz.)

And this is how Quiz adapted it:

As the smoke cleared away a beautiful woman, robed in rich garments, stepped from the rent in the trunk of the tree, and stood before St. Denis in all her loveliness. Her eyes of azure blue sparkled with delight, and a smile expressive of her deep thankfulness beamed upon her classic features. There she stood, in queenly grace, a perfect Venus of beauty. (Young Folks Tales No. 134, Feb. 1910.)

Quiz has here thought fit, one observes, to robe the "naked virgin" of the original, and to robe her moreover not just in that elusive material, "gossamer", but in "rich garments." Our eyes are not to "be ravished with exceeding pleasure" this time, and that, perhaps, is quite as it should be. The Victorians, of whom Roland Quiz was one, were at all levels concerned to find a satisfactory working compromise between glamour and decorum, even on the level of the fairy-tale. One can recognise this no less clearly in Andrew Lang's Fairy Books than in the Tim Pippin stories. This may have been a mistaken aim, and perhaps they did not completely succeed in it. But can we really boast that we have found better ways of dealing with these oldest of problems in our own century of hard-boiled teddy-boys and unblushing teenagers, who take Lady Chatterley in their stride?

* * * * *

WANTED: "Answers Library" 1914 - 1920, "Jack's Paper" - also any Double Numbers of ANY PAPERS.

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FOR SALE: First 6 vols. of The Boys' Friend, (halfpenny series); The Big Budget, 19 volumes; The Boys Leaders, all four vols. etc. etc. etc. Collectors' Annuals from 1949 to date. Collectors Digest from April 1949 to date. 112 numbers all told.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

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FOREWORD by D. J. Adley
 * * * * *

After Bill Lofts had completed his research on the Greyfriars stories in the Penny Popular last year and had passed the data on to me for compiling and typing, Bill remarked "Thank goodness that is finished," and further remarked that he would not like to undergo a similar task on the St. Jim's reprints.

Towards the end of last year, however, Bill was asked by the London O.B.B.C. if he could compile the St. Jim's stories in the Penny Popular for a catalogue that they were preparing, and ever ready to accept a challenge Bill readily agreed.

As the London Club's catalogue was primarily a Gem list giving S.O.L. and other reprint information, it was felt that as such a tremendous amount of work was involved in acquiring this information, this completed data should be published in the C.D. Annual as well as in the London Club's list and thus benefit all collectors.

When one considers that Bill never reads the Gem and is obviously at a disadvantage in lacking the intimate knowledge of the stories, one cannot help but marvel at the enormous painstaking research - a heart-breaking job at times - in tracing stories

The St. Jim's Reprints in the

PENNY POPULAR

By W. O. G. LOFTS and D. J. ADLEY

which have very little resemblance to the form in which they previously appeared in the Gem.

In the first series of the Popular the St. Jim's stories were easy to trace as they were at least published in some reasonable sequence, but after No. 17 of the second series things were confused by the introduction of newly written substitute yarns which were mainly written by John Nix Pentelow. When the reprints started again one can see the enormous difficulties that Bill had to encounter in tracing the originals; such as jumping from Gem 281 to 582, reverting to 310, and then on to Gem 613!

One other curious thing the chief sub-editor of the Popular did was to reprint certain stories twice, such as second series numbers 2 and 306, when other brilliant stories were not reprinted at all!

The reader will note that some stories are listed as "Story Untraceable"; these are probably original tales by a substitute writer. This is because:-

- (a) A close perusal of Gems between 1907 and 1926, from which the reprints were taken has failed to give a clue to the origin of certain stories.

- (b) There is the possibility of the original Gems of the stories in question being missing from the British Museum's bound volumes, a not uncommon factor.
- (c) Despite the fact that other St. Jim's Popular stories of this period have been proved reprint yarns, these untraceable yarns could possibly have been written specially for the Popular by substitute writers.

As there is always the possibility that some C.D. reader may remember these yarns and be able to throw some light on the origins, we are giving a short synopsis of each of the untraceable stories in the Popular and request that if anyone can help in this matter they contact Bill Lofts or myself - which would gratify us very much.

267. This story features Mr. Railton whose sister is very ill and needs very costly medical attention. The boys get together and collect the £60 required for the operation, a rather sentimental yarn.
294. Concerns a wrecked study and how Tom Merry's cricket bat is ruined. At the start of the story it mentions how Tom Merry is very sunburnt after his recent adventures at sea. This refers to the preceding Popular which has been traced. It is not mentioned, however, in the Gem following the one traced.
297. Telling of a raid by Figgins & Co. on the School House and how some of Glyn's powder turns to gas and the boys act oddly in the dormitory.
316. Bernard Glyn's motor-gliding competition, featuring Gilson who is an American. Glyn is badly hurt at the end of the story.
495. Story centred at Lord Eastwood's home and how some car thieves are caught.
568. Cutts and Co. try to swindle a new boy named Scanlon by card sharpening.

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St. Jim's Stories in Popular 1st Series

		<u>Gem</u>			<u>Gem</u>
		<u>Original</u>			<u>Original</u>
<u>12-10-12</u>					
1.	Tom Merry - New Boy	3 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	24.	The Terrible Three's Triumph	31 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
2.	A Fight to a Finish	5 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	25.	The Schoolboy Editors	33 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
3.	Tom Merry's Election	7 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	26.	The Form Masters Degree	34 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
4.	Tom Merry's Challenge	9 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	27.	Tom Merry's Excursion	20 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
5.	The Rival Studies	11 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	28.	Tom Merry & Co's Substitute	15 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
6.	Done Brown	12 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	29.	Gussy's Love Affair	36 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
7.	Tom Merry's Mistake	13 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	30.	The Cad of the Form	38 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
8.	The Mystery of St. Jim's	14 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	31.	Tom Merry's Reward	40 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
9.	Figgins & Co's Raid	16 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	32.	The Schoolboy Reformer	41 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
10.	Tom Merry's Deed	17 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	33.	Figgins Blunder	42 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
11.	Tom Merry's New School	19 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	34.	Tom Merry's Treat	44 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
12.	Jack Blake's Recruit	PLUCK 125	35.	The Terrible Three's Find	45 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
<u>12-1-13</u>			36.	Miss Priscilla's Champions	46 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
13.	Marmaduke's Master Stroke	PLUCK 129	37.	The Mystery of the Idol	47 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
14.	Tom Merry & Co's Strike	18 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	38.	Tom Merry & Co's Exhibition	48 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)
15.	Tom Merry's Theatrical Company	21 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	39.	On the Warpath	1
16.	The Missing Stamp	22 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	40.	The Peacemaker of St. Jim's	2
17.	Tom Merry & Co's Capture	23 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	41.	Tom Merry's Test	3
18.	The Stolen Captain	24 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	42.	Rivals but Chums	4
19.	Figgins & Co's Combine	25 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	43.	The Swell of the School	5
20.	The Snobs of St. Jim's	26 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	44.	Strangers in the School	6
21.	The St. Jim's Joker	27 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	45.	The Cads Confession	7
22.	Poor Old Tom	29 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	46.	Rough Justice	8
23.	The Swindled Schoolboys	30 ($\frac{1}{2}$ d)	47.	Misadventures of Gussy	9

	<u>Gem</u>		<u>Gem</u>
	<u>Original</u>		<u>Original</u>
<u>4-1-13</u>			
48.	Cousin Ethel's Scheme	10	115. The School House Spectre
49.	Beaten Hollow	11	116. The Rival Detectives
50.	The Bogus Eleven	12	
51.	The Schoolboy Traitor	28 (½d)	<u>2-1-15</u>
52.	Votes for Schoolboys	13	117. Trapped by Three
53.	The St. Jim's Parliament	14	118. Nipped in the Bud
54.	The Telephone Trail	15	119. The Circus Chums
55.	The New Tutor	16	120. Checkmated
56.	The Guy of St. Jim's	35 (½d)	121. Friends in Need
57.	The Truants	17	122. The Runaways Return
58.	The Bore of St. Jim's	18	123. Scaring the School
59.	The Hamper Hunters	19	124. Trouble in the Third
60.	Jack Blake's Tribe	20	125. For the Honour of the House
61.	Skimpole's Love Affair	21	126. Football Heroes
62.	Tom Merry's Party	22	127. A Test of Honour
63.	Tom Merry & Co's Christmas	37 (½d)	128. A Lucky Escape
64.	Tracked Down	23	129. Holding their Own
			130. The Fags Triumph
<u>5-1-14</u>			131. Top Dog
65.	The Missing Plans	26	132. The St. Jim's Investigators
66.	A Surprise for St. Jim's	27	133. The Schoolboy Spendthrift
67.	Off to Sea	28	134. Shaming the School
68.	The Schoolboy Sailors	29	135. D'Arcy's Dilemma
69.	Ratty's Folly	30	136. Bowling out the Bounder
70.	Back to St. Jim's	31	137. Glyn's Master Sensation
71.	The St. Jim's Adventurers	32	138. Under Suspicion
72.	Honours Divided	33	139. Tracking a Truant
73.	The New House Victors	34	140. Barred by the Team
74.	The St. Jim's Joker	35	141. The Rylcombe Steeplechase
75.	The New Third Former	36	142. The Outsiders Daring
76.	The Prefects Secret	37	143. The Haunted Mill
77.	Honours Easy	38	144. Redeeming the Past
78.	D'Arcy Minors Departure	40	145. A Boy of Mystery
79.	On Leave	42	146. Broken Bonds
80.	A Fair Win	43	147. Suspects All
81.	The Redskins of St. Jim's	24	148. Rolling in Wealth
82.	Rival Camps	25	149. Fatty Wynn's Failure
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92.	Albert Clyne, - Cad	56	159. Tom Merry, Form-Master
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94.	Skimpole's Chance	58	161. Holding his Own
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97.	The Scouts Gift	62	164. Lumley-Lumley's Plot
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Original

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Gem
Original

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541.	In Merciless Hands	839	565.	Expelled From St. Jim's	908
542.	Under Gussy's Wing	841	566.	Well Played Levison	909
543.	The Tyrant of the New House	846	567.	Gussy the Tec.	909
544.	Ragging Ratty	847	568.	Catching a Tarter	Story Untraceable
545.	Working the Oracle	847		No St. Jim's stories in issues 569 to 577	
546.	Chums of the River	812	<u>22-2-30</u>		
547.	Seven in the Wars	813	578.	The Form Master's Secret	923
548.	Schoolboy Adventure Afloat	814	579.	Blackmail	923
549.	A Lesson for Coker	814	580.	Cardew Sees it Through	924
550.	On the Warpath	815		End of St. Jim's yarns	
551.	Coker's Revenge	815			

* * * * *

"BLACK HEROES" (continued from page 18...)

books which followed on Haggard's novels will recognize these themes. The same beautiful Zulu language, which I think has a poetical charm of its own, was not neglected. The national mannerisms and physical characteristics of the Zulu were maintained. Emphasis, too, was placed on the Zulu way of life, which was an example to more so-called civilised nations.

True, their cruelty was to be deplored - feeble children were not allowed to live, and old people were soon got rid of, leaving us with a nation of superb warriors.

But the writers who followed in the footsteps of Haggard maintained the fine characters of these black heroes - for heroes they were. Even though they had dark skins, they had every virtue that would appeal and be an example to any boy. Courage, and skill in the use of their weapons, was not their only gift. Honour and loyalty meant so much to them. Men of blood they were, hardened to any ordeal, yet they had kindness in their hearts for those weaker than themselves.

No boy lost anything in reading of Umslopogaas, of Lobangu, of Bosambo, and of Bobolobo.

Rider Haggard endowed all his black characters, the patterns of so many who followed them, with many good qualities. They had their faults, but lack of courage and loyalty was not among them. Yet another writer has described them: "They were men of men, and their fathers before them were men." Some were Kings in their own right, so we can conclude by giving them all the royal Zulu salute - "BAYETE".

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By
ROGER M. JENKINS

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

By
ROGER M. JENKINS



Above we reproduce the Macdonald picture to the reprint of the GEM story of the boy in the safe theme. The original story, in blue Gem No. 229 was entitled "Facing the Music". The reprint, in No. 1425, was re-named "Playing the Game".

Charles Hamilton once stated that he never had to work out the plots of his stories in detail. He just thought of a theme and, once he had begun, the plot automatically worked itself to its inevitable conclusion. Information has recently come to light that, during the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, the Amalgamated Press had one or more assistants whose job it was to suggest plots for their star author, and the legendary Bunter Court series has been cited as an instance of a fruitful suggestion from such an assistant. There is, however, nothing here that cannot be reconciled, for the editor was always passing on suggestions, and it would need a meticulous assistant to make sure that themes were nicely varied and not repeated too often. The average reader would thus encounter only one foreign holiday series, for example, and only one barring-out series during the few years in which he took the paper. The assistants who helped with the plots did valuable work, but they were not, and could never have been, a real substitute for Charles Hamilton.

Discerning Hamiltonians are always amused when they hear people say, "I don't mind who wrote this story so long as it features the characters I love." Those lovable characters could never have been lovable if Charles Hamilton had not created them and given them such amazing individuality that they seem to be living a life of their own, and no one but their creator could write about them in a way that rang true. In this sense the plot of the story was quite irrelevant. Many substitute writers used plots that Charles Hamilton had previously worked out, but even so they couldn't infuse life into the story: when they used outlandish plots they had even less chance. No matter who worked out the

plots, there was only one author who could make effective use of them in the Magnet and Gem.

What, then, was the importance of the plot in a story by Charles Hamilton? In his own words, "A story depending wholly on the mystery can hardly be read more than once: while in my opinion at least a story that is worth reading at all is worth re-reading many times. A surprise can surprise only once: and then is dead and done with. Unless there be something else, and something better, who would read anything a second time!" In other words, a plot is the vehicle, but it is the way the story is written and the manner in which the characters are presented that make us decide whether it is worth re-reading. For example, in Magnet No. 743 when Dr. Locke resigns, Bunter relates an imaginary conversation between the headmaster and himself:-

"So he confided the whole story to me," said Bunter modestly. "It was a comfort to him to confide in a real friend."

"Are you off your rocker, Bunter? What did the Head say to you?" demanded Wingate.

"He took me by the hand and said, 'Bunter, the game's up for me here!' "

Only Charles Hamilton could have written this wonderfully imaginative absurdity at the beginning of a barring-out series. The plot of any story is, therefore, relatively unimportant. After all, Shakespeare invented the plot for only one of his forty odd plays: the other plots were freely taken from various sources, but no critic suggests that Shakespeare was an inferior writer because he didn't trouble to make up his own plots. On the contrary, Shakespeare is a universal genius because he displays all types of human character so convincingly and in such memorable language. Charles Hamilton's convincing and memorable talent lies in precisely the same direction: the range is infinitely narrower and the scale is smaller, but the principles remain the same.

Charles Hamilton once said to me that there were really only three different plots. (I wish now that I had asked him to expatiate on this, but it was impossible to pursue every point raised in conversation.) In essence he too was saying that the plot was of no consequence except in so far as it gave the author a chance to display his characters. For this reason, an examination of some repeated plots will serve to illustrate how he contrived to cover the same skeleton with many different types of flesh.

An unusual type of theme will afford an easy opportunity for comparison, and certainly the theme of the floating boarding-house was most unusual. Tubby Muffin's uncle, Captain Muffin, had bought the Silver Cloud at an auction in 1925, and it had formerly belonged to a gentleman cracksman whose stolen loot had never been recovered. Bunter's cousin, Captain Cook, obtained the Sea Nymph from a distressed Surtax payer in 1933. Each of the two fat boys invited his friends for a holiday on the yacht, omitting to mention that a charge was levied. Despite the similarities in theme, the stories were utterly different. The Magnet series was polished, humorous, and inconsequential, whereas the Boys' Friend series was taut and exciting, with a sequence of mysteries on board that made Ponsonby & Co. leave the boat at Douglas and Smythe & Co. at Fleetwood. It would be difficult to think of another two strikingly similar themes that were so utterly different in details. (Incidentally Jimmy Silver & Co. found the loot. Captain Cook obtained the reward, and he sent a gold watch to Tubby Muffin and his kind regards to the Fistical Four.)

The idea of a schoolboy cracksman was a striking and novel theme that had an enormous appeal to readers. Imagine a handsome, well-mannered schoolboy, an

outstandingly good cricketer who was in fact an expert safe-breaker, and you have Reginald Talbot of St. Jim's and Dick Lancaster of Greyfriars. Talbot appeared in 1914, when the blue Gem had passed its zenith, whereas Lancaster appeared in 1931 when the Magnet was at the height of its fame and fortune. The first two Talbot series nevertheless constituted the finest series of all to have appeared in the blue covers, and there is ample evidence that he captured the imagination of the readers in a way that Lancaster failed to do in the Magnet, perhaps because he was a senior. The two Talbot series were stark and unadorned, written with a vivid simplicity that succeeded at times in touching the reader's heart. Their impact was stronger, but they do not bear re-reading so often because they lack the brilliance of style, the fine gossamer of mellow humour and diverting incident that was spun so deftly and unerringly across the Magnet series. Yielding to the readers' pressure, the editor ensured that Talbot returned to St. Jim's and featured in so many repeat stories on the same theme that even the most rabid collectors tend to shy away from some of them, whereas Lancaster was sensibly removed from Greyfriars. Tom Merry was thus permanently overshadowed by a character who had become more popular than the original hero himself.

This over-crowding of the St. Jim's stage was never more apparent than in the Gem version of the kidnapping theme. In 1922 a remarkable series of kidnappings occurred at St. Jim's, in which Tom Merry, Kildare, Lowther, Gordon Gay, Inspector Fix, and Mr. Railton disappeared, followed closely by Manners and Talbot. The events were so rapid and the characters so numerous and disparate that the reader could not easily take in such a bewilderingly rapid sequence of disasters. The earlier Rookwood version was dealt with in a vastly different way, and was as compact and intimate as the St. Jim's version was amorphous and impersonal. At Rookwood only the Fistical Four were kidnapped, one by one, and on this smaller canvas a picture of consummate errieness was painted in an unforgettable manner. It is only too clear that the plot in itself was no certain guide to success. What might succeed in one school would be a failure in another.

Another example of success and failure may be found in the theme of the compulsory reformation of the fat boy, who then sees how he can appear even more odious after his reformation. In such circumstances in 1918 Billy Bunter offered to clean Wharton's bike and then left it in ruins. This was a happy inspiration, but that he should smugly promise to forgive his tormentors and pray for them as well was perhaps too exaggerated to ring true. One man's meat, however, is another man's poison, and when Baggy Trimble displayed the same sort of hypocritical virtue in the Gem in 1925 the joke no longer misfired. He was already possessed of the vein of slyness and low cunning which made his devastating assumption of truthfulness and virtue an episode which seemed perfectly consistent with his previous character. Once again a plot was no better than the characters who could be called upon to play a part in it.

A single characters, therefore, could make or mar the exposition of a plot at one school. This happened in the case of the theme of the junior trapped in the Head's safe. A new master arrives at the school, and is immediately recognised as a cracksman by a member of the staff, but no one will believe this denunciation. A junior contrives to get himself locked in the Head's safe with the key inside, and the new master has to give up his hopes of a new life, and reveal himself in his true colours so that the junior's life may be saved. The story stands or falls by the Cassandra in the story - the master who tries to denounce the newcomer. In the 1925 Boys' Friend series it fell to Mr. Greely to denounce Victor Gaston, and it somehow seemed utterly out of character for the Fifth Form master: so despite the advantages of the Rookwood version - the fact that it was a short series with a well-contrived

atmosphere and that it was Dr. Chisholm who pushed the door of the safe shut (a masterly touch that proved that the autocratic headmaster was not infallible) - it was the 1912 Gem version which won hands down. In the St. Jim's version it was the suspicious, mean-minded Mr. Selby who was cast in the role of Mr. Fitzgerald's accuser, and his varying moods throughout this single story were displayed with supreme assurance and convincing skill. It is interesting to note that it was Mr. Selby and Mr. Prout (Mr. Greely's counterpart at Greyfriars) who were at one time blackmailed by a scoundrel who held a cheque forged by a nephew: once again Mr. Selby triumphed in the part, through the sheer force of his ill-nature.

The amount of space available in a particular paper was also of great importance in working out a plot. This was evident in the theme of the schoolmaster's ungrateful nephew who has had to leave his own school in disgrace and resents having to attend a new one. Mr. Hacker's nephew, Eric Wimot, starred in six Magnets in 1936, whereas Mr. Railton's nephew, Victor Cleeve, starred in four Gems in 1927. Both were fine stories, but the limited treatment of the theme in the St. Jim's version made the Cleeve series a near masterpiece. It is always a good plan to leave the reader with his tongue out, hoping for more and not getting it. If you do give him more, there is always the danger that the flavour will cloy.

It is impossible to deal with all repeated themes in an article of this nature, but collectors will no doubt recall many others from their own observation. Some general themes (though not individual incidents therein) were treated so similarly that there seems to be little to choose between them, like the tales of Bartholomew Ratcliff and Marcus Manders, the odious nephews who became tale-bearers to their uncles: Marcus Manders might possibly win on points here. The same applies to single-story themes: how many times did a fat boy obtain a counterfeit banknote or dud cheque and show it around for the sake of ostentation? How often did a promise not to fight land a schoolboy with the reputation of being a coward? - though it must be remembered here that, whereas Cousin Ethel released Figgins from his promise when she saw the mischief it had done, Dolly Chisholm had quite forgotten that she had exacted a promise from Jimmy Silver!

A rarity indeed was a theme that was successful at none of the schools. Such, however, was the type of story that dealt with a boy who could not be expelled: the juniors who featured in this role were Vernon-Smith, Lumley-Lumley, and Lattrey. Dr. Locke had borrowed money to search for his missing daughter, and Mr. Vernon-Smith threatened to ruin the Head if his son were expelled. Mr. Lumley-Lumley was travelling abroad, and made the bewildered Dr. Holmes sign a document promising to look after his son for a fixed period of time, and the Head later discovered this to mean that it was impossible to expel the boy until the time limit had expired. A series of this nature had an almost impassable obstacle to overcome - the possibility of the Headmaster of a famous public school landing himself in such an amazing situation. It seems like something out of the fertile imagination of the fat boy - one can almost hear again the passage quoted at the beginning of this article, the Headmaster saying, "Bunter, the game's up for me here!" No matter how plausible the subsequent incidents, the basic improbability remained to vitiate the whole story.

Individual incidents were of course repeated much more often than the general themes. Every November there were fireworks exploding in a master's grate or troubles with a guy, and every December there were snowballs finding the wrong targets or masters accidentally treading on slides and finding their feet whisking themselves away to catastrophe. More than once a master blacked his eye with a punchball, and his excuse was not believed; later, when he obtained a second black

eye by another mischance, he found his position untenable. More than once in class the date of the Norman Conquest was declared to be 9901 because the piece of paper with date written on it had been turned upside down. But generally speaking a repeated theme would not include repeated incidents. Charles Hamilton was far too much of an artist to copy even himself in such small detail. Perhaps the only exception was the barring-out series, which usually ran fairly true to form: the tyrant head would call in the prefects, then the police, and finally a gang of roughs - but the reader never tired of the formula.

The object of this rather rambling Article is not to prove that Charles Hamilton repeated himself (he did, but it is only the inveterate collectors who have noted this, not the regular readers at the time). The point which it has been attempted to prove is that repeated themes show a wide diversity in incidents, characterisation, and general levels of achievement. Furthermore, success has been achieved in different schools on different occasions - no single school has had it all its own way. And the assiduous collector who likes to make a close check will find another surprising result - it was at Rookwood that Charles Hamilton usually tried out a new theme after 1915. It was at Rookwood, for instance, that the bouncer of the form first succeeded in ousting the junior captain from his position. It was at Rookwood that a wealthy, snobbish new boy was first discovered to be an ex-servant. It was at Rookwood that one of the members of the Co. first took an unreasonable dislike to a new boy. And of course it was at Rookwood that the rebels first decided to have a barring-out on an island in the river. There must have been something eminently suitable in the set-up of the Hampshire school for Charles Hamilton to have used it so often for the first of the variations on a theme.

* * * * *

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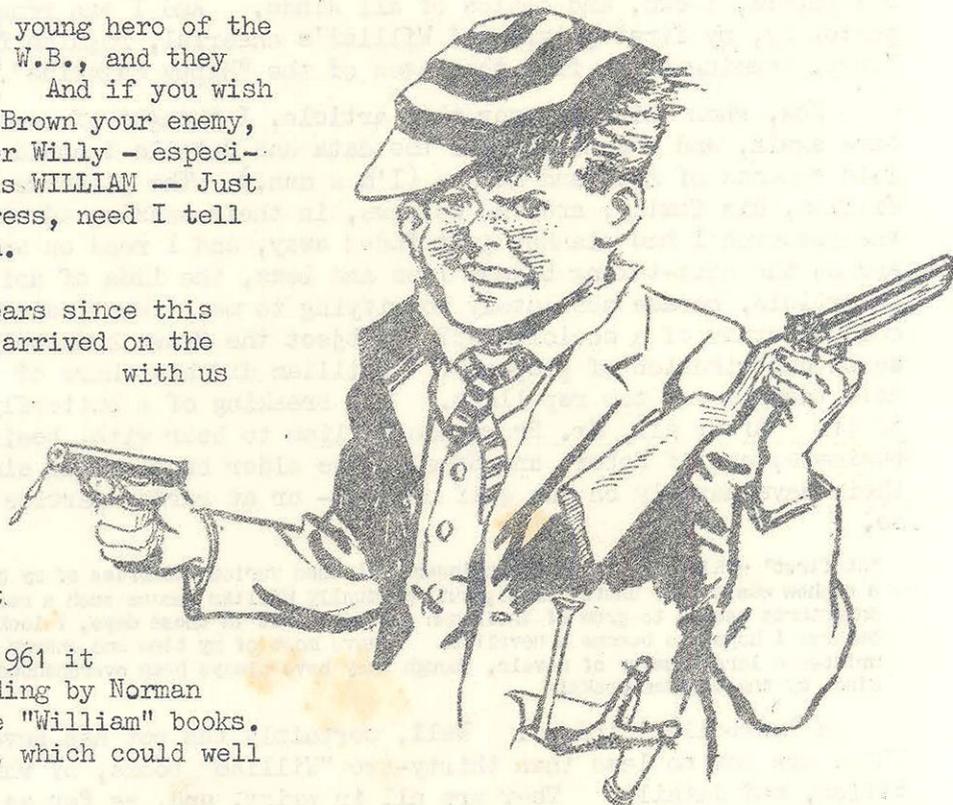
FOREVER WILLIAM

by Gerry Allison

In a recent Bunter Book, the initials "W.B." caused considerable excitement and misunderstanding. It was not certain whether they stood for William Butlin or William Bunter.

The initials of the young hero of the present article are also W.B., and they stand for William Brown. And if you wish to avoid making William Brown your enemy, do not call him Billy, or Willy - especially Willy. The name is WILLIAM -- Just William - and his authoress, need I tell you, is Richmal Crompton.

It is some forty years since this lump of boyish dynamite arrived on the scene, and he has been with us ever since. William has already received honourable mention at our meetings, and in the pages of "The Collector's Digest". In the report of the meeting held at Liverpool on May 14th, 1961 it says: "Then came a reading by Norman Pragnell from one of the "William" books. An entertaining extract, which could well have been longer."



And more wonderful still, if you refer to No. 167 of "The Collector's Digest", you will see that William and his friends actually attended a meeting of the Old Boy's Book Club in London. Introducing this surprising account, Eric Fayne says: "Surely all of us regard Richmal Crompton's immortal "William" as one of the most delightful creations in Old Boy's literature." Let me refer you to that article.

The many William books have always been beloved by the members of my family, and I am sure we should score high points in any 'quiz' based on them. At any rate, the editor welcomed my suggestion of an article on the subject, so here it is.

I wrote to Richmal Crompton - who lives in that magical county Kent - asking her if she could tell me how William first began, with any other details of interest. I received a most charming and informative letter, from which I shall quote various

extracts as I go on.

"Dear Mr. Allison,

Thank you for your letter, and your kindly references to William! I am most interested in the idea of your article, and will give you what help I can. When first I began to write, I wrote chiefly short stories about children, and among them I wrote a story about William, Ginger, Douglas, and Henry. The editor who accepted the story asked for more, so I wrote further stories. The magazine in which they first appeared was "The Home Magazine" - long since dead. Then they were transferred to "The Happy Mag," but without any idea of their appearance in book form."

Ah, the dear old "Happy Mag"! What happy memories that name recalls. Who does not remember its sunny golden cover, and the wealth of humour and jollity its pages held. We were truly happy in those days: the First World War was over, and the times seemed 'set fair'. The bookstands and newsagents shops were crammed with new papers, books, and comics of all kinds. And I can remember as if it were only yesterday, my first glimpse of William's cheerful, roguish face, depicted by Thomas Henry, beaming at me from the pages of the "Happy Magazine". Eheu fugaces.....

Now, when thinking over this article, I thought of reading over all the stories once again, and assembling all the data and details I could. But alas, the well laid schemes of mice and men -- (I'm a man.) The pleasure I got from following William, his family, and the Outlaws, in their amazing adventures was so great, that the research I had planned just faded away, and I read on and on - book after book! And as the note-taking became less and less, the idea of doing a 'George Orwell' type of article, became absolutely horrifying to me. What, dissect the stories with the cold scrutiny of a sociologist? Subject the Brown household to a discussion on an equal distribution of property? (William did his share of that, anyway!) No, the mere thought was too repellent. The breaking of a butterfly on the wheel was nothing to it. After all, Mr. Brown has William to bear with, besides the worries of business, and if Robert and Ethel - the elder brother and sister of our hero - spend their days happily on the golf course - or at garden-parties - let them continue to do so.

"At first" - Richmal Crompton continues - "I used various memories of my brother's childhood, and later, a nephew was a very useful model, but gradually William became such a real person in my mind, that his adventures seemed to grow of their own accord! But in those days, I looked on William as a pot-boiler, because I hoped to become a novelist. I gave most of my time and energy to novel writing. I have written a large number of novels, though they have always been overshadowed in the reading public's mind, by the William books!"

A 'potboiler' indeed! Well, certainly the pot has never stopped boiling. There are now no less than thirty-two "William" books, of which I will give the titles, and details. They are all in print, and, as far as I know, have never been out of print. My own bookseller has always the complete set available! In addition, William has appeared, I believe, on the films, the radio, and on television. He also has his own weekly 'strip cartoon', in "Woman's Own."

Here are the 32 titles. Most of my books are early or first editions, but I give a few details to indicate the popularity of this 'pot-boiler'.

<u>Title</u>	<u>First Published</u>	<u>Later Impressions</u>
(1) Just William	May 1922	25th 1932
(2) More William	1922	38th 1959
(3) William Again	1923	33rd 1956
(4) William - the Fourth	1924	32nd 1956
(5) Still William	1925	27th 1957
(6) William - the Conqueror	1926	21st 1946
(7) William the Outlaw	1927	13th 1937
(8) William - in Trouble	1927	21st 1946
(9) William - the Good	1928	20th 1951
(10) William	1929	20th 1959

	<u>First Published</u>	<u>Later Impressions</u>
(11) William - the Bad	1930	2nd 1930
(12) William's Happy Days	1930	19th 1957
(13) William's Crowded Hours	1931	18th 1958
(14) William - the Pirate	1932	19th 1958
(15) William - the Rebel	1933	16th 1954
(16) William - the Gangster	1934	19th 1959
(17) William - the Detective	1935	16th 1952
(18) Sweet William	1936	10th 1944
(19) William - the Showman	1937	10th 1949
(20) William - the Dictator	1938	9th 1949
(21) William's Bad Resolution	1939	13th 1958
(22) William - the Film Star	1940	10th 1958
(23) William does his Bit	1941	8th 1955
(24) William Carries On	1942	
(25) William and the Brains Trust	1945	3rd 1948
(26) Just William's Luck	1948	5th 1960
(27) William the Bold	1950	4th 1958
(28) William and the Tramp	1952	4th 1956
(29) William and the Moon Rocket	1954	4th 1959
(30) William and the Space Animal	1956	
(31) William's Television Show	1958	
(32) William the Explorer	1960	

Of these books, all but one are collections of short stories, averaging about twelve to the volume. No. 26 however, "Just William's Luck," is a long complete story, and is so successful, that one could wish there were more full length tales about William.

The editor of the "Collector's Digest" says, in No. 167, that he can detect a difference in the writing between the first and the later books. "The earlier books", he says, "although entrancing for youngsters, seemed to be written about boys for adult consumption. In more recent times, they seem to be aimed more directly at the juvenile market."

I have not noticed this in my recent perusal. The old "Happy" was a family magazine, and I think the William story was intended for a kind of Children's Corner, which is found in most papers of this kind - such as "Jungle Jinks" in "Home Chat", and similar columns. Here are the opening paragraphs of the first story in "Just William" and those of "William and the Force of Habit", the final tale from Vol. 32.

(1) "It all began with William's aunt, who was in a good temper that morning, and gave him a shilling for posting a letter for her, and carrying her parcels from the grocer's. "Buy some sweets, or go to the pictures," she said carelessly."

(2) "William sat gazing at the visitor, spellbound and fascinated. The visitor was certainly an unusual sight. He had thick upstanding red hair, no eyebrows to speak of, small darting blue eyes, a long narrow mouth and a little tuft of carefully cultivated red hair on his chin."

One notices the same brilliant skill in gripping and holding the reader's attention with the opening sentence, although not in as crude a way as the budding author who commenced his first book with "What the bloody hell's up? said the Duchess." But apart from the inevitable change in modes and manners, I find that William is the same boy now as he was in the very beginning.

It is certainly a coincidence that here again, we find in Kent a spot, like Greyfriars, over which Time has no dominion. In the early tales we have William enjoying the past delights of collecting cigarette cards, playing with a bow and arrow, running a hoop, etc. As time went on other joys came along. During the War, he organised his own A.R.P., although his home-made gas-mask was not a success! Now

he lives in the Television era, but his own age, and that of all the inhabitants of Hadley and the surrounding district remains as constant as Gosling's!

In a Magnet which I read recently, Greyfriars played Rookwood at cricket in Sussex! And like Charles Hamilton, Richmal Crompton is also guilty of similar slips. One example will suffice:

"Now, go away," William said. "I don't want you here, see? Go away, you assified cow." William's invective was often wholly original."

But alas, William would seem to 'take what he wanted', as much as Homer did, according to Kipling. For, in an earlier story, William met his cousin Dorita, and we read: "Dorita's language delighted and fascinated William.

"She's a soppy old lunny," Dorita remarked sweetly, shaking her dark curls. "The soppiest old lunny you'd see in any place on this old earth, you betcher life! She's made of sop. I wouldn't be found dead in a ditch with her..... She's an assified cow, she is. Humph!"

There were other similar discrepancies cropping up here and there, but, alas, Richmal Crompton played me an unfair trick. For her letter goes on:-

"I am ashamed to confess that when writing a new William story, I have often been too lazy to re-read the old ones, and there are in the books various inconsistencies and inaccuracies (chiefly about names and ages) that readers frequently point out to me"

This admission on the part of our author, takes all the wind out of my sails. I was thinking of pointing out things like the 'people next door', who came and went surprisingly, and included Mrs. Clive and Joan, Mr. Gregorious Lambkin, Miss Gregoria Mush, Miss Amelia Blake and her cat Luke, Mrs. Frame and Henri, her Godson, etc. Also the variety of servants, and the almost innumerable aunts: Susan, Jane, Lucy, Ellen, Evangeline, Lilian, Emma, and lots more, but what would be the use?

I would like to describe in detail all the fantastic and fascinating characters with whom William and the Outlaws come in contact, beginning with the members of the Brown family, each of whom are worthy of long and detailed study! One difference I have noticed, and that is that Mr. Brown's hair seemed to get thinner as time went by, but so did that of Mr. Quelch!

Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, retains a remarkable calmness even in the most trying circumstances. She thinks that her younger son is really not a bad boy - rather misunderstood, even!

Robert and Ethel, with their legions of friends and admirers are simply delightful. Robert suffers most, and how he refrains from fratricide at times is beyond me. Ethel however, is by far the sharpest member of the family, and can, almost, cope with William, at times.

"William's eyes remained fixed on Robert, and a slow smile spread over his face.

Ethel, whom few things escaped, noticed his smile.

"And what are you smiling at?" she said. And again:

"Mother, did you see his handkerchief?" said Ethel, when the sound of his footsteps had died away.

"No, dear. I was cutting the cake."

"It was indescribable," said Ethel.

But at times, William comes out with a bit of repartee which silences even his sister. Here's an instance from book 5: story 8.

Ethel, who had been to the village shopping, came past when the game was in full swing.

"I'll tell father," she said sternly to William. "He said you oughtn't to throw stones."

William looked her up and down with his most inscrutable expression.

"'f it comes to that," he said distantly, "he said you oughtn't to wear high heels."

Ethel flushed angrily and walked on.

William's spirits rose. It wasn't often he scored over Ethel.

Yes, Ethel Brown is as charming to me as Ethel Cleveland and Ethel Meadows.

My other favourite character in the William books is the ineffable Violet Elizabeth Bott, who makes her first appearance in story 3, vol 5. If I started quoting Violet Elizabeth, I should never stop. She is the one person who can master William - and she is only six - or "thikth" as she would say, for Violet Elizabeth lisps. I can only refer you to the books themselves - try chapter 3, of book 26!

Until the Editor promised to provide an illustration to this article, I was thinking of drawing a map of Hadley, and the surrounding district, although it would have had as many controversial points as those maps of Greyfriars.

"The village in which William lives is entirely imaginary. I have received a careful plan of it drawn by a young reader, from the various stories, but in actual fact, I am afraid that I just set down people and houses in places where I want them for the particular stories that I am writing. I imagine the village to be a small country village in Kent - or perhaps Surrey or Sussex, (Kent, please! Richmal Crompton), within easy reach of London, and near a small town called Hadley. Marleigh and Upper Marleigh are neighbouring villages."

But a map is not really necessary. The lanes, woods, and streets in which William has his adventures, are as real to me as those of Rylcombe, or Courtfield, and one has only to open a William book to be transported thither. They are forever England.

And what, finally, is the reason for the remarkable and enduring popularity and 're-readableness' of these books, apart from the wonderful gift the author has for telling a story? I think that the motto of the Old Boy's Book Club - PUER MANEBIT - is the true explanation.

As E. V. Lucas said of 'Bevis', these books are for boys of all ages, who are still boys. Like 'Bevis', the William books have that blend of the understanding of a boy's nature, combined with the joy of the open air and the English scene. Here is my final excerpt from Richmal Crompton's letter, which has helped me so much in framing this article, in which I have attempted to give some thanks to her for the pleasure her stories have given me.

"I am touched to learn that you are introducing William to your grandchildren. I like to think that he has reached the 3rd generation. The youngest writer of a 'fan-letter' that I have received, was 7, and the oldest 90!"

Can we have any clearer proof that 'Boyhood is Everlasting'?

* * * * *

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Our picture of William is an example of the work of Thomas Henry, that wonderful artist who has been loyal to William for more than forty years. A picture of "The Happy Mag" appears in MEMORY LANE.)

MR. BUDDLE.
by
Eric Fayne
READS AGAIN.

Mr. Scarlet, Headmaster of Slade, came to a standstill. He was surprised. In fact, he was appalled.

Mr. Scarlet was in a hurry. He was due in Exeter by one o'clock to lunch with one of the school governors, and Exeter was twenty miles from the school. True, it still wanted fifteen minutes to noon, but Mr. Scarlet was a punctual gentleman, and he wished to arrive with dignity unimpaired at the Royal Hotel in Exeter to welcome the illustrious school governor who was to pay for his lunch.

Classes at Slade did not dismiss till noon. In consequence, the Headmaster was astounded to observe a Slade boy, seated beneath a tree, reading a periodical and eating plums. Mr. Scarlet, attired in his Sunday best and sporting a white carnation in his buttonhole, emerged from the school house, and made his way round the side of that building in order to reach his garage. It was when he rounded the corner that Mr. Scarlet came upon the boy.

Between the main building and the gymnasium was a wide concrete path which Mr. Scarlet had to negotiate before he reached his garage. A few yards along the path an ancient mulberry tree was growing apparently out of the concrete. Round the mulberry tree a seat had been constructed, long ago, to give comfort to the weary, and roughly carved into the old wood of the circular seat were the initials of Slade boys, scores of them, some of them long gone out into the world and forgotten.

At the present moment there was more than boys' initials on the seat to meet the eyes of the Headmaster. A boy, wearing the Slade blazer of mauve piped with white, was seated there. He was a lad with striking golden hair which glistened in the autumn sunshine. He was leaning back against the tree, and one leg was bent under him so that he was almost sitting on one of his feet. He was reading a periodical, and, judging by the contented smile on his face, he was enjoying himself. A half-full bag of plums rested on the seat beside him, and from the number of pips which littered the ground around him it could be assumed that the bag had once been full.

Hence Mr. Scarlet's sudden full-stop on the way to his garage. The Headmaster of Slade stood stock still. He removed his trilby hat and replaced it slightly on one side. He drew his spectacle case from his pocket, and donned his horn-rimmed glasses. He glared through those glasses.

Then he spoke.

"Meredith!"

The boy looked up. One word dropped from his lips.

"Gosh!"

He was on his feet in a second, and the periodical was stuffed down the front of his blazer. The master glared, the boy blinked.

Meredith looked a good boy. His golden hair, his blue eyes, his perfect, sun-tanned skin, his cupid's bow of a mouth, the slight dimples in his cheeks - all suggested the boy who would be the soul of goodness, the joy and pride of any school-master's heart. And all suggested wrongly. His mother and father adored him, he was popular with his schoolfellows, but all masters, not without cause, suspected that he looked too good to be true.

"Will you kindly tell me," said Mr. Scarlet, "why I find you here when classes have not yet dismissed?"

"Sir!" Meredith's face spoke of acute suffering. "I was taken ill in class. Mr. Buddle gave me permission to come in the fresh air, sir."

"You were taken ill? Are you now fully recovered, Meredith?"

"I feel much better, thank you, sir."

"And was your recovery expedited by the consumption of a quantity of stone fruit?" demanded Mr. Scarlet.

Meredith looked down ruefully at the mass of plum-stones on the ground around him.

"Yes, sir. My father, sir --"

"I am not interested in your father, Meredith," snapped the Headmaster. "Hand to me the periodical which is causing your jacket to bulge in the front."

Meredith disentangled the periodical from his bosom, and Mr. Scarlet took it. His brows knitted with anger.

"This publication is called 'The Gem', Meredith," he said.

"Is it, sir?"

Meredith winced as Mr. Scarlet crumpled the publication into a ball in his hand.

"When you joined this college, Meredith, your father was sent a list of publications which boys are permitted to read during their leisure. On that list are magazines of the class of the Children's Newspaper, the Boys' Own Paper, the Royal Geographical Magazine, and the Illustrated London News, among others. The list covers every conceivable taste and every mood of every healthy-minded boy. It does not include blood and thunder productions of the type of this 'Gem', which are demoralising to growing lads. A copy of the list is posted on the notice-board in Hall, so that no Slade boy can be unaware of the regulations in this important matter. Do you agree with me, Meredith?"

Meredith's blue eyes fastened earnestly on his Headmaster.

"Yes, sir, I agree with you, sir. But my father likes me to read the 'Gem', sir. My father always says --"

"Ah!" said Mr. Scarlet, with ponderous sarcasm, "it is evident that your father has been appointed Headmaster of Slade."

"Has he, sir?" The woeful face lit up joyfully. "I didn't know that, sir. I'm sure he'll make a wonderful Headmaster, sir."

Meredith knew how to deal with sarcasm. It came as a gift like a loose ball on the cricket pitch. He hit both for six.

Mr. Scarlet glared.

"You will follow me to your form-master, Meredith. You have played ducks and drakes with Slade regulations. You will be punished severely, and your punishment will be additionally severe owing to the fact that you are delaying me on a journey which I am obliged to make. Come with me, at once."

The Headmaster strode back the way he had come, and Meredith followed him dolefully. As they made their way up one corridor and down another, a bell rang. It was the signal for classes to end for the day. Wednesday was a half-holiday at Slade.

There was the sound of scampering feet, and several boys dashed round the corner at high speed. There were gasps as the Headmaster was sighted, and running boys braked themselves into sedate walking pace. Mr. Scarlet was frowning.

At the door of the Lower Fourth classroom Mr. Scarlet paused. Boys were pouring from the room, each adjusting his gait to suit the unexpected presence of his Headmaster.

When the last boy had gone, Mr. Scarlet entered the form-room, followed by Meredith. Mr. Buddle, master of the Lower Fourth Form and teacher of English throughout the school, was seated at his desk up on his platform. He rose to his feet with blinking eyelids as he saw his chief, followed by the golden-haired youth whom Mr. Buddle regarded as his cross.

"Ah, Headmaster!" ejaculated Mr. Buddle.

He spoke a trifle nervously. Mr. Buddle was always a trifle nervous of Mr. Scarlet. Mr. Buddle was rather a little man, and Mr. Scarlet was rather a large man. Acquaintances of Mr. Scarlet often suggested unkindly that he was larger than life.

Mr. Buddle descended from his platform as Mr. Scarlet approached.

"Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet, "I was surprised to find this boy seated, at a time when he should have been in class, on the round seat in the Long Walk."

Mr. Buddle darted a sharp look in the direction of the golden-haired youth. Meredith blinked at him woefully.

"Meredith should have informed you, Headmaster," said Mr. Buddle. "He was feeling poorly in class, and I gave him permission to go into the open air. It was a trifle warm in the classroom, and I imagine --"

Mr. Scarlet grunted, and interrupted ruthlessly.

"What were his symptoms, Mr. Buddle?"

"Well, sir --" Mr. Buddle folded his arms, and then unfolded them and clasped his hands behind his back. He never felt at ease in the presence of the Head of Slade. "To put it crudely, sir, he felt sick."

"Had you any reason to suppose that he was suffering from an internal upset, Mr. Buddle?" demanded Mr. Scarlet, putting it less crudely.

"I thought he looked pale, sir," said Mr. Buddle, mentally asking himself whether he had neglected his duty in not conducting a full-scale medical examination on the spot. "Naturally, I only had his word that he felt - er - under the stress of an internal upset."

"Is Meredith a truthful boy, Mr. Buddle?" enquired Mr. Scarlet frostily.

"No, sir. I regret to say that Meredith and truth have long been strangers. Nevertheless, under the circumstances --"

"Under the circumstances, this deceitful boy succeeded in misleading you, Mr. Buddle. His sole desire was to evade his lessons," said Mr. Scarlet.

Mr. Buddle flushed. Meredith quailed before the look of intense dislike which his form-master flashed in his direction.

"I felt it better, Headmaster, to be safe than sorry," said Mr. Buddle with dignity. "I do not trust Meredith one inch, but he stated that he felt sick. I considered it preferable to send him away for the last fifteen minutes of the English lesson rather than to run the risk that he should vomit on the floor."

An expression of deep pain appeared on the Headmaster's face. He lifted his

hand, but Mr. Buddle rattled on:

"Last term, sir, I refused permission to Garmansway when he asked to leave the class, and the result, sir, was dismaying in the extreme."

"We are not discussing the result of your dealings with Garmansway, Mr. Buddle," snapped the Headmaster. "I found this boy, seated in the Long Walk, devouring plums to a disgusting degree. He was surrounded - literally surrounded - in a sea - without any exaggeration a sea - of pips."

"Pips!" echoed Mr. Buddle.

"Stones!" added Mr. Scarlet, to clarify the matter.

"Goodness gracious!" breathed Mr. Buddle.

"Oh, sir!" said Meredith. His blue eyes were pleading and pathetic. "I felt awful, sir. My father has always insisted that I eat fruit when I feel awful, sir. He says it's good for the bowels, sir --"

"Silence, Meredith!" hissed Mr. Buddle. "I fear, sir, that this boy of my form has a strangely revolting mind."

"I fear so, too, Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet tartly. He raised his voice: "Do your jacket up at once, disreputable fellow! You look like a rag-bag!"

Mr. Buddle's hand flew involuntarily to his waistcoat buttons until he realised with relief that Mr. Scarlet was addressing the hapless Meredith.

"For his laziness and his deceit this boy will be given six strokes of the cane, Mr. Buddle," exclaimed Mr. Scarlet.

"Oh, sir!" moaned Meredith. There was acute tragedy in his voice.

Mr. Buddle stood motionless. The flush deepened in his cheeks. It always irked Mr. Buddle that he was stricken with nervousness when in the presence of the Head of Slade. Nevertheless there was a certain strain of obstinacy in his composition, and it came to the fore now.

"Excuse me, Headmaster," he said. There was a tremor in his voice which he strove to control. "I gave this boy permission to leave the class. If I allowed myself to be deceived --"

"There is no doubt about that, Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet.

"I am not convinced, Headmaster, and I feel that this boy might be given the benefit of the doubt," ventured Mr. Buddle. Later, to his breathless form-fellows, Meredith likened Mr. Buddle to Robin Hood, fighting in the cause of justice for the oppressed.

Mr. Scarlet raised his eyebrows, expressing the utmost astonishment.

"Really, Mr. Buddle. I am convinced, and that is sufficient. I have stated that six strokes of the cane will meet the case."

"Do you wish me to administer this punishment, Headmaster?"

Mr. Scarlet's eyebrows were lifted even further.

"Certainly, Mr. Buddle."

The form-master's lips set firmly.

"With your permission, sir, I prefer to leave his punishment in your hands," he said with dignity.

For a few moments there was a stony silence. Meredith's gaze was on the floor. As the silence persisted, he cocked one eye at each of the masters in turn.

Mr. Scarlet spoke at last.

"Very well, Mr. Buddle," he said, with a show of tried patience. "There is, however, a further matter just as serious. This boy, Meredith, was not only consuming fruit when you assumed him to be suffering from internal disorganisation. He was also reading this - this production."

He thrust under Mr. Buddle's nose the crumpled copy of the 'Gem'.

"Good gracious!" muttered Mr. Buddle.

"So you see, Mr. Buddle," said the Headmaster politely, "his offence was twofold. He has flouted the regulations of Slade by introducing a paper of this description within the college precincts. The rule concerning lewd and corrupting literature is a strict one." He turned and surveyed Meredith with grim contemplation. "Whence, boy, did you obtain this penny dreadful?"

Meredith gazed up soulfully at his Headmaster.

"If you'll excuse the correction, sir, it costs tuppence now, sir, if you don't mind my saying so," said Meredith. Mr. Buddle felt a grudging admiration, which he had never before experienced, for the youth with the golden hair.

Mr. Scarlet flung down the paper. His voice came in a boom which caused Mr. Buddle to jump.

"Whence came it, disgusting boy? Whence came it? Did you purchase it at some smutty little shop in a back street?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I bought it, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Scarlet, his tone suggesting that he meant very bad.

"Very good, indeed." He turned to Mr. Buddle. "This boy clearly has too much money in his pocket. All pocket-money for Meredith is to be stopped for one fortnight from to-day, Mr. Buddle. In addition he will write out five hundred lines from any English work which you may consider likely to improve his taste. I will ask you also, Mr. Buddle, to collect from this boy any publications which contravene the school regulations, and have them destroyed."

Mr. Buddle compressed his lips. He did not speak.

Mr. Scarlet went on, with a faint touch of irony in his tone:

"I am sure, Mr. Buddle, that although you are in doubt as to the merit of my decision to punish Meredith for deceiving you in order to evade his lessons, you will have no similar doubt concerning condemning this boy for bringing pernicious publications into Slade."

Mr. Buddle inclined his head stiffly. He did not look at Meredith, but he sensed that the boy was regarding him with considerable interest. Without looking into those blue eyes, Mr. Buddle knew that they would be alive with satanic mischief.

"Excuse me, Headmaster." Mr. Buddle panted a little. He adjusted his glasses. "Meredith has broken the school rules by bringing in this publication. He knew that it was a paper which you do not permit him to possess in term-time. On that basis he is deserving of correction. But, sir, I must add that I have myself glanced over this paper named the 'Gem', and it seemed to me to be harmless enough."

Mr. Scarlet was tense and angry. His cheekbones looked gaunt as he forced himself to speak moderately.

"Quite, Mr. Buddle, quite! You will bring this boy to my study before prayers to-morrow morning, when he will be caned for his deception. In the meantime, I shall be glad if you will collect from him any papers which may be in his possession and which, by the rules of Slade, he is not permitted to possess. You will also set him the imposition which I have indicated, which will occupy the whole of this afternoon's half-holiday, Mr. Buddle."

Mr. Scarlet glanced at the form-room clock. He uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Good heavens, Mr. Buddle, look at the time. Twenty minutes after twelve. I should be in Exeter now. This is disgraceful, Mr. Buddle."

He turned and was gone. They heard his footsteps dying away over the tiles of the corridor.

Mr. Buddle stood motionless. Meredith watched him. The boy looked sad and

uneasy.

"Oh, sir, isn't it awful?" he murmured.

Mr. Buddle did not speak. He was very pale.

"The Head says he's going to cane me because I was ill, sir. Isn't it awful? Did he mean it, sir?"

Mr. Buddle found his voice. He sounded suffocated.

"Obscene boy, certainly he meant it."

"Oh, sir," wailed Meredith. "I'm delicate. I can't stand capital punishment."

"Silence, Meredith!" yapped Mr. Buddle, nearly beside himself with mortification.

"You have done enough harm by your almost criminal act."

Meredith was silent. His golden hair fell across his angelic face, and he shook his head to throw the hair back from his eyes.

Mr. Buddle stood in thought. The Headmaster had announced his ultimatum. Meredith's 'Gems' were to be collected and destroyed. Meredith was to be punished for reading the 'Gem'. Mr. Buddle himself read the 'Gem'. Meredith knew it - there was little that Meredith didn't know - and Mr. Buddle suspected that Meredith knew it. It was as involved as that.

Mr. Buddle liked the 'Gem'. He found it relaxing, once a week, after the strain of teaching the English language to unreceptive schoolboys. It was undignified, perhaps - but it was very pleasant.

For a few moments Mr. Buddle remained in thought, while Meredith regarded him slyly. Then the form-master came to an abrupt decision.

"You may go, Meredith," he said.

Meredith stared at him, eyes wide with surprise.

"You may go, Meredith," repeated Mr. Buddle. "I shall consider the matter, and deal with you later."

And Meredith, congratulating himself on his good fortune, went.

Mr. Buddle was worried that afternoon. After lunch he went into the village of Everslade to play bowls, but he found that he could not concentrate. His little breeze with the Head of Slade weighed heavily upon his mind. He felt that Mr. Scarlet had been utterly unreasonable. Mr. Buddle had, or so he told himself, been browbeaten in his own form-room. He felt exasperated with Mr. Scarlet and also with Meredith.

The caning which Meredith would receive the next morning was not so very important. True, Mr. Scarlet had usurped Mr. Buddle's authority, which was irksome, but the responsibility had been shifted, with a show of dignified disdain on the part of Mr. Buddle, to the shoulders of Mr. Scarlet himself. And Meredith would be none the worse for a caning, whether deserved or otherwise.

The matter of the 'Gems' was another kettle of fish entirely. The Headmaster had ordered the destruction of the 'Gems', and the further punishment of Meredith, an order which Mr. Buddle had ignored. It was probable that Mr. Scarlet would make no enquiry to ascertain that his order had been carried out. He would take it for granted that his lofty commands had been obeyed, and the matter would close.

But Mr. Buddle was a conscientious gentleman. He had either to carry out his chief's instructions or to justify himself to his chief for not doing so.

It would be easier by far to punish Meredith. Mr. Buddle disliked Meredith, and felt certain that the boy deserved anything in the way of punishment which might come his way, generally speaking. But Mr. Buddle's conscience and Mr. Buddle's resentment against Mr. Scarlet were working in unison with Mr. Buddle's obstinacy - and he could not make up his mind what to do.

After one short game, Mr. Buddle abandoned bowls. He was not in the mood for it this afternoon. He had tea in the Everslade Cafe, and then slowly made his way back to the school.

He went up to his study on Masters' Corridor. Crossing to the window, he stood looking out over the quadrangle with the Slade playing fields beyond. The sun was low in the sky, causing a hundred hues to glint in the old trees where the leaves were bronzed with early autumn.

Mr. Buddle grunted. He loved the view from that window. He enjoyed it at all seasons of the year. It remained fundamentally unchanged in a rapidly changing world. Mr. Buddle knew that, when the day should come that he looked his last on that view, he would be grieved.

Mr. Buddle started. Why on earth was he thinking of losing his own special view? He had been a master at Slade for nearly ten years. His salary was high as schoolmaster's salaries went; a post at Slade was one of the plums of the scholastic world.

Mr. Buddle was fifty, felt forty, and looked, he felt assured, thirty-seven. Unless anything unforeseen occurred, there was no reason why he should not enjoy his comfortable position for at least another fifteen years.

But, thought Mr. Buddle ruefully, something unforeseen had occurred that very day. He had clashed with his Headmaster. Members of the staff who clashed with Mr. Scarlet were unlikely to enjoy the views of Slade for long.

Mr. Buddle grunted again. He turned away from the window, and his eyes fell upon a small number of green papers on the table. He regarded them in astonishment. He was sure they had not been in his study earlier that afternoon.

Mr. Buddle bent over the table, pulled his horn-rimmed glasses further forward on his nose, and scanned the papers. They comprised three issues of a periodical named 'The Boys' Friend'.

"Who, in the name of wonder, has placed this obnoxious juvenile literature in my study?" demanded Mr. Buddle.

He noted the dates on the papers - the year 1919. Then it became clear. The year 1919 had long passed into history, but Mr. Buddle knew that the father of Meredith of his form often sent old publications of this type to his offspring. These papers must, in fact, belong to

Amazing State of Affairs at Reekwood! Masters on Strike! Great Excitement Amongst the Juniors! (SEE INSIDE.)

The BOYS' FRIEND

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HORACE versus THE KAISER!

FOR NEW READERS.
The following are the names of the boys who caught the Kaiser: ...

Face to Face with the Kaiser!
... the Kaiser ...

Horace versus the Kaiser!
... the Kaiser ...

Mr. Buddle felt strangely moved. It was quite evident that Meredith had brought them as a gift for Mr. Buddle. Meredith was grateful to Mr. Buddle. Meredith knew that Mr. Buddle read the 'Gem'. So Meredith had brought Mr. Buddle these copies of 'The Boys' Friend' as a gift. Absurd boy - but he meant well. How kindly of him! It was a long time since anyone had shown signs of being kindly disposed towards Mr. Buddle.

A gift from Meredith. Just for a moment Mr. Buddle thought of the ancient gentleman who feared the Greeks, even when they brought gifts. Mr. Buddle dismissed the thought as unworthy.

"Silly - simple - but good-hearted lad!" muttered Mr. Buddle.

Mr. Buddle shook his head with a warm little smile. He left the papers on his table, and sat down at his desk by the window to mark the exercises which the Fifth Form had written for him that morning. The Fifth Form were studying "Areopagitica" this term, and had occupied the final twenty minutes of the English period by writing their views of some of their favourite arguments in the famous work.

Carslake of the Fifth had finished rather loftily:

"Milton, courageously and independently, protested against the narrow tyranny of those in authority. He pled for freedom from censorship, freedom from restriction, in order that all men might read to their personal taste. Milton considered that a dammed brook soon became a muddy stream."

Thoughtfully Mr. Buddle crossed out "pled" and wrote "made a plea", in red ink. Against "a dammed brook" he wrote: "Purely for the sake of euphony, Carslake, we will say 'a brook in which a dam has been constructed.'"

The reference to tyranny brought Mr. Scarlet to Mr. Buddle's mind, and he frowned.

Lander of the Fifth had written:

"Milton reminds us that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold from the lousiest volume, and that a fool will remain an utter ass with the best book or even without it."

Mr. Buddle crossed out "lousiest" and wrote "drossiest" in red ink. He added a comment: "Your choice of words is appalling."

Once more Mr. Buddle thought of Mr. Scarlet. It occurred to Mr. Buddle that the Headmaster of Slade was a man who would remain a fool after reading "Samson Agonistes" or "Hamlet", while he, Joseph Buddle, could find pure gold in the current issue of the 'Gem'. It was the second thought that evening which Mr. Buddle dismissed as unworthy.

He finished his marking, and glanced at the clock. Just after seven. Nearly two hours before his final duty of the day - seeing lights out in his form's dormitory.

Normally he would have gone to Masters' Common-Room for a chat with any master who might be there; an argument, perhaps, or a game of chess. He did not feel that way inclined to-night.

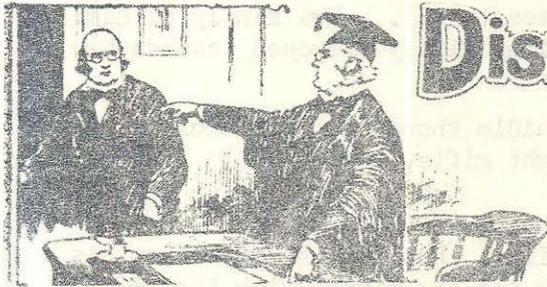
The daylight was fading, the autumn day was at its close. Mr. Buddle switched on the electric light.

He thought of the 'Gem', and shook his head. The current copy, hidden within Mr. Buddle's 'Times', had been delivered that morning, but on Wednesday, when the 'Gem' was published, he always reserved it to read in bed. It was Mr. Buddle's weekly treat.

Thoughtfully he regarded the little heap of green papers. After a few moments he selected the one on top, took it over to his armchair, and turned over the first page. His casual gaze was arrested by a title which leaped at him from the printed

page:

"DISMISSED FROM ROOKWOOD"



Dismissed From Rookwood!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of JIMMY SILVER & CO.,
the Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The implication of the title became evident from the illustration accompanying it. A schoolmaster, clearly a Headmaster, was pointing a magisterial finger at another schoolmaster.

Mr. Buddle felt the slightest tremor shake his frame. He saw something analogous between himself, Mr. Scarlet, and the two gentlemen in the picture.

How odd that Meredith should have selected such a story to present to his form-master!

More than a little curious, Mr. Buddle sat back in his chair to read the story. He found himself growing interested.

The villain of the tale was the Headmaster of Rookwood School. He was dogmatic, obstinate, tyrannical. He reminded Mr. Buddle very much indeed of Mr. Scarlet. The Headmaster of Rookwood was Dr. Chisholm - Mr. Buddle had observed that Headmasters in school stories were usually "doctors". Possibly Dr. Chisholm had more right to throw his weight about than the Head of Slade, who was merely a "mister", though Mr. Scarlet was undoubtedly a Master of Arts, Oxon.

In the story, the Head of Rookwood tripped over a cord which some evil youth had fastened across the corridor. The Head fell heavily, bruising his person, which would heal, and also bruising his dignity, which would not heal so quickly.

Mr. Buddle sniffed as he read. He was growing a trifle tired of the overwhelming vanity of Headmasters.

Dr. Chisholm blamed one, Jimmy Silver, for causing his downfall, which was absurd, for Jimmy Silver was the hero of the story. In his dogmatic, obstinate, and tyrannical manner the Head of Rookwood sentenced Jimmy Silver to be flogged.

But Jimmy Silver found a protector in the person of his form-master, who was named Mr. Bootles. Mr. Bootles knew Jimmy's character, and had no doubt of his innocence.

Mr. Buddle's interest was growing with every line he read. He crossed his legs, sprawled back in his armchair, and read on:

"I am not easily deceived, sir," retorted Mr. Bootles. "And I am sure that if you were in a calmer mood you would admit ---"

The observation was not very tactful, perhaps; but Mr. Bootles was growing heated.

"Calmer, sir! Do you imply that I am capable of punishing an innocent boy from mere irritation, sir?"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Certainly not! I merely meant ---"

"Enough, sir! I am satisfied of Silver's guilt. If you hold a contrary opinion, you are at liberty to hold it. You have stated your opinion, and I have taken due note of it. The matter closes here."

With that the Head swept from the study.

"Stupid, opinionated man!" muttered Mr. Buddle. "How like Scarlet! How very

like Scarlet!"

Mr. Buddle read on. As the high drama developed, the story grew more and more thrilling. More and more Mr. Buddle seemed to identify himself with Mr. Bootles of the narrative.

Mr. Buddle commenced the fifth chapter. It was sub-titled "Mr. Bootles Dares to be a Daniel."

It was the most dramatic chapter so far. Time ceased to exist for Mr. Buddle. He found himself living the part of Mr. Bootles.

Just as Dr. Chisholm was about to administer the flogging to Jimmy Silver, the intrepid Mr. Bootles intervened.



MR. BOOTLES DEFIES THE HEAD!

"I am aware, sir, that I shall forfeit my position in this school," exclaimed Mr. Bootles, "and that is a serious matter for me; but so long as I remain here, sir, I am master of the Fourth Form, and I have my duty to do, which is to protect any member of my form from injustice."

"Mr. Bootles!" gasped the Head.

"Silver!" Mr. Bootles turned to the dismayed junior. "I command you to leave this Hall at once."

"Magnificent!" crooned Mr. Buddle. "How brave! How conscientious!"

He was beaming with delight. But in the next chapter, his enthusiasm was dampened somewhat. Mr. Bootles was summoned to the Headmaster's study.

"I did my duty, sir!" blurted out Mr. Bootles. "I was sorry - I am sorry now - to have acted with any apparent disrespect towards the Head of this school. But you had left me no choice in the matter."

"I do not care to open a discussion, Mr. Bootles. I am prepared to receive your resignation and accept it."

Mr. Bootles blew through his nose.

"Well, sir. I shall not place my resignation in your hands. To do so would be to acknowledge a fault. I shall not, sir, under any circumstances whatever, resign my post in this school."

"Then it only remains for me to dismiss you, Mr. Bootles."

"You have the power in your hands, sir, to add one injustice to another," said the Form-master with dignity.

"Bravissimo! Bravissimo, indeed!" chirped Mr. Buddle.

He read to the end of the story. It concluded with Mr. Bootles still dismissed, - but a hero in the eyes of all his admiring pupils.

Mr. Buddle put the paper on one side. There was more to come - the drama had

not yet run its course. Mr. Buddle knew from experience that stories in this type of paper ran on for a number of weeks.

After a moment he took up the periodical again, and glanced at the name of the writer of the story which had intrigued him.

"Owen Conquest!" he murmured. "A most excellent writer. Very nearly as good as that remarkable man Martin Clifford. Yes, indeed."

Once more he dropped the paper by the side of his chair, and lay back to think over what he had read. Dr. Chisholm was undoubtedly cast in the same mould as Mr. Scarlet. Had Mr. Buddle been a humorist it might have occurred to him that Mr. Scarlet was the mouldier of the two.

Certainly Meredith was no Jimmy Silver. Jimmy Silver was upright, honourable, a thoroughly nice boy. Nobody in his right senses could consider Meredith a thoroughly nice boy. Mr. Buddle meditated on Mr. Bootles. There was a distinct contrast, of course. Mr. Bootles was elderly, fluffy in manner, small in stature. Mr. Buddle was in his prime, striking in appearance, determined in character. At least, he had no doubt he was.

Indubitably the situation was similar - remarkably so. An opinionated Headmaster, an innocent lad, a form-master who dared to be a Daniel.

There was a tap on the door, and Mr. Buddle started from his reverie.

"Come in," he called out.

The door opened, and the Headmaster of Slade entered.

"Oh, Headmaster!" gasped Mr. Buddle.

He jumped up hastily. With a backward movement of his foot he thrust out of sight, under the armchair, the green paper which he had recently put aside. Two further copies of that green publication lay on Mr. Buddle's table. He hoped that Mr. Scarlet's eyes might not light upon them.

Mr. Scarlet was frowning.

"I returned from Exeter fifteen minutes ago, Mr. Buddle, to find the Lower Fourth dormitory in an uproar," he said coldly. "Who should be on duty in that dormitory to-night, Mr. Buddle?"

Mr. Buddle's face was red.

"I fear, sir, that I, myself, should have been there. I apologise, Headmaster. I have had a very busy evening --"

"I, too, have my busy moments, Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet. "Hearing the riot among your boys, I visited that dormitory. A quantity of jam had been emptied into the bed of a boy named Shovel. Shovel, unsuspecting, entered the bed, and drove his feet into this mass of jam."

"Oh, Headmaster!" breathed Mr. Buddle.

"Shovel thereupon attacked the boy named Meredith. The noise, Mr. Buddle, might have awakened the dead. The state of the room was indescribable - indescribable, Mr. Buddle."

"Oh, calamity!" ejaculated Mr. Buddle. "I will go to the dormitory immediately, Headmaster."

"There is no need for you to go to the dormitory, Mr. Buddle. I have administered castigation to the entire form, as every boy seemed concerned in the Saturnalia. Fresh sheets have been placed on the bed of the boy Shovel."

"And the boy who committed the outrage with the jam?"

"I found," said Mr. Scarlet, "an empty jam-jar tucked beneath the mattress of the boy Meredith."

Mr. Scarlet turned to the door.

"Headmaster," said Mr. Buddle jerkily. "Did Meredith confess to this

misdeemeanour with the jam?"

Mr. Scarlet looked back, his large figure filling the doorway.

"He denied it, Mr. Buddle, with tears in his eyes."

"I suppose," ventured Mr. Buddle, "that some other boy could have placed it there to implicate Meredith."

"Owing to that possibility I could not punish Meredith as he deserved. But I think it most unlikely, don't you, Mr. Buddle? Good night, Mr. Buddle."

The door closed on the Headmaster of Slade.

Mr. Buddle breathed deeply.

"Opinionated man," he muttered. "Twice in one day. This is too much. I refuse to be intimidated. I refuse!"

A short time later, on his way to the staff dining-room for his supper, Mr. Buddle paused outside the door of the Lower Fourth dormitory. All was silent within. The visit of the Headmaster of Slade seemed to have had its effect. There would be no further noise from that dormitory to-night.

After a light supper, Mr. Buddle returned to his room, and went to bed. He took with him the two other issues of 'The Boys' Friend'. Mr. Buddle arranged his pillows to give him the utmost comfort, and, drawing up his knees into a hillock, he rested 'The Boys' Friend' thereon. Quickly he found the Rookwood story, and settled down to enjoy himself.

This story was even more entrancing than the previous one. Jimmy Silver was proved innocent. The culprit, an unpleasant youth named Leggett, was detected and compelled to confess.

"So the Headmaster was wrong!" snorted Mr. Buddle.

He was delighted.

But, in the story, there was no reprieve for poor Mr. Bootles, who had dared to be a Daniel. He had saved the Headmaster from committing an injustice, but, in doing so, he had offended the petty tyrant. Mr. Bootles' dismissal was to stand. The gallant, faithful servant was to be sacrificed at the altar of the Headmaster's pride.

"Monstrous!" gurgled Mr. Buddle.

Finishing the second story, Mr. Buddle started on the third. He read on as the minutes ticked by. Occasionally he changed his position, but he did not take his aching eyes from the small print of the old paper.

Mr. Bootles, though treated so cavalierly by his Headmaster, had friends - the staff of Rookwood. Mr. Buddle was deeply touched.

"Gentlemen!" came Mr. Bootles' voice. "Calmness, gentlemen! Pray do not, for my sake ---"

"It is not wholly for your sake, Mr. Bootles!" boomed Mr. Greely. "The dignity of the whole staff is at stake. This tyrannic action, sir, might have been directed at any one of us."

"But - but ---"

"I propose, gentlemen, that the whole staff relinquish its duties until the Head is pleased to come to reason!"

"But - but that is a strike, Mr. Greely!" said Mr. Bull.

"And why," boomed Mr. Greely, "why, sir, should not we, because we happen to belong to the professional class - the intelligentsia, in fact - why should not we exercise the privilege, sir, that is exercised by workmen and others in similar circumstances? Have we no right? Have we no dignity? Are we, sir, slaves to be trodden upon?"

"Superb!" grunted Mr. Buddle. He removed his glasses, polished them on a corner of his sheet, and replaced them. He repeated:

"Superb! A magnificent writer! Are we slaves to be trodden upon?"

He resumed his reading. In the story, the masters of Rookwood met the Headmaster the next morning. Mr. Buddle was taut with anticipation.

"In protest against the unjust dismissal of Mr. Bootles, sir," said Mr. Greely, "the whole staff begs to place its resignation in your hands."

"Mr. Greely!"

"That is our decision, sir!" said Mr. Greely, more boldly. "An act of injustice to one is an act of injustice to all. We have agreed to support Mr. Bootles, sir, to the utmost limits of our power."

"Is it possible?" The Head almost gasped. "Is it possible, Mr. Greely, that the staff of Rookwood contemplates a strike like discontented hands in a factory?"

"It is not only possible, sir, but it is the fact!" retorted Mr. Greely. "We decline, sir, to carry on our duties here until Mr. Bootles has been reinstated."

It was a magnificent climax to the story, though the aftermath was yet to be seen in Next Week's Sensational Story: "The School Without Masters." It was, of course, the last copy of 'The Boys' Friend' in Mr. Buddle's possession just then. If he wanted to follow the development of the plot, he would have to see whether Meredith had the subsequent issues. But, in any case, Mr. Buddle had no wish, at that moment, to read further. As he put the paper on one side, and turned out his light, his eyes felt like boiled gooseberries.

He was tired, but he was too exhilarated to sleep. For Mr. Buddle had made up his mind. He would stand up to the petty tyrant of Slade. He would fight for the rights of the entire staff. It might well mean that Mr. Buddle would be dismissed from Slade - Mr. Scarlet, probably, would not be kindly disposed to one who opposed his dictatorial edicts. The thought shook Mr. Buddle's purpose a trifle, but not for long. He cheered up at the thought of the loyalty with which the staff of Rookwood had supported little Mr. Bootles. Mr. Buddle, too, would dare to be a Daniel, and the staff of Slade would rally round him. The outcome, inevitably, would be defeat for the dictator, and victory for justice.

"United we stand, divided we fall!" breathed Mr. Buddle into his pillow.

Lord Lytton has observed that the pen is mightier than the sword. The pen of Owen Conquest had miraculously changed Mr. Buddle overnight - from a gentle lamb to a raging tiger.

The next morning at ten minutes to nine, Mr. Buddle tapped on the door of Mr. Scarlet's study. Mr. Buddle's resolve had not weakened, his intentions had not changed, but he felt his heart beating rather uncomfortably beneath his pin-striped waistcoat as he found himself in the presence of the Headmaster of Slade.

Mr. Scarlet was writing a letter when Mr. Buddle entered. The Headmaster put down his pen.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Buddle," he said breezily. He seemed in a better mood this morning, thought Mr. Buddle. "You have brought the boy Meredith to me."

Mr. Buddle closed the door, and faced his chief.

"No, Headmaster," he said, jerkily "I have not brought Meredith to you."

"No, Mr. Buddle?"

There was a look of polite enquiry on Mr. Scarlet's face.

"No, Headmaster!" If Mr. Buddle had been a profane gentleman he might mentally have cursed his voice for faltering. "I have, as a matter of fact, come to ask you to reconsider your decision with regard to this boy of my form."

"Reconsider it?" Mr. Scarlet's brows knitted, and he regarded Mr. Buddle curiously. "Upon what grounds should I reconsider it, Mr. Buddle?"

Mr. Buddle spoke rather quickly and rather squeakily:

"Nothing can alter the fact that I gave that boy permission to leave the form-room yesterday, Headmaster. It is possible that he deceived me - it is even probable. But the fact remains that you would not have found him in the Long Walk had I not given him permission to leave the class. If anyone was to blame, it was I. It would be grossly unjust to punish that boy for a fault of mine."

Mr. Scarlet was icy now.

"You were certainly to blame, Mr. Buddle, but I presume that you did not give him permission to indulge in an orgy of stone fruit, and to read a disgusting and forbidden periodical at the same time?"

"No, sir!" Mr. Buddle was almost panting now. "I did not. I gave Meredith permission to go into the open air because I believed he might feel ill. I must remind you, Mr. Scarlet, that I am a schoolmaster of long experience --"

"And I am the Headmaster of Slade, Mr. Buddle."

"I do not dispute that, Mr. Scarlet. I should remember it, even if you would allow any member of your staff to forget it. But, if Meredith is punished because I gave him permission to leave the class, then my authority is undermined."

Mr. Scarlet waved his hand in the air.

"Such an argument is indefensible, Mr. Buddle. I am fully aware that you acted in good faith in what you did. Meredith is to be punished because I, later, discovered that he deceived you."

"There is no proof of that," said Mr. Buddle, obstinately.

Mr. Scarlet made an unintelligible sound in his throat. He rose to his feet, rested his finger-tips on his desk, and leaned forward.

He spoke calmly but icily:

"Please heed what I say, Mr. Buddle. I cannot sympathise with your views in this matter, for I regard them as ridiculous. There is not the slightest possibility of your authority being undermined, but, in any case, Mr. Buddle --" Mr. Scarlet's voice rose an octave. "I am the Headmaster of Slade, and what I say and do is right because I say and do it. I will not, under any circumstances, allow my decisions to be questioned by any member of my staff."

It was time for Mr. Buddle to dare to be a Daniel.

"That, sir," he ejaculated, "is a doctrine reminiscent of the Czars of Russia!" He spoke forcefully, and a fleck of saliva flew from his mouth and landed on Mr. Scarlet's gown.

Mr. Scarlet gasped.

"Really, Mr. Buddle, such a comment --"

"There is another matter, sir," yapped Mr. Buddle. "You instructed me to punish Meredith yesterday for reading a paper named the 'Gem'. I have not punished him. You also instructed me to collect his 'Gems' and destroy them. I have not done so, Headmaster!"

"And why, Mr. Buddle --?" Mr. Scarlet's voice was dangerously quiet. "Why have you not done so, may I enquire?"

Mr. Buddle placed his hands behind his back and threw out his chest.

"I will tell you why, sir. I could not punish Meredith for reading the 'Gem' because I myself read the 'Gem' - and I am afraid that Meredith knows I read the 'Gem'. I am not ashamed of it, sir -- the stories are well-written, with a splendid tone --"

Mr. Scarlet's expression was a classic of utter, exaggerated amazement. There was a purple hue above his cheek bones.

"Mr. Buddle, your private taste in literature is quite beside the point, though I am astonished to hear such an admission from your own lips. I must add that I think you unwise in permitting the boys to learn of your weakness --"

"Weakness?" almost hooted Mr. Buddle.

"Please do not raise your voice in my presence, Mr. Buddle. I said weakness and I mean weakness. For a master to read such a paper strikes me as deplorable, and for any boy to be aware of your taste in this direction is, to say the least, unfortunate."

Mr. Scarlet paused. He picked up the pen, and tapped on the table with the end of it.

"I am not ashamed of my convictions," bleated Mr. Buddle.

"I think you should be, Mr. Buddle. It must be clear to you that any man who deliberately sets his face against the wishes of the Headmaster is out of his element at Slade. It seems that it is time Slade dispensed with your services."

Mr. Buddle breathed hard. Daniel of old had emerged unscathed from the lions' den, but this modern Daniel was feeling distinctly clawed.

"You are dismissing me, Headmaster?"

Mr. Scarlet shook his head.

"I think you are dismissing yourself, Mr. Buddle," he observed.

"Very good, Headmaster." Mr. Buddle turned away, feeling an odd, almost wicked, sense of elation. "I shall leave at the end of term."

"No, Mr. Buddle, you will leave at the end of this week," said Mr. Scarlet.

"Your salary will, of course, be paid up till the end of term, but it will suit my convenience, and probably your own, if you leave after morning class on Saturday next."

"So be it, Headmaster!" exclaimed Mr. Buddle. He opened the door. "I am powerless to prevent your treating me with the same injustice that has characterised your treatment of that unhappy boy Meredith. Good morning, Headmaster!"

The door closed, and Mr. Buddle was gone. Mr. Buddle had been worthy of Mr. Bootles, and only the roar of the lions was missing to mark his exit from Mr. Scarlet's den.

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Gravely and sedately, Mr. Buddle carried out his duties that day. He knew that he had burned his boats, he had the feeling that he had crossed the Rubicon. The spirit of elation which had risen within him in the Headmaster's study had not faded. Mr. Buddle would not allow it to fade. He was buoyed up by the certainty that the rest of the staff would support him when the matter was placed before them. If, by lunch-time, that certainty had become a hope, and if, as the afternoon wore away, that hope became a doubt, Mr. Buddle would not admit it, even to himself.

At about eight o'clock that evening, Mr. Buddle entered Masters' Common Room. The Slade staff comprised eight resident masters, and some half a dozen visiting masters. Mr. Buddle had no doubt that when the residents rallied to his support, the visiting masters would follow suit.

Mr. Fromo, the senior housemaster, was seated in an arm-chair reading a novel. Crayford, the sportsmaster and gym instructor, was playing chess with Mr. Greenleaf, the maths master. Crathie, the physics beak, was writing a letter; Lidbetter, the art master, who was also master of the Upper Fourth, was sketching Mr. Sloocose, the French master, who had taken up a pose in the window seat. Mr. Lidbetter often made an honest five shillings by sketching, with rather flattering lines, other members of the staff.

Mr. Drayne, the master of the Third, was fast asleep in an arm-chair against the radiator.

The early autumn dusk had fallen, and the lights were on. Nobody took much notice when Mr. Buddle entered. He closed the door, and stood with his back to it.

He glanced round the room, and was pleased to see every resident member of the staff present.

At last he said: "Gentlemen, may I claim your attention for a few moments?"

All eyes were centred on him at once. Mr. Buddle blushed. He was not a man who normally claimed the limelight.

"Come and sit down, Buddle," invited Mr. Fromo.

Mr. Buddle shook his head.

"For the moment I will not sit down, Mr. Fromo," he said. "I regret to distress you all, but I have something to tell you which will shock every man present. Mr. Scarlet has seen fit to dismiss me from Slade. I am leaving at the end of the week - on Saturday, to be precise.

"Leaving!" Everyone in the room seemed to say the word at the same time.

"Leaving!" assented Mr. Buddle. "Dismissed, gentlemen!"

"But whatever for?" demanded Mr. Fromo, in astonishment.

"You sly old bird, what have you been up to?" enquired Mr. Crayford.

Mr. Buddle moved into the centre of the room. He stood by the table.

Very quietly and sedately, with elaborate detail, he explained the position to his colleagues, and they listened without interruption.

"I regard the Headmaster's action as tyrannical and unjust, and I am sure you will all agree with me," concluded Buddle.

Dead silence fell, and Mr. Buddle waited for the display of righteous indignation and for assurance of support.

"We shall miss you, Buddle," said Mr. Lidbetter.

"Miss me?" echoed Mr. Buddle.

"Oh, we shall miss you," agreed Mr. Fromo. "I hope you will be very comfortable in your new sphere - wherever it may be."

"We all have to go some time," chirped Mr. Crathie. He resumed writing his letter.

Mr. Buddle stared from one to the other.

"I hardly expected to hear you speak with such complacency," he said, with restrained indignation. Mr. Bootles, in the story, had found the staff of Rookwood behind him without any urging, but it looked as though Mr. Buddle would have to appeal for support. He swallowed, and added: "I presume that I may rely upon the backing of the staff of Slade, Mr. Fromo?"

"Backing?" Mr. Fromo stared at him in pained surprise. "How can we back you, Buddle? I fail to grasp your meaning. You've got the sack, and that's the end of it. I must say, I think you've been indiscreet."

"Indiscreet?"

"Certainly! After all, no Headmaster likes a man on his staff to try to steal his thunder. I mean to say - you were asking for it - and you've got it."

"Asking for it?" breathed Mr. Buddle.

"If you take my advice," said Mr. Sloocose kindly, "you'll apologise to the Chief and ask him to reconsider. A berth at Slade isn't one to be thrown aside lightly. Go to Scarlet, man, and grovel."

"Grovel! Grovel! You are suggesting that I should GROVEL to the Headmaster?" Mr. Buddle seemed almost unable to believe his ears, and he spoke in capital letters. "Do you gentlemen not REALISE that I have struck a BLOW on behalf of us ALL? Everyone of you, at some time or other, has writhed under the despotism of Mr. Scarlet. Many a time and oft has each one of you complained, in the strongest terms, in this VERY ROOM. And now --" Mr. Buddle's voice rose. "--And now you suggest that I should GROVEL!"

Mr. Crayford rose to his feet and yawned.

"It's the best advice we can give you, old cock," he said carelessly. "If you don't want to find yourself out in the cold, cold world, go and grovel. Old Pinky's not a bad old swine in the main. Lick his feet and he'll stroke your head."

Mr. Buddle's eyes glittered with anger and disappointment. He had always disliked Crayford. Crayford was a young man who used hair-cream liberally, smoked a

foul pipe, spoke loudly on things about which he knew something or about which he knew nothing, and, worst fault of all in Mr. Buddle's opinion, used the master's nicknames as invented by irreverent boys. Crayford, in fact, went all out to be popular with the boys. He tried to make the best of both worlds.

Mr. Drayne, in his armchair, had now awakened.

"Did I hear you say, Buddle, that Scarlet has given you the order of the boot?" he demanded.

Mr. Buddle regarded him hopefully.

"Mr. Drayne, I have been discharged - mercilessly, high-handedly - after many years of loyal service in this school," he said.

"Poor Buddle!" remarked Mr. Drayne. "Poor Buddle! But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I have a relative who has often told me he would like a post here. I must put in a word for Jasper with Scarlet. Jasper has a most uncomfortable post in a school near London --"

"Confound Jasper!" roared Mr. Buddle. He controlled himself with an effort. "Gentlemen, if the entire staff supports me, we can defeat the Headmaster - we can - er - strike a blow for freedom."

The other masters were looking at him in amazement.

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded Mr. Fromo.

"I have read of a case," said Mr. Buddle, "where the entire staff of a school went on strike in support of a victimised colleague."

"Strike!" gasped Mr. Fromo. "You must be mad. Schoolmasters don't strike! It isn't done! Think of the ethics of the matter. We could never hold up our heads again in the scholastic world."

"Nonsense!" yapped Mr. Buddle. "United we stand, divided we fall!"

"But there is no question of us falling," said Mr. Lidbetter. "You are quite obviously to blame, Buddle. In dealing with a foul youth like Meredith, the chief has my fullest support. As for this rigmorole about his reading some book which you like and the chief doesn't - well --"

"The Head, like the customer, is always right. That's my motto!" said Mr. Greenleaf. "It's the safest motto, unless one has grown tired of Slade."

Mr. Buddle breathed hard.

"Then you do not intend to support me, though I am fighting on behalf of us all?" he said in a suffocated voice.

Crayford laughed, and waved a finger in Mr. Buddle's face.

"My personal opinion, Buddle," he remarked, pleasantly, "is that you're a silly old fool."

Mr. Buddle stepped back. In the doorway he turned, a look of supreme contempt on his countenance.

"Perhaps you are right, Crayford," he said bitterly. "I may be a fool - and it is quite possible that, at fifty, I may seem old to one who has not yet lost the cradle marks from his hind-quarters." Crayford opened his lips to speak, but Mr. Buddle boomed on. "If, in years to come when you have grown up, Crayford, we meet again, I may find that you have made a silk purse of yourself - though, according to tradition, such a transition is an impossibility."

With that parthian shot, Mr. Buddle departed, slamming the door as he went.

But, in the quiet of his room, Mr. Buddle did not feel pleased with himself.

"That objectionable young man is right," he informed the bust of Shakespeare on his mantelpiece. "I am a fool - and it's too late to do anything about it. Oh, calamity!"

Mr. Buddle stood by his window, and stared out into the darkness.

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Michael Scarlet, of the Sixth Form at Slade, passed through the green baize door at the end of Masters' Corridor, on Friday evening.

Michael had not found it all honey being the son of the Headmaster of Slade. When he was a junior, his punishments had been more severe than those meted out to any other boy for similar offences. This was to make it clear to masters and boys alike that the Headmaster's son was not favoured in any way. For years, in term time, he was never allowed to pass beyond the green baize door which led to his parents' house. Other boys could not run home at whim, and Michael had to observe the same restrictions.

When he became a senior, he saw other fellows, less gifted, less qualified, less decent than himself appointed prefects while his claims were by-passed. It was, in fact, only last term, when he was well over his seventeenth birthday, that Michael had been made a prefect, and even then the appointment came only as the result of the strong representation on his behalf made by Antrobus, the captain of Slade, to the Headmaster.

Fortunately, Michael was gifted with common-sense and a sunny disposition. He never allowed the fact of being the Headmaster's son to get him down. His many friends, who called him Pinky-Mi, his prowess on the sports field, his real affection for his father - all helped to prevent the iron from entering into his soul.

Even now, Mr. Scarlet made it clear to his son that he must not often pass beyond the baize door in term time, though the rigid restrictions of earlier years had been relaxed a little. On this Friday evening, Pinky-Mi had a purpose in hand, and he risked his father's disapproval.

In the carpeted corridor of his parents' house he met his mother, who had just come from the lounge. Mrs. Scarlet had been an attractive woman in her time. Now in her late forties, after twenty years as the wife of a schoolmaster, she still possessed a faded charm. She smiled at her son.

"Where's father?" asked Michael.

"In the lounge, dear!" Mrs. Scarlet spoke in a low voice. "Must you disturb him to-night, Micky? He's a bit off-colour, to-day. You know he thinks you should not visit us much in term, dear --"

"I want to see him about old Buddle."

"Poor Mr. Buddle!" Mrs. Scarlet shook her head regretfully. "You've heard he is leaving? I just can't understand him. It all seems so silly. But then, dear, all men are unaccountable - even your father."

She smiled again into her son's face, and moved away to her kitchen.

Michael tapped on the lounge door, and entered.

Mr. Scarlet was seated on a settee under a standard-lamp, a volume in his hands. He looked up with that expression of mildly surprised vexation which he always wore when his son put in an appearance on the wrong side of the baize door.

"What is it, Scarlet?"

"Can I talk to you for a bit, sir?"

Mr. Scarlet heaved a sigh. He closed his volume with a snap.

"Is it important? I'm tired to-night. Surely you should be studying --"

Michael crossed the room noiselessly over the thick pile of the carpet.

"It's important to me, sir. May I sit down for a moment?"

"Just for a moment then." Mr. Scarlet indicated a straight-backed upholstered chair against the table. Michael was not expected to make himself comfortable in an arm-chair in term time.

Michael sat down on the straight-backed chair. He unfastened a button on his mauve blazer, and leaned back.

"I wanted to speak about Mr. Buddle, sir." he said diffidently.

"Mr. Buddle," Mr. Scarlet's eyebrows shot up in astonishment. "Did you say Mr. Buddle?"

"I hear that Mr. Buddle is leaving, sir."

"Certainly Mr. Buddle is leaving. That has nothing at all to do with you, Scarlet."

"No, sir, it hasn't, but I'm sorry he's going." Pinky-Mi shifted uneasily on his chair. "He's a jolly fine English master, sir. We shall miss him."

Mr. Scarlet frowned irritably.

"Mr. Buddle is a good teacher. Were he not, he would never have found a position on the staff of Slade," said Mr. Scarlet sententiously. "Beyond teaching ability, one further qualification is necessary - loyalty!"

"Would you tell me why Mr. Buddle is going, sir?" ventured Pinky-Mi. "I've heard that it was something to do with Meredith of the Lower Fourth - something concerning a weekly paper ---"

Mr. Scarlet stared hard at his son.

"You've heard that, have you, Scarlet? Mr. Buddle has had the bad taste - the appalling discourtesy - to allow this matter to become the talk of the school. He sinks even lower in my estimation."

"No, sir, it didn't come from Mr. Buddle himself. It's not the talk of the school. Only a few of the Sixth know about it, I believe. It wasn't Buddle."

It was Crayford, the sports master, who had passed on the information to some of the seniors. Crayford would pass on anything for a bit of cheap sensation, thought Pinky-Mi. Crayford who liked to be a big boy among big boys, running with the hares and hunting with the hounds. Crayford was the one man on the Slade staff whom Pinky-Mi disliked intensely.

Mr. Scarlet rose to his feet and moved over to the fireplace. The evening was cool, and Mr. Scarlet warmed the seat of his trousers at the small fire which was burning.

"You're a prefect now, Scarlet," said the Headmaster heavily. "I suppose you may as well know why Mr. Buddle is leaving, though I rely upon your discretion in the matter."

Pinky-Mi did not speak.

"On Wednesday morning," went on Mr. Scarlet, "I discovered the boy Meredith seated in the Long Walk before classes dismissed. By a miserable lie he had persuaded Mr. Buddle to allow him to leave the class. I found the boy reading a blood-and-thunder paper. One of those wretched rags which ruin the taste of the nation's youth. Meredith knew, as all Slade boys know, that papers of that class are forbidden at Slade. To maintain our sound moral ideals, the pride of this college, this rule was made many years ago."

"Yes, father," said Pinky-Mi. "Please go on."

Suddenly the basis of the conversation was changed. The use of that one word, 'father', had transformed it. Now, instead of a Headmaster speaking to his senior boy, it was a parent addressing his son.

Mr. Scarlet moved slowly up and down on the rug before the fire.

"I took Meredith to Buddle. I gave Buddle instructions to punish Meredith for breaking the rules of Slade, and to collect and destroy every copy of that scabrous paper in the possession of the boy."

Pinky-Mi sat in silence. He fidgeted with a button on his blazer.

"It was a reasonable order," said Mr. Scarlet, almost defensively. "Imagine my

amazement, Michael - my horror - my distress - when Buddle came to me on Thursday morning, and informed me in the most offensive manner, that he had not carried out my instructions, and that he had no intention of carrying out my instructions."

"You were surprised, of course, father," murmured Pinky-Mi.

"Surprised!" Mr. Scarlet's voice rose. "I was scandalised. Buddle's excuse, if one can call it an excuse, was that he himself reads this revolting publication --"

"The 'Gem'!" said Pinky-Mi.

"Yes, that is it's name. Because Buddle reads this 'Gem' - and I find this incredible in a schoolmaster - he clearly has a kindred feeling for the wretched Meredith. Meredith knows that Buddle reads the publication, so Buddle refuses to carry out the implicit orders of the Headmaster. The situation was fantastic, and could not be tolerated.

"I see what you mean, father," said Pinky-Mi.

He stood up.

Mr. Scarlet compressed his lips, and shook his head sadly.

"Well, now you know why Mr. Buddle is leaving us. My one regret is that any man should be such a fool." He moved forward, and placed a hand on his son's shoulder. "Keep it to yourself, Michael. The less said about the matter the better. Now go back to your studies. Good night, my boy!" His hand dropped to his side.

Michael took a few steps towards the door. Then he turned. For a moment he stood in uncertainty. Then he said:

"I read the 'Gem', sir."

Mr. Scarlet had just seated himself on the settee. He looked up sharply as the boy spoke.

"What? What did you say?"

"I said that I read the 'Gem', sir."

Again, in a flash, the basis of the interview was transformed. The father became the Headmaster once more.

"Do I hear aright?" Mr. Scarlet articulated the words with staccato effect.

"You say that you read - you read - the 'Gem'?"

"Yes, sir."

"A paper which is strictly forbidden by the rules of the college to which you belong. You, my son, my trusted prefect, admit to me in this brazen manner that you - you --"

"Mr. Scarlet faltered into silence. Michael was rather pale now. His hands were at his sides.

Mr. Scarlet found his voice again.

"Is this intended to be an ill-mannered jest at the expense of your Headmaster, Scarlet? Answer me!"

Pinky-Mi was silent.

With a sudden movement, Mr. Scarlet stood up. He brought his fist down on the table with a crash. A small vase of flowers danced for a moment, and overturned. Water swamped along the polished surface, and dripped on to the carpet.

"My heavens, this is too much!" said Mr. Scarlet. He glared at his son.

Pinky-Mi stirred uneasily. Without thinking, he slipped a hand into his blazer pocket.

"Take your hands out of your pockets!" roared Mr. Scarlet.

Pinky-Mi's hands dropped to his sides again.

Mr. Scarlet controlled himself with an effort.

"How long have you read this paper? How long have you defied your father? How long?"

Pinky-Mi's face twitched.

"Years, sir. Almost as long as I can remember. I've always had the 'Gem' every

week."

"Then your mother must have known of this!"

There was no reply.

"I," said Mr. Scarlet bitterly, "have slaved to give you a first-class education. It is my heart's wish that you go to Oxford when the time comes. And you - what do you do? You waste your time and break my strictest rules, by purchasing this - this 'Gem' - week after week. Sneering at your Headmaster - treating your own father with contumely."

"I didn't look at it like that."

"It is immaterial how you look at it." Mr. Scarlet searched his son's face, noting the dark, spirited eyes, set well apart, matching the resolution of the strong chin. The Headmaster's anger had flared up and died down. Anger was replaced by something like bewilderment. After a pause he said, more quietly:

"Why have you come and told me this? You seem to have kept the secret for years. Why tell me now to destroy my faith in you?"

"The 'Gem' has never done me any harm. It will never do Meredith any harm either - it may do him good." Pinky-Mi was gazing miserably at the carpet. His father opened his lips to silence his son, and then closed them again without speaking. Pinky-Mi went on:

"That kid and I - we've both broken a rule - but it's not a very serious rule. Plenty of fellows in the school break rules every day - serious things, too, if they were ever found out - but they aren't found out. You must know that's so, father. I'm no angel, but I've tried to be decent. I think the 'Gem' helps chaps to be decent somehow. There aren't many of your rules that I ever break - but I do read the 'Gem'."

"In fact, you think that boys at school should be allowed to make their own rules," said Mr. Scarlet. "What chaos would result!" Once again his voice rose as his anger mastered him:

"How can I deal with you, disrespectful boy?"

"You could expel me," said Pinky-Mi.

"What? Don't be insolent!"

"You're dismissing Buddle for reading the 'Gem'. You can hardly do anything but expel a prefect who does the same thing."

"Be silent, you stupid young ass!" hooted Mr. Scarlet. "You absurd boy, I am not dismissing Mr. Buddle for reading the 'Gem'. I am not concerned with Mr. Buddle's deplorable personal tastes."

Mr. Scarlet sat down on the straight-backed chair which Pinky-Mi had vacated. He drummed his fingers on the table.

"You tell me that you have been reading this rubbish when you should have been studying for your exams?" he said at last.

"I did pretty well in that last exam, father," murmured Pinky-Mi.

"You did!" admitted Mr. Scarlet. "You might have done even better if you hadn't wasted your time in this way. Now you're working for your Higher - are you still giving time to the perusal of this publication?"

"A fellow must relax now and then," said Pinky-Mi.

Mr. Scarlet sighed.

"Relax, yes - but why this 'Gem'? There is so much uplifting literature that you could read. When I was a boy I relaxed with Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray. What on earth, Michael, is the attraction of a paper of this type to my son? Tell me that!"

Pinky-Mi smiled faintly.

"I like it, father. I've always liked it, ever since I was a kid. The tales are well written, for one thing - and I like the characters. They seem to live for

me. I meet them every week in the 'Gem' - Gussy, Talbot, Figgins, Tom Merry - and the rest."

"What unadulterated piffle!" burst out Mr. Scarlet. He leaped to his feet again. "To think that a son of mine - a prefect of Slade - should find enjoyment in these juvenile absurdities, suitable only for boys of low mentality. I'm disgusted with you, Michael - utterly disgusted! I ask you for a reasonable explanation, and all you can answer is a lot of fiddle-faddle about characters like - like Gussy, Figgins, Talbot, and Bob Cherry. Pah!"

There was a startled expression on Pinky-Mi's face.

"What did you say, father?"

"I will not repeat myself, Michael," snapped Mr. Scarlet.

"You know perfectly well what I said. Do not dare to be insolent to me!"

"You said - Bob Cherry."

Mr. Scarlet glared at him.

"Of course I said Bob Cherry. I lowered myself to repeat the name you had uttered of some ridiculous character in that appalling paper."

"I never mentioned Bob Cherry, father. There is no character called Bob Cherry in the 'Gem'."

"Well --" Mr. Scarlet stared at his son. "I suppose it sounded like that --"

"Bob Cherry is a character in another paper - a weekly paper called the 'Magnet'." Pinky-Mi regarded his father curiously. "Father - you must have read the 'Magnet' - at some time --"

"The 'Magnet'!" said Mr. Scarlet. "Yes, I remember the 'Magnet'! Of course I do!"

Slowly, almost unconsciously, he raised his head a little. The expression on his face had softened. He said, as though speaking to himself:

"The 'Magnet' - when I was a boy at our Essex farmhouse - I used to read in bed at night - or under the apple-trees in the summer - home-made lemonade, sticky buns, and - the 'Magnet'."

The chink had appeared in the armour of pedantry, in the veneer of artificiality which had coated the schoolmaster for so long. Mechanically he went on:

"Harry Wharton, Billy Bunter, Gosling the porter." He creased his brow. His voice came as from a distance. "An American boy - what was he called? - Fishy Herring, I think. An Indian boy who used to say that the something-or-other was terrific --"

"Dad!" gasped Pinky Mi. "Dad, I can't believe it -- you're human after all - you were a boy yourself once - I never realised --"

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"Come in, Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet.

It was the next morning, and it still wanted fifteen minutes before morning classes at Slade. Mr. Buddle entered the Headmaster's sanctum with dignity. He was pale, but quite composed. The die had been cast, and somehow Mr. Buddle no longer felt in awe of the Headmaster of Slade. After that morning Mr. Buddle would have severed his connection with the school, and that fact caused a subtle difference in Mr. Buddle's attitude at this moment.

"Antrobus gave me a message that you wished to see me now, Headmaster," said Mr. Buddle. "I intended, in any case, to call upon you after lunch before I leave."



Mr. Scarlet waved a hand in the air.

"Sit down, Mr. Buddle."

The Headmaster of Slade was seated in his swivel chair behind his desk. Mr. Buddle perched himself on a chair in front of the desk.

There was an awkward pause. Mr. Scarlet twisted a paper-knife between his fingers.

He said: "You have made all arrangements, Mr. Buddle?"

"Quite, sir," said Mr. Buddle.

"I should not like to feel that you were being inconvenienced in any way," murmured Mr. Scarlet.

"Thank you, sir, I have made my arrangements - at any rate for the present."

"You have contracted yourself to another post, Mr. Buddle?"

"No, I did not mean that. I have had no time or inclination to seek an immediate post," said Mr. Buddle. He added, with a sigh: "My life has been a big disappointment, Headmaster. It is possible that I may give up teaching altogether, but I do not know."

Mr. Scarlet threw down the paper-knife, and drummed on the table with his fingers. He regarded Mr. Buddle covertly.

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Buddle. The scholastic profession cannot afford to lose a man of your quality - your gift of imparting knowledge --"

Mr. Buddle's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"It is good of you to say so, Headmaster."

"Not at all, sir. Your departure from Slade will be due to a difference of opinion with myself, Mr. Buddle. After all, no two people can expect to see eye to eye all the time, can they?"

"Perhaps not, Headmaster," breathed Mr. Buddle.

Mr. Scarlet leaned forward and inserted his nose into a mass of chrysanthemums arranged in a vase on his desk. His voice came from its floral surroundings.

"In fact, Mr. Buddle, in any disagreement of this kind there are usually faults on both sides, are there not?"

Mr. Buddle almost fell off his chair in amazement. He fairly goggled at the Headmaster of Slade.

"Is that not so, Mr. Buddle?" enquired Mr. Scarlet.

Mr. Buddle removed his glasses, rested them on his knees, and gazed at them.

He said: "You are the Headmaster of Slade, Mr. Scarlet. I have never disputed that you are entitled to regard your decisions as final. For that reason I regret anything I may have said at our previous interview which may have caused you --"

"Quite so, Mr. Buddle!" interrupted Mr. Scarlet. He leaned back in his chair and entwined his fingers over his waistcoat. "You may be aware, Mr. Buddle that I have not punished the boy Meredith. I have decided to overlook his offence in the plum episode. I considered him guilty of an infraction of the rules, but you felt that he should be given the benefit of the doubt. I respect your judgment, and I have decided to act by it. I felt you should be aware of this before you leave Slade."

"Oh, Headmaster!" moaned Mr. Buddle. Perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. He was even more nervous of Mr. Scarlet in this mood than in the tantrums of Wednesday.

Mr. Scarlet spread his arms wide. His face broke into a beaming smile, which reminded Mr. Buddle of an idol of a squatting mandarin he had once seen.

"With regard to the periodical, Mr. Buddle - the 'Gem' it is called, is it not? - I made it my business last evening, after very long and deliberate consideration, I may say - to inspect a copy of the magazine in question. My son, Scarlet of the

Sixth, brought the periodical to me. My one desire is to be just, Mr. Buddle."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Mr. Buddle. "I think, sir --"

"I inspected the paper!" reiterated Mr. Scarlet. "It is, of course, puerile, but then, it is produced for boys, is it not? I may add that it seemed to me innocuous - quite innocuous, Mr. Buddle. The boy Meredith broke a minor rule of Slade by bringing the publication into the school, but the breach was not very serious. We must - I state emphatically, Mr. Buddle - we must keep a sense of proportion."

"Yes, Headmaster!" gulped Mr. Buddle.

Mr. Scarlet was getting into his stride.

"We must not allow the fact that we are schoolmasters to dominate us, Mr. Buddle," he said severely. "We were boys ourselves once, and it is even possible that in those days, before we developed classical taste, we may ourselves have found harmless amusement in light literature. It is possible if not probable, Mr. Buddle. School rules are made to be kept, but we must use our common sense in the interpretation of those rules. Do you not agree, Mr. Buddle?"

Mr. Buddle did not speak. He felt that he had lost the power of speech. He opened his mouth, but said nothing. He merely gazed glassily.

Mr. Scarlet rose to his feet. He held out his hand, and, almost in a dream, Mr. Buddle grasped it.

"I have decided to take no further action in the case of Meredith, Mr. Buddle. He must be kept under observation to ensure that his tastes in literature remain innocuous, but beyond that --"

"I see, Headmaster!" muttered Mr. Buddle.

Mr. Scarlet released his hand.

"So now, Mr. Buddle," said Mr. Scarlet, "there is no matter of disagreement between us. If, as you say, you have not yet arranged for another post --"

"I have not, Headmaster."

"Then, Mr. Buddle, if you would care to continue with your duties at Slade --"

"You are most generous, Headmaster," croaked Mr. Buddle.

"It is my intention to be just, which is more important - and I am happy to retain your valuable services for the benefit of Slade," said Mr. Scarlet graciously. In a daze, Mr. Buddle half-turned to the door.

The Headmaster spoke again.

"Mr. Buddle --"

Mr. Buddle looked back. He was prepared for anything.

"Headmaster?"

Mr. Scarlet clasped the edges of his gown over his chest, and leaned forward, beaming.

"Mrs. Scarlet and I will be happy if you will join us at dinner this evening. At eight o'clock, Mr. Buddle?"

Mr. Buddle smiled for the first time that morning.

"I am happy to accept your invitation, Headmaster."

Mr. Buddle purred, and took his departure.

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"The form will dismiss! Meredith will remain!" said Mr. Buddle.

It was three hours later - twelve noon - and classes were over for the day. Twenty-two boys left the classroom. One lad, with golden hair and Mediterranean-blue eyes, remained sulkily at his desk.

Mr. Buddle turned to the cupboard at the rear of his platform. Opening the door, Mr. Buddle selected a cane. He swished it in the air. Then he moved back to his desk, and placed the cane thereon.

He stepped to the front of the platform.

"Rise, Meredith!" said Mr. Buddle.

Meredith rose. He gazed soulfully at Mr. Buddle. The blue eyes were apprehensive.

"Since Wednesday, Meredith," said Mr. Buddle sternly, "your Headmaster and I have been considering the question of your offence on that morning." He raised his hand. "Do not speak, Meredith!"

"I wasn't going to, sir."

"Enough!" rumbled Mr. Buddle. "Your Headmaster, after conference with myself, has decided that there is some slight doubt in the matter. He has pardoned you, Meredith. You must count yourself fortunate, Meredith, that your Headmaster is a gentleman to whom strict justice is the breath of life."

Meredith's face lit up into a lovely smile.

"Oh, how kind he is, sir! He realises I'm delicate, sir. I'm so glad he's pardoned me, sir. Has he pardoned you, too, sir?"

"What?" thundered Mr. Buddle.

"Oh, sir, I just meant that I hope you're not leaving Slade, sir."

"Leaving, Slade? Leaving!" Mr. Buddle glared. He raised his voice in patient rhetoric. "Has the boy taken leave of his senses? Of course I'm not leaving Slade, stupid boy!"

"I'm so glad, sir. Thank you for letting me know about the Head, sir." Meredith eyed him hopefully. "May I go, sir?"

"You may not go, Meredith. Your offences of Wednesday last are pardoned by the Headmaster and by myself - but there is a further matter."

"Oh, sir!"

"On Wednesday evening, Meredith, I found three copies of a periodical which some person had placed upon the table in my study. Were you that person, Meredith?"

"Oh, sir!" The blue eyes were despondent.

"Answer me at once, Meredith."

"Yes, sir, I was the person, sir. I meant it kindly, sir. A gesture of appreciation for all your goodness, sir."

Mr. Buddle picked up the cane from his desk.

"I disapprove of corporal punishment, as you are aware, Meredith, but this case is exceptional," said Mr. Buddle. "One of those stories in that absurd periodical, Meredith, was concerning a strike among schoolmasters."

"Did you read it, sir?" queried Meredith.

Mr. Buddle frowned portentously.

"You have a poor opinion of your form-master's mentality, Meredith, if you imagine for one moment that he would read such trivialities. Nevertheless, I glanced over the productions, and I have no doubt, Meredith, that you acted with evil intent. You will now mount my platform, and bend over this chair. I," said Mr. Buddle ghoulishly, "am now going on strike, Meredith."

Once again Mr. Buddle swished the cane in the air.

"Sir, oh, sir!" gasped Meredith in horror. "You don't punish people for giving you presents you don't like, sir. It isn't done, sir. It isn't British, sir --"

"Step forth at once, Meredith!" boomed Mr. Buddle.

Meredith moved slowly from his desk.

"Sir, my aunts often give me presents I don't like, but I pretend I do like them, sir. I won't hurt their feelings, sir."

Mr. Buddle nodded genially.

"I hope your aunts are grateful. I am in duty bound to hurt your feelings, Meredith, but in a different spot entirely," he said pleasantly. His voice developed

into a roar. "Mount my dais immediately, Meredith!"

Meredith mounted the dais. He stood by the chair. He rubbed a knuckle into one eye.

"I thought you would enjoy the stories, sir," he said in a choking voice. "I've got the whole series for you, sir. It gets so exciting, sir, as it goes on. All the school wants Mr. Bootles to win, sir, he's such a splendid master. He's so just. I wanted you to have the whole series, sir - and now it's all spoiled and I mustn't give them to you. Oh, sir!"

Mr. Buddle stirred uneasily under the reproachful gaze from the liquid blue eyes. He said, harshly:

"Bend over at once!"

"Oh, sir --"

Very slowly Meredith bent over the chair. Turning his head, he looked up at Mr. Buddle. A sad, sad voice came from the depths:

"It was through me that Pinky-Mi went to the Head last night."

Mr. Buddle had raised the cane. He stood with it held aloft.

"What did you say, Meredith?"

The mumbling voice came from the seat of the chair.

"I thought that you were going away from Slade and it was my fault. I told Scarlet of the Sixth that you had to leave because I read the 'Gem'. Pinky-Mi went to the Head."

Mr. Buddle lowered the cane. For a few moments he stared at the bending figure. Then he said:

"Rise, Meredith!"

Meredith rose. He stood with his hands at his sides, his golden hair tumbling over his forehead. Mr. Buddle regarded him with knitted brows. Was it possible that this boy, in some remote way, had been responsible for the astounding change of heart on the part of the Headmaster? Was Meredith capable, however indirectly, of bringing that about? Mr. Buddle felt assured that Meredith was capable of anything.

"You are an utterly absurd boy!" said Mr. Buddle at last. He paused again, irresolute. He placed the cane on his desk.

"Under the circumstances," said Mr. Buddle weakly, "it is just possible that you may have misunderstood the situation, and that you may have meant well. On this occasion, Meredith, I shall give you the benefit of the doubt." Mr. Buddle paused again. Then he added:

"You may bring me those copies of the - er - 'Boys' Friend', to which you referred. I may find time to glance over them."

Meredith's face broke into a glorious smile.

"Oh, thank you, sir. How good you are, sir! I'm so glad you're not leaving Slade, sir!"

"I fail to see why you should be troubled over that unlikely hypothesis," said Mr. Buddle sourly.

"Well, sir --" Meredith brushed back his golden hair. "You know what Lady Macbeth said in Shakespeare - 'Methinks there may a worse come in his place!'"

"If," said Mr. Buddle, "you learned that in my English class, it is perhaps to be regretted that I am not leaving Slade."

"Oh, no, sir! Besides, sir, we all thought that the Head might take a mistress --"

"What!"

Meredith smiled innocently.

"I've got a 'Gem', sir, called 'The Limit'. In it, the Head of St. Jim's engages a mistress for the Fourth Form, sir."

"Ridiculous!" said Mr. Buddle. "You may go, Meredith."

"Thank you, sir."

Hastily Meredith slipped down from the platform. He walked briskly across the form-room to the door.

"Meredith!" called out Mr. Buddle.

Meredith looked back.

"Yes, sir?"

Mr. Buddle clasped his hands together, and rested his elbows on his desk. He said, a trifle self-consciously:

"One thought occurs to me, Meredith. Did you notice any factor of similarity between Mr. Bootles - I think you said that was the name of the master in the story you mentioned - and myself?"

Meredith puckered his forehead, and shook his golden locks.

"Not really, sir! Mr. Bootles was old - and you're young. Mr. Bootles was easy-going - and you're very strict. The Rookwood fellows pulled Mr. Bootles' leg - but none of us could do that with you, sir." Meredith smiled. "I suppose we could say that there was just one factor of similarity, though, sir."

"Indeed? And what is that, Meredith?"

The blue eyes were happy and innocent.

"Well, it's just that you're a pair of B's, aren't you, sir?" said Meredith brightly.

Mr. Buddle regarded him fixedly and thoughtfully - very thoughtfully. Mr. Buddle nodded slowly.

"I see the point, Meredith," he said. "You may go!"

Still smiling with the innocence of boyhood, Meredith went.

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THE BACK ROOM BOYS

By JIM SWAN

You've heard of that old song - "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will have?" Well this is nothing to do with the song - or what those hard bitten gamblers will have - but about those unsung chaps who struggle, sweat, and curse in their little back rooms repairing copies of those treasured Old Boys Books!

Mind you, they may do it in their big front rooms! But if they are married - I don't think they would. The sight of bits of paper, old rusty staples, bits of sello-tape, gummed paper, all over the best table, may have a marked effect on the 'little woman'!

Many of us have, from time to time, received Bound Vols. or loose issues we require for our collections and found that they were not so good as they were cracked up to be. Fair enough. You can't always get mint copies! So the chap in the back room gets to work. He goes through the loose issues to see what wants doing - all the time muttering harsh words and thinking dark thoughts about people who let these precious papers deteriorate. He goes to it not unlike a surgeon doing an 'op'. 'Scissors!' 'staples out!' (instead of stitches). Taped the spine of the book-front cover may need attention (piece inserted to match near enough the colour, very likely) - then scan each page for any tears! Done to his satisfaction - carries on with the rest.

(cont'd on page 124)..

Looking at Friendship

By ROSS WOODS

One of the most original and refreshing aspects of the Nelson Lee was Edwy Searles Brooks portrayal of the friendship between Handforth, Church and McClure. Some say that such a friendship could not have existed; that Handy's treatment of his two chums should have earned him a term in Borstal! But I think that when his father, Sir Edward, once remonstrated with him on this score Handy's reply was the only reply. He dismissed the matter with the airy comment: 'Oh they like it - it does 'em good!'

I think perhaps he was right to regard the (many) exchanges of blows between himself and his two friends as a matter of no importance. Their friendship could - and did - withstand it. It was the give and take of schoolboy friendships. And if Church and McClure hadn't 'liked it' they could easily have severed the friendship and moved out. There were plenty of empty studies in the Ancient House!

It has been claimed that Handforth was a bully and that his treatment of Church and McClure would not have been tolerated in a public school or even by Church and McClure themselves. This statement would seem to me to be somewhat exaggerated! Handforth was not a bully. A bully rules by fear and certainly Church and McClure were not afraid of him. Combined they could put him on his back - and keep him there! - without any trouble at all. Well, hardly any. There is indeed one historic occasion when McClure - incensed at receiving what was in fact a quite unjustified swipe (Church was the culprit) felled Handy with a single blow! Astonishment rather than fear rooted him to the spot and it was an amazing sidelight on Handy's character that he simply dismissed the incident as an accident!

The friendship of Handforth and Co. was based on mutual affection, although this was never portrayed mawkishly or sentimentally. Although Handforth knocked his chums about he was full of instant concern if they were hurt or in trouble. When Walter Church was supposed to have died Handforth's grief was very real indeed. And the manner in which - afterwards refusing to believe in his chum's death - he set out to solve the mystery surrounding it and bring to justice those responsible showed a true insight into his feelings for his chums.

Someone stated that the basis of Church and McClure's friendship for Handforth was a sense of duty to keep him out of trouble. But it was deeper than this. Duty alone would not have compensated them for the endless hours of lost sleep when Handy ruthlessly jerked them from slumber to accompany him on some midnight escapade, or for the lines and 'swishings' they received as his (unwilling) accomplices! Their efforts to keep Handy out of trouble were impelled by a real fear that one day his recklessness would result in expulsion. And they were as lost without Handforth as he was without them!

Edwy Searles Brooks never allowed the friendship of Handforth and Co to get out of proportion. It was regarded almost as lightheartedly by the trio themselves as

by their companions. Many were the times Church and McClure went out of their way to provoke their aggressive leader into action, confident of their own adroitness in avoiding retaliation. And their manner of conversing with each other behind their leader's back by means of nods, winks, glances and handshakes was a true conspiracy! They understood each other as well as they understood Handy himself.

The occasions when, combined, they took a stand against some particularly outlandish idea of his were moments to look forward to. Handforth's astonishment was a joy to witness! And it was a true sidelight on their friendship that whenever Handforth - realising he could not shift them - went off on his own they immediately relented and followed him. As Mac himself said, it was easier to keep him out of trouble than get him out!

In these days of false standards and ideals, lost principles and loyalties, it is good to read of a friendship which had its basis in mutual affection and understanding. Handforth had his faults and no doubt Church and McClure had theirs but their friendship survived because it was founded on loyalty, tolerance and the knowledge that they could depend on each other. I sometimes think if there were a little more of these qualities in the world today - between people and people as well as between country and country - there would be a great many less problems also!

* * * * *

WANTED: S.O.L. 58; Boys' Friend (Green 'Un) 762, 764, 780, 1042, 1264, 1294 to 1298. Nelson Lee Old Series before Number 128.

T. W. PORTER, 1, Timbertree Road, Old Hill, Staffs.

THE BACK ROOM BOYS (cont'd from Page 122)...

Of course you will get those who do a good job and the others who do a rough job. It entails bags of patience, and endless packets of cigarettes (if you smoke) or bags of sweets (watch for Bunter) if you don't smoke! So chaps - if you get any of these patched up papers or vols. - don't run the poor blokes down. They do their best to ensure that these copies will last a bit longer to give other readers a chance to enjoy their contents.

* * * * *

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

(Our roving reporter questions some prominent Removites on what they plan to do when they leave school.)

Fisher T. Fish: What am I going to be? Rich!

Mark Linley: My cherished ambition is to succeed Dr. Locke as Headmaster of Greyfriars, but - it would have to be removed from Kent to Lancashire in order to make me perfectly happy.

(cont'd on Page 146)...

Sexton Blake



Vol. IX. No. 231 New Series.]

[Every Friday

PEDRO'S TRAIL

A TALE
OF
SEXTON
BLAKE
DETECTIVE

A
40,000-
WORD
STORY
FOR
YOUNG
AND
OLD



THE MAN FROM BAKER STREET

THE
TENTH
ANNUAL
FEATURE



Compiled and contributed by
MEMBERS OF
THE SEXTON BLAKE
CIRCLE

LEONARD PACKMAN, Chairman, The Sexton Blake Circle,
East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

* * * * *

The Immortal Detective

By GWYN EVANS

Casually turning the pages of some old magazines the other day my eye was attracted by a heading "'The Immortal Detective' in which we introduce you to somebody you already know" and my interest was immediately quickened when I saw the author was none other than our old friend Gwyn Evans. The magazine is dated Sept. 14th, 1923 and after reading it one wonders what Gwyn would write if he were with us to-day. For the benefit of the many admirers of Gwyn Evans and in fact all followers of Sexton Blake I quote the article in full, written as only Gwyn could write.

"The Immortal Detective!

Immediately one has a vision of a long, thin, intellectual face, above a Non-conformist collar - a stained and tattered dressing-gown, a fiddle, and a hypodermic syringe.

"Elementary, my dear Watson." But my title of "The Immortal Detective" does not, in this instance, refer to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remarkable creation - Sherlock Holmes. I write now of a detective who was born in 1894, and to quote that pleasing advertisement of a still more pleasing commodity, he's still going strong.

He has been hit on the head, gagged and bound with unflinching regularity for 1,248 weeks up to the time of writing, and I can confidently predict that he will undergo the same treatment for another twenty-five years.

He has been engaged in cases in London, Pekin, Johannesburg, Alaska, Timbuctoo, and Oshkosh, Pa. Practically every crowned head in Europe has decorated him for his services. He has been in turn a sailor, a chauffeur, a mandarin, a coster, a jockey, a big game hunter, and - but it would be tedious to enumerate what he has been in his thrilling battle against crime. It would be simpler, perhaps, to mention what he has not been.

I think the only professions which he has not at some time or other graced and embraced are those of a politician and cats-meat man.

Whereas Mr. Sherlock Holmes had only one master criminal to deal with, the redoubtable Professor Moriarty, our detective pits his wits regularly against some thirty-five master crooks. Some of them are banded together in a confederation, one of them is a Chinese prince and ruler of five million people. A third is an Albino, while a fourth is an ex-detective of Scotland Yard.

Our detective has been a hero of three plays, about half a dozen cinema films, and innumerable serial stories. Countless millions of words have been written about him. At a penny a line they would almost wipe off our debt to America. His name is a household word throughout England, but there is one mystery about him that has never been solved. He is a character without a known creator. He has grown almost legendary. The chronicles of his exploits are as varied and almost as unending as those of Robin Hood and Dick Turpin. He has almost become a national hero with the youth of the country.

The name of this immortal detective is Sexton Blake!

He first appeared on the scene in 1894, and has appeared with unflinching regularity week by week in the "Union Jack Library." Recently, so wide has been his popularity that he features four times monthly in 60,000 word novels in the "Sexton Blake Library."

Sexton Blake is a character that will never grow old. When the cycling boom was on he was a cyclist. When Bleriot flew the Channel, Sexton Blake had already tinkered with aviation, and now that the Radio boom is on, he is a wizard of wireless.

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety."

That was written in 1923 and to-day on the threshold of 1962, not twenty-five years on but 39 and though, alas, the Union Jack Library is no longer with us the Sexton Blake Library still gives us hope that the immortal detective is truly immortal. Apart from minor errors of fact the message is as strong to-day as when Gwyn Evans penned it nearly forty years ago!

Whilst we are thinking of Gwyn Evans we cannot fail to remember his own contributions to the Blake Saga and particularly his own immortal Christmas stories, written in his own inimitable style. It has always been a mystery to me how Gwyn made writing pay. His stories and series seem to come in spasms as though he could only write when the mood took him and his contributions to other magazines to my own knowledge were decidedly meagre. From memory I could only recall one famous story in the Scout "The Man Who Stole the Nelson Monument" and one in the 1925 Champion Annual "The Green God". Doubtless there were others but so far they had eluded me. Possibly the answer may lay with the Thomson papers where anonymity was the order of the day but his style and choice of subject is so easily recognisable that I doubted that even anonymity would for long preserve his secret. So I turned the pages of more "Detective Magazines" for that is where I found the above extracted article and lo joy of joys there in the issue of December 7th, 1923, a special Christmas issue I found what to me was a real treasure - a Gwyn Evans Christmas story! Alas no Sexton Blake or even Splash Page but even so a Christmas story in his own style - this time with that macabre touch he so effectively employed when the mood was on him. Ever a student of that marvellous writer of tales of imagination Edgar Allan Poe he had been smitten with one of Poe's poems and I repeat the paragraph in which Evans writes of Poe.

"The poem I read seemed in some diabolical fashion to sear its way into my brain. It was weird and uncanny - written by a master craftsman with a twisted mind.

I read it once, and for ever afterwards its diabolical ingenuity has beat a devil's tattoo upon my brain.

It was the bell again, and the author of the poem was Edgar Allan Poe. How I loathed the fiendish ingenuity of the lines, with their ever-recurring cadence! The whole thing reproduced perfectly the sound of the bell. From the monotonous reiteration at the end of each stanza to the swinging rhythm in the body of the poem, I heard its gloomy monody. My pulses throbbed, and I used to repeat in a frenzy of uncanny appreciation the strange and terrible metre of the poem:

'And the people, ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls, and their king it is,
Who rolls, rolls, rolls,
A paen from the bells, bells, bells!'"

As copies of this magazine should not be too difficult to obtain I will not spoil your possible enjoyment by disclosing the plot but simply whet your appetite by disclosing that in the score or so copies of the Detective Magazine at my disposal I found no fewer than nine more gems by Gwyn Evans plus other stories by such Blake stalwarts as Walter Tyrer, George Dilnot and T. C. Bridges. As Leonard Shields, Warwick Reynolds, and Arthur Jones were among the many artists it will be seen that for lovers of O.B.B. authors and artists the Detective Magazine offers a chance that comes all too seldom of some nostalgic reading of the stories and drawings of the craftsmen of yesteryear that is all the greater for being read for the first time. Such at least are my own feelings and it brings me to the thought that perhaps among the other sevenpennies of the period, such as the Green Magazine, The Merry Magazine, The Red Magazine, The Yellow Magazine, etc., there may be found, who knows, perhaps ever more Gwyn Evans' Christmas stories.

* * * * *

The World of Sexton Blake

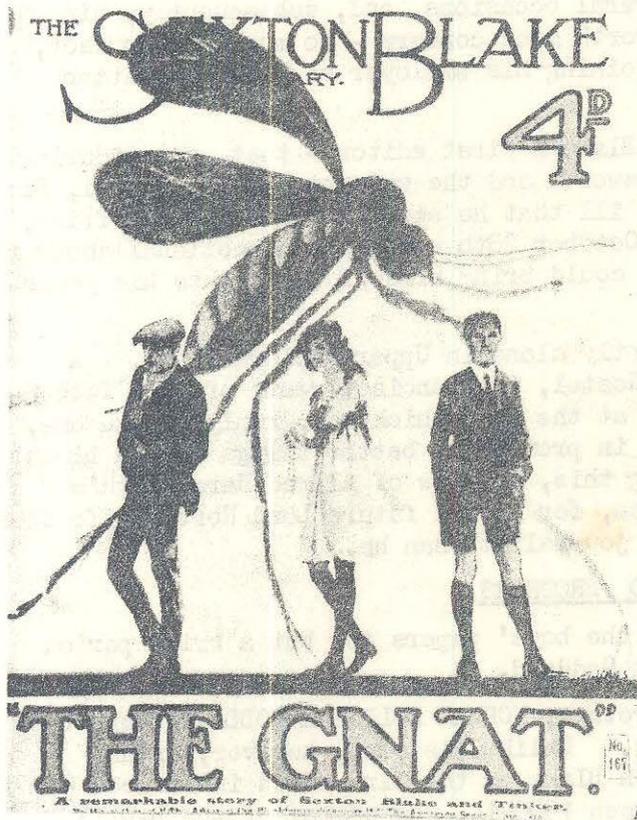
(Some hitherto unpublished facts gleaned from
the BLAKE SAGA.)

By WALTER WEBB

BLAKE'S FIRST EDITOR

It is common knowledge that the driving force behind the papers which first featured Sexton Blake was Alfred Harmsworth. But who were the intermediaries - those early editors, who, fired by the enthusiasm of their young chief, strove with such determination to make the papers they were entrusted with the success they eventually became, and, in doing so, ensured the success and popularity of the now internationally famous detective?

The Old ... and ... The New



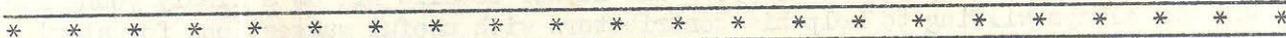
A dark and festering secret babbled from the lips of a dying man. It set off a chain of violence, murder and ugly betrayal.

DEAD MAN'S DESTINY

Martin Thomas



"On my left, the S.B.L. of the early Roaring Twenties.
On my right, the S.B.L. of the Sixties. Superb
down the years - and Still Going Strong."



Summers, Maas, and Goddard were the names of the men who commissioned Blyth, Shaw Rae, and other authors to write those very early Blake yarns, and to their foresight more than for any other reason goes the credit for the fact that Blake survived those first vital years following his conception.

Of the three, the very first editor to commission a Sexton Blake story was the extremely youthful Somers John Summers, who, at the age of 18, was responsible for having "The Missing Millionaire" published in the MARVEL during Christmas of the year 1893. Very little has been written about Summers for the simple reason that few remember anything about him, though William H. Maas, who eventually crossed over to Pearson's to run one of their papers, once gave this little appreciation of his qualities:

"MARVEL, UNION JACK, and PLUCK were first controlled by a clever young man named Summers. He had a good share in making them successful and gathered together most of the writers of stories who became popular favourites with their readers.

It was when Mr. Summers was promoted to the editorship of ANSWERS that I took over control of the boys' papers."

It would appear that, whilst Summers exercised a robust enthusiasm for his job, his health was hardly robust enough to enable him to do full justice to it. Periods of illness kept him from the office on several occasions, and, subsequently, his deteriorating condition gave Alfred Harmsworth much concern - so much so, in fact, that Summers was made to occupy a room adjoining his employer so that the latter could keep a solicitous eye on him.

It was in 1905 that the end came for Blake's first editor - that period during the height of the feud between Alfred Harmsworth and the eminent King's Counsel, Sir Edward Marshall Hall. Summers became so ill that he could not attend the office, and it has been written that his death on October 28th was such an emotional shock to Harmsworth that it was some time before he could bring himself to go into his young editor's room.

Summers was only 29, and lived apparently alone in Upper Bedford Place. A nurse named Mary Williams from The Nurses Hostel, in Francis Street, off the Tottenham Court Road near by, was at his bedside at the end, which was, truly, a sad one, since it obviously cut short a career rich in promise of better things in the times ahead. One feels confident in forecasting this, in view of Alfred Harmsworth's faith in the abilities of his young employee, for in the future Lord Northcliffe there were few better judges of the rising young journalist than he.

THE GODDARD BROTHERS

William Harold Maas was in control of the boys' papers for but a brief period only, and the U.J. was taken over by Ernest Goddard.

ERNEST HOPE GODDARD and his younger brother, NORMAN MOLYNEUX GODDARD, were the sons of Arthur Goddard, the dramatic critic. Unlike his sons, however, Arthur Goddard had no connection with either Sexton Blake or the firm which introduced him to the reading public, and, for 14 years, between 1900-14, was editor of the LADY'S PICTORIAL, besides being one of the originators of SOCIETY.

Ernest Hope Goddard was even younger than Somers J. Summers when he took over the editorship of the UNION JACK, and John G. Rowe, an early contributor, remembers him as a fair-haired youth of about 17, who accepted his first commission for that half-penny weekly 'way back in 1895. The author recalls him as a kindly young man, who was always willing to help his contributors with useful suggestions for stories.

Obviously a very ambitious young man, Ernest stayed with the Harmsworth's for only about 4 years, and then joined the editorial staff of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and SKETCH LTD. in 1900. By this time Norman had established himself as an author, writing under the nom-de-plume of "Mark Darran", and had written his first Blake story at the age of 20. As near as can be traced, his very first was published in 1899, when he was 18.

It might prove of interest to state that both brothers were born in East Dulwich, not much more than a stone's throw from the residence from which this column and that of Blakiana is edited. Ernest and Norman first saw the light of day at a house in Ilkeston Villas, in Ashbourne Grove, the Molyneux part of Norman's name being the same as his mother's before marriage.

Ernest, the more successful of the two, subsequently took over the editorship of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, THE SKETCH, and the ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS, from Bruce

Ingram, the grandson of the founder of them, Herbert Ingram (he started the Illustrated London News, the pioneer of illustrated newspapers in 1842), when the nephew went on active service during the first World War.

Both brothers joined the colours, but only Ernest was destined to return. During that campaign Ernest did a lot of work for the Ministry of Information, and gained a C.B.E. in 1919 as a token of appreciation for services rendered. He was engaged in newspaper editorship right up to the time of his death, which occurred 23 January, 1939, when he was 59 years of age.

Norman - two years the junior of Ernest - was, of course, a foremost and regular member of the Blake team of writers, and wrote many U.J. stories revolving around the misadventures of an obtuse Scotland Yard detective named Spearing. When Michael Storm ceased writing the Plummer stories Norman stepped in and continued the series, bringing Spearing into some of them. Seemingly, they were quite popular during those early days of the present century, and had a good run until the war intervened and Norman answered the call. He was the only Blake author to have sacrificed his life for King and Country in that terrible campaign, and I have tried to obtain a more or less detailed record of Norman's war service, but in this respect the War Office has proved decidedly unco-operative, and it appears that even at this late stage - 44 years after his death - they will not, for security reasons, presumably, divulge any information, not even to the extent of committing themselves to the day of his enlistment and the particular engagement in which he gave his life.

But, the Blake devotee, inspired in the knowledge that his favourite character would never allow such setbacks to interfere with the course of his investigations, is, likewise, not disposed to give up the ghost so easily, and from other sources, it can be definitely stated that Second Lieutenant Norman Molyneux Goddard, writer of, at least, 86 Sexton Blake stories, published in the UNION JACK, the SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY, the BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY, and various other boys' papers, and attached to the 9th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, died in France from wounds, at the 53rd Casualty Clearing Station, on Monday, 2nd July, 1917, and was buried at Bailleul Comm. Cemetery.

It has not been possible to pinpoint the particular engagement which caused such a sad loss on the Blake field, but a probe into the history of the war affords a clue. On April 9, 1917, Bailleul was in German hands. Then, on Easter Monday, in atrocious conditions of heavy rain, blinding snow, and gale force winds, the British launched an attack on German positions on a 15 mile front from Vimy Ridge in the north to as far south as Henin-sur-Cojeul.

It seems pretty safe to assume that Norman Goddard was in this particular theatre, since the greater part of the divisions employed came from the English counties and made up the Third Army under the command of General Sir Edmund H. Allenby, K.C.B.

Nearly 3 months later, according to both a British and a German communique, dated 29 June, fierce close-quarter battles ensued, and the British established themselves between Oppy and the windmill of Gavrelle, in the Germans' foremost lines. Troops from the East Midlands and Northern Counties were engaged by the 5th Bavarian Regiment, which offered stubborn resistance and casualties on both sides were severe. Since Bailleul was situated exactly midway between Oppy and Gavrelle, it seems reasonable to assume that this most foremost Blake author of the pre-1914 period sustained the wounds from which he died during the savage fighting in the battle of Vimy Ridge.

Norman Goddard was only 36.

ANOTHER BLAKE ARTIST GOES

That there was a Blake artist who painted many portraits in oils and was also responsible for some of the finest inn signs in the Midlands was the surprising and interesting fact which emerged just over a year ago when Mr. Francis H. Warren died at his home at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Mr. Warren illustrated several UNION JACK stories in the old pink-covered days of that paper, contributing to most of the double numbers of that period. He was a friend of Augustus John, the famous artist, and always liked repeating a story in connection with that well-known and distinguished personality.

The two were chatting together at the fireside many years ago when John slid a finger along a sooty fire brick, and, in a few swift strokes, made a lightning sketch to illustrate a point he was making. Mr. Warren was afterwards heard to say on several occasions how he used to sigh regretfully when recalling how that little gem was wiped away a few minutes later.

Francis H. Warren died aged 74.

THAT CRICKET STORY !

When an author writes a story on a subject of which he knows nothing about, he is obviously sticking out his neck a long, long way. And when that lack of knowledge extends to those whose duty it is to check and collect only discrepancies in the text before it reaches the printers, then some unfortunate editor is sticking out his even further. The editor who got it in the neck in connection with the only Blake story to introduce a cricket interest was obviously either Hamilton Edwards, or William H. Back, who joined the Harmsworth's in 1896, and succeeded Edwards as controlling editor of the boys' papers. This story, entitled THE CASE OF THE COLONIAL CRICKETER, was published in August 1912, in the U.J., and, according to the well-known style of writing, was penned by the then 32 year-old ANDREW NICHOLAS MURRAY, who, at that period, had not yet brought his famous characters, Kew, Carlac, and Lawless onto the Blake stage.

This could have been a memorable story, and, in a way, perhaps it was, but not in the sense flattering to the author, who, obviously knew nothing about cricket, and still less about the men who played the game in his day. To be fair, it must be acknowledged that mistakes in the Sexton Blake stories are rare, and that editorial claims to the effect that the men who do the writing know their subjects thoroughly are justified; but this story certainly gave an entirely opposite impression, and must have inspired shoals of letters expressing derision and protest from the cricket enthusiasts amongst Blake's readers. There were probably more mistakes in the concluding chapter of this story than in all the other several thousands of Blake yarns put together! No wonder no more stories on cricket were entertained!

The sorry mess Murray made of his narrative was the occasion of the Lords Test Match between England and South Africa, in the one and only series of Triangular Tests ever staged between England, Australia, and South Africa. There are no errors in the names of the South African team, ten of whom featured in the story, plus the hero, who is, naturally, purely fictitious. So far, so good. Then, on page 25, we read that Snooke, Mitchell, and Stricker fall to the deliveries of Douglas. Five lines later, Snooke is said to have settled down, the score was 103, and it was the turn of the tail to bat. One can only remark here that if, after the fall of only two, or three, wickets it was the turn of the tail-enders to go in, that particular South African side must have been distressingly weak, in batting!

The fictitious character - Cyril Darrell - comes out to bat, and, presumably, there are now three batsmen at the wicket, since one of the openers - L. J. Tancred - is still at the crease. The author's ignorance of his subject was manifest when he included A. D. Nourse, one of the finest batsmen ever produced by South Africa, as a tail-ender who was quickly disposed of, and named G. J. D. Hartigan as a No. 11 when, as a matter of fact, that particular cricketer was an opening batsman.

Sheer carelessness was allied to ignorance when the author gave the South African total as 236, out of which Darrell hit 169 not out; for, obviously, if the score had been 103 before he arrived at the crease, he could not possibly have scored that many runs, even in the unlikely event of his having hit all that was added to the South African total since his arrival at the wicket. But more was to come, and the author's mistakes continued with the English batting. Said he:

"Hobbs and Barnes were the two batsmen who opened for the England side. Hobbs and Barnes, the partners who had created a first wicket record which will stand for many a long day in first-class cricket. Hartigan and Pegler were the two bowlers who opened the attack for the visitors."

One can imagine with what force of impact this "knowledge" was received by readers in South Africa and over here, particularly in Yorkshire, where wrath must have been very rife indeed; for it was their idol, the great Wilfred Rhodes, who shared with Jack Hobbs in that record breaking partnership, not Sidney Barnes, and this was the occasion of the Fourth Test Match, at Melbourne, during the Australian tour of 1911-12, when the pair put on 323 runs in reply to Australia's first innings total of 191. In this game Barnes batted No. 11. A great bowler in his day, Sidney Barnes was always a tail-ender, hardly ever above No. 9, for his batting was of a negative order. Also, this was not a record first wicket stand in first-class cricket - it was a record in Test cricket - quite a big difference. And having Hartigan opening the bowling for South Africa was ridiculous, as, although he certainly sent down a few overs during the tour he was not recognised as a taker of wickets and those he did capture cost him 35 runs apiece, which, by no stretch of the imagination could be regarded as being up to Test Match standard. Murray really should have known that Pegler's bowling partner in the Tests was Faulkner, who finished the tour with 163 wickets, besides hitting up 1,075 runs - a very fine all-rounder and one of the best cricketers ever to tour this country.

To complete the sorry record of mistakes, there is a passage on page ten which alludes to a character flinging himself fully dressed on a bed. Eighteen lines and six sentences later the same character slips out of bed and commences to dress! Altogether, a most unfortunate attempt to introduce topicality, which, obviously, brought a large measure of ridicule and contempt upon a competently edited and well-produced journal. Pentelow, or Hardy, would have been better choices for such a story, though, of course, getting such contributors at a certain time to write a particular story at a moment's notice can present difficulties.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON

If you were to ask a Blake fan, well steeped in the history of his favourite character, who wrote the most stories of Sexton Blake, the face of that particular expert on Blake affairs would doubtless expand into a confident smile, and, without any hesitation at all, he would inform you that the author who penned the record number of Blake stories was G. H. Teed. But ask him who wrote the most words and that smile would fade, confidence ebb, and in all probability and after some hesitation he would be forced to admit to a considerable doubt as to whether Teed or

Graydon holds such a record. And with good reason, for, whereas Teed certainly did write the greater number - 299, as far as can be ascertained - these were mostly published in the weekly papers, and were about 25,000 - 30,000 words in length. On the other hand, the bulk of Graydon's work appeared in the monthly magazines and were 50,000 - 60,000 word novels.

The records of the two authors are practically identical, and if we assume for the purpose of finding out which of the two did, in fact, write the most words of the famous character that one S.B.L. and B.F.L. novel equals two of U.J. and D.W. length, and that each serial is the equivalent of one S.B.L. or two U.Js., we can obtain a fairly accurate record. Double numbers will be counted as two stories of course. The following table makes quite an interesting comparison:

	<u>Weeklies</u>	<u>Monthlies</u>	<u>Serials</u>	<u>Double Numbers</u>	<u>Total</u>
Teed, G. H.	215	90	5	12	395
Graydon, W. M.	137	121	1	3	384

As will be seen, Teed has a small majority of eleven U.J.-length stories, amounting to - approximately 275,000 words; but it must be remembered that, whereas this is Teed's full total, there are almost certainly a few pink-covered U.Js. of 1905-13 vintage written by Graydon that are not included, due to the fact that perusal of the entire publication of those copies has not been possible. Due, therefore, to the narrow margin and the uncertainty caused thereby, perhaps it would be fair to call it honours even, a verdict wholly satisfactory in view of the hard work done by both authors in the stabilisation of Sexton Blake. And another little point is also worth mentioning. Both Teed and Graydon were writing Blake stories for the same number of years - 26. Graydon's period was 1904-30; Teed's between 1912-38.

W. MURRAY GRAYDON

In view of the tremendous amount of work he did for the U.J. and the S.B.L. in the early days of those famous Blake papers - work of which, he was very proud, according to one who met and interviewed him in his cubicle at Fleetway House four years before his retirement - William Murray Graydon has hardly been given the credit due to him by those of us who read his work in the early days of the century. Then, Graydon, an alert, dapper little man, with a waxed moustache and in his early 60's and a protege of Edward S. Ellis, the well-known American boys' writer, was passed his peak and turning out only the occasional Blake novel.

It has been written before that following his retirement from the Blake field in 1930, W. M. Graydon went to Paris to live, and for a time it was thought that he had died there. But, probably due to the tension in Europe in 1938 and 1939, he returned to London, and was seen by his old editor in the surroundings in which he used to roam in his old writing days. Then he disappeared again, and Fleetway House saw him no more. Later, it transpired that it was to Cornwall that he went, to live with his daughter, and it is only recently that his death has been confirmed.

William Murray Graydon died on Friday, April 5, 1946, on Carnon Downs, Devoran, in Truro, at the ripe old age of 83 years. Obviously, a man who lived as well as he wrote, which was very good indeed.

THE MAN WITH THE MONOCLE

There was once a criminal who, in his first battle of wits with Blake, matched the famous detective with his own weapons and beat him. He then followed up this triumph with a similar victory in their next meeting. And, just to prove that these

were no mere flukes, made it a hat trick of victories in their following encounter. Rarely has any criminal brought such discomfiture to our Sexton Blake than the man with the monocle fixed firmly, Gussy-wise, in his right eye - Marston Hume, a criminal lawyer, whose skilful defence of his clients earned him the undying gratitude of more than one murderer.

Hume was not of that glittering array of stars who adorned the massive U.J. and S.B.L. stage, but shone, albeit briefly, on the much less spacious platform of the PENNY PICTORIAL, and there is no reason to doubt that had he made his appearance in the U.J. instead of the P.P., he would have become as equally popular as Zenith, or Kestrel.

In the aptly titled story, "Well-Matched," Blake was in the frustrating position of knowing positively that Hume murdered his wealthy aunt for her money and yet not being able to prove it - a fact which allowed Hume unimpeded progress along the crooked road of crime. It was not until their fourth encounter, in a story briefly entitled, "Quits," that Blake lived up to his great reputation and caused Hume his first serious setback, after which it developed into a ding-dong struggle with each becoming a stumbling-block to the other's ambitions, culminating in the eighth and final story in the series when Blake caused Hume his utter financial ruin.

In those days, when he spent most of his time at the Baddeley - a small club of repute overlooking Piccadilly, - Blake was assisted by a young man named Bathurst, who seemed to be a sort of servant and secretary combined, although one author introduced a character named Simmons in a similar capacity in a case revolving around a riveted saucer. It appears that like the stories in the U.J. those in the PENNY PICTORIAL were written by a variety of authors, probably some of those who were contributing to the other Blake papers of that period.

The Marston Hume series was illustrated by R. J. Macdonald, the famous GEM artist, but the stories themselves, published anonymously, like the Blake stories in the U.J. at that time, were not so easy of identification. There was, however, a strong indication to many of them having been written by Michael Storm, particularly as a character created by that writer - Rupert Forbes - appeared on, at least, one occasion, and Lady Molly Maxwell also figured in one of the Marston Hume stories. Lady Molly, I am convinced, was conceived by Storm, who seems to have been responsible for nearly every Blake story which appeared in the P.P. between 1908-10. Before and after this period they appear to have been written by a greater variety of authors, probably by some of those who were contributing short stories and articles of general interest to both the PENNY PICTORIAL and ANSWERS LIBRARY at that particular time.

Perhaps it will be of interest to recall some of them, whose names are bound to revive pleasant memories of youthful reading, so below is a short list of the most popular of them:

Sidney Drew (also as Joyce Murray), C. Malcolm Hincks, Maxwell Scott (stories of Nurse Winifred), Henry St. John, Stacey Blake (stories of Captain Christmas), Andrew Gray, T. C. Bridges, Arthur S. Hardy, S. Gordon Shaw, Herbert Maxwell and Oliver Merland.

Names of a few of the men who may have contributed some of the very early Blake stories, both to the U.J. and P.P., and whose names are well remembered outside the Blake field, were as follows:-

Ernest Brindle, E. Newton Bungey, William Freeman, John Goodwin (Sidney Gowing),

Henry Farmer, Frank Howel Evans (Atherley Daunt), and T. Arthur Plummer.

And not forgetting those artists whose work is still affectionately remembered:

R. J. Macdonald, J. Louis Smythe, and Harry Lane did the illustrating of the Blake shorts, whilst W. Tayler, L. Shields (of MAGNET fame), and Fred Bennett, all well-remembered Blake artists, did the short story and article drawings.

NEW REVELATIONS AND THEORIES ON AN OLD SUBJECT

Never did an aura of mystery and tragedy eddy so persistently around any one character in the Blake Saga as that which enveloped George Marsden Plummer. First, his creator, Michael Storm, died suddenly; then Norman Goddard, who took over, was killed in France eight years later, at the age of 36. His successor, John W. Bobin also passed on at an early age. He was 45. Then Walter Edwards fell at the way-side at the age of 49, and, to complete the unhappy record, G. H. Teed laid down the pen on having passed his 52nd birthday.

There really did seem to be some sort of jinx on Plummer, for none of those who took him over seemed destined to live to any advanced age. Many words have been written about Michael Storm, and although research during the present year has yielded few new facts coming to light, there are indications that he was linked up with the other Storm - Duncan - in what is thought to have been a brief writing career, which suggests that he, too, died at an early age.

One cannot help feeling rather amazed that, apparently, on no occasion whatever did any editor at the Harmsworth's ever see Storm, in the flesh. Agreed, this would be perfectly understandable in the case of a casual writer who submitted a story now and again through an agency, but for an author who was quite prolific, as was Storm, who, besides the Blake's he wrote, also contributed to the PENNY PICTORIAL, MARVEL, PLUCK, and BOY'S FRIEND, it takes some swallowing, for surely at some time or other he would have been required to attend some editorial gathering for consultation on future stories etc?

Another point about this fascinating little puzzle is that, although nobody seems to know anything about the author, there has been no suggestion that Michael Storm might not have been his real name. Why not? After all, the circumstances of his supposed death have not been revealed; in fact, his death is not registered in England, and no certificate has been issued to prove that he died in, or around, the year 1910, as has been claimed.

Like many mysteries this one probably has quite a simple solution - it's just a case of hitting on the right key, which, in this case, may have been held by Duncan Storm. There are firm grounds for believing that the two Storms were connected, for three well-known Fleetway House men, who were concerned with the papers which published stories under both names, have linked them together, so let's make way for our first informant - a man who has contributed a few S.B.Ls., edited ANSWERS for a time, wrote some of the Blake shorts for that paper at the request of the editor, then Arthur Bax, and did a bit of work for the PENNY PICTORIAL:

"You mention 'Duncan Storm' and I wonder if I am getting the name mixed when I think of 'Michael Storm' (or he may have used both names; he was always regarded as a real mystery man whom nobody really knew."

Well, this is all very vague, of course, and our No. 1 hardly makes us any wiser, but No. 2, a man who is reputed to have known all about the boys' papers and nearly everybody connected with them, being, in fact, one who edited the MARVEL when our mysterious author was contributing his Abbotsrag and Ravenscar school stories

to that paper, is much more definite:

"Duncan Storm and Michael Storm were Michael Storm," he announced briefly.

No beating about the bush here - a direct and forthright statement, made, one feels, with the confidence of a man who knew what he was talking about and defied you to contradict him. And, of everybody at the A.P., our second informant was easily the best placed to know anything, or anybody, connected with Michael Storm.

Not so 'inside' as No. 2 perhaps, our No. 3, a raw beginner at the time of Storm's alleged death and a one-time popular Blake writer who numbered amongst his personal friends such well-known authors as G. H. Teed, Norman Goddard, the two Graydons, Jack Bobin, Lewis Carlton, and Anthony Skene, seemed equally sure of his ground as he remarked:

"a writer of Blake stories was probably Mrs. Duncan Storm who sold W. H. Back some stories after Storm's death. It transpired afterwards, however, that they had been 'ghosted' by Hamilton Teed who turned up later in the flesh and started in under his own name and steam."

Clearly, one thing stands out here as very significant, and that is the allusion to Mrs. Duncan Storm. Had our No. 3 said 'Mrs. Michael Storm' the impact of surprise would have been considerably less, for the name of Duncan seems to indicate pretty clearly that that was the author's real christian name, which, of course, contradicts our No. 2's allegation.

One thing seems obvious, and that is that the Storms were a husband and wife team of novelists, which, in those days, was not an unheard of thing, when we recall the Leighton's - Marie Connor and Robert, and the Walshes - Douglas and Nora. Leonora Walshe used her maiden name of Vawdrey for writing purposes and contributed to "Answers Library," a journal for which many old-time Blake authors wrote. Quite likely, using her maiden name, Mrs. Storm was a contributor too. And with one thought comes another. Was Mrs. Storm, like Marie Connor Leighton, the more industrious member of the partnership and possibly, therefore, was the author of some of the very first Plummer yarns, even the creator of the character, perhaps? Quite intriguing; but, of course, only a theory.

Some time ago Bill Lofts made a very interesting revelation, and had the facts which his informant gave added up to the same total as that given by our No. 2 informant the mystery of Michael Storm would have been solved long ago. The snag is - they do not. According to Bill's contact, 'Duncan Storm' was a pseudonym of Gilbert Floyd's, which, if Michael was Duncan would have made 'Michael Storm' also a pen-name of Floyd's. The trouble is that the stories written under the name of Duncan Storm do not tally in style at all with those published under the name of Michael Storm, and they were obviously two separate and entirely different individuals.

The most feasible explanation here seems to be that the stories under the Duncan Storm byline were written by Mrs. Storm, which would make both informants correct in their assertions. Proof positive, however, can only be arrived at by procuring a story written under the name of Gilbert Floyd and comparing it with one written under the Michael Storm byline; but, up to the present, I have yet to come across such a story let alone read one under Floyd's name.

Of Floyd's writing activities I know little, but seem to remember reading somewhere that he edited the BOY'S REALM at one time, and I am sure he wrote for the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE and contributed to the very first issue of the PENNY PICTORIAL,

which made its debut on Friday, June 10, 1899. But, despite the many words that have been written on this subject, the mystery remains unsolved, though the question now is not so much "Who was Michael Storm?" as "Was Gilbert Floyd 'Michael Storm'?"

Sexton Blake has solved many tricky puzzles in his long and distinguished career, but few have presented such a knotty problem as this one within the realm of his own saga.

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They Wrote in other Fields

By DEREK ADLEY

During the past year or two, since Bill Lofts and I compiled our Sexton Blake authors Who's Who, we have each been asked time and time again if we can give details as regards what papers or magazines contain non-Blake material by Blake authors. As we feel this is of great interest to many collectors we have compiled the following list showing where Blake authors' work can be found both in papers containing Sexton Blake stories together with papers containing no Sexton Blake material whatever.

It must be clearly understood however that this list is in no way intended to be one hundred per cent complete but even so it will give a fair coverage to the authors' work. It is a fact also that many of the authors listed have had fiction and non fiction published in hard cover form and it is obvious that it would be impossible to condense the titles of this work into a C.D. article.

The names of the authors have been arranged alphabetically by the authors' real names, and pen names have been shown in brackets, following the real name. The authors' work would therefore appear in the publications containing his work either under the real name or any one of his pen names, or anonymously, likewise the author may not use his full christian names. Possibly this may be abbreviated when in print for example, Arthur Steffens Hardy's name appeared in print in various ways such as A. S. Hardy; Arthur S. Hardy; Arthur Hardy.

To close this foreword a note should be made regarding certain abbreviations used in the article as follows:- S.O.L (Schoolboys Own Lib.), S.G.O. Lib. (School-girls Own Lib.), S.B.L. (Sexton Blake Lib.), F. & S. Lib. (Football & Sports Lib.), B.F.L. (Boys Friend Lib.), D.W. (Detective Weekly), U.J. (Union Jack), N.L.L. (Nelson Lee Lib.), N.S. (New series), B.O.P. (Boys Own Paper).

- E. W. ALAIS, (Cedric Wolfe): S.B.L. 1st, U.J. 2nd, Dreadnought, B.F.L. 2st, Pluck 2nd, Marvel 1st & 2nd.
DELANO AMES: S.B.L. 3rd, Thriller.
G. J. B. ANDERSON, (Melton Whyte): U.J.1st, True Blue War Library, Boys Journal, Marvel 1st, Diamond Lib. 1st & 2nd, Pluck 1st & 2nd, Buffalo Bill Lib. 1st/2nd, Tip Top Tales.
R. COUTTS ARMOUR, (Reid Whitley, Coutts Brisbane): S.B.L.1st,2nd,3rd, U.J. 2nd, D.W. Ranger 1st, Popular Book of Boys Stories, Robin Hood Library, Thriller, Gem, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, N.L.L. (old & 1st N.S.), Sport & Adventure, Rocket, Young Britain

- 1st, Aldine Adventure Lib., Boys Realm 2nd, Pluck 3rd, Champion.
- PHILIP ATKEY, (Barry Perowne): S.B.L. 2nd, D.W.
- AUGUSTUS BAKER, (Anthony Baron, John Baron): D.W., U.J. 2nd, Tubby Haig Lib.
- WILLIAM HOWARD BAKER, (William Arthur, Peter Saxon): S.B.L. 3rd.
- ERIC ALAN BALLARD, (Edwin Harrison): S.B.L. 3rd.
- WILLIAM J. BAYFIELD, (Allan Blair, George Carr, Gordon Carr, Gilbert Gray, Edgar West, Allan Maxwell): S.B.L. 1st & 2nd, U.J. 2nd, D.W. Chapion, Dreadnought, Boys Realm Football Lib., Boys Herald, Boys Journal, Pluck 2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Boys Realm 1st, B.F.L. 1st, Empire Lib. 2nd, Cheer Boys Cheer, Boys Leader.
- LESTER BIDSTON, (Paul Hotspur): S.B.L. 2nd, Pluck 3rd, Rocket, Champion, Champion Annual, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd.
- PERCY C. BISHOP, (Percival Cooke); U.J. 1st.
- LADBROKE LIONEL DAY BLACK, (Paul Urquhart, Lionel Day): S.B.L. 2nd, U.J. 2nd, D.W., Thriller, N.L.L. (1st & 2nd N.S.) Magnet, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Boys Realm 2nd, Sports Budget 1st, Pilot, Thriller Lib, Pluck 3rd, F. & S. Lib.
- STACEY BLAKE: Penny Pictorial, F. & S. Lib., Big Budget Lib., Crusoe Mag., Champion, Big Budget, Boys Leader, Thriller, Captain, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, S.B.L. 2nd, D.W., U.J. 2nd, Modern Boy 1st.
- HARRY BLYTH, (Hal Meredith): U.J. 1st, Marvel 1st, Pluck 1st.
- DONALD BOBIN, (Shirley Halliday): D.W., Chums, Schoolgirls Own.
- JOHN WILLIAM BOBIN, (John Ascott, Jack Bobin, Adelle Ascott, Mark Osborne, Victor Nelson, Gertrude Nelson): S.B.L. 1st & 2nd, Triumph, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Champion, N.L.L. (3rd N.S.), Rocket, U.J. 2nd, D.W., F. & S. Lib., Boys Journal, Pluck 2nd & 3rd, Magnet, Champion Lib., Dreadnought, Popular Book of Girls Stories, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Schoolgirl, Schoolfriend 1st, Schoolgirls Own, S.G.O.L. 1st, Schoolgirls Weekly, Golden Annual, Schoolfriend Annual, Popular 2nd, Boys Friend Weekly.
- F. BOND, (Stephen Blakesley): S.B.L. 3rd.
- GERALD M. BOWMAN: S.B.L. 2nd, D.W., Pioneer, F. & S. Lib., Thriller, Thriller Lib., Ranger 2nd, Modern Wonder, Sports Budget 2nd, Boys Cinema.
- JOHN G. BRANDON: S.B.L. 2nd, D.W., Thriller, U.J. 2nd, Holiday Annual.
- THOMAS CHARLES BRIDGES, (Christopher Beck, Tom Bridges): Captain, Scout, Lloyds School Yarns, British Boy, British Girl, Penny Pictorial, Boys Herald, Champion, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, S.B.L. 2nd, U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Boys Realm 1st, Best Story Paper, Pluck 2nd & 3rd, Crusoe Mag, Newnes Adventure Lib., Magnet, New Story Paper, Thriller Lib., Britons Own Lib., Modern Boy, Cheer Boys Cheer.
- EDWY SEARLES BROOKS, (C. Hedingham Gosfield, S. B. Halstead, E. Sinclair Halstead, Reginald Browne, Victor Gunn, Berkeley Gray, Edward Thornton, R.W. Comrade): Thriller, S.B.L. 1st, 2nd & 3rd, U.J. 2nd, D.W., S.O.L., N.L.L. (old, 1st, 2nd, 3rd N.S.), Boys Realm 2nd & 3rd, Gem, Boys Magazine,

- Nugget Lib., Chums, Popular 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Detective Lib., Monster Lib., Pluck 3rd, Nugget Weekly, Holiday Annual, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Sports Budget 2nd, Dreadnought, Schoolboys Pocket Lib.
- LEONARD H. BROOKS: S.B.L. 1st & 2nd, U.J. 2nd.
- JONATHAN BURKE: S.B.L. 3rd.
- ALFRED McLELLAND BURRAGE, (Frank Lelland): D.W., Modern Boy 1st, Crusoe Mag., Vanguard Lib., Marvel 2nd, Captain.
- LEWIS CARLTON, (Claude Custer, Louise Carlton): Boys Journal, U.J. 2nd, Pluck 2nd, B.F.L. 1st, Dreadnought, S.B.L. 2nd, Popular Book of Girls Stories, S.G.O.L. 1st, Schoolfriend Annual, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Golden Annual, Schoolfriend Weekly, Schoolgirls, Schoolgirls Own.
- W. L. CATCHPOLE, (Roland Howard): D.W., N.L.L. (2nd N.S.), Holiday Annual, Ranger 1st & 2nd.
- DEREK HYDE CHAMBERS, (D. Herbert Hyde): S.B.L. 3rd.
- JOHN NEWTON CHANCE, (John Drummond, David C. Newton): S.B.L. 3rd, Thriller, Knockout Fun Book.
- PERCY A. CLARKE, (Martin Frazer, Vernon Neilson, Jane Lytton, Dane Lander): S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, Sun, Knockout, Ranger 1st & 2nd, Popular 2nd, B.F.L. 2nd, Thriller, Boys Favourite, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Sports Budget 2nd, Captain, Modern Boy 1st, Holiday Annual, N.L.L. 1st & 2nd N.S., D.W., F. & S. Lib., Football Favourite, Boys Realm 2nd & 3rd, Gem.
- HUGH CLEVELY: S.B.L. 3rd, Thriller, D.W., Thriller Lib.
- FRED GORDON COOK, (Bruce Chaverton, Fred Smeaton, Burleigh Carew, Vincent Owen): D.W., Chums, Rover Adventure, Magnet, Gem, Boys Realm, Nelson Lee, Boys Mag., Toby, Tubby Haig, Merry Moments, Buffalo Bill Lib. (Newnes) Treasure Trove, Schoolboys Pocket Lib., Chums Annual.
- HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER, (Henry St. John, Gordon Holme, Mabel St. John, Lieut. Paul LeFevre): Gem, U.J. 1st & 2nd, Merry Mag., Playtime, Young Britain 2nd, F. & S. Lib., Comic Home Journal, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Boys Herald, Boys Friend Weekly 1st & 2nd, B.F.L. 1st, Champion, Fun & Fiction, Boys Realm 1st & 2nd, Marvel 1st & 2nd, Pluck 1st & 2nd, Popular 2nd, Cheer Boys Cheer, Girls Friend Weekly.
- JOHN CREASEY, (Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, Michael Halliday, Norman Deane, Gordon Ashe, J. J. Maric, Richard Martin, Peter Manton, Tex Riley, William K. Reilly, Ken Ranger): S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, D.W., Thriller, Dixon Hawke Lib., Newnes Service Series, Western Lib., Newnes Crime & Mystery Series.
- DAVIES: S.B.L. 2nd.
- JAMES GRIERSON DICKSON, (Hilary King): S.B.L. 3rd, Thriller.
- GEORGE DILNOT: S.B.L. 2nd, Thriller.
- MAURICE BUXTON DIX: S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, Thriller.
- REX DOLPHIN: S.B.L. 3rd.
- LOUIS CHARLES DOUTHWAITE: S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, Modern Boy 1st, Chums Annual, D.W., Thriller, B.F.L. 2nd, Boys Realm 2nd, Chums.
- ERNEST DUDLEY: D.W.

- ALFRED EDGAR, (Barre Lyndon, Jake Denvers, Howard Steele, Roger Fowley): Boys Favourite, Bullseye, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Football Weekly, Young Britain 1st, Holiday Annual, Rocket, Champion, Champion Annual, Chums, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, Modern Boy 1st & 2nd, U.J. 2nd, N.L.L. 1st & 2nd N.S., Boys Realm 2nd/3rd, Gem, Sports Budget 1st, Pilot, F. & S. Lib. Football Favourite, Thriller, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Pluck 3rd, Popular 2nd.
- ROBERT C. ELLIOTT, (Jack Tempest, Paul Reville): S.B.L. 2nd, Horners Racing Novels.
- WILLIAM JAMES ELLIOTT: U.J. 2nd, Chums, C.I.D. Lib., various magazines of Gerald Swan.
- LOUIS ESSEX, (Lewis Essex, Louise Essex): S.B.L. 2nd, Triumph, Young Britain 1st, Jacks Paper, Rocket, Champion, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Golden Annual, Schoolgirl, Schoolgirls Weekly, Schoolgirls Own, S.G.O. Lib. 1st.
- GWINFIL ARTHUR EVANS, (Barry Weston, Arthur Gwynne): S.B.L. 2nd, U.J. 2nd, D.W., Thriller, Scout, S.B. Annual, Golden Penny Comic, Pluck 3rd, Champion, Boys Realm 2nd, Broadsheet Novels, Champion Annual, Rocket, B.F.L. 2nd, Monster Comic.
- ANTHONY FORD: D.W., Pioneer, Boys Favourite, F. & S. Lib., Sports Budget 2nd, Pilot, Football Weekly, Magnet, Ranger 2nd, B.F.L. 2nd, Chums Annual.
- REV. REGINALD FRANK FOSTER: S.B.L. 2nd, Chums.
- C. VERNON FROST: S.B.L. 2nd.
- E. J. GANNON, (Beverley Kent): U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 1st, Pluck 2nd, Dreadnought, Marvel 2nd.
- JOHN GARBUTT, (John Brearley): B.F.L. 2nd, Pilot, Chums (N.Z.), Modern Boy 1st, Holiday Annual, Popular Book of Boys Stories, Ranger 1st & 2nd, Magnet, Popular N.L.L. 2nd N.S.
- CLIFFORD GATES: S.B.L. 2nd.
- N.H. CLIFFORD GIBBONS, (Gilbert Chester): S.B.L. 1st, 2nd & 3rd, U.J. 2nd, D.W., Thriller, Rocket, Young Britain 1st, Pluck 3rd, Boys Realm 2nd, Gem, Skipper Annual, Sport & Adventure, Ranger 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Modern Boy.
- NORMAN GODDARD, (Mark Darran): U.J. 1st & 2nd, Boys Journal, Boys Realm 1st, F. & S. Lib., Magnet, B.F.L. 1st, Pluck 1st & 2nd, Marvel 1st & 2nd, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib.
- RICHARD GOYNE, (Paul Renin, Richard Standish, Evelyn Standish): S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, U.J. 2nd, Triumph Boxing Novels 1st, My Pocket Mystery Stories, Champion, S.G.O.L. 1st, Golden Annual, Dixon Hawke Lib.
- ROBERT MURRAY GRAYDON, (Robert Graydon, Robert Murray, Murray Roberts): S.B.L. 1st & 2nd, D.W., U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Modern Boy 1st & 2nd, Modern Boy Annual, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Thriller, Boys Realm 1st, F & S Lib., Boys Journal, Cheer Boys Cheer.
- WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON, (Alfred Armitage): Boys Champion Story Paper, S.B.L. 1st & 2nd, U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Boys Herald, Boys Realm 1st, Greyfriars Herald 2nd, Pluck 1st, 2nd, & 3rd, Champion, N.L.L. (old), Schoolgirls Own Annual, Nugget Lib., Detective Lib., Popular 2nd, British Boys, Boys Journal, Cheer Boys Cheer.
- ROBERT L. HADFIELD: U.J. 2nd, D.W.
- REX HARDINGE: S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, U.J. 2nd, D.W., Comet, Thriller, Chums, Ranger 2nd, B.F.L. 2nd.

- ARTHUR STEFFENS HARDY, (Arthur Steffens): Boys Herald, Marvel 1st & 2nd, Dreadnought, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, Nugget Lib., D.W., U.J. 1st & 2nd, Champion, Boys Journal, Sports for Boys, Pioneer, Boys Favourite, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Chuckles, Football Weekly, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, N.L.L. (old, 1st & 2nd N.S.), Football Favourite, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Popular 1st & 2nd, F. & S. Lib., Empire Lib. 2nd, Pluck 1st, 2nd & 3rd, Ranger 1st & 2nd, Sports Lib., Boys Realm 1st & 2nd, Sports Budget, Gem, Jester & Wonder (1902), Magnet, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib.
- HECTOR HAWTON, (John Sylvester): Thriller, Thriller Lib. F. & S. Lib., Magnet, B.F.L. 2nd, S.B.L. 3rd, Chums, Gem, Boys Wonder Lib.
- CECIL HAYTER: Cheer Boys Cheer, Boys Realm 1st & 2nd, Young Britain 2nd, S.B.L. 1st, Marvel 2nd, Pluck 2nd, U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, Boys Herald, Rocket, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd.
- PAUL HERRING, (David Raeburn): U.J. 1st & 2nd, Big Budget, Pluck 1st & 2nd, Marvel 1st & 2nd, Boys Herald.
- HARRY EGBERT HILL, (Hylton Gregory): S.B.L. 1st, 2nd & 3rd, Boys Realm 2nd.
- CYRIL MALCOLM HINCKS, (Charles Malcolm, Captain Malcolm Hincks, Malcolm Dayle, John M. Howard): F. & S. Lib., U.J. 2nd, S.B.L. 2nd, D.W., Boys Favourite, Football Weekly, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Pioneer, Big Budget, Captain, Football & Sports Favourite, Sports Budget 1st & 2nd, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Modern Boy 1st, Scout, Newnes Adventure Lib., Boys Realm 2nd, Popular Book of Boys Stories.
- GEORGE EDWARD HOMES, (Edward Holmes): D.W., B.F.L. 2nd.
- WILLIAM BENJAMIN HOME GALL, (Reginald Wray, Reginald Drew, Captain Conyers): Boys Herald, Boys Realm 1st, Gem, Comic Home Journal, Boys Journal, Pluck 1st/2nd, U.J. 1st/2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 1st, Marvel 1st & 2nd, Nugget Lib., B.F.L. 1st, Cheer Boys Cheer, S.B.L. 1st, Magnet, Chums, Boys Mag, Fun & Fiction, Dreadnought.
- WILLIAM EDWARD STANTON HOPE, (William Stanton, Rhoda Dean, Donald Dean): Magnet, Ranger 2nd, Greyfriars Herald 2nd, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Chums, Boys Realm 2nd & 3rd, F. & S. Lib., Popular 2nd, B.F.L. 1st & 2nd, S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, Modern Boy 1st, D.W., N.L.L. (1st & 3rd N.S.), Football Weekly.
- ALFRED JOHN HUNTER, (Francis Brent, Peter Meriton, Anthony Drummond, L.H. Brenning, Anne Marsh, Joan Addiscome, Jean Marsh): D.W., Crusoe Mag., S.B.L. 2nd & 3rd, Tit Bits, F. & S. Lib., Thriller Lib., B.O.P., Modern Boy 1st, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Flag Lib., Boys Realm 2nd, Pals, Boys Mag., S.B. Annual, Chums, Thriller, Western Lib., Boys Wonder Lib.
- DR. WILLIAM H. JAGO: U.J. 2nd, Boys Realm 2nd.
- J. G. JONES, (Mildred Gordon, Enid Earle, Ambrose Earle, Ruth Maxwell): S.B.L. 1st, Schoolgirl, Golden Annual, S.G.O. Lib. 1st, Schoolgirls Weekly, Schoolgirls Own, Popular Book of Girls Stories, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Dreadnought, Schoolfriend Annual, Schoolfriend 1st & 2nd, B.F.L. 1st, Pluck 2nd, 3rd.
- ARTHUR KENT: S.B.L. 3rd.
- JACK LEWIS, (Lewis Jackson, Phylis Lewis, Stephen Hood): Comet, S.B.L. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, Thriller, D.W., U.J. 2nd, Cheer Boys Cheer, Champion,

- Boys Journal, Pluck 2nd, Jester (1924), N.L.L. 2nd N.S.
- HERBERT LOMAX, (Herbert Maxwell): U.J. 1st & 2nd, B.F.L. 1st, Boys Friend Weekly, Boys Realm, Boys Herald, Pluck 1st, Big Budget, Marvel 1st, Chums.
- M. LOMAX: U.J. 2nd.
- DEREK LONG: S.B.L. 3rd.
- ARTHUR GEORGE MACLEAN: S.B.L. 3rd.
- DAVID MACLUIRE: D.W., U.J. 2nd.
- T. G. DOWLING MAITLAND, (Tristram K. Monck): U.J. 1st & 2nd, Aldine Half Holiday Lib, Red Rover, Diamond Lib, Marvel 1st & 2nd, True Blue War Lib, Pluck 1st.
- THOMAS MARTIN, (Martin Thomas): S.B.L. 3rd.
- OLIVER MERLAND: S.B.L. 1st, U.J. 1st.
- H. CRICHTON MILN, (Jack Crichton, Madge Crichton, John Crichton): S.B.L. 1st, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Gem, Sports Budget 1st, Boys Favourite, F. & S. Lib, Chums, Champion, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Schoolgirls Weekly, S.G.O. Lib. 1st, Schoolfriend Annual.
- VISCOUNT MOUNT MORRES, (Patrick Morris): Chips, Boys Friend Weekly 1st.
- EDGAR JOYCE MURRAY, (Sidney Drew): Cheer Boys Cheer, Young Britain 1st, Holiday Annual, Gem, Dan Leno's Comic Journal, Big Budget, Boys Leader, Big Budget Lib, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, Detective Lib., N.L.L. (old) Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Dreadnought, Boys Realm 1st, Greyfriars Herald 2nd, Popular 2nd, Magnet, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, U.J. 2nd, Pluck 2nd, Champion, Boys Herald, Marvel 2nd, Jester & Wonder (1902).
- GEOFFREY ANDREW MURRAY, (Captain Malcolm Arnold, Arnold Malcolm, Malcolm Arnold, Geoffrey Murray) N.L.L. (2nd N.S.), U.J. 1st/2nd, Nugget Lib., B.F.L. 1st/2nd, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, D.W., Marvel 2nd, Champion, Pluck 3rd, Answers, Rocket, Young Britain 1st, Sports for Boys, F. & S. Lib., Boys Realm 1st/2nd, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib., Dreadnought, Boys Journal, Cheer Boys Cheer.
- HEDLEY O'MANT, (Hedley Scott, Captain Robert Hawke): B.F.L. 2nd, N.L.L. (1st N.S.), S.B.L. 2nd, Gem, Boys Own Lib., Magnet, Pilot, Ranger 1st/2nd, Holiday Annual, Pluck 3rd.
- DAVID HARRY PARRY, (Morton Pike, Captain Wilton Blake): Robin Hood Lib., Prairie Lib., Chums, Cheer Boys Cheer, Young Britain 1st, Boys Journal, Champion Annual, Lloyds Detective Series, Lloyds Boys Adventure Series, Captain, Pluck 2nd, Magnet, Popular 2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Dreadnought, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Champion, Chums Annual, B.O.P., Boys Herald, U.J. 2nd.
- ANTHONY PARSONS: S.B.L. 2nd/3rd, S.B. Annual, Strand, Royal, Wide World, Blackwoods, Nash's, Thriller.
- WILLIAM JOHN PASSINGHAM: S.B.L. 3rd, F. & S. Lib.
- ARTHUR HENRY PATERSON: U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 2nd.
- ALEC G. PEARSON, (Edgar Pickering, Captain Russell Scott, Bruce Howard): U.J. 1st/2nd, Captain, Marvel 1st/2nd, Sport & Adventure, Cheer Boys Cheer, Chums, Boys Journal, Lloyds Detective Series, Lloyds Adventure Series, True Blue War Lib., Boys Realm 2nd, Gem, Aldine Half Holiday Lib., Magnet, Buffalo Bill Lib. 1st, Detective Lib., B.F.L. 1st, B.O.P., Scout, Jester (1904), Pluck 1st/2nd, Dreadnought.

- JOHN NIX PENTELOW, (John West, Randolph Ryle, Jack North, Richard Randolph, Madge North, Harry Huntingdon, Stanley King, E. H. Egliston, Armitage Graham, Jack Selwyn): S.B.L. 1st/2nd, U.J. 2nd, Captain, Young Folks, Gem, Magnet, S.O.L., Cheer Boys Cheer, Boys Jubilee Journal, Nuggets, Football Novels 2nd, Aldine Mystery Novels, Boys of the Isles, Bad Boys Paper, Lot-o-Fun, Golden Annual, S.G.O. Lib. 1st, B.O.P., Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Schoolfriend Annual, Schoolgirls Own Annual, Boys Herald, Boys Realm 2nd, Marvel 2nd, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, F. & S. Lib., Pluck 2nd/3rd, Champion, Sport & Adventure, Sports for Boys, Champion Annual, Nugget Lib., Young Britain 1st, Dreadnought.
- GEORGE NORMAN PHILIPS, (Victor Fremlin, Anthony Skene, Philip Norman): U.J. 2nd, Thriller Lib., S.B.L. 1st/2nd/3rd, D.W., B.F.L. 2nd, Thriller.
- REGINALD HEBBER POOLE, (Anthony Thomas, Michael Poole): Newnes Crime & Mystery Series, Chums, Lloyds School Yarns, Dixon Brett Lib., Aldine Adventure Lib., Champion, Magnet, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Aldine Thrillers, Gem, Chums Annual, Captain, Lloyds Sports Lib., Holiday Annual, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, Champion Annual, B.O.P., Modern Boy 1st/2nd, S.O.L. Boys Mag., U.J. 2nd, Aldine Mystery Novels, Boys Wonder Lib.
- RAYMOND POTHECARY, (Quinton Ford): Knockout Fun Book.
- GEORGE REES: S.B.L. 3rd.
- W. REYNOLDS: S.B.L. 1st.
- GEORGE ERNEST ROCHESTER, (Eric Roche, John Beresford, Martin Hale, Allison Frazer, Mary West, Barton Furze, Frank Chaltam, Hester Roche, Jeffrey Gaunt: S.O.L., Modern Boy 1st/2nd, Chums, Champion, Triumph, S.B.L. 3rd, D.W., B.O.P., N.L.L. (1st N.S.), Gem, Magnet, Popular 2nd, Thriller, B.F.L. 2nd, Comet, Western Lib., Thriller Lib., Boys Wonder Lib., Ranger 1st/2nd, Knockout, Holiday Annual, Modern Boy Annual, Dandy, Wizard, Rover, Adventure, Vanguard, Beano, Chums Annual.
- SAPT. U.J. 2nd.
- WALTER W. SAYER, (Wal Sayer, Pierre Quiroule): Pluck 3rd, Champion Annual, Rocket, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, D.W., N.L.L. (2nd N.S.), U.J. 2nd, Thriller Lib., Thriller.
- STANLEY GORDON SHAW, (Stanley Gordon, Gordon Wallace, Gordon Shaw, S.S. Gordon), U.J. 2nd, Chums, N.L.L. (old), Boys Realm 1st, Penny Pictorial, Dreadnought, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Boys Herald, Champion, Lloyds Boys Adventure Series, Holiday Annual, Cheer Boys Cheer, Boys Journal, Nugget Lib. Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Gem, Chums Annual, Young Britain 1st, Detective Lib., Pluck 2nd/3rd, S.B.L. 2nd, Rocket, Marvel 2nd.
- WALTER SHUTE, (Walter Edwards): Boys Realm 2nd/3rd, S.B.L. 2nd, U.J. 2nd, Popular Book of Boys Stories, Boys Realm of Sport & Adventure, Greyfriars Herald, Chums, Holiday Annual, Ranger 1st, Magnet, F. & S. Lib., B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Thriller, Boys Friend Weekly 2nd, Sports Budget 2nd, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib., Boys Favourite, Boys Journal, Pioneer, Pluck 2nd.
- WILLIAM STANHOPE SPRIGG: Chips, U.J. 1st/2nd, Boys Realm, Boys Herald, Pluck 1st.
- JAMES STAGG: S.B.L. 3rd.

- JOSEPH STAMPER: S.B.L. 3rd.
- DR. JOHN WILLIAM STANIFORTH, (Maxwell Scott, Stain Cortley): Big Budget, Detective Lib, Jester, Boys Herald, Pluck 1st/2nd, Boys Friend Weekly 1st/2nd, Marvel 1st/2nd, N.L.L.(old 2nd N.S.), Boys Realm 1st/2nd, Boys Leader, Chums, U.J. 1st/2nd, Cheer Boys Cheer, Dan Leno's Comic Journal, Comic Home Journal, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib., B.F.L. 1st.
- THOMAS R. STENNER: U.J.2nd, Popular 2nd.
- MICHAEL STORM: U.J.2nd, B.F.L.1st, Pluck 2nd, Marvel 2nd, D.W.
- JACK TREVOR STORY: S.B.L. 3rd.
- F. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, (Howard Steele, Earle Danesford): B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Champion, Young Britain 1st, Chums, Chums Annual, Rocket, Champion Annual, S.B.L. 1st/2nd, U.J. 2nd, Boys Wonder Lib.
- GEORGE HEBER TEED, (Louis Brittany, George Hamilton): D.W., S.B.L. 1st/2nd, U.J. 2nd, Ranger 1st/2nd, Boys Journal, N.L.L.(old), S.B. Annual, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Thriller Lib, Thriller, Sunray Novels (Melefont), Pluck 2nd, Dreadnought.
- REGINALD GEORGE THOMAS, (John Purley, Jane Preston, Judy Thomas, Reg Wilson), Scoops, Adventure, Wizard, Skipper, Chums, Lion, Boys Ace Lib., Champion, Tiger, Scout, Chums Annual, Girls Crystal, Champion Lib., S.G.O. Lib. 2nd, S.B.L. 3rd, Schoolfriend (picture story paper), Girls Crystal (picture story paper).
- HOUGHTON TOWNLEY: S.B.L. 2nd.
- ERNEST E. TREETON, (W. Shaw Rae): U.J. 1st, Pluck 1st, Marvel 1st, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib.
- WILFRED TREMELLIN: U.J. 2nd, Chums, Modern Boy 1st/2nd, Newnes Air Stories.
- HAROLD WILLIAM TWYMAN, (A. Cartwright): U.J. 2nd, B.F.L. 2nd, Chums, Detective Lib., D.W., Magnet.
- TYLER: U.J. 2nd.
- WALTER TYRER, (Rex Kingston, Ravenhead): S.B.L. 3rd, Rover, Miracle, Miracle Lib., Poppy's Lib., Broadsheet Novels, Wild West Weekly, Thriller, Western Lib., B.F.L. 2nd, Detective Magazine, Champion.
- GERALD VERNER, (Donald Stuart): D.W., Thriller, Thriller Lib., B.F.L. 2nd, S.B.L. 2nd, U.J. 2nd.
- WILLIAM PAUL VICKERY: S.B.L. 2nd, Thriller.
- BRYAN EDGAR WALLACE: D.W., Thriller.
- FRANCIS WARWICK, (Warwick Jardine): S.B.L. 2nd/3rd, D.W., Thriller, U.J. 2nd, Magnet, Gem, Popular 2nd, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Pluck 3rd, Champion.
- STAWFORD WEBBER: U.J. 2nd, D.W.
- JOHN W. WHEWAY, (Gladys Cotterill, Vickie Belgrave, Vincent Armitage, Chester Wynn, Wanda Smallways, Diana Martin, Audrey Nicholls, Hazel Armitage, Ann Gilmore, Heather Granger): Boys Wonder Lib., U.J. 2nd, Triumph, Sport & Adventure, Champion, Champion Annual, Pluck 3rd, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Chums, Marvel 2nd, Boys Realm 2nd, Rocket, Schoolfriend Annual, Schoolfriend (picture story paper), S.G.O. Lib. 1st/2nd, Schoolgirls Weekly, Girls Crystal, Girls Crystal (picture story paper), Schoolgirls Own Annual, Pets Annual, Schoolgirl, Popular Book of Girls Stories.
- TREVOR C. WIGNALL, (David Rees, Alan Dene): B.F.L. 1st, Boys Realm 2nd, Boys Journal, Marvel 2nd, Boys Realm Football & Sports Lib., S.B.L. 1st, Young Britain 1st.

WILLIAM ALAN WILLIAMSON: U.J. 2nd, Pluck 2nd, Fun & Fiction, Boys Cinema.
 GEORGE D. WOODMAN: D.W., S.B. Annual.
 NOEL WOOD SMITH, (Norman Taylor, Norma Taylor): Boys Realm 2nd, Sport & Adventure, Triumph, B.F.L. 1st/2nd, Champion, Champion Lib., Young Britain 1st, Pluck 3rd, U.J. 2nd, Dreadnought, Sports for Boys, Schoolfriend 1st, S.G.O. Lib. 1st, Schoolgirls Own Annual.
 YOUNG: U.J. 2nd.

The following names are all editorial stock names and not used extensively:-

John Andrews: B.F.L. 2nd, Thriller, Pilot.
 Arnold Davis: U.J. 2nd, Marvel 2nd, Pluck 2nd.
 Desmond Reid: S.B.L. 3rd.

The following names are unidentified pen names and it is possible that the real authors names together with the names of the authors behind the editorial stock names, (previously given) may be included already in the main list of authors work, but obviously it is impossible to say for sure until fresh information comes to light.

Sexton Blake: U.J. 1st.
 Campbell Brown: U.J. 1st.
 Arnold Grahame: U.J. 1st, Marvel 1st.
 Arthur J. Palk: U.J. 2nd.
 Frank Richards: Magnet.
 Christopher Stevens: U.J. 1st.
 Hartley Tremayne: Champion, Rocket.

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A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE (cont'd from page 124)

Dick Penfold: The thought of being Poet Laureate
 Is one I love to contemplate:
 If not - my fate's to follow Dad,
 And learn the use of awl and brad.

Harold Skinner: When I leave school I intend to go into practice. What as? Well,
 I haven't quite decided yet, but I assure you that the practice,
 whatever it is, will be a sharp one.

Lord Mauleverer: I shall have to take my seat in the House of Lords, it's an awful
 fag, but at least I shall be sitting down - lots better than having
 to stand for Parliament. I don't know how those chaps do it - all
 that standing about, I mean, fearfully tiring, begad. Otherwise,
 I'd like to be one of those people who spend their time testing
 Sleepy-time Foam-Filled Mattresses - it's just the job for me!

William Wibley: What am I going to be, or not to be..... (Dry up, Wib, we weren't
 asking you. As if we don't know already! Editor)

W. G. Bunter: I used to think that I wood bekum a Grate Sheff. Then it okkurred
 to me - why waist time kooking lushus meels for uther foak? Much
 better kook for myself aloan. My pater wants me to bekum a Stok
 Broaker like him; he's a Bull or a Bear, I forget wich. Wharton
 sais I've alwais bean a Boar, I wunder wot he meens?