

THE COLLECTORS' DIGEST

VOLUME 12, NUMBER 142

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OCTOBER 1958



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-THE COLLECTORS' DIGEST-

Vol. 12

No. 142

Price 1s. 6d.

OCTOBER, 1958

Editor: HERBERT LECKENBY
12 Herbert Street,
Hull Road, York.

o r

c/o YORK DUPLICATING SERVICES,
12A The Shambles, York.

From the Editor's Chair

ANOTHER VETERAN AUTHOR PASSES: The death was recently announced of "Herbert Strang" or it would be more correct to say one half of "Herbert Strang" for it seems that the popular stories published during the first 30 years of the century were all the work of a two man partnership. The one whose death occurred at Reading two or three weeks ago was George Herbert Ely; his partner was Charles James L'estrage, who died in 1947.

They wrote about 50 books; neither ever wrote a complete one on his own. The plots were worked out together. Mr. L'estrage who had travelled widely, supplied the local colour, and Mr. Ely did the actual writing.

The partnership began in Glasgow in 1903, and was actually more than a literary partnership since they both later joined the staff of the Oxford University Press for which they worked for more than 30 years.

* * *

MORE ABOUT THE ANNUAL: Since last writing the ever reliable "twins" Eric Fayne and Roger Jenkins have delivered their contributions. Eric calls his "Hail and Farewell" and Roger "1935-1937 The Autumn Years of the Magnet."

Through unavoidable circumstances Roger's article is shorter than usual, but there's one consolation, it leaves something to look forward to next year.

The York Duplicating Services are co-operating splendidly, and already about 70 pages are in type. And so I set out for my usual few days "rest" in London town. You all know what a tonic that is to

Yours sincerely,
HERBERT LECKENBY

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Blakiana

conducted by JOSEPHINE PACKMAN
27 Archdale Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

I am glad to say that the information regarding the true identity of the creator of George Marsden Plummer has reached me in time for inclusion in this month's Blakiana. It is always pleasing to learn the answers to questions pertaining to Blake lore, particularly questions of this calibre. Alas, many important questions will for ever remain unanswered, but in learning the authorship of the first G.M.P. story we can say that at least one big problem has been solved.

The second part of Victor Colby's "Wal I'm DERNED" appears this month. It is a pity I had to 'break' it owing to its length, but I think you will agree that the 'break' has not spoilt the continuity.

And now I must tell you that I have enough material in hand for next month's Blakiana - and that is all! It is a long time since I had to insert an S.O.S. for articles, but if all my readers and supporters only sent me ONE short article I should never have to worry you. How about it, my Blake chums?

JOSIE PACKMAN

* * *

WAL I'M DERNED
 by Victor Colby

(Part Two)

In Sydney, Blake met up with the crooks, was hit over the head and 'all his senses stunned', but one of the crooks had given vent to the exclamation "St. Peter" and with masterly deductions Blake decided he was Russian, so on awaking from his enforced coma, and finding the crooks gone, he knew what to do.

"Brisbane by special train to catch the boat to Holy Russia" he barked.

But did he and Tinker arrive in time for the boat? No sir. With his usual execrable luck only the steamer's wake remained to be seen.

"A tug" shouted Blake to the skipper on board a harbour tug "five pounds if you catch her."

Apparently the British method was not unknown in Australia, as, without argument, the skipper hopped to it and caught the steamer after an exciting chase, enabling Blake to board her, to the crooks chagrin.

Blake waited in his cabin until the Russian crook passed the open doorway, then jerked him in. He lifted his right arm rapidly, and brought his fist down in a smashing blow between the Russian's eyes. Moving with the speed of wind, Blake tore open the prisoner's clothes, while Tinker threw a pillow on his face and sat on it. Under the Russian's undervest, which Blake did not hesitate to tear past further use, were the stolen British plans. Blake bundled the Russian out on to the gangway and give him a parting kick.

Tinker capered in wild triumphant glee. "Good old Union Jack!" he cried. "That's the flag to give 'em snuffle and sneeze!"

"Only the jewels are wanted now" said Blake, as if nothing had happened.

Near the straits between north and south island of 'gallant and picturesque Japan' disaster fell. The ship was wrecked, Blake rendered unconscious by a falling stanchion, and the plans stolen from his unconscious person by the cowardly trio, Crawshaw, Entwistle and the Russian.

"Are you going on Mr. Blake?" asked Tinker.

"I never turn back, Tinker" replied Blake grimly.

On to Vladivostock, then Mukden in Manchuria. Here they pursued the crooks through the Temple of Forbidden Tombs, and came across a hidden hoard of jewels from the Manchu Kings.

'Even Blake was human in his willingness to accept as much of this earth's riches as he could get. With dry humour he filled his pockets and left the temple with riches enough to buy a large slice of the Chinese Empire, only Blake preferred to buy a piece of England.

Passing through Siberia by train, Lake Baikal was reached, and Blake crossed it on one of 'those wonderful English made boats built at Newcastle on Tyne' which carry the trains across the water.

The Urals were reached. At the crooks' instigation, the Cossack came at Blake with a rush of fixed bayonets. Out came Blake's revolver which was levelled at the Cossacks with a hand of iron.

"Stand off" he said, "I represent the British Government and am on His Britannic Majesty's service. Lay hands on me at your peril. I shoot the first man down to come a step nearer, and our governments can settle it afterwards."

While the Cossacks were getting over their astonishment Blake caught the train to St. Petersburg. The crooks dropped off the train along the line, but Blake was not concerned.

"They're going south-west to Nijni Novgorod, Tinker" Blake exclaimed 'as comfortably as if he was just going to sit down to some nice British mutton cutlets in Baker Street.' "We're going there too,

only we'll go there more comfortably."

"Well I'm jiggered", said Tinker, "talk about taking the champion bun, Mr. Blake; blowed if you don't take a whole blessed baker's shopful."

At Nijni Novgorod, Blake found the enemy were working through Austria-Hungary.

On then to Budapest, Vienna, then through Italy into France, away to Marseilles. On to Aden by boat, then Bombay, across India to Bengal. Another boat to Vancouver, then across Canada to Quebec. But always the crooks were a jump ahead; but Blake would lay the rascals by their heels yet, or never be Sexton Blake again. So across the Atlantic to Marseilles.

At Marseilles Blake became the eager bearer again. "A special train to Paris - I must have it. You must authorise it, and guarantee the cost on behalf of the government", Blake barked at the consul. Blake, being irresistible, got his train.

While pursued across Paris, the crooks separate, the Russian ascending the tower of Notre Dame. Blake, hot on his heels, saw him trying to hide on the outside edge of the parapet. He crept forward. The Russian slipped. With a wild despairing shriek he dropped, and went hurtling headlong, a vanishing black mass, to the earth. Blake decided not to follow him over, but to use the more commonplace stairway as his means of descent. The plans were recovered, and away went Blake at top speed to the Gare de L'Est. Here at last he pounced on the remaining crooks, Crawshaw and Entwistle. For a moment they tried to struggle and break away, but at last their great flight of 50,000 miles was ended, and the jewels recovered.

All this, and a surprise ending too! For unknown to Blake until the end, Entwistle the crook was not Major Henry Bertram Entwistle, retired, of Scotland Yard after all, but a Major Bolton Huntley Entwistle of the Indian Army, attached to the War Office. The two were twin brothers!

Wal I'm Derved!!!

* * *

UNION JACK TITLES - YEAR 1916 (JULY - DECEMBER)

No. 664	The House of Secrets.....	A. Blair
No. 665	Seaplace X4.....	A. Murray
No. 666	Who killed Simon Phaley?.....	A. Blair
No. 667	The Case of the Cinema Star.....	M. Osborne
No. 668	The Amazing Case of the Blind Fiddler (Kestrel).....	L. Jackson

UNION JACK TITLES - continued

No. 669	A "Corner" in Vanilla (Yvonne)	G. H. Teed
No. 670	The Mystery of Rookwood Towers	W.M. Graydon
No. 671	The Bogus Confession (K. Maitland)	M. Osborne.
No. 672	The Mystery of the Inari Treasure (Losely)	C. Hayter
No. 673	The Case of the White Fugitive (Kestrel)	L. Jackson
No. 674	Who was Jasper Drew?	W.M. Graydon
No. 675	The Detective's Ordeal (Dirk Dolland)	R. Murray
No. 676	The Food Profiteer (Lawless)	A. Murray
No. 677	The Fool's Highway (Kestrel)	L. Jackson
No. 678	Who was the Thief?	A. Murray
No. 679	The Case of the Third Partner	A. Blair
No. 680	The Hidden Hand (D. Dolland - The Bat)	R. Murray
No. 681	The Moor House Mystery	C. Hayter
No. 682	A Case of Salvage	W.M. Graydon
No. 683	The Wheat Ring (Lawless)	A. Murray
No. 684	The Poison Fumes (Kestrel)	L. Jackson
No. 685	The Blue God (Rymer. Yvonne) (Xmas Double Number, dated 25.11.1916)	G. H. Teed
No. 686	The Case of the Bogus Detective (The Bat)	R. Murray
No. 687	The Curious Case of the Crown Prince.	A. Blair
No. 688	In Double Harness (Nelson Lee)	R. Murray
No. 689	The Great Hoax (Kestrel)	L. Jackson
No. 690	Held In Trust	A. Blair

(Number 664 is dated 1st July, 1916, and Number 690 is dated 30th December, 1916.)

* * * * *

THE CREATOR OF GEORGE MARSDEN PLUMMER

By W. O. G. Lofts

One of the biggest mysteries in Blake lore - and one that has been the subject of much writing - is the creator of the ex-Scotland Yard man turned crook: George Marsden Plummer.

It must be remembered that in the early days of the "Union Jack" (Blake stories) and "Sexton Blake Library" the author's name was not given. Thus, from the time the first Plummer story appeared in the year 1908 (seven years before the first S.B.L.) entitled "The Man from Scotland Yard" (U.J. second series No. 222, dated 11th January, 1908) no concrete evidence has ever been forthcoming as to the name of the writer of the story and creator of this now famous character.

In some of the C. Digest Annuals and the monthly C.D's., various

theories have been put forward in favour of certain writers of that particular early period, and perhaps at this point it would not be inappropriate to list - for the record - all the known writers who used the character GEORGE MARSDEN PLUMMER. Here, then, are the names: Mark Osborne, George Hamilton Teed, Lewis Carlton, Mark Darren, Walter Edwards (Walter Shute) and Michael Storm.

Now, I knew that Mark Osborne (John W. Bobin) did not create Plummer, for I know this author's son, Donald, quite well, and during a recent conversation with him he told me that his father took over Plummer from another writer but did not know his name. (Incidentally, Donald Bobin worked on the "Detective Weekly" in its 'dying days' re-writing old Blake yarns for its pages.)

It is therefore with much pleasure that I can now reveal - thanks to the courtesy of the Amalgamated Press, and to whom I am indebted for the documentary information - that the first story of George Marsden Plummer was written by (and payment for same made to) MICHAEL STORM, which was his real name.

In obtaining this incontrovertible evidence of authorship, I must also pay a tribute to my good friend Walter Webb. Walter has written at great length on the subject, and - although unable to prove it - has every conviction, by comparison with earlier work of Michael Storm, that this was the creator of Plummer. Congratulations, Walter!

As readers of Blakiana are already aware, in my search for information on Blake I am in frequent contact with quite a number of editors, authors and artists, both past and present day, and shortly after the proof of Plummer's creator reached me it was my pleasure to meet a very elderly author who knew Michael Storm slightly. In the course of conversation I learnt that Storm based his character on a real-life person by the name of Henry Plummer.

This Henry Plummer lived near Virginia City, U.S.A., in the 1860s, and was just like 'our' Plummer - an Officer of the Law turned crook! In those far off days Henry Plummer was a sheriff, and under the cloak of his official Office he organised a gang of thieves and cut-throats who dabbled in every type of crime. His exploits were on a par with those of our criminal character, the main difference being (according to the records in the files of the British Museum, which I looked up) that Henry Plummer was finally exposed and hung on the very gallows which he, as Sheriff, had ordered to be erected!!!

* * * * *

HAMILTONIANA

compiled by HERBERT LECKENBY

The correspondence page of the "Sunday Times" had an unusual appearance on September 14th for it had quite a large reproduction of the cover of Magnet, No. 30. Under it was the following interesting letter:

THE BOYS IN STUDY NO. 1

Sir, - I feel sure that a number of your readers will be interested to learn that a copy of the "Magnet" dated September 5th, 1908, has quite by chance come into my possession. It was found stuffed behind an old cistern which was being removed. For the collector I would say that it is No. 30, Vol. 1. As the oldest "Magnet" in my collection is from the year 1927 this is indeed a valuable find, and it was surprising to discover that those appearing in 1908 were very similar in appearance to the last to come out in 1940.

Of course the style altered considerably over the years, and I now know that Levison was indeed at Greyfriars before going to St. Jim's and that Carberry was Loder's predecessor. Johnny Bull isn't mentioned and Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Inky and Bunter shared Study No. 1. It would be very interesting to know who the artist was.

P. L. Robey - Brighton.

It goes without saying that a number of our members, including Ben Whiter, Bill Lots and myself wrote the editor to inform Mr. Robey that the artist at that time was Hutton Mitchell, and that he continued until A. H. Clarke took over.

The following Sunday two letters were published one from Frank Richards and the other from a niece of Arthur Clarke. Both were evidently under the impression it was Arthur Clarke at the time of No. 30. An error easy to make after all these years.

In the interests of accuracy however, it was decided at the London O.B.B.C. meeting that a letter should be written to the "Sunday Times" in the name of the Club saying that the artist was undoubtedly Hutton Mitchell.

Now more controversy over our own familiar and popular features.

* * *

LET'S BE CONTROVERSIAL

(In this series, Eric Fayne touches on certain matters of interest to students of the Hamilton papers. He gives his own views superficially

If you will write to him, expressing your opinions on the topics he discusses, he will summarise readers' views in a future issue.)

No. 19. DID ROCKWOOD HAVE SOMETHING LACKED BY GREYFRIARS & ST. JIM'S

In some ways, perhaps. The Rookwood Story was the most consistently handled, but it was obviously easier for an author to be consistent over 11 years of Rookwood than over 32 years of the Magnet. There is an intimacy about Rookwood that is only found from time to time at St. Jim's, where, for long periods, the major players became a minor background in a way that never obtained at Rookwood. The Rookwood canvas is smaller, the number of characters far more restrained. One's interest remains focussed on the leading characters from first to last.

Certain plots remain peculiar to Rookwood to this day, and they are precious to the collector. I consider that Rookwood stories of English holidays have a charm and atmosphere all their own, a joyousness which is never quite equalled in the Magnet, and only surpassed by the Gen's "Old Bus" series. St. Jim's and Greyfriars had blots on their escutcheons at times over the years - there were occasions when a reader felt irritated and displeased with both.

I recall no such feelings over Rookwood, and can bring to mind only two minor blots - Texas Lick, who was dropped eventually, and Gunner and Co., the Rookwood version of Grundy and Co.

But in characterisation I regard Rookwood as far inferior to either Greyfriars and St. Jim's. Dr. Chisholm was a fine study of a pedantic and dogmatic pedagogue, superior as a pen-painting to Dr. Hclmes, though not so likeable, and more consistent than Dr. Locke.

The obstinate, blundering Lovell was a sure touch, tending to become irritating in large doses, as such people do in real life.

Who else was there? Mornington, certainly. Some of the finest school tales of all time featured Mornington, and he has his place in the hall of fame. But was he a particularly original character study?

The Mornington-Erroll series was a product of the era in which it was written - its theme can be found duplicated at other Hamilton schools of that decade. The Mornington-Lattrey series and the Mornington-'Erbert series (melodramatic, as Roger Jenkins has truly observed, though that might not matter much to the average reader) both contain clever etchings, but they have not worn well. All three are a little dated in theme, but they helped to establish Mornington on not outstandingly novel lines. In my opinion, the finest character work on Mornington is in the series when he took the captaincy from Jimmy Silver - superior, I think, to the Magnet series in which the Bounder ousted Harry Wharton. But, if a vote were taken, I fancy

that Mornington would run third to Vernon-Smith and Cardew, though I personally, always preferred Morny to Cardew.

Isolated instances can be given of good character work on Raby, but generally speaking, he is little but a treasured name. Mr. Manders, again on very isolated occasions, is seen as a worth-while study instead of as a freakishly severe master, in the same way that there are a few superb studies of Mr. Selby in the Gem.

Anyone else? Putty Grace delighted as the boy with a prolensity for practical jokes, but when the theme wore thin, there was not a lot left to him. Clarence Cuffy, a jolly, larger-than-life picture of the simple youth who is always causing trouble with the best intentions - pleasanter than either Skimpole or Alonzo, but lacking the cleverly depicted smug and obstinate reforming qualities of the latter.

Did the consistency of Rookwood stem from the fact that it told of run-of-the-mill schoolboys? Is that, perhaps, the secret of its undoubted charm? Is it also the reason why Billy Bunter and Tom Merry live on today, while Rookwood is little more than a treasured nostalgic memory?

Anyone can pick out from the Gem and the Magnet, all down their histories, scores of single stories and series which are pearls beyond price, far more brilliant than anything which Rookwood ever offered. But a reader needs to be discriminating, according to his mood, in selecting a story to read from either the Gem or the Magnet. Not so Rookwood. He can pick up a Rookwood story from almost anywhere in the entire series, whatever his mood may be, and know that it will pass a half-hour pleasantly with Jimmy Silver and Co., though he may not be lifted to the heights.

It's just my point of view. What's yours?

* * *

CONTROVERSIAL ECHOES

No. 17. WHICH WAS PREFERABLE - A SCHOOL SETTING OR OTHERWISE?

MRS. VERA NICHOLLS writes: "I very much prefer school settings to any other, with the one exception of the holidays at Wharton Lodge, which I always enjoy. Too many impossible happenings occurred in the other stories I thought - e.g. saving someone from a fire, or drowning, or a fierce animal, or cannibals. How often, in real life, does one get such an opportunity? I always wanted such exciting things to happen to me, but they never did, perhaps for the better. The school stories seem so life-like, featuring all the people we love so much."

BASIL ADAM writes: "Until 1937, I always enjoyed my holidays abroad with Harry Wharton and Co. My favourites were the Sahara (1924) series, the China series, and the Soames South Seas series. So I almost plumped for a setting abroad - but not quite.

In my opinion, all the most powerful series written by Frank Richards had a school setting. The following series - the two Wharton, Rebel series, the Loder-Wingate, the Lancaster, the Courtfield Crackman, the Stacey series - must make me decide in favour of stories with a school setting."

GEOFFREY H. WILDE writes: "The business of developing so far, and then wiping the slate clean and reverting to scratch, is always evident after foreign holidays. The gulf fixed between the decapitated victims of Tang Wang and the bloodless justice meted out in the Greyfriars classrooms was one that could not hope to be successfully bridged. On the whole, I think the true element of the Hamilton lads was preserved in the English country holidays, with perhaps an occasional tour of the civilised parts of Europe. Can it be, perhaps, that aside from the author's fine development of atmosphere, the special appeal of the Christmas holiday series lay partly in the fact that this is the most characteristically English festive season?

I would merely add that, good, bad, or indifferent, all the foreign travel series were written with considerable authenticity and were, from the geographical point of view, quite educative."

DON WEBSTER writes: "Greatly prefer school settings, but always enjoy Christmas at Wharton Lodge."

GEORGE SELLARS writes: "The foreign travel series were always a welcome break during the summer months. There is nothing like variety, and I believe some of Frank Richards' finest stories were written in the travel series. The first he wrote, 50 years ago, about Tom Merry in America, was grand, and no series was better than that Gem first of all travel series. Other fine ones were set in Africa (both Tom Merry and Harry Wharton), in China, and, in the Gem in 1911, when Tom Merry and Co were castaways on a South Sea island. Gussy was hailed as their chief, no doubt due to his famous monocle and his topper. Caravan and hiking series were always popular with me, and, of course, Christmas series."

ROGER JENKINS writes: "In early days, holiday stories in the Magnet and Gem were few and far between and seldom exceeded one issue. As time went by, the holiday stories lengthened considerably, until, towards the end, I sometimes think they outstayed their welcome. Like

you, I resented the inroads they made into the term thus depriving us of stories with a school setting. Speaking as London Club Hamiltonian Librarian, I can vouch for the overwhelming preference for stories at the school. This is a preference I share since I consider that it is the background of the school that provides the stories with their special charm, and I do not think it possible to retain that charm if the boys are shipped away to foreign parts. This does not lessen my admiration for the first South Seas or China series, but I have to recognize that these holiday series definitely are not school stories in the accepted sense.

I agree that short Christmas series and holidays spent in the English countryside are seasonal pleasures that few of us would have wished to forego. I used to think that a connecting link was essential for holiday series, but I have, of recent years, considerably modified my opinion. I now incline to the view that the English holidays of Charles Hamilton's middle period were unsurpassed, whether they had a connecting link (like the mystery of Methuselah) or whether they were just charmingly inconsequential (like the Old Bus series or the tale of Lovell's motor scooter.) Tastes differ so widely, however, that it is only fair to record that the wide variety of treatment employed by Charles Hamilton left it very difficult for the discriminating reader not to like some, at least, of the holiday series.

The Bunter Court series is still the most widely sought of all the Magnet series.

* * * * *

Do You Remember?

By Roger M. Jenkins

No. 32 - Gem No. 867 - "Tom Merry and Co., in France"

The Hiking Series of 1924 was not perhaps quite the best summer holiday series to appear in the Gem, but it was, nevertheless, of a very high standard. The tang of the English countryside, the smell of the dusty roads, the atmosphere of a summer evening at twilight - all these images spring to life as we turn over the pages of this well-loved series. In some ways the most delightful number of all was No. 867, the last issue in the series, and one which was graced by the incomparable Ralph Reckness Cardew.

Cardew was one of those characters that are difficult for an author to handle. Vernon-Smith was another. During their peak period both characters were not only fascinating but subtly attractive; as the 'twenties receded, however, the attractiveness lessened as the worse side of their natures began to predominate. In 1924 Cardew was at the very height of his fame and fortune, and his remarks to the

campers in No. 867 are a joy forever.

Cardew invited himself to lunch with the campers in order to avoid seeing any more of Clive's uncle at Folkestone. "Thoroughly nice - most engagin' old johnny - one of the very best. That's why I'm dodgin' him", said Cardew calmly. "I could stand a bad old man - my grandfather is a bad old man, and my uncle Lilburn is a bad middle-aged man - and I can stand them, though they can't always stand me. But a good old man is the limit - what?"

Blake had made a stew of odds and ends, and Cardew was given a generous helping on a tin plate. "How nice on a warm day!" he murmured in a chapter which described perfectly the uncomfortable spell that he cast over the whole camp. Perhaps the secret of the success of this unforgettable chapter is the way in which Charles Hamilton permitted Cardew to have such a free rein. Pride went before a fall, but there was certainly a lot of entertainment to be had from being proud. In later years the author seemed reluctant to allow Tom Merry and Co., to remain discomfited for very long, and consequently the unpredictable and whimsical side of Cardew's nature was never allowed to operate.

The visit to France and Cardew's trip to a casino were not exhaustively treated. For some reason, in the days of the coloured covers, the St. Jim's story was never allowed so much space in the Gem as the Greyfriars story was given in the Magnet, and Tom Merry fans had to be content with eleven chapters. But there is no doubt that the final number of the series succeeded in rounding off the holiday adventures very satisfactorily, and there can have been few readers who found any cause for complaint in the Gem of thirty-four years ago.

* * * * *

FRANK RICHARDS! WHICH IS OURS?

By W. O. G. Lofts

To us, at least, the readers of the "Collectors' Digest", there is only one "Frank Richards". And that will always be. But whilst perusing through the British Museum catalogues some time ago - I came across a title of a novel published in 1946 entitled "The House of Fear" and the author was given as "Frank Richards". Was this the author who gave so much pleasure to us in his tales of Greyfriars? I doubt it - as the style of writing and type of story was so unlike our "Frank", that I presumed that it was another writer with the same name or pen name.

For curiosity I looked further back in the catalogue records to see what other writers there were with this famous name, and the

results were so interesting that I thought they were worth recording for the benefit of all readers who are interested in the name of "Frank Richards".

Hallo! Don Webster and all my good friends of the Liverpool Club. Did you know that in 1886 a "Frank Richards" was Editor of the "Waterloo-Crosby-and Seaforth Magazine"? Far too early to be our "Frank" however; as our author did not use the name until 1908 when he started writing tales of Greyfriars for the "Magnet".

Our "Frank Richards" in his early days, was quite a promising artist; collectors of the green "Gem" can find an example of his work in No. 176; a very good sketch of D'Arcy, the only instance I believe of his artistic work appearing in the companion papers. Though this sketch was signed C. H. the initials of his real name. He could not have been then the "Frank Richards" artist who drew for so many papers in the 1890s.

A very interesting illustration can be seen in the weekly magazine "Pick-me-Up" in 1896, when on one side of the page we have a sketch by Hutton Mitchell the first "Magnet" artist - and on the other side a drawing by "Frank Richards". Both these names at least were to start 14 years later one of the most popular boys papers ever to appear to the British public.

"Compressed Air-Practices" written by a "Frank Richards" of New York in 1913. Again I should say not our "Frank" - though the title in a way reminds me of the likeable Mr. Prout - rather a wind-bag at times; jawing in the common room - to the despair of the other suffering masters - with the repeated old stories of his exploits in the Rockies at the turn of the century with his (Air) rifle!

Now the title of the next work certainly sounds like our "Frank" "The World to which Christ came" written of course by a "Frank Richards" M.A. in 1927. Apart from our author being a deeply religious man - he most certainly had the knowledge and classical learning to earn any degrees that a University could bestow upon him - and I should think that he wrote this book. This same author also wrote the next work to be listed in 1928 - which I feel sure confirms my views and will also of the reader. If I am wrong - well I guess that Billy Bunter's postal order will arrive by the next post! "The Aeneid of Virgil" is the title, with an introductory essay by "Frank Richards" M.A.

One of the most popular songs sung by the troops in the first world war was "Old Soldiers Never Die" and this title was used for a book published in 1933. Its author was of course "Frank Richards" - this time a soldier of the Second Battalion - Royal Welch

Fusiliers. Not our "Frank" of course - though there is a definite connection in a way. Now in his eighties, and still writing, our "Frank" certainly lives up to the title of the book - let's hope that he never even fades away for many years to come!

* * * * *

ASK ME ANOTHER. NO. 3.

1. Which Greyfriars yarn was based on the story of Peter Schlemihl, the shadowless man?
2. What St. Jim's character died one week and returned to life the next?
3. Who was the Editor of My Magazine?
4. In which periodical did the stories of William appear each month?
5. Who was Oliver Greenfield?
6. Who was the first editor of the Greyfriars Herald?
7. Which of the Famous Five first appeared in Magnet No. 2?
8. Which famous detective appeared in "Birds of Prey"?
9. Who was George Gatcombe?
10. In what year was the Holiday Annual first published?
11. Who had a stout niece called Cora?
12. Who wrote of Len Lex, Detective?

5/- to the sender of the best list of answers first received by the Editor. 10 points to his Club Branch. Points will be totalled each month. Which Club is the best informed on hobby matters? Closing date 17th October.

Answers to set No. 2:-

1. Friend of Ethel in "Cousin Ethel's Schooldays".
2. "Scuttled".
3. "Boy's Cinema"
4. M'Pong.
5. School Friend.
6. "The School under Canvas"
7. Mornington.
8. Charlie Chaplin.
9. Mr. Pynsett.
10. Van Ryn.
11. Billy Bunter.
12. Chief of Texas Rangers in the Rio Kid stories.

5/- has been sent to D. B. Webster, 59 Mortlake Road, Kew. The Merseyside Club has earned 10 points. Points total so far 10.

(Note: Readers who are not in a Club are at liberty to compete. H.L.)

* * * * *

WANTED Magnets to complete my runs, nos. 920, 921, 933, 952, 195, 954, 991, 1037, 1142, 1191. 6/- each offered or two Magnets of same vintage in exchange. LOFTS, 56 SHERINGHAM HOUSE, LISSON ST. LONDON N.W.1.

BILLY BUNTER'S OWN reviewed by JACK WOOD

This popular annual, attractively illustrated once again by C. H. Chapman, makes its welcome re-appearance with Frank Richards in his most charming vein. Again, however, we fancy, the heart cry will go up, "Not enough!"

There is one main story, divided into four sections, into which Frank Richards has mixed the most popular ingredients of the years into a notable concoction calculated to tickle the palate of the most discerning - Wharton in trouble with Quelch over unwritten lines; lines spoiled by the antics of a grub-raiding, Xmas holiday-seeking Bunter; a very vengeful Owl rousing Wharton's pride with ill-timed ventriloquial antics; misunderstandings and threatened rifts in the lute; before the clouds roll by. Yes the mixture as before, but one that never fails to please.

Lovell goes his own sweet way in his perpetual feud against Carthew in a Rookwood episode (in one illustration the Fistical Four unaccountably become Five!); while Sammy Bunter has a brief hour of glory in a Greyfriars short story. But, oh dear, nothing from St. Jim's, no more of Jack Free, nothing of Carcroft; truly some of the glory has departed from the House of Israel.

* * * *

BILLY BUNTER THE HIKER reviewed by JACK WOOD

Just in time for the late holiday-makers, Cassells present Frank Richards' 23rd contribution to the modern saga of Billy Bunter. And what a delight this latest novel is! Just the thing for light holiday reading, or for recapturing the memories of happy holidays of the past - of a time when the sun shone persistently and the hiker could guarantee freedom from worries in the shady lanes of the Home Counties. Bunter, of course, had never intended so strenuous a holiday as a walking tour, but then he shouldn't have witnessed the Boulder pelting Quelchy with peas and had to be silenced with an invitation to spend the summer with Smithy. Dusty, the tramp; the cynical Cardew; and the sprightly Sir George, all play their parts in this never-ending 215 page chuckle. But the real star is the author's perfect picture of the countryside in a summer of nostalgic warmth. C. H. Chapman's illustrations are, as usual, in perfect harmony. Like I say, roll rapidly along to the bookshop and buy this latest Bunter novel.

* * * * *

NELSON LEE COLUMN

by JACK WOOD

Nostaw, 328 Stockton Lane,
York.

Phone: 25795

* * * * *

While Jim Cook goes on into Africa, I have received another letter from an old friend:- Mr. Howard Ridgeway, Gobabis, South West Africa. He writes:

Before I begin my letter I would like to introduce myself. You really know me, for prior to me settling here some years ago I used to live at The Mount, Bellton, Sussex. You will recall I sold up and my house was converted into a select Academy for young ladies and was, if I remember rightly, called the Moor View School. But some little time before that my house was shared by two St. Frank's juniors who had been expelled owing to the very remarkable scheming of a school-boy named Pitt. They were later reinstated when Mr. Nelson Lee put things right, and the boy Pitt changed to a very likeable young man. I little realised when I left Bellton that I would be meeting these same young gentlemen again, for my only link with my old home was an occasional letter from Dr. Brett, of Bellton, who kept me au fait with events in Bellton and Bannington.

One day, an old native Ovambo, a Bantu, staggered into the porch of my home here and collapsed. He had brought a message out of the Kalahari Desert from Lord Dorrimore and it was a cry for help. To be brief I will explain by telling you that Dr. Stafford's sister, Honoria, who is married to Sir Lucien Dexter, a member of the Board of Governors of St. Frank's, teamed up with Lord Dorrimore and formed a party to search for the lost city which Farini in 1885 claimed to have discovered east of the River Nosop.

As usual, with these lost cities, they are nine tenths false and one tenth hearsay, and, of course, there's always a treasure thrown in. But Lord Dorrimore, whom I slightly know from his association with Nelson Lee, jumped at the chance of seeking out a lost city when Lady Dexter mentioned it at a meeting. The upshot was a party formed and I happened to hear about it for they came here and it caused quite a disturbance for a little township like Gobabis.

Everything was done in a hustle for the rainy season begins just after October and excitement reigned supreme with their efforts to

beat time. However, the two ten ton trucks with their massive tyres arrived, and very soon after the party set out into what I think is forbidden land. I have heard so many weird yarns about the Kalahari Desert that I prefer to reserve judgment about this great and mysterious region.

The party was a large one, and a coloured gentleman whom you should all know, Mr. Umlosi, joined up a few hours before the departure. Another gentleman who was known to me, Captain Burton and quite a few others descended on our little town quite suddenly. But although rumours were rife and I entertained Lord Dorrimore and Lady Dexter in my house, the object and destination were kept secret. It was arranged to make my place a focal point for extra supplies etc., and since I lead a very humdrum sort of existence out here I was readily willing to take even a minor part in this great adventure. And had it not been that my wife disagreed I would have enlisted at once.

Now I come to the reason for this letter. Mr. Cook, who came out with Nelson Lee, Nipper, and several more, in answer to my urgent note, asked me to take up the narrative, as it were, and send you these details. In Dorrimore's message, brought by the faithful servant, his Lordship described very briefly the position and asked for the assistance of his friend, the "Professor". So I immediately sent a cable to Nelson Lee, St. Frank's College, Sussex, with the words I had been asked to say, viz., "In the soup, Dorrie," I had requested Mr. Lee to make for this address for the party set out from here, and it will be the best place to begin. The old native who brought the note is too ill to be questioned. It is a miracle he is still alive. So this is all I can tell you. Whatever Lord Dorrimore's party have run into, wherever they may be, I know that there is an urgency about this business that brooks no delay.

It is all very puzzling, as I am quite in the dark just what it is all about. I was requested by Lord Dorrimore not to inform the authorities here of any mishap or accident to the party which may cause official enquiries to be made, yet if the people out there are in some danger, official intervention should be sought.

Nelson Lee, who used to be a frequent visitor at my place in Bellton, gave me plenty of material for thrilling new stories which, as I am a novelist, came in very useful, and with his famous excursions with his Lordship and the St. Frank's boys in other lands I feel sure they will once again come out of it safely. Nelson Lee has questioned the old native who brought the message and, as I say, he was too ill, but a whisper from him has apparently sufficed to start the relief party off out there in the sandy waste.

Seeing these schoolboys again had set my wife and I longing for the leafy lanes of Sussex, of Shingle Head and Bannington Moor. Very wistfully we have exchanged our thoughts of the time when we lived in Bellton and recalled the glorious hours we spent together on the River Stowe at this time of year. We have captured again the ramble through Bellton Wood, the sweet smell of the soft damp earth after a shower, and the never-to-be-forgotten beauty of Spring.

Here there is desert, the Kalahari which reached into Gababis and fills us with its sand. How we long for that west wind, that refreshing cool breeze that sweeps the haze from the distant mountains as though a theatre curtain rises and the picture is suddenly there. We are very nearly on the Equator, but you wouldn't believe it if you saw the icy mornings we get. Extreme heat and ice in a day to say nothing of raging sandstorms is nothing new. Sand in our eyes, in our noses, in our food. Can you wonder we are thinking of England?

I will be truthful and admit we came to escape the war. My wife has a relative in Gobabis and we decided to leave London where we had gone after selling the Mount, and come out here. Now, seeing the St. Frank's boys, and Nelson Lee, is making us furiously to think of coming back to Bellton. I think we, my wife and I, have had enough of Africa. Do forgive me for this sentimental survey which perhaps to you is irrelevant, but coming in contact with St. Frank's again after all these years does that to you.

I have carried out my promise to Mr. Cook, and wrote these few lines. No doubt, you will be hearing from him, at least I pray they all come back safe and sound, and perhaps when they begin the return to England it may well be my wife and I will be among them.

CONQUEST IN CALIFORNIA by Berkeley Gray
 reviewed by F. Vernon Lay

In his latest adventure we have Waldo, I beg your pardon, I mean his modern counterpart Norman Conquest, playing havoc with the gangsters of Clam City, California, in the best James Hadley Chase manner. Even those of us who are not normally partial to gangster stories can derive considerable enjoyment from this extremely racy yarn and delight in the way Norman uses his brain and quick wit against the brawn and guns of the "hoodlums". As a mystery story it is perhaps not quite up to Edwy Searles Brooks' best, the identity of the master-mind in my opinion, being obvious too early but for all that it is a zestful yarn in the inimitable Brooksiestyle.

OLD BOYS BOOK CLUB

LONDON SECTION - For the first time since its inception, the London Club's September meeting was not held by the seaside. However, the Harry Wharton country town of Caterham proved to be just as good and our old hosts of the Nelson Lee country, Woodingdean, Sussex, Bill and Gladys Jardine saw to it that we had a successful and enjoyable meeting. One of the chief items on a long and interesting agenda was a debate on the facsimile reproduction of an early "Magnet" cover which appeared in "The Sunday Times" of September 14th last. Was the drawing by Hutton Mitchell or Arthur Clarke? Despite two letters in the following Sunday's issue to the contrary, it was unanimously agreed that it was the work of the former. Roger Jenkins gave us a reading from "Gem" number 867, "Tom Merry and Co., in France". There were numerous quizzes and a fine reading by Frank Vernon-Lay on "The Green One" and he handed round for those present the perusal of several fine copies of "The Boys' Friend". One of the latter had a very fine coloured cover and it was agreed it was up to any modern cover. Our Herbert was present and the only snag was that time went all too quickly and with Bob (Cherry) Whiter stating that the next meeting will be held at Cherry Place, 706 Lordship Lane, Wood Green on Sunday, October 19th, the company dispersed, not forgetting to take their copies of "Billy Bunter's Own Annual" home with them.

UNCLE BENJAMIN

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NORTHERN SECTION MEETING - SEPTEMBER 13th, 1958 - In opening the meeting Bill Williamson had to regretfully announce that Bill Harrison had had to go into the Infirmary with foot trouble. Bill has been with us almost since the Club formed and its the hope of all that he will soon be with us again.

Gerry Allison presented his usual cheery library report. He announced generous gifts of Magnets from Fred Cockcroft of Silsden, and S.B.L.s - 1940 vintage, from Geoffrey Wilde. A number of books had also been bought. The new Greyfriars Cup Contest was fully discussed. Northern are all out to have that Cup on our table next year!

We then settled down to listen to Gerry's talk crisply entitled "Skinner, Snoop and Stott." With past talk's in mind we knew we were in for something good, and we were not disappointed. Gerry has an

envious flair of being able to get the dialogue across and he was in his best form on this occasion.

There was an animated discussion afterwards so much so that refreshments were delayed with the result that there was no time for a quiz, but the rest of the time was not wasted, for there's always plenty to chatter about.

Next meeting, October 11th. It's my turn to talk on the subject "A Peep at the Victoria Bloods". I can at least say I shall have plenty of material to draw upon.

HERBERT LECKENBY - North Section Correspondent.

* * *

MIDLAND SECTION MEETING held 1st SEPTEMBER - Again holidays interfered with the attendance which was a pity as we had a very excellent night's programme, mainly in the hands and very capable hands of Ted Davey and Jack Ingram. Ted's talk was a comparison of the writings of Frank Richards and those of P. G. Wodehouse. The emphasis was on the humorous themes of both authors, their love of quotations and their constant use of such very good English. Examples of both authors work were read by Ted and typical of Ted, the talk was well spiced with much of his own humour.

In support Jack Ingram who is a very keen Wodehouse fan, gave us some interesting details of Wodehouse's career and literary achievement. A quiz set by Beryl Russell, five questions each of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Wookwood and St. Frank's, was won by myself with twelve correct. A reading from a vintage C.D.A. on "Magnet Highlights of 1926" has been a feature of recent programmes and Norman obliged this time. Jack Ingram gave the final item which was a quick talk "Discipline as laid down and enforced by the Greyfriars heads". This was a preliminary to his main talk "Frank Richards' Schoolmasters," which is down for a future programme. The "Greyfriars Cup Competition" was then discussed and much (and varied) comments were expressed by all members of the decided change in conditions. The absence of illustrations occasioned the most surprise, but all felt that the competition on the whole was a more open one and presumably much easier than last year.

HARRY BROSTER - Secretary.

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MERSEYSIDE SECTION MEETING - Sunday 14th SEPTEMBER - The belated appearance of summer gave us a good start to our September's meeting, and the warm evening brought us all early to get off to a flying start.

A considerable amount of correspondence was dealt with, but with a minimum of delay the question of Greyfriars Cup Competition came up for general discussion. Some criticism was made regarding the rules of the competition denoting that all our members were not in full agreement over the matter, but we were as one in as much that each member of the Merseyside Group would do his best to see that the cup comes North to Lancashire.

Don Webster then gave us a Twenty Question Team Quiz concerning the four schools. This was won by Jack Morgan representing Greyfriars. St. Frank's was to come second with St. Jim's third. A short break for tea and suggestions were offered for our contribution to the quiz programme for this year's C.D. Annual. The Chairman will finalise our questions and answers on behalf of the branch.

A discussion as to whether Mr. Quelch was the ideal form-master was the final item for the meeting. The members of the Club were by no means in agreement as to Mr. Quelch's capabilities. On one side it was pointed out that Mr. Quelch though sometimes referred to as a beast, was always a "just" beast. On the other hand it was felt by some that he erred too easily when members of his form were suspected of theft or some other serious crime. Circumstantial evidence was usually accepted as guilt.

Next meeting, Sunday 12th October at 6 p.m. sharp when we hope Mr. Laffey will present us with a film show.

NORMAN FRAGNELL, Secretary Merseyside Branch O.B.B.

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THE GOLDEN HOURS CLUB - SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA - Maybe it was the Spring in the air which put everyone in fine spirits for the September meeting held on Friday, 5th at the Y.M.C.A., Sydney. Proceedings started about 6.45 p.m. with the Secretary reading the interesting letters received from the English Clubs, including two very friendly ones from Don Webster and Ron Hodgson and a Newsletter from the O.B.B.C. (Midland Section).

An enthusiastic discussion ensued when a letter from Mr. Leckenby giving details of the C.D. Annual quiz was read - and greetings and best wishes from Howard Baker, S.B.L. Editor, for our infant Club came as a very pleasant surprise.

The evening's entertainment, featuring "Comedy" readings then got under way with Victor Colby drawing the first laugh with his very amusing reading from some 1903 vintage U.J's. Our Chairman, Arnold Keena, followed this with a selection from a children's story called

"Sales Sharpshooters" - this was a "Boer War" period piece but only served to illustrate how little mischievous children have changed since then. As the Boys Own Annual is very dear to his heart we were not surprised when Stan Nicholls read "My Fellow Clerks" from one of these famous volumes - with his theatrical experience Stan naturally gave a very amusing reading. The Secretary, then upheld the honour of Blakiana by reading from a 1915 U.J. an amusing anecdote wherein that imp Tinker baits the long suffering Mrs. Bardell - some Hamilton enthusiast had dared to state there was no humour in Blake stories so of course he had to be put in his place!

Altogether a most hilarious hour which was greatly enjoyed by all.

B. PATE - Secretary.

WANTED URGENTLY S.B.Ls. 1st series, 17, 105, 109, 198, 197, 201, 202. S.B.Ls. 2nd series. 102, 111, 243, 296, 422, 523, 667. Boys' Friend Libraries. 1st series. 10, 68, 102, 105, 107, 165, 229, 246, 669. 2nd series. 79, 392, 396, U.J. 881, 1041, 1098, 1378, 1519. Detective Weekly - 1, 2, 3, 4. MRS. J. PACKMAN, 27 ARCHDALE ROAD, EAST DULWICH, LONDON, S.E.22.

WANTED: Magnets 1-226, 268, 273, 275, 279, 283, 285-389, 292, 293, 295-297, 302, 303, 306, 309, 310, 312, 317-319, 325, 330, 338-1351 Preferably bound.

Gems. 1d. Gem No. 20. and/or 1d. Gem No. 1 to end of 1d Gems.

2d. Gems 1142-1193, 1244-1478. Preferably bound.

Populars - years 1920-22, 1927-30.

STUART B. WHITEHEAD, "BORRISOKANE", 12 WELLS ROAD, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK.

SALE 4 volumes of the Captain. 2 Strand Magazines 1904 to 1908, 6/- each, postage included. Would exchange for Holiday Annual.

WANTED by private collector Magnets, S.O.Ls, Greyfriars, Rookwood, Grimslade.

MAGOVERY, 65 BENTHAM STREET, BELFAST.

GOOD NEWS FOR ST. JIM'S FANS. Two new Tom Merry books, "Cardew's Gatch" and "Down and Out" will shortly be on sale. Publishers - Charles Skiltons. Price - 2/6d. Look out for them.

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S.B.L. REVIEWSOCTOBER, 1958THE EVIL EYE (no. 415)Martin Thomas

Sexton Blake, Tinker and Paula Dane in Scotland. In his previous two stories for the Library, the author gave evidence of a fondness for the macabre; this one in which, in my opinion, he has excelled himself, he gives it full reign. What was the mystery surrounding the death of Major Robert Munro? Sexton Blake had very particular and personal reasons for wanting to solve this puzzle because Munro had been a friend of his. When, on the journey to Scotland, where the crime was committed, Paula Dane tried to throw herself out of the moving train. Blake realised at once that this was no ordinary criminal ring he was up against. Nor was it. Clive Mackenzie, representative and self-styled brother of the Brahan Seer, Director of Philosophy and foundation member of the Psychic Research Group, was an opponent unlike any other Blake had encountered before.

Into a novel which is right up-to-date in style, Martin Thomas has contrived to infuse something of the old Blake into the action, and for those who like to dig themselves into a thoughtful, well-written narrative this is definitely their meat. To the unusual story an unusual cover design is added to match. You will either like artist Sandri's work very much or you will dislike it to the same degree. I'll reserve judgement until more of his work appears. Added interest is the fact that the author's quite handsome features are reproduced for the first time.

Rating.....Excellent

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SHE AIN'T GOT NO BODY (No. 416)Jack Trevor Story

Summer in September in a small Surrey Village in the Thames Valley. To get right into the mood of this novel first read what an inspired Blake has to say at his Baker Street apartments one morning just before breakfast (chapter 2, top of page 7, second column). I marvel to think that even a man of Blake's extraordinary capabilities can tumble from bed and wax to such enthusiastic effect about the simple things of life when vitality is practically at its lowest ebb and with only the inspiration of an English "summer" to spur him on.

Dodo Barnes was a fiction writer. Her success in this field was equalled only by her ability to make enemies by introducing into

her novels characters of her neighbours in the artists' colony where she wrote. In that village of hate there were many who would have killed Dodo Barnes and rested content in the knowledge that no one would testify against them. All except Angela Dowd. When Angela claimed to have discovered Dodo missing from her bed one morning it seemed that the expected blow had fallen. Clad only in a short chiffon nightie Dodo could not have got far without attracting attention, but presumably far enough to conceal her whereabouts, from those who sought her, including Sexton Blake, whose help Angela had sought. Why, Blake wondered, was the girl so anxious for him to prove her friend had been murdered? There's a clue in the title. The author proves yet again his ability to put over in lighter vein an interesting, well-written novel.

Rating.....Very good

WALTER WEBB

(In connection with Martin Thomas' story, here is an interesting extract from a letter received from him recently. The story certainly confirms what Mr. Howard Baker said in an editorial in No. 367 "The stories in which Blake now features keep abreast of, and sometimes, with strange prophecy ahead, of the news! (H.L.)

"Some time ago you told me of some extraordinary coincidences in connection with C.D. Here's one in connection with my next month's SBL yarn THE EVIL EYE. The finished MS, dealing with Midsummer occult doings in the Loch Lomond area, was delivered to Howard Baker on 15th May. I'm enclosing herewith a news-cutting from the Sunday Pictorial of June 29th - 6 weeks later - reporting real-life Midsummer occultism on Loch Lomond! My story isn't one about the hackneyed Black Magic theme, but has a more original basis of strictly Scottish derivation, the result of a considerable time spent in various parts of Scotland. But it is certainly a striking coincidence that the fictional occult activities I set near Loch Lomond, a setting inspired by acquaintance with the Loch and its various moods, should have been followed by real-life occult activities in the same locality!"

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"THE SUNDAY TIMES" Further to the correspondence on the Magnet No. 30 (see page 286) Bill Lofts succeeded in getting a letter published on September 28th in which he stated the artist was Hutton Mitchell.

BACK FROM MY TONIC TOUR: I arrived home in the early hours of 25th September like a giant refreshed. Amazing what that London air (or is it the company I get into?) does for one. Each evening round about 11 o'clock I was striding along Kensington High Street after a sixteen hour day, as fresh as a daisy in the early morn.

One of the highlights was, of course, the Caterham meeting. Bill and Gladys Jardine have left their Brighton home that held so many memories to members of the London O.B.B.C. but they certainly did not leave their hospitality behind them.

There were many other happy events to jot down in my diary when I got home - lunch at Len Packman's before the journey to Caterham; a delightful afternoon at Eric Fayne's; a lunch date with Marcus Johnson; and visits to the homes of Bill Lofts, Derek Adley, Jim Swan and John Shaw. Also a quick visit to the new Fleetway House building on the evening of my return.

A few days busy preparing the October C.D. then on 29th September I journeyed to Birmingham for the Midland Club's meeting. Another happy event for my book of memories. Once again I was unlocking the front door at 3 a.m., tired, but a very Happy Wanderer. H.L.

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VISITOR: September 10th I had the pleasure of welcoming Fred Griffin and family of New York to Old York. With typical American hustle they only had three hours in the ancient city, then took the long journey to Gloucester. On the previous evening they spent the same length of time at Gerry Allison's home in Leeds.

Come again soon, Fred and make your stay longer.

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