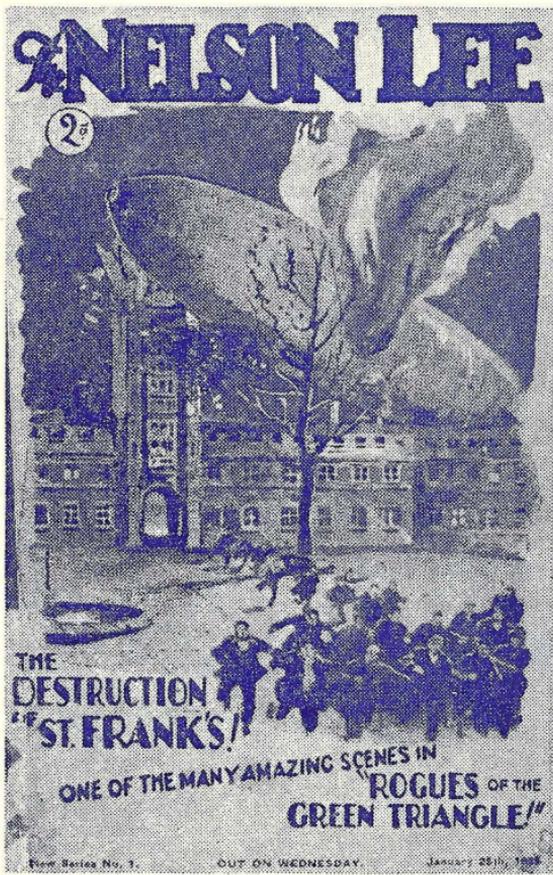


THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

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No. 1, 2nd New Series, The Nelson Lee Library, Jan'y 25th, 1930

Rogues Of The Green Triangle

THE COVER ILLUSTRATION of *The Nelson Lee Library* Number 1, Second New Series, the first of a series of three issues featuring Professor Cyrus Zingrave and the League of the Green Triangle, is taken from an exciting episode wherein Nelson Lee, Nipper, and Handforth narrowly escape death in a blazing airship.

In the first chapter an emissary of the League is accidentally killed when throwing a bomb at Nelson Lee, Nipper, and other juniors who are in the Triangle at St. Frank's. The bomb, containing a number of metal green triangles, is badly thrown and hits a tree near to where the man is crouching in the shrubbery.

The following paragraph from near the end of this opening chapter is self-explanatory:

It was no great shock for Nelson Lee to know that the League of the Green Triangle was once again in existence. That grim, relentless criminal organization, headed by Professor Cyrus Zingrave, had been dormant for some time, but there had been many indications of late that Zingrave was once again pre-

paring to startle the world. It seemed as though things were beginning to move at last.

The airship scene is from Chapter Nine. Here are some extracts:

The vast thing of metal girders and gasbags straddled right across the whole range of the school buildings—she crashed down on the roofs of the East Tower and the West Tower, straddling the entire Triangle. An enormous portion of the ship had broken off completely, and this was resting on the School House itself.

Nelson Lee was first upon his feet. . . . A great wave of heat came in, suffocating, deadening. The roar of the flames was ghastly to hear.

"Nipper—Handforth!" shouted Lee hoarsely. "Quick—this way!" He seized them one after the other and sent them hurtling down through the gap in the flooring. . . . Nelson Lee dropped after them.

As they ran they heard a grinding, shattering crash behind them. . . . Although death had seemed absolutely certain, they had escaped.

It was quite a good little series, especially for those who had followed the earlier stories featuring the League of the Green Triangle.

—LEONARD PACKMAN

The Story Paper Collector

No. 64—Vol. 3

Priceless

INSIDE THE MAGNET OFFICE: IN FAIRNESS TO THE “SUBS”

By W. O. G. LOFTS

I SAY, YOU FELLOWS! Have you read that dud *Magnet* yarn? Jolly beastly, I must say! Written by one of those ‘hacks’ when a real Richards story was not available.”

How many times has this type of question been raised in the past? Far too many to calculate here. For without exception the blame for these “below-par” stories has been laid on the men who wrote them. But is it the “subs”^{*} fault entirely? I would venture to suggest that the main fault rested inside the *Magnet* office—where much could have been done to mould the “sub”

yarns closer to the Hamilton standard—which was the desideratum.

C. M. Down, Editor of *The Magnet* from 1920 until the end of the paper in 1940, in an article in Tom Hopperton’s *The Old Boys’ Book Collector* refers to the task imposed on the editors in carefully training a team of substitute writers of Greyfriars and St. Jim’s stories. By all accounts this “careful training” seems to have produced, in general, some lamentable results.

Who were these “trainees” who, it appears, couldn’t write a Harry Wharton & Co. or a Tom Merry & Co. yarn for toffee? So far as is known there were John Nix Pentelow, R. S. Warren Bell, G. R. Samways, Michael Poole, Hedley O’Mant, H. W.

^{*}The words “sub,” “subbed,” “subbing,” as used in this article refer to the writers of “substitute” (i.e., not by Charles Hamilton) Greyfriars, St. Jim’s, and Rookwood stories, and their work.

Twyman, S. Rossiter Shepherd, H. A. Hinton, Noel Wood-Smith, Stanley Austin, E. S. Brooks, W. E. Stanton Hope, John W. Wheway, H. Clarke Hook, Fred Gordon Cook, Kenneth Newman, and possibly several others. None of these was a newcomer to the writing game—far from it: all were writers of repute in the boys' fiction market. All they had to do, it seems, was to familiarize themselves with Charles Hamilton's characters, atmosphere, and style, slip a sheet of paper into the typewriter, and go ahead from there.

THEY ALL WOULD BE the first to concede that even the best of their efforts in writing Greyfriars and St. Jim's stories were not on a par with Mr. Hamilton's own. A "substitute" yarn stands out a mile from the real thing. But here comes a point which should be stressed—with due respect to everyone concerned: a lot could have been done, from inside the editorial sanctum, to have furnished up the "substitute" yarns nearer to the Hamilton standard. Many of the "sub" stories in their printed form are but travesties of what they might have been, had the hand of some knowledgeable sub-editor versed in the material been employed to lick them into better shape. The

"careful" training, it seems, was lacking on the part of those whose job it was to handle the raw material of the non-Hamilton yarns for *The Magnet* and *The Gem*. Would this have entailed, in some cases, a major job of completely rewriting? If this were so, the story should have been rejected, or sent back to the author with some directions as to how it should be rewritten to bring it in line with what was required. As it was, "imitation" yarns seem to have been just "bunged" into the papers, with some perfunctory sub-editing, merely to keep the series going.

I am quite confident that any present-day *Hamilton Story Paper Collector* reader knows far more now of Greyfriars lore than when he was first a *Magnet* fan. What would the *Magnet* office have gained to have on hand such expert advice as that of Roger Jenkins, Eric Fayne, John Shaw, Breeze Bentley, and Co.—all experts today on Hamilton lore. It would have avoided the dissatisfaction of later generations of readers and kept the circulation steady, or even improved it. Many "regulars" must have given up the papers because of their sensing so many sub-standard stories. But there just wasn't a sub-editor on the *Magnet* staff who knew the

characters as well as Charles Hamilton.

Maurice Down was away from the *Magnet* office during the first World War, on service, when J. N. Pentelow took charge. So the many inferior "sub" stories published during that period must be blamed on Mr. Pentelow. But were the "sub" stories any better when Mr. Down took complete charge? My answer is certainly in the negative!

WHO WERE THESE members of the *Magnet* staff who should have known the characters so well? Starting at the bottom with the office boy: a youth named Edward C. Snow. He has been described to me, by many who knew him at the time, as a lean youth with a high opinion of himself—and a claim to have been steeped in *Greyfriars* and *St. Jim's* lore. Mr. Snow has claimed to have "subbed"* many of the yarns, and to have written quite a lot of material for *The Greyfriars Herald* and *Holiday Annuals*. He was heard of in Australia some years ago. When writing for an Australian paper about the characters in *The Magnet* he made so many inaccuracies that, even allowing for the passage of years, he showed that he did not know the characters as he claimed to have done.

*Meaning "sub-edited."

George Samways certainly knew the characters of *The Magnet* more than anyone else on the staff—one has only to refer to my article about him in the July, 1957, *Story Paper Collector*—but in fairness to him, he had very little hand in the sub-editing of stories, his work being mostly confined to writing jingles, short stories, and such, for *The Greyfriars Herald* and *The Magnet*.

Chief Sub-Editor was Hedley O'Mant—a very good writer, in my opinion, and underrated by many. Although he went to school with George Samways, I have been told that he never read *Greyfriars* as a boy, and showed very little interest in the characters. He left his position some time in the 1920's and a man who was well known under the name "Norman Taylor" took his place.

Noel Wood-Smith, for that was his real name, had no knowledge of *Greyfriars* at all, according to my information. His interest was sporting yarns and football articles. A very clever inventor, when a boy he read science-fiction stories, so he certainly did not know the characters well enough to be in his position.

Another sub-editor on the staff was Arthur Aldcroft, but as his work was confined to the *Gem*

and *Penny Popular* reprints no blame can be laid on him.

Now, I have always had the greatest respect and admiration for Maurice Down—there is no doubt on the part of many who have met him that he is a very nice man—and I should hate to say anything that would cause the vials of his wrath to be poured on my benighted head. But I must stand my ground on this subject. Did Mr. Down know the Greyfriars characters as completely as his position demanded?

RECENTLY I was shown a copy of a rejected “sub” *Magnet* story by an author who for obvious reasons shall remain anonymous. An example of the Editor’s rejection comments in the margin was thus:

Situation in story: Bunter sneaks into cinema without paying, although he has money in his pocket.

Editor’s comment: “Why should Bunter want to sneak into the cinema when he had 10/- in his pocket?”

My own comment: This remark shows how little the Editor concerned knew of Bunter’s character. This was typical of Bunter—remember the times he bilked the railway by hiding under the seat? Even if Bunter had money

he would want to keep it for tuck.

Another situation in story: Bunter steals 10/- from Peter Todd’s pocket.

Editor’s comment: Nil.

My own comment: Bunter under no circumstances would steal anything else but tuck. Charles Hamilton was very strict on this point, as many readers know.

I leave the readers themselves to form their own opinions or conclusions on the sub-editing of the story.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that Charles Hamilton’s easy style and knack of characterization put him easily on top of all school story writers. He was the creator of the Greyfriars and St. Jim’s sagas, and however good some of the substitute writers were—they were all established writers in their own particular fields—none of them, of course, could produce the vintage or true Hamilton type of stuff. A lot, however, could have been done to improve the non-Hamilton stories that have called forth so much criticism—not only on the part of the authors themselves but by those whose responsibility it was, as editors and sub-editors, to

maintain as far as possible the true Hamilton tradition from "Inside the Magnet Office."

* * * * *

Endorsement

By H. W. Twyman

SINCE I HAVE BEEN privileged to see the MS. of this article I would like to give an endorsement—unsolicited—to Mr. Lofts' suggestions concerning the alleged training of Hamilton understudies—people who are normally referred to in terms much less polite.

My name appears, correctly, in his list of sixteen of them. I knew personally nine of the other fifteen, some of them on terms of daily contact. In no case has any of the fifteen ever

mentioned to me the existence of any training, careful or otherwise, in the writing of Greyfriars or other Hamilton stories; and in my own case I can say with assurance that I never had any.

From which it may be fairly assumed that Mr. Lofts' suggestion is substantially correct, and that Mr. Down's alleged statement can be taken as a mere verbal flourish.

It is of course true that nobody but Hamilton could produce a real Hamilton story. To do so needs the combination of mental attributes and outlook peculiar to Hamilton himself. The existence of this mental makeup is evident even in his letters, as readers of those appearing in *The Collectors' Digest* will probably have noticed.

—H. W. TWYMAN

Jack Drake and Dick Rodney

WHEN HE SENT us the MS. of the article that was printed in *The Story Paper Collector* No. 63, "Jack Drake's Schooldays," Roger Jenkins included this note which should also have appeared in that issue but which was overlooked:

"Stanley Smith of the Northern Club remembers Jack Drake and Rodney as Third-formers at

Greyfriars in a *Chuckles* series before the "Benbow" stories began. I can find out nothing else about it, and have been told that these stories were not by Charles Hamilton and so have ignored it in the article."

I WISH . . .

—to obtain Nos. 1 to 50 of *The Story Paper Collector*.—J. Marston, 168 Newton Road, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs., England.

Lal Tata Read The Magnet!

IN THESE DAYS when the emphasis of our hobby seems to weigh so heavily in favour of Billy Bunter, it is pleasant occasionally to recall some boyhood favourites not to be found in the pages of Charles Hamilton's writings. One of them, in particular, had an interest in the Greyfriars phenomenon.

Which fictional schoolmaster was very fond of reading about Billy Bunter? The answer is, Lal Tata of *The Bombay Castle*. The cheerful Hindoo master would have made a jolly member of our circle. His infectious good humour ran right through and around the decks of the famous school-ship. As lads, we could want no better company than Lal Tata and the boys who beat, and caught, the Kaiser!

It is natural for a boy to worship strength, and Arty Dove, he of the mighty "wallop," supplied that need for some of us in abundance. Arty's blows could fell an ox!

Much is made of Billy Bunter's prowess in the art of putting away "tuck," but I sometimes wonder if that freak, "Skeleton," wouldn't have given the Owl of the Remove a run for his money. Maybe Horace, the

goat, couldn't have managed as much as either, but he could certainly demolish indigestible articles of a far greater variety.

Duncan Storm rarely stopped his narrative to analyze the situation, which suited the young reader fine, and if the plot itself did not always go forward, at least the incidents (and accidents) came thick and fast. Who could help but grin and chuckle at the numerous knock-about episodes between Lal Tata, Horace, and Gus, the crocodile?

The misty vision of the beturbanned Lal Tata, resplendent in pink silk pajamas, flying through the air (and sometimes landing in the sea) as a result of Horace being the irresistible force and Lal Tata the movable object, has remained with me for forty years.

It was quick-moving fun, with German agents and Kaiser Wilhelm getting few lucky breaks from the cheerful Boys of *The Bombay Castle*.

—MAURICE KUTNER

I WISH . . .

—to purchase Volumes 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 17 of *The Scout*.—Gerald Allison, 7 Summerfield Gardens, Bramley, Leeds, Yorks, England.

¶ The Editor's address for mail is now: 317 Bond Street, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada.

THE CAREER OF MR. PROUT

A Talk Delivered to the London Club in November, 1957

By ROGER M. JENKINS

CHARLES HAMILTON has depicted a considerable number of masters during his long career as a writer, and most of them remain indelibly etched in the memory of the reader. Good as many of them were, however, only a few of them can be considered to be in the first flight of character drawings. One must dismiss Selby and Hacker, Ratcliff and even (reluctantly) Manders, on the grounds that they were really too unpleasant to be credible representations of public school masters, useful as they often were in providing the mainspring of many an interesting story. One must also dismiss from consideration the wholly likeable masters—Railton and Lascelles and Dalton, who were undoubtedly ideal schoolmasters and in every way valuable acquisitions to the staffs of their respective schools, but were nonetheless too ordinary and undistinguished to provide much interest to the reader. One is left with the slightly eccentric masters—Bootes and Quelch and Prout, all

well-meaning, all extremely well-drawn, and all tremendously distinctive. These three masters constitute Charles Hamilton's greatest achievements in adult characterization.* Each is quite different from the others, but all are so minutely delineated that they have assumed three-dimensional proportions, and seem to exist as living entities with a separate existence quite apart from their fictional background. Let us examine the career of one of them, Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, and see whether we can ascertain just what comprises the magic touch which has brought him to life so successfully.

It would be pleasing to be able to record that Mr. Prout entered the stories in a memorable fashion, but in fact he grew into prominence gradually, and in the early days he was but a

*Dr. Chisholm and Mr. Greeley have been excluded from consideration on account of their relatively minor appearances, having regard to Hamiltoniana as a whole.

pale ghost of his later self. His first appearance was as long ago as 1908 in *The Magnet* Number 38 entitled *The Cheerful Chinese*. Wun Lung was flying a kite after dark, and had so illuminated it that Mr. Capper thought it was a strange bird, and enlisted the aid of Mr. Prout to shoot it. Mr. Prout was even then known to be something of a sportsman, but from the illustrations he appeared to be a slim young man of thirty whilst Mr. Capper the ornithologist looked close on eighty.

IT WAS REALLY as a result of becoming Coker's Form-master that Prout became famous, although neither of them could have been well-known to the reader when Aunt Judy succeeded in getting her nephew moved up from the Shell to the Fifth in Number 145, a move which is stated to have rejuvenated Mr. Hacker but considerably aged Mr. Prout. As Coker moved into prominence in the stories, so his Form-master began to receive a similar share of the limelight, and there was much delightful interplay of character between Coker and Mr. Prout, the latter often being torn by the conflicting desires to treat his Form like responsible seniors and to treat Coker like an irresponsible juvenile: it was

the latter inclination which was triumphant in the famous story specially written for the 1937 *Holiday Annual* in which Coker was sentenced by his exasperated Form-master to take English lessons with the Second Form.

By the time of the first World War Mr. Prout had grown both portly and middle-aged, and bitterly regretted that he was too old to join the army. *Magnet* Number 458 found him in his study consoling himself by cleaning his guns and thinking about battle, murder, and sudden death. In that story Coker succeeded in getting him to think about German spies as well, but it was all a fiasco. The year 1922 found him even more conscious of his age, and bitterly annoyed to overhear juniors referring to him as "Old Prout," a touchiness which led to even more embarrassment for himself in *Magnet* Number 763 entitled *The Persecution of Mr. Prout*.

IT WAS in the late 'twenties, however, that Prout's character was eventually rounded off with a series of artistic little touches that brought him completely to life, and no better description of the Fifth Form master can be imagined than the words which Charles Hamilton himself used in *Magnets* of this period:

Time was when Mr. Prout had weighed only twelve stone, and could have been measured around the waist with an ordinary yard measure.*

Once upon a time, if his memory served him well, Mr. Prout had been a mighty hunter of big game, a terrific climber of Alpine cliffs. Grizzly bears had rolled over before his deadly rifle; though, for one reason or another, Mr. Prout had not brought home their skins. Unnumbered buffaloes had perished under his withering fire, though various trifling circumstances had prevented Mr. Prout from adorning his walls with their horns. Mr. Prout had climbed the Matterhorn; though, owing to some petty incident, he had not reached the top. No one, looking at the portly Form-master, would have supposed that he had ever been, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter; and it was barely possible that Mr. Prout's memory did not serve him well. It was possible that memory fondly lingering on past glories exaggerated those glories a little, indeed, a lot. That, at least, was the opinion current in Masters' Common Room at Greyfriars.†

Charles Hamilton was equally delightful in his descriptions of Prout in the present tense:

But those days were long past. Since those days Prout had found,

with every passing year, more and more difficulty in buttoning his waist-coat. Perpendicularly, Prout was not impressive; but his diameter and circumference were imposing. His Form—not in his hearing, of course—likened him to the “huge earth-shaking beast” mentioned by Macauley.*

Those mighty hunting days—if any—were over now, at all events, and Mr. Prout was now rather an irritable old gentleman, who had not seen his toes, let alone touched them, for years and years. Years had touched his form to riper grace, as a poet has expressed it poetically. It was considered, in the Fifth, that it would have been a good exercise to walk round Mr. Prout.†

Henry Samuel Quelch was a man of few words, and those were not always pleasant words. Chatting was not much in his line. Prout, on the other hand, was a chatty gentleman. Prout would take a colleague by the arm and walk him from the Common Room to his study for a chat; and the expression on the victim's face at such a time might have moved a heart of stone. Prout would drop into the games study to chat with members of his Form. He believed in keeping up a spirit of free and friendly confidence between master and pupil. What the Fifth Form men felt like on these occasions

*Magnet Number 1129.

†Magnet Number 1042.

Prout never knew, and never suspected. Sometimes, in a chatty mood, he had found the games-study deserted at an hour when it was usually full of the Fifth; but he never guessed that that was because he had been espied from afar, and warning given in time that Prout was coming for one of his talks. He did not know that Fitzgerald of the Fifth had suggested having a fire escape fixed to the window of the games-study, so that fellows could escape by the window when Prout got to the door. Prout valued those free and friendly chats with his Form in leisure hours. He had no doubt that his Form valued them; and he often spoke of them in Common-Room.*

CHARLES HAMILTON once stated that *The Fellow Who Wouldn't Be Caned* in Magnet Number 1042 was one of the two funniest stories he ever wrote for that paper. The plot could scarcely have been flimsier: in a moment of exasperation Prout sentenced Coker to be caned. Coker "retired" from the Form-room rather than face such an indignity and then both he and the Fifth Form master spent some time waiting for the other to come to his senses. Despite the slenderness of the theme, however, the story is one of sheer delight for collectors: it bristles

* Magnet Number 1129.

with good-humour from beginning to end, it is chock-full of quotations and classical allusions, and it represents the beginning of a new era in the history of *The Magnet*. The issue is dated February 4th, 1928.

The Fifth Form master was on one of his many trips to the games study when from the door of that celebrated apartment he heard Coker within expressing the opinion that one day he might be driven to punch Prout. It was no wonder, therefore, that when such a fell deed was done the blame should fall on Coker or that he should refuse to leave the school when expelled for it. How Prout finally discovered that Coker was not to blame and that he could face his colleagues once again in Masters' Common Room as the victim of an accident and not of a deliberate assault by a member of his Form was told in an amusing pair of stories in Magnet Numbers 1084-85.

The indignity which Coker so narrowly escaped in Number 1042 was actually visited upon him in Number 1129, when Mr. Prout requested the Head to chastise the most irresponsible member of his Form. That, so far as Prout was concerned, was the end of the affair, but Coker had other ideas. Prout was extremely surprised when a bearded man of Coker's height entered

his study shortly afterwards and told him to bend over. ("Amazing!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "My dear Prout, are you sure he uttered those words?") Mr. Prout grasped his rifle, fully convinced that he was dealing with a madman, and Coker's programme of revenge somehow became unstuck.

PROUT WAS USUALLY presented as a figure of fun, a man with absurdly pretentious notions of his dignity, wisdom, and experience. For this reason the series in Numbers 1133-34 made a distinct change. Captain Eustace Prout, whose name stood on the Greyfriars Roll of Honour, had forged a cheque, and Prout was being blackmailed to redeem it at ten times its face value. This story presented a new aspect of Prout's character: in the face of disaster he was shewn as vacillating, indecisive, and swayed by emotions rather than reason. The reader was here intended to pity Prout instead of laughing at him.

The series in Numbers 1187-88 also left one feeling rather sorry for Prout, though it was a completely humorous story this time, with no tragic overtones. Like the celebrated couple in the Gilbert & Sullivan opera, Prout had become the victim of circumstances. A thick fog was rolling in from the sea, and

Coker mistook Prout for a Removite, with the result that Prout collected a black eye which he mistakenly attributed to a collision with a tree. *Prout's Lovely Black Eye* became a joke in the school, and he had to bear with the barbed sympathy of Mr. Capper, who went to speak to him "as a friend," urging him to tell the truth and stop pretending to have had an accident in the fog. This, however, was only the beginning of a chapter of accidents, and he eventually collected enough disfigurements to convince everyone in the school from the Head down to Gosling that he habitually indulged in riotous orgies of drinking and fighting:

"Take my arm—the arm of a friend!" urged Capper. "Walk as steadily as you can! Lean on me! . . . Think of the sensation it would cause if you were to fall or even to stumble! Think of the boys, sir—think of the Head!"

All Prout's unbearable patronage in past years came home to roost with a vengeance in this pair of stories which represent the high-water mark of all Charles Hamilton's saga of the Fifth Form master. Nothing which he ever wrote before or since can quite compare with these two stories for sheer brilliance, mellow humour, and a lively sense of the

ridiculous. They constitute the very epitome of Prout's character.

THERE WAS still time for *The Magnet* to allow Mr. Prout to play many more parts on the Greyfriars stage, and probably few collectors are unaware of the episode in which he became headmaster in *Magnet* Numbers 1390-1400. Prout the headmaster of Greyfriars was a vastly different figure from Prout the assistant master. The assistant master could be snubbed by Quelch and gently reproved by Dr. Locke, but when Prout became Head his little foibles ceased to be amusing: he shewed a lack of judgment by appointing Loder to be Captain of the school and by upholding him in a dispute with Quelch. His pomposity, now imbued with the authority of his position, led him to such lengths that the reader began, for the first time, actively to dislike Prout. It was a logical extension of Prout's character, but it was nonetheless an unlikeable manifestation, with the result that drama rather than humour was the keynote of the series. In a grand scene in the final number Dr. Locke arrived unexpectedly when Prout was about to administer some unjust floggings, and he saw his authority collapse like a pack of cards. Like

Richard III, Prout was then himself once again, and from everyone's point of view—except, possibly, his own—it was a distinct improvement.

Mr. Prout was at his best from about 1928-31, but he still had many parts to play in the years ahead, and indeed he was featured in the very last *Magnet* of all, still aspiring to be the friend and confidante of all his boys, still hoping to trust them and be rewarded for his trusting nature. It is weaknesses of his nature of these kinds which bring him to life, as in the case of Mr. Bootles of Rookwood. Few of us are perfect in the fashion of Mr. Railton or Mr. Lascelles, and it is the little human touches which Charles Hamilton added that rounded off so many of his characters. That is the secret of the success of Mr. Prout as a character—in the main a worthy man, a man of integrity and dignity, but one whose character is marred by trivial, venial faults which arouse neither our contempt nor our compassion but only our mirth. That is the magic touch which brought to life the Fifth Form master in such a remarkable fashion, and which leaves us hoping that we shall hear a great deal more in the future of Paul Pontifex Prout.



SEXTON BLAKE AUTHORS

THANKS TO MUCH research by various Sexton Blake enthusiasts, much more is known today of Sexton Blake authors than was the case when Herbert Leckenby's excellent article, "99 Authors and a Detective," appeared in *The Story Paper Collector* Number 27, April-June, 1946.

Indeed, the information that has been gleaned during the past decade is really surprising—and interesting—and I feel the time has come for the records to be brought up to date.

The number of known Blake "authors" is now one hundred and forty-seven! Of these, a number are pen-names, the actual writer in some cases using more than one pen-name.

Here, then, is the list of authors to date:

E. Alais, D. L. Ames, Coutts Armour, William Arthur, John Ascott.

W. Howard Baker, Alfred Barnard, Anthony Baron, Lester Bidston, Ladbroke Black, Allan Blair, Stacey Blake, S. Blakesby, Harry Blyth, Gerald Bowman, John G. Brandon, John Brearley, Thomas C. Bridges, Coutts Brisbane, Louis Brittany, Edwy Searles Brooks, L. H. Brooks,

Jonathan Burke, E. Harcourt Burrage, Lewis Carlton, Gilbert Chester, Bruce Claverton, Hugh Clevely, John Creasey.

Mark Darran, Arnold Davis, George Dilnot, Maurice B. Dix, L. C. Douthwaite, T. C. Dowling-Maitland, Sidney Drew, John Drummond, Ernest Dudley. Alfred Edgar, Walter Edwards, R. C. Elliott, William J. Elliott, Richard Essex, Gwyn Evans.

Anthony Ford, R. F. Foster, Martin Frazer, Victor Fremlin, C. Vernon Frost. Clifford Gates, S. Gibbons, Stanley Gordon, Richard Goyne, Arnold Grahame, Maxwell Grant, William Murray Graydon, Hylton Gregory.

R. L. Hadfield, Rex Hardinge, Arthur S. Hardy, Cecil Hayter, Paul Herring, H. Gregory Hill, Cyril Malcolm Hincks, N. Hinds, E. Holmes, W. B. Home-Gall, Stephen Hood, Stanton Hope, Roland Howard, D. L. Huddleston. Dr. Jago, Lewis Jackson, Warwick Jardine, W. Jones.

Arthur Kent, Beverley Kent, Hilary King. Frank Lelland, Barré Lindon, M. Lomax, Derek Long. Arthur Maclean, David Macluire.

Charles Malcolm, Herbert Maxwell, Hal Meredith, Oliver Merland, Crichton Milne, Patrick Morris, Andrew Murray, Edgar Joyce Murray, Robert Murray. Mark Osborne.

Arthur J. Paik, D. H. Parry, Anthony Parsons, W. J. Passingham, G. Arthur Paterson, John

Nix Pentelow, Barry Perowne,
Michael Poole, John Purley.

Pierre Quiroule.

William Shaw Rae, George
Rees, Desmond Reid, W. Reynolds,
George E. Rochester.

Peter Saxon, Hedley Scott,
Maxwell Scott, Stanley Gordon
Shaw, Walter Shute, Anthony
Skene, Stanhope Sprigg, James
Stagg, Joseph Stamper, Richard
Standish, Tom Stenner, Christopher
Stevens, Henry St. John,
Michael Storm, Jack Trevor
Storv, John Stuart, John Sylvester,
F. Addington Symonds.

Norman Taylor, George Hamilton
Teed, H. Townley, Hartley
Tremayne, W. Tremellin, H. W.
Twyman, Walter Tyrer. Paul
Urquhart. William P. Vickery.

Francis Warwick, Stanford
Webber, John W. Wheway,
Reid Whitley, Melton Whyte,
Trevor C. Wignall, Cedric Wolfe,
George D. Woodman, Noel
Wood-Smith, Reginald Wray.

The following are pen-names
and, so far as is known, real
names:

Allan Blair—William J. Bayfield.
Coutts Brisbane—R. Coutts

Armour.

Gilbert Chester—H. H. Clifford
Gibbons.

Mark Darran—Norman Goddard.

Arnold Davis—Alec G. Pearson.

Sidney Drew—Edgar Joyce
Murray.

John Drummond—John Newton
Chance.

Alfred Edgar—Barré Lindon.

Walter Edwards—Walter Shute.

Stanley Gordon—Stanley Gordon
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