The COLLECTOR'S DIGEST

(Vol.3) .. No.3
October 1949

Mr. EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

taken at an Old Boys' Book Club Meeting

"FEATURING SEXTON BLAKE"

Rhiwbina Man's Unusual Hobby

THOUSANDS, maybe millions, of boys have read stories of the famous detective of Baker Street, but how many know that there is a select circle of devotees in permanent session, searching and re-searching all Sexton Blake history?

That there is such a band of admirers is vouched for by Mr Maurice Bond, of 10 Erw Wen, Rhiwbina, himself a recognised authority on the history of Blake, his associates and enemies. Mr Bond, now 27 years old and married, began reading the adventures of his hero when 12 years old in the old "Union Jack" series published each week at a penny.

TINKER'S DEBUT

He kept his copies and later developed into a collector of "Union Jacks" and Sexton Blake Library editions until now he has built up a collection of some 1,500 books dating from 1893, and possesses also a great store of collectors lore on Blake and his activities. For instance, Mr Bond assures us that although the "Union Jack" was first published in 1893, Blake did not appear until 1894 and not till 1905 did his famous assistant, Tinker, make his appearance. Pedro, the bloodhound, was introduced in 1904.

In 1904 the publishers of the [illegible] stories got together a team of special writers to boost Blake. All of them were men qualified in branches of science and the arts, commerce and trade. There were university professors, world travellers and sportsmen of all kinds, who could write authentically on almost any subject and any country under the sun.

WELSH INTEREST

Mr Bond says that in fact stories of Blake were placed in every country in the world, including Patagonia and Wales. Among the team were Andrew Murray, Gwyn Evans (a Welshman), John Creasy, John G. Brandon, W. Murray Graydon and W. W. Sayer.

Of them all Mr Bond thinks the greatest was George Hamilton Teed because he wrote more stories of Blake than any other writer, and, in addition, introduced more new characters.

The stories all followed closely the social and political life of the countries in which they were staged and it is possible to trace world history and the history in inventions by reading Blake's adventures. A veritable "march of time" series.

It was in the course of his service in the Royal Air Force during the war that Mr Bond made his greatest strides to complete many of his "Union Jack" series of magazines. Moving about from camp to camp he employed every spare moment in every new town searching old bookshops for his favourite detective, but he had little success by this method. At this time the B.B.C. were conducting a "Forces Request" programme, but they were unable to give any information on Blake collectors. So Mr Bond wrote to the "News of the World," who suggested he should get into touch with other collectors through the "Exchange and Mart." In this way Mr Bond contacted a Mr Hurbert Leckenby, a man of 50, who has collected not only "Sexton Blakes," but almost every kind of schoolboy story since his boyhood.

COLLECTORS' CIRCLE

In this way Mr Bond learned that there existed a collectors circle, some 200 strong, who exchanged spare copies of schoolboy stories to complete one another's series and exchanged also [illegible] information about their particular heroes which came into their hands. He learned, too, that the circle published its own monthly magazine, entitled "The Story Paper Collector," edited, printed and published by an amateur enthusiast, Mr W. H. (Bill) Gander of Transcona, Canada, for private circulation.

In 1946 Bill Gander started to fail in health, so Mr Bond suggested to Herbert Leckenby that it might be a good idea to publish a British counterpart of the "Story Paper Collector." Leckenby was enthusiastic and the two are now joint editors of the monthly magazine, "The Collectors' Miscellany," a neat little paper issued for private circulation amongst the 200 collectors.

Annuals were published in 1947 and 1948, and the 1948 edition is now in preparation. The intense interest which Mr Bond takes in his hobby may be judged from the fact that on the desk in his study is one of the very few busts of Sexton Blake in existence, the creation of Eric R. Parker, the official Blake artist to the publishers of Blake stories.

MARRIED!

In the Saturday book for 1946 Reginald Cox, writing on the "characteristics, methods and manners of a great British detective" draws attention to the fact that Blake was married, although his admirers seldom seem aware of it, and then Mr Cox says: "Credit for this information goes not to me but to that foremost authority, Mr Maurice Bond, of Cardiff," a tribute indeed to Mr Bond's contribution to the study of Blake.

Like his hero, Maurice Bond is married and has already inculcated Mrs Bond with a love for Blake, and there are rumours that Maurice, junior, aged five, and Mary (2½) will soon be starting to study under father's expert tutelage.

Boys' papers

THERE are only seven members of the Novocastrian Story Paper Collectors' Club, but the secretary and founder, Mr. J. Cook, of 119, Maria Street, Benwell, would like to see the membership swell to 700 or even 7,000.

He has collected over a period of years more than [illegible] copies of boys' magazines, some of them dating back to pre-1914 war days, and he would like to meet any others with the same hobby.

It is his belief that many people of all ages have shared his interest in his hobby, and should any readers of this column be interested, he would be pleased to hear from them.

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OCTOBER 1949

Next Issue November
Editor, Miscellaneous Section
Herbert Leckenby, Telephone Exchange,
C/o Central Registry, Northern Command, York.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Never a Dull Moment! (Sept. 14th-21st, 1949) When I returned from that memorable London visit last year I gave a sigh, saying to myself, "It's been so perfect, it can never happen again." But it has! Once again I am back after a week packed with thrills, delightful incidents, happy first meetings and reunions; with not a single hitch, thanks to the perfect planning of Len Packman, from the moment I arrived at Euston, to the time I departed therefrom. It would take an issue of the C.D. to tell the whole story, so I shall have to be content with a few flashes - the grand enthusiasm of the Club meeting - an evening at the hospitable home of Bob Blythe, with good-humoured argument twixt Lee-ites and Hamiltonians - a unique tour meeting for the the first time three in succession I had corresponded with for years, Dick Whorwell, John Shaw and John Medcraft (more of his wonderful collection anon) - a couple

of hours midst mountains of Magnets at Bill Martin's - a drive through Richmond Park in the twilight with Eric Fayne - a jolly evening at Jimmy Stewart Hunter's, with Tom Satchell looking in - a pleasant chat in a Strand restaurant with Arthur Richardson over Boys' Friend days - Sunday morning in East Lane Market escorted by Charlie Wright (a real slice of London life this) - renewing acquaintance with Wood Green - meeting for the first time Roger Jenkins with a four-cornered chat under the trees in Hyde Park (the two other participants Len Packman and Bob Whiter - a remarkable coincidence concerning a meeting with Tom. Stryde. Yes, verily, a wonderful week with never a dull moment.

Secretary Ben Whiter will be telling you about the Sunday meeting, but I simply must make a few comments, for I'll guarantee that in the whole of mighty London, there was not a jollier, friendlier meeting on that Sunday afternoon than that one down Dulwich way. I shall never forget it to the end of my days - meeting in the flesh for the first time pen friends Harry Homer, Ian Whitmore, Bernard Prime, Arthur Richardson and several more - making, haltingly, the second speech of my life (the first was last year's meeting) - making the acquaintance of Edwy Searles Brooks whose "Iron Island" and "Brotherhood of Iron" had thrilled me 40 years ago, and to crown all a generous promise from him to write a St. Frenks story for the Annual (make a note of that all you who were not there). No wonder my cup of happiness was running over. Yes, a good meeting.

There was just one little tragedy. My fellow citizen, Jack Wood, loyal Nelson Lee fan, had journeyed down from York mainly to attend the meeting. Unfortunately Mr. Brooks was unavoidably delayed and Jack had to leave a few minutes before his arrival. Hard luck, Jack!

And now a word about the visit to see the Medcraft collection, something I had been longing for for years. No pen of mine can adequately describe that amazing room with everything beautifully bound from "Varney the Vampyre" to red-covered Magnets. With a cordial wave of his hand John Medcraft said, "It's Liberty Hall, pick where you like." You look round in bewilderment, seize hold of some particular favourite, glance at it hurriedly, then pass on to something else, fearful that time will be up before you have seen a fraction of what you want to see. I'll guarentee you could put in several hours a day for

weeks and then you'd be longing for more. And that wasn't the only room. Oh no! Our host took us along to what he called the "dump". A treasure-hold to a late Victorian! Stacks and stacks of the larger-paged papers, the Boys' Friend, Boys' Realm, Boys' Herald, Big Budget, etc. etc. I mentioned a Chips serial I had read as a small boy, half a century ago. A moment later it was before me! Boys' Champions, Story Paper. Like magic a complete run was on the table for my inspection. "Sexton Blake Detective" by Maxwell Scott, in the "Jester". A few seconds and I was turning the pages. And so it went on for three entrancing hours.

And what do you think to this for a coincidence? I was anxious to make the acquaintance of Tom Strype, one of my "blood period". It was not possible to get out to his home so I suggested by sheer chance meeting outside Kemsley House in Greys Inn Road. Promptly at the appointed time we gripped hands and he said, "What made you choose this place, did you know I worked here?" I stared at him in surprise and assured him I hadn't the slightest idea; I had just thought it was as good a place as any. "Well, I do work here," smiled Tom. "What's more it's my day off, so when we've had some tea we'll have a look round." And look round we did - for two hours. As I had once worked on a newspaper, that vast hive of industry provided me with a fascinating tour. And even here we did not get away from the hobby, for we had a chat with a feature page editor, a chat which may lead to more publicity. Verily the gods were smiling on me to the very end of my story. I packed two weeks into one, and I felt like a giant refreshed, invigorated with some Greyfriars elixir of youth, as it were.

Well, I could go on and on telling of that wonderful week, but space grows short; nevertheless, I've something yet to do. First, to express my sincere thanks to resourceful, dynamic Len Packman for the way he planned my programme, piloting me on to scores of trams, buses, and over miles of Underground. I should have been completely lost without him. And from the bottom of my heart I express my gratitude to my host and hostess, Charlie and Olive Wright. The prodigal son of old received no greater welcome when he returned to his father's house. They killed the fatted calf, they waited on me hand and foot; never in my life have I known a kinder or more generous pair.

Hospitality, thoughtfulness, good fellowship all the way.

Is there any wonder that as the train steamed out of Euston and London began to recede into the distance, there came a lump to the throat of

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT LECKENBY.

P.S. On reaching home I received a shock, for I found in my absence a good proportion of my collection and files had been destroyed. Fortunately copy for the C.D. and the Annual were not involved. I'll say no more here, but I may have to appeal for your help when I've got things sorted out. It may mean, too, a little delay in the production of this issue.

As a curtain-raiser to my London visit, I spent a very pleasant evening whilst in Northampton with Cedric Greenbridge. He said it was the first chat he had had with a fellow collector. I hope he will have many more. H.L.

10/- offered for the loan for a short time of "The Lambs of Littlecote". - Whiter Senr., 706 Lordship Lane, Wood Green, London N.22.

WANTED: Magnets, Gems, Nelson Lee's, etc. - Lowes, 15 Edith St. Tynemouth, Northumberland.

WANTED URGENTLY: Your Price Paid. Gems 819, 878, 879, 946. Can any Fellow Collector oblige? Leonard Packman, 27 Archdale Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

BACK NUMBERS of the Story Paper Collector wanted for collector in New Zealand, also bound volume of Chums, 1902. Ben Whiter, 706 Lordship Lane, Wood Green, London, N.22.

WANTED: Sexton Blake Libraries, 1st and 2nd series. Also autocars, 1934 onwards. John Derry, 2 Ash Villas, Herbert Road Hucknall Road, Nottingham.

WANTED: Sexton Blake Libraries, 2nd Series, 171 or 723. Leonard Packman, 27 Archdale Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

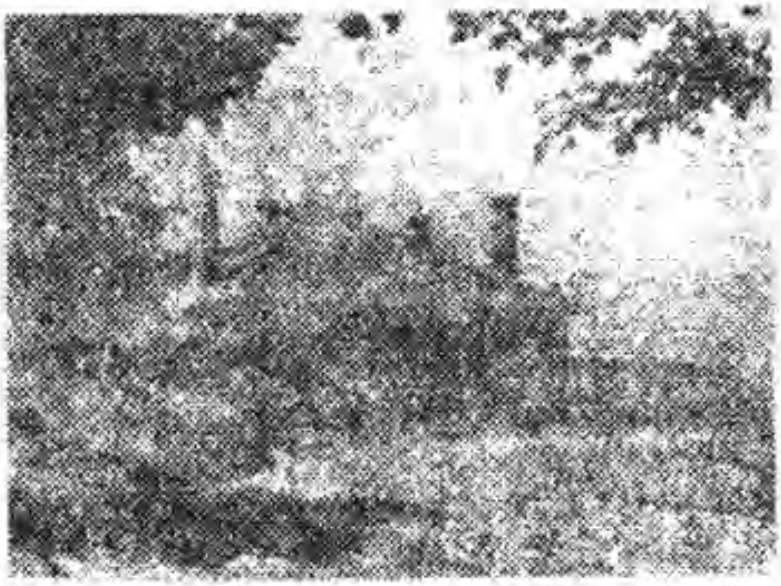
(Editor's Note. Charles Hamilton and Edwy Searles Brooks are, fortunately, still with us (may it be so for many a long day) and their legions of admirers are fortunate. But to some of the members of the older generation there are only memories and landmarks to remind them of the men who charmed them and made them happy in their boyhood days. Such a one was Maxwell Scott, and one who reverences his name is Harry Dowler. All of us then can appreciate the thrill he got when he was able to spend several days in the surroundings where the long dead author was loved and is remembered still. We are sure, too, it will be agreed that Harry tells the story of his experiences with a delicate touch of real, genuine sentiment, his devotion to his boyhood hero evident in every line.

The C.D. played a part in making his experience possible, and such a thought is compensation in full for any hard work and headaches the production of it involves. H.L.)

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MAXWELL SCOTT

By Harry Dowler.

"The Anchorage"
Port Mulgrave,
Hinderwell,
North Yorkshire.



I am beginning this article in the room which was at one time Maxwell Scott's study; in fact in the very spot where he typed out from his shorthand notes those thrilling and dramatic stories of Nelson Lee, "Birds of Prey","The Silver Dwarf" "The Missing Heir","The Great Unknown" and many other stories.

On my left as I write I see the tumbling waves of the great North Sea stretching to the horizon If I look to the right through the other window I see the beautiful tree-lined garden of "The Anchorage." Incidentally, the bulky envelopes of manuscript of the Nelson Lee and other stories from Maxwell Scott's typewriter were posted week by week in the little old red postbox in the wall of a barn at the end of the lane about 200 yards from the front gate of the house. This box is still there and I used it myself to dispatch letters and cards to my friends.

This lion-hearted man, this indefatigable worker, this man who was able to use his mother tongue with such tremendous dramatic power, this man who was endowed with almost encyclopedic knowledge, and the greatest detective story-writer for boys that ever lived, is now lying peacefully at rest, side by side with his wife, in the cemetery little more than a stone's throw from the pretty semi-bungalow "The Anchorage" situated so beautifully between the mighty North Sea and the heather-clad hills.

Dr. John W. Staniforth, to give Maxwell Scott his real name, lived at "The Anchorage" from 1898 until the end of the 1914-1918 war, and then the family moved to a house called "Cleveland House" which stands behind the village school. When Dr. Staniforth first came to Hinderwell in 1891, he took lodgings in what is now called "Melrose House" which is situated a few yards from the War Memorial clock on the opposite side of the street. Dr. Staniforth occupied the ground floor of this house, and in 1894 Nelson Lee was born in the front room looking out on the main street of Hinderwell!

Little did I dream as I boarded the bus at Manchester, with subsequent changes at Scarborough and Whitby, what a wonderfully interesting and fascinating holiday I was to have in what was once Maxwell Scott's home. I cannot sufficiently find words to thank Maxwell Scott's son for sending me a marvellously executed plan of the house as it was in the years 1898-1914, and also sending me a tremendous amount of detail enabling me to follow in the footsteps of Maxwell Scott, and in addition the names of people who had had direct personal contact with his father.

I talked with every person he mentioned, and many more besides. In fact, for one whole week I might have been a journalist representing a great national newspaper. It did not matter where I was: at Port Mulgrave, in the main village street of Hinderwell, the pretty fishing village of Staithes, or any of the outlying districts, if I saw a man or a woman of about 50 or over, (and obviously a native of these parts) I immediately started up a conversation. "What lovely weather we are having! By the way, did you know Dr. Staniforth?"

Yes, I was out for every scrap of information I could get, and I must have asked somewhere about 70 people if they could tell me anything about the Doctor. And I certainly got plenty of information, although in many cases these good people simply corroborated one another. I should want the whole of this issue of the C.D. to record all the information I collected, and then I do not think it would be enough. So you will have to be contend with a fraction of the information I obtained about the man.

who, although I have never actually seen him, has given me more happiness than any other one man. It is utterly impossible for me to express exactly my admiration for this talented man. For over 40 years, ever since I read "Bird of Prey" in the green pages of the Boys' Friend, he has almost been a part of my life. For at least 30 of these years, as he himself would have written it, his identity was enshrouded in impenetrable mystery. Perhaps I was a poor Nelson Lee but to again use one of his phrases, suffice it to say that the extent of my knowledge of Maxwell Scott even when I had passed my half-century, was that he was a doctor and a vague idea that he hailed from Sheffield.

It was not until July, 1942, when one morning I received a letter from the Amalgamated Press that I knew Maxwell Scott's real name; and I remember quite well that I received this letter just before I set out for York to spend about 10 days in that beautiful little city. I also remember quite well showing our esteemed Editor this letter revealing Maxwell Scott's identity. It was then a case of Medical reference books, directories, etc. to get still further on the track.

It was then I discovered that my hero was a shorthand writer and had in fact written a book entitled "Shorthand for Medical Students." He must have acquired considerable skill in the art because at one time he was able to take on for a ten-minute spell of duty in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, and thus help a journalistic friend. He wrote all his stories in shorthand, and afterwards transcribed his notes on the typewriter. In "The Seven Stars" which ran as a serial in the "Big Budget" he made a plan with notes in shorthand, and there were prizes offered for the most accurate transcripts. I remember how delighted I was at seeing this shorthand, and how I read it practically without a pause, although it was written in an earlier edition than I had learned. Shorthand has always had a tremendous fascination for me ever since I was a boy of about 15, and the teaching of shorthand has been the chief source of my income for about 30 years. You can imagine my feelings when I learned that the man I idolized had an expert knowledge of shorthand, and I a teacher, writer, lecturer, and examiner of the art!

Slow but surely I seemed to get more facts concerning the man whose work had given me such great pleasure. And let me say this: never once did he let me down. And tusing the whole

week I have spent at his old home all the additional information I have gathered has added enormously to my esteem for this splendid man.

Arthur Brooke (A. C. Marshall), editor of the Big Budget, sent me many kindly letters giving me informatiln about the Doctor, and it was a sad blow to me when one morning I received a letter from Mrs. Marshall stating that he husband had died suddenly from a heart attack. This sad event took place on March 4, 1945. Later it was my privilege to see Mrs.Marshall in her lovely home with its magnificent garden and to see the splendid library of the man who at one time was the editor of the Big Budget, and later editor of the Boys' Friend and other papers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Marshall considerably added to my knowledge of Maxwell Scott.

But this year of 1949 has been the richest of all in the flood of information about Maxwell Scott and his work. As you know, we have had the Maxwell Scott diaries in the C. D., but there is still more - even before my holiday in Hinderwell. I have had a long chat with Maxwell Scott's youngest brother, and my wife and I have been to the home of Maxwell Scott's son. Both the brother and the son have been very kind to me, giving me all kinds of odd facts and details of the Doctor. I take this opportunity of thanking them most sincerely, and I do hope that if at times my questions have bordered on the point of going beyond all reasonable bounds in poking into the private affairs of their family that I have no other object than to really know the man I so deeply admire.

During my week at Hinderwell I was very fortunate in having a long talk of over an hour in the beautiful home of Rowland H. Hill, the eminent artist. Mr. Hill was a great friend of Dr. Staniforth's, and over a cup of coffee he told me in his quaint, hesitating, but very charming manner, many revealing side-lights on the Doctor, and scraps of his conversation. He referred to the Doctor's tremendous tenacity of purpose, the trouble he sometimes went to in order to be sure of his facts, and the courageous way he fought his illness, carrying on with his work as a healer of the sick, although he himself was in great pain. Mr. Hill particularly stressed the fact that Dr.Staniforth was exceptionally good in attending to the illnesses and injuries of children, and what a nice, charming way he had of putting these young people at their ease.

(Continued)

The Nelson Lee Column

All suggestions and queries to Robert Blythe,
46, Carleton Road, Holloway, London,N.7.

During the course of a conversation recently, Charlie Wright and Len Packman suggested that I go into more detail concerning the St. Franks Magazine, as they felt that others, apart fro. themselves, would be interested.

Well, the St. Franks Mag. was a bigger and better edition of Nipper's Magazine which had been running about a year previous. The first number of this new edition was contained in O.S. No.443. Let's take a look at this copy, page by page. The first page, or cover, of the mag. was designed by that wonderfully clever architectural artist E.E.Briscoe, (incidentally, in my opinion, the finest artist, when drawing buildings, ever to illustrate a boy's paper. I wish I could say the same for his human beings!). This cover shows a crowd of juniors coming from the direction of the Clock Tower. The leading chap is carrying a banner upon which is listed the mag's contents. Above their heads on a scroll, are the words 'St. Franks Magazine' in a sort of Gothic script. In the top left hand corner is the St. Franks crest and motto. This cover remained unchanged for some months. Page two had a really fine pen and ink drawing of Winchester College by Briscoe, complete with crest and motto.

The editorial, by Nipper, entitled "Scissors and Paste", was on page three and on pages four and five was a story by Archie Glenthorne, the style of which may be judged by the title, etc. "'Absolutely a Rotten Gang'. A jolly old yarn of the Prairie, Bush-rangers and all that kind of stuff".

Edgar Sopp of the Fifth, by making a play on his name, wrote a fable, the moral of which was, "Never take any notice of idle gossip". This was on pages six and seven. Also on page seven was a parody on the then popular song "Yes, we have no bananas!" by the tame poet, Clarence Fellowe. On pages eight to ten was a story of the world-famous detective, Trackett Grim and his assistant, Splinter, entitled "The Clue of the Torn Pyjamas" by the one and only, E.O.H. Finally, on page ten,

is an article by Willy Handforth. Subject - "My Major". Well, that was the first number, and in the weeks and months that followed, all the famous Public Schools, to the number of about eighty, were given, all by Briscoe. E.Sopps Fables, Trackett Grim and Fellowes' Painful Parodies became regular features. Hubert Jarrow, a newcomer to the school at that time, contributed a regular feature called "Gossip of the Week". Mr. Clifford, the Sports Master, also had a regular feature teaching the chaps to play football and later, cricket.

With No.15 in O.S.No.457, the cover changed to a humorous drawing, still be Briscoe, entitled 'Familiar Phrases from Fiction". In this case, the phrase was "He stood frozen with Horror!" and the picture showed a boy about to be caned by a Master. The boy has icicles projecting from him in all directions!

About this time Handforth commenced his replies to readers. These were, as you can imagine, as pugnacious as the author!

One of the most original, and certainly one of the funniest, copies of the St. Franks Mag. is that which is edited by Handforth. This gem was contained in O.S.No.459. It's worth describing in detail. Handforth had sacked all the staff, including Briscoe, as he thinks he can do just as well on his own, if not better! Result - chaos. The cover is a drawing purporting to be a self portrait of the editor - that is, Handforth. Apart from the terrible mess he'd made of it, three inky thumbprints do not improve his manly features! All the articles are by the one and only. These are his regular features: "In reply to Yours" and Trackett Grim (this particular hair-raising episode is entitled "The Frightful Phantom of Finchly Forest"! Other articles were, "The Modern Schoolgirl", "The Blight of Bullying", "My Football Pow-wow", the first chapter of a serial tntitled, "In search of Gold" and an editorial with a punch on every line!

I said that Handforth wrote all the articles. I should have said with two exceptions. These two were Walter Church and Arnold McClure. They wrote articles entitled "A Quiet Life" and "Modesty". At the time Church had a black eye and McClure the earache. That was the reason they wrote the articles!! Added to all this, just imagine what the whole thing looked like when the drawings were all by Handforth, (two of which were

printed upside down, hardly improving their artistic merits!). Coupled with this was the fact that the type was all over the place and all different sizes, apart from the fact that much of it, too, was upside down!

Of course the following week things were back to normal. The mag. got better, if anything, some weeks later with the introduction of seven new features, all of which had a good run. They were - "Our Optimistic Oracle", a pep talk by Buster Boots. "Potted Pessimism" by the lugubrious Josh Cuttle. "Travel Tales", a short adventure tale by Lord Dorriemore. "Addled Ancestry", a humorous and slightly insulting account of the ancestry of some of the Removites. "Wordy Wisdom" by Timothy Tucker. A most learned article this, containing more words of enormous length to the square inch than I've seen anywhere. This particular episode is entitled "The Stupendous Infinity of Limitless Space" and needs to be read with a dictionary at ones elbow. Finally we have "Tubbs on the Tub", a weekly speech in cockney by page-boy Tubbs.

During this period too, the cover was changed twice. First was a series of six pictures showing the imaginary future of prominent Removites, and secondly the adventures of the Handforth brothers.

The Sahara Desert holiday series came along at this time and the editorship passed over to Buster Boots. However, the set-up remained the same except that Handforth's "In Reply to Yours" gradually became longer, in one issue no less than three pages were devoted to his replies. On the return of the Holiday party Reggie Pitt took over, Nipper having decided not to return to the school. It was at this period that the famous portrait gallery appeared. 76 portraits of Removites appeared, all well drawn, with a short description, chief characteristics and favourite sport or recreation. Following them came twelve 3rd Formers; then, with the increase in length of the main story, the St. Franks Magazine came to an end in O.S.512. The editor had offered the choice of a longer story or continuing with the mag. Readers at that time must have plumped for the longer story. Nothing like it appeared again, and more's the pity.

Jim Southway has asked me if I can supply a list of the characters and the houses they occupied, both in the old School and the new. As a matter of fact Len Packman suggested something

similer in the spring of last year. So, Jim, you'll be pleased to hear that an article dealing with the arrival of every character until the opening of the new school, complete with the houses they occupied, will appear in the Annual. My thanks are due to Len Packman and Jack Wood, for it was mainly through their continued encouragement that it appears in the Annual at all.

And here, to round things off, are the series and titles:-

Series 1st N.S.

No.137-139. Reggie Pitt becomes owner of Raithmere Castle (Re-intro. Ezra Quirke).
" 140-151. St. Franks on a voyage to South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.
" 152-159. The Sneak's Paradise.
(Note: 152,157,158,159 Complete Stories.
" 160-169. The School Train.
" 170-174. The Remove in Arizona in Search of Gold.
" 175-178. Intro. Standley Waldo.
" 179-182. The Return of Bernard Forrest.
" 183-186. Nelson Lee v The Fu Chang Tong.
" 187-189. Intro. Eileen and Molly Dare.
" 190-194. Featuring Edgar Fenton.
End of 1st New Series.

Titles No.251, the School on Strike. 252, April Fools. 253, St. Franks at "Appy Ampstead". 254, A Shock for St.Franks. 255, The Prisoner of the Island. 256, The Remove Master's Delusion. 257, The Master of Mystery. 258, Handforth's Handfull. 259, The Riddle of Bellton Wood. 260, The Diamond of Fate. 261, The Split in Study D. 262, The Spy of St.Franks. 263, The Claw's of the Count. 264, Lord Dorriemore's Quest. 265, Bound for Brazil. 266, The River of Wonders. 267, The Dream City. 268, The White Giants. 269, The Modern El Dorado. 270, Abandoned among the Arzecs.

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P.S. A full report of Mr. E. S. Brooks' visit to the Club will appear in the Nelson Lee Column for November.

What about Your Questionnaire? We do want your name in the Collector's Who's who.

Old Boys Book Club

East Dulwich Meeting September 18.

Consilio et Animis

Resolution and Integrity were greatly in evidence when a record attendance gathered together to welcome Edwy Searles Brooks and Herbert Leckenby at the monthly meeting of the club so ably organised by the worthy host Len Packman. The general business of the club was quickly dealt with and then the chairman called upon the vice-president, Herbert Leckenby, to address the meeting. This he did and gave an interesting account of the commencement of the C.D., how the York Exhibition was arranged, and the growth of the C.D's circulation. He further stressed how well his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wright, had treated him. The chairman suitably replied with a hearty vote of thanks to Herbert for all his good work on behalf of the hobby.

Robert Blythe then gave an account of the club's social and dinner which is to be held on Saturday February 25th next. All members and friends who intend to be present are asked to send in their names together with five shillings deposit, full cost ten shillings each.

The dust wrapper of the forthcoming Tom Merry's Annual was then passed round for members' perusal, together with a copy of the Glamorgan County Times which contained an article on Maurice Bond's wonderful collection of Union Jacks and Sexton Blake Libraries.

Ian Whitmore then handed in more Rookwood jottings. He had his reward, as a little later he was successful in coming first in the No.4 Pictorial Quiz, a very creditable effort. Second in the quiz was John Geal.

The clock then showed 6.30 p.m. and Edwy Searles Brooks appeared on the scene. Then followed a wonderful period for the Nelson Lee and Sexton Blake fans. Questions were fired right and left and to these the distinguished guest suitably replied. Mr. Brooks signed numerous photographs and autograph books, and after a hearty vote of thanks left expressing the fact that he would like to attend a future meeting.

The exchange and mart business done was a record, and with a record large attendance present Len Packman and Robert Blythe are to be congratulated on their fine efforts on behalf of the club.

The next meeting is to be held at 46, Carleton Road, Holloway, London, N.7. on Sunday October 16th at 4 p.m.

Attendance: Edwy Searles Brooks, Herbert Leckenby, Jack Wood, Len, Jose and Eleanor Packman, Charlie and Olive Wright, Robert and Laura Blythe, Frank and Mrs. Keeling, Mr. and Mrs. Dubb, John Geal, Ian Whitmore, Harry Homer, S. Godfrey, R.Deacon, S. Bounds, E.P.K. Willett, C. J. Bartlett, A. Richardson, B. Prime, E. S. Johnson, Bob and Bob Whiter.

BENJAMIN C. WHITER.

WANTED: All back numbers of Collector's Digest. Also Annuals. William Martin, 93 Hillside, Stonebridge Park, London, N.W.10.

AN INEXPENSIVE HOBBY: Collect Specimen Copies of Victorian boys' papers. I can supply Boys of England, Boys' Standard, Boys' Comic Journal, Boys of the Empire, Young Englishman, Boys' World, Black Bess, Black Highwayman, Sweeney Tood, Blueskin, Tyburn Dick, Ching Ching, Harkaway, and hundreds more. 6/6 per dozen. Medcraft, 64 Woodlands Road, Ilford.

WANTED: Aldine Publications, Turpins, Duvals, Robin Hoods, etc. E. R. Landy, 4 Nuneaton Road, Dagenham, Essex.

WANTED: for Collection: Magnets prior to No.890. Gems prior to No.1000. Populars, S.O.L's, Holiday Annuals, Nelson Lee, Boys' Friend Pre-war Champions, Triumphs, Hotspurs, Rovers, Pilots, Rangers, Adventures, Wizards and Skippers. Good Prices Paid. Books with school stories only. P. Willett, 67 Ford Bridge Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

WANTED: Boys' Magazine Numbers 332 to 334, 340 to 343, 346 to 350. W. Darwin, 76 Western Road, East Dene, Rotherham, Yorks.

Adverts Urgently Wanted
for the Annual. 2d. word.

Conducted by Herbert Leckenby

For domestic reasons the week ending August 27th was a worrying and anxious one for me, but in the midst of it, there came along three articles for the Annual which did a good deal to lighten my burden. First came neatly prepared by Len Packman a list of early Gem stories, and side by side with them their appearance as reprints many years later. It is interesting to note than in very few cases did they bear the same title, in fact, in most they were quite different. A good contribution this for those Gemites keen to secure some story they read in their youth but who have been unable to get it in the original.

Then came a bulky packet from John Geal containing a long list of Magnet series, well over 100 of them, with crisp comments on the majority of them. My word! Johnny must have used some midnight oil over this lot, and a fine job he has made of it, too. A valuable work of reference I can assure you.

Then on the last day of the week there arrived Roger Jenkin's contribution "Cardew of the Fourth". It's a little masterpiece, about 3000 words of pure King's English flowing smoothly from the pen, a delightful summing up of the most unpredictable characters in all St. Jims lore. I cannot resist quoting a few sentences from it.

"Until the arrival of Cardew in Gem No.475, St. Jims had been populated essentially by black and white characters; there were no grey ones. On one side of the line were Tom Merry, Blake and Figgins, and on the other side were Mellish, Racke

and Crooke. One knew when to cheer, and when to boo the villain because one knew in advance how they would react to the prescribed set of circumstances. It was almost like putting a penny in the slot and seeing puppets dance. Small wonder then that the advent of such an unpredictable character as Cardew threw a spanner into the works."

Yes, I think you'll like it.

Anyway, these three contributions coming in the midst of my home anxieties, acted like a tonic. Said I to myself, "A very big step forward towards the success of the Annual."

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A keen student of Hamilton lore, but who maybe never saw an early Magnet or Gem, remarked in a letter recently, "I sometimes see the old covers of the Gem referred to as blue, sometimes as green. Which were they?" Yes indeed, from what I heard in London there seems to be a real conflict of opinion about this. But come to that, we always talk about red-covered Magnets. But were they? Hardly, I think. "Answers" I believe had exactly the same kind of cover paper, and it was always known as the Golden One". However, whether or no, we shall go on talking of "red" Magnets for ever and aye. It slips easily off the tongue, a term of envy, to signify something as scarce as - gold. So after all, red or golden, it means the same thing here.

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Still Another Bunter. In the July issue I referred to the forgotten Bunter who lived for a short spell over 40 years ago Well, there was still another of the name, and a little earlier still. He went to Kenthorpe School, several serials about which appeared in "Big Budget" and "Boys Leader". They were written by popular Sidney Drew. Again, he was very different to the one you all know, for he was leader of the rival house to Langtons, which was equivalent to the School House at St. Jims. Bunter's Christian name was never or seldom mentioned. And, oh yes, the leader of Langton's House was Jack Redfern.

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And talking about rivalry, you know there's a good deal exists between Leeites and the Magnet-Gem fraternity. But it seems to me there's also quite a lot between the adherents to the two Hamilton papers themselves. I've heard them at it. Some

swear by the Magnet, some are out and out Gemites. Seems to me there's subject here for a debate. "Which Was the Best" - the Gem or the Magnet?"; with a neutral chairman. For instance, I can see someone starting by saying Tom Merry was a finer character than Harry Wharton, then a Magnet man retorting that Wharton having faults like most of us was more true to life and human. Having thrashed that out someone would rise and contend that nowhere in the Gem was there one to compare with Bunter, whose name had passed into the English language. Then having caught the chairman's eye, up would get a Gemite, not necessarily a male, to say quietly that nowhere at St. Jims was there one as lovable, as amusing, as delightful as dear old D'Arcy. Other names would follow - Talbot, Vernon-Smith, Bob Cherry, Manners, Railton, Quelch.

Yes verily, if ever such a debate should be inaugurated, I should like to be there. How about it, you members of the Old Boys' Book Club?

==========

And now here's the remainder of Len Packman's list of the Magnet titles which appeared more than once. Did you notice last month how often Bunter's name figured? I wonder how frequently, in the full 1683 titles, the rotund one was actually mentioned or implied.

Saved by His Enemy.	(2) 1445, 1605.
The Artful Dodger.	(3) 163, 582, 1142.
The Bounder's Triumph.	(2) 248, 1675.
The Bounder's Way.	(2) 490, 922.
The Circus Schoolboy.	(3) 232, 947, 1484.
The Deserter.	(3) 467, 977, 1319.
The Feud with Cliff House	(2) 902, 1528.
The Hero of Greyfriars.	(2) 52, 431.
The Invasion of Greyfriars.	(2) 68, 641.
The Japer of Greyfriars.	(3) 960, 1078, 1668.
The Mystery of Mr. Quelch.	(2) 610, 1603.
The Mystery of Wharton Lodge	(3) 1038, 1349, 1610.
The New Boy's Secret.	(2) 779, 952.
The Parting of the Ways.	(2) 204, 858.
The Prefect's Plot.	(2) 475, 1111.
The Rascal of the Remove.	(2) 456, 1485
The Rivals of Greyfriars.	(2) 61, 459.

The Schemer of the Remove	(3) 1062, 1408, 1566.
The Schoolboy Moneylender	(2) 207, 272.
The Schoolboy Sleuth.	(2) 1399, 1552.
The Slacker's Awakening	(2) 958, 1358.
Under Bunter's Thumb.	(2) 455, 1090.
Who Punched Prout?	(2) 1085, 1188.

Still another "Richards" School

Rose Lawn,
Kingsgate-on-Sea,
Kent.

August 24th, 1949.

Dear Herbert Leckenby,

Thank you for sending on the letter from Mr. Forsyth of Aberdeen: a very interesting letter, to which I have replied.

Just a small spot of news: yet another school has come into existence: "Lynwood" this time. It will by published by Mr. Allen of Manchester.

Tom Merry's Annual will be out before very long now. I think I told you that the original idea was Summer and Christmas Annuals; but the two have been combined in a volume of what seems to me prodigious extent. It is already being taken up in great numbers by the "trade", bless their hearts and more power to their elbows! But really, from what I have seen of it so far, it will be rather a record in Annuals.

Always Yours sincerely,

FRANK RICHARDS

MANDEVILLE PUBLICATIONS
New address: 55, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1. Tel: ABBey 5410

September 6, 1949.

Dear Mr. Leckenby,

Many thanks for your letter of the 3rd, enclosing a copy of the September issue of "The Collector's Digest", with our ad. This is first-rate, and I think, as you say, it will be even better in your larger Annual.

Yours sincerely,
RAYMOND RICHARDS

P.S. Thank you for your remarks about the Annual - it is really going to be a winner. Wait and see! Thank you also for your efforts and good offices always on our behalf. They are greatly appreciated.
(Note new address. - H.L.)

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Tribute to Chapman from far Brazil

C/o Royal Mail Agencies (Brazil) Ltd.,
Avenida Rio Branco 51/55,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America.

8th August, 1949.

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I add my humble protest to those already voiced against the belittlement of Chapman's drawings expressed by several readers in the June "C.D."

My own preference is for Shield's work and I think there can be no doubt that he was the more talented of the two famous "Magnet" artists. At the same time I feel we should not forget that Chapman drew more pictures of the Greyfriars scene than any other artist and his work is essentially tied up with the old stories we love so much.

We may, as we grow more mature in years, allow ourselves the luxury of becoming more and more critical of what we call the "angularity" of his figures, but I doubt whether his drawings gave us that impression during our early reading days.

In my opinion, Chapman's illustrations during the last few years of the "Magnet" never had quite the same appeal as those of earlier years and the later generation of readers will not have known him at his best period. But the older brigade will, I am sure, heartily agree that another glance at the covers of say "Magnets" Nos.536 ("Fallen Fortunes"), 843 ("Pen's Pal") and 958 ("The Slacker's Awakening") will speedily reassure us that Chapman's drawings had a charm entirely of their own - a charm not to be lightly cast aside even after duly acknowledging the admitted superior work of Leonard Shields.

Sincerely yours,
R. H. HUNTER.

(Note.- Occasionally we receive a grouse from one of the older members of the circle that there's not enough about the papers of his period. There's something in this, but it's partly due to the fact that the veterans don't send along the copy. However, to remedy matters we are starting a series dealing with the best remembered papers of the long ago, the first on the PEarsons Boys' Leader by myself. This will run over two issues. No. 2 will be a fine review of "Chums" by Harold Dubb. We shall welcome other contributions, particularly of papers which were in their hey-day prior to 1914. - H.L.)

POPULAR PAPERS OF THE PAST

1 - The Boys' Leader

A Short-lived Paper Which Deserved a Better Fate.
By Herbert Leckenby

There were dramatic and amusing circumstances connected with the birth of the Boys' Leader which took place September 18th, 1903. At the time, in the field of boys' journals, Hamilton Edwards, that quixotic editor of the House of Harmsworth, reigned supreme. He looked down from his throne and scornfully dared anyone to challenge him. In June 1901 the Boys' Friend, after a run of several years at a halfpenny, had been increased to a penny, and had become the most widely read paper in the land. Inspired by his success, it had a year later been joined by the Boys' Realm, and then after much blowing of trumpets in August 1903, the Boys' Herald appeared. No sooner was No.1 of the latter paper on the bookstalls than the rival house of Pearsons, publishers of the successful Big Budget, boldly threw down the gauntlet by announcing the coming of "The Boys' Leader". They went about it in no uncertain fashion, too, for they spread the news by means of an amount of advertising unusual in connection with a boys' paper. What is morem they went right into the enemy's camp to do some of it, for quite an impressive amount of cash passed into the Harmsworth coffers for space in the three papers mentioned. One week half a page of glaring type told the readers that the Boys' Leader was to consist of 24 pages, was to be on white paper (the Boys' Herald had 16 pages and was also on white peper) and was to have stories by the best boys' authors in the land.

Hamilton Edwards took a very dim view of all this and straight away began to splash all over his three papers the warning that he was editor of only the Boys' Friend (on green paper), the Boys' Realm (on pink) and the Boys' Herald (on white). One week at least this information appeared slap up against the advertisement. Moreover, in his chat Hamilton Edwards complained about unscrupulous attempts to deceive his boys by misleading advertisements. All this, to say the least, seemed rather peevish on the part of the gentleman in the editorial chair at Carmelite House.

Anyway, let's have a look at the paper which had dared to throw out a challenge. It's page size was exactly the same as the Boys' Friend and its companions, about 14½" by 11". First came a serial by Henry T. Johnson, "Winning His Spurs", with a capital drawing by "Val" on the front page (the same artist had dpne the front page for the Boys' Herald). A second serial was "The City of Darkness" by Sidney Drew. Third serial was "The Rival Bushrengers" by Donovan Mart Then a publicity stunt appeared an old Jules Verne story "Adrift on the Wide Pacific." There was also a long complete story, articles and in addition a separate section of eight pages "Funny Pips" partly comics but also containing a long instalment of a school story. "His Lordship of Ringmead School" by Claude Heathcote, illustrated by A. H. Clarke. Five serials in all.

The lay-out was attractive and altogether it was not at all a bad effort; what is more, it improved as time went on.

The editor was Arthur C. Mortimer, using the pen name Arthur Brooke, who was already editor of the "Big Budget". He was perhaps not so well-known as Hamilton Edwards, he was not as fond of splashing his photograph all over the place for one thing, but he was one of the kindliest and sincerest of men, and one who took a real genuine interest in his youthful readers.

The extra eight pages were dropped after five months or so, and about the same time there was a notable addition to the staff of contributors - Maxwell Scott. He came along with a serial "The Iron Skull" for which he created a new detective, Vernon Read. It was a fine story, too, one of his best, and an instalment of it has remained vivid in my mind throughout the years. It concerned a thrilling race to Armley Gaol, near Leeds, to save the life of a man condemned to be hung. The

description of the dash by car (in the days when motoring was in its infancy) was thrilling in the extreme. The passing minutes 7.50, 7.51, 7.53 - were thrown up in large type as they passed certain points, and they tore up to the jail on the stroke of eight, to save the innocent life by a hairsbreadth. As I have related elsewhere, Maxwell Scott whilst writing the story, went over the ground stop watch in hand so that he could get the details exactly correct.

And now let me digress for a moment to relate an experience of my own which in my mind was linked up with this story.

In the early part of 1939 I journeyed one Saturday morning to a town about eight miles from the centre of Leeds to represent my office at the funeral of an old colleague. He had died at the home of a daughter in Leeds and had been taken to that of another daughter at his birthplace for burial. The mourners, about 60 of them, gathered in a little room and overflowed into the street. The undertaker arrived and after a word of greeting asked the Leeds daughter for the burial certificate. She stared at him for a moment, then jumped to her feet crying, "Oh my God! I've left it in Leeds." The undertaker looked concerned and explained he could not carry out the burial without it. Consternation reigned, and my old comrade, his coffin still open, his mouth set firmly as I had often seen it in life, seemed to be administering a reproof. The undertaker offered to loan one of the cars to run down to Leeds, saying, "You've 25 minutes." The daughter was too upset to go, so a girl friend who knew exactly where the certificate was, volunteered. I was asked to go with her. Just as we were making for the car the daughter exclaimed, "Oh, I haven't got the house key, my husband has it." Vowing we would get in somehow, we set off a few seconds later and were tearing along the road busy with Saturday traffic. Fortunately the driver knew the way. It was a hair-raising ride; we tore round corners on two wheels; we more than once ignored traffic lights. We reached the house; I by good fortune found a handy brick, smashed a window, undid the catch, and helped the girl through. She grabbed the all important certificate from the mantelpiece, scrambled out, and in almost less time than it takes to tell, as Maxwell Scott would have said, we were on the return journey.

All correspondence to : -
H.H. Bond. 10 Erw Wen. Rhiwbina. Cardiff.

THE ROUND TABLE.

In the September issue I mentioned that I had just been interviewed by a reporter regarding my collection of Blake stories and material. As I had hoped the subject proved to be interesting to the publishers and in the Sept. 3rd issue of the "Glamorgan County Times" I had a spot all to myself on the front page. The actual article is reproduced elsewhere and I think you will agree that it reads quite well except for the one or two errors which unavoidably crept in by way of the reporter's pen. As a matter of fact the good fellow was so very overwhelmed by the vast variety of subjects contained within the Blake field that he hardly knew where to start, and although his main object was to give ME a write up rather than Sexton Blake, he was at the same time wondering how he could describe it all in concise terms. I must now apologise to Mr. Joseph Parks for the statement that Herbert and I are joint editors of "The Collectors Miscellany" and I am sure he will not be too critical on the subject. But it is amazing the interest raised by this article. I have been bombarded with questions on Blake from all sides, and I have been amused when some people have met me and said "Good Morning Mr. Blake! How's Tinker?" etc etc.

I have just had a most interesting letter from Wilfred Darvin, who, as you are aware, is a very keen student of Blake lore and who has gone deeply into the stories behind the authors and artists of U.J. and S.B.L. stories. He has given some very interesting notes on various Blake authors which I am sure you will like to know. First of all he mentioned Stacey Blake. This author, the detective's namesake, was originally trained as an artist. He travelled through many countries in his time including most of Europe and much of North Africa and all on push bike or on foot. On one occasion he rode to Athens, on another to Morocco. He even travvled on a bike across Lapland. Stacey Blake has also made use of his early training for we learn that he has exhibited landscapes in many leading galleries in England. He lived at Nottingham.

Another famous Blake author, L.C. Douthwaite was born in Hull and educated at Trent College. He was author, editor and advertising agent in his time and in 1926-1928 he went prospecting for gold on Hudson Bay. Although Wilf does not mention the fact it is also known that Douthwaite rose pretty high in the North West Mounted Police. You will recall that most of his Blake stories had a Canadian background.

Wilf tells us about other authors too but I have not the space to go into details at this time so will tell you more in another number. But I must not close this subject without telling you of his rather startling deduction that the rather elusive John Drummond is, in reality the famous detective story writer John Newton Chance. At first I was a bit dubious for I could not link up the style of John Drummond with that of the author of the popular De Haviland thrillers which are now best sellers in all libraries. But Wilf sent me a copy of the Cherry Tree novel called "Murder in Oils" and I can tell you know that the comparison with the recent Drummond story "The Living Skeleton" shows that if Dtummond is not J. Newton Chance then he has blatantly copied. Our member and friend John Drummond of Hegwich Castle will no doubt be very interested to hear this piece of news. Wilf concludes his letter with the interesting news that he has suggested a Blake serial to the Editor of the famous "Answers". What a grand idea and how easily it could be done. Ah me! We shall see later.

H.L.BOND.

Personally Speaking - About Blake.

A new feature from the pen of Rex Dolphin.

Editors Note: This contribution from Rex was originally intended for inclusion in our 1949 Annual, but owing to high pressure work resulting in my inability to continue with other features due for publication, plus the acute shortage of suitable material from other Blake devotees, I have been compelled to use it for the C.D. I regret that I am unable to present it in it's entireity, for it is an item which deserves such treatment, but pressure of space will not allow, especially this month, when my co-editor has so much to tell you in his section. However I am sure you will all enjoy Rex's latest effort and will understand the difficulties.

I make no apology for bringing the personal element into these notes; for Sexton Blake has been a part of my life for so long that should I never read or hear of him again I should feel that I had lost a very dear friend.

Sexton Blake is my constant companion. Wherever I go I take either the memory of him or his printed adventures. He enlivens the best of holidays; he brightens the worst of dull days. At home, abroad; in peace or war; he is the closest of friends. Through him too many other friends have been found.

My first meeting with Blake was during a certain Xmas when Lord Huntingley's Robin Hood League became active, and one of their rather theatrical but well-meaning escapades ended in tragedy. They staged rather a grim practical joke, but were horrified when one of their victims was found under a fir-tree --- dead --- presumably murdered. "The Crime Of The Christmas Tree" the sensational newspapers and the magazines called it. And how appropriate that title was! For the tree had committed the crime --- by releasing a heavy spiked icicle, which pierced the man in a vital spot. Blake's masterly handling of the case and his very human character earned my instant admiration.

I had heard of Blake before then; I had met his many imitators; but this was the first time I had seen the great detective in action. His superb brain, his physical courage, and above all his humanity, appealed to the idealist in me. From then on I insisted on meeting him eight or nine times a month, to follow up his more outstanding cases. More than that, I searched high and low for all printed records of his earlier work. Those were the days, friends, when you could write to a back number specialist saying: "Please forward a complete set of "Union Jacks" for the year 1926, for which I enclose 8/8d." You could do that now, of course. The difference is, in those days you'd get them.

Wherever Blake went, I was his invisible companion; sharing with him the frostbites of the Yukon and the malaria of Central Africa; dodging with him the assassin's swift bullet, fighting back-to-wall heavily outnumbered by the thugs of many different underworlds; puzzling with him over the intricate problems of a thousand cases. It was not a life of all crime and romance; there was also the homely pleasure of the Baker Street house with Mrs. Bardell's inimitable cookery of both food and English; the warm companionship of his few close friends, notably George Coutts and "Splash" Page.

Sexton Blake was literally an education. The word has a harsh ring, echoing the grim tyranny of prison-like school halls, and ill-associated, one would think, with sensational detective fiction. But to be educated by Blake was very enjoyable. He was an expert chemist, physicist, athlete, rifle shot, navigator, psychologist, linguist and traveller, among many other things. It was from him that I learned to be keen about these pursuits

To Be Continued.

ONCE MORE IT IS EARNESTLY REQUESTED THAT READERS OF THIS SECTION OF THE C.D. SHOULD ENDEAVOUR TO CONTRIBUTE SOME ARTICLES OR OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST. IT IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO INTRODUCE VARIETY INTO "BLAKIANA" OWING TO A LACK OF CONTRIBUTIONS AND AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR IT IS ALSO DESIRABLE TO HAVE AS MANY FEATURES FOR THE FORTHCOMING ANNUAL AS POSSIBLE. BLAKE FANS - PLEASE PLAY UP!!!

"THE UNION JACK" 1931.

1420. Night Birds.	(1)	Anthony Skene.
1421. Voodoo Vengeance!	(2)	G. H. Teed.
1422. Mr. Midnight. (Story of Stage Play)		Donald Stuart.
1423. Flat Fourteen.		Gilbert Chester.
1424. Ambush!	(3)	Reid Whitley.
1425. The Red Hot Racketeers.	(4)	Edwy Searles Brooks.
1426. Red Tongues.		Gilbert Chester.
1427. The Mole.	(5)	Reid Whitley.
1428. Carmono Comes Across.		Gilbert Chester.
1429. Loot!		David MacCluire.
1430. Crooks Haven!		Gilbert Chester.
1431. Thugs!		Rex Hardinge.
1432. Black Spaniard Creek.	(6)	G. H. Teed.
1433. Sexton Blake On The Spot.	(7)	Edwy Searls Brooks.
1434. Phantom Island.		Gilbert Chester.
1435. Sexton Blake Cleans Up Chicago.		Anthony Skene.
1436. Under Cover!		Gilbert Chester.
1437. Rival Racketeers!		Rex Hardinge.
1438. Yellow Guile.	(8)	G.H. Teed.
1439. The Needle Man.		Norman Taylor.
1440. Warning By Wire!		Robert Murray.
1441. Secrets For Sale!		C.Malcolm Hincks.
1442. The Catspaw.		Anthony Skene.
1443. The Whisperer.		Robert Murray.
1444. Sexton Blake Saves Blackpool.		Gilbert Chester.
1445. Pearls Of Peril!	(9)	G.H. Teed.
1446. The Q Ships Mystery.		Gilbert Chester.
1447. Bootleg Island.	(10)	G.H. Teed.
1448. Piracy!	(11)	G.H. Teed.
1449. Bar Gold!		R.L. Hadfield.
1450. Gangland's Decree.	(12)	G.H. Teed.
1451. Menace Over Margate.		Gilbert Chester.
1452. Lonely Farm.	(13)	G.H. Teed.
1453. The Death Squad.		Rex Hardinge.
1454. Doomed To Devil's Island.	(14)	G.H. Teed.
1455. Diamond Lure!		Rex Hardinge.
1456. Hot Lead!		Robert Murray.
1457. The Black Boomerang.		Lewis Jackson.
1458. The Gang Girl.	(15)	G.H. Teed.

"The Union Jack" 1931 (continued).

1459.	The Bishop Murder Mystery.	C.Malcolm Hincks.
1460.	The Red Swordsman.	Robert Murray.
1461.	Spanish Gold!	(16) G.H. Teed.
1462.	The White Black.	Reid Whitley.
1463.	Crocks Hotel.	Robert Murray.
1464.	The Fifth Stair!	Anthony Skene.
1465.	Doomed Ships.	(17) G.H. Teed.
1466.	The Man They Hanged.	Stanley Gordon.
1467.	The Ghost-Mobile.	(18) Gwyn Evans.
1468.	The Land Grabbers.	Red Hardinge.
1469.	A Corner In Crooks.	(19) Robert Murray.
1470.	The Phantom Of The Pantomime.	Wm. J. Elliott.
1471.	The Prisoner Of The Harem.	(20) G.H. Teed.

Key to Characters.

Huxton Rymer.	1. 8. 17.
Marie Galante.	1.
Zenith.	1.
Ah Wo.	2. 5.
Waldo.	4. 7.
Roxane.	6. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14.
Wu Ling.	8.
G. M. Plummer.	15. 16. 20.
Muriel Marl.	15. 16.
Splash Pago.	18.
Ruff Hanson.	18.
Confederation.	19.

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In NOVEMBER we shall present:-

(a) The Round Table. (b) Personally Speaking II.
(c) The U.J. for 1930. (d) S.B. And The First World War
(e) Round Table Reminiscences No. 1. by H.H. Bond.

AND DON'T FORGET! THAT ARTICLE FOR THE C.D.!

The first article on the inside Front Cover was from the "Glamorgan County Times" of Saturday, 3rd September, 1949; and the second, headed "Boys Papers" from the "Newcastle Evening Chronicle", of 14th September, 1949.

WANTED: Sidney Drew and similar Books, Boys Friend 3d and 4d etc., also any fantasy fiction. Many exchanges.

Henry J.H.Bartlett, Peas Hill, Shipton Gorge, Bridport, Dorset.