

# THE GOLDEN HOURS

MAGAZINE

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PRODUCED IN AUSTRIA IN EVERY NOV AND FEB

FROM THE EDITOR

## INTERNAL.

It's just as well I said no goodbye about WED the British Home Magazine was to appear each issue. Some friends thought I really didn't mean the 'every now and then' part on the cover. They know better now, but it hasn't been lost of realization that accounts for this late appearance of what was to be a June number. Not at all! Better of that, No. 3 will come out first on the basis of No. 2 (going I hope!). All the material is on hand or coming, as material has been the response by contributors. As I do say to subscribers it will either be a feast or a fiasco. Seriously though many nice things were said about No. 1. Criticism was in the broadest vein and gladly received, for it's freely admitted that faults abounded, but, even though I've had to change implications just after starting the water, I feel sure that some technical improvements will show in this issue.

I'm honored to present the first two articles in this issue and I hope all collectors will get great pleasure in reading them. But I've had another pleasure that unfortunately cannot be shared by all. That is in just looking at the manuscripts of these articles. They are a sheer pleasure to handle and the typing, printing and presentation a joy to see. Perhaps even the British Home Mag could come out as often if all articles gave so little trouble to the editor.

I must thank Bill Luffe for the opportunity to present such an interesting feature on the cover. As you will read elsewhere, the original sketch is by Eric Parker in rather interesting circumstances. But of course Mr. Parker did not include Mr. Tyson's famous signature. I added that. I hope it's not a mistake.

In the next issue I hope to have another of Bill Luffe's intensely interesting "Facts & Figures" articles and, indeed, in a way it is quite a Bill Luffe issue in its own way. Mr. Savage has kindly consented to add another article so soon to his rapidly growing collection of A.F. 100 and derivatives.

I've had some enquiries from subscribers as to the kind of wrap order or such to send me. Well, either Stamp Order or Postal Note is quite alright.

I did not picture any No. 4's as I hope I will have enough to go round. If you do market please send for it soon, as more than half have been sold.

As promised the Australian contributor this issue to Boris Pitt. I've not had word of the price for the Greatfrank bag, but if possible this could be called the British Home club offering this year.

Ed Smith,  
No. 1 Graham Street,  
GLAMORGAN, S.W.S.

# Memories <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ MAGNET Office

*by Ed Sawyer*

In March 1961, I took the job by the charity school in which I had spent nearly six years of Spartan training and hard discipline, the 1928 the late Maxwell Group, an American firm, makers of fine combinatorial tools, in Upper Thames Street, London.

In prison, awaiting the heavy lock in the freedom, even though the literature was (especially that I. Night after night I lay awake in my bunk, waiting for the heavy key when the school gates would close behind us for ever.

But what the reality brought painful disillusionment. I joined the late Maxwell Group laboratory as a chemical agent — chemical and engineering was voluntary subjects at school, and I had with special proficiency in those subjects — but instead of going into the office, I was assigned to the basement of the premises, down my job the to give the facilities of putting down. For this occasion from of material labor I received two shillings per week. Each a day, in 1961, and was not further than 24 hours before of the same day, I found in parts a position to find and stable work in this restricted office. I took a day before was any kind of work in the field, "Inventive", and had to work with the office in the basement of the place. I also will remember writing out the notes, in a large hospital ward — an large one for the day in the study, and a smaller one for work table. My reward for this service was one fine and per day, which helped considerably to the cost of student insurance.

In March the living was very short, and I was forced to work this early morning, until late at night, then the staff returned from their day job. The morning was very good in it. My's office was, making of Maxwell Group, and in the afternoon I attended the course of Great Court, Westminster (London) — now, I find, it's worth and useful rather than for practical purposes. The late, R.L. says a very important member of the staff, but the course, which was usually followed by four participants, in the form of the old time. After the course, I could keep the student work it was time to return to my lab.

Finally, I was not allowed to spend the rest of my youth visiting friends from putting down. In the course I was awarded for the office, these life was very enjoyable. But I was never really happy at Maxwell, because the fact that from the top of my school career from. I spent long enough to qualify for the reward of a golden certificate, which the school promised to give to every student who completed a year's service with the same firm. I then sought

another situation, and succeeded in obtaining a junior clerkship at the headquarters of the Federal Institute, just off the Strand. Here I was fortunate enough to have as a colleague my old school friend Harold E. Payne, later to join me in Journalism and to become Editor of the "Union Jack."

The Federal job, although more interesting than its predecessor did not last very long, and my next switch was to the Treasury Solicitor's office in the Old Bailey, where I did a vast amount of typing work for very little pay. This job was also short-lived, for I decided to make a clean breast and quit London for my native county of Hampshire.

In 1913, I started work in the office of a stock and share broker in London, at a rate of fifteen shillings per week. Having a job-sitting room for five shillings weekly, I was just able to keep myself on the spending her shillings.

Although the atmosphere of the London office was more congenial than that of any of the London offices in which I had worked, I had very little interest in the world of stocks and shares, bulls and bears, and my desire to become a speculator on the stock market, should I ever gain skill, was disappointed at a very early stage. I can remember typing the letters to clients on writing day, the usual formula being: "Dear Sir, ———, I enclose statement of your account, showing a balance due from you of £ ————. Kindly let us have your cheque for this amount in the usual way."

Only in rare occasions was this formula varied by: "I enclose statement of your account, showing a balance due to you of £ ————, a cheque for which is enclosed."

My clients were involved in heavy losses, which my employer himself, despite his professional knowledge of the stock market and the fluctuations, was eventually relieved by such speculation.

Throughout all my vicissitudes, I had received largely devoted to them favorite periodicals of my schooldays, the "SMITH" and "SEN," of which I had the misfortune to miss my issues, through lack of funds on the day of publication, I could always secure back numbers at a reduced price, from a stall in Abchurch Lane, Portsmouth.

I had read the "SMITH" from the very first issue, despite the fact that at my old school the companion papers were strictly forbidden. They were filled with "Woodford Notes" and "Bullfinch Hints" as parables and satires of discipline, and there was short shrift for any schoolboy who dared to defy the law. Nevertheless, the law was broken, and the beloved papers were smuggled into the school by all sorts of ingenious means.

Writing in the "STREET PAPER COLLECTOR," Mr. E.C.C. Duffin has described how I used to read the "SMITH" and "SEN" in a secret and abiding shrine in the school playground, the boy being stationed to give warning of the approach of a teacher or monitor. Many attempts were made to suppress these regular (or almost I say irregular?) readings, but all in vain. Not I recall one occasion when a big crowd-up was made of the banned periodicals, and these were put into a basket and publicly burned on

the school yards ground, in the same way that howlled words were once hurled by the common tongue!

I almost wept with rage and mortification at this holocaust, which seemed to me to be an act of wantonness on the part of the school authorities.

As the flames arose from the funeral pyre, we were solemnly warned by old "Thomas" the Newshunter (he drew the red cover of the BAZAAR out as a red rag to a bull) of the dire pains and penalties which would befall us were we ever found with such "pernicious trash" as the BAZAAR or CHS in our possession!

But a new and more violent age was soon to dawn, and it is pleasant to record that within a few years the hat was lifted, and the respective papers circulated freely among the boys of King Edward VI School, thus showing that there can surely have been no greater estimate for the writings of Frank Richards and Burke Clifford.

CHAPTER II

My first contribution to the BAZAAR was a signed note, stating the prices of my favourite paper. This journalistic offering tickled the fancy of the editor-in-chief, Maurice Jones, who published it with the comment: "One of my business readers has sent us the following review. He does not ask us to publish them, as some readers do, stating they are good or bad; but I am pleased to publish them, for I consider them very good indeed."

These words of kindly encouragement were instrumental in launching me upon my journalistic career.

Seeing that got my foot in, as it were, I proceeded to consolidate this early success. Working by daylight in my bedchamber room at Southsea, I produced a series of twelve poems, each headed with a personal allusion to the BAZAAR, and these were published under the title of "Seventeen Lines." They were followed by a satirical notice for the CHS - "St. Joe's Singers."

Despite the fact that these poems showed more juvenility than real wit, they proved very popular, and I soon found myself fairly established as the BAZAAR and CHS reporter.

From a very early age I had studied in verse. It might be said of me, as of a far more famous versifier, that "I slipped in numbers, for the Muse's sake." The school magazine was one official, and the other produced by the boys themselves - but published by officials; but the first year for which I received such payment appeared in "Under the Trees," the magazine of British Royal Hospital. Written when I was only twelve years old, it was, I remember, a parody of "The Death of the John Bull" - the first of many parodies of the classics which were to flow from my childish pen.

One day, when writing in the cloak and shirt room's office at Southsea, a telegram arrived for my dear father - a message which got my heart pounding wildly, for it was from the Editor of the BAZAAR,

reporting my immediate attendance at the Flattery House.

It was a Friday evening, I remember, and my boss readily granted me leave of absence. I think he had a premonition that he would shortly be looking for another, but he faced the crisis with cheerful resignation. For, truth to tell, I was a better workaholic than a procrastinator's jackal. Moreover, I am afraid I had been writing a great deal of waste during business hours -- a practice which did not make for office efficiency.

I don't know what sort of a person I had expected the Editor of the WASH to be -- a venerable professor or a callow youth. I should think that Hinton was neither. He was a man of striking physical aspect, and at that time probably some years of age. He was an old public school man, played bridge for Kew-Forest, and was obviously an athlete, outdoor type rather than a slave of the lamp.

Hinton's greeting was friendly enough, but there was an Egyptian stiffness about him -- an air of superiority which was slight here regarded as an overblownness -- though I am sure he was no snob. I was later to know Hinton well, in day-to-day contact at New St., after I took Murray Lane's place as sub-editor; but although he always treated me extremely well, and had a higher opinion of my work than it probably deserved, there was something reserved in his bearing which forbade such close intimacy. I came to know only Noel Woodhouse, Jeffrey O'Hara, and other members of the WASH staff.

Noel Richards, in his autobiography, has compared Herbert Hinton with George Figgins. Frankly, I can see no point of resemblance between the Editor of the WASH and the leader of the Fourth Form of St. John's. Now I used to know the character that Hinton was, and nearly remember, I should say Mr. Jerry Lawless, the game master of Cretingham.

Although a competent Editor, and the writer of some of the early WASH stories, Hinton was not an enthusiastic, *à-la-carte* specialist "man". He was more interested in the article than the literary style of story production, and he was probably happier writing "THE MILLION'S NEW FORTUNE" than when he was at the helm of the WASH.

Herbert Alan Hinton was a man for whom I had the greatest admiration and respect, and I was deeply shocked to learn of his tragic death in 1924.

WALTER DICK, the future Editor of the WASH, was in closer affinity than anyone with Hinton. Both were public school men, with a great deal in common and both worked as a newspaper man in the production of the paper. Dick was a gambler and was somewhat generally than Hinton, and he was completely well liked by the WASH staff. Whilst lacking the robust characteristics of Hinton, he was intellectually superior, and he has already written a number of "subliminal" WASH stories of such kind that they have frequently been attributed to Herbert Hinton.

In retrospect I have sometimes seen ill-informed opinions of Dick's affinity of the companion papers; but there is no doubt in my own mind that he was the right man for the job. Certainly I owe a great deal to him, and although I was often to prove a thorn in his

Frank letter, in asking demands for higher payment for my work, I am sure he has long since forgiven me, and I wish his will in the matter of his day.

WHEAT in the very immediate prospect for visitation to Room 39, I experienced some of the annoyances I usually felt in being interrupted. Both Hinton and Deen got so entirely at my elbow, and explained why I had been sent for.

A major crisis had arisen in the WAGNER office. Charles Hamilton, who at that time was living in the south of France, had failed for some reason to turn in his manuscript with his customary regularity. The drawer of Deen's desk labelled "WAGNER COPY" was empty; and a story was urgently needed with which to go to press. Would I be prepared to tackle the task -- to remain in London and write a WAGNER story over the weekend? I had not expected anything like this, and for a moment was embarrassed. Many of my studies, and some plans in verse, had already been published in the WAGNER; but a long Gregoire story was a very different proposition. However, I could not afford to reject this golden opportunity, and after some discussion I agreed to undertake the task. I happened to be loaned to me, as someone said, and I took for the weekend a room where I might work undisturbed. By Monday morning the bulk of the story was written. I was painfully aware of the approximations, but hoped it was sufficiently in the Hamilton tradition to pass muster. My hopes were justified in the event, for both Hinton and Deen, after a careful perusal of the manuscript, gave a favourable verdict, and I was commissioned to go ahead with another WAGNER story as soon as the first was completed.

Needless to say, I found both to Southern filled with clerical boys; never to have found at last a job after my own heart -- that of a writer of WAGNER stories under the general name of Frank Hamilton.

### WAG III

I CAREW at this distance of time recall the actual stages of my progress from an official contributor to a member of the editorial staff of the WAGNER; but it was no easy and untroubled transition.

My job at Southern had been given up, and I had returned to London to live and write and it was not long before I was offered a "steady job" -- for so it seemed to me then, and still does in retrospect -- at the Ministry House.

An adequate salary, reasonable hours of work, a happy and inspiring atmosphere, and above all, a job for which I was naturally fitted, continued to make my new life very congenial. Truly, the stars had fallen into my planned places.

In Room 39, next door to the editorial section, I began my new duties. My colleagues were Noel West-Smith, who corrected the proofs of the WAGNER and GEM as they arrived in "galley" from the printers; Hamilton Deen, who worked on CHESTER, the new weekly reader; and Arthur Alcock, whose activities were confined to THE WAGNER PAPER, with all

How I got on well, but particularly with Bob-Bath, a young man of remarkable energy and ability, who was not only a Yorkshire Journalist but a gifted lecturer. Heal took sporting and detective games under the pen-name of Norman Taylor. In literary evenings (Saturday was a non-writing day at the Yorkshire News) we had from 50 to ourselves, Heal being engaged on a football story, and myself on a NIGHT yarn. In the afternoon, we went to a lounge which, Bradford Bridge being our domestic boat.

After his writings, which took place about that time, Heal and his wife very kindly invited us to their home at Richmond, where I lived far more than in my cottage.

Another member of the staff, who worked in Room 65, was Olive L. Penn, one of the best writers of boys' stories, George Neville Penn. Olive was a very quiet, unobtrusive sort of soul, keeping very much to herself and taking little part in staff activities.

There was also an office boy — Ianey, the reliable, and general messenger — about whom I have forgotten. Of the NIGHT office boys I remember only Thompson and Dave, and they came on the same lines.

My days in the NIGHT office did not follow a regular pattern, but I will describe a typical day.

The majority of the staff started work at ten o'clock, the Editor making a more leisurely appearance about eleven — although he frequently worked late, especially on press days.

The morning portion was up first success, for it had been arranged that I should take over the letters to Correspondents feature, supplying it late a whole page of replies to readers. The portion was generally pretty heavy. Letters poured in from all parts of the world — from readers eager to acquire last numbers of the NIGHT and SEE, wishing to know you (friendly) or seeking information concerning proprietors and H. J.'s. Were exactly were the schools situated? My old Harry Warton & Co. and the Wray & Co. cover gave up! Would Frank Richards please send a cricket team to Yorkshire or Lancashire to play the local boys? These and countless other questions, were promptly answered, either by letter (Olive Penn's job) or by a brief paragraph in the letters to Correspondents page.

The interest shown by NIGHT and SEE readers in the schools and characters was remarkable. It readily was seen of the stories of Charles Hamilton that quite a number of readers believed that the schools and characters actually existed, and were not merely fictional. I remember one story in particular, describing the poverty and early struggles of Dick Percival, the collier's son, bringing in quite a flood of correspondence letters, and offers of financial assistance. Letters were actually addressed to Percival at Scepterium School, Finscliffe, Leeds. These, by arrangement with the postal authorities, were forwarded to the NIGHT office, and were replied to by the Editor. If it was deemed necessary to display the editors' illnesses, this was done in a kindly and sympathetic manner.



The party kept us busy for the best part of the evening, for in those days there were several deliveries of mail before lunch-time.

The Editor usually looked either at the Press Club or at Bennett's; the rest of us went in a loop to Foster's in New Bridge Street, or to the A.S.C. on New Hill.

In the afternoon I would usually Wood-Ghille with the proof-reading, or busy myself with a plan of longprints (before and its successors) also compiling a list of the subscribers, giving their current Christian names and local notes about them. This record was intended to serve as a guide for writers of substitute stories.

Five o'clock was the normal hour of finishing work, but there were no clock-watches in the BARNET office, and often we continued our labours until a late hour. Supper and business at Taylor's were a frequent occurrence.

THE first crowd we saw burst upon the world; but Foster Hill failed to accomplish what Adolf Hitler eventually succeeded in doing -- killing the BARNET and THE.

Inevitably, there were early gaps in the staff. Maurice Jones was the first to go, and Wood-Ghille and Ilanthen Hope soon followed. Subsequent N.Y. all of us were to be absorbed into the war machine; but eventually, as normal as we best we could, through a good deal of reorganization was necessary.

Jones's place as sub-editor was taken by me, whilst John Eric Pughin, an elderly and well-known journalist, formerly Editor of THEO, was recruited from his Sussex retirement to join the BARNET staff.

Pughin's first job -- and a very formidable job it proved -- was to parse, analyse and judge the entries for the competitive story competition. The object of this contest was to discover one talent, for the manuscript laws of BARNET and THE stories was often practically law.

THE I would like to say a word concerning substitute writers. I have seen it stated that inferior stories were often put into the papers without regard either for their quality, the character of the subjects, or of the readers.

To this I should absolutely let me explain (a) that no substitute story was ever published whilst a Charles Hamilton story was available; and (b) that Editor Martin was very jealous for the papers' reputation and circulation. If the sales figures slumped, he was called "the culprit" by that splendid ironist, George Orwell, whom Martin, whom Martin was anxious to please. Consequently, Martin engaged only those writers whose stories had a beneficial effect upon circulation. To have published any sort of rubbish in the respective papers would most certainly have jeopardized his job.

Substitute writers have in my opinion been most unjustly maligned. Some were original writers of good work, who did not care about being lucrative work; but having been called upon in an emergency, they gave of their best. I can remember very few men on occasion when their ready

important to an I.S.I. She preserved the continuity of the *WASH* and *IB*.

#### RAY IV

*WASH* was tied to the *WASH* staff in the First World War, but all went on his through, and there were no serious gaps in the office when he was out. There was, however, one one fact.

Being several Anglo-French — I give him his full array of names — was an old school friend of mine, Irish on his father's side, Italian on his mother's, Talley was a patch of ginger above, with a most pleasing personality.

"Tally, sugar, a face to remember,  
A smile that could change at the flip,  
& a spirit that never got frowzier,  
And brightened the smother of fog."

Although Talley was four years my junior, we were from closely together at school, by a bond which was to become even closer in the years to come. Strongly enough, in both fall, by some occult infection, that this was not the birth of a new friendship, but the renewal of an age-old one.

Talley was only fifteen at the outbreak of war. After serving for a time in the London Scottish Cavalry, he joined the Royal Flying Corps becoming an aviator pilot in three days which produced "traces of wood, and one of glass."

My friend was not a dogmatic enthusiast, though I did my best to fire him with my own ardor, almost fanatical enthusiasm for the whole and absolute. Nevertheless, he was keen to get a job in the *WASH* office if it could be arranged; and Alun Martin, the Editor, was prevailed upon to give him a trial. Talley valiantly justified his appointment, becoming a most competent sub-editor, and later blossoming out into a writer of considerable worth. As Talley says, he wrote many excellent stories of a semi-antagonistic nature.

Our friendship was not confined to the *WASH* office, for we lived together at Riverside in Surrey, in the home of Ernest Martin, a reporter on the "Survey Class." Ray, Martin, a rather wild, mixed our meals, and I have never in this day looked anything so desirable as her (the ship-only pudding). Talley was not particularly fond of puddings, so I used to peel the lion's share. Our hostess, however, got it into her head that Talley was the greatest, and she used to call him "The Pudding Boy", such to our amusement!

WYNN HIXON developed quite a partiality for old boys of my school (though he was terrified on one occasion to learn that he played Soccer instead of his beloved Rugby) and another acquaintance to the staff was Harold E. TAYLOR, to whom I have already referred in these notes.

Taylor was a born journalist, but his field was far different (fiction rather than actual) stories, and he was recruited from the *WASH*

to the *WASH. JOUR.*, eventually becoming Editor of the latter periodical.

THE early 1880's were a "boom" period for the *WASH. JOUR.* and *W.H.* Circulations soared, and new publications were added to the magazine press. The *WASH. JOUR.* office was a veritable hive of industry. Scores of school boys were at this time at the peak of their popularity.

I have sometimes seen it suggested, by those with nostalgic memories of the past, that the *WASH. JOUR.* and *W.H.* should be revived. Would such an experiment meet with success? I very much doubt it. To the boy of today, school studies make little or no appeal. He is far away in the atmosphere, using an imaginary space war with the Germans. They leading to the use of the old *WASH. JOUR.* — even the most exciting you can find — and by the end of the first chapter he will be sunk in the swamps of boredom. No, I fear there will never be a return to the halcyon days of which I am now writing.

I have always been a glutton for work, but in those days even my insatiable appetite was satisfied. For besides the long *WASH. JOUR.* and *W.H.* articles, of which I am now writing quite a number, I was responsible for the production of the *WASHINGTON TALKER* and the *DR. JIM'S GAZETTE*, which appeared weekly in supplement form.

In the light years, I was printing and selling a quota of titles, not only for the magazine papers and the *WASHINGTON TALKER GAZETTE*, but for such various publications as *WASH. JOUR.*, *WASH. JOUR.*, *JOHN F. RANDOLPH'S WASH. JOUR.*, and *WASH. JOUR.*. I also continued to get a poem or two published in *WASH. JOUR.* — so many editors in the days of Sir Ivanhoe's editorial.

Every well known classic of English poetry has at some time been parodied by me — Shelley's "England," Keats's "Nightingale," Wordsworth's "Ducine" — besides "The Village Blacksmith," "The Captain," "Cassidore," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," to mention but a few.

It has recently been suggested that those parodies were the work of Charles Swainson, but I should like to make it clear that Mr. SWAINSON made no such contributions to the magazine papers until a much later date, after I had ceased to write for them.

With this terrific output of prose and verse, in addition to my normal office duties, it is not surprising that my health began to suffer. During the months of both wars is not a good recipe for health and longevity, and I am amazed of their consequences if I continued to live and work at such a pace. Either I must give up writing, and continue myself in editorial work, or I must relinquish my job at the *Washington Journal* and become a free lance.

Such as I loved the *WASH. JOUR.* office, with its happy associations, I decided it would be wise to return to some peaceful spot and continue my writing. The house of my choice was West End Cottage, Cottage, in the City of Light.

*WASH. JOUR.* finally shaking the dust of Partholow Street from my feet, however, there remained a heavy load which will always remain a

shortened memory. My colleagues in the BROWN office generally arranged a farewell dinner in my honour, at the Caroux Hotel, Beverly, and there we commemorated, one memorable evening, by each having made inserted by the worthy Doctor Johnson, in parlance of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Today I had my share, of course, and Neil West-Guthrie, and Harold Tappan, and several members of the distinguished press not connected with the magazine papers.

"There is now the merry party  
I remember long ago!"

Look for Tappan and myself. There are no survivors of that convivial gathering at the Hotel Beverly. Neil West-Guthrie passed from the human scene only years since; and today I wish, repeated to have been killed in a flying accident, actually fatal to his leg in 1922.

Finally and more fleetly pass the years, and these happy days in the BROWN office are even like a day off heaven.

Life is still sweet, despite the uncertainties and anxieties of this hectic age; but I can truly say that no period of my earthly pilgrimage has brought me such genuine happiness as these days in the BROWN office, reading the proofs of a Russian story plunging into the boiling potting of revolution! Letters planning future issues of the BROWN and GIB; and enjoying those golden friendships which by faith cannot be torn from but temporarily eclipsed, and not extinguished.

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### THE VOICE OF THE MASTER

by Betty White.

A certain well known picture, depicting a dog and a grumpy man, illustrating the word over to the train-station for "The Master's Voice" products. Collectors of the Magnet and Joe Strangford the world however look prefer to hear the "Voice of the Master . . . Absolute Realism!" The recent member of the Golden News Club, Mr. A.V. McLeod of Wellington N.Z., had this notable experience when he tuned in to Betty White's CD on Saturday June with to listen to a program called "Songs". During the interview Creative Realism said that as a years that Betty he translated popular songs into Latin and at the request of the composer sang a verse each of his wild love songs, one of which was "Singing National". Mr. McLeod writes "My highest imaginative desire never went so far as to include the possibility of ever hearing the Master's voice, let alone hearing Myself Australia's musical answer to Latin. His wish is strong and clear and in concentration his speech is that of a cultured English gentleman." Indeed Mrs. Clark Mrs. Joan Baker! Chairman of the Golden News Club stating . . . last seen heading out last, believed to be lost on the track of a certain tape recording featuring "The Voice of the Master" . . . seems seeing Myself's glass before Silver continues immediately as he is believed to be uttering from an acute attack of Realism.

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# AFTER THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

By H. G. Jones  
[Formerly Editor, *Times Daily*]

I WROTE A LETTER as I looked at the edition which I had edited for this edition. It consisted of 164, having been edited of *Times Daily*, and (including all the "extras" and supplements) *Times Daily*. And the more I looked at the edition, the less I liked it. *Times Daily* was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it. It was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it.

But I finally came to the *Times Daily* was getting to be great of opportunity towards the end, and I had to be in control with it. And I had to be in control with it. I had to be in control with it.

But the general impression which I had, in the *Times Daily* had to be given the impression and the impression of the *Times Daily* was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it. It was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it.

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It is a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it. It was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it. It was a bad specimen of the *Times Daily* as I had seen it.

Incidentally, that a really prophetic idea that was I knew that Kline was within sight of dying, but says of us but the continued to face the facts. That nobody yet realized was that the man who had thrilled his public for upwards of forty years and had now achieved the pinnacle of his career was now bound, in the inevitable nature of things, to the common consequences of change. Or, as one of our foremost Kline authorities, Walter Hill, puts it with the benefit of a historian's hindsight: In National Park he battles against nature; in fact, he fights a desperate battle against the time.")

But at that moment my task in 1915 I had no thought of the approaching death of the great man as I had known him, or any notion of his attempted Berkeley Space reorganization in the still-darkened '30's, a quarter of a century in the unimagined future. Nor had I any suspicion of an impending change-over in the paper itself. It was a sick-in-the-area capitalist bound up by higher authority at the Directorial board-table or somewhere. They didn't know much about Eastern Kline or the Eastern Kline public, but were quite knowledgeable about production costs and circulation figures. This job was to be abolished, and something bigger and better take its place.

The end thing was that only a week or two earlier I had been complimented by the Managing Director, Mr. James Brown, on the look of the paper, and especially on the striking covers.

In California, really was here

It was a double decision. Nothing less, as it turned out, than a life-and-death gamble on the survival of one of the Firm's oldest, biggest assets. To his obscure Kline's name represented no more than a weekly spell of routine enjoyment and thrills, but to the unacquainted Press it was a copyright of considerable value. Investors have for many thousands of pounds but yielded the Firm's shareholders during the forty years they had been profiting from it.

With well-remembered knowledge of the crisis, I can say I did my utmost to get the changing off to a good start, all the more earnestly because of my inward faith that this was indeed going to be the answer to that slow slipping of the circulation figure . . . a wholesale round-up of my best writers, a new fact-wise article section, and many less important embellishments, all adding up to what I fervently hoped was better value for money, but weaker . . . but nothing could stem the colossal covers' slump, or for the new, article, large-size page .

The customer's reception of Eastern Kline in his new guise ranged from the tepid to the hostile. A wholesale-scale change of format is always a tricky operation, leaving faithful old 'customers' feeling shaky up to if it is worthwhile, but not always revealing themselves. Paralyzed-byting let's meet a number of both. And in this case the guilty, cartilage had to be gradually torn away with an avoidance of the new habits, as had been pointed out. It proceeded - and even deeper, in that it lasted not the change was reached long

after the new paper was laid.

But that is anticipating a little. Meanwhile time passed and manufacturing processes were operating. After a while the Bookings story-quality began to show evident signs of degeneration having set in. The great industry did not seem so great; he seemed unfamiliar and uncomfortable in his own regard, just as he was in the complicated dressing gown Mrs. Harbail gave him one Christmas, and which he never wore except when he felt the slight catch sight of his in the old, well-stained one.

Then the Editor - not I, by that time - tried to revivify him by the deplorable device of reprinting those stories from the happen, reader-responsive past. Good, he thought, and board altogether by using those stories from The Evening, in which he did not usually appear at all. Finally the pale-covered affair of the lively, innocent Living Book escaped the fetters of the barrel and came up with ancient pages that had been published in its front as far back as nearly thirty years earlier. Make me Make, and they had to have his back once on another reprint issue.

It couldn't go on! By now too many Make leaves had grown up in England, and the almost-level line was ascending to death. It had broken with issue No. 30.

It was all this should seem to be the practical testimony of a professed witness, let us venture a quote from an impeccable source:

"Yes, to be of that time [from about 1880 to 1900] when books were first published [and] the old is one of the best. But especially the people of the time did not think so, far even the old flag which had flown at the method for generations was to be looked down. In the place we get the Illustrated Weekly, instead of the striking colored covers we get a permanent, black-and-white yellow.

There several of the editors and Miss E. Barker carried on, but neither the spirit of the dear old Living Book did not live on. Oh, in the last days they even revived British Make for a time!

"Thirty the editor she used to meet us at the Great Hotel was not responsible for that!"

And those are those words? They were passed, in 1901, by one other than the late, great Herbert Lockyer. (H.L.L., p.19). It was thirteen years after the paper attempting had "lapsed to the confusion and unadmitted danger" - as another British Make source put it.

Her slight Herbert was? I heard of his only in afteryears, but he had known Make far longer than I, as was even better qualified to pass the judgment. As an editor he was sure of the game, as every reader knows; for an editor, becoming as a man of broad ranging from Make state to singular success, must have the broad, detached sweep of perception that the specific mastery commands.

But there are two sides to a question, as I have been at pains to make a search through the Times in an effort to get witnesses on both.

I found that a military instance of severe harassment with respect

concerned, looking authorities on the Irish tradition, of the nature of Vernon Jay and Walter Egan, came from an Editor's side with emphasis and vigour. Of these two the more specific is Jay. Egan has

"for a time at least the new venture was a successful success, since of the early numbers climbing to record heights - only to fall back later when the early promise was not sustained. And in spite of various attempts from time to time to give it new life it finally slipped to its inglorious and uncoloured status in 1933."

"The decision to disagree with coloured views is hard to understand, and although the larger side gave the article more scope . . . the horrible Irish cover gave the negative a most unimpressive appearance. Being in the habit policy of repeating earlier stories . . . only the first 50 or 70 numbers are reported as of interest to the Irish page . . ."

In Irishman Walter Egan, and so on. I have tried to convey what part I personally had in the short but un-say life, and still see left a record of the fall as to why I withdrew from it, and why such a widely established journalistic property as Irishman was left in the first place.

The action was the result of a certain number of the A.P.'s business side who were apparently an expert on statistics, or something of the sort but certainly no journalists. On balance, and probably, that the Irishman was disastrously managed. He said that its circulation in Ireland was extraordinarily low, and said my kind of a Union Jack was a red rag to a Irish Bull-biting politician, who naturally associated our paper with the English oppressors and consequently stamped it in disgrace.

Of course, it could have been objected that 'Boston Union's New Paper' - perfectly successful - had been running for forty years, Irish or no Irish and that they were no great supporters of popular literature agency, even in case of politics. But the thing didn't seem valid enough for long exposed.

However, that was his theory, right or wrong, and he succeeded in free nobody. The end was more, and the production began, so that, even in the time according had to be done, and one came from there and our Union Jack was suffering from the method.

They say we can still be looked in that such were in the Irish. The circulation? Should the title and such in? was the reasoning of the growth and some specialists. Was it still's work out what say, and the unimpaired Irish reflected from coming forward in disgrace to lay



the brilliant-yellow Decorative Weekly. It was Herbert Blake who was selected, and even his English and overseas subscribers found a substitute for him in his own government. Within a comparatively little time he was dead as far as weekly appearance was concerned. That life's piece lingered in his survival mostly in the Illustration until the next day came when he was visited from atop below PICTURE and shifted to what is technically known as 'alternative association' - and an alternative personality - La. Berkeley Square.

It was the final blow to the Blake as known. No doubt there had been written as many millions of words - as many more than about any other decorative whatsoever - was really dead at last.

As he lay one part in the period of his exile and loneliness in the unfamiliar wilderness, so in his sufferings from the observation of the week repeating, long Herbert looking correctly onwards. I was indeed not respecting Blake was in other hands, passed from one condition to another like an old, deserted dog.

Then the success of his artistic association was approaching, and by the time I had got out the first issue or so of the Weekly's first issues, I was assigned to design and produce a new paper of a different kind and class - an Illustration, an Illustration. I began work on it - worked steadily, secure-material supplies, the search for books and authors, for designers and illustrators. It was a long job. The new publication was to be speculative and the preparations for it to a no-kind expense basis. My task was to distribute a beautiful, handsome prototype of the projected magazine, a journal 'magazine'.

I soon found all this was a familiar undertaking. I could no longer handle also the routine, time-consuming work of running the weekly interests of Herbert Blake in a fresh adventure, so after a while relinquished him to my second-in-command, colleague Leonard L. Terry. As events turned out, he was the first of many, for Terry eventually left the firm and got his feet on the first step of a career which led him to New York and to becoming one of the chief public relations officers of the United Nations.

But that is by the way, and the story of my own assignment is another story too.

All that need be said here is that I was done with Herbert Blake of New Street.

For nearly twelve months, happy years I had been privileged to be his editor, and truly had I had the pleasant satisfaction of associating with a group of gifted and interesting men - and Blake was the most gifted and interesting of them all. We were together of flesh and blood in the wonderfulst ripeness of our tempo. But, despite fashion's whim and the dictates of changed change, he will survive on all.

**HERBERT'S WORK** - For the benefit of those readers who may have been widely notified by the title of this story, the author obligingly offers this explanation:

"It is a proverb" (he says), "which is part of a saying probably more often heard in England than in the more far-flung provinces of the Commonwealth. The complete observation is: 'After the Lord Mayor's speech comes the dogwood', and its meaning is of course obvious enough, especially in the light of the contemporary comparison to which the speaker drew attention.

"I have gone," (continues Mr. Trypan) "a fair number of Lord Mayor's Shows in my time, but though I have not literally used the opportunity to verify the literal truth or otherwise of the allegation - or should I call it a proverb? - I was confidently sure there was at least one occasion when I did.

The answer is that at that time no dogwood was featured in the procession.

As to the origin of this somewhat cynical remark, one cannot but fall back on pure speculation in the absence of actual historical specialising in maps or photographic film-logs and quick camera and camera. Even so far away from the City of London as Australia it may be known that the Lord Mayor's Show, or more properly Procession, is part of an ancient ceremonial held on the 9th November each year, when the preceding Lord Mayor takes office. It is a day of pomp and circumstance, when all consequence commercial traffic through the venerable City is re-routed and the glittering, spectacular Show takes over - military magnificence and state splendour, witnessed by the Coach itself, the one Lord Mayor being its coach.

"It is a wonderful coach that the pavement-poked thorough street way out, way outwards, drawn by its team of sturdy walled horses (last by a fire of trousers and normally restricted to pulling beer drops around town some streets). The coach is covered with gold leaf where it is not decorated by the oil paintings of some famous old-time artist or other. In the last, majestic and august 1930. His red face and white hair gleam like under the velvet hat, in the cloud as famous Lord Mayor's Coachman.

"And finally, if this proverb is to be believed, comes the dogwood - definitely a more useful vehicle, but not as dignified. Whether it actually sets or responds to the Lord Mayor, or whether it does't, is of little moment. But there must be some celebration of historical fact in such a saying. By one theory is that the former usefulness has been superseded by the invention of the internal combustion engine.

"In the old days the greater part of the Show was composed of waddling horse-drawn - horses. In these not mechanical times almost everything in the procession to particular circumstances, now and so forth, the waddler has vanished. But still surely pulled for necessary and desirable it was in their transport time to have a dogwood stationed in its original place in the procession and to display its existence, as it were, facing better and better, one-and-both equipped, under the attentive eye of the Lord Mayor's Coachman.

"Times change, but some remain. The horses may be gone, but people still remember."

THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER ILLUSTRATION

by F. G. C. GARDNER

The film "Savannah Beauty" had not long been completed in England, when Sam C. Whittier, who had co-starred with Robert Toppin in this production about the U.S.A., came over to London to see me for a short visit before returning to his home in California.

The evening found me in company with Sam, Mr. W. Herbert Baker editor of the U.S.A. and Eric Parker the well known artist. We all gathered enjoying a social get together in one of Fleet Street's famous taverns. During the course of the evening, many kinds of topics were discussed, in the main connected with events in our hobby, and articles and columns of the present and days gone by. When the conversation was on the subject of Boston clubs, I asked Eric Parker if he had noticed Mr. Toppin since my particular return, as to my mind, the characteristics were very similar to a former editor of the "London Jazz" Mr. R. J. Toppin, whom I had not quite a few times in recent years.

"Building of the kind" implied Eric. "The Boston clubs that I recalled was completely drawn out of my own imagination, and in my opinion it does not resemble Toppin at all".

"Here, let me show you" Eric went on, and presented with pencil and paper in the corner of the saloon bar, he drew on the different characteristics in the two faces, between Mr. Toppin and Boston Clubs. I am not an artist, but I could see, after his technical explanations, some real differences, that I had not appreciated before.

That was how the cover sketch came to be drawn. In closing, I would like to say, that collectors who have the "Canadian Hobby Paper Collector" No. 45 may see an amazing likeness to the cover sketch in the picture of Mr. Toppin as shown in a group in the earlier pages. When I first saw that, to the best of my knowledge, Eric Parker has not seen Mr. Toppin for many 25 years, it speaks volumes for his memory and ability in remembering features so well.

Collies of Eric Parker's work in the past, here, perhaps quite rightly, assumed that he could not draw faces, as most of his characters have the same hatched type of look. Now, with the evidence of the cover sketch, plus a wonderful group drawing in the U.S.A. last year (I don't think anyone appreciates how well Mr. Baker used to place the old faces) perhaps even U.S.A.'s foremost critics, will acknowledge the fact, that he can draw a face!

F. G. C.

Check in fine red bindings, very nice copies, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1908, 1909 and publishers binding 1909. Not so nice copies 1900-4 and 1917. Prices 25¢ for nice copies and 10¢ for others plus postage. Captain Nat. J. Fine 11274. Many Victorian books and pictures, young available. See notices to list. FRANK THOMAS LTD. 21 Gresham Terrace, Waterloo, LONDON N.W.2.

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BOY FRIEND IN LIT.	40	1904-1907	"	"	"
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WARRI	100	1904-1906			200
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21.

BOYS' LIBRARY	48	1904-1914		\$ 1
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BOYS' FRIENDS, BOYS' LIBRARY FROM etc.		1918-1918	100	\$ 1
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COLLECTOR'S GUIDE ANNUAL		1918-1918	each	\$1.10.
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COMIC PAPER

FINN KIDDER	1-14	1914-1917		\$10.
JERRY COMIC	124	1918-1918		\$ 1
JULY, LARRY, RICKY, RYAN	124	1918-1918		\$ 1
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PAUL & CHARLES, RAYMOND	16	1918-1918		\$ 1
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BOBBY BROWN	66	1918-1918		\$ 1
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SUNDAY STORY	24	1918	Iss. 1-10	\$ 1
COMIC SECTION FROM (J. J. PETERSON 4)		1913-1917	in volume	\$ 1



AN ANSWER TO A RECENT PAGE

By John F. Sullivan

In the first issue of "The Nation House Magazine", on page 25, I read that you and your friend Louis Carter are somewhat puzzled over the problem that has intrigued both of you for some time. The problem involved:

In the first volume of the Magnum, 25 Magnums were priced 2d. but No. 26 were priced 3d. and added to the top of the page was the banner "Supplement to the Nationist". You stated that this continued for some time, and you do not know the stop date. You are arising before you, a number of questions such as - were the English Magnums similar? Was the Magnum in Australia doing so badly that it had to be given away in the pages of the Nationist? And if this is so, why increase the price again to double the output? The answers are thus -

Question 1. Were the English Magnums similar?

Answer - No, the Magnums were at first 3d. in England (as were the News). As were such copies as Henry & Bright, Charles Cross, Chips, Let a'Yon, Charles Life, Butterfly and similar copies which had 8 pages. The Justice and a few others had 16 pages and were priced at a penny. In Australia, all main back and papers that were priced a penny in England, were a 1/2d. in the capital cities and 2d. in the country. I know I had to pay 2d. for the transport. The first 25 Magnums had 3d. price symbol for the English market, and the penny symbol for the Australian market.

Question 2. Was the Magnum in Australia doing so badly that it had to be given away in the pages of the Nationist?

Answer - As I have been a penny, nickel and centennial lover of The Magnum for close on 50 years, I regard this question as most interesting (for the answer I cannot think of a more suitable word). The question is one of currency. The English penny copies were 1/2d. in Sydney, an increase of 50%. The halfpenny Mag, Magnum, Henry & Bright and host of other copies could not be fixed at a 50% increase because there was no further currency, with the result that 100% increase was placed upon them. A halfpenny paper (instead of costing 1 farthing, cost a penny. The Australian readers were paying more than the publishers intended. But there was a way out - amalgamation.

The Charles Life, priced as a halfpenny in England, was stopped twice a Let a'Yon. Chips was clipped inside "Charles Cross", and so on. The Nationist was a new paper in comparison with her intentions, and as she was not at that particular time, and the publishers saw fit to clip the halfpenny Magnum into the halfpenny Butterfly. This could not be reversed because the Nationist had the larger paper. The two papers together cost 1/2d.

It seems my wonder why the halfpenny Magnum wasn't clipped twice the halfpenny Mag, seeing that they were identical before. But this could not be, for the halfpenny Mag became a penny Mag in England, the same year the halfpenny Magnum made its appearance. This is supported

by photographic plates, facing pages 48 and 49 in "The Bibliography of Frank Siskner".

And I believe it is most likely that the halfpenny paper was substituted by the Butterfly until it decreased both in an enlarged format, and increased price. This resulted in the Butterfly finding another partner.

Question 5. Why increase the price system?

Answer - The price system was not increased in England that is to say, for the English Market.

For the first 25 issues the price system of the English Magenta was 4s, and remained so until the paper was enlarged when the price system became 4 lbs.

The halfpenny price system was only on the Australian Magenta which it was in partnership with The Butterfly for the reason that has been stated. The Butterfly cost 1/2d. in Sydney when the halfpenny Magenta was included.

Just after this, several new halfpenny books and papers came on the market, that for some reason were not included for the reason that both in Newcastle Herald and Chronicle. Were the result that their price was 100% higher than the English price. Their existence was total misery because of this. One must keep in mind, that during the first 25 years of this century, prices were set as plentiful as they are to-day, and even a modest halfpenny had important purchasing value to a child.

Q: I trust the enclosed answer to your question covers things up for you. I believe the information to be authentic, by most accounts noted in reading what is called "old boys books and papers" has between the years 1800 and 1815. And during this period I belonged to several libraries conducted by some of the papers, and had a number of various correspondents.

A friend's father conducted a local newspaper business, and although I did not buy my first Magenta until 1812, these various sources probably (with my friend and the father) discussed many problems which covered all the material included in the enclosed answer. Our discussions with the various correspondents went on for many years.

I have in mind when I think of it. The father of this friend of mine, was very particular as to what his son read, and when the son wanted to read The Magenta and The Gem, the father read these two papers to see if they were fit brain food for his boy. He was so favorably impressed that he became a regular reader of these two papers, and remained so until the day he was called from this earthly scene.

There was a touching episode.

I visited him a few days before he died. When I walked through his bedroom door, there he was, in his grey beard over 60 years of age, his feet propped up with pillows, and on a cushion before him was an opened copy of a Magenta, and there was a little smile upon his face as he was reading something that was amusing him. This in itself was very remarkable, for during his last few weeks on this earth he was never free from pain, and yet he could smile at a reading story.

I believe the Nation has brought more cheer and help into more wretched lives than he ever dreamed.



NOTE: I did not look for an answer to our "Magnet Reader" from an Australian, however that's what happened and from someone I'd never heard of at the time - our latest number of Golden Years Magazine Arthur E. Redford.

By the way, an error in No.1 was that I'd thought the price of No.26 had increased! Of course, it did not. It became a halfpenny as my last question is completely lawful.....

ILLUSTRATION COVER

(P.L. Colby)

As you view the front cover illustration on the Golden Years Library was a true representation of your incident within the story itself, and was a guide to the type of story which you could expect. However, that was too straight forward and helpful, so for years now the R.S.L. covers have depicted a long series of families in various stages of distress, tough characters twisting you at knots, and all sorts of backgrounds, exotic and local, all these illustrations having one thing in common - they have nothing whatever to do with the story! That is the reason - abstract design which becomes confusing for its own sake, or is in fact plain common sense, it being too much trouble to veiled a suitable subject from the story, and then depict it in a faithful and recognizable way on the front cover! Whatever the reason, so far as I'm concerned, it is an irritating practice.

LAST COVER

(Eric Colby)

The most outstanding character produced by that really excellent Golden Years author, Lewis Jackson, was Lew Redford, the "Master Hammer".

In a foreword to R.S.L. Vol. 228, Redford was succinctly summed up:-

"Never before in the history of the world's crime has a specialist of revenge become more sinister and menacing than the "Scrapes" created and controlled by the notorious Lew Redford. As you view the present character who in the world, he has no rival and perfected the art of make-up, that it has become in the skilled hands a weapon of evil, terrifying and deadly. With his uncanny faculty of impersonation and a supreme industry, he has baffled the police and detective systems of ten kingdoms".

WILLIAM HARRY CRUPSON AND HIS THE COVER

(Eric Colby)

William Harry Crupson was a real stalwart in the early Mike days, so far as I'm from me to say anything critical about this eminently prolific author, who must have had a large and appreciative following.

However, I feel he would take in good part, my gentle criticism, knowing that I admire and respect his country although I chuckle wittily at his old-world style.

One feature which distinguished F.A. Grayson's stories was his long chapter headings, some of them occupying a rich depth of print!

The glance at a Grayson story was sufficient for identification purposes. These long chapter headings left no room for doubt that here was another of those pulpy yet evocative stories featuring distressed widows and oppressed innocents.

Do not imagine, however, that his stories were ruddy things. F.A. Grayson made Saxon Blake endure the perils of Arctopod, made him adrift in Siberia, and cross oceans with the hapless Madam Slave in the Belgian Congo on behalf of the orphaned and grossly mistreated Miska. Withering stuff! Well, spoiled only by Blake's lack of self care fitness. When the going was tough, Blake would sit plaintively "Is there no hope for us?" having thus gasped his own question by growling "We are lost!" he would fly into the fray with the heart and courage of a lion and promptly reverse the situation!

Getting back to these chapter headings, how do you like this one found at the beginning of Chapter 4 Saxon Blake Library Collection No. 1111

"Now for Miska - The House in Cooley St. - An interview with the Landlady - The start of the slipper - News on the Trial - The Dinner in Highgate Lane - Basil Miskelston discovers his pursuers - A dash for Freedom - Miskelston's daring escape - The last scene - Back to Fable Cottage - I Talk with Ben Sheldon - The Position of Robert Hartman - Katharine returns - Miska has a baffling mystery to solve".

Slaves lines of print, and 45 words! Now Chapter heading! One instantly knows in advance what is going to happen in the chapter, but surely this sets the story of the slant of suspense and mystery".

Never mind, one can always read the headings and skip the chapters!

### THE MARRIAGE OF S. MARRIAGE

By Harold T. Griffiths

I first note the significance of that splendid term "MARRIAGE" may have in 1927, when during a spell in bed with flu, my father bought me a copy of the old red-covered monthly part.

I remember how eagerly I devoured the contents from cover to cover, but the one item which had the most interest for me was a serial called THE MARRIAGE OF MARRIAGE (EDITED by H. MARRIAGE). Little did I imagine as I read those first four installments that some 30 years later I would commence a correspondence with the author which would continue until his death.

After that first startling introduction to "MARRIAGE" I bought the

MONTHLY JUNE regularly for several years; that as I grew up, I  
WENT ON TO GET another literary taste.

I think it was that grand book on the old boys' years "BOYS WILL  
BE BOYS" by R.A. Foster that started my thoughts back to the OSMO of  
my boyhood, and the chance purchase of a 1908 volume in a second-  
hand book shop started me off collecting the big red yearly annuals.

In 1941 I heard from the late Herbert Lambdy that R. Walley  
was still alive and living in retirement on the Cornish coast. With-  
out much hope of a reply I wrote to Mr. Walley whom I tried to  
receive a letter from him a few weeks later. From then on, we  
maintained a regular correspondence, terminated only by the author's  
death.

It is not my intention in this article to give details of all  
the stories R. Walley wrote for OSMO. That was done so ably and  
by Geoff Hocking in the Collector's Digest about a few years back.  
My purpose is rather to supply some facts about the author gathered  
from his letters to me.

First of all - What did the R. stand for? Walley signed all his  
stories R. Walley and various people have made guesses at his first  
name. For instance, Iver Brook, in his book "THE GREAT NORTH (Jonathan  
Cape 1948) says - It should have been something large and hard, like  
Robertson!

Now the truth is out. It was the old-fashioned and homely name  
of Rowan!

Rowan Walley was born at Bournemouth in Cornwall on July 18th,  
but there is some doubt about the exact year. His daughter tells me  
it was 1872, but writing to me in 1952 the author said "I am now quite  
an old fellow (80)" which would suggest the year of his birth as 1871  
and this is supported by the caption under a photograph of him in an  
early volume of OSMO which also gives the year as 1871. So we can  
assume that R. Walley first saw the light on July 18th, 1871.

I now quote from a letter from his dated August 18th, 1954. "My  
life has been a completely uneventful one. At the age of 16 I  
entered a bank, as an uncle of mine happened to be a director. Later,  
the small bank was swallowed by a large one and as the years rolled  
on I joined promotion, first as Inspector - then a Manager - and  
finally a Staff Controller. Visiting the various branches meant a  
lot of travelling, but in the evenings I generally managed to write  
away at my pen as much as that time General & Co. published quite  
regularly in OSMO, while dear old Paul Perry did the illustrations.  
It was my uncle who first encouraged me to write and it was a terrible  
blow to me when she died ten years ago".

It will interest readers to know that despite all the years in

which author and artist collaborated in producing each thrilling page they never met! Paul Kelly died about 1940 after having illustrated H. Kallip's stories for 40 years!

In reply to my query as to which story was considered to be the best, the author said "TREASURE OF THE FIRST CRUISE" was, of course, the most popular at that time (1890) but later "FOUR MEN FOR THE SHARON HAIN" (1904) took the place and I was asked to justify it as so many readers in OZAM wanted the poem to print. You will also wish group of tales I enjoyed writing most; and I think I may say the pirate genre. Though I was greatly interested in "HUMAN FOR HUMAN", and also in another historical tale which after reading as a serial in OZAM, was published in book form and was entitled WITH THE VIKING GALE. "TREASURE OF THE SHARON HAIN" was the last serial of mine which appeared in OZAM. Campbell's sold OZAM and from then onward I think OZAM began to decline."\*

Here are some further letters of interest from Mr. Kallip's letters to me.

"IN QUEST OF WILDA'S TREASURE" was his first OZAM serial.

He also wrote for several other magazines such as the Storyteller, Cassell's Magazine, The Century Magazine and Cassell's Saturday Journal, the stories all being of the historical type.

"In my own days" he says, "I wrote two novels - FOR THE SAKE OF THE SHARON published by Grosvenor of London and THE VOYAGE OF LORONGONE published by Cassell. These tales were of the Sunday Magazine type - long and adventure - but by both ends, as you know, are that connected with the adventure tales in OZAM."

In only one of his OZAM stories does the author allow the romantic element to intrude. That was in KING OF THE OZAM a tale of the days of Robin Hood.

In one of his last letters to me Mr. Kallip said, "Since my retirement I have lived in this little west country town (Dorset) where the sea is only a little distance from my home and there are lovely views from the cliffs".

How often did he use this setting as the opening of his exciting stories! For instance KING OF THE OZAM, CAPTAIN BRICK and THE GREAT OZAM.

Many of Kallip's poems were published in book form after reading as serials in OZAM, among them were IN QUEST OF WILDA'S TREASURE, VOYAGE OF THE SHARON HAIN, were included in THE WARRIOR, KING OF THE OZAM published as FIGHTING BY FIGHTING, FOUR MEN FOR THE SHARON HAIN, HUMAN FOR HUMAN, FOUR MEN AND WILDA'S OZAM, IN QUEST OF A SHARON and WITH THE VIKING GALE.

I possess copies of IN JOURN OF HENRY'S TREASURE and DISCOVERED BY CHALICE and have at various times read or handled all the others above mentioned. Concerning THE OLD FRENCH GOLF some years ago I was lucky enough to discover a copy in the Children's Section of a local library and I took it down with the expectation that if reading time were those splendid evenings of Post Hasty which characterized the story when it appeared in CHAM, she can forget the first full page picture of the three Viking boats sailing in among the gentle hills in the English country? How the copy I held in my hands contained several mediocre readings which gave the impression that it was a fairy story and not a grand full-blooded tale of high adventure. I put it back with a sigh of regret.

At the time of the Convention, Cassette decided to republish FOR what she would (think) which first came out in book form in 1925 or 1926, with many of the Hasty illustrations on full page plates. I saw a copy of the new edition some two years ago, but such it was marred by poor illustrations.

This question of illustrating brings me to the point I wish to make, viz. that Hailley's stories were judged unfavorably by Post Hasty's spoiled grandsons. Their legs were attracted by the cartoon-series construction in shown by their lectures to the Editor of CHAM asking for "number enjoy serial and please have it illustrated by Post Hasty". This request was repeated many times over the years.

For myself I find that certain illustrations by other artists than Hasty lent some of their magic. Take for instance HENRY'S FOR HASTY DISCOVERED, dealing with the quest of Rook Wood. It is a better year than KING OF THE BLOOD which was her own setting, but I like her better because of the illustrations by Post Hasty. In the further examples mentioned I'll say that 'I would walk with anyone sooner than go through OF THE BLOOD' and that it comes to the Indian episode WHICH OF THE OLD FRENCH GOLF with the words OF FORTUNE TRAILING?.

Before I close these notes, let us examine the impact of Hailley's stories as revealed by several minor writers.

First here is what Hailley Margaret-Ross, the English theatrical historian has to say in his book DREAMY ILLUSTRATED IN THE FLOOD. "There were very boy's people. The two best beloved for some years were CHAM and the NEW OLD FRENCH, . . . both specialized in adventure stories, but CHAM was the more prolific of the two. His articles took away the breath, one could hardly wait for the following week. Here were sea stories, here were tales of men who ran private guns and landed in wild colonies; here were whistler stories of battles with drums, Africa, the Andes, the wild and wild Eastern countries - there was fighting, water death, hairbreadth escapes and blood spatters". "And there were genuine pirate stories too. These tales were

significantly told and lives in middle-aged memories. There was one called THE BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN, What an entrancing tale!..... There were thrilling adventures in every paragraph, yesterday, the third day of your the spirit of "barbarism" and the bliss of creating readers everywhere. It was a magnificent story for boys and his memory lingers, on, together with the impression that the author's name was Atkey - but not in of Vice Versa form.

In a later book JACK MERRILL WY, Macquinn-Royce writes "When a few years ago I wrote a book and mentioned that tale BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN with a pretty full description, I did not imagine that anyone but myself would recall it. How wrong I was! Letters poured in from one of my own age all over the world. They remembered it too - so many were they, that I considered finding a BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN child"

I have already mentioned Mr. Iron Brown, who refers to S. Wallace in his book THE BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN, Mr. Brown is worth quoting in full. "I was lured to reading very early by the appeal of Dickson's Magazine, chief of whom, for me, was an appealing character called Green Hipsley. This admirable name has lingered in memory ever since. Green was the invention of a writer called S. Wallace author of BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN, He told me week by week, in CROWN - unless you called and got the whole thing in one glorious gulch by reading a bound volume at Christmas. I have often wondered about S. Wallace, who thus lit up my early slaters. What did S. stand for? It should have been something large and lord like Sebastian. Was he a tired man grinding out his Macquinn words under duress? Or did nature give him joyous inspiration? In any rate those caricatures of the juvenile world were multiplied as few others".

Finally, Mr. Geoffrey Trease, writer of many other boys stories, refers several times to Mr. Wallace in his book TOLD ONE OF BROWN. Speaking of books which influenced his own writings Mr. Trease says, "There is a significant connection between what I read then (as a boy) and what I have written since. It is emphasized by the fact that my greatest favourite of all was a CROWN serial A.S. [sic.] Wallace's BROWN OF THE FINEST CROWN and that the first boys' story I wrote was called BROWN AGAINST THE BROWN."

In a chapter of his book dealing with historical fiction Mr. Trease writes: "My own boyhood impressions of the French Revolution were all gained from a story by A.S. [sic.] Wallace IN THE BROWN OF TOWN, all about a intensely Englishman JACKSON-LAYTON, who spirited French aristocrats away to safety, from the very shadow of the guillotine..... Wallace wrote quite well. I remembered JACKSON-LAYTON in the local library only a few weeks ago and thoroughly enjoyed the exploit".

The above extracts will be sufficient to show that the stories of S. Wallace left their impression on the boys who read them, not the corrupting impression so often left by some of to-day's fiction but the

genuine feeling of England's greatness and the glorious past of her long history.

Early in 1900 in his third year Mr. Halsey suffered a fall from which he did not fully recover and on March 19th of that year he passed away. To the world at large he would not perhaps be missed, but to those thousands of men and women who credited his classic yarns to GIBBS, his memory will live on. J. Walker, as he will always be known was a writer of good clean adventure stories. He loved England and showed that love in all his writings. Just before his death he had the pleasure of learning that Conall's were re-publishing his story FOR JAMES and MURIEL INLAND which first appeared in book form in 1896. Let us hope that some day more of his great yarns will be republished as good wholesome reading for boys.

Boston GIBBS in any company of men and faces will light up and tongues will be loosened in praise of this great paper. Books or lakes, someone will say, "I liked the classic yarns best of all".... and by that they mean J. Halsey.

THE END

SECRETARIAT LIBRARY -

1017th Ave  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- Jan. 10, June 1900  
to J. H. Walker

Boston Halsey and Tinker fighting side by side through all the dangers and harassing problems of a race has always been to me completely satisfying. I do not like to see the pair separated, and hence we are impressed by S.S.L. 440 "WILSON TO WILSON", for although the oft-quoted Tinker was prominently featured throughout, Halsey himself hardly appeared at all. The position had swung too far.

Full marks to Leonard Reid author of T.S.L. 441 "WILSON AND HALL". His characters were believable people, human and well drawn. His humorous and timely touches were well refreshing. Unfortunately some of his most interesting characters having been brought to life, stayed but a small part before quitting the stage. There was, for example, the dead cap hole, Charlie kept the tension from newspapermen, the broom illustration with a wiggle, Mrs. Jarvis the cat-scratching lady-lobster, and the girl again, with the very soft, very full, very red and hungry mouth whose lips trembled with emotion at Kate's top-sided grin.

The story, however, was rather agreeable. A chauffeur after 20 years of amiable free driving, goes on a binge, and spending hours, knocks down and kills a friend of his boss and the latter had not been for many years. Although this fellow was his life to the boss, loves him in consequence, and had staked his gallies for him, he had, for some reason that baffled even Halsey, kept a document (which came to light after his death) incriminating the boss who he had loved so well.

"My Heart" written Inspector Coates. And so would!

In Martin Thomas's "Head to Kill" S.S.I. #98, Blake took a case in the country.

"Does that mean I am going with you?" queried Tinker with an eager grin.

"Indeed not Tinker.....Paula will be coming with me".

It looked like the usual breakdown Tinker gets these days, but later on Martin Thomas related and featured Tinker with all his old cheerfulness and confidence, quite prominently. Both Paula and Blake showed affection for Tinker, this pleasing me no end. This story made me feel a lot warmer to Paula here. I have always resented her displacement of Tinker, and her superior attitude towards me. I have been irritated by her self-sufficiency and apparent perfection. In this story, however, she was natural and nice. Paula was slipping ahead of Blake on a rope ladder over a canyon's wall, and managed to swing one of her knees and had her knee smash into Blake's eye. Blake breathed hard. Paula was steady and ready on the way down the other side. Blake breathed hard again. But neither Blake nor myself could remain sane at poor old Paula who she displayed such becoming goodness. I liked her even more when she played a friendly game on Tinker's elbow during his visit in Blake's hospital in the country, expressing at the same time her hope that his stay would be prolonged.

What do you Blake was to leave Paula alone in an area where even grown men feared to appear in less than two. Blake must have known that Paula was a slaying duck for an affection, and he showed great regard for her safety in exposing her to this risk.

S.S.I.#99 "This was Her Day" by W.S. Hollinger was a good story marked by that old authors custom of artificially breaking up the smooth flowing continuity of a story, and presenting it in as many a manner as possible, using short chapters (so short as half a page), artificially interjecting sentences, and tugging here and there with bewildering results from one sentence to another.

S.S.I.#99 "Carpenter Whisker" by Conrad Field was not unusual but admirably satisfying. A smooth flowing story filled with interesting people and incidents. A believable story, well developed and brought to a logical conclusion, with all ends neatly tied. The plotting was delightful, was referring to the publisher's hangover system in individual books were available, names like shall.

Tinker played a satisfying prominent part, Mrs. Howell had had a page to herself and added an excellent job of humorous philosophy, while Paula and Martin played important, but fortunately, unobtrusive parts in the proceedings.

Page 14 showed that Blake was still in it with the best of them and escape times. An interested witness was surprised into exclaiming with awe: "Whisky water, where the hell did you learn to punch like that?" as the crowd, propelled by Blake's straight right, advanced backwards across the coliseum, fell over a wooden crate, but the head against the wall and lay still.

It seems to me that quite often better stories are appearing under the editorial stroke name "Conrad Field" than under the name of some of



the star writers themselves. A good example of this was "Witch Hunt" 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

In this story seems to be found all these elements that made the Boston Blade stories so popular in the past. Here we had a rural setting, village rivalries, allusion to Black Magic, interesting characters, and enough exciting incidents, exciting narrative.

There was well featured, shared excitement and danger with Blake in a very intimate and satisfying way, and was once more responsible for saving his god-forsaken life.

Superintendent Flanagan, with his relaxed demeanor, and frequent reference to peppercorns in consequence, was a novel departure from the usual staid and solid type police officer.

Real exciting and satisfying was the pursuit towards the end of the story. Suspense mounted as time ran out. Then came the blood-splattering incident of Blake holding on to a rope ladder suspended from a helicopter over a speeding motor launch, threatened by gun and jumping boat-loads, jumping at last into the swirling, swirling dock, fighting desperately with vicious mechanical monsters in the last stages of blood-red desperation, as all three combatants were swept into the raging sea. Horrifying stuff this.

What did happen to Little Harriet? Blake was left hoping wildly that he would be found alive in the abandoned car when this was located but it appears the little fellow was just slight of an all the subsequent excitement!

A special bouquet, then, to the writers whose identities are hidden under the name "Dynamite King". They've done a magnificent job, and fairness suggests that their real names be disclosed so that they can be given most deserved credit for their wonderful contribution to the Boston Blade saga.

THE END

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editor apologises for the long delay in producing this number. His own disappointing difficulties make his very serious of the wonderful work done by the publishers of the Collector's Digest over the years. However, he hopes that all the friends of C.D., old and new, will understand and believe he has done his best with this issue. Unfortunately, the articles promised to appear in No. 2 have had to come out and a new one by Harold Griffiths in some compensation. The deleted ones will appear later.

Parts of the material on page 2 are rather trivial in view of subsequent happenings but it had to stay to save reading the story.

It is not known just when No. 3 will appear but it will be a Christmas number, and as close to that happy season as possible.

The editor's heartfelt thanks are extended to his kind and patient subscribers. ... BILTON.