

STORY PAPER COLLECTORS' DIGEST

VOL. 47

No. 556

APRIL 1993

Price £1

No. 1 OF A NEW PAPER! GRAND PLATE GIVEN FREE! OVER £100 IN PRIZES!

The Schoolgirls' Own



NOT WANTED!

"You can clear out, Betty Barton!" exclaimed the snobbish girl. "We've no use for Council School kids here!" (See "Scorned by the School!" in this issue.)

2^D



THROUGH THE GATES
OF GREYFRIARS by Keith Atkinson



Imagination takes us through
The ancient Greyfriars gate
Where crusty Gosling, in his lodge,
Sits stolidly in state,
And many a tardy boy has dodged
On pain of being late,
And we enter in the land of our delight.
We pass the tuckshop, packed with joys
Of Mrs. Mible's make.
With jam tarts and with doughnuts
Which we can consume in break.
In the centre of the window stands
A large and creamy cake,
And Billy Bunter's mouth drools at the sight.
We cross the quad 'neath stately elms
Where cooling fountain stands,
Enter the House where British boys
And some from foreign lands
Have learned the rules of school and life,
And wisdom at the hands
Of masters, who can teach them wrong from right.
We reach the Cloisters, quiet and cool,
And see the ruined tower,
The scene of many dramas, and
Indeed its finest hour
Was when Bob Cherry's barring out
Completely broke the power
Of Vernon-Smith's bad underhanded fight.
Across the way is Little Side
Where matches, hard and keen,
Are played before a cheering crowd
Upon the field of green,
And last ditch goals and cricket hits
Have dramatised the scene
To snatch a win in fading evening light.
We pass Big Side and tennis courts
As back we make our way,
Past the Head's House and his garden
Where we'd dearly love to stay,
But through we pass out through the gates
At the ending of the day,
We may enter in again tomorrow night.

STORY PAPER COLLECTORS' DIGEST

Editor: MARY CADOGAN

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W.H. GANDER

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Founded in 1946 by
HERBERT LECKENBY

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A little while ago Mrs. Irene Wakefield wrote to me about her memories of childhood papers and comics, and quoted some lines from a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

'Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower
Gives a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour'.

This is wonderfully nostalgic and atmospheric, conjuring memories of cosy evenings of reading, painting and drawing, playing family card-games or listening to 'the wireless' during the 1930s before most of our homes were equipped with television sets. Of course, one of the great radio delights of

our childhoods, the BBC's *Children's Hour*, took its name from these lines of Longfellow. I was pleased to be reminded of them by Irene. Her own recollections are particularly linked to the illustrators of the old papers because her husband was the late and much loved Terry Wakefield. Terry drew many famous characters, but his Laurel and Hardy in *Film Fun* (originally created

BOYS' MAGAZINE.
THESE GRAND YARNS OF **LAUREL & HARDY** ONLY APPEAR IN THE MAG.



by his father George Wakefield) must be his most memorable. I recently came across another pictorial version of these engaging film comedians in the December 16th 1933 number of Boys' Magazine (published by Allied Newspapers). This contained two pictures of the famous pair in a four-and-a-half-page story about them. No author's name is shown, but the artist appears to be Jack Greenall. I don't know how long the stories ran in *Boys' Magazine*: they were mildly amusing but it is the pictures which particularly interest me. I wonder if any C.D. reader can supply information about Jack Greenall, and this series?

A BLAKIAN REQUEST

Later this year we shall be marking the centenary of the creation of Sexton Blake, so it is rather ironic to have to report that I am very short of features for Blakiana. I know that the exploits of this celebrated sleuth continue to intrigue many readers, so please will some of you put pens to paper or fingers to typewriter and send me some Blake features soon?

MY TRAVELS

I recently spent a brief time in the Swiss mountains where snow and sun provided a few idyllic days. Early in April I shall be taking off for California for a short visit, and it is possible that because of this the May C.D. will be published a little later than usual.

Happy Reading!

MARY CADOGAN



"WARE AND TEAR.—Laurel tossed the pot of paint over his shoulder. An agonised look made them sure—to see an immaculately dressed gent adorned with the paint-pot.

FAVOURITISM AT GREYFRIARS by Peter Mahony

Skinner had a point when he frequently accused Wharton of favouritism. One of C.D.'s correspondents recently pointed out that "Inky" was a highly unlikely footballer. Nugent, too, was not a robust player - sometimes he was omitted, but not often. The most glaring case, of course, is that wimp, Hazeldene. I can recall passages where even Bob Cherry hints that "Marjorie would like it" if Hazel were included in the side. This meant that a tough character like Bulstrode lost his goal-keeping spot. It would never have happened at St. Jim's or Rookwood! I could even make out a case for including Bolsover in the side in preference to Hazel, Inky or Nugent. Don't forget the Remove were often playing older sides - St. Jim's, for example, consisted of Shell and Fourth (up to 2 years older than the 'Friars). Hefty chaps like Bulstrode, Bull and Bolsover would have been essential - not lightweights. In this respect, I'm with Skinner - but purely on sporting grounds.



WHITE FEATHERS FOR LORD DORRIMORE? (PART I)

By Arthur F.G. Edwards

I read every copy of both the Gem and the Magnet from January 1929 to the end, after graduating from Rover and Adventure. Both before and after I was able to read a wider range of 2d magazines by swapping or buying back copies cheaply. One that I came across less than most was the Nelson Lee yet looking back I seem to recollect I found it the best of the bunch. My reason for not changing to that publication can only have been that I could not decide which of the Magnet and Gem to drop or that I believed my father (who paid for them with his paper bill) would not consent. He read both Gem and Magnet after me. To take three 2d magazines was never a financial possibility.

It never occurred to me that Martin Clifford and Frank Richards might be pen names of the same author so I assumed, correctly, that Edwy Searles Brooks was another author. In retrospect I am sure that my preference for 'the Lee' was illogical rather than nebulous. I could believe that the stories about the chums of St. Jim's were based upon fact, if somewhat embellished, but those about Greyfriars stretched my credulity to the limit. On the other hand I never had any doubts that the St. Frank's stories were pure fiction. I enjoyed reading of adventures involving pre-historic monsters; journeys in incredible vehicles; not only schoolboys but also schoolgirls facing great dangers without coming to any harm. This with parental and school consent. The very incredibility of such adventures made me assume that I was not expected to believe them to be factual and the assumed honesty of Edwy Seales Brooks appealed to me.

In the last three or four years I have been collecting Nelson Lees and have something like 150, spread over the whole range but obviously with many gaps. I can now get to the point of this article. I have just finished reading the 'Kennedy Hunter' series and started on the 'The Mutiny of the Adventure' series although I only have the first two or three. Both were published in 1918 when the outcome of the Great War was still in doubt. We know that the Lee, as the Magnet and Gem, were read by servicemen on the Western Front, in the desert, and on the high seas. I was not yet born but from reading contemporary writings and listening to father, uncles and family

friends years later, have some idea of their then outlook on life. While seventy-four years later I am able to read them with enjoyment, I wonder how they were received in 1918? Is it not possible that the 'Mutiny of the Adventure' series, in particular was seen by some as undermining the morale of men on active service, and a source of annoyance to their relations at home? I am not making an issue of their credibility; as I have said, incredibility was an attractive feature of the stories in Nelson Lee. I am querying their acceptability.

I am not sufficiently au fait with adult St. Frank's characters to assess the ages of Nelson Lee, Lord Dorrimore or Umlosi, but all three seem in the prime of life, fit, active and almost certainly of an age that made them liable to be conscripted, if they were unwilling to volunteer for active service. That Nelson Lee was more use to his country as a part-time secret agent, than on active service, might just have been accepted but would Dorrimore really have been rejected for active service because he had lost fingers of one hand (left or right?). Even if rejected for front line service could he not have done something more useful to the war effort than cruising in his yacht? Men who today would be registered as partly sighted, (nearly blind), were called up, as were those with other ailments, e.g. flat feet. They were given U.K. based jobs freeing fitter men for the front. I have seen letters sent by 'cannon fodder' to men genuinely unfit, the trend of which was not to condemn, but to say 'you lucky so and so'. That was their attitude towards their own class but would their attitude have been the same towards the upper class? I doubt it. A man could not fire a rifle if he had only one useful hand, but officers did not have to fire rifles. If Dorrimore did not want a desk job, he could easily, with his background, have got a commission in the Royal Artillery or in several branches of the Royal Navy, and seen active service, even with only one hand. Men rejected as volunteers in 1914 were called up in 1916, and men up to fifty were being conscripted at the time the Adventure took to sea. A real life Dorrimore would have received a number of white feathers.

Umlosi, who was said to love a scrap, would not have been commissioned in a British regiment, in spite of his royalty, and he may have been too proud to serve in the ranks, but a commission in the King's African Rifles, if unusual for a coloured man in real life, would have been credible fiction. If Umlosi was really as blood-thirsty as was claimed, he would have found a way to get into the action. However his obvious foreign-ness would have spared him the white feathers.

We are led to believe that three master mariners, captains Burton, Jelks and Sanders were not required to play any part in the war at sea at a time when the need for such men was at a premium, and a rag tag and bobtail crew of seamen could be recruited for a private yacht. While their ages are uncertain there is no indication that they were old men, viz over fifty. Merchant seamen were only exempt from conscription if they were actually on the books of a shipping company, or members of a crew. While Tommy Atkins may not have known this, all who served in the Royal or Merchant navies would have. Even if they realised they were reading fiction they would see Dorrimore's ability to cruise the world in his yacht, with a captain

and crew, as evidence that there was one law for the rich and another for the poor.

One way and another the 1918 writings of E.S.B. would have been likely to produce unrest in the ranks, if not seen as seditious by those in authority. Of course boys in public schools, or men from such schools, did not read the Nelson Lee so may not have been aware of what the 'other ranks' were reading. Thus E.S.B. may have escaped the wrath of those in authority but how can he, who oozed patriotism from every pore while writing of St. Frank's under Hunter, have, a few weeks later, been apparently unaware of the potential unacceptability of what he was then writing?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



KENTON STEEL - CRIME SMASHER - AND AN EVEN BIGGER MYSTERY.

by BILL LOFTS

Kenton Steel crime smasher, with his young assistant Nutty Brown, appeared in a long series in Comic Cuts in the 1940/50 period. Apart from having consulting rooms in the Bloomsbury area of London, plus at times a 'Pilson' of New Scotland Yard being mentioned, his adventures were just routine, like those of so many other detectives in the Penny Comic papers.

What however is most interesting and intriguing is the authorship, as E.S. Brooks wrote at least nine stories in the 1940/41 period, whilst Alec M. Kemp who possibly was the creator wrote most of the rest of them.

One must go back to the end of 1914 when E.S.B. was penning a few substitute Greyfriars stories for The Magnet. In the early days of the hobby he was credited as having written 20 stories in all, most of which were detected by his style, which was certainly different from that of the creator Charles Hamilton. On perusal of the official records, 18 were confirmed as his but two others, No. 349. "Won By Pluck" and No. 351 "The Photo Prize", were credited to an Alec M. Kemp. I must admit that even I would have been deceived that they were by the creator of St. Franks.

There is no possibility that Alec M. Kemp could have been a non-deplume of E.S.B. as he worked in Fred Cordwell's department as staff writer, pouring out detective tales for Butterfly, Merry and Bright, and Firefly as well as for others. He was on the staff from about 1910, and died in the fifties, so I am told. He was also believed to be last editor of Comic Cuts.

It does seem extraordinary that E.S.B. should be writing some of the Kenton Steel detective stories some 26 years later, alongside Kemp. The

payment, it must be said, was very low, only a few pounds. Many established writers refused to waste a lot which, when padded out, could be made into a full length story, earning twenty times as much. Edwy was an established writer under his Victor Gunn and Berkeley Gray pen-names by 1940, building up his reputation as a novelist. The connection between Edwy Searles Brooks and Alec Kemp with identical styles certainly is a mystery that may now never be solved.



INTO THE SUNSET.

by Ted Baldock

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return.
(Shakespeare Richard II)

Is the writing on the wall for the British Public School? It would seem so if reports and comments in the national press recently are to be credited. It is alleged that they have out-stayed their usefulness now that the Empire has ceased to be. The influx of girls and boys from the outposts has dried up now that administration by the British is a thing of the past. No longer are sons and daughters sent home to be educated to carry on in the tradition of their parents.

Who may tell if, in the not so distant future when the Public School as we know it has ceased to exist, it will become the object of curious researchers. An anachronism. A fast receding Victorian - Edwardian phenomenon. What then of the fictitious Public Schools which dominated for so many years the junior literary scene? What will future generations of young people think of Greyfriars, St. Jims, Rookwood and so many other foundations which have been the background of countless stories and adventures. Many people have suggested that these schools are no more than parodies, far removed from reality. Possibly so, yet in their portrayal are to be found many of the aspects of the "genuine article" while the spirit is certainly well presented.

Will they become literary curiosities? I think it very likely. They may well be studied by researchers who will deliver many ponderous theories and opinions about them.

This makes it even more imperative that we see to it that "Collectors Digest" continues to flourish and expand. Those affectionate pictures of a vanishing era which have given pleasure to so many must survive. A world in which Billy Bunter, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Horace Coker, Harry Wharton and Co and Henry Samuel Quelch cease to be cannot bear contemplation. They are the inspired fruits of a twentieth-century phenomenon and we must assure that they march into the twenty-first century with flying colours.

SOME OF OUR FAVOURITE AUTHORS by Margery Woods

This month: A Tribute to Horace Phillips

Just one little face at the schoolroom window,
 peering out at the pelting rain. Such a sweet
 pretty face, but, oh, how pale and thin, and
 with what a world of trouble in the bright
 blue eyes!

And so began the saga of Morcove, one of the greatest girls' schools in fiction. The face was that of Betty ('I'll manage') Barton, poverty-stricken mill-town girl who out of the blue finds herself among the rich boarders at a

*Get your School Dramatic Society
 to act this amusing play.*

Laughter *in* Court



A PLAY IN TWO SCENES

Introducing the Girls of the Fourth Form at Morcove School

By MARJORIE STANTON

public school in Devon, where from being the despised new girl and tormented victim of the snobbish Grandway bitches she very soon becomes the much loved captain of the Fourth Form and its chummy of leading lights. A world in a school created by Horace Phillips under the pen-name of Marjorie Stanton.

Phillips would be about forty when at the invitation of A.P. he took on the new storypaper THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN which was launched as a companion paper to the already hugely successful SCHOOL FRIEND. Much of that success was owed to Phillips who for some two years had taken on the Hilda Richards mantle and established Cliff House, originally created by Frank Richards, as a flourishing girls' school in its own fictional right. Now he created his own school, Morcove, and the host of fascinating girls who enchanted several generations of readers through over eight hundred stories during the run of THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN and the associated Annuals.

Despite the Victorian style of the melodramatic introduction to Morcove, though the year was 1921, Phillips' brand new magazine and story creation went from strength to strength, the circulation no doubt aided by the coupon competition which began in the first issue. The first prize was £50, which must have seemed lavish for a junior periodical in those days, with over two hundred other prizes. The idea was that the winners would be the readers who sent in the greatest number of coupons, which were printed in the first three issues. This was not as easy as it sounded for presumably each young hopeful would be hanging on to her own coupons with that tantalising £50 in mind. However, when the results were announced several weeks later the first prize winner had sent in no less than one thousand and ten coupons, which seems a vast number, just pipping to the post the runner up with one thousand and four. Those children must have had great persuasive powers as they begged coupons from their schoolmates, or, dare one wonder if there were indulgent and well-off uncles somewhere in the background who went round buying up stocks from the local newsagents? What a circulation booster!



The Modern School with an Age-Old History

Prior to SCHOOL FRIEND Phillips had written romantic novelettes for the woman's market, which no doubt proved a useful basis when he began the creation of Betty and Co. He seemed to like alliteration, hence: Betty Barton, Madge Minden, Dolly Delane, Tess Trelawney, Ella Elgood, and others, but there is no denying that this ploy helps names to slide easily from the tongue and also take firm hold in young memories. Within a few months he had established these very complete and rounded characters with a strong emphasis on emotional content. It would be too simplistic to say they were tailored to match out or balance the Cliff House girls. They were far from this. Nor did his style, apart from the strong moral tone dictated by the publishers, resemble that of the Cliff House saga. He and his colleagues on A.P.'s A Team possessed an ability which enabled them to take on one another's characters and story styles with what appeared an easy facility. That said, while most professional writers in commercial genres are able to do this, Phillips must have watched the increasing success of SCHOOL FRIEND and longed to exercise his creative talent on a new and original venture of his own, which he did, thank goodness, or Morcove may never have been born to delight its hosts of admirers down the years.

But Phillips had also been associated with several publications for boys, including some early stories in THE NUGGET LIBRARY, published weekly by James Henderson from 1907 for a number of years. In number 105, JIM HOMAN'S PERIL we find Phillips' characters into drugs! And the young hero freaking, which certainly rings a very modern bell.

Two new boys arrive at Barchester School. The older boy is eighteen, fat and flabby, and has just come home from India, where 'he has lazed about with heaps of blacks to wait on him--- whom he knew how to keep in order!' The younger boy is Jim Homan, treated in a rather proprietorial way by the awful Fry, and is soon astonishing his schoolmates by his sudden outbursts of crazy behaviour---his 'freaks'. It isn't long before the trio of Fifth Form brains, Keppel, Norman and Wenmouth notice Fry's kindly(?) bestowing of sweetmeats on the hapless Jim and get their deductive powers going.

Suspicious of Fry and the sweets---or suckers, as the boys call them---they track down two mysterious phials of liquid in Fry's study and treat the culprit literally to a dose of his own medicine.

In the hilarious sequence that follows, the Head decides to drop in on the English Literature class and calls upon Fry to recite a spot of Keats, the outcome of which is a most undignified assault on the Head's august nose. For unfortunately Keppel and Co have unwittingly given Fry two doses of the drug, one in a chocolate and the other from a cunningly doctored pencil which Fry is in the habit of chewing when in search of intellectual inspiration. Naturally our three heroes tell Fry that they will own up to causing his freak and thus save him from the whacking which awaits him in Hall, but of course they will have to admit to the Head their source of the drugs. So, Fry is caught in the proverbial cleft stick.

Then, in a moment of opportunity, Keppel decides to doctor the Head's tea with the milder of the two drugs in the hope of sending the Head 'off the boil' before the swishing in Hall that night. Of course the plan misfires when

Keppel manages to get the two phials mixed up, with further disastrous results for the unfortunate headmaster, who ends up having to be restrained.

There is more in this vein, so to speak, interwoven with the battles between the two rival sets of juniors, the Microbes and the Vulgar Fractions, and Keppel manages to lose the phials, which seem to travel in a somewhat wholesale manner round the school, before he discovers the truth behind Fry's villainy.

It's the old evil root, of course, as if the reader hasn't already guessed: a fortune that would come to Fry's father if a couple of obstacles could be removed---the obstacles being young Jim Homan and his not very well Dad. The plan was for Fry senior to take care of Homan senior while Fry junior dispatched the son. Thanks to Keppel and Co this evil murder plot is thwarted, leaving young Jim to enjoy his schooldays and realise his main ambition---to become a member of the Microbes!

Another truly ripping yarn from the pen of Horace Phillips, master storyteller and author of so many of them to enthrall our grandparents, mums and dads, and, indeed, many of us. And so with the light of nostalgia in my eyes, I salute yet another of our favourite authors.

ANOTHER BICYCLE AND BATS FOR READERS (See Page 2 of Cover)

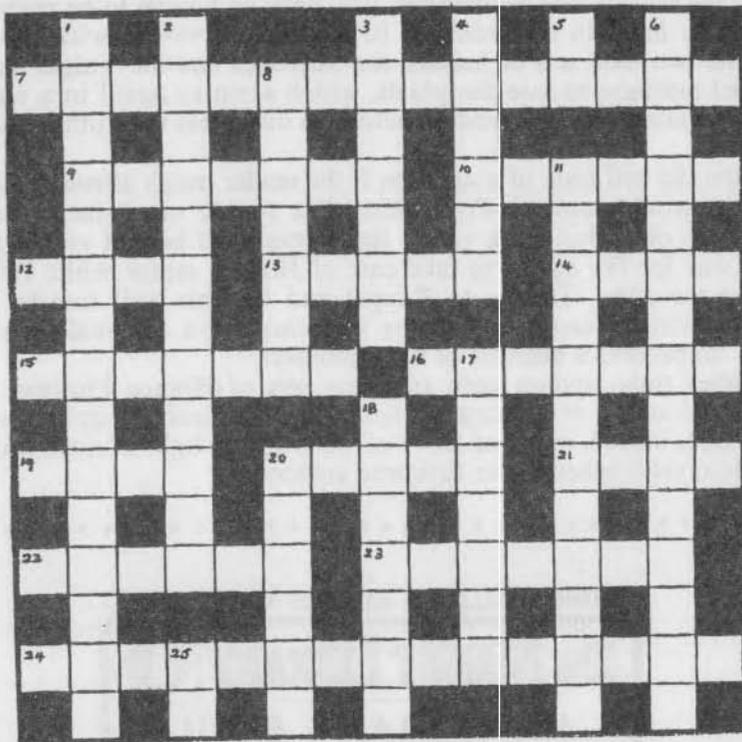
The NUGGET LIBRARY 105 1d
COWBOY

JIM HOMAN'S PERIL.

No. 105. An Astounding Story of Barchester School. [64 Pages.]



ANOTHER MAGNET CROSSWORD by Keith Atkinson



(Answers Next Month)

CLUES ACROSS

7. (+ 20 & 24 Across) How the Famous Five obeyed Coker's orders. (4.3.4.4.5.4.8.3.)
9. See 18 Down.
10. Taking cognisance of negative sound. (6)
12. Scotland Yard inspector involved at Ravenspur Grange (4)
13. See 1 Down.
14. A dead one is usually backed by Loder (4)
15. Bunter's verdict on a flogging. (2.5.)
16. A clerical cap constitutes black untidy attire. (7)
19. Run off the page. (4)
20. See 7 Across
21. Talbot's title. (4)
22. Perhaps the result of 7 Across. (6)
23. When annoyed, Quelch is very -----with lines. (7)
24. See 7 Across.

CLUES DOWN

1. (+13 Across) His Royal Plumpness in a 1922 Magnet.....(4.6.2.3.5.)
2.and an equally plump relative (6.6.)
3. Tellings off given by Third Form master? (7)
4. Uncle Benjamin's protégé (6)
5. An exclamation of pain from The Owl. (2)
6. No thanks from Bob Cherry's cousin in a 1911 Magnet (2.10.3.)
8. This might improve Claude Hoskins' appearance (7)
11. Beatles' number not usually emulated by Bunter. (6.2.4.)
17. Son of Phinehas, sometimes coupled with Mr. Toad (7)
18. (+9 Across) Would be boy exterminator. (7.7.)
20. Narrow Path with route permission (6)
25. Inelegant expression found in Holiday Annual (2)

HUMOUR AND OUR HOBBY PART III by Eric Hammond

In my early teens I read the classics and the minor classics. I was introduced to the famous detectives of fiction and the satisfactions of biography and autobiography. In fact my catholic taste in books is directly attributable to those early formative years.

One could not write about humour in books without acknowledging the great debt owed to Charles Dickens. A great master story teller, who created many characters of depth and high comedy. To give an example would be difficult. Where would one start? Each successive generation of writers owes something to those preceding. I am sure Frank Richards would have concurred in this.

Before going on to the other well-known authors who used comedy in their work, I must mention a lesser known writer who not only created an original comic character, but in doing so gave a new word to our language. I refer to Richard Brinsley Sheridan whose play "The Rivals" gave us Mrs. Malaprop, and the word malapropism. He is perhaps better known for his other play "The School for Scandal". Mrs. Malaprop was the gorgeous character famous for the ludicrous misuse of the English language. An exaggerated creation many would say, but I have personal experience that refutes that assertion. Truth is often as strange as fiction. Many years ago, I had in my employ an ex-sailor named Albert, who happened to be living proof that Sheridan knew what he was writing about. Albert, alas now dead, was a man of strongly held opinions that nothing would shake, even when the evidence against them was irrefutable. He held the opinion that all 'governors', as he called them, were born out of wedlock. In spite of this, we got on fairly well, as deep down he was a kind and caring person. His endeavours to diguise this weakness did not always succeed.

He caused great amusement amongst my other employees without a glimmer of knowing why. I will only quote a few of his malapropisms, but they came in a constant stream, and space forbids more.

He was convinced that in my capacity as 'guvnor', I was making excessive profits! He came to me once with a scheme for an "incendiary" bonus! He enjoyed a film in which General "Custard" made his last stand! When asked what his great ambition was, he replied that he would love to drive around in a dirty great "Cardiac"! Each week he gave his wife a "stimulated" amount from his wages! In the way of life he regarded me as a "typhoon" and himself a "pheasant"! Neither was correct. To my eternal credit I always kept a straight and suitably serious face. Inwardly I was bursting. It proved to me that often the dividing line between fact and fiction is a tenuous one.

To mention other writers who have given me moments of light-hearted joy, we come to many giants of English literature. Jane Austen, H.E. Bates, Robert Benchley, James Thurber, G.K. Chesterton, Jerome K. Jerome, Arthur Marshall, Dorothy Parker, H.G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Evelyn Waugh and, not by any means least, P.G. Wodehouse. I must make special mention of the last two authors on the above list. Evelyn Waugh has created several incomparable masterpieces. His insight and perception into the human condition can be uncanny and invariably amusing. A writer without parallel.

What can one add to the reputation of P.G. Wodehouse? His novels, his characters Jeeves and Wooster, his Blandford books, are the works of genius. The praise he has received is legion and well deserved.

What pleasure they have all given me. How lucky we are to have all this at the turn of a page. For all its trials and tribulations, and they are many, life has its compensations. For me the greatest is the simple pleasure derived from reading.

With all the above authors, and many more not mentioned, we can still smile and perhaps laugh at the antics and adventures of our favourite characters, from both our childhood and our now adult readings.

"NEVER GIVE UP, SKIMPOLE!"

by Ray Hopkins

Mr. Ratcliff must be pleased when a polite request from Herbert Skimpole of the Shell Form at St. Jim's gives him the opportunity to utter a roar of rage and to gloat inwardly that he can humiliate Railton by hauling one of the School House boys before him, complaining of rudeness to himself, the New Housemaster. Skimpole is at his wit's end: he hasn't been allowed to finish his, to him, perfectly straightforward request, before he finds himself, still in the agitated, angry hands of Mr. Ratcliff standing before Mr. Railton's desk.

"Gross and unparalleled insolence to me," states the New Housemaster. But what did Skimpole want Mr. Ratcliff to do? "He asked me to put my hand down the back of his neck!" Is it possible Skimpole has suddenly gone mad? "A genius is never understood by common people," the amateur Socialist remarks sadly. Skimpole has had a book stuffed down the back of his neck and he merely wanted Mr. Ratcliff to reach down and pull it out. Another satisfying roar from the New Housemaster: Skimpole is making it all

up to escape punishment. But Mr. Railton points to a bulge in the middle of Skimpole's back. Skimpole remarks that he couldn't understand Mr. Ratcliff's attitude - he would have been only too glad to have done the same service for the New Housemaster. Mr. Ratcliff mutters that it is all part of a plot against him by School House juniors, probably engineered by Tom Merry, and flounces out of the study, reduced to impotence once again.

Mr. Railton retrieves the book from Skimpole's back having to reach down not just inside his coat but inside his shirt as well. Feeling this friendly action may elicit a kindly response from his housemaster, the junior asks him if he would be kind enough to help him get his book, written from the point of view of the new Socialism, published. He reads out a section on life at public schools, for this is the very book which has been thrust down his back by unwilling listeners, in which he says housemasters will be elected by the boys who will dismiss them when they exceed their authority: the present system can only lead to the housemaster becoming a tyrant. Mr. Railton, lost for his own words in the welter of verbiage emanating from Skimpole, moves to eject the junior from his study. Skimpole remarks sadly that he is disappointed that Mr. Railton is refusing the great opportunity to share in the honour and glory and the undoubted profit of helping him publish his great work. As the door closes behind the genius of the Shell, Mr. Railton collapses into his chair in helpless laughter.

Skimpole, having, so to speak, whetted his whistle and liking the sound of his own voice mouthing all his favourite long words, accosts Tom Merry and Co. and asks them to stand still a moment while he reads to them from his masterpiece the section on what he calls the "Pernicious Study System." This system causes divisions among boys and greedy over-eating, among other dire consequences. The Co. snatch Skimpole's book and spreadeagle him on top of it. Fearful of losing his precious notebook and not noticing that he is lying on top of it, Skimpole races after them and demands its return, and then tears back to the spot where they upended him - only to find that it is already in another's hands.

Mr. Linton, the Master of the Shell, is turning the pages, his expression becoming more startled and angry the further he progresses into it. Skimpole tells him that he is the author of the amazing work which will make his name famous and if he, Mr. Linton, will help him to get it published he will mention his name in the preface so that he may enjoy some of the reflected glory. Mr. Linton, like Mr. Railton before him, is stunned into silence and Skimpole offers to read to him an extract from Chapter 135 which deals with the improvement in people's morality from the taking up of socialism: "There will be a higher standard of personal honour ... nobody will dream of reading another fellow's letters or looking into another chap's pocketbook ..." At this point Mr. Linton comes to his senses and tells the enthusiastic author that he is taking the notebook to Dr. Holmes and whether Skimpole gets it back or not will depend on the Headermaster's decision as to its worth.

Skimpole, fearing he may never see his notebook again, plants himself in front of the Master of the Shell and demands the return of his literary work. He so persists in standing in front of the master that Mr. Linton accuses him

of being insane. Skimpole quotes Chaptre 179 from memory in which "all madness is the outcome of present social conditions" and that insane people invariably suspect others of being tainted in the same manner. Mr. Linton, again struck dumb, is appalled to hear Skimpole: telling him that if the master keeps his valuable notebook he will undoubtedly be tempted to use some of Skimpole's brilliant ideas in a work of his own. Mr. Linton, failing to silence him with words, hauls the earnest junior off to his study to administer punishment. But, with the cane upraised, Skimpole tells him that caning is "an absurd and antiquated method of crushing an opponent" and that is "hopelessly illogical to convince a man's mind by inflicting pain upon his body." Mr. Linton, however, proceeds to beat Skimpole. The junior tells Mr. Linton that "corporal punishment is a barbarous survival of the brutality of the Middle Ages." Skimpole ejects himself hastily as the cane begins another downward journey.

The student of Socialism decides that if he is ever to see his notebook again, he must beard the lion in its den, as it were, and thus confronts Dr. Holmes and his wife sitting quietly in their drawing room. As before, Skimpole stuns his hearers with words, telling his headmaster that his book will bring great credit on St. Jim's which will become famous as the school where the author was educated. The Head tells Skimpole not to be absurd and is silenced again by the author's offering to read to him from Chapter 184 wherein "Youthful geniuses (are) frequently misunderstood and derided by grown-up people ... whose hard judgements are really caused by their own ignorance and stupidity." Skimpole hastens to add that he is only speaking generally. Speechless, the Head returns Skimpole's notebook and waves him away and, in gratitude, the author offers to mention Dr. Holmes' name in the preface which will insure his becoming famous also. In addition, he will allow him a half-share in the royalties if he will help him to get this valuable work published.

Skimpole leaves the head's sanctum to recover itself from the onslaught. Dare we imagine that the Head and Mrs. Holmes have to control their laughter until he is out of earshot? "A very curious youth," is the Head's summing up. "But his heart is in the right place."

This joyous sequence of events is recounted in GEM 18, 13 June 1908.

WANTED: ENID BLYTON, W.E. JOHNS, CROMPTON. First editions in wrappers, and ALL ephemera related to these authors. ANY original artwork related to Bunter, Blyton, Biggles, Eagle or other British comics and boys papers. ALL Boys Friend Libraries by W.E. Johns and Rochester. Many "Thriller" issues and first editions in wrappers by Charteris required. NORMAN WRIGHT, 60 Eastbury Road, Watford, WD1 4JL. Tel. 0923 232383.

WANTED: Howard Baker Greyfriars Holiday Annuals for 1985 and 1986: Collectors Pie nos. 3,4, and 5; also Greyfriars Press GEM volumes nos. 8,11,18 and 19. Must be in very good condition. State your price please. W.L. BAWDEN, 14 HIGHLAND PARK, REDRUTH, CORNWALL, TR15 2EX.



Bessie Makes A Protest!

"THEY LOSE MY LETTERS"

GRAVE CHARGES AGAINST
POST OFFICE

(Miss Bunter having received no reply to the accompanying letter, and believing it to have been lost, has asked us to publish it.—EDITRESS.



Dear Miss Bullivant,—I want to ask your advise about my fewture carrear, because if the finanshall depression of the country gets worse I shall probably have to earn my own living. Once more a remittance has gone astray, and it behoves me to face facts.

The sum you gave us to do last week about the man who lent a hundred pounds (£100) at ten per cent for the first month, and then more per scents the next month shows that you know all about money. When I leave school I don't want to be just a teacher or anything scatty like that—I want to have a good paying carrear. I asked Clara Trevlyn, but she only said I carreared quite enough about the place without wanting to carrear when I grow up. But she is a jelous cat and doesn't understand that life is reel and life is Ernest as the poem says.

Dear Miss Bullivant, if I get a Capital, and heaps of per scents I'm sure I shall do well. But how does a clever girl like me get these things? A good summer like you will no dout see away at once, and I would be quite willing to share all prophets and not charge you any scents.

And by the way, which is your favourite scent? 'Odour Co. Loan' or 'At Her of Roses'? Your esteemed decision on this will receive prompt attention.

May I, dear sir or madam, wait on you at your earliest convennience and diskuss said matter to our mutual advantage, which as you will see is a very business-like way of putting the proposition, for I copped it out of a smart book called The Compleat Business Girls Guide.

Awaiting your favourible reply, I am,

Yours respectfully,
Elizabeth Gertrude Bunter (Miss)
per-pro—perpro.

To Miss Bullivant,
Maths expert
Cliff House School.



UNUSUAL ASPECTS OF CLIFF HOUSE

By Masiorie Hazeldene.

No. 1. During the
Christmas Holidays.

CLIFF HOUSE—when we are not there! Can you imagine a greater change in any place than there is in the old school?

If you were a scholar at the school, and you were to pass by on one snowy day during the holidays, you really would not be able to take a little conceit to yourself. For you would realise then that it is really the girls who make the school; not the venerable pile of bricks and mortar.

Yes, Cliff House is like a dead place during the Christmas holidays. The quadrangle is snow-covered and unsullied, save for a path that leads from the porter's lodge to the main doors. The stillness

is almost eerie. You wait, almost expecting to see one of the doors burst open and some happy girls come out.

And at night it is even stranger still. There are no bright windows, none lit with just the flickering red flame of a study fire. Cliff House is cold and cheerless, barren and bleak. The stranger trudges on through the snowy lane without giving it a second glance. It is not the Cliff House that we all know.

Girls have stayed at Cliff House for Christmas, and then, of course, certain rooms have been used, and there have been mistresses in the building. It is a strange sensation, at first, to be able to roam from room to room without interruption; to sit in the Sixth-Form room or the Second; to idle in the lordly Fifth's Common-room or dance along the corridors. But one soon tires of it. Those who have stayed have always been really glad to see us all coming back again.

We love the old school; we shall always retain happy memories of Cliff House. But during the holidays—well, one does best to keep right away from the old building. When it is so cold and dreary, it is nice to think of it just as resting, for we know that when we do return the same cosy air and bright light will be there to welcome us again.

We collectors are a funny lot! We have these fixed ideas about which papers and comics are worth preserving and can be somewhat dismissive of those that fall short of our standards. It always comes as a pleasant shock, therefore, to discover something from the past of which we were previously unaware and which turns out to be just what the doctor ordered!

This happened to me earlier this year.

My wife, Jacqui, found me an undated Cowboy Comic Album published by World Distributors and containing a selection of black and white reprints of western strips from the 1950s, all originally published by Dell in the U.S.A.

Now I have always considered myself to be a bit of a "connoisseur" of the old western comics and, in my opinion, the Dell publications were never in the same league as those published by Fawcett in the States and reprinted here by L. Miller & Sons. To be honest, I didn't expect too much from the album and certainly some of the stories turned out to be nothing special. In the midst of the mediocrity, however, were some shining jewels!

The collection contained three stories of Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, a "mountie" who, with his stout-hearted dog, King, keeps law and order in the frozen wastes of the far North. Not only were the yarns well constructed, they were served with excellent artwork, streets ahead of anything else in the album. The unidentified artist had a real flair for depicting the frozen wastes and his animals seemed almost to come alive on the page. I was delighted to note also that the text of the story was real authentic stuff, full of "mother lodes", "Cheechakos", "prospects", "loons" and all the other good things that made the old-time writers such as James B. Hendryx so immensely readable.

Here was treasure indeed. But how to discover any more of this particular brand.

The stories all carried a copyright date of 1953 and were presumably reprinted from the monthly Sergeant Preston of the Yukon comic magazines published by World Distributors at sixpence a time. Further investigation via the British Comics and Story Paper Price Guide revealed that this ran for approximately sixteen issues during 1953 and 1954. I say approximately because the author of the guide admitted to being unsure of the actual number issued.

A pretty rare title by all accounts and not too much hope of uncovering any of the old comics after so long, particularly bearing in mind the fact that some of these old western titles had pretty small print runs. But I am determined to keep an eye out, just in case.

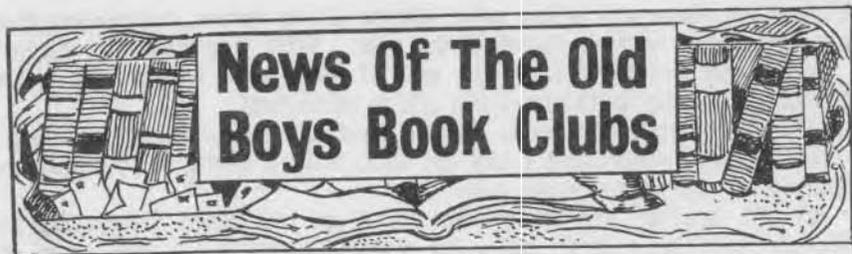
Last weekend, visiting friends in Dorset, we came upon a shop dealing mainly in film and television memorabilia but which also stocked piles of old American comics sprinkled with a few British titles. "Is this one any good?", asked Jacqui who was furiously sifting on my behalf, and there staring up at me was the cover of Sergeant Preston of the Yukon No. 14. My excitement turned to dismay as I realised that it was, indeed, only the cover. There was no sign of the magazine itself.

And yet, there was a tiny price sticker in the corner, suggesting that the comic was intact when placed in the pile. With any luck the cover had simply become detached from the rest of the comic which was "in there somewhere". It was; in the very last pile to be sorted!

The shopkeeper effected a skilful repair job on my behalf (using a tube of white "gluey" stuff) and I left the shop with a completely intact comic purchased at a very reasonable price.

To the best of my knowledge there are no other Sergeant Preston collectors and the comics have no particular value, at least not in the monetary sense. I know, however, that the keen sense of "discovery" that I experienced, the thrill of locating "gold" in the masses of barren rock is something that will be shared with me by many readers of the SPCD. Some things are beyond price and those of us fortunate enough to share the hobby can never be truly destitute!





CAMBRIDGE CLUB

For our March meeting we gathered at the Linton village home of member Roy Whiskin.

After a short business meeting, Roy discussed the life and works of English artist Dennis McLaughlin. His style is well known through the T.V. Boardman magazines and books, particularly his illustrating of the Buffalo Bill annuals in the Fifties. Even today a prolific artist, McLaughlin now illustrates for D.C. Thomson.

We then listened to a radio profile of the Children's Newspaper, a quaint Victorian journalist's idea of what children should read which strangely lasted from 1919 until 1965.

Bill Lofts then gave us a fascinating talk entitled 'Don't forget the Publisher's' consisting of brief biopics of the early years of many of the most familiar of British publishers of our hobby papers; these included Harmsworth Brothers, Pearson, Odhams, Hulton, D.C. Thomson, Newnes and W.H. Smith

ADRIAN PERKINS

NORTHERN O.B.B.C.

A welcome was given to the eleven assembled on a very pleasant spring-like evening.

Arrangements were made for our Club Dinner now to take place on Saturday evening, 17th April. Paul spoke on the W.E. Johns' Centenary Celebrations and it was noted that the C.D. would have updates throughout the year.

"Our Friend Jennings" presented by Catherine, gave us another insight into the stories by Anthony Buckeridge. The staff of Linbury Court School should never be surprised at the antics performed by the imaginative Jennings and Darbshire. The author's insight into boys' minds was really spot-on and similar to that of Richmal Crompton, the creator of William. We also realised that both authors had been teachers at boarding school and so had plenty of opportunity for observation.

Robert Kay presented "The Sword in the Stone". The fantasy world of King Arthur has been presented by a number of authors, but by far the most accepted was that conveyed by T.H. White. Robert's interesting presentation was very thorough, mentioning also Arthurian films and cartoons. It gave a very refreshing new aspect to our look at children's literature.

JOHNNY BULL MINOR

FOR SALE: H.B. Magnet Vols: 1,2,3,4,3,8,11,47. Holiday Annuals: 1973,1975,1976,1978,1979. Union Jack: Plague of Onion Men. Offers for lot, plus postage, to W.H.J. Oliver, 10 Rumsam Close, Barnstaple, Devon. EX32 9ES. Tel. 0271 43918.

MORE TRIBUTES TO NORMAN SHAW

from Desmond O'Leary

For over twenty years a visit to Norman Shaw was something I looked forward to as an exhilarating treat.

Several times a year I would catch an early Saturday train to St. Pancras and then out to Crystal Palace. Then a happy afternoon browsing through his immense stock and choosing with difficulty what I wanted, and, more important, what I could afford!

It was at Norman's that I built up my collection of D.C. Thomson story papers and learned to appreciate the wonderful variety of our hobby. There was always something to discover, from MAGNET to GEM, from NELSON LEE to MODERN BOY, from CHAMPION to BOYS FRIEND LIBRARY etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

Others have written of his geniality and helpfulness but what I remember best is a sort of peppery good humour and an infrequent impatience which was somehow amusing, not annoying.

I took my young son with me on several occasions and my even younger daughter once. She made a great hit with him and was delighted at the little illustration he gave her. Chris, my son, was already keenly interested in comics and usually came home with an armful of SPARKY's, 2000 A.D.'s or WHIZZER AND CHIPS.

I was very pleased when, on my retirement, my colleagues presented me with, along with more formal gifts, a cheque for use on my hobby. Leaving my wife and daughter in Harrods, I shot over to Belvedere Road where it, and a bit more, was soon spent!

My last visit was in November 1991 when I am glad that I had brought my camera with me. My photo of him turned out well, I think, and I was able to send him a copy.

The next year I sent him a card from France, wishing him well in his well-earned retirement and promising to visit him that summer. Alas, it was not to be.

from Naveed Haque:

I was extremely sad to hear of the passing of Norman Shaw. On a visit to Belvedere Road, (Crystal Palace) in 1991, I had a long chat with him, and he recalled, as a lad, his impressions of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917! I remember feeling surprised, as he did not seem that elderly at all. He was full of enthusiasm for our hobby, and extremely helpful in catering to my collecting needs.

On my third visit, I asked his permission to take a photograph, and this was kindly given. I will always treasure it - and his memory. The hobby is all the poorer without him.

from Margery Woods:

I am so saddened by the death of dear Norman Shaw. He was a most kind and caring man, who, besides being so unfailingly helpful and generous with advice to collectors, tended his invalid mother with great devotion for many years until her death not so long ago. He will be greatly missed, not only by us, and by Robin, but also by the vast cat who knew it was on to a good thing when it decided to "adopt" Norman who spoilt it outrageously with tasty meals. Dear Norman, you will be long and sadly missed.

MORE CENTENARIANS **by Brian Doyle**

In the SPCD issue of August 1990, I wrote about some Centenaries and Centenarians for the years 1988-1990. Now it's time for some more for the years 1991-1993...

One of the most popular school story writers of them all, Hylton Cleaver, was born in 1891. Many of his stories were set at Greyminster or Harley schools and some were based loosely upon his own schooldays at St. Paul's School, in London, where an eccentric but much-loved master named Elam served as a model for his most amusing creation, Mr. Dennett, a housemaster at Greyminster. His first story appeared in "The Captain" in 1913 ('The Red Rag') and his first book, "Roscoe Makes Good" in 1921. Many of his books originally appeared as serials in boys' magazines (5 for "The Captain", 7 for "Chums") and he also contributed many short stories to these as well as to "Boys' Own Paper"). He was a sports writer for the London "Evening Standard" for over 20 years (rugby, riding and boating). He was a welcome and entertaining guest at a meeting of the London Old Boys' Book Club in 1961, shortly before his death, at the age of 70, in September of that year.

Prolific boys' writer, John Hunter, was also born in 1891, and began writing while still a teenager. He specialised in fast-moving sporting (especially motor-racing) adventure and detective yarns contributing to practically all the popular boys' papers and magazines from 1913 onwards. He wrote 56 Sexton Blake Libraries and created his famous Blakian character, Captain Dack, the big, tough, breezy skipper of the 'Mary Ann Trinder', in 1936. His pen-names included 'Peter Meriton', 'Francs Brent' and 'Anthony Drummond'.

1891 also saw the publication of the original "Joker" (July 1891 to October 1897), of Conan Doyle's historical novel (and his own personal favourite of his books) "The White Company", and of Talbot Baines Reed's popular school story "The Cock House at Fellsgarth".

Progressing to 1892 we find that busy Sexton Blake author Pierre Quiroule (real name W.W. Sayer) was born in this year. He began writing Blake stories in 1919 and created such famous characters as 'Granite Grant' and "Mademoiselle Julie'. He wrote for numerous boys' papers and magazines and also penned several adult hard-cover thrillers. In the late-

1930s, a British feature film was made from one of his SBL stories, "The Mystery of No. 13 Caversham Square", under the title "Sexton Blake and the Hooded Terror" with George Curzon as the sleuth

Another popular writer, Augustus Muir, was born in 1892. Canadian-born Muir wrote a series of humorous stories about a character called Pennyfarthing, for "The Captain", while still in his '20s. He later wrote many detective novels, some featuring a detective named Dr. Louis Raphael, the first being "Raphael, M.D." Another popular title was "The Man Who Stole the Crown Jewels". He contributed to several magazines and also published a series of travel books, mainly about Scotland, where he was educated. He was also Editor of "The World" magazine.

1892 saw the debut of one of the finest boys' magazines of all time: "Chums". It made its bow in September of that year (including in its first issues the serial "The Iron Pirate" by Max Pemberton, (its first Editor) and ran until July 1932 (appearing as an Annual until 1941). "Nuggets" ran from May 1892 until March 1906. Conan Doyle's "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" was published for the first time in book-form too.

Well-known authors of children's books born in this year included the great J.R.R. Tolkien ("The Hobbit", "The Lord of the Rings" trilogy, etc.), Lucy M. Boston, author of the highly-praised 'Green Knowe' books, and Gwynedd Rae, who wrote many small but highly-amusing books about Mary Plain, a little bear from Berne Zoo, who preceded Paddington Bear by about 30 years.

Coming right up to date (if that's not contradictory!) we have, of course, the Centenary of Biggles-creator Captain W.E. Johns, born in 1893, with anniversary celebrations, exhibitions and media-coverage already well underway. Biggles made his bow in a story called "The White Fokker" in "Popular Flying" magazine, founded and edited by Johns, in 1932. The rest is history...

The great Talbot Baines Reed died on November 28, 1893, at the early age of 42. It was undoubtedly Reed who shaped the traditional school story as readers later came to know and love it. His influence upon the genre was enormous. Most of his books originally ran as serials in the "Boys' Own Paper" before their publication in book-form; they included "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's", "The Willoughby Captains", "A Dog With a Bad Name", "The Master of the Shell" and "Tom, Dick and Harry". Ironically, for a writer who wrote so well and accurately about public school boarding life, Reed himself was educated at the City of London school - a day-school

1893 also saw the birth of a notable editor and author: F. Addington Symonds. He was Founder-Editor of "The Champion" in 1922, and he later edited "Rocket", "Pluck", and "Young Britain". He wrote his first Sexton Blake story in 1921 and subsequently wrote several more, for the "Union Jack" and the "SBL", creating such characters as Claire Delisle, The Raven, Dr. Queed, and Vedax the Dwarf. He also wrote several issues of the Dixon Hawke Library. With Alfred Edgar, and under the name of 'Howard Steele', he created 'Panther Grayle, Detective'; another of his pseudonyms was Earle Danesford.

W.A. Williamson was also born in this year. Though he did write a couple of Sexton Blake yarns, he was perhaps best-known as the first Editor of "Picturegoer" in 1921; in 1925 he became Editor of the popular "Passing Show" magazine, a post he held for many years.

Pemberton's classic adventure "The Iron Pirate" saw book publication this year, 1893, following its serialization in "Chums". "Ha'penny Marvel" made its bow in November, 1893 and ran until January, 1904. "Larks" ran from May, 1893 until March, 1902, and the original "Funny Wonder" ran from February, '93 to May, 1901. Robert Louis Stevenson's novel "Catriona", the sequel to his marvellous "Kidnapped" was published this year too.

1893. One hundred years ago. So what else happened during that momentous year?

For those who really care... The very first ready-to-eat breakfast cereal was invented and sold: Shredded Wheat, in the United States... The very first zip-fastener was invented... Hawaii became a Republic...

Just thought you might like to know...

DON'T KNOCK THE PICTURES

Story illustrators of the past

by Donald V. Campbell

When we were young or when we were very young - or should it be "a long time ago?" Whatever. The children's books we read (once past the picture book one syllable stuff) still contained illustrators. Moving from Biggles and Percy F. Westerman to the pleasures of the "big" library we still found pictures in some volumes. These books were probably early twentieth century hardback versions of tales already told in *The Strand* or *The Windsor*.

Strand and *Windsor* depended, for their content, mainly on stories - although both turned out articles of varying quality and interest. *Strand*, in particular produced many thousands of words on various forms of grotesques - human, animal and mineral. *Windsor* was always keen on showing artists and their homes and work - one such illustrates the "bohemian" and his wife, in 1910, in an anglicised version of a Japanese home - both characters complete with silk dressing gowns or kimonos! All of the magazines needed pictures, photographs, diagrams, old masters, young masters and lots and lots of line illustrations.

Who were these champions of the adventure story? What did they best illustrate? When, or why, did this form of adult art die?

Some names then. Do you know them? Have you got some favourites?

Maurice Grieffenhagen, Steven Spurrier,
H.M. Brock, C.E. Brock, Stanley Davies,
Fred Pegram, Gordon Brown, The Cuneos,
H.R. Millar, Abbey, F.H. Townsend,
Stanley L. Wood, Phil May, Will Owen.

There are many many more but these will suffice, except to mention one

of the finest who is unsung and almost forgotten - Warwick Reynolds, whose skill with the pencil (as opposed to pen & ink) was fluent, strong and unmistakeable - his drawings of animals are particularly powerful. Warwick Reynolds may be forgotten but they probably all are, with the possible exception of the Brocks, who were so prolific in magazines and books, adult and children's, that they must still be on hundreds of bookshelves today.

The Brocks lived in the country (East Anglia I seem to remember) and worked on their commissions without straying too far from home. At the turn of the century there was a dependable postal/telegraph service! Their work was usually pen & ink and they were used for period costume dramas because of their unfailing accuracy coupled to a bold style.



"Gwendolen" *Punch*, 1906 (H.M. Brock)

MAWAKEE OF THE SILVER HIGHWAY.



Mawakee slid to the water's edge, but the turrener . . . was on him, and its strong jaws closed upon the loose skin of the otter's neck. Mawakee turned, his own teeth penetrating deeply into the flesh of the dog's throat.

"The dog and the otter". *The Royal*.
September, 1919. (Warwick Reynolds)

Occasionally, as with many of these illustrators, they turned out cartoons for *Punch* as, for example, H.M. Brock's classic variation on the clumsy maid who said, "It came to pieces in me'and, madam" - this illustration, fun as a cartoon, is a poor representation of H.M. Brock, perhaps he dashed it off for the money? C.E. Brock also produced a "below stairs" observation in his production of 1905 - "A Matter of Habit". The contrast between the upper and lower classes at that time provided seemingly endless repetitions of the (almost) same gag.



A MATTER OF HABIT.

Lady (engaging new cook). "ONE THING MORE. I ALWAYS LIKE MY SERVANTS TO DRESS QUIETLY."
 Applicant. "OH, THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE ABOUT THAT, MA'AM. I'VE GOT A QUIET TASTE MYSELF."

C. E. Brock 1905

"A Matter of Habit" *Punch*, 1905. (C.E. Brock)

Will Owen is well known by card collectors and for his characterisations for the W W Jacobs' stories in *The Strand*. He was both economical with his lines and humorous with his caricatures.



"Mr. Pilkley's Felony"
The Windsor. April, 1905.
 (Will Owen)

For an artist of uncommon strength we should look at Maurice Grieffenhagen. He was responsible for the illustrators for H. Rider Haggard's, "*She*" and "*Ayesha*" as well as many others in *The Windsor*. Possibly he is one artist who demonstrates some link to the Art Nouveau period in which he was illustrating. Many illustrators were skilled but, in the end, were copyists rather than stylists. Grieffenhagen had the ability to sculpt a face in watercolour and stretch his bodies to give the scenes a strange

power. His women though were "handsome" rather than beautiful. Most of these artists were just as guilty then of popularising a certain image of women as objects of beauty.



"At one point she passed, and I looked downwards."

"Ayesha" The Windsor, Dec. 1904 (Maurice Grieffenhagen)

Such images are argued over today - should women be portrayed as slim, elegant, beautiful or.....what?

To end with - an artist not previously mentioned, Penrhyn Stanlaws, who relayed to his audience the "pouter pigeon" look of the times in a swish and flurry of his pen.

The turn of the century illustrators worked with what they saw and they saw elegant women with "white as thistledown" necks, shoulders of uncommon beauty, shapes of delicate curves and.... If this seems extreme then look at the magazines, look at the illustrators, look at the style, the line and the skill. *Strand and Windsor* were just as biased in favour of pictures of the female as any of today's "Chats", "Hellos", and "Cosmopolitans" and the others who use miles and miles of photographic film.



"The French Maid" *The Windsor*,
Aug. 1905 (Penrhyn Stanlaws)

The demise of the line illustrator can be seen, not only in the disappearance of *Strand and Windsor* and their compatriots but, possibly and finally, in the death of *Punch* itself. The new artists, or are they "computer photo-enhancers and manipulators", have forgotten pen & ink and pencil and dash off their work in colour. *Radio Times*, thank goodness, still supports some illustrators but, seemingly, always in colour.

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Good morning everyone. Your Digest is dated April. Spring has arrived, no time for slacking, cricket bats to be oiled, sort out fishing tackle, sailing dinghys to be fitted out. Where are those hiking boots, that leaking tent, repair that bike. What a lot of fun we are going to have. First Editions VG copies in DW's.

Biggles Gets His Men	H&S	1950	£14.00
Biggles' Second Case	H&S	1948	£12.50
Another Job for Biggles		1951	£12.50
Biggles Buries a Hatchet		1958	£14.00
Biggles and Poor Rich Boy		1961	£14.00
Biggles Follows On	H&S	1952	£12.50
Trouble For Tom Merry	SB		£10.00
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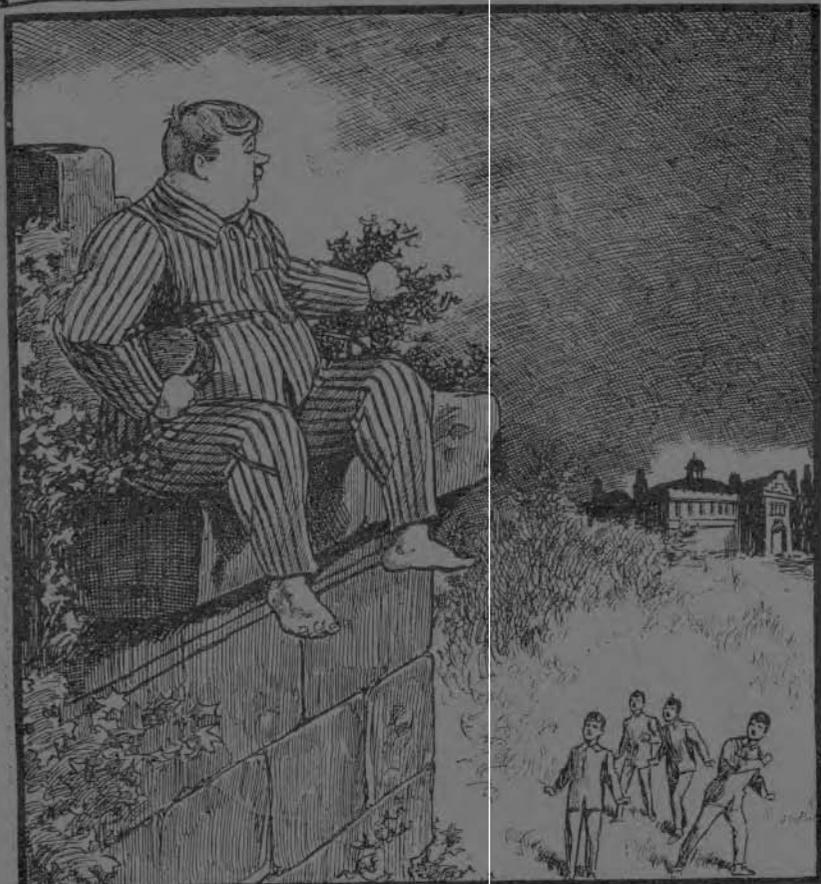
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