

THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

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NO. 1 OF A GRAND NEW STORY-BOOK

**CHEER
BOYS
CHEER.** 1d
EVERY
WEDNESDAY

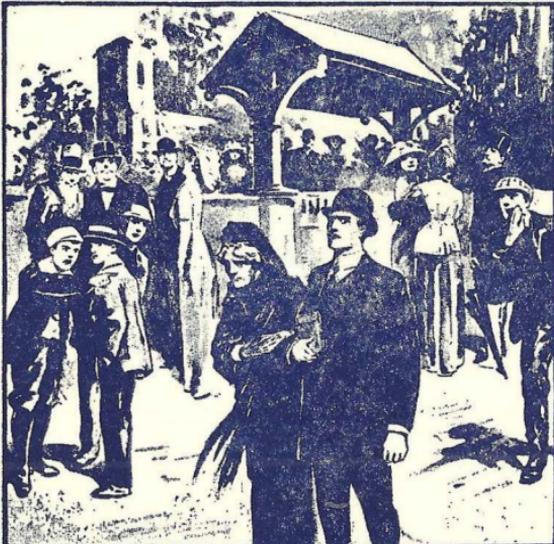
THE PAPER EVERY BOY CAN SHOW HIS PARENTS.

Vol. 1. No. 1.

Week ending May 25, 1912.

38 pages, One Penny.

SHUNNED BY THE VILLAGE! Henry St. John's Great New
Serial, starts in this number.



Shunned by the whole village for a wrong he had never committed! Painted at by those who had once
been his friends! This was the crowning injustice! (See the dramatic and exciting serial starting inside.)

Front Page of Cheer Boys Cheer Number 1, May 25th, 1912

WARWICK REYNOLDS

THE ARTICLE by Mr. W. O. G. Lofts on Warwick Reynolds was excellent and was, for me, the highlight of S. P. C. Number 65. Warwick Reynolds did illustrate some "green" Gems on occasions, but his solid three years' work in *The Gem* from 1916 to 1919 attracts me most. He had to cut out some of the frills in his "inside" illustrations as time went on, due to the paper shortage which meant much smaller space for his drawings. His covers, however, were always of the same high standard.

There is a coincidence connected with this period of his work in *The Gem Library* which is, I think, worth pointing out.

The first issue he illustrated was Number 442, *The Schoolboy Reporter*, a "sub." story which centred around Dick Redfern; his last was Number 593, *Schoolboy and Boxer*, also a "sub." story, and concerned the same character. In the first story Redfern decides he can no longer put up with Mr. Ratcliff and runs away from school to be a reporter on a provincial paper. The job brings him into contact

with police-court proceedings—as an onlooker, of course.

In the last story, three years later, Redfern blossoms out as a boxer and wins the light-weight championship honours at a boys' boxing tournament. Earlier in the story Redfern, after protesting to, and cautioning, a hefty bully of a coalman when Dick finds him lashing his horse most cruelly, proceeds to fight and defeat him when his protests are ignored.

After his defeat the man swears to be revenged. "*I'll have the lor on yer fer this 'ere! Assault and battery—that's wot it is!*" In due course P.c. Crump delivers the summons against Redfern for assault and battery to Dr. Holmes, and the substitute writer rather understates the case when he writes, *The Head's brow clouded over.*

So Redfern finds himself once more in a police court, but this time as an active participant. The two stories might well have been written by the same unknown writer, for he goes on:

There had been a time when he ran away from St. Jim's to take up a profession which was dear to his heart—that of a reporter on a provincial paper. His work had sometimes taken him to the police-court, and in reporting the proceedings of the various cases he had picked up a good deal of useful information.

—MAURICE KUTNER

The Story Paper Collector

No. 67—Vol. 3

Priceless

THE CAREER OF MR. QUELCH

A Talk Delivered to the Northern Club in March, 1958

By ROGER M. JENKINS

"Help! If you are a Christian, come to my aid! I am lost here!"

THE VALENTINE SERIES (from which this quotation is taken) is in many ways one of the most revealing of all so far as the Remove master is concerned. Mr. Quelch was lost, frozen, and utterly weary on a misty night near Wharton Lodge, and it was Jim Valentine who answered Mr. Quelch's cry for help. This incident was followed by several moving chapters in which Valentine told Mr. Quelch something of his past history and Mr. Quelch determined to enter the boy for Greyfriars at his own expense. There is much that is touching in the spectacle of the Remove master bestowing his frosty kindness

upon the boy he had befriended, and those who think of Mr. Quelch mainly in terms of a stern and severe pedagogue would do well to remember the humane side to his character which the majority of the stories did not allow him to display. Beneath the crusty exterior there lay a kind heart.

Like a number of Magnet characters, Mr. Quelch changed with the passing of the years. In early days he was not only younger but far less remote: there were even times when he displayed a sense of humour in dealing with his form. In these days he was depicted by the artists as a lantern-jawed wide-awake man in his early forties. By the time of the coloured covers he had reached the mid-

dle fifties, wore pince-nez, and had exchanged the lantern jaw for the familiar angular countenance. His eyes were as piercing as ever, but one suspected that he was not quite so informed about happenings in the Remove. He usually had some shrewd suspicions, but his ear was not so close to the ground. All in all, the early Quelch was probably the better master, but it was the later Quelch who makes such fascinating reading.

MR. QUELCH had one thing in common with all the other assistant masters at Greyfriars—he was not married. The reason for this was, according to *Magnet* Number 407, that he had been crossed in love in early years and had then decided to remain single.* This resolution was in no way vitiated by Skinner's attempts in that number to get his form-master married off by inserting an advertisement in the paper in Mr. Quelch's name, inviting ladies of the neighbourhood to call at Greyfriars to meet a man of pleasing disposition with a view to matrimony.

*Breeze Bentley compares the assistant masters at the Hamiltonian schools with the dons and tutors at colleges in Oxford and Cambridge: until the late nineteenth century only the heads of colleges could retain their posts on marriage.

Mr. Quelch had no wife, but he did at any rate possess other relations, though they were certainly as odd as could be imagined. In early days there was his plump niece Cora who visited Greyfriars twice and struck up a friendship with Billy Bunter, whilst in later years his nephew Roger played so many tricks that his uncle soon decided to remove him from the school: theirs was the kind of mutual regard for each other that increased at a distance—a case of absence making the heart grow fonder, as it were.

Mr. Quelch's main relaxation was in compiling his celebrated "History of Greyfriars." For countless hours he pored over black letter manuscripts in the school library and typed out chapters of his "History" in his study. On countless occasions, too, the typescript was taken from his study—sometimes hidden and sometimes destroyed—but Mr. Quelch has never given up his monumental task. On one celebrated occasion Skinner cunningly used a portion of the manuscript in order to secure his form-master's dismissal, a piece of trickery that culminated in the High Oaks rebellion series.

Mr. Quelch had other relaxations besides his famous "History of Greyfriars," as this extract

from Magnet Number 1269 well exemplifies:

Mr. Quelch smiled genially.

The Jove-like wrath had departed from Quelch's brow.

He had had a happy hour with his celebrated "History of Greyfriars." Now that great work was laid aside and Mr. Quelch was seated in his armchair with a paper open before him.

That paper was "The Public School Review" and in its pages was an article signed "H. S. Quelch." Quelch, in his leisure hours, wrote little contributions for scholastic papers. He liked to see his views in print. He felt that they were useful—indeed very useful—in the great cause of education. This especial article was entitled: "The Public School: Present and Future." It embodied views founded on a quarter of a century's experience as a schoolmaster. Quelch could not help feeling pleased with that article, with the prominent place it was given in a prominent paper, and with the reflection that it was bound to attract considerable attention from Headmasters of Public Schools all over the kingdom. Hence his genial smile.

Like most authors, Quelch was fond of reading his own works. They seemed so superior, somehow, to the works of anybody else.

Perusing that masterly article on an important subject, Quelch could not help feeling pleased. The June

sunshine at his window was reflected in the frosty but genial smile on his countenance.

THIS ARTICLE was destined to cause the Remove master some acute embarrassment later in the story, but let us now leave Mr. Quelch's relaxations and turn to his attitude to his vocation, which was perhaps never better exemplified than in Magnet Number 1150 in which he returned to Greyfriars after a long absence:

Mr. Quelch's somewhat crusty face had a very bright expression.

He had enjoyed an unusually long holiday; but the Remove master had reached a period of life when prolonged holidays did not appeal to him very much.

His life was wrapped up in his work at the school; and, like many schoolmasters, he had rather a lost feeling outside the school walls.

Undoubtedly Mr. Quelch was glad to be getting back into harness again.

And:

Mr. Quelch, seeing a Greyfriars fellow, felt like the war-horse snuffing the battle from afar. It was like the smell of the barracks to an old soldier.

This enforced absence from the school led him to regard his form with exaggerated esteem:

"I trust that the Remove have preserved their reputation for order, obedience, and general good conduct during my absence, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, beginning again.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He was unaware until Mr. Quelch mentioned it that the Remove had ever enjoyed any such reputation. "Oh! Yes, sir! I—I think so, sir!"

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Quelch.

Bunter, in this story, had been sent home by the Head and was returning without permission. He was glad to see Quelch in the hope that he would put things right with the Head. Quelch was glad to note this welcome for his return, being unaware of Bunter's ulterior motives. It was not long before Mr. Quelch was disillusioned and the atmosphere of mutual harmony was shattered: Bunter's ears were soon boxed and he was despatched home again without ceremony.

THE ATTITUDE of Mr. Quelch to Harry Wharton during the two Wharton the Rebel series and the Stacey series is one which is rather difficult to reconcile with the cherished vision of the Remove master that most of us possess. These three series would, of course, have been nothing without the

feud between Wharton and Quelch that so enlivened them, but even when this is freely admitted it is still more than a little disconcerting to find that Quelch was so embittered that he was ready to believe almost any charge against his former Head Boy. He was, of course, never less than just by his own lights (and there were many occasions in *The Magnet* when rheumatism or indigestion caused him to be more just than usual in the form-room), but one could still wish that he had not so completely allowed his anger to cloud his judgment in the three famous series, and that Dr. Locke had not been given the occasion to rebuke the Remove master quite so often. Whether these series would have been quite so outstanding had Mr. Quelch been less irritated is indeed doubtful, but those who count themselves among Mr. Quelch's admirers certainly find cause for wishing that he could have given a better performance on these occasions.

Having said all this, it is pleasing to be able to turn to the very last *Magnet* of all, and to record that Mr. Quelch then decided to trust Wharton despite the most incriminating circumstantial evidence. ("There was an occasion, once, when I lost my trust in you, partly owing to an

unfortunate misunderstanding, partly to your own stubborn temper. That misunderstanding was cleared up and I resolved at that time never to be misled in the same way again.") It is useless to repine about what might have been, but that first number of the unfinished series was so full of promise that it might well have developed into one of the great Magnet series, had not fate decreed otherwise. As it is, we are left with only a fragment to ponder over.

THERE WAS a very human side to Mr. Quelch's character which led him to rejoice over incidents that should have displeased him. Probably the most endearing episode of this nature was in Magnet Number 1215 when Loder reported Wharton to his form-master for fighting with a Highcliffe boy. Mr. Quelch took a most stern view of this until it transpired that Wharton had fought the boy who had catapulted Mr. Quelch:

Mr. Quelch turned to him again. There was quite a benevolent expression on his face.

"Wharton! I cannot—h'm—approve of this! But you may go."

"Thank you, sir." Harry Wharton turned to the door. His hand was on it when his form-master spoke again.

"One moment, Wharton."

"Yes, sir." The junior turned back.

"Did you—h'm—did you administer a severe castigation to the—the Highcliffe boy, Wharton?"

"Yes, rather, sir. I mean, certainly, sir."

"I cannot, of course, approve of anything of the kind," said Mr. Quelch, coughing. "But you are sure that the castigation was severe?"

"I left him nursing his face in the grass, sir," said Harry, demurely. "It didn't look much like a face, after we were done."

"H'm! H'm! I disapprove, of course—I disapprove very strongly. But in the circumstances—h'm—you may go, Wharton."

"Yes, sir!"

Harry Wharton left the study. He grinned as he passed Loder of the Sixth at the end of the passage. Loder did not grin; he scowled.

Mr. Quelch resumed rubbing ointment on his damaged nose. But there was a faint smile on his crusty visage now. Probably Mr. Quelch derived consolation from the news of the severe castigation inflicted on the Highcliffe fellow—in spite of the fact that he could not possibly approve anything of the kind.

ONE OF Mr. Quelch's most characteristic traits was his unswerving loyalty to his form (especially in exchanges with Mr. Prout) and his deter-

mination not to be overborne. His resistance to the new headmaster, Mr. Brander, in Magnet Number 1174 was the very quintessence of this determination:

"You are, perhaps, unacquainted with the laws of the Foundation since you have taken control, sir," answered Mr. Quelch. "It is certainly in your power to dismiss me; but according to the Statutes a form master of ten years' standing has an appeal to the Governing Board if dismissed from his post. That appeal I shall certainly make."

"I do not believe you, sir!" snorted Mr. Brander.

"You have only to read the Statutes," said Mr. Quelch contemptuously. "You will find it in Article 33."

"At all events, sir, your appeal will be made elsewhere, and not from this school!" roared Mr. Brander. "You will leave today!"

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"I shall not leave today," he replied. "According to the Statutes——"

"Confound the Statutes!" shrieked Mr. Brander.

"You may speak as contemptuously as you please, sir, of the Statutes of the school of which you are headmaster. Nevertheless, they have full legal force. According to the Statutes——"

"Silence, sir!"

"According to the Statutes," repeated Mr. Quelch with utmost calmness, "a form master of ten years' standing has an appeal to the Board, and may remain at the school until his appeal is heard and decided. All the headmaster can do is to suspend him from his duties."

WE HAVE RECALLED to mind this evening memories of Mr. Quelch in many moods. Let us conclude our reminiscences with the memory of Mr. Quelch triumphant, which is probably the state in which we all of us enjoy him most. Never was Mr. Quelch more grimly triumphant than in his dealings with Christopher Clarence Carboy, the Joker of the Remove.

Pulling the leg of the Remove master was a diversion somewhat similar to twisting the tail of a tiger, but such was the task that Carboy undertook in Magnet Number 1078. Mr. Quelch had told him to write out "I must not play foolish tricks in the dormitory" five hundred times. What he actually presented was a sheet of paper bearing the single sentence "Mr. Quelch must not play foolish tricks in the dormitory five hundred times." A memorable scene followed in which Quelch handed him a sheet of writing-paper and dictated this letter to his father:

"I am sorry to tell you that it is necessary for me to leave Greyfriars immediately. My form-master, Mr. Quelch, desires you to arrange for my removal from the school not later than tomorrow morning. Mr. Quelch's view is that Greyfriars is a school for normal boys, and not for the mentally defective. Mr. Quelch has the choice of believing that I am either an incorrigibly impertinent young rascal, or else a boy whose stupidity amounts to an intellectual defect. He is giving me the benefit of the doubt; but not being trained to take care of the mentally defective, desires my immediate removal from the school."

From this point onwards Mr. Quelch's victory was assured. The enemy was completely routed:

"D—d—don't post that letter, sir!" he gasped. "I—I—I—"

"The matter is closed, Carboy. I sympathise deeply with a boy whose intellect is so clouded as yours appears to be." Mr. Quelch could be almost ferociously sarcastic at times. "But my form at Greyfriars is no place for him. Medical care——"

"I—I—I was only spoofing, sir!"

"Do you mean that you were playing a jest at the expense of your form master, Carboy?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir."

"If that is the case, Carboy, I shall not post this letter to your father.

Insolence is a matter with which I am quite capable of dealing!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Stupidity such as you have assumed would be beyond my powers. Insolence, I think, I can deal with effectually. You may throw that letter into the wastepaper basket, Carboy."

Gladly Christopher Clarence Carboy threw it there. But he was very apprehensive of what was to come next.

His apprehensions were well-founded.

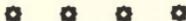
"Hand me the cane from the shelf, Carboy—the stoutest cane! I think there are three there—give me the stoutest!"

In the lowest spirits the leg puller of the Remove selected the stoutest cane of the three, and handed it to Mr. Quelch. The Remove master rose to his feet, and pointed to a chair with the cane.

"Bend over that chair, Carboy!"

And on that typical note we may take our leave of Henry Samuel Quelch,* master of the Greyfriars Remove, and undoubtedly the most successful piece of adult characterization that Charles Hamilton ever achieved.

*Horace was not one of Mr. Quelch's Christian names, although most lists in Magnets and Holiday Annuals credited him with it.



COMIC PAPERS OF THE PAST

By LEONARD PACKMAN

IN THE *Collectors' Digest Annual* for the year 1954 I wrote an article entitled *Comic Characters*, and to which there was an annex in *The Collectors' Digest* for February of 1955. The number of papers mentioned was 41, this being the total of different publications of the kind in my possession at that time.

During the years since that article was written I have, thanks to many good friends, been very fortunate in adding considerably to that total of different papers (some, indeed, are so rare that the possibility of ever possessing a copy had never entered my head!), so that I now have the pleasing number of 65.

All these papers cover a period of nearly 70 years, 1873 to 1940, and with the exception of *Film Fun* and *Kinema Comic*—which, although of different format and style, for some perverse reason I must include—they are all of the same basic nature. Some, such as *Jester* and *Big Budget*, are border-line cases; for, as I said in my *Collectors' Digest* article, the definition of a true comic paper is debatable.

I have no interest in comic papers after 1940 *circa*, nor—

with the exception of my early *Film Fun* and *Kinema Comic*—in the smaller sized comic paper. Nevertheless, I think it can be said in all truth that my collection represents, in effect, a history of the Comic Paper from what was virtually the beginning.

The foundation-stone is *Funny Folks*, which was first published in 1873. True, it could not by any means be called a juvenile publication in the strict sense of the word, but it was the basis upon which the juvenile comic paper materialized. Just over a decade later the second stone was laid, this being *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*. Here again the juvenile element was very remote, but within the next year or so publishers were very busy catering for the juvenile market. Strictly speaking, *Scraps* preceded *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* by about eight months, but as it is generally agreed that the latter was the more popular of the two I give pride of place to that paper.

I now have some hundreds of comic papers, and much could be written of all the characters and stories therein. This article is, however, confined to the listing of my 65 different publica-

tions, with a few remarks on each paper (purely my own opinion) and some statistics.

Here, then, are my "Comic Papers of the Past."

Ally Sloper's Half Holiday—

One of the foundation stones upon which the juvenile comic paper was built. The original series ran for 1788 issues (3.5.-1884 to 9.9.1916). There was a later shorter series. I have a "Christmas Extra" (un-numbered) of this paper for the year 1887. This was given to me by Mrs. F. Addington Symonds and was originally her father's. It was somewhat "untidy" when presented to me, but if Mrs. Symonds could see what a sharp knife, some Sellotape, and love's labour can do I think she would be very surprised. The paper was originally published by Dalziel Bros.

Big Budget—A borderline case. One of the finest of the earlier publications. Many issues contain lengthy stories by Maxwell Scott featuring Kenyon Ford, detective. 614 issues (9.6.1897 to 20.3.1909). Published by C. Arthur Pearson.

Big Comic—An excellent paper for several years, but suffered considerably on its reduction to only four pages prior to amalgamation with *Sparks*. 207 issues (17.1.1914 to 29.12.1917). Con-

tinued as *Big Comic and Sparks* (Nos. 208 to 246). 39 issues (5.1.1918 to 28.9.1918). Published by Henderson.

Bubbles—A very good "junior" coloured comic. I have had many enquiries for this paper, but in spite of its long run I have acquired very few copies. 1024 issues (16.4.1921 to 24.5.-1941). Published by Amalg'd Press.

Butterfly—One of the most popular papers of the First World War period. Originally printed on green paper but finished as a coloured publication. 1st series 656 issues (17.9.1904 to 31.3.-1917). 2nd series (incorporating *Firefly*) 1206 issues (7.4.1917 to 18.5.1940). Published by Amalgamated Press. (Many of the "Dr. Dread" stories in this paper were written by the late Hugh W. Fennell, who was a recipient of *The Story Paper Collector*.)

Champion Comic—More of an adult paper than juvenile, but a very good publication of its kind. Printed on pink paper. 106 issues (9.1.1894 to 11.1.1896). Published by Greyfriars Publishing Company.

Chicks' Own—A coloured paper for the very young folk and comparable with *Tiny Tots*. One of the very last to be "killed off." 1605 issues (25.9.1920 to 9.3.1957). Published by Amalgamated Press.

Children's Fairy—A very nice coloured paper indeed, but somewhat surprisingly only ran for a short period before amalgamation with *Bubbles*. 76 issues (1.11.1919 to 9.4.1921). Published by Amalgamated Press.

Chips (Illustrated)—One of the most popular comic papers of all time. The front page characters, Weary Willie and Tired Tim, were created by the late Tom Browne, R.I. At his death, his successor (by the name of Jenner) copied Browne's style admirably. It was this paper which gave me my first introduction to juvenile fiction, my age at that time being about six or seven years. 1st series 6 issues (26.7.1890 to 30.8.1890), 2nd series 2997 issues (6.9.1890 to 12.9.1953). Published by Amalgamated Press.

Chuckler—What is spoken of amongst comic paper collectors as "one of the Bath publications." Quite a good production and very difficult to obtain. 238 issues (31.3.1934 to 15.10.1938). Published by Target Publications, Bath, Somerset.

Chuckles—To my mind the best produced coloured comic paper for one halfpenny—but only until the year 1916. Became a minor war casualty in 1917, and although carrying on was much smaller in format (pink on white

background) until after the war. The Christmas number for 1917 was, however, a special treat, for the publishers—at a cost of two-pence—produced a bumper, full-sized paper with all the grand colours of earlier years. From the year 1921 onward the age group catered for was the very young. 517 issues (10.1.1914 to 1.12.1923). Published by Amalgamated Press.

Coloured Comic—A good paper of its period. Probably produced with the idea of capturing the juvenile market, but never succeeded. 415 issues (21.5.1898 to 28.4.1906). Published by Trapps, Holmes & Co.

Comic Bits—A very short-lived paper; more for adults but it should have enjoyed a longer run. 10 issues (19.2.1898 to 23.4.1898). Published by Dalziel & Co., Ltd.

(Continued in Number 68)

§ No July S.P.C. this year!

I Wish to Obtain . . .

—S.P.C. Nos. 10, 15, 19, 34, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42.—F. G. Rutherford, Herbert Lodge, 3 Cotham Park North, Bristol 6, England.

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