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FAVOURITES AND FOOTLIGHTS

By ALFRED HORSEY

Dealer Extraordinary In Old Boys' Papers

By HERBERT LECKENBY



: : AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE : :

FAVOURITES AND FOOTLIGHTS

By . . .
ALFRED
HORSEY

YEARS AGO, more than I care to remember, when embarking upon my humble business career, I entered for a course of study at the City of London College and well do I recall an interesting lecture on shorthand and typewriting. The lecturer described these two subjects as "the twin arts" and we students were led to see how closely linked together they were. And so it seems to me that, although maybe in somewhat lesser degree, the hobby of collecting old boys' papers, and the theatre, are becoming increasingly associated the one with the other.

In other words, many of our brotherhood far and near who have achieved fame at the footlights have spent, and in many cases continue to spend, many precious hours revelling in the contents of the old penny "bloods" and books such as "Broad Arrow Jack," "Handsome Harry," "The Troublesome Twins," "Tomahawk and Rifle," "Sheet Anchor Jack," and "Briegands of the Sea"; and the old melodramas of Tod Slaughter fame ("Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber") such as con-

tain high spots of humour combined with hair-raising thrills.

I suggest that plays similar to the latter, having achieved success at, say, one of the well-known London theatres such as the Britannia (the "Old Brit."), Hoxton, or the Standard, High Street, Shoreditch—long since demolished—would quickly find favour with the public through the bookseller. Hence the phrase "favourites and footlights," speaking of this link.

Yes, a good percentage of such material found its echo in the hub of Fleet Street, not only in the daily press but through the medium I have previously indicated, and which embraces what must be of paramount interest to my readers, boys' journals. These were often used as a means to portray current theatrical events, directly, and indirectly in the guise of stories, and many of the artists involved took pains to make cuttings and arrange them neatly in elaborate scrap books.

This interest naturally deepened until not only the whole papers were retained but an

enthusiasm for collecting was kindled and long runs were carefully preserved down through the years. It is undoubtedly an honour to be able to count such friends in our ever increasing circle (and I say this as one who is not connected with the theatrical profession) as much valuable information must often come their way during their travels and collectors today are thus in a position to reap the benefit of their experience.

Before *The Marvel* "breathed its last" in 1922 it developed into a part-film paper, containing much profusely illustrated matter in this direction. Whether this was an improvement or otherwise is not in question here, but I cite these facts to strengthen the purpose of this article.

When I think of these papers as favourites, space will permit me to mention a very few only, but they are legion. You have yours and I have mine. What an interesting study if it were possible to collect each other's lists and compare them! Perhaps when the war is over it will be possible to arrange a meeting of collectors, with a collection of favourites on view.

ONLY RECENTLY I happened to be enjoying one of the old Henderson's penny *Nugget Library* ("Tufty & Co.") and I

came across an exhortation to the reader at the end of the story to this effect: "If you like this yarn, go at once to the nearest agent or bookstall and get '*The Schoolboy Detective*,' '*The Bond Street Mystery*,' etc." One sighs for those good old days when, with counter piled high with favourites, and racks correspondingly filled, the news-agents were over-zealous to supply you with more than you could comfortably afford, as compared with the present time when the counters and racks are stripped bare, even of the few poor specimens that remain, and the odd copies available are stored cautiously under the counter for "registered customers," or a chosen few, and woe betide the unfortunate stranger who dares intrude and meekly asks to be allowed to buy!

Other favourites and much prized papers of fifty, forty, and thirty or so years ago were *The Boy's Standard*, *Boy's Leisure Hour*, *Pluck*, *Boys' Realm*, *Boy's Comic Journal*, *Cheer Boys Cheer*, *Boys' Friend* (weekly paper and 3d. Library), *Marvel*, *Union Jack*, *Nelson Lee*, *Frank Reade's Invention Library*, *Sports Library*, *Robin Hood*, *Aldine Dick Turpin*, *Half-Holiday* and *Cheerful Libraries*, and *Dreadnought*. Yes, and last but by no means least, the ever popular *Magnet* and *Gem* and

Penny Popular. Readers were continually thrilled with delight at the exploits of Pete, and the daring deeds of the Outlaws of Sherwood, and the pranks of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars—to say nothing of Billy Bunter and his long expected postal order!—and the merry shouts of Tom Merry & Co. or Jimmy Silver & Co. from the “footer” field on a half-holiday.

Then I must not overlook my much sought after *Chuckles* which, with its coat of many colours, reminded me of Joseph in *Holy Writ*. What would I not give to possess some copies, or even one, of this attractive comic/story paper which held for me such charms in bygone days? But hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Even the small boy with his scanty copper or two would make the sacrifice and gladly spare one for his favourite, and those who were less fortunate would probably, with the greatest of ease, rescue an old copy of *Comic Cuts* or the coloured *Lot-o'-Fun* from being used to wrap up father's mid-day meal of bread-and-cheese, and swap with his chum next door for one of his prize papers.

YEES, it certainly is most interesting to observe the trend of events and the link between

the hobby of story paper collecting and the theatre. I was particularly pleased to note the reference made by Mr. Herbert Leckenby, in one of his valuable articles, to T. Murray Ford, better known as Thomas le Britton, who wrote the popular “Mrs. May” series of music-hall sketches, including the world-famous “A Sister To Assist 'er.”

Mr. Leckenby also refers to Arthur S. Hardy, the brilliant author who in 1909 introduced into *The Marvel* the stories of Tom Sayers, boxer and actor. Arthur Hardy had had actual stage experience and wrote some excellent yarns dealing with the music-hall.

The late Barry Ono, so widely known as the Penny Dreadful King, with his vast storehouse of rare old “bloods,” toured the world, or most of it, and was famous as a variety artist for many years. I never had the pleasure of seeing him perform but I recall having seen his name emblazoned on the playbills as appearing at our local theatre—“Barry Ono and His Model Music-hall”—and I understand he used to score well in character studies of famous stars of long ago. Think of his zeal in searching for his favourites and stopping at nothing for the honour of being the

proud possessor of some rare item!

The world-famous Charlie Chaplin and others of his calibre found their way into many of the old papers—Boys' Cinema and the comics, and others.

There was some move towards introducing Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars in the films but I gather it was found impracticable for the idea was abandoned after careful consideration. What a pity our favourites were not thus brought into the limelight when one recalls the enormous success of that great flash-back picture "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," in which Robert Donat did so well. Or Will Hay, the schoolmaster comedian who starred in "The Ghost of St. Michael's," "Boys Will Be Boys," etc. He doubtless was a reader of the old favourites containing rollicking

humour and obtained much valuable information. His "fat boy" would surely remind us in some ways of the famous Billy Bunter!

FURTHERMORE, I have also reason to believe that Mr. Bransby Williams, that brilliant Dickensian artist of today, is also interested in old papers such as my readers delight in, and then there is the enthusiasm of Mr. Noel Coward.

I have the honour of knowing personally another famous actor who is starring today in a play which is enjoying one of the longest and most successful runs in the West End of London and who, in the midst of his busy career, finds time to revel in adding to his collection of old papers; and seems to derive an abundance of pleasure out of it, so much so that he was quite ready to give over an hour or so of his valuable time to converse

THE BOYS' JOURNAL

"*The Boys' Journal* is our pet paper. We hug to our heart the first six volumes (1863-1866), handsome in the publisher's red cloth binding, richly embossed in blank on the sides and stamped in gold on the front and shelf-back, though it was no journal for goodies. Edited by Charles Perry Brown, and published monthly until 1871 by Henry Vickers. In the last number of Vol. 1 (Dec. 1863), a special frontispiece was inserted, shown, reduced, above." So writes Fred T. Singleton in the Christmas, 1943, issue of his 19th Century Peep-Show, and very nicely reproduced is the picture, too; Friend Singleton must get many a thrill as he looks through those six volumes.

with me on the subject—an occasion I shall ever remember with delight.

PERHAPS, in passing, I ought to mention that my own favourite weekly paper when at school was the good old *Magnet*—and I say it with pride—nothing seemed to touch it, in my estimation, and particularly the earlier numbers with the orange-coloured covers. The *Magnet* to this day is first on my list and I take my hat off to Mr. Charles Hamilton for his great contribution to my happiness when at school, in providing such stimulating and healthy literature. The world is much the poorer since this valuable paper, as well as others for which this gentleman was responsible, has disappeared, and the schoolboys of today do not know the pleasure they are missing.

Monday was always a "red letter day" with me as *The Magnet* at that time made its appearance on that day. It had long since changed to a white cover printed in dark blue ink, and a certain number that will ever stand out indelibly in my memory is No. 551, dated August 31st, 1918, entitled "Coker's Campaign." We had fallen on hard times at home, being a large family and my father out of work and ill. I have now in

my possession a copy of that particular *Magnet* and when I look at it I am reminded of two things—those early struggles, and, better still, the good hand of God who has brought me safely through to this day on life's journey. Yes, I always looked forward with delight to Monday for I would race to the nearest newsagent's, place my penny on the counter, take off my prize from the big pile and hurry back home eager to devour its contents.

FOR A FURTHER reason, also, Monday was a "red letter day" and I must mention this second reason for it all has its place in the purpose for which I am writing this article. On the Monday evening I would make my way to our local music-hall, Walthamstow Palace, and from the dizzy heights of a threepenny seat in the balcony I would follow with absorbed interest such plays as Wilson Barrett's masterpiece "The Silver King," and some of Walter Howard's ever popular attractions—"Second to None," etc.—to say nothing of "East Lynne," or John Lawson, the Hebrew actor, in his famous "Humanity," none of which ever lacked a crowded audience. I could list many more but suffice it to say that here, in my own humble experience, was forged the link

between the old story papers and the theatre.

BUT EVEN PRIOR to this I had a keen interest in "reading and seeing," for was it not also at the historic old Walthamstow Palace Theatre, in the High Street, where I recall having seen some magnificent pantomimes, i.e.: "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Little Red Riding Hood." These entertainments, modernized with humour and songs of the time, had a strong appeal. The gorgeous transformation scenes under the influence of the dazzling revolving limelight in all colours of the rainbow, and enchanting music, were to me but "glimpses into fairyland" and reminded me of even younger days and the story papers or books I used to revel in: Aldine's *Tales For Little People* (such as "Goody Two Shoes"), Henderson's *Young Folks' Tales*, Steade's *Books For The Bairns*, and Newne's *Playtime* series were among the foremost. They were all an attractive pennyworth, beautifully designed and containing some fine drawings. The Aldine edition had a pale green cover with an illustration in the centre and printing in red. I well recall the painting competition which was a regular feature and much looked forward to by my sisters and brothers and my-

self. I sent in several efforts but was never fortunate enough to win a prize!

The Henderson publication was decked in a darkish green cover, printed and illustrated in black, and many of the stories, as far as I recall, centred around a little girl named Mabel. *Books For The Bairns* had plain pink, and sometimes pale blue, covers, and was always a good seller. I believe the same style of book appeared also in orange covers known as *Penny Poets*, a really educational series. The *Playtime* series had for a cover a facsimile of the Union Jack, and the full red, white and blue colouring was most attractive. They are difficult to obtain now but certainly are an asset and completion to any collection of favourites as they have their place and served a great purpose in their time.

THUS I COULD mention a host of other matters of general interest as we travel in thought and explore the many avenues, but before concluding I want to write of another ardent collector, and one of the greatest authorities on old "bloods," etc. I refer to none other than the late Mr. Alf. E. Rick, who passed to his reward on Monday, September 27th, 1943, after having undergone a serious operation in Sunderland Hospital, in

which town he lived for many years. His correct name was Newrick but all his friends knew him as Alf. E. Rick. He was born at Darlington on the 6th of August, 1875. Little is known of his boyhood but he came of a Quaker family and he used to help his father who was a miller and therefore knew what it was to earn his living by the sweat of his brow when a "wee mite" and knew something of hard work.

He grew up to be a young man with gentle manner and cheerful disposition, yet determined to hold fast to that which was just. It is learned from those who knew him intimately that he possessed an unusual gift of understanding and when things went wrong could introduce that kindly spirit to smoothen, and this beautiful trait marked the character of our friend throughout his whole lifetime.

When he reached the age of nineteen he had grown tired of his early calling and launched out upon a career on the music-hall stage, doing single acts. He was also one of the principal artists in the Morpeth (North of England) Pierrots and starred particularly in "The Lighthouse Keeper" and, in the same programme, at the Avenue Theatre, Morpeth, in September, 1906, he

also appeared in a screaming comic sketch, "Jimmy Wriggle's Mistake," playing the part of Blinky Blobbs, a burglar. Again, he was responsible for "Bobbie Shaftoe, or, Spotty's Secret of Hylton Castle," a once-nightly singing comedy and dance revue which played to great success at the Victoria Hall, Sunderland.

Later he coupled with a friend and for twelve years was a first-class double act known as Cowley & Rick—mostly a provincial turn. They appeared with Miss Florrie Forde in most of her pantomimes, and after Mr. Cowley left the profession Mr. Rick continued on his own, managing revues and writing songs for them. But, strangely enough, whilst he excelled in all these ways he was not a musician.

Although spending most of his time in his own native area in the north of England, he was always a welcome visitor to London and played at many of the famous halls, such as Hackney Empire, Walhamstow Palace, Camberwell Palace, Woolwich Empire, Croydon Empire, Shoreditch Empire—long since demolished—Poplar Hippodrome, South London Palace, Wood Green Empire, and Ilford Hippodrome.

He wrote a number of fine books including an amusing series entitled "Comedy Skits for Professional and Amateur Comedians." He also wrote for such stars as Albert Burdon, Jimmy James, the late Billy Bennett, George Formby and countless others. Among his most popular revues were "On the Dole," "Parish Relief," and "Sidelines," and in 1908 he wrote a song which was all the rage, "Swing Me Higher, Obadiah," sung by Miss Ella Shields on her first stage appearance in England.

IN THE MIDST of his activities Mr. Rick found time to take a keen interest in collecting the old story papers and when he retired from the stage in 1932 he was able to devote more time to his favourite hobby, and his knowledge of it was extensive. He read "Ned Nimble" and "Poor Ray, the Drummer Boy" fifty-five years ago, and he had an elder brother who was also a great reader and an authority on the early papers. Hundreds of Aldine publications passed through Mr. Rick's hands.

He was said to have trailed a large collection of papers for eighteen years; an old theatrical friend of his had a father with an urge to save everything. The lat-

ter passed away and Mr. Rick did not learn of this until some time afterwards. The collection was disposed of and lost to him by only a few weeks. He also claimed to have supplied the late Barry Ono with a large number of his rare items.

I do not think Mr. Rick wrote much about the old story papers, but doubtless he would have done so, had his life been spared longer. Many in our circle can testify to his generosity and unfailing kindness and wide experience. In his passing we can only acknowledge that we have lost a great friend, and rejoice in the fact that he has been called to Higher Service. I was in correspondence with Mr. Rick to within two weeks of his passing and little dreamt that it would fall to me to give out this little portrayal of his life.

SOME OF MY readers will wonder why I have written at such length on the subject of the theatre in a magazine set apart for the hobby of story paper collecting. To use a modern warfare phrase I simply "take cover" under the title of this article, *Favourites and Footlights*, and feel sure that it will be agreed that there is a definite link.

Arthur Budge: Dealer Extraordinary In Old Boys' Papers

Complete sets of Boys' Heralds, Boys' Friends, and Boys' Realms, 3/6 per vol. Carr. paid; also No. 1-196, 3½d. Plucks.

PLEASE LET ME hasten to disillusion you. The above is not an advertisement for the current number of *The Story Paper Collector*, alas!—but one taken from a copy of *The Boys' Herald* of long ago, to wit, March 14th, 1908, and the advertiser was Arthur Budge, of 146 Northgate, Almondbury, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

I wonder how many old-timers remember him? Quite a few, I guess, for his advertisements appeared frequently in *The Boys' Herald* and allied papers in the halcyon days before the last war. And if collectors, now not so young, remember him, they will also not have forgotten those scraps of paper on which Mr. Budge wrote to his clients. They were quaint epistles, written in a microscopic hand, with postscripts and afterthoughts added along the margins, above the address, and anywhere he could

squeeze in another word. It is one of my regrets that I failed to keep one as a reminder of a zealous and conscientious fellow.

It was a number of years after that advertisement appeared, about 1920 in fact, that I got to know him, and then I did quite a lot of business with him and collected quite a pile of his letters. I had probably at least one parcel a week from him for over a year and got together a pile of the old papers about eight feet high. At that time his price had increased somewhat, but even so he would send an assortment of fifty for five shillings!

He was most sincere and tireless in his efforts to oblige. Sometimes, months after you had asked for some particular item, you would find it tucked away in one of his consignments, with a little note of triumph in the accompanying letter. *Friends*, *Realms*, *Heralds*, *Plucks*, *Big Budgets*, *Chips*, *True Blues*, all were there, even *Girls' Friends* and *Girls' Readers*. But, so far as I was concerned, one particular

By HERBERT LECKENBY

series seemed to baffle him—the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Boys' Friend. Many times and oft he told me he was on the track of some, but I only got two or three at the most. Strangely, though he failed, I have succeeded more than twenty years later in getting quite a number.

ONE DAY, feeling a little annoyed, perhaps unreasonably, when he had failed me once again, I sent him a wire saying I was going over to see him. I arrived at his little cottage home almost as soon as the wire. However, he welcomed me and his mother prepared some tea. As I say, that was a long time ago and my memory of him is rather dim, neither did I ever see him again. But I have some recollection that he was rather tall and thin with a suspicion of a moustache, and I know I did think at the time that those quaint little notes seemed typical of the man I was speaking to, and I don't mean that unkindly.

He did not give me the impression that he would be an alert business man, yet the fact remains that despite the thousands of papers he sent me I don't think there was ever a single duplicate! So whatever his system of book-keeping it must have cost him a lot of labor, or else he had an amazing memory.

During that chat with him he told me that Hamilton Edwards, that quixotic editor, had stopped his advertisements because he did not look upon him as a genuine reader-collector. He also said he had supplied several of the authors with particular copies they happened to require. He had met David Goodwin and described him as a jovial fellow of considerable girth.

THE YEARS PASSED and I lost touch with Arthur Budge. About 1934, I think it was, I was glancing through a telephone directory one day when the number of Almondbury Post Office caught my eye. Instantly thoughts of my old dealer flashed through my mind. I put in a call to find out if he still lived there. In response to my inquiry the young lady who took the call answered, with a merry laugh, "Oh, yes, we've still got Arthur." Evidently he was quite well known.

I dropped him a line, and in due course came a reply in just the same style as of yore. But he told me he had practically nothing to offer in the story paper line, as he dealt mainly in cigarette cards. Could he offer me some? As I looked upon those bits of pasteboard as something invented just to make small boys a little more of a

nuisance we did not reopen business.

But I must mention this little note, written along the margin: "By the way, I think there is a little balance of 4/3 (I think it was) due to me, Mr. L." Yes, after a silence of about twelve years! Well, didn't I say that despite his unbusinesslike appearance he must have had some foolproof system of book-keeping? For the life of me I could not say whether or not he was right. If he was he had certainly been very patient for

he had never sent me an "account rendered." After my reply I never heard from him again.

I wonder if in some forgotten corner of his village home, if he still lives there, he has any faded copies of *The Big Budget* or *1½d. Boys' Friends?* If he has, and this catches his eye, I shall be delighted if he will shake the dust of the years from them and send them along to me, together with one of those quaint old notes, like he used to in the long ago.

INTERESTING GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS

No. 5.—J. N. PENTELOW

J. N. Pentelow started with the Dacre Clarke boys' journals published between 1884 and 1891 and contributed several serials and complete stories to *Boys' Champion Journal*, *Boys' Popular Weekly*, Guy Rayner's *Boys' Novelette*, and others. From memory I recall in addition to "The Captain's Packet"** the following: "The Captain of the Nemesis," "Vanoc," "Faithful Unto Death," and "Damon and Pythias." These were all hearty, full-blooded yarns, and well before Wycliffe was conceived, or so I should judge. After the Dacre Clarke (Guy Rayner) journals finished Mr. Pentelow went to Henderson and thence to the Harmsworth papers.—J. M.

* See S. P. C. No. 13, foot of page 156.

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.

S. P. Comment

HUMOUR

HUMOUR is a queer thing. That which is humorous in one country is not in another. *Punch*, read in the U.S.A., is an example of this. And humour changes through the years. Look at an old paper or magazine, say one of thirty years ago. The jokes, illustrated or not, are usually of the two line variety, question and answer. Today the gag-line, if that is the right expression for it—which I wouldn't know, not being very erudite myself—under a cartoon, which is a most popular form of humour, usually consists of but a very few words; sometimes there are none.

What I had in mind when beginning this little ramble in words was a very short tale I found in No. 667 of *The Magnet Library*, dated November 20th, 1920. This is how it reads:

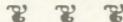
WHAT FIDO LIKED

There were plenty of hard times during the Siege of Paris in 1870-71, and the inhabitants were driven to eat rats and dogs. A lady found herself forced to sacrifice her pet, Fido, much to her regret, but there was no help for it. Fido was duly served up, and he proved deliciously tender. After she had finished her

dinner, the owner of the faithful dog gazed at the bones on her plate, and shook her head sadly. "How poor Fido would enjoy those if he were here!" she said with a sigh.

Is that funny? Nothing humorous about the setting of the story. Paris besieged, the populace starving, eating rats and dogs. And in this household the well-loved pet is sacrificed. Seems nothing but tragedy. Yet there is humour. If Fido were here, how he would enjoy those bones! His own bones!

During the past four years I have read some 650 issues of *The Magnet*, beginning at No. 1, and of all the jokes and short funny stories printed in the paper—and there must have been quite a lot, even though used just as "fillers"—that is the only one to catch my attention and prompt me to write something about it. What does it have that the other lack? I wonder!



BOYS' PAPERS OF THE LAST CENTURY

"**P**ENNY DREADFULS" and boys' periodicals in general of the Victorian era have been getting some attention in such an outstanding and sober

magazine as *Chambers's Journal*. In the Sept., 1942, issue there was "The Penny Dreadful of the Victorian Era," by John G. Rowe, while Mr. Walter Dexter contributed a four-page article, "Boys' Periodicals of the 'Nineties'" to the December, 1943, issue. Mr.

Dexter's attention was focussed on the period 1894 to 1898. During those years he purchased a copy of No. 1 of each new juvenile paper to begin publication. There were fifty of them, he says. Both articles should make interesting reading. —W.H.G.

[The following account of the passing of Mr. R. Hamilton Edwards, Founder and first Editor of *The Boys' Friend*, is from the News of the World of June 5th, 1932, and is reprinted here because of its interest to many who were readers of the various papers he edited.]

Mr. Hamilton Edwards—Sudden Death of Well-Known Man—Ex-Managing Director and Racehorse Owner

A former well-known personality in Fleet Street, Mr. R. Hamilton Edwards, at one time managing director of the Amalgamated Press, has died suddenly in the West End of London. The son of a Mr. John Edwards, of Oswestry and London, Mr. Edwards was educated privately.

Following an early training in financial journalism, and on the staff of the late Sir George Newnes, he was for 20 years associated with the late Lord Northcliffe in the production of *Answers* and other publications now issued from Fleetway House. Later Mr. Edwards became interested with Mr. Martin Fitzgerald in the direction of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* on which he spent a large sum of money. During the Irish troubles of 1920

both he and Mr. Fitzgerald were before a military court and accused of publishing statements likely to cause disaffection. They were sentenced to six months imprisonment. This action of the military authorities, and the sentence, provoked great resentment in England. Questions were asked in Parliament, and within a few days the British Government ordered the immediate release of the men.

Latterly Mr. Edwards has been living for a good deal of his time in Paris. He was at one time the owner of racehorses, and had many interests. He was largely interested in the land question and had done much to assist in the development of small ownership.

(Copy supplied by Mr. H. Leckenby.)

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.

John Medcraft,
64 Woodlands Road, Ilford,
Essex, England.

Reckless Ralph's

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP
A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers of the days when you were a youngster; 8 pages full of fine articles and write-ups. Price 5d. (stamps) a copy, or will accept 4s. worth of "bloods" for one year's sub.

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**

Wanted—English Comics, years 1892-1900. Harris, Caynton, Llanrhos Road, Pentwyn Bay, Llandudno, Wales.

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.

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.

WANTED

The Following Story Papers

“**Magnet Library**”—List of numbers required supplied on request.

“**Boys’ Friend**” (New Series)—List supplied on request.

“**Greyfriars Herald**” (New Series, 1919-22) later “**Boys’ Herald**” Nos. 9, 30 to 36, 38 to 43, 46 to the end.

“**Empire Library**”—1st series.

WM. H. GANDER
Transcona, Manitoba, Canada

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

“**The Collector’s Miscellany**”—A small 8 to 12 page paper about old boys’ books, toy theatres, type specimens, etc. Copy free from J. A. Birkbeck, 52 Craigie Avenue, Dundee, Scotland.

Wanted—1d. Boys’ Friend, Realm, Big Budget, Boys’ Leaders, ½d. Sports Library, early 1d. Nelson Lee Library.—H. Dowler, 86 Hamilton Road, Manchester, 13.

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

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.

“**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.