

SPECIAL "FRANK RICHARDS" NUMBER



THE STORY

JANUARY -

MARCH

1944

PAPER

No. 16.

Vol. 1.

COLLECTOR

Printed and published by Wm. H. Gander,
P. O. Box 60, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada.

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A Tribute

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FRANK RICHARDS :

The Founder Of Greyfriars

THROUGHOUT the English-speaking world is there a home of which some members have not read, loved and closely followed the adventures of those wonderfully life-like characters Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars School? My experience is that when chatting over old times, it is interesting to turn to your friend or acquaintance and ask "Did you ever follow those yarns about old Bunter, the fat schoolboy?" Invariably a broad smile of recognition passes over his face, and then other never-to-be-forgotten features of the famous school crop up during the chat—Mr. Quelch's "gimlet eye," Billy Bunter's famous glare that "almost cracked his spectacles," to say nothing of that popular Indian junior Hurree Singh, whose English amused many with phrases such as "the likefulness is terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous friend."

Universal Friends

As the regular reader of the dear old "Magnet" will recall, these are but a few of the many human and lovable touches given to Greyfriars and

its numerous characters.

The chief high-spot of these characteristics deserving mention is Billy Bunter's famous postal order which was always delayed in the post, or somewhere, on its mysterious journey; and while on this topic there comes to mind, like the memory of a refreshing breeze, Bob Cherry's clarion call "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Behold The Man

NOW WHO WAS the man behind the scenes who wrote about and invented this world of schoolboy life, whose writings filled many a home with pleasure and lifted a reader from his arm-chair and planted him right in the midst of this other life at Greyfriars?

To begin with it is an open secret that the other companion schools, Rookwood and St. Jim's, with their almost equally popular characters, were all the work of one man, whose chief pen-name was Frank Richards. I can state here that the author's real name is Charles Hamilton, a name many will recognize, although perhaps without surprise,

as the suspicion that this was the true state of affairs has occurred to many. Perhaps the reader will excuse me, however, if I refer to him as Frank Richards, a name that seems much nearer to Greyfriars as it was the one appended to this master series. Ralph Redway was another pen-name appearing in "The Holiday Annual."

Frank Richards had his first success when in his 'teens, with an article for which he received fifteen shillings from a London house. It is not known exactly what prompted the Greyfriars stories but Frank Richards had been writing fifteen years before they were started. Then in 1908 came "The Magnet" which was destined to live longer than any other paper of its kind on record. Mr. Richards continued writing, or to be precise typing, for "The Magnet" and others until the sudden end in 1940, and strange as it may seem all his stories—with perhaps one or two exceptions—were typed direct on to paper and posted off regularly every week to his publishers.

In his younger days the author was a real "globe-trotter," and there is hardly a part of Europe that is not known to him. Many Greyfriars stories were written in Nice, Monte Carlo, Paris, and

many other places in France. Harry Wharton & Co. have also been typed in Holland, Belgium, Germany and Austria. A point of interest is that the Greyfriars chums' adventures in southern Italy were actually written at at Pompeii. Great pleasure was experienced by our friend tapping out "Billy Bunter" at the window of a villa high up on Capri.

In later years Frank Richards has lived a quiet life tucked away in the south-east corner of Kent, where many of his stories were born. He has resided here since 1926, in which year he had an unfortunate accident which affected his sight, and which made travelling on a large scale very difficult. He feels, however, that his stories since 1930 were his best efforts inasmuch as he felt a greater power of concentration than before. That is why a close study of the scenic descriptions in these stories reveal a true picture of Kentish scenery, especially in relation to various bays and coves.

Perhaps my readers will express surprise on learning that Frank Richards is a single man and his family life has been spent among his own kin, a large corner of his heart being reserved for a charming little

niece who has given him many happy hours. Mr. Richards delighted me in a letter by saying that never had he experienced loneliness, as with so large a family of boys to look after as Harry Wharton & Co., Billy Bunter, and the vast circle of St. Jim's and Rookwood people, time never dragged for a moment.

ONCE I mentioned to Mr. Richards the accuracy of facts in his writings; and so keen is he to be vivid and true to life that

A Sense Of Accuracy on one occasion before writing a Greyfriars story of adventure around a volcano, a special trip was taken by him to the crater of Vesuvius to gain accurate data. On various occasions has this author seen different lands, but strange to say while many of his series dealt with the South Seas, never has he set foot in these parts. Even so, a good imagination was by no means good enough for Frank Richards; not until he had read much about these distant lands, and talked freely with men who had been there, were Harry Wharton & Co. taken on their holiday trips amid palm trees and coral reefs.

This spirit of realism in Mr. Richards' works has rightly

caused many to feel that the ancient pile of Greyfriars is a real building, though knowing of course that no such school exists. But in fact the ancient pile as we know it was formed in the author's mind from impressions of various buildings encountered on travels by him.

To return to this author's life, here are one or two notable experiences he has passed through. He has explored the crater of Vesuvius, was lost at night in the middle of Lake Maggiore in a small boat, spent long happy hours in the Venetian gondolas, and, in 1914, at the outbreak of war, was under arrest in Austria.

ONE THING which will interest many is the fact that Shakespeare's works have been studied closely by Mr.

Favourite Pastimes Richards; have been and still are to this day a boon companion to him. In-

deed, our friend could quote this great master for hours on end, and I believe with certainty could recite his plays by heart. Many "Magnet" readers will not be surprised by this information as in many of the Greyfriars stories various quotations from Shakespeare have occurred. Virgil and Horace have also been studied and much enjoyed in the same way, and quotations

from these great men are often apparent in F.R.'s writings, especially when scenes in the form room occur.

Another companion to "the founder of Greyfriars" is his pipe, about which I recall the following. During the time when cigarettes and matches were scarce many copies of "The Magnet" and "The Gem" surrounding F.R. went up in smoke as pipe lighters. I told him that we collectors could weep over such a crime, but had to smile when in one of his cheery letters he asked "Have you ever been minus a match?"—a reply which I could appreciate as a pipe smoker myself.

Music has also been a very great study of the author, and he spends much time in composing for his own amusement. He has written one or two interpretations of certain works, and also possesses a good singing voice for one slight of figure, which, of course, will tell readers that Frank Richards is not a man big in stature.

TALKING of cheery letters reminds me how grateful I am to the author for letting me know these interesting facts about himself. His letters are written just like his stories, full of good humour and cheer,

yet filled with a sense of regard for serious things in life. One also feels a spirit of patience for overcoming adversities, with an imperturbable belief in right winning through. These are the impressions I have gained, but like the reader, I have unfortunately not met F. R. in person, although I am in hopes of taking a trip to London to see the king—not of England—but of schoolboy stories supreme.

A Great Personality of patience for overcoming adversities, with an imperturbable belief in right winning through. These are the impressions I have gained, but like the reader, I have unfortunately not met F. R. in person, although I am in hopes of taking a trip to London to see the king—not of England—but of schoolboy stories supreme.

One thing about this gentleman of story writing is that he loves retirement, no pomp, no crowds, no glaring publicity, just a pleasant home, with his typewriter and his beloved Shakespeare as his intimate companions.

At present Frank Richards is in London, but the fact that "The Magnet" and "The Gem" are no longer being issued by no means indicates that he is not a busy man—just the opposite in fact, for Mr. Richards has, in his own words, "irons in the fire" for after the war. What they are must remain a secret until the post-war period is with us, which will undoubtedly bring F. R. to life again with the same, if not more, popularity that

was his for over thirty years.

FRANK RICHARDS is still a great friend of the last Editor of "The Magnet," and to this day is in close contact with him. But what

His pleasure it is to
Characters learn that the famous Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of "The Gem" was actually modelled on this friend of the author. So upright was this Editor and so strong his sense of honour, plus his immaculate attire, that this inspired F.R. with the idea and character of D'Arcy. What a thrill to know that the actual and original D'Arcy is today alive and well—"Yaas, wathah!" Dear old "Quelchy" was taken from F. R.'s own schoolmaster, plus the author's fertile imagination, and he tells me that nearly all his people are drawn from life. Billy Bunter can claim the distinction of being his master's favourite. Also F.R. believes Bunter to be his most popular and best drawn character, although many, like myself, would have said Harry Wharton. Talking of Bunter, the origin of that humorous recurring episode, Billy's "be-whiskered" postal order, first came to F. R. through a relative of his always expecting a cheque which never seemed to arrive.

Hurree Singh, the Indian junior, was drawn from life—a

dark gentleman greeted the author with the words "Top of a beautiful morning," and this inspired the quaint English of this fine character. A happy and Christian thought lies behind Hurree Singh's existence, however, for Mr. Richards believes that we are all equal, whether black or white, and as "The Magnet" went to India in large numbers the idea was truly a splendid one—one might say "godly" especially as coloured and white troops are now fighting together in the cause of freedom.

FINALLY, the question "Will the Greyfriars chums come to life again?" must be in everyone's mind. The answer is: yes, in some form or other. F.R. said in a letter "If Billy Bunter must be deceased he will have left an heir." So we can be certain of those "irons in the fire" being very active for post-war plans. Indeed these characters are still so much in the author's mind that he finds it difficult to believe about Billy Bunter, like Mrs. Harris in "Martin Chuzzlewit," that "there aint no sich person."

In conclusion, one thing we can be certain of, and that is, before long the gates of Greyfriars will be open to us all again in one way or another with Gosling's rattle of keys accompanied by "What I ses is this 'ere."

CHARLES HAMILTON:

A TRIBUTE

IN EARLIER ISSUES of "The Story Paper Collector" interesting articles have appeared concerning those remarkable papers "The Gem" and "The Magnet." More than once in these articles there were speculations regarding the identity of "Martin Clifford" and "Frank Richards." For instance, in No. 2 the writer, speaking of the "Gem" stories, made the suggestion that Martin Clifford was actually Charles Hamilton who had written stories of St. Jim's in "Pluck" before the birth of "The Gem."

We who have been interested in the topic for years now know that that assumption was correct—Charles Hamilton WAS THE Martin Clifford—for he has confirmed it himself. But there is far more to it than that. Yes, far more. For he was also Frank Richards! In fact, he was more Frank Richards than he was Martin Clifford, as I shall explain a little later. Moreover, the mysterious Owen Conquest, who for years wrote tales of Rookwood School in "The Boys' Friend" was also—Charles Hamilton!

And even that is not the end

of the story. Those of you who enjoyed the adventures of "The Rio Kid, Outlaw," will be interested to learn, if you don't know it already, that "Ralph Redway" was really just one other name for Charles Hamilton. And, yet again, to those who in the long ago read the first stories of the Cliff House girls in "The School Friend" it can be revealed that the writer who created the characters as "Hilda Richards" was, yes, once again, Charles Hamilton.

When I add that this gentleman has written quite a lot of stories under the name given to him at birth I think it will be agreed that for very many years Mr. Hamilton has been busily employed and will have a good idea of the kind of story which appeals to boys. He was, in fact, writing sea stories for the half-penny "Union Jack" some fifty years ago and he has, since those far-off days, turned out over six thousand stories! And we used to get excited about the output of Edgar Wallace!

But, as I do not wish to occupy

By HERBERT LECKENBY

a whole issue of "The Story Paper Collector" I think I had better confine myself to what Mr. Hamilton did for "The Gem" and "The Magnet," and that is astonishing enough in very truth.

IN MY FIRST paragraph I said these two were remarkable papers. They were, for think of this. Of the boys' papers which were in existence when the first Great War started in 1914, very, very few were still alive when Hitler set the world ablaze in 1939. "The Gem" and "The Magnet" were two of the survivors, and many of the same characters were appearing as held the stage twenty-five years earlier. An astonishing achievement and one for which one has Charles Hamilton more than anyone else to thank. No doubt they would be running even now if it had not been for the paper famine.

When I learned that Mr. Hamilton in addition to being Martin Clifford was also Frank Richards I confess I was a little surprised; even though I had received a hint of it years ago. It is true that in many of the stories the characters of the two schools were interwoven. They played each other at cricket and football on countless occasions and, if you remember, Levison went from Greyfriars to St. Jim's, and Bunter inflicted his presence on the Sussex school

on at least one occasion. But more than once it was flatly denied in the editorial columns that Martin Clifford and Frank Richards were one and the same. Actually, though, I think what made the faithful doubt that it could be so was that they thought it impossible for one man to write the two stories continuously week after week.

As a matter of fact, one of Mr. Hamilton's most devoted admirers suggested this to him. Charles Hamilton smiled to himself when he read that, and replied that he had never found the slightest difficulty; that he had actually on many occasions written four stories a week. He added that his weaving of the story simply depended upon the speed with which his fingers tapped the keys of his typewriter. I may add that his speed would be the envy of many typists.

Mr. Hamilton made light of his achievement; nevertheless it is astonishing for, after all, there were plots to think about, and in the more dramatic stories these always worked out smoothly and convincingly. Then he often took his characters travelling about the world and in order to get the correct atmosphere a lot of research must have been necessary. No; Mr. Hamilton might think it was easy but

most of us will think differently.

It is true he did not write all the stories. There were times when deputies were employed, very much less capable than the originator of the stories. This policy may have been justified at times in order to give him a rest, but in the case of the "Gem" it was overdone. Mr. Hamilton wrote the first three hundred stories or so with but very few exceptions; then, for reasons best known to the powers that be themselves, other writers were allowed a hand frequently. So much the worse for "The Gem" for there came a time when it ran into troubled waters, so much so that a drastic policy was decided upon. This was to turn the years right back and re-publish the stories from the very beginning. This idea started with No. 1221 and continued until No. 1624, a run of practically eight years. The stories were not always re-published in the same order as they first appeared, but they were practically all those written by Mr. Hamilton. What better proof could there be that he WAS "The Gem"?

WITH "The Magnet" it was rather different. Charles Hamilton wrote the first story, "The Making of Harry Wharton," which appeared February

15th, 1908. He wrote the last one, "The Shadow of the Sack," No. 1683, which bore the date May 18th, 1940! Of the 1681 stories in between, none of them reprints, probably less than five per cent. were written by others. (Incidentally, "The Magnet" had a higher circulation than "The Gem.") What a record? For over thirty years—through three decades—his words read by millions of school-boys and thousands of adults, and all about the same characters. Has there been anything to equal it in boys' or any other journalism?

And think of the characters he created, apart from the main ones. There were hundreds of them. Mark Linley, Vernon-Smith, Coker, Loder, Alonzo and Peter Todd, Skinner, Snoop, and Stott; Levison, Lumley-Lumley, Cardew, Cutts, Racke, Skimpole, Noble, Dane, and Glyn, to name a few. Someone said to me in a letter the other day: "Mr. Hamilton had such a happy knack of choosing names for his characters which somehow always seemed to fit them." I cordially agree, and it is an important point.

But there is one other matter on which the subject of my tribute has a right to pride himself, and that is the moral tone

of the stories—the most important point of all. The boys, of course, played tricks they should not have done and had adventures that could only be in the realms of fiction, but no moralist, no father, no matter how strict his views, would object to the methods of Charles Hamilton. His heroes were always clean-living youngsters who scorned the fellows who smoked and gambled and termed them “outsiders” and “bounders.” He was at his best when gradually reforming a character, as in the case of Ernest Levison.

I have seen letters from men in all walks of life paying testimony to the good influence the regular reading of the papers had upon their lives. In the evening of his days that knowledge will, I am sure, assure Mr. Hamilton that his efforts throughout the years have not been in vain.

In an interview with Mr. Hamilton, published in the London “Evening Standard” and other papers some time ago, it was stated that his first story was accepted when he was seventeen, fifty or more years ago. He was so surprised when he got the cheque that he hung it over his bed so that he could convince himself that he had not been dreaming. Since that far-off day

cheques will have become familiar sights to him. He will probably have received enough to paper a room or two, but I am sure it will be agreed he has deserved them all.

IN CONCLUSION, let me say that Charles Hamilton is an optimist. He is already making plans for the future. It may be that when the happy days come that boys’ papers can appear on the book-stalls as of yore, the new generation of schoolboys will be able to read school stories from his versatile pen. They may not be stories of Greyfriars and St. Jim’s, there may be new names in place of Tom Merry and Harry Wharton, but whatever they are, I am sure the boys of the period will read them with the same keenness and interest as their elder brothers, their fathers, and, yes, their grandfathers did, and I should not be surprised if those elders are found reading them too.

19th Century Peepshow

A monthly paper no sentimental collector can afford to miss.

\$1 per year, 10c a copy.

Fred T. Singleton

2000B S. W. Red Road, Coral
Gables, Florida.

Greyfriars Youth

Throughout the world man oft has tried to find
The bloom of youth, to keep its life and power;
And yet, alas, it passes by mankind
Like freshness fading from a summer flower.

Although in spirit man does keep alive
This gentle charm fed by a youthful heart,
And oh! what cheer is due to those who strive
With brush or pen to give us works of art.

The mind that gave us Greyfriars and its haunts,
With schoolboys radiating health and cheer,
Has given love and joy that nothing daunts
To those who will forever hold it dear.

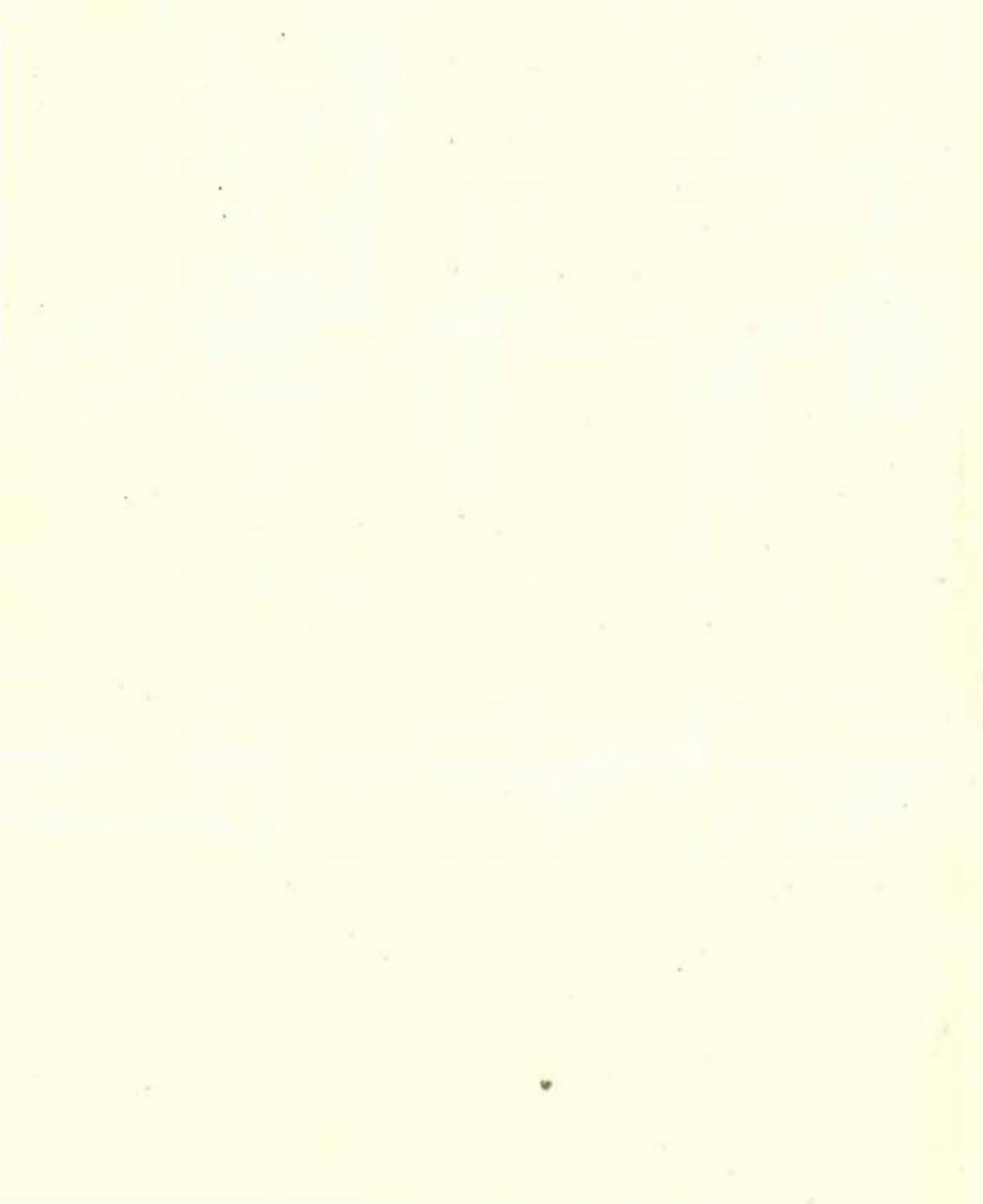
What pleasant thoughts of happy bygone days
That ancient pile of Greyfriars seems to give;
One walks again through lanes and pleasant ways,
The ancient elms and cloisters—yet they live;

The green of Friardale Wood, the summer sky,
The playing fields, the Close, and studies bright,
Where schoolboy laughter never seemed to die,
Where comradeship was law and hearts were light.

And those who lived at times within this sphere,
Their number spread in many distant lands,
All share these thoughts of youth so very dear,
Across the seas in spirit joining hands,

To wish a blessing on the one whose pen
Made youth live on though years rolled swiftly by,
Who melted gloom in souls of youths and men,
And left a treasure house of thought that cannot die.

J. CORBETT.



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

By HENRY
ADAMS
PUCKRIN

PERUSING the various articles which have appeared from time to time in "The Story Paper Collector" on boys' journals of a by-gone age, all manner of reminiscences come to mind. Topical events and happenings of the time, outstanding characters, pictures and personalities, the faults and fatuities of the age are recalled to memory.

The many admirable writers of the "Big Three" of the Amalgamated Press—"Boys' Friend," "Boys' Realm" and "Boys' Herald"—showed great ingenuity in weaving day to day happenings into their stories. No names being mentioned, this could be done with safety and no doubt helped to create an interest in world affairs so vital to the future of a country and its people.

One of the best in his own particular line was David Goodwin. Nothing came amiss to this writer, although the subjects of his many fine stories were often as far apart as the poles. Being treated in a humorous spirit they did not bore the reader and possibly the Editor's aim of instruction and amuse-

ment was accomplished.

At the time of the appearance in "The Boys' Friend" of "Mid-dies of the Fearless" a large sum of money was stolen from the strong room of a British battle cruiser. Subsequent investigations resulted in the conviction and sentence of several persons. This incident in due course appeared in the story and formed one of the many detective activities of Midshipman Drake in helping to prove the innocence and bring about the reinstatement of his elder brother.

Another character created by the same writer was the unscrupulous modern financier/employer. One of these "trust bosses" was the villain of the piece in a story entitled "The War of the Mills." Herman Sloyd's attempt to secure a chain of mills in order to corner supplies and cut wages was frustrated by a youthful employee with the help of his pal, a young millionaire posing as a mill hand.

A similar theme formed the basis of another story, "Sons of the Tideway." Young Billy and his friend, escaping from the



prison ship to which they had been sent on a false charge by scheming relatives, secured their old barge and navigated her, eluding all pursuit with remarkable skill, until a happy combination of circumstances caused "the wrong to fail, the right prevail."

This same leitmotif ran through "The Cad of St.orton's." A rascally bookmaker and moneylender, having secured a hold over the Headmaster, used his power to send his son to the school, in the hope of his being able to carry on as he pleased. However, a "scholarship boy fra' Lancashire" and his aristocratic schoolmate checkmated him every time. After nearly causing the Head to commit suicide in despair over his financial troubles, the unscrupulous scoundrel was exposed and left the country.

THE REVELATIONS of the Chicago meat-packing industry in the year 1906 sent a wave of horror and disgust throughout the civilized world. The harsh conditions of employment and the scenes in the killing and packing departments were fully described in a story entitled "Jim the Stockyard Boy." Another fine story, "Sexton Blake in Chicago," appeared about the same time, but the names of

the authors of these two serials elude me.

THE COMING of the aeroplane was responsible for a crop of stories dealing chiefly with its development for use in war and peace. A first-class story, "Wilbur Wright's Apprentice," appeared in "The Boy's Friend." In this tale a young lad, having built a home-made plane on the roof of his house, made a timely escape in his machine from a brutal and overbearing father. Becoming adopted by the famous aeronaut this lucky youth found full scope for his activities and concluded by becoming his right hand man. A model plane making competition was organized by "The Boys' Friend" and some remarkably fine models were the result. A photograph in "The Daily Mirror" showed some of the models being tested.

The beginning of the Boy Scout movement also produced a number of very good stories in the boys' papers of this period. One of the best known was "The Wolf Patrol," by John Fenimore. This appeared in "The Boys' Herald" and the Editor received a personal letter of congratulation from the great Baden-Powell himself. As a journalistic scoop this incident no doubt stands by itself and helped to boom "The Boys'

Herald" during its best period.

The activities of the Boy Scouts in everyday life were also utilized by many writers, being blended into happenings reported in the daily papers. One such incident is recalled to mind. A world-famous firm of contractors were at that time constructing huge docks and harbour works at Newport, Monmouthshire. During the excavations a large portion of a trench collapsed, burying some thirty workmen. This regrettable accident caused a wave of sympathy throughout the country, and efforts to release the imprisoned men were reported almost hourly. A story featuring a troop of Boy Scouts was running at the time in "The Boys' Friend" and the author utilized this incident by causing the Scouts to take part in a thrilling and heroic rescue scene.

Such and many other characteristics of British boys all the world over formed a continuous stream of stories which are too good to be entirely forgotten.

A FAVOURITE MOTIVE of humorous writers of thirty odd years ago was the amateur fire brigade. Dealing mostly with the activities of individuals with more enthusiasm than practical knowledge, this theme provided the chief incident in a story in

"The Nugget Library" entitled "Tufty's Fire Brigade." Forming his band of volunteers, Tufty—a sturdy leader having a white tuft of hair as his forelock—eagerly awaited the call to action. It came at last, but the call was a false one. Their efforts to extinguish a non-existent blaze resulted in an amusing and laughable fiasco.

In bringing this article to a close the writer hopes that the revival of these odd memories may be the cause of many more such coming to light. If this is achieved his purpose will have been fulfilled in helping to secure what will perhaps form a basis for further such stories in the days to come when world security and happiness is finally achieved.

W. H. G. Says:

A disadvantage about printing an amateur magazine oneself is that each page has to be "set" and printed separately; *BUT*—an advantage is that sometimes an error is detected in one page before all the rest are printed, so that a correction can be made in the same issue. Therefore:

CORRECTION: Page 192 of this issue, col. 1, line 14: instead of *honour* read *humour*, the latter being the way the author of the article wrote it. Sorry, J. C.!

"The Magnet"

(Mr. Henry Steele, whose contributions have appeared in previous issues of "The Story Paper Collector," and whose interest is centred upon the boys' papers of an earlier day, pauses to pay tribute to a more modern weekly, "The Magnet Library.")

Years ago, before the war,
 "The Magnet" was a powerful
 draw,
 And drew boys with magnetic
 force—
 Towards the newsagents',
 of course.

The pictures also were a "draw,"
 As good as any you ever saw;
 Drawn by artists as true as steel,

The characters stood out bold
 and real.

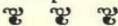
Such magnetism, good and
 strong,

Was bound to draw, it
 couldn't go wrong;

Backed by Harry Wharton
 & Co.

This publication was not so
 slow.

This issue, No. 16, starts "The Story Paper Collector" off on its fourth year. Anyone, including, perhaps, myself, who doubted whether sufficient "copy" could be found for more than four issues, is free to express mild surprise. But as a matter of fact my main concern now is whether I will be able to carry on long enough to use all the material I have on hand! Which doesn't mean that further contributions are not welcome, but—please be patient!



During the past year we have learned the identity of one of the most popular—perhaps *the* most popular—of the writers of

S. P. Comment

stories for boys during the last half-century—

Charles Hamilton, who, as Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, Owen Conquest, and other pen-names, as well as under his own name, has written many hundreds of tales for various boys' papers.

With two articles in this issue about Mr. Hamilton and his activities there is little need for me to add anything, beyond saying that I, too, hope the day soon dawns when the gates of Greyfriars and St. Jim's—and, who knows, maybe Rookwood as well—will again be opened to us. Or, if that cannot be, then of some other school created by Charles Hamilton. —W. H. G.

British Bloods and Journals

For Sale—Black Bess, Blue-skin, Charles Peace the Burglar, Tom Torment, Sailor Crusoe, Nell Gwynne, Tyburn Tree, Charley Wag the New Jack Sheppard, Black Mask, Jack Sheppard, Broad Arrow Jack, Outlaws of Epping Forest, Dick Turpin (Miles), Adrift on the Spanish Main, Frank Fearless, Handsome Harry and Cheerful Ching-Ching, Daring and Wonderful Ching-Ching, Boy's Herald (Dick's), Boys of England, Young Men of Great Britain, Tom Wildrake's Schooldays, Lady Godiva, Young Folks, & hundreds more. **Exchanges willingly considered; similar wanted.**

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Ralph F. Cummings

Dept. S. P. C., Fisherville, Mass.

**BRITISH BOYS' PAPERS
WANTED**

Gem Library—Nos. 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, first or 2d. series. New series Nos. 11, 13, 15-57, 59-61, 63-65, 67, 70, 72-188, 190-193, 195, 197-208, 214, 217-374, 375 (with supplement), 376-383, 403, 407 (with suppl.), 452, 454, 458, 510, 603, 620, 621, 623-627, 629, 631, 635-637, 639-641, 643-654, 656-698.

Magnet Library—Various numbers between 451 and 612.

Boys' Friend Library—All issues by Martin Clifford (except Cedar Creek), Prosper Howard, Frank Richards, Owen Conquest. also No. 393, by Rich. Randolph.

Holiday Annual—Years 1920 to 1924.

Chuckles (Comic Paper)—Any issues with stories of Ferrers Locke, and stories by Frank Richards and Prosper Howard. Also (and especially) the two issues with which were presented models of St. Jim's and Greyfriars, together with models.

Nelson Lee Lib'y—No. 24 of last (4th) series. (Aug. 5, 1933)

Empire Library—Nos. 8, 13, 14, 20, 21, 26 of first series; or complete series in one lot.

Triumph—Nos. 812 and 814.

Pluck Library—years 1906-7, Nos. 106-122.

C. F. F. RICKARD

2026 West 41st Ave., Vancouver,
B. C., Canada.

WANTED : FOR SALE
: EXCHANGE :

Wanted—English Comics, years 1892-1906. Harris, Caynton, Llanrhos Road, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno.

Wanted — Magnets and Gems, 1907-33; also Boys' Friend Libraries with stories by Frank Richards and Martin Clifford. Shaw, 6 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N. 10, England.

"The Collector's Miscellany"
 —The paper for anyone interested in Old Boys' Books, Type Specimens, Juvenile Theatre, etc. Write J. A. Birkbeck, 52 Craigie Avenue, Dundee, Scotland.

"The Collector's Guide"—
 Canada's Own Journal. \$1 a year, 25c a copy. Established on Vancouver Island in 1929. Cleeve Sculthorpe, 82 Lichfield Road, Coleshill, Warwickshire, England.

Wanted—Aldine 1d. Dick Turpins, early issues of Magnet, Gem, Penny Popular, and Comic Papers, particularly Chuckles. Also interested in old volumes containing coloured plates of wildflowers, butterflies, birds or fishes. Alfred Horsey, 60 Salcombe Rd., Walthamstow, London, E. 17, England.

Magnets — pre-1930, wanted, any numbers. Corbett, 49 Glyn Farm Road, Quinton, Birmingham, England.

Wanted—Plucks with St. Jim's stories; red-covered Magnets. E. Fayne, The Modern School, Grove Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

Wanted — 1d. Boys' Friend, Realm, Big Budget, Boys' Leaders, 1/2d. Sports Library, early 1d. Nelson Lee Library.—H. Dowler, 86 Hamilton Road, Manchester, 13, England.

Wanted—Joseph Parks' "Collector's Miscellany" for 1935-6: Nos. 14 to 17. Also earlier issues and "Vanity Fair." Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U.S.A.

Science-Fiction Magazines—
 "Railroad Magazines"—and most others; write us your Back-Number wants. The School Book Shop, 530 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Geographical Magazine
 —Wanted: 3 copies of February, 1942, issue. This is the Geographical published in London, not the National Geographic. W. H. Gander, Transcona, Canada.