

# THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

OCTOBER, 1951

No. 44 : Vol. 2

THE BEST ALL SCHOOL STORY PAPER!



"ASK IN TOWN, SER?"  
(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Cheese of Greyfriars.)

Number 21 of *The Penny Popular*, New Series, June 14th, 1919

## WHO'S WHO

No. 17: ROBERT BLYTHE

**B**OB BLYTHE, who lives in London, became an "old boys' books" collector in 1925, after buying a copy of *The Nelson Lee Library*, the story in it being "The Lighthouse Scouts." This particular copy was bought mainly because of his interest in the Scout movement, of which he has been a member for twenty-five years.

For some time he plowed a lone furrow, collecting *Nelson Lees* and *Magnets*, once having a wonderful stroke of luck when, through an advertisement in *Exchange and Mart*, he acquired a nearly complete run of about 300 *Nelson Lees*. Shortly afterwards he completed his collection of this paper.

Just before the war he met Reg Cox, who put him in touch with one or two collectors. It was Reg who made him realize that there were O.B.B. collectors besides himself. Bob spent six years in the Army, seeing service in Africa and Italy. On his return he resumed collecting, and commenced writing the *Nelson Lee* column in the January, 1948, issue of *The Collectors' Digest*.

At the same time, realizing that there were a number of

collectors in the London area, he discussed with Len Packman the idea of forming a club. The result was the Old Boys' Book Club. In October of 1948 Bob persuaded Kenneth Brookes, *Nelson Lee Library* and *Union Jack* artist, to attend a Club meeting. In March of 1949, after the first O. B. B. exhibition at York, he organized one in London at the Islington Central Library. It ran for six weeks instead of the four originally planned.

Bob considers as one of the highlights of his collecting career the occasion, in May of 1949, when he prevailed upon Edwy Searles Brooks, author of the St. Frank's stories, to make an appearance at a Club meeting. Mr. Brooks was so interested that he came again in September.

Again in May of that year (there were two Club meetings that month), by putting on the 'fluence Bob inveigled Eric Parker, the *Union Jack* artist, together with Kenneth Brookes, to attend a meeting.

In February of 1950 Bob entered a hospital, bringing for the time being an end to his hobby activities. In March his son was born, but months passed before he was seen by Bob for the first time.

He — Bob, that is — is O. K. again now, he hopes, and all being well will be back in the hobby and joining in the various activities.

# The Story Paper Collector

Articles of Interest to Collectors of British Boys' Periodicals of the Past

No. 44--Vol. 2

OCTOBER, 1951

Priceless

## THE BOY'S MAGAZINE

By TOM HOPPERTON

COLLECTORS WHO, in times of financial drought, fell back on their mothers' *Woman's World*, *Horner's Stories*, *Forget-me-not Novels*, and so on in the early 'twenties will recall that women's papers were then few in number, dingy in appearance, and stodgy in content. The authors, who were in no danger of winning the Femina Prize, spun interminable variations of the Cinderella theme, and if their yarns were in any way true to life it is no wonder that Lancashire fell on evil days between the wars. The number of mill girls who married into the peerage depleted the labour force to the point where the cotton industry simply collapsed.

If anyone wonders what this has to do with boys' weeklies, the answer is: "Quite a lot!" A glance at any newsagent's will show where the present publishers have swung their energies and their paper. It is not that women are more literate: they

have been "glamorized." Thanks to the amazing variety of creams, lotions, powders, dyes, scents, laquers, enamels, tints, astringents, unguents, washes, rinses, bleaches, deodorants, and depilatories with which women now smear themselves, and to such contradictory and expensive habits as wearing perishable gossamer stockings with fur coats and taking slimming tablets while wearing "falsies," advertising for women has become high finance. Publishers, like punters, follow the money.

That is why the one-time monopolists of the juvenile field, the Amalgamated Press, remain content with *The Champion* and their comics. The days have long since gone by when, as Ralph Rollington put it, "there is an opening for a real live Boys' Paper . . . which would show a profit of at least 12% and perhaps fifteen, on the capital invested—say two thousand pounds." Rollington should

have known; he lost over sixteen thousand pounds on his *Boy's World*.

Oddly enough, one minor post-war attempt was another *Boy's World*, which Basil Storey kept floating for about twenty numbers. The second, Martin and Reid's *Boy's Mascot Magazine*, seems to have tied for the title of the world's shortest run—I can't trace that No. 2 ever appeared. The only full-scale attempt to launch a juvenile paper has been Hulton's *Eagle*, and there are valuable (if saddening) lessons for us in both the initial campaign and the make-up of that paper.

THE FIVE YEARS after the end of the Kaiser War were vastly different, about thirty boys' weeklies being either revived or initiated. Only Thomson-Leng stayed to slug it out with the Amalgamated Press, but one highly successful challenge came from an earlier Hulton firm with their *Boy's Magazine*. This appeared in February, 1922, and the distinctive 9x6" pink cover with its dramatic picture printed in red and blue made a cheerful splash on the stalls for about six years.

It caught on so well that it was joined by *Pals* in the October, but this large-sized, white-covered running mate proved no more successful than Shurey's

effort of the same name in 1895. The pink 'un, though, pressed gaily on with a programme which indicated that the Editor fully believed the saw that variety is the spice of life.

There was a resident detective, "Falcon Swift, the Sporting 'Tec," shown in No. 38 as hanging upside down over a chasm, supporting his dangling assistant by one foot and with his monocle still firmly in place. The fantastic was never long absent. That John Hunter who is still excoriating the Blakian traditionalists began it in No. 1 with "The Lure of the Lost Land" (no apologies to Conan Doyle) and when he turned to sporting stories, Robert Blake, Brian Cameron and others dusted off their pterodactyls and raiding planets, Western and pirate stories had their turn, while Dick Turpin galloped through *The Boy's Mag.* long after other publishers had sent Black Bess to the knackers.

There was always a school story series although Sprucer Smith and Co. of Stormcove, Jimmy Duggan, the "schoolboy cinema star" of St. Anne's, Scorchers Smith of Blenway College, and the rest never seemed to "take" to the point of becoming permanent members of the cast. As time went on, more familiar names appeared. E. S. Brooks

despatched his umpteenth party of schoolboys to Venus, while Michael Poole, who could always be relied on for a good story, produced what was probably the finest series ever to run in the paper. "The Blott of Berrisford," dealing with the trouble-haunted adventures of an inventive youth well deserved reprinting in *The Schoolboys' Own Library* Nos. 74, 82, and 96 and its subsequent elevation to cloth covers.

IT IS DIFFICULT to say whether *The Boy's Mag.* failed on its merits, so to speak. The once-powerful Hulton's were involved

in difficulties unconnected with their juvenile activities, and the pink weekly passed to the Amalgamated Press, which perhaps had no particular affection for its step-child. It is very certain that a smaller firm would not have shut *The Magnet* down in 1940, and a publisher with fewer salmon in his creel would probably not have thrown the B. M. sprat to the cat.

Be that as it may, yet another of the famous A. P. "amalgamations" took place, and one more familiar cover became only a memory.

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE GEM

By ROGER M. JENKINS

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE not to regard with some degree of sorrow the chequered career of *The Gem*. Commencing as it did in 1907 at the modest price of one halfpenny by featuring an adventure story by an obscure author, it can hardly be said to have made an auspicious beginning. But No. 3 saw the publication of a story entitled "Tom Merry's Schooldays" which must have attracted a great deal of favourable comment for this new college called Clavering presided over by a Mr. Railton.

At any rate, Tom Merry re-appeared in Nos. 5, 7, and 9 of *The Gem*, and finally in No. 11, by a seemingly masterstroke, the Jack Blake of St. Jim's who had won such popularity in the earlier *Pluck* stories\* was transferred to

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\*A number of these *Pluck* stories were later reprinted in *The Gem*, after suitably re-naming the characters who had been replaced by the Clavering contingent. For example, *Gem* No. 255, "The Rival Housemasters," depicts Mr. Railton as hasty and hot-tempered, at the mercy of the icy and self-possessed Mr. Ratcliff! The hasty Housemaster of the School House in the original *Pluck* story was of course Mr. Kidd.

*The Gem*, whilst Tom Merry remained in *The Gem*, but transferred from Clavering College to St. Jim's. (The adventure stories, incidentally, had finished with No. 10.)

By a strange paradox, the combination of these two favourites sowed the seeds of *The Gem*'s misfortune, for the two heroes were put in different forms, no doubt to avoid offending the followers of either by subordinating one to the other. When it is realized that Figgins & Co. of the New House also transferred from *Pluck*, it can immediately be seen that the canvas was far too large. Whereas the readers of *The Magnet* could follow the vicissitudes of Harry Wharton alone, the readers of *The Gem*, like Desdemona, perceived a divided duty. In attempting to associate themselves with the three rival groups, they came inevitably to realize that their sympathies really lay with none.

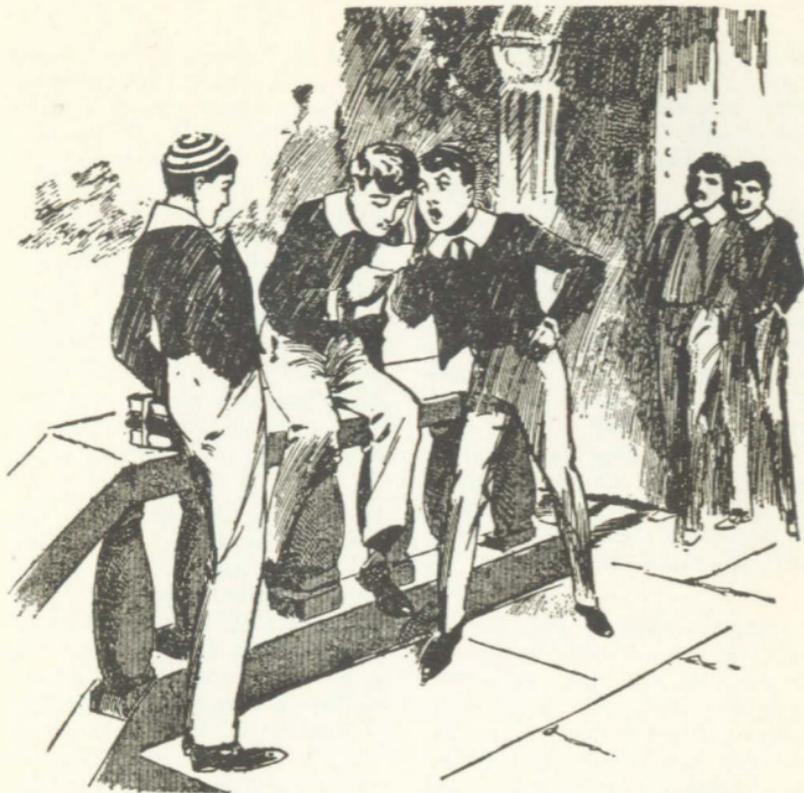
This division of interest brought its concomitant disadvantages. The early St. Jim's stories were full of "ragging," be it the Shell v. the Fourth, the School House v. the New House, or St. Jim's v. the Rylcombe Grammar School. Harry Wharton & Co. in *The Magnet* were displaying similar tendencies against the aliens' school, but

this was only a short episode. Unlike the St. Jim's juniors, they grew out of it after a comparatively short space of time.

THE NEW SERIES of *The Gem* commenced in 1908 in the same week that *The Magnet* made its first appearance on the bookstalls. *The Gem* was now a penny, but for two years the normal price of *The Magnet* was only a halfpenny. *The Gem* had little to fear from its younger brother in those days, and it maintained its supremacy for another fifteen years. The difficulties of the war years were successfully surmounted, and by the end of the war the quality of the stories had reached a much higher standard than those of Greyfriars.

Here began the golden age of *The Gem*, which reached its climax about 1922, the time when the system of writing stories in series really became pronounced, the era of the grand character stories about Levison and Cardew which were the forerunners of similar stories in *The Magnet* in the next decade. *The Gem* apparently had everything before it, but in fact it had reached the apex of its career. Its speedy descent to decay by the end of the 'twenties is one of the tragedies in the history of this type of journalism.

The story of the substitute



Tom Merry seemed to be blind and deaf to his surroundings, so Monty Lowther leaned towards him, putting his mouth close to Tom's ear. "Hello!" he yelled.

The above drawing of "The Terrible Three"—Tom Merry, Monty Lowther, and Harry Manners—is taken from *Gem* No. 86. There is some doubt whether it is the work of Warwick Reynolds or Leonard Shields, but few readers will deny its merit. It has freshness and charm, qualities which disappeared from the *Gem* illustrations from the time of the First World War, unfortunately never to return.—R. M. J.



writers is too well-known to need any elaboration here. Let it suffice to say that the circulation of *The Gem* dropped so rapidly that by 1931 it became apparent that only a drastic change of policy could enable the paper to survive. It was during the late 'twenties that Charles Hamilton was probably at his busiest in writing about King of the Islands, the Rio Kid, Ferrers Locke, and the Packsaddle Bunch. Little wonder, then, if he found it difficult to turn out the weekly *Gem* and *Magnet* story as well.

But it is mysterious that he should have neglected *The Gem* so very much more than *The Magnet*. Perhaps it was thought that the St. Jim's juniors were better able to rest on their laurels than their counterparts at Greyfriars; perhaps the author found the new development in the character of Billy Bunter all-intriguing; or perhaps it happened purely by chance. At all events, *The Gem* suffered badly at the hands of the substitute writers.

Curiously enough, these later imitation stories were on the whole better both in style and in content than the early crude imitations had been, but the trouble was that, whereas in the early years of *The Gem* a story by a substitute writer had been

an exceptional event, now it had become the rule. In 1928 there were only four stories by Charles Hamilton, in 1930 there were three,\* whilst in 1929 there had been none!

It was evident that a change of policy was called for, since the imitation stories had obviously lost the paper a great many readers; it also seemed out of the question for Charles Hamilton to keep up a full supply of new stories. So with No. 1221 of both papers a new policy was agreed upon: *The Magnet* was to contain a new Greyfriars story by Mr. Hamilton each week, whilst *The Gem* was to reprint the early St. Jim's stories.

LIKE THE EARLIER decision to combine the two schools of Clavering and St. Jim's, the new policy of reprinting was a financial success but an artistic failure. *The Gem* soon improved its circulation, though it was never again to approach, let alone exceed, that of *The Magnet*. But the stories of 1908 seemed to

\*One of the few genuine Hamilton stories of this period, No. 1155, "Goodbye to Etons," deserves special mention. This recounts how, despite Gussy's strong opposition, the school attire was changed from Eton jackets to blazers of the Greyfriars type. Owing to the reprinting, the change was effective for less than a year, though it was always scrupulously observed in illustrations for all subsequent *Holiday Annuals*.

read somewhat oddly in the 'thirties. Whilst Bob Cherry was being kidnapped by aeroplane in 1934, Levison was arriving at St. Jim's by horse and trap. Whilst *The Magnet* was running long character series sometimes lasting a term, *The Gem* was running single-episode stories about the "dishing" of Gordon Gay, in which "ragging" still seemed an end in itself.

What wonderful series there might have been in *The Gem* if Charles Hamilton could have written fresh stories for it at this time! It is hard to escape the conclusion that the history of *The Gem* is a history of lost opportunities.

To put down the current copy of *The Magnet* and take up the latest *Gem* in the middle 'thirties was to turn the clock back twenty years. But it was even more puzzling to read the St. Jim's tales then reprinted in the contemporary *Schoolboys' Owns*. The editor of *The Gem* might well have smiled when he was requested to explain the identity of Levison, Cardew, Clive, Talbot, Trimble, Grundy, Racke, and others who featured in these far superior monthly stories.

One by one, the characters re-appeared at St. Jim's, and finally, in April of 1939, the reprints ended, and Charles Hamilton wrote fresh stories

again for the last fateful weeks of *The Gem's* existence.

**I**N SPITE OF ALL these vicissitudes, however, St. Jim's deservedly won widespread acclamation, and indeed, in many ways it seems to have made a deeper impression than Greyfriars. It is difficult to assess the exact reason for *The Gem's* early popularity; it is generally agreed that Tom Merry was the great attraction at first, but there is good reason to believe that Gussy soon ousted him from this premier position.

There is no-one quite like Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in any of the other stories—elegant, aristocratic, simple yet not a simpleton, the soul of honour, in short—like Hamlet—the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he played an outstanding part in the early stories simply because there was no other outstanding character to rival him.

In the later stories his reactions to the remarks of Cardew and Trimble are always a delight to read, but probably the most amusing situations occur when he is standing on his dignity, or is enmeshed by worldly circumstances beyond his experience like the unfortunate episode of his cheque book, or the time when he tried to pawn his gold watch wearing false whiskers in a vain attempt to

enhance his age. This is a quieter and more serene type of humour than the rumbustial vulgarity of Billy Bunter.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE to compare Gussy with Bunter, but Gussy was undoubtedly the pivot on which *The Gem* moved in its heyday, just as *The Magnet* was Billy Bunter's Own Paper in the 'thirties. It may seem even stranger to reflect that the boisterous activities of the St. Jim's juniors should rely on Gussy for their humour, whilst the quieter and more adult Greyfriars stories should produce a phenomenon like Bunter for a mirthmaker.

The contradiction is, however, only an apparent one: Charles Hamilton, though he contrived to keep distinct the atmospheres of the two schools, nevertheless modelled his humorous charac-

ters in the style and manner of the other school, acting on the assumption that incongruity is, after all, the only basis of true humour, and this recipe for producing it certainly succeeded astonishingly well both at Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

At any rate, there are few *Gem* stories in which the noble Gussy does not appear to divert and entertain us. So it is only fitting to conclude these rambling reflections with a tribute to Gussy, the character on whom, more than any other, *The Gem's* very existence depended. There have been others who were funnier, simpler, or more exaggerated in pose, but none of them combined these elements so artlessly and ingenuously. He is assuredly unique. Long may he reign!

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## REAL BLAKE --- BUT 1909 VINTAGE, DRY!

IT OCCURRED to me that the person most likely to satisfy the Editor's puzzlement about the Sexton Blake stories in *The Popular* (S.P.C. No. 42) was R. H. ("Michael") Poole, who went to the Amalgamated Press in 1910, was Editor of *Answers*

from 1912, and was himself a member of the band of Blake authors.

Mr. Poole responded generously to my questions and was kind enough to consult colleagues who were in Fleetway House in those far-off days,

one of them being Horace Hazeldene, the chief literary cashier. They confirmed his own conviction that the chief writer of the short Blake stories in both *Answers* and *The Penny Pictorial* was Andrew Murray.

Others certainly came in on occasion: Mr. Poole wrote several of the *Answers* yarns and turned out at least one at the request of Mr. Middleton, the Editor of *The Penny Pictorial*, when Mr. Murray, for some reason, was not available. Neither Andrew Murray nor Michael Poole can be accused of not knowing his way about Baker Street: as the latter remarks, the orthodox atmosphere was adjusted to suit the adult palate.

That disposed of the authorship and the deviations, leaving only the problem of which paper featured Bathurst. As so often happens, Herbert Leckenby solved this by diving into that old oak chest and surfacing with copies—this time of *The Penny Pictorial*, of which he sent me three dated from July, 1909, to October, 1910.

My old favourite, Derwent Duff, had not yet appeared: instead, Sexton Blake was building

a twin-engined aeroplane with the help of Bathurst and yet another assistant, a (literally) dumb Swede named Olsen whom he had saved from what the "dreadfuls" called a hempen cravat; he was recovering the jewels of a Russian Grand Duchess; and averting a period of oakum-picking which threatened a Lady Molly Maxwell.

This Lady Molly was on such cosy terms with the reputedly ascetic sleuth as would have disgusted his *Union Jack* clientele, and was presumably not confined to this number.

R. J. Macdonald illustrated one story. I did not recognize his detective, but every square inch of his 1909 railway carriage proved that, let Sexton Blake alter as he will, some things remain constant in a changing world.

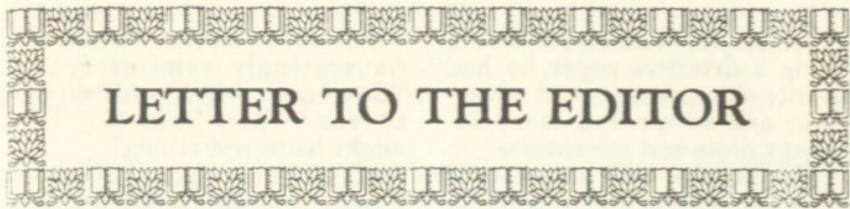
—TOM HOPPERTON



§ According to "Leaves From the Diaries of Maxwell Scott," in *Collectors' Digest* No. 32, August, 1949, Mr. Scott wrote 32 short Sexton Blake stories for the Editor of *Answers* in 1908, of which fifteen were published that year.



P. J. Checkley, 18 Tarlington Road, Coundon, Coventry, England, wishes to obtain S. P. C. Nos. 2 to 11, 13, 14, 16, 22 to 24, 32, 33. Will purchase, or exchange o. b. b. for them.



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### THOSE ST. FRANK'S STORIES

To the Editor,  
THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR.

Sir:

Many members of the O.B.B.C. who are lovers of St. Frank's, including myself, have read with consternation the article by Roger Jenkins on St. Frank's stories in *The Story Paper Collector* No. 43, July, 1951.

We feel, therefore, that with your permission which I am given to understand is kindly forthcoming, a refutation is most necessary.

Before showing our biased friend Roger how wrong he is in his statements, I should like to say that, whatever our own views may be concerning any given paper, some of which were obviously better than others, I consider it very unethical to "run a paper down," so to speak. It has been my pleasure to read in such magazines as *S. P. C.*, *The Collectors' Digest*, *The Collector's Miscellany*, *Hobbyist*, etc., (to say nothing of articles in profes-

sional magazines during the past 35 years), articles on old boys' papers. Each and every article has been designed to bring back happy memories of the past and to supply data on the matter for those who are interested. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that such a type as Roger's has been written and it creates an unpleasant precedent. However, Roger is young and fired with the enthusiasm of youth, so we must forgive him. Perhaps in, say, 20 years time, when he is more mature, he will have adjusted his sense of balance and proportion.

And now a brief reply to the article in question.

Seeing that *The Nelson Lee Library* was produced for the purpose of recording the adventures of Nelson Lee (and Nipper), the stories naturally find him the central character. Thus, logically he would be expected to dominate the stories.

E. S. Brooks has told us that although he was writing St.

Frank's school stories, *The N.L.L.* being a detective paper, he had to introduce mystery and adventure; and so we find many excellent plots and adventures.

Mr. Brooks had to contend with the whims and fancies of his Editor—"Editorial Policy," as it is better known. The masterly manner in which he carried out his instructions and yet produced such excellent work is deserving of much praise.

Again, the *Schoolboys' Own Library* St. Frank's stories were all the work of one man—one of the few papers that can make such a claim.

It is utterly untrue that this author became bereft of plots, neither did he grow tired of writing such stories. In point of fact he tells me he had in hand a score or more plots, each covering a "series," when the Amalgamated Press decided to stop publication of *The S.O.L.* (and, later, others).

As for a certain story being nauseatingly reminiscent of "Eric," quite a few would do well to read Farrar's book. They might learn something!

Finally, Roger will observe that I have ethically refrained from "comparison," but should he care to accept a challenge, I am prepared at any time to pay £5 to any charitable cause if I cannot produce in black and white a parallel plot and foreign adventure in his own favourite paper for every one published in *The Nelson Lee Library* and subsequently reprinted in *The Schoolboys' Own Library*. I make one proviso, he will find such St. Frank's plots and adventures more polished and developed—thanks to the brilliancy of the man who gave us these grand stories, Edwy Searles Brooks.

LEONARD PACKMAN

Chairman, O. B. B. C.,  
London.

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## TUT! TUT! DEPT.

"Frank Richards is no relation to Hilda Richards."—*Gem* No. 1536.

"Martin Clifford and Frank Richards write under their real names."—*Gem* No. 1546.

"Redfern of St. Jim's is no relation of Barbara Redfern of Cliff House."—*Gem* No. 1536.

"'Reddy' [Redfern] and Barbara Redfern are brother and sister."—*Gem* No. 1629.

"Sorry, old boy, there isn't a copy of the first *Gem* in existence."—*Gem* No. 1629.

# THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY

Reviewed by WM. H. GANDER :: Part Fourteen

WE ARE NEARING the end now — only four more articles in The Greyfriars Gallery to be considered. In Number 99, *Magnet* No. 565, December 7th, 1918, is George Joseph Carberry, late of the Greyfriars Sixth Form. "Only old readers of *The Magnet*," we read, "will remember Carberry; and he would not have been included in this series but for the fact that it has been kept going as long as possible to please the thousands of readers who did not want it to stop."

Among the good, bad, and indifferent characters, "Carberry is one of those who fall into the second category." Among other things, he promoted a sweepstake on a race; Micky Desmond of the Remove drew the name of the winning horse, but got no profit from that. Carberry's last escapade was a visit to the Waterside Inn. by the Sark—we never hear of that inn any more — and then his days at Greyfriars were finished.

Four weeks passed before Number 100 of the Gallery appeared in *Magnet* No. 569. It was shared by two already mentioned in this review: Philippa and Philip Derwent, the Twins

from Tasmania. There is really little that needs to be written about them here. They were not "genuine" characters and were met, apart from the *Gem* serial which featured them, only a few times in Greyfriars stories.

Number 101 of the Gallery (*Magnet* No. 570), is Johnny Goggs, and Johnny is in similar plight to the Derwent twins: he played the lead part in two *Magnet* serials by J. N. Pentelow, "The Fourth Form at Franklingham" and "Goggs, Grammarian," and appeared just a few times in the Greyfriars yarns. Johnny was depicted as a smart youngster who hid his smartness behind a simple manner and an over-sized pair of glasses.

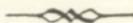
Now I come to the last of The Greyfriars Gallery, and I wonder just what I can do about it here. "Number 102—The Rest of Them." What a very large "rest" it is! There are four portraits, Trevor and Treluce, of the Greyfriars Fourth, the Reverend Mr. Lambe of Friardale village, and Dalton Hawke, a detective sent to the school in the guise of a boy by Ferrers Locke.

But those just mentioned, to make the record complete! Scores

of them! Aubrey Angel of the Fourth Form, then a comparative newcomer; Paul Kenney, his pal; Bland of the Fifth, and Cedric Hilton—the latter is referred to, that is all: later he would have deserved better than that; the Reverend Orlando Lambe; Mrs. Kebble, “an efficient matron”; Joseph Mible, husband of Jessie M. of the school tuck shop and who looks after Dr. Locke’s garden.

But why continue? Most of “The Rest” appeared in the Greyfriars stories but seldom or for just a brief stay. By the time we arrived at Number 102 we had met all the more important—in 1917 and 1918—of Frank Richards’ characters and many of the less important, plus, for good measure, a few whom he would regard as interlopers.

Judging by letters I have received, some readers are as sorry to see this review draw to a close as *Magnet* readers were to see the last Greyfriars Gallery article in No. 571 of that paper, dated January 18th, 1919.



Following is a list of characters in the Greyfriars stories in the order of their appearance in The Greyfriars Gallery, together with the number of *The Magnet* in which each appeared:

1. Harry Wharton . . .	* 461
2. Bob Cherry . . .	463
3. George Wingate . . .	465
4. Percy Bolsover . . .	467
5. Mark Linley . . .	468
6. Johnny Bull . . .	470
7. Peter Todd . . .	471
8. Billy Bunter . . .	472
9. Frank Nugent . . .	473
10. Herbert Vernon-Smith	474
11. S. Q. I. Field (“Squiff”)	475
12. Lord Mauleverer . . .	476
13. Harold Skinner . . .	477
14. Tom Brown . . .	478
15. Alonzo Todd . . .	479
16. Dick Penfold . . .	480
17. Fisher T. Fish . . .	481
18. George Bulstrode . . .	482
19. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh	483
20. Horace Coker . . .	484
21. Wung Lung . . .	485
22. Tom Dutton . . .	486
23. Dicky Nugent . . .	487
24. Peter Hazeldene . . .	488
25. Mr. Henry Quelch . . .	489
26. Frank Courtenay . . .	490
27. Gerald Loder . . .	491
28. Richard Rake . . .	492
29. Rupert de Courcy . . .	493
30. Sidney James Snoop . . .	494
31. Sammy Bunter . . .	495
32. Dr. H. H. Locke . . .	496
33. Cecil Ponsonby . . .	497
34. George Tubb . . .	498
and Percy Paget . . .	498
35. Dick Russell . . .	499
36. Mr. Paul Prout . . .	500
37. Cecil Reginald Temple . . .	501
38. William Ernest Wibley . . .	502
39. Arthur Courtney . . .	503

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|--|-------|---|-------|
| 40. Marjorie Hazeldene . . .                       | # 504 | 74. William Dabney and<br>Edward Fry . . .              | # 538 |
| 41. W. Gosling . . .                               | 505   | 75. Monty Newland . . .                                 | 539   |
| 42. Robert Ogilvy . . .                            | 506   | 76. Sir Hilton Popper . . .                             | 540   |
| 43. M. Henri Charpentier . . .                     | 507   | 77. Roderick Sylvester . . .                            | 541   |
| 44. George Blundell . . .                          | 508   | 78. Uncle Clegg . . .                                   | 542   |
| 45. P.C. Tozer . . .                               | 509   | 79. Herr Otto Gans . . .                                | 543   |
| 46. Piet Delarey . . .                             | 510   | 80. Mr. Horace Hacker . . .                             | 544   |
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If put to a vote there would be few, if any, "Nays" to the

motion that John Nix Pentelow's Greyfriars Gallery be declared the best and most popular of all *The Magnet's* non-story supplementary features. In the writing of it J.N.P. displayed a knowledge of and sympathy with Frank Richards' saga of Greyfriars that is assuredly without rival.

But there have been other, lesser and less-famed, "Galleries" in *The Magnet Library*, both before and after that which has been reviewed in these pages. Brief details of them follow.

THE FIRST, "The Magnet Library Portrait Gallery," begins in *Magnet* No. 247 and ends in No. 265, 57 pictures, three each week, with only the names beneath them. For the twentieth week there is a picture of Greyfriars School.

Commencing in *Magnet* No. 616 and ending in No. 638 is a series of portraits without a title, four to an issue at first, later two,

with a caption of some ten lines under each. On the front page of No. 616 are the words, "A New 'Greyfriars' Portrait Gallery Starting This Week."

A series of pictures called "Various Stages in the Lives of Greyfriars Characters" begins in *Magnet* No. 770 and continues to No. 779, one to an issue.

A feature called "Magnet Portrait Gallery" starts in *Magnet* No. 917 and ends in No. 959, a total of 37 pictures, one in each issue, with a caption of several lines under every picture.

A "Greyfriars Portrait Gallery" commences in *Magnet* No. 1680, April 27th, 1940, one picture appearing each week with a short caption under it. No. 1 is Dicky Nugent; No. 2, George Wingate; No. 3, Horace Coker; No. 4, in *Magnet* No. 1683, is Tom Brown. That was as far as the last Gallery had progressed when *The Magnet Library* suspended publication.



## SOME NOTES ON CHIPS

I HAVE BEEN going through a thin volume of *Chips* that contains a few numbers for the year 1905 and later. It was always my favourite comic, if I except that fine old paper *Ally Sloper*. I can still chuckle as heartily over the adventures of Weary Willie and Tired Tim as I did in the long-past days when these copies were issued.

The letterpress beneath the pictures varies over the period. With some it is as good as the illustrations and is full of wit, but there are instances where it appears to have been written by someone lacking that fine gift. My earliest issue is dated January 7th, 1905, and is No. 749, Volume XXVIII (New Series). In later numbers both the volume and the series are omitted. Does anyone know at what number the First Series ended? And did the New Series start with No. 1?

A glance at the serials running in No. 749 might be of interest. Page 3 contains "Secret Sins," by the author of "The House With the Red Blinds." On page 6 is "Convict 999," no author given, and the third serial is "The Man With the Horn-Shaped Thumb." Marie Connor Leighton's "Convict 99" seems to have given inspiration to other writers, for in *The Monster Comic* in 1923 there

was a serial, "The Mystery of Convict 69."

From 1905 my *Chips* make a sudden jump to 1913, and I have no idea of what appeared during the years between. The number for January 1st of 1913 contains "The Blue Lamp, or, A Policeman's Life," and "For Life, or, Was He Guilty?"—another Convict 99 story—followed in March by "The Prison Chaplain." From then on the serials were "The Heart of the Slums," "The Silver Queen," "The Grand Adventure, or, The Convict's Luck," and "The Haunted Moor, or, The Dream Girl," which brings me to the end of my little collection of *Chips*.

Writing of serials brings back memories of one I read, I believe, about 1894, "The House on the Heath." It was a story of rival scientists, a good one and a bad, with innocent maiden complete. I can still call to mind one illustration which depicted a chamber with a ceiling which is descending to crush the hero and his sweetheart. The hero, however, is prepared for all emergencies. Picking up the fainting girl in one arm, he draws a "pencil" from his pocket and describes a circle on the wall. As the line is drawn the brickwork crumbles away, leaving a large

aperture through which he steps to safety.

Another story, which appeared in *Comic Cuts* at about the same time, still lingers in my mind. I have forgotten the title, but the plot concerned a large quantity of gold hidden in a mansion. The place was searched by the

police and many other people without success. Then the hero was struck with an idea. He investigated the stair-rods and discovered that the seemingly brass articles were made of gold. The missing treasure had been in full view all the time.

— C. W. DANIEL

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## THE EDITOR TO HIS CHUMS ★

★ THE ABOVE HEADING is the same as that used by the Editor of *Chums* back in 1904-5 (Volume XIII). We know this because we were so fortunate as to find, in a Winnipeg bookshop, a copy of that volume. In it is a serial by L. J. Beeston, "The Shadow at St. Basil's" — wonder what Henry St. John thought of that.

We also noticed an advertisement of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., in which are offered nests of living ants. Imagine the reaction of the maters and paters of 1905 when their offspring asked for 12/6 to buy a nest of ants (22/6 with a queen). We, now, tolerate ants under our back step, but the little fellows know their

place and don't come into the house.

ERRATA & ADDENDA — The best thing to do with typographical errors, we are told, is ignore them, so we say nothing about adding a "g" to Wun Lung's name on page 252. But we can't pass so cavalierly over another error in this issue: in the first two lines on page 248 please read "Horace Hazeldine." How we set it "Hazeldene" escapes us, for Tom Hopperton's typing was perfectly clear. If we were thinking of Peter Hazeldene of Greyfriars we apologize to Mr. Hazeldine. . . There appears to be no *Addenda* just now.

— W. H. G.

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