

COLLECTORS' HEFT ANNUALS



The Collectors' Digest Annual

FOURTEENTH YEAR

CHRISTMAS 1960

FOURTEENTH YEAR

Editor:

ERIC FAYNE

EXCELSIOR HOUSE, GROVE ROAD, SURBITON, SURREY, ENGLAND

Dear Readers,

Way back, in the Spring, the preparation of this work commenced, and, as the days became weeks and the weeks became months - so a collection of ideas, articles and stories became an Annual. Much thought, much planning went into it, much midnight oil was burned, and somehow the excitement grew as an indifferent Spring became a disappointing Summer, and a disappointing Summer became a depressing Autumn - and still the Annual grew and took shape.

Now it is finished. My work is done, and I hope that you will find in this volume something which you will cherish always. You will ever recall 1960 for the worst weather in living memory - I hope that you will also recall it, more happily, for its Annual.

I have come to realise how unimportant and insignificant an editor really is. It is the readers who matter - and you, my readers, matter very much to me. It is wonderful to know that in one short year I have made hundreds of new friends, who have given to me their loyalty, understanding and affection without stint - as they once gave it to that grand gentleman, Herbert Leckenby, without whom the Digest and the Annual would never have existed. My very sincerest thanks come warmly to you all.

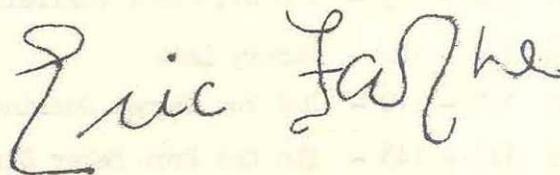
I thank, too, our gallant and gifted band of writers and artists, without whom this work would not have been possible. I thank our regular columnists, whose devotion and unselfishness is something at which to wonder - something which restores one's faith in our existence.

I thank our advertisers, whose support and assistance has been invaluable, both with the Digest and the Annual. Please help our advertisers when you can. They are a splendid mainstay, and deserve all our support.

Finally, but by no means least, I thank the York Duplicating Services for the magnificent job they have done throughout 1960. I have often said that "only the best is good enough for the C.D." - and, believe me, the Y.D.S. are the best. I blush to think of the demands I have often made upon them, demands always met with courtesy, a smile, - and results. My letters, with weird and wonderful instructions, descend on them in shoals, their telephone tinkles incessantly with calls from "that man in Surrey." They never complain. And when I ask for the impossible - well, it never is impossible for the York Duplicating Services.

Thank you, one and all, for the generous support and endless inspiration you have given me in 1960. And now on, into 1961.

Your sincere editor and friend,



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YOUNG FOLK'S MONSTERS:

The Old Look
&
The New Look

Original appearance of the GNOME KING, as drawn for Story-Nuggets 377 in July 1899 by W. Bowcher and reproduced in Young Folks Tales 70 in February 1908

Up to December 1911 Wakefield, in the final series still gives the Gnome King this "form of a huge misshapen monster."



Vince Pippin and the Gnome King.



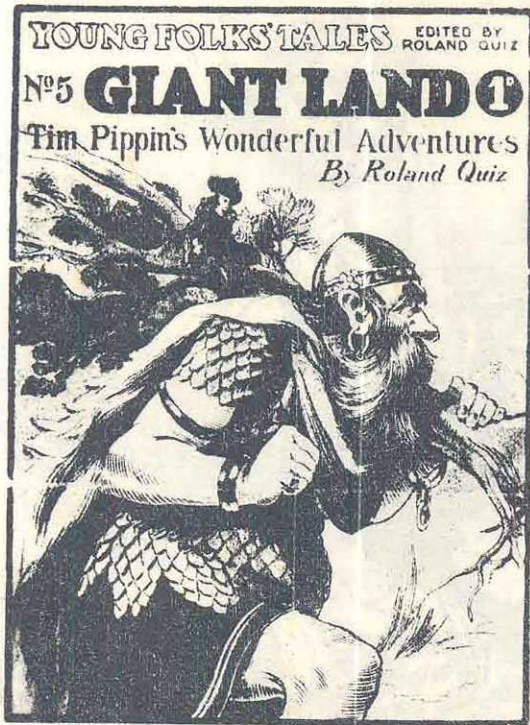
The Witch Queen kissed the hand of the Gnome King.

W. G. Wakefield's
Gnome King in
Young Folks Tales
225 & 252 (July
1912 & April 1913).



The Gnome King rushes along the base.

"Thou Might Wizard, thou who hast the power to change thy handsome form into that of a fearful demon!" (Madcap Mag to the Gnome King in Young Folks Tales 228 - August 1912)



October 1906 (Illustrator: Proctor)

YOUNG FOLKS' TALES. 1^d
 No. 30. Edited by ROLAND QUIZ.
King Pippin.

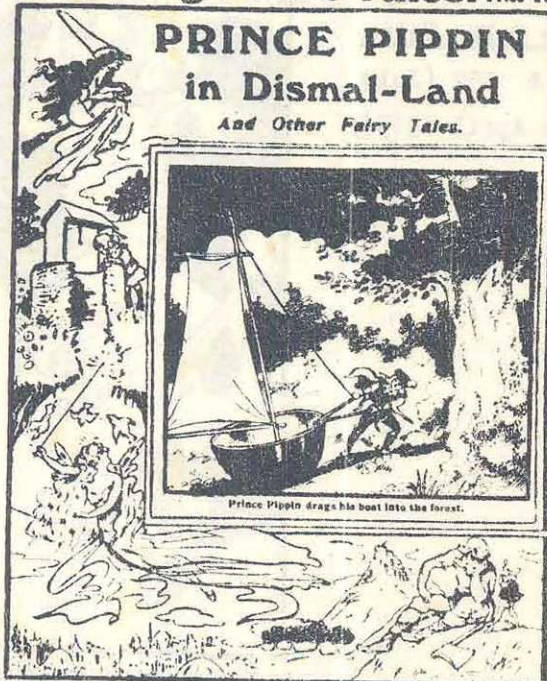
How He Won the Crown of Granite City.



JAMES HENDERSON & SONS,
 Red Lion House, Red Lion Court,
 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

March 1907 (Illustrator: Proctor)

No. 195. **Young Folk's Tales.** Price 1d.



September 1911 (Illustrator: Wakefield)



July 1907 (Illustrator: Raphael Jones)

PIPPINIANA - COLLOP THE SECOND

By OTTO MAURER

James Henderson's "Young Folks Tales" (I) The Beginnings (1906-1908)

That there was a demand for such a publication as this was first shown by Stead's Books for the Bairns, begun in March 1896 and issued at the price of a penny, one number monthly, with pink, usually pictorial paper covers and profuse illustrations inside, and containing as a rule 64 pages. This series ran till about 1916, after which it was variously continued, revived and reprinted well into the middle of the '20s. It was quite highbrow in character, anticipating something of the seriousness of the later Children's Encyclopedia. Its aims were frankly and unambiguously educational and edifying, with a strong liberal and protestant bias in keeping with the other activities of its founder, the distinguished reformer W.T. Stead (1849-1912) who went on editing it until he was drowned in the disaster of the Titanic, when his daughter Estelle succeeded him. It appealed particularly to high-minded fathers and to school-masters. To begin with it chiefly reproduced classical works suitable for children in abridged and adapted forms, such as Robinson Crusoe, Aesop's Fables, Gulliver's Travels etc., or it gave simplified (and Whiggified) history and nature study, or even hymns. Only later did this series admit specially written modern fairy stories adapted to the newer ideas of what the child's taste is, or rather what it ought to be. There was even a French edition of Books for the Bairns - Livres de la Rose. Often these little books were employed as regular school text books.

In December 1905 the versatile Aldine Publishing Company began issuing Tales for Little People, at first four numbers monthly, later three. This series was obviously inspired by the Books for the Bairns, but was less austere in character. It appealed to mothers, older sisters, nurse-maids, was decidedly feminine and gentle in character, and was edited by "Lady Kathleen." The child was here patronized with a certain auntishness. In format it was almost identical with the Books for the Bairns, having to begin with also 64 pages each number. From the outset it had an effective pea-green cover, displaying in red a permanent fairy-land framework (later varied) in which the title of the particular number and one of the illustrations for it were inset. There were ample illustrations within the text. A "League" was early founded (Dec. 1906) to organize the readers, with a badge of membership, and there were painting competitions, which provided readers with a further chance of seeing their names in print.

It was in September 1906 that James Handerson and Sons began publishing Young Folks Tales, a series very clearly modelled on Aldine's Tales for Little People, with which it remained in sharpest rivalry to the end. The title was derived from Henderson's much earlier Our Young Folk's Weekly Budget (begun 1871), later known as Young Folks. The editor was Roland Quiz (Richard M.H. Quittenton), author of the old Tim Pippin stories, now aged 73 and retired; presumably one of the objects was to provide some congenial and not too strenuous work for the veteran. At the outset, indeed, Young Folks Tales differed in certain important points of editorial policy from both the Books for the Bairns and Tales for Little People, but it was soon found necessary to re-adjust this policy in ways that brought the series much more into line with Tales for Little People.

(1) Little thought was given to the possible tastes and prejudices of the parents and other adults by whom the pennies for the purchasing of the booklets would have to be supplied. The appeal here was direct to the child-reader. An early advertisement in Scraps in November 1906 does indeed say: "N.B. - These tales are guaranteed to be of a perfectly healthy and wholesome nature, and parents need not have the slightest fear in giving them to their children." But before long it became apparent that the editor had failed to take into account certain more recent developments in the grown-up ideas of what children's taste ought to be in such matters, developments for which Books for the Bairns and Tales for Little People had from the outset provided. It was taken for granted that what had been liked before Alice in Wonderland (1865/1871) and Peter Pan (1902/1904), to name the most striking examples of these new developments, would still go down. Nor, probably, was this assumption wrong, so far as the children themselves were concerned - but there is good reason to suppose that many of the adults upon whom the children depended disapproved of what seemed to them blood-thirsty and crude or not sufficiently whimsical, playful and pretty about the stories and pictures at first provided.

(2) To begin with Henderson and Quiz saw no necessity for having any new stories specially written for Young Folks Tales. Instead they simply reprinted some of the long stories which had been so immensely popular when they were first serialized in Our Young Folk's Weekly Budget in the years 1871-1875. They abruptly abandoned this policy after less than two years, without giving any word of explanation - there were no "editorial chats" - but for reasons which can be inferred with complete certainty. It is to be supposed that the original intention was simply to continue thus reprinting the favourites of thirty years before, which were still nothing like exhausted. In particular one can be sure that they would have gone on to reprint Quiz's own Jack the Valiant and Tor and S. Holland's Marvelland. The stories they actually did reprint belong to the category of what may legitimately be designated as the "Fairy-Tale Blood", a form invented by Quiz. They comprise the entire Tim Pippin/Giantland series by Quiz himself including the later sequel from Story-Nuggets of 1899; Walter Villiers' three Silverspear stories; S. Holland's Dick Daring (Fairymod) and the sequel Goldyanna; Alfred R. Philips' Prince Goldenwings; and F.C. Thomson's Funnyland. Of these only the Silverspear stories with their frequent flagellations of naked princesses, their revival in modified form of the Sweeney Todd theme, and various other such exuberances, could give any real grounds for offence - not for nothing was "Walter Villiers" the brother of Edward Viles, author of the notorious Black Bess.

(3) A particular difficulty arose because all these reprinted older stories were far too long to go into a single number of 64 pages. They were therefore broken up into instalments of suitable length and advertised as "Charming Long Complete Stories for Children". All that was done to make the individual number appear "complete" was that the hero was not left in the middle of an adventure or in great danger at the end of it - this usually involved improvising a new pseudo-conclusion, sometimes in a very awkward and unconvincing manner. The shortest stories occupied at least four numbers of Young Folks Tales, and the Prince of Giantland took up fourteen numbers and was even then broken off abruptly - another two numbers at least would have been needed to round it off properly in keeping with the original text in Story-Nuggets. It is certain that many complaints reached Hendersons, chiefly no doubt through the newsagents who were their salesmen, that the numbers were not really complete in themselves.

(4) At first Hendersons thought it enough to give the original illustrations from Our Young Folks' Weekly Budget, suitably reduced in scale, with a very occasional new supplementary picture to make the total of illustrations in each individual number up

to a minimum of four. But here again they found that tastes had changed. Children were used to finding a picture on every other page in Books for the Bairns and in Tales for Little People. From 25 onwards (March 1907) Young Folks Tales changed its policy in this matter: a sufficient number of full-page supplementary illustrations (chiefly by Gunnis or Ebutt) was now regularly provided to make up a total of 14 per number. It is furthermore clear that complaints must have been made about the ugliness of the giants in the earlier illustrations, and about the general cult of the grotesque, lurid and mildly horrifying which had characterized them. Something more harmless, more pretty was called for - by mamas and aunts rather than by the children themselves presumably - and was also provided. We even find in the new and final Tim Pippin series of 1910-1914 that the giants are regularly described as "really not at all bad-looking, even handsome" and that they are thus represented by W.G. Wakefield. Remarkable here is the case of Giant Greed, who on his first appearance in 1871 had been given a "fat, repulsive-looking face"; when Quiz resuscitates him in January 1912, we read: "His features were not repulsive." Similarly one of the most terrifying of the old monsters, the Gnome King, is given in the final series an entirely new look, with a faintly sinister, flashy handsomeness. A good deal of ingenuity is employed to account for this transfiguration. One of the expedients frequently resorted to by Quiz and Wakefield at this final stage, as a concession to squeamish latter-day prejudices against ugly giants, is that of giving to them the heads of animals. But surely most normal children, if allowed to have their own way, like their giants to be just as ugly as they are wicked.

Hendersons' Young Folks Tales (II) New Look and Heyday (1909-1914)

For the first two years of their appearance, that is to say up to 96 (August 1908), Young Folks Tales have, in addition to the cover, 64 octavo pages, just like Books for the Bairns and Tales for Little People, but bound according to a different system. The covers of the first eight numbers were fully pictorial, in green, red and brown on a white ground. These were replaced from 9 to 96 by highly effective stiff, darkish green covers, imprinted with the title in red and one of the illustrations in black, at first in much reduced size, then, from 62 onwards, in full size and from 65 onwards in red instead of black, these last two modifications being obviously dictated by considerations of economy.

The chief stages in the development of Young Folks Tales, so far as they have not already been described, are as follows:

Sept. 1906 - Nov. 1907 (1 - 60): Reprinted from Our Young Folks Weekly Budget and Story Nuggets only - with increase of number of illustrations to 14 per number from March 1907 (25) onwards. Not a single one of these first 60 numbers is really complete in itself. From the present day collector's point of view this is perhaps the most interesting phase in the series.

Dec. 1907 - August 1908 (61 - 96): Change of policy to genuinely complete stories, which are in most cases specially written for the series and conform more to the newer, post-Peter Pan taste in children's fiction, as exemplified by Tales for Little People. (But the Prince of Giantland continues to run for another nine numbers, side by side with the new complete stories, until April 1908, ending with 77.) Half the new complete stories are written by Roland Quiz himself, who clearly has great difficulties in trying, at the age of over 74, to adapt himself to the new whimsical fashion. Here his collaborator, who produces the other complete stories (probably May P. Japp) is more in her (or his) element. From 65 onwards there appears for the first time "The

Editor's Talk with his Readers". This remains a regular feature, but at no time are there any such attempts to cajole or intimidate the readers, or to establish personal contacts with them as in the effusions of "Lady Kathleen" in Tales for Little People.

Sept. 1908: With 97 the change of policy which had been gradually going on during the preceding half year is carried a decisive step further. A new cover, modelled upon that of Tales for Little People, but superior to it, is introduced. It consists of an admirably designed fairyland framework (probably by W.G. Wakefield), with space for inset title and illustration, printed in red and black on pale green stiff paper. (This cover continues in use with slight variations from 97 to 510, i.e. till April 1920, for nearly 12 years.) Coloured illustrations are also introduced, but these go on only for four months, till Dec. 1908 (97 - 112). Delicacy, lightness and variety are successfully aimed at and these sixteen numbers with coloured illustrations are great treasures - the level here achieved could not be long maintained. At the same time, however, the number of pages is reduced from 64 to 48, and is never increased again. The rival series, Tales for Little People, makes great capital of this for advertising purposes in June 1909 (161 - 162): "64 pages! not 48! - The number of pages in Tales for Little People is 64, and that is a wonderful pennyworth. You may be offered some other book when you ask for Tales for Little People, but don't have anything to do with such offers. Insist on getting my little books with their 64 pages. No other publication offers such splendid value as Tales for Little People, and so nothing else is nearly as good - My love to you all. Lady Kathleen." Such cut-throat salesmanship is never to be found in the live-and-let-live editorials of Young Folks Tales. Actually, by August 1911 Tales for Little People had also reduced their length to 48 pages, a circumstance which they soon camouflage by ceasing to number the pages. Young Folks Tales follow suit with this practice of leaving the pages unnumbered in June 1912, and do not resume page-numbering till June 1919, in 478.

Jan. 1909 - June 1910 (113-148): The enterprising and promising innovations of September 1908 had not been going for more than about four months before a time of serious crisis for Young Folks Tales - and perhaps for Hendersons altogether, - began, continuing for about a year and a half. One of the first symptoms of this is that the admirable new coloured illustrations were abandoned. The numbers for some reason now appeared very irregularly - seven months in 1909 and two in the first half of 1910 went by without any numbers appearing at all. From 117 onwards Roland Quiz was no longer the editor - his sight was failing and probably he also had some fairly serious illness about this time. The "Editor's Talk with the Readers" continues, but there is no longer any indication - not even such a fictitious appellation as "Uncle John" or "Aunt Judy" - of who the editor now is. (Most probably it was May P. Japp.) From 117 onwards the actual printing of the booklets, which had hitherto been done by Hendersons themselves, was farmed out to other printing firms - first to L. Upcott Gill (117 - 171), then to the versatile Co-operative Printing Society (172 - 426), who continued to print the covers still later, while the printing of the actual text from 427 onwards was attended to by Walbrook and Co. The most important new step towards reviving the imperilled series was the regular engagement of the outstanding and many-sided W.G. Wakefield as illustrator. He had already done a little work for Young Folks Tales from 97 onwards, and the admirable new cover was, as has already been suggested, probably designed by him. His name is given as illustrator in 117, 120 and 123. This was a departure from the otherwise fairly consistently maintained policy of keeping the illustrators anonymous.

June 1910, (145): By this time the crisis had been overcome and Young Folks Tales appeared regularly once more.

July 1910 (152): The "Mabel" stories of A.E. Bull (author also of the Tom Lester school stories in the Nuggets Library) begin at this point with Mabel in Funnyland. These continue to be a regular monthly feature of Young Folks Tales till August 1921 - there must have been well over 130 of them in all. They are imitations of Alice in Wonderland; some of the earlier ones are excellent. The illustrator is Wakefield.

Sept. 1910 (157): At this point there is a change-over to three numbers monthly, instead of four; and this continues till May 1920. (Tales for Little People change over to three numbers monthly in exactly the same month, but some irregularities occur.)

Nov. 1910 (165): At this point begins the last Tim Pippin series, written specially for Young Folks Tales and not, like the others, reprinted from earlier publications. It runs for 43 monthly numbers, till May 1914 (290), four months after the death of Roland Quiz. Some of the later numbers were the work of Quiz's son, Bertram Quittenton, who had produced various brief fairy tales under the signature "Roland Quiz Junior" in the years 1909-1910. Attempts were occasionally, but not consistently, made, to keep these latest Tim Pippin stories more or less complete within a single number. As a concession to latter-day squeamishness the giants are here no longer hideous - see above. The first 35 of these Tim Pippin numbers were illustrated - to begin with brilliantly - by W.G. Wakefield; the last eight by a certain "B.H.", whose full name is not to be traced. In spite of the decline which this last series shows by comparison with the earlier ones, something of the old magic still does appear in it. These 43 numbers are particularly attractive to the collector.

Jan. 1914 (279): Here begins the series of Betty stories by May P. Japp, who had already been for years a regular writer for Young Folks Tales, possibly from as early as December 1907, and very likely also succeeded Quiz as editor in January 1909! (See above.) These charming stories, complete in themselves, but linked together through the character of the heroine and her daughter, form the principal attraction in Young Folks Tales after the death of Quiz and the disappearance of Tim Pippin. There are no indications as to the identity of the delicate and sure-handed illustrator; but it may well have been May P. Japp herself.

From 1914 - 1920 Young Folks Tales fall into the following never deviating pattern: One monthly "Mabel" story by A.E. Bull (beginning July 1910, 152 - see above); one monthly "Betty" story by May P. Japp (beginning January 1914, 279 - see above); one monthly "Uncle Reg" story, beginning June 1914, 293, with The Strange Adventures of Dicky Growlem and Kitty Kissabox. These are just fairy stories of the most varied kind, given a certain unity through the pretence that they are narrated by Uncle Reg to his nephew and niece Dicky and Kitty. There are no clues as to who the author really is.

This Mable/Betty/Uncle Reg combination continues regularly till April 1920 (510).

Hendersons' Young Folks Tales: (III) Decline and Fall (1914-1922)

The chief point to be recorded in the fortunes of Young Folks Tales from 1914 to 1920 is the struggle with the war-time restrictions of the "Paper-Controller" who, as is expressly mentioned in 447 (July 1918), "has prohibited the return of all unsold copies."

May 1916 the size is reduced from 48 to 44 pages, which means the elimination of the title-page. This continues from 361 to 372, 12 numbers published within three instead of four months, i.e. till July 1916. (Twice in 1916 two sets of three numbers appear within one calendar month.)

August 1916: A further cut of 4 pages is made, reducing the bulk to 40 pages. This continues for nine numbers, 373 - 381 till 3rd Oct. 1916. At the same time the stout green carton-like paper hitherto used for the covers is replaced by ordinary white paper overprinted with green hatching, to which, from 382 (17th Oct. 1916) till 425 (Nov. 1917) red and green tinting is added.

17th Oct. 1916: Now, with 382 (the second issue within this month) a further reduction of eight pages takes place, so that the numbers contain only 32 pages in addition to the cover. These 32-page numbers continue till 417, i.e. for 27 numbers, which brings us to September 1917. (There were apparently three months in which no numbers at all appeared between October 1916 and September 1917.)

October 1917 (418): A cut of eight more pages brings the size down to 24 pages plus cover.

December 1917: Pale green covers printed in red only are introduced - the general effect is very much like that of Tales for Little People. This continues for nine numbers, 424-432, till February 1918. The contents remain at 24 pages plus cover.

March 1918: Here comes the ultimate reduction - the separate cover is done away with and the number now consists of a bare 24 pages, the outer sheet of which is printed in green with the old cover design. This continues for 45 numbers (433-477), till May 1919. At the same time the price is raised in April 1918 from a penny to three-halfpence. Tales for Little People are also reduced to the same meagre dimensions, with the same increase of price, about this period.

June 1919: Young Folks Tales are enlarged again to 32 pages with a separate cover printed in red and green - as from 478. The Editor writes in 478: "I am sure you will be pleased to see that we have been able this month to permanently enlarge the Young Folks Tales books and bring them back to their original size with covers as formerly printed in colours." (In reality they are, of course, with their 32 pages, still only half the original size. There has only been a return to the already much reduced war-time format of the year from October 1916 to September 1917 - see above.)

June 1919 - Feb. 1920 (478-504): Young Folks Tales continue to appear with 32 pages, which are now numbered, and with green and red covers. But things are not going well. In March 1920 the number of pages is silently reduced to 24 again - unnumbered. This is the last month in which the series is issued by Hendersons - 505 - 507. It contains the notice: "Three charming new Young Folks Tales will be published on April 6th 1920, entitled etc. / 24 pages in coloured picture covers."

April 1920: Young Folks Tales are taken over by the Amalgamated Press; but the only indication of this openly given is in the colophon. These first three numbers published by the Amalgamated Press (508-510) are still on the old pattern, one "Mable", one "Betty", one "Uncle Reg" story. But instead of the old Editor's Talk with his Readers they contain on p. 32 (the 32-page length has been restored) "Uncle Dan's Letter" with an outline portrait of this imaginary Uncle Dan:

My dear Boys and Girls, I have great news for you and it is that on next month's

Young Folks Tales you will find new and charming covers. They will be printed in dark blue and a beautiful bright red, so look out for them. They will please you immensely.

This announces the end of the fine old cover design introduced in 97, nearly twelve years previously.

May 1920 - April 1921 (511-546): The drastically remodelled Young Folks Tales, with their new, very inferior and uninspired red and blue covers, are published for these twelve months by the Amalgamated Press. The old, faithful writers and illustrators, are gradually squeezed out in favour of a new Amalgamated Press team. A.E. Bull continues to the last, indeed, with a monthly Mabel story, but May P. Japp only re-appears twice after April 1920 with her Betty stories - in May 1920 (513) and in March 1921 (543), and she is given a new illustrator; while Uncle Reg reappears three times, May 1920 (512), June 1920 (515) and Sept. 1920 (524). His old illustrator "B.H." appears for the last time in 512. (It is difficult to judge whether the Mabel stories are still illustrated by the old Henderson artist, as it is also to decide when it was that Wakefield ceased to draw for Young Folks Tales.)

Of the new authors introduced by the Amalgamated Press the most interesting are G.R. Hearn, (boosted as a kind of new Roland Quiz by "Uncle Dan" and possibly identical with the George Hearn who had for years been one of the chief writers for Tales for Little People), and a certain Sydney Coulton, who produces in Jan. 1921 (537) a short story: Prince Pippin and the Magic Apple. This figure has nothing but the name in common with the original Tim Pippin, but he does at least show that the Amalgamated Press was aware of the appeal latent in that name.

April 1921: The Amalgamated Press winds up Young Folks Tales with 546, but goes on immediately with a "New Series" in the following month, May 1921. This New Series has the character and also the format of a magazine, rather than of a story book. It is of about the same size as the Gem, with twenty pages, including the blue-and-red pictorial cover, and appears weekly. It runs only for 43 numbers, from 14th May 1921 to 4th March 1922, when it is "incorporated" in Playtime, one of the many Amalgamated Press papers constantly advertised in it. The price is three halfpence.

This New Series preserves very little to connect it with the genuine old Young Folks Tales. Only in the first eleven numbers Mabel stories by A.E. Bull still appear, the last being Mabel and the Disappearing Table. Even after this, very brief Mabel stories sometimes turn up. G.R. Hearn's Prince Peter and how he won his Fortune in Giantland, a serial running in the first 40 numbers, is a poor imitation of the old Tim Pippin stories of Roland Quiz. The last four numbers contain as principal items reprints from Young Folks Tales 71/79 and 93, i.e. The Sorrowful Little Princess, The Dwarf Cook (originally entitled Little Jacob and the Herb Fairy), The Two Jealous Sisters and The Adventures of Sayd. Here some of the original illustrations are also used.

There is a tendency to replace the fairy tale proper with stories about "real" little boys and girls, for example "The Twinkle Twins." This corresponds to the general newer trend in taste, but the original Young Folks Tales had never made more than partial concessions to it, most notably in the stories of "The Children of the End House", which had been added at the end of 97 - 116. There is also a regular double page of "comics": David in Dreamland etc.

Even when Young Folks Tales began to appear, in 1906, the firm of Henderson was rapidly declining from its old vigour and prosperity, and fighting a losing battle against ruthless rivals and changing fashions. It is clear that the series, in spite of its popularity, had all along great difficulties to contend with, especially the savage competition of "Lady Kathleen" and the Aldine Publishing Company. Its heyday was from 1910 to 1914, but after the death of Roland Quiz in January 1914 came the First World War, which swept away many other juvenile periodicals of far greater vitality and with much ampler financial resources at the back of them. In the gallant fight which it put up during the last six years of its existence the brunt probably fell upon the gifted May P. Japp, about whom one would like to know more - probably she was the daughter of R.L. Stevenson's friend, the learned Dr. Alexander H. Japp. Copies of Young Folks Tales are now difficult to obtain, as collectors who are interested in them know. It is distressing to see how this publication was steam-rolled out of existence from 1920 to 1922 by the insensitive Amalgamated Press.

SALE

SALE

MAGNETS

- Item 1 1351-1376 inclusive. Bound Volume, 26 copies, 1934.
- Item 2 1377-1402 inclusive. Bound Volume, 26 copies, 1934.
- Item 3 1403-1428 inclusive. Bound Volume, 26 copies, 1935.
- Item 4 1429-1454 inclusive. Bound Volume, 26 copies, 1935.
- Item 5 1455-1480 inclusive. Bound Volume, 26 copies, 1936.

All are bound in maroon with gilt lettering
 Superb mint condition.
 Absolutely exceptional.

- Item 6 Blue and Whites, 1915-16
- Item 7 Blue and Whites, 1917-20
- Item 8 9 in year 1937

POPULARS

- Item 9 Nos. 1 to 16 inclusive, 1919. Beautiful condition, including scarce No. 1
- Item 10 11 in year 1926. Splendid lot.

BOYS' FRIEND (GREEN)

- Item 11 19 copies between January and June 1923.
- Item 12 6 copies in year 1925.

First class quality

OFFERS please, with S.A.E. for reply. No cash until offer accepted. Each item to be sold complete. Sorry I cannot split them. Subject to prior sales.

F. COCKROFT

HAWBER HOUSE,

SILSDEN,

Nr. KEIGHLEY,

YORKS.

F. COCKROFT

OUR AUTHOR'S PAGE, BETWEEN OURSELVES, AND THE ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE

SOME INTIMATE GLIMPSES INTO THE NELSON LEE

By E.C. CARTER, No. 1074 of the St. Frank's League

Edwy Searles Brooks' first author's chat appeared in No. 486 of the Old Paper after his photo appeared the week before when he made himself known to his readers.

He had decided to take over from Uncle Edward (Edward Oswald Handforth) of the St. Frank's Magazine. Letters had been pouring in and apparently it was too much for "Uncle Edward" to handle. Brooks now invited readers to write on their grumbles and to offer suggestions on running the "Lee". It is hard to believe today that Brooks wants to forget those early days when he was receiving letters from all over the world. He practically lived with his characters, allowing him a lucrative income while at the same time he must have shown some personal interest in his stories, characters, and readers. In his second chat, Brook implores parents of readers to read the paper. In the following week, he discusses whether girls should have been introduced to the stories.

An "Irish Friend" states it is a long due want.

Readers are asked what they really want - larger school stories, revival of Jim the Penman and The Green Triangle, or no magazine at all etc. Brooks states the editor and himself will give readers the very best. At this time, Brooks mentions for the first time his Big Idea.

This was going to prove later the start of the St. Frank's League.

In No. 491 the very first letter was received by Brooks from a reader named Peter Setford of Leytonstone. Where is he today? Does he ever ponder over his first letter to Brooks? The next is Reginald Rushworth. Has he passed on or joined the band of forgotten readers? About the same time Brooks was criticised for dropping Nipper from the St. Frank's stories, who had joined Nelson Lee in his battle against the Green Triangle.

A name now crops up - a young lady writes rejoicing under the name "A Tomboy of Brixton", a name which is going to appear quite often in the future. I wonder who she was? Other names to appear on the early Author's Page were G.G. Lugg, John Williamson and R. Pearson.

In No. 492, the formation of the St. Frank's League is now being considered. Some more names to appear at this time were Milton Cronenberg of Toronto, T.E. Patterson, Walthamstow, and B.W. Messen of Forest Gate. The amazing thing about these names

is that very few belong to our circle today. Why is that? Is it because collectors like myself never drifted away from the books, others came back after the demise of the old papers, some like the ones mentioned above, never? This is, of course, allowing for the influx of time and a world war in between.

I wrote to several of these readers after the war but got no replies.

The following issues contained too many names for me to give but I will draw attention to any of those who are still with us today.

By No. 499 letters were simply pouring into Brooks.

He apologises he cannot answer all.

With No. 500 Brooks further mentions the St. Frank's League.

In No. 502 the "Author's Chat" becomes that famous feature "Between Ourselves" a feature to be always associated with the Nelson Lee. Even the famous books of the day such as the Magnet, Gem and Union Jack could make no claim to such a friendly touch between author and readers. They had Editor's Chats but never an Author's Page.

At last in No. 504 organizing officers for the St. Frank's League were called for.

No. 508 saw the first name who is still with us today and it came as a shock to me as I had quite forgotten the particular issue. It is mine! There it is on page 28 - E. Carter, Sydney, Australia. The date is 28th February, 1925, 35 years ago, a boy of thirteen, and a keen Lee fan. It seems so long ago. The name B.W. Messem crops up again. He was one of the first to write to Brooks and must have been a staunch supporter.

In No. 515 the names of Stanley Burns, Sydney, and Allan Neilson, Parramatta, NSW, appear. I corresponded with those two in the early days. We had ideas of starting a club even then, but the effort must have been too much for boys of thirteen.

With No. 519 the League became a reality. The name of J. Cook (E14) is given. Is that our J. Cook of today? I think it is for he wrote an article on the St. Frank's League in an early C.D. annual. Perhaps Jim could confirm this as the address given at the time is very vague.

521 saw the name appear "Terrible Tomboy". I wonder if there is any connection with a "Tomboy of Brixton" mentioned before?

In No. 523, the Editor announces the formation of the St. Frank's League - how to join, how to qualify for medals - and asks for organizing officers. The first St. Frank's League coupon in No. 525.

I still have my St. Frank's League Badge, but, unfortunately, my certificate is lost. Brooks in No. 528 wants the League to attain a membership of 25,000. I wonder did the figure ever reach that? What interest and keenness in the support of a paper from author and editor. It deserved to succeed.

The various advantages were now set for readers who joined the League such as getting to know readers at home and abroad, joining social and local sports Clubs, entering competitions, qualifying for awards by promoting the growth of the League, opportunities for contributing short articles, stories and sketches to the League Magazine, advice on choosing a trade or calling in life or emigrating to the colonies or abroad, an employment bureau, tours to interesting places in England and the Continent, camping out holiday and sea trips. What an ambitious scheme? I wonder how much of it was fulfilled?

Due to the many grumbles sent in by readers in No. 529 Brooks makes the announcement from now on the Editor and himself are going to run the paper.

One of our girl readers appears in this number under a name well known to the period "An Aussie Flapper", Coonamble, NSW. In No. 540 another old correspondent friend of mine appears, James Tweed of Peak Crossing, Queensland. Eleven years later in 1936 I visited Jim in the outback of Queensland and had a great time discussing the Old Paper. In No. 544 Brooks let his next big secret out, the appearance on the market of the Monster Library. The League and other matters took a back seat with the new book, Brooks taking the next few weeks discussing it.

The Monster Library has been dealt with by Jack Murtagh and myself before so I will make no further mention here.

In No. 551 another young lady appears "The Prairie Maid", and in No. 552 Brooks now will award a star for special letters; and also in this number the first list of organizing officers appear. Sad to relate not many remain with us today.

For some unknown reason "Between Ourselves" is suspended in No. 556. Had Brooks by this time found it too much to keep up with the correspondence?

In No. 6 new series "Between Ourselves" returns after an absence of four months. Brooks now makes it clear that it is not to be a regular weekly feature.

By No. 22 new series appeared, according to the Chief Officer of the League there had been an increase in the applications to join the League. He is now talking about Silver Medals, apart from the Bronze Medals.

In No. 25 the Chief Officer wants the Clubs "gingered up". It appears that interest is not as keen as it ought to be.

No. 37 saw "Between Ourselves" appear after an absence of four months. Brooks tells readers to blame the Editor for this and perhaps this is the start of things to come between Editor and Author although May is still in the Editor's Chair.

In No. 38 the Chief Officer advises that Silver Medals are now ready for those who have earned them.

Jim Cook appears again in No. 40 in "Between Ourselves" and Arthur Southway in No. 42. I believe Arthur went to South Africa years later.

In No. 44 the Chief Officer announces that any reader who obtains twelve new members will be issued with a Silver Medal. My name appears again in No. 52. At this

time it appears that one of the most successful clubs of the League was announced in No. 53. It was formed by a Mr. John Draycott Cape, 30 Main Street, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent. It consisted of a cricket, football, swimming and social club. The Headquarters were in the basement of a house occupied by a Mr. Richardson. Mr. Cape was Secretary. Swimming lessons were taught and cycling jaunts were arranged. I wonder does Mr. Cape ever ponder over those early activities of thirty years ago? The Chief Officer states this is a model of what every Club should be.

In No. 58 Brooks is now going to fill up "Between Ourselves" with quotes from readers' letters.

In No. 62 the name Harry McMahon of West Broken Hill, Australia, appears. He was later to claim the record of writing a letter to Brooks at least once a week for many years. My old friend, Jim Tweed, appears in No. 104, stating he had read the old paper since No. 51 old series 27/5/1916; a supporter of twelve years.

Another regular reader writes to Brooks at this time - Reg Staples of Walworth. Another old friend of mine appears in No. 132, Thomas W. Hutt. I corresponded with him between the years 1930-1935.

In No. 134 Jim Cook wants Brooks to divulge in more active work for the League but he informs Jim he is too busy writing. Jim's photo appears in this number.

In No. 166 "Between Ourselves" becomes "Gossip about St. Frank's".

The new feature never seemed to have the personal touch like "Between Ourselves". One of the main features of the old paper had now gone. It was never the same afterwards.

Another new feature appears - "St. Frank's League Corner". "Handforth replies" was even brought back.

In No. 176 14/9/29, I write a long letter to Brooks telling him I am now seventeen and do not think myself too old to read the old paper, and will look forward to it for many years to come.

With the coming of the new series No. 2, the only remaining feature is the St. Frank's League Gossip Corner.

In the new series No. 2, No. 33, the last St. Frank's League coupon which was No. 120 dated Sep. 6, 1930, appeared.

I cannot find any further reference to the League after this number. What was the ultimate result of the activities of the League? I have no figures on the membership. It outlived its brother feature "Between Ourselves". A run of five years from 1925 to 1930 for the League was a record to be proud of.

"Gossip about St. Frank's" now becomes "The Editor's Page" and the intimate touch between author and reader had now disappeared entirely. The Editor now states he will pass on to Brooks any matter requiring his attention. Not a very satisfactory arrangement for everyone concerned and probably led to disputes between Brooks and the Editor. The rest of that story has been told elsewhere.

Thus ended the period of the Lee - the years of close contact between Editor, author and reader, the heyday of the old paper when all worked in co-operation and harmony in the formation of the St. Frank's League and in the feature "Between Ourselves" to make this grand little paper a success.

27 years have now passed since the demise of the Nelson Lee.

Even today it is sad to reflect how such a paper that created so much interest with its feature "Between Ourselves" and "The St. Frank's League" and obtained thousands of readers from all over the world was allowed to fall away to ruin in the last three years of its existence.

The story of how the paper declined and the events which led to its final demise was told in last year's Collector's Digest Annual.

The Nelson Lee Library deserved a better fate.

In compiling this article, highlights of the League and "Between Ourselves", I had to go practically through each copy in my collection.

With the small print in the early days I may have missed some reader who is still with us today. If omitted, this is not done intentionally, believe me. Please accept my apologies.

Nevertheless, it has been a labour of love, and I hope readers will get a little pleasure in reading it as I had in preparing it, bringing back happy recollections to those who are no longer so young. I then feel sure my little effort has been worthwhile.

MAGNETS wanted in EXCHANGE for B.F.Ls. Also few duplicate Magnets in exchange for other Magnets.

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WANTED: Populars (new series), especially 389, 394, 398, 399, 400, 412: NELSON LEES (O.S.) 542/5; S.O.Ls. 269, 271, 331, 334, 337. A few exchanges available.

F. HANCOCK, 20, PROSPECT VIEW, LEEDS 15.

"As I Recall....."

By ARTHUR MOYSE

* * * * *

The world of the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic is a world wherein each individual wears his passions plain. It is a society whose moral spectrum knows no subtle tints. Virtue is an advertisers white and villainy a primeval black and no Freudian undertones can plead an alibi for those who have erred. Like the players of the mediæval morality play the men of the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic strut their stage in the certain knowledge that in the final scene virtue will always rise triumphant and evil must finish holding the wrong end of the red hot poker. The American "adult" comic reject the open plastic line of the English comic and found its inspiration in the painters of the German expressionist movement. They married the American love of technical detail to the gloomy germanic pain laden canvases of the 1920's and produced the social document of the 1950's, the AMERICAN COMIC. Not only did the American comic reject the placid English style of drawing but unfortunately they rejected the high moral code of the English comic. In its place they concentrated on an unhealthy interest in the inflicting of pain as an end in itself. The enjoyment of pain became of primary interest in the telling of the American comic and was carried on into the film cartoons until almost every cartoon seemed a repeat with merely a change of animal characters for even the inventive American mind was finally exhausted in its search for new methods of illustrating the inflicting of hurt and they were forced to repeat the eye gouging out, the teeth smashing, the disintegrating by explosives and the crushing by heavy weights. A leavening of humour can make this fare acceptable but without this humour it can only nauseate.

Half a century ago one would have sounded priggish in writing the above, but since then tens of millions of men and women and children have had to endure these indignities even unto the overcrowded grave and when we laugh at these comics our laughter is the laughter of idiots that finds its echo among a thousand grimy charnel houses, for the wind that rustles the pages of these comics comes from the beating wings of the angel of death and the darkness wherein we sit to watch the film is the midnight of the soul. Never did the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic of the English seek this trade and so one by one they had to die.

The red, the green, the pink and the white pages that once turned every back-street newsagent's shop window into a children's Eldorado have become gist for the dealers and prizes for the collectors and a generation will arise who will never know the charm, the humour and the long and honourable tradition of these products of our English folk culture. That the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic had its faults it would be idle to deny yet in the final analysis they are minor faults. The high minded morality of the mediæval masque degenerated into Victorian virtue and goodness was no longer pursued to win a place in heaven but for the Victorian assumption that the virtuous must have their reward on earth and that that reward must be material. And the rewards, how wonderful they were. They became truly Edwardian in their fruitiness. Bankers forced huge bulging bags of money onto the beaming hero and each bag was plainly marked with its £.

Puddings are always round and dripping with cream and cigar-bands are diamond crusted; cats eat whole chickens and champagne corks rattle loose the plaster from the peeling ceilings.

The hero of the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic was always god's fool. Gay, feckless and reckless he is always the personification of heroic poverty for his creators never condescended or patronized those to whom the comics were sold. In the great east ends of a dozen major cities, in a hundred scabrous industrial towns, in ten thousand working class back streets boys read these comics and they accepted the broken windows, the peeling walls and the drooping lamp posts of the comic as a normal background for when they raised their childish eyes it faced them in reality.

Across the years and through the wars these things stayed the same. Employers still balanced shiny top hats upon their huge bald heads and even after a second world war the men still covered their boots with spats. A web marked television set may have edged into the picture and the silhouette of biscuit box buildings formed a new background to replace the slanting roofs and the flat black trees. Old men in the far distance are still tossed into the air on the radiators of cars, like ancient matadors in a mad bull fight and moustacheed bus conductors still stand casually on the edge of the platform of wildly lurching buses and though the vehicles are contemporary the scene was created by dead draughtsmen. It is a world that found its literary delineator in the stories by W.W. Jacobs. A world that was never created but recorded and those who wrote of it and those who drew it neither patronized or condescended for they were neither tourists or social slummers but men who used their own social scene as the background for their tales. Unlike Jacobs' women, however, the women of the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic came off badly. Their clothes are still modelled on those of the pre-war flapper and with their pretty vapid faces they merely act as background decoration. With their slight forward stoop, curving carves and fixed sweet smile they were part of the reward for the hero to be taken, in the final frame, with the big cigars, the plum pudding and the sack of soin. For these sweet creatures are completely sexless, possessing bosoms but completely breastless they offered the hero nothing but good clean friendship. They are the decent girls of the choir and the vicarage whose function was merely to act as companion to the hero when he struck it rich but never, and this is an extremely important point to bear in mind when trying to make an assessment of the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic, was there the slightest hint or suggestion that there was any biological differences between the sexes and after leafing through a few hundred copies one could even feel that the word sex itself was a little risque in the context of the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic. Of late, however, a new woman has made her appearance. Blonde and brash and swaying like a drunken guardsman she exists as a creature in her own right. High breasted and broad hiped and with an eye for the main chance she will never I feel settle down for the role of the good companion.

I feel myself that her days are numbered and that she will lose out to the art editor. If she leaves us for more mature fields and a wider outlet for her talent then I for one will regret her passing but this is a hard world and it is up to her to make the most of her obvious charms in any way that she finds compatible with her conscience. We shall be left with "the girls", "the chums" and "the pals" but maybe that is as it should be for these sweet and vapid creatures go with the plum puddings and the spats and like the beruffed moggy they are the true denizens of this world for this is a dying world and the pages of the English $\frac{1}{2}$ d. comic formed a fragile web to catch our sad nostalgic dreams.

Though we would write of the present, our tense continually slips and we find that we are speaking of the past, yet it is a past that we can mourn but never regret.

THE REMOVE FORM AT GREYFRIARS

THOSE 'FORGOTTEN MEN'

* * * * *

By FRANK HANCOCK

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Very many people who are 30 years of age or more, and, I suspect, not a few who are less, know something of Greyfriars and the many adventures that befell the boys of that great (I might almost say greatest) public school of fiction, which were so ably recorded for us by Frank Richards in the Magnet for no less than 32 years. Surely they rank among the best-known and best-loved characters ever created by any author, anywhere. They must have seemed like real people to many young readers (I know they did to me), and all of them, from Wingate and his fellows in the lordly Sixth, down to Dicky Nugent, Sammy Bunter & Co. of the Second, have played some part in entertaining us; not to mention the venerable and much-respected Dr. Locke, Mr. Quelch, and various other members of the staff. But it is the Removites in whom we are most interested, for they hold the centre of the stage.

The Greyfriars Remove is, we are often told, a numerous Form. The excellent 'Who's Who' in the 1922 Holiday Annual lists 39 boys, and this was reprinted in Magnet No. 1659 some 18 years later, not long before that paper ceased publication. It does not, of course, include various characters who came and went. For some reason a number of these Removites, including several with very interesting qualities, were practically ignored over a long period. Let us consider them in some detail, and see how many we know and how many we don't know.

The Famous Five, of course, are first on the scene in most of the Greyfriars stories. Billy Bunter, Peter Todd, the Bounder, Tom Redwing and Tom Brown are usually not far behind. Skinner, Snoop and Stott are almost always there too, and so are Bolsover major, Ogilvy and Russell, Lord Mauleverer, Squiff and Dick Penfold. Wibley and Wun Lung have their share of the limelight, and Fisher T. Fish generally puts in an appearance, while Hazeldene, Mark Linley, Tom Dutton and Micky Desmond are often met with. Rather less frequently we meet Morgan and Newland, Kipps, Vivian and Napoleon Dupont. Rarely indeed do we read of Trevor, Treluce and Rake; and Bulstrode, Delarey, Smith minor and Hillary must be complete strangers to those who have read only the late Magnets.

I have in my collection two Magnets of fairly recent date which describe the Remove passage and its inhabitants in some detail. The first is No. 1376, one of the excellent Popper's Island series, in which Bunter is expelled (unjustly) for squirting ink over Prout in the quad. Bunter makes an unauthorised return to the school, and Prout, shrewdly calculating that he is likely to be found in the studies at teatime, makes a search. Let us accompany him on his rounds.

Beginning with No. 1 he finds therein the lawful occupants, Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, and also the rest of the Famous Five, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree

Singh. In No. 2 Tom Brown and Hazeldene are at home, but not Bulstrode. Ogilvy and Russell are in No. 3, and Vernon-Smith and Redwing in No. 4. For some reason Prout misses No. 5 and next calls at No. 6, where he finds Morgan, Micky Desmond and Wibley, but not Rake. Tom Dutton and Peter Todd are in No. 7 (no Alonzo). In No. 8 are Penfold and Newland (surely they should be in No. 9?). No. 9 does contain Trevor and Elliott (?), but not Treluce. Bolsover major and Napoleon Dupont are in No. 10, as they should be, and in No. 11 Prout finds that shady and inseparable trio, Skinner, Snoop and Stott. Going on to No. 12 he looks in on Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy Vivian (no Delarey), and Mark Linley and Wun Lung are in No. 13. Prout completes his tour with study No. 14, where are Squiff and Fisher T. Fish (32 boys in all, including Billy Bunter, who is in hiding elsewhere).

The other Magnet is No. 1583, and this time it is Harry Wharton who goes up and down the Remove inquiring about a Latin Dictionary which someone has borrowed without permission. He calls at No. 5 study, which Prout missed, and finds Kipps therein, and also Elliott, who was in No. 9 on the previous occasion. Wharton, however, follows Prout's example and misses a study - No. 8 - thus failing to see Smith minor. Penfold and Newland are in their proper study, No. 9, and this time Treluce is also there. Wharton, therefore, sees 34 boys in all; the same as Prout, plus Kipps and Treluce.

Thus the six 'forgotten men' who are omitted on both occasions are Alonzo Todd, Bulstrode, Rake, Hillary, Smith minor and Delarey. We might also include Trevor and Treluce in this category for all the show they get in the stories. Alonzo we can forget about, as we know he was sometimes absent because of ill-health, and eventually left Greyfriars altogether. Bulstrode does not appear at all during the last ten or twelve years of the Magnet's existence, Dick Rake, Trevor and Treluce hardly ever; while it is necessary to go back a good many years to discover Hillary, Smith minor and Delarey.

Incidentally, Elliott is there both times. I know little about him except that he was at Greyfriars in the very early days, and seems to have been a rather unpleasant character. He vanished from our ken about 1919 after a story which ended in his going to Canada, which is probably the reason he is not included in the aforementioned 'Who's Who'. Strange that he should crop up again as late as 1938 when several boys still at Greyfriars are ignored.

Those substitute writers who prepared the Greyfriars Herald and other extraneous features of the Magnet (no doubt working from the 'Who's Who') were rather more generous to these unfamiliar characters. Dick Rake edited the Herald when Wharton was absent in the Wild West; Delarey is reported to have taken part in a Remove boxing tournament, and others are occasionally featured in snippets describing life in the Remove. Some are dealt with in the various poetic effusions.

It seems a pity they were allowed to drop so completely out of the picture; Bulstrode, once a leading character and a powerful rival to Harry Wharton; Delarey, the fiery Boer; Hillary, who changed from being a pacifist type into a fighting man. Even in the case of boys who were never much in the limelight, their very names, and the backgrounds created for them, seem to indicate a good deal of thought on the part of the author to make them fit into the general Greyfriars scene; Robert Fortescue Smith (Smith minor), for instance, the only fellow in the Remove with a study to himself, who has a major in the Fifth and a minimus in the Second; Anthony Treluce, from the West of England, who plays the 'gay dog' slightly; and Herbert Beauchamp Trevor, son of a Lancashire manufacturer, with plenty of pocket money.

Delarey and Treluce are generally believed to be the creations of substitute writers, and it is possible that because of this Frank Richards did not feel under any obligation to mention them in the stories he wrote himself. This may apply to some of the others. I am skating on thin ice here, for it is a delicate subject to write about. While many of us feel it is always possible to pick out a story by a substitute writer, others believe that some of them were expert enough to be able to turn out a story modelled so closely on Frank Richards' style as to defy detection. Whilst I myself incline to the former view, it must be admitted that much of the Greyfriars Herald is written in a very witty and entertaining style which the master himself could hardly better, and if a substitute writer could keep up this vein for the full length of a story such a story would be very hard to detect. Maybe some day Frank Richards will fall in with Eric Fayne's suggestion and give us the full story of his writing life and thus resolve all our doubts. If we ever do have an authentic list of the authors of all the Magnet stories it is at least possible that we might get one or two colossal surprises! After all, it has happened in other fields.

However, to get back to my main theme, as all these boys are officially 'on the strength' I think we should have been allowed to at least read their names from time to time. There were all sorts of opportunities in the stories for introducing them briefly; for example, as witness of some episode which is vital to the plot; as being put on 'con' in the form room; as being approached for a loan by Billy Bunter; or simply as members of the crowd. All too often the old familiar few fill these roles.

All this, no doubt, is minor criticism about a not very important matter. But it does have some slight bearing on the overall interest of the Greyfriars saga. It in no way detracts from Frank Richards' great merit as a writer of school stories, and I do not suggest that he should have been expected to provide, at regular intervals, stories featuring all the unfamiliar boys in the Form.

But I do wish he had taken them down off the shelf and dusted them occasionally, and allowed them to make a brief bow. Then there would have been no 'forgotten men' in the Greyfriars Remove.

WANTED: S.O.L's. 42, 65, 66, 162, 257, 258, 259. Your price plus postage paid. The advertiser has some S.O.L's, Nelson Lees, Gems and Magnets for exchange only.

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WANTED: SCOUT, Vol. I; MARVELS 56, 283-5, 479-483; UNION JACKS 201, 244 and later LOBANGUS (Hayter) from 936.

THURBON, 5 ALL SAINTS PASSAGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS FOOT

A Story of
Herlock Sholmes, Detective,

By PETER TODD

I was about to sit down to my lunch when the telephone bell rang in our consulting room in Shaker Street. Mrs. Spudson, our housekeeper, had already placed the goodly viands on the table, and Sholmes, having seated himself, was about to attack the sausages which were steaming before him.

He glanced at me as the bell tinkled forth.

"Answer the 'phone, Jotson," he said, politely, his mouth full of sausage.

"It is probably a wrong number, Sholmes," I pleaded, with a wistful eye on my lunch.

"No, Jotson, it is not a wrong number. It is a caller - possibly someone to report the death of one of your patients, or, more likely, someone needing my professional assistance."

I looked at him in surprise.

"My dear Sholmes," I murmured. "How can you possibly know that it is not a wrong number?"

He yawned, and shook a piece of sausage at me.

"To a trained mind, the matter is simple. We get three wrong numbers for every genuine call. This is the fourth time the bell has rung this morning. The other three were wrong numbers. Ergo! This is a genuine call. Answer the 'phone, Jotson."

For a moment I was speechless at my amazing friend's startling deduction. Then I grabbed the receiver and listened.

"Is that Mr. Herlock Sholmes?" came a youthful voice.

"This is Mr. Sholmes's residence. Dr. Jotson speaking."

The unknown interlocutor spoke again quickly. He seemed to be considerably perturbed.

"My name is Merry. I am speaking from St. Jim's School near Rylcombe. I need Mr. Sholmes' aid at once."

"Quite so," I replied, soothingly. "And what is the trouble, my dear sir?"

"I've lost my foot," came the surprising answer.

I almost dropped the telephone in my astonishment.

I stammered: "You've lost what?"

The fellow at the other end answered me with impatience.

"I've lost my foot."

I said, with some dignity: "My dear sir, I imagine that it must be my services which you require - not that of Mr. Sholmes. I am a doctor, and if you have lost your nether member...."

"Don't be an ass," hooted the strange Mr. Merry, from the other end of the line. "I've lost my foot, and I want Mr. Herlock Sholmes to find it."

"You want Herlock Sholmes to find your foot?" I almost babbled.

"Yes, yes." Mr. Merry sounded eager. "We are in the middle of a cricket match, and I can't play cricket without my foot."

"I should think it would be difficult," I agreed. I began to think that I was dealing with a lunatic.

"Tell Mr. Sholmes that I shall expect him in an hour on the St. Jim's playing fields near Rylcombe. It's a matter of life and death," came the voice of the footless gentleman. There was a whirr on the line. He had rung off.

I replaced the receiver, and turned to find Sholmes regarding me with a quizzical expression upon his finely chiselled face.

"A Mr. Merry of St. Jim's School near Rylcombe has lost his foot, and wants you to find it. He says it's a matter of life and death," I blurted out.

Sholmes pursed his sensitive lips, but did not speak.

I continued: Surely, Sholmes, you will not waste your time on so preposterous a matter. If the young man has actually lost a foot, there can be no object in your searching for it."

Sholmes smiled, and lit his two pipes.

"On the contrary, Jotson." He blew out a dense cloud of smoke. "My mother once lost her head at a political meeting, but she found it afterwards. This case interests me. Nous verrons! We will make our way to St. James' College near Rylcombe."

"Very well, Sholmes." I was slightly offended, and added, with dignity; "But first I will have my lunch."

Sholmes picked up his hat and placed it on his head.

He said, blandly: "I have eaten your lunch as well as my own. As it consisted of Mrs. Spudson's sausages, you should be grateful. Come, my good fellow."

We arrived at Victoria Station and took second-class tickets for Wayland Junction. During our journey in a first-class compartment, Sholmes looked unusually thoughtful. I could see that he was deeply intrigued by the strange mystery of the young man who had lost his foot.

At Wayland we took a taxi, and in a very short time we found ourselves walking across the playing fields of St. Jim's School. A cricket match was in progress, and a number of white-clad figures were standing by the pavilion. A handsome, sun-tanned youth, with bright, sparkling eyes, ran up to us. He wore flannels and the red and white blazer of St. Jim's.

He said, breathlessly: "Mr. Sholmes, thank goodness you have come. I am Tom Merry."

Sholmes passed a hand over his aquiline nose.

He observed: "Dr. Jotson and I are honoured to make your acquaintance, Mr. Merry, but I am surprised. I understood that you had lost a pedal extremity."

Tom Merry threw an anxious glance in the direction of the cricket match.

He said, a despairing note of appeal in his voice: "I've lost my foot, Mr. Sholmes. I shall get a duck without my good old foot. The New House is playing the School House. The New House have made 210. Figgins got a century, and Redfern bagged 38, while Koumi Rao hit up a score. Unless I can make a century, we are lost. Cardew and Gussy are stonewalling to keep the game alive, but I shall make a duck without my foot."

I could see that Sholmes was arriving, as I had done, at the conclusion that Tom Merry was a lunatic.

He said, brusquely: "My dear Mr. Merry, you appear to have your normal share of two feet. Do you mean to say that you were originally blessed with a third understanding, which you have mislaid?"

Tom Merry made a weary gesture of impatience.

"My rabbit's foot, Mr. Sholmes," he explained. "It's my luck. Without my rabbit's foot, I am undone."

"Ah!" Sholmes saw light. "You have mislaid a rabbit's foot which is your lucky charm. How did you come to lose it? You may speak quite freely before Dr. Jotson."

Tom Merry raised both his hands in impotent despair.

"I went into the pavvy to wash my hands, after having shaken the paw of a New House man. My foot was then in my blazer pocket. I hung the blazer on a peg, and washed. I put my blazer on, and, when I felt in my pocket, the foot was gone." Tom Merry's voice broke. "Mr. Sholmes, find my foot, and all that I have is yours."

"It would appear that Mr. Merry's foot has been stolen," I murmured in sympathy.

Sholmes gave me a severe glance.

"I never jump to conclusions, Jotson. Mr. Merry, is it possible that some New House boy may have removed your foot, in the knowledge that the loss would spoil your game?"

Tom Merry shrugged his shoulders.

"I hardly think so. The New House men don't wash much, but they are the soul of honour."

Sholmes ran his eye over the sturdy figure of the St. Jim's lad. Then he made one of those startling remarks which always fill me with such amazement.

He said: "In ten minutes, Mr. Merry, I will place your rabbit's foot in your hands."

"Sholmes!" I gasped, breathless with wonder.

Tom Merry's face lit up like the rising sun.

"Rejoin your friends, Mr. Merry," said Sholmes. "In ten minutes your foot will be with you."

With a brisk step, Tom Merry walked over to the other fellows who had been watching us. Sholmes's gaze followed the attractive young cricketer.

He said, thoughtfully: "Jotson, do you notice anything curious about that lad?"

"He is very polite, which is unusual to-day," I suggested.

Sholmes smiled bleakly.

He merely said: "Wait here!"

He left me, and entered the pavilion, the boys who were standing in the doorway moving to allow him to pass.

Ten minutes went by, during which time I watched the game. I saw an elegant cricketer who wore a monocle hit a brilliant four, only to be caught at point off the next ball. There was a roar of cheering round the ground, but a murmur of despondency among the boys near to me. Tom Merry approached me, a worried look on his face.

Just then, Herlock Sholmes emerged from the pavilion, and Tom Merry regarded him hopefully.

"I must go in to bat now, Mr. Sholmes. Have you had any luck?"

"Luck is a word which does not exist in my vocabulary," said the great detective, with a frown. "By deduction, I have found your foot."

Tom Merry's face brightened, as my remarkable friend passed to him a furry little object which gave off a scent of decomposed meat.

"Where did you find it?" he demanded.

"In your pocket," was the astounding answer.

"In my pocket?" babbled Tom Merry.

"Sholmes, I am amazed," I said in wonder.

"As usual, Jotson... but the matter was simple. I asked you whether you observed anything curious about our cricketing friend. With your untrained intellect, you did not. But I noticed that the blazer he was wearing was extremely small for him. His sleeves only reached to his elbows, and the bottom of the jacket came only to the small of his back. Furthermore, when he removed it to prepare for his innings, I observed on the name tab, the words Walter A. D'Arcy. Your name is not, I think, Walter A. D'Arcy?"

"My name is Tom Merry."

"Just so!" Sholmes smiled, and took a sniff of cocaine from a silver box. "You took off your own blazer when you washed, and inadvertently donned the jacket of Walter A. D'Arcy when you left the pavilion. I found a blazer - obviously your own, since it bore your name - hanging in the pavilion, and your foot was in the pocket. Voila! My account for services rendered will reach you in the course of a post. Don't thank me... if you double the amount of my charge, it will be ample recompense."

As we left the ground, I looked back. There was Tom Merry, glittering with the joy of youth, and batting like a trojan. I saw a ball from his bat lifted clean over the pavilion.

"Jotson," murmured Herlock Sholmes, wistfully, "I wish I were a boy again."

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE

"THE BOY WHO LOST HIS FOOT" is loosely based on the Herlock Sholmes stories which Charles Hamilton wrote for the first GREYFRIARS HERALD, published as a separate entity, one halfpenny weekly, for eighteen weeks in 1917 - 1918. Very naughtily, Mr. Hamilton tilted at the famous stories of Conan Doyle.

29/1/45

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD - 4 - Every Monday.

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THE ADVENTURES OF HERLOCK SHOLMES.

No. 1.
THE ADVENTURE OF THE DIAMOND PINS.



HERLOCK SHOLMES.

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

SHOLMES was examining attentively, under a powerful microscope, a leading article in the "Daily Mail" when I came into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. He looked round with a large smile. "I have surprised you, my dear Jotson," he remarked. "You are always surprising me, Sholmes," I replied. "My I tell what you hope to discover by a microscopical examination of a daily paper?" He opened slightly as he laid down the microscope.

"Merely an amusement, Jotson. It may not have occurred to you that by a careful examination of the type in which an article is printed, much may be learned of the man who wrote it, as to fact, his age, form, and stalling price, with sufficient care and attention." A simple amusement for an idle moment, my dear Jotson.

"You amaze me, Sholmes."

"Not at all, my dear Jotson. I do not say that this theory is widely known. Scotland Yard would smile at the idea." Herlock Sholmes shrugged his shoulders, as he frequently did at the mention of Scotland Yard, and changed the



There was a desperate struggle. In the midst of it the door was flung open, and Inspector Phinkey rushed into the room. (See Chapter 2.)

subject. "I see that you have not shaved this morning, Jotson."

"Sholmes, how could you possibly know?"

"He laughed. "Is it not a fact?" he asked. "It is a fact, certainly. But how you guessed?"

"It was not a guess, Jotson. Sholmes frowned a little. "I never guess. I leave guesswork to the police. It was a simple deduction, Jotson, simply explained. After shaving, your face presents a smooth and unobtrusive appearance. I have observed this on innumerable occasions."

"True. But—" "At the present moment it presents a rough and hairy appearance. To a trained eye, my dear Jotson, the conclusion is instant and obvious. You have not shaved."

"It is simple enough now that you explain it, Sholmes, but I confess it would not have occurred to me. Yet I have endeavoured to study your methods."

"None was not built in a day, my dear fellow," said Sholmes, with a smile. "You must take time. It would amuse me to test your progress. Look at this, and tell me what you deduce from it."

He took a large pistol from a drawer, and handed it to me. "I

As for ALMOND, the buffer on mild. Who aims at discerning the ways that are wild. It is for BLUNTER, in need of a muscle, Who asks not to live, but here just to guggle.

The Herlock Sholmes stories were excruciatingly funny, and filled with a brilliant satire, much of which may have been lost on the youngsters who delighted in "The Greyfriars Herald". In almost every case, the stories were skits on some of the famous Sherlock Holmes stories. The titles tell their own satirical stories:—"The Bound of the Haskervilles", "The Sign of Forty-Four", "The Yellow Phiz", "The Freckled Hand", "The Death of Sholmes", "The Return of Herlock Sholmes", etc. The way the writer cleverly linked his witty and ironical little tales with the famous stories of the incomparable Sherlock Holmes provided a feast of fun and chuckles.

In later years, tales of Herlock Sholmes were often a feature of the Magnet and Popular Supplements, but these were almost certainly all by substitute writers. The early brilliance had departed, though, on occasion, they provided a pleasant interlude.

* * * * *

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THEY CAME FROM OVER THE SEA

BY HARRY BROSTER

"They came from over the Sea" to their famous schools, bringing with them colour and interest. One or two, after they had settled down, never took any great part in the stories again, but some are very much to the fore even to-day.

For the purpose of keeping this article to its allotted length, I am dealing chiefly with the characters of Charles Hamilton, and, furthermore, confining its scope more or less to the lads from the Empire and Commonwealth. "They Came from Over the Sea" could, of course, include foreigners from Europe, America, and Asia. Even the Irish boys came over the sea. For that matter, so did Eric Kerruish of the St. Jim's Fourth, who crossed the Irish Sea from the Isle of Man.

But I have not the space to consider them, so out go such colourful characters as Fisher T. Fish of Greyfriars, and Buck Finn of St. Jim's. In their wake go Napoleon Dupont, and Contarine of St. Jim's. Wun Lung and Hop Hi, the Greyfriars Chinese brothers, must only have a passing mention - and what more intriguing characters are there than these two?

It is a pity we have to neglect the Irish contingent - Kildare, Reilly, and others. They have played a worthy part and been an asset to the various papers they adorned.

So let the boys of the Commonwealth take the stage, and we lead off from Greyfriars. In Magnet No. 86 we first meet Tom Brown, who comes from Hokitiki, South Island, New Zealand. He had the misfortune to have to share a study, No. 2 in the Remove passage, with George Bulstrode and Peter Hazeldene. Neither of them are very nice characters, but Browney, or "Frozen Mutton", as he was then called, had nothing in common with either of them. We always found him with the better element of the Remove.

Always a stalwart in form matters was Tom Brown, wicket keeper for junior cricket, and a great Soccer player, whether at full-back, wing-half, or centre-half. Generally we found him left back, with Johnny Bull as partner.

Later on came the incomparable "Squiff" - Samson Quincy Iffley Field from New South Wales. Some have said he would have been as good as Wharton as Captain of the Remove. At times, in fact, he was Captain - and a worthy leader he proved, too. Keen, and with more common-sense than most, Squiff has always been very close to the Famous Five. Sharing a study, No. 14, with Johnny Bull has helped that association, and many adventures of the Five have included Squiff. Squiff is renowned for his batting, and we know also that he is the Remove recognized goalkeeper.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Prince of India, demon bowler and speedy wing forward, dark of skin and noble of heart, easy-going but very keen-witted, was one of Frank Richards' very early characters. We read of him at Netherby School, then Beechwood Academy (see Marvel new series No. 208). He was one of the original "Famous Four". The Greyfriars Remove would not be the same without Inky, and his quaint "lingo" is as much a part of the stories as Bunter's stupid evasions. In No. 13 he has as study-mate another who "came from over the sea" - Wun Lung. He is not of the Commonwealth, but a great little character for all that.

We cannot leave the Greyfriars contingent of Commonwealth members without introducing one whom many regard as the most interesting of the lot - "The Rebel" - in other words Piet Delarey, the boy from South Africa. He was not one of Frank Richards' creations. J.N. Pentelow gave the Remove Delarey, and made much of him, though we do not find much prominence accorded him by the rightful author of the Greyfriars stories.

Delarey has been a great friend to little Sir Jimmy Vivian, and it is unfortunate that he was not used much more in later years. Not a regular member of the Remove Eleven, he was very useful when needed, and a fine man with his fists.

There, then, you have the Colonials of Greyfriars, and a good yarn to read of them (I may be in the minority in suggesting this) is a Magnet Christmas Number, No. 513. They are all introduced in this story, together with Wun Lung, Hop Hi, and young Sylvester of the second. With them, for good measure, there are Dane, Kangaroo, and Koumi Rao from St. Jim's, along with Buck Finn. All of them "came from over the sea".

One at Highliffe we must not overlook is "Flip of the Fourth" - Philip Derwent from Tasmania. One of the famous Twins, the other being a girl, Philippa, known as "Flap" of Cliff House. These again were introduced by J.N. Pentelow, but we can hardly miss them out. Frank Richards only gives them casual mention, but the Gem serial, "The Twins from Tasmania", telling of how they arrived at their respective schools, was highly popular.

"Flip" was inclined to kick over the traces. At first he leaned towards Ponsonby and his crowd, but later he steadied up, and soon we find him a firm friend of Frank Courtney, along with his two chums of Study No. 6, Algy Merton and Fred Tunstall. A good all-round athlete was "Flip", and another good man with his fists, as Bob Cherry discovered.

There are quite a few Colonials at St. Jim's. I have already mentioned Kangaroo. Harry Noble of Study No. 11 in the Shell passage is a Cornstalk, and a similar character in many ways to Squiff of Greyfriars. A fine batsman and bowler, and great at centre-half for the footer team, we find "Kangy" either in the company of the Terrible Three or with Clifton Dane, another Colonial, and his study mate with Bernard Glyn.

Clifton Dane was described as a French Canadian, and he is a champion wrestler. He is not a prominent cricketer or footballer, or, at least, only figures in form games. He is just not up to the standard to represent the junior eleven. Again an excellent character, but not used so much by Martin Clifford as Pentelow. Dane first appeared in Gem No. 57, and Kangaroo arrived in No. 69.

More prominent than Clifton Dane, and equally so with Noble, is Sidney Clive of the Fourth Form in the School House. Sharing Study No. 9 with Ernest Levison and Ralph Reckness Cardew, he completes a very mixed but extremely interesting trio of characters. We find him usually more or less exasperated with the queer carryings-on of Cardew, but, all the same, he is always ready to give Levison a helping hand to save his erring chum. Like Levison, he is a good all-round sportsman, but not always so sure of his place. The story always runs that the vacant place in the team lies between him and his chum Cardew. A worthy representative of South Africa, but, unlike Piet Delarey, not an Africaaner.

In the School House Fourth, too, is another Martin Clifford Colonial, this time another boy from Canada - Kit Wildrake, of Study No. 2. Born on a ranch in the shade of the mighty Rocky Mountains, Kit Wildrake has figured in many famous St. Jim's stories, and his special forte is tracking, or reading sign. Like Kerr of the New House, he is keen and resourceful. Not a prominent athlete, he seldom appears on the team list for the House Eleven. He first came to St. Jim's in Gem No. 677.

Richard Roylance of the Fourth, a New Zealander, was first introduced in Gem No. 578, and became at once involved in a bitter feud with Harry Manners. As usual, young Reggie Manners was the cause of the trouble. Eventually, Manners and Roylance became friends. Never a prominent character, after the initial series, he is now rarely mentioned.

A more colourful study is Koumi Rao of the New House Fourth - the Jam of Bundelpore, who appeared on the scene in Gem No. 297.

In the story, entitled "A Disgrace to His House", Koumi Rao became a bitter enemy to Tom Merry. As time went on, there came the reversal of feeling, and he emerged as a firm admirer of Tom, and moulded his fiery, untamed character to the standard set by St. Jim's. Nowadays he backs up Figgins and Co., against the School House, and, next to Patty Wynn, is their best bowler and also a speedy winger. A good friend of Hurree Singh of Greyfriars, he occupies Study No. 1 in the New House.

A short distance from St. Jim's is Rylcombe Grammar School, where we find a trio of Australian youths - Gordon Gay, Harry Wooton, and Jack Wooton. Gay we all know as the junior skipper of the Grammar School, and a very able amateur actor and impersonator. Leader in the japes against the St. Jim's juniors, we generally find him supported by the Wooton Twins and Frank Monk.

Gay and the Wooton Brothers featured in the Gem stories from very early days, and, for a time, they were known as "The Three Wallabies". Their adventures, about 1910-1911, were told in a periodical called Empire Library, the author being given as Prosper Howard. We have in Gordon Gay one of the very best type of Colonials, a fine all-round sportsman and a good captain. He has two firm supporters in the Wootons, Jack being the elder (by a few minutes or so).

There is another boy "from across the sea" at Rylcombe, but he is not a Colonial. We cannot pass him by. He is Gustave Blanc, the French boy, one of the rank and file who always back up Gay and Co.

So much for the Magnet and the Gem, and now we transfer our attention to the old "Green 'Un". At Rookwood, we find only the "Three Colonials" or the Colonial Co - Dick Van Ryn of South Africa, Kit Conroy of Australia, and Charles Pons of Canada.

They are the inmates of Study No. 3 in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. The usual all-round athletes, good fellows in the main, and followers of Jimmy Silver, all three have been starred in the Rookwood stories from time to time. Conroy and Van Ryn are both members of the junior eleven, and Pons is a reliable reserve. Van Ryn is the Rookwood ventriloquist, and, from his name, like Delarey, an Africaaner. By the same token it would appear that Pons is a French Canadian. Good material here, and they would have been more prominent, perhaps, if the Rookwood yarns had enjoyed a longer life.

There you have the Colonials of St. Jim's, Greyfriars, Rookwood, Highcliffe, and Rylcombe. In an article in the Midland O.B.B.C's winning entry for the Les Rowley Greyfriars Cup, I introduced my idea of a Commonwealth team to play an England team at football at Eastwood House. The team I selected was as follows:

Squiff

Kit Conroy - Flip Derwent - Harry Noble
Hurree Singh - Van Ryn - Roylance - Clive - Delarey

So much for Soccer. To choose a cricket team would be more difficult. Apart from the fact (and I would like the critics to argue this point away) that Frank Richards' cricketers at each and every school happen to be the best footballers also, the best team for either the winter or summer game has to be chosen from about thirteen names. Also, the positions they occupy at Soccer, and what they do best at cricket, is very vague. So with the Commonwealth team we are selecting. I have only read once (and I think Mr. Samways is to be thanked for that) that these cricket teams of Frank Richards had a wicket-keeper. Tom Brown was mentioned as the Remove "Stumper". Who is the "Stumper" at St. Jim's and Rookwood, at Rylcombe or Highcliffe? We are never told. We know Hurree Singh and Kouni Rao as demon bowlers, but I cannot recall any other crack bowlers. Bats, yes. Squiff, Noble, Gay, - all top-notchers, and, according to Pentelow, Flip Derwent was good enough for Highcliffe 1st Eleven, which isn't saying much.

My team, in batting order, would be Gay, Derwent, Noble, Brown, Field, Conroy, Clive, Van Ryn, Delarey, Hurree Singh, and Kouni Rao. Four from Australia, three from South Africa, two from India, one each from New Zealand and Tasmania.

We have no West Indians, while Canada, more's the pity, is not a cricketing country.

If we had to pick an English team to play them, we should have more of a problem. We should have to find out who were "Stumpers", some more crack bowlers beside Jimmy Silver and Talbot, some other bats beside Tom Merry, Wharton and Figgins. In short, what each can do best, and that is the problem if you can judge anything from Frank Richards' cricket yarns. On that note of criticism, I bring to an end my list of those who "Came From Over the Sea".

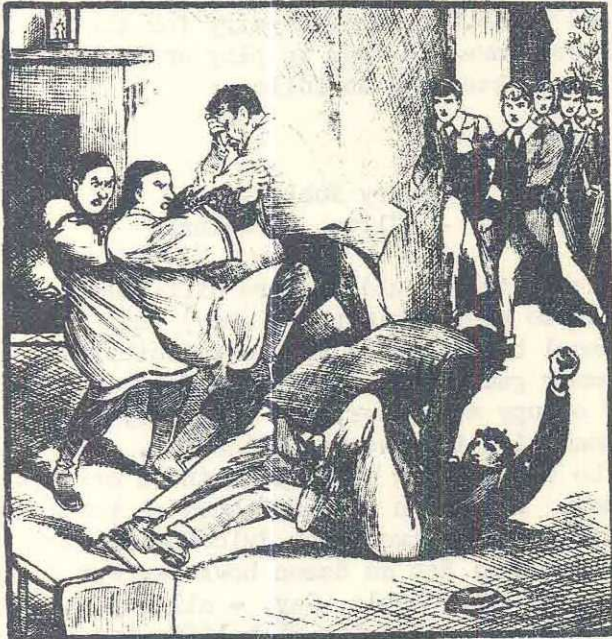
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FOUR FROM THE EAST!

A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



TO THE RESCUE!

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THEY CAME FROM OVER THE SEA

BY

HARRY BROSTER

In his article "THEY CAME FROM OVER THE SEA" our contributor suggests that readers should endeavour to obtain the story "The Greyfriars Christmas Party," which appeared in Magnet 513, the last Christmas Double Number of the Magnet ever to appear. Our picture shows the cover of the Magnet for the following week, containing "Four From the East," a sequel to the Christmas Party story. Both tales were by Pentelow, and they were unusual in that Harry Wharton and Co. were scarcely featured at all. In the following extract from the second story, Mr. Pentelow explained how the Colonials had come to spend Christmas together at the School:

"A number of the Greyfriars juniors had had to stay at the school for the holidays, in charge of Mr. Prout. Squiff, Tom Brown, Delary, Fish, Wun Lung, Hop Hi, and Sylvester made up the little party. Communications between Dr. Locke and Dr. Holmes of St. Jim's had resulted in the addition to it of Harry Noble, Clifton Dane, Koumi Rao, and Buck Finn. Hurree Singh had crocked himself on the day when he should have travelled as a member of Harry Wharton's house-party that he had to be left behind. Then Billy and Sammy Bunter had run away from home to the school. So altogether there were fourteen of them..."

The situation to bring this group together was painfully contrived and rather fantastic. The setting took a lot of swallowing, and was an example of the habit of the substitute writers of turning the spotlight on minor characters. Though the two stories, starring the massed overseas lads, provided a novelty interlude, especially for admirers of Pentelow's work, it is doubtful whether, in later years, readers would have welcomed stories in which the popular main Co. was conspicuous by its absence.

THE PEOPLE WHO MADE "THE CHAMPION"

A Tribute to Some of the "Back Room Boys"

By F. ADDINGTON SYMONDS
(Founder & Chief Editor)

* * * * *

NOT so long before he died, Herbert Leckenby called, with those two stalwarts of the "Old Boys' Brigade", Leonard and Josie Packman, to see me at my home and we spent a most enjoyable evening together.

Inevitably, the years rolled back - more than thirty of them! - and there was much nostalgic talk about my old paper The Champion and its Companion Journals. I was genuinely surprised and honoured to learn that there are many who still remember these papers and even treasure copies of them; and perhaps I may be forgiven if, with conscious pride, I took down the old volumes from my bookshelves and turned the pages once again...

What a constellation of authors, artists, characters and stories that was! Week after week and year after year it went on, like an endless, glittering pageant; and with it, the mounting enthusiasm of everyone connected with the papers. Especially The Champion.

Much flattering credit has been given to the Editor, for which he is deeply grateful, though not as deserving as his many friends seem to think. Honour is even more due to those who helped him - his editorial and art staff, his contributors. And the time has surely come to pay a tribute to some of them, and particularly to the "back room boys".

In the first few weeks of The Champion's existence, the staff consisted of precisely two - the Editor and an office boy. But it soon expanded, until at last it comprised some fourteen people - twelve men and two girls. All, without exception, were clever, hard-working and enthusiastic. No editor ever had a more efficient, loyal or devoted band of helpers. And some of them were destined eventually to become celebrities in their own right.

Alfred Edgar, for instance. He joined The Champion staff fairly early on and rapidly earned for himself the position of second-in-command, which he shared jointly with John W. Wheway. Today, Edgar is justly famous as the author of two great West End theatrical successes - "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" and "The Man from Half-Moon Street", both written under the name of Barré Lyndon. A tall, lean, alert-looking young man, he always struck me as knowing what he wanted and taking the shortest cut to get it. He was a keen, clever sub-editor as well as an outstanding writer, chiefly of crime and sporting stories. Between us, we created the character of Panther Grayle, detective, whose adventures were chronicled by "Howard Steele" - a collective noun that masked the identities of various writers, including Arthur Brooke, Alfred Edgar, and your Editor himself.

John W. Whewey was another "star" in the Champion firmament. One of the very first to join our staff, he was an amazingly industrious worker, combining the chief sub-editorship of Pluck with the writing of innumerable serials, complete stories and articles on all phases of sport, which he turned out on long strips of paper attached in a fat roll to his typewriter, cutting them off into pages as he went along! A genial, quick-witted fellow, he was one of our most valued and expert helpers and always immensely enthusiastic.

And Gwyn Evans, whose name is still famous wherever these old boys' papers are remembered. He was a sort of free-lance sub-editor, doing odd jobs for all our journals, but chiefly on The Champion and Pluck. Young, handsome, mercurial in temperament, his ability as a writer of ingenious and captivating stories amounted almost to genius and he turned them out at an amazingly rapid rate - every one of them a gem. Unfortunately, his somewhat moody and unstable temperament unfitted him for the necessarily rigid routine of office life; but, though he eventually left us, he continued till the end to provide us with an almost endless stream of stories which we were proud to publish.

Another notable figure was C. Eaton Fearn, who was responsible to me for the production of our youngest journal, The Rocket, and himself wrote many fine yarns for that paper. Fearn was quiet and retiring, always to be found at his desk, absorbed in his job. A reliable, solid fellow, a man you could always depend on.

Nor must we forget one who was necessarily anonymous to the outside world - the Editor's personal secretary. Her name was Daisy Marshall, and she was the daughter of Grant Marshall, at that time Art Editor of the Daily Mail. A slim, pretty and vivacious girl of about twenty, she was appointed to her post in the very early days and held it throughout the period of my editorship. Never was any editor more blessed with such a combination of quiet efficiency, smiling tact, and a keen, clever understanding of the many intricacies of her own - and his - job. To Daisy fell the task of looking after the Editor's daily appointments, taking down his innumerable letters, attending conferences, keeping the files and - often enough - personally interviewing callers who, for one reason or another, could not be seen by the Editor himself. When he was on holiday, she remained "on the bridge", keeping him informed every day of all that was going on in his absence. Often, too, when he returned from his travels, he would find her waiting on the station platform to greet him as his train came in - usually with a bulging brief case full of matters requiring immediate attention!

Back of all these people - in name as well as position - was Mr. Willie Back, the A.P. Director in charge of a large group of juvenile publications which included that of The Champion. He it was who first appointed me to the editorship and to him I owed more than I could ever repay, in wise guidance, kindly yet frank criticism, and constant encouragement.

It is to these and their associates, rather than to myself, that credit should chiefly be given for whatever success was achieved with The Champion Group. Without their unflinching help and, often, their guidance, for it was a rule in my office that any member of the staff was free to criticise the Editor! - I could never have carried out my job at all. One and all were loyal and indefatigable, skilful and, in some cases, brilliant, in the performance of their work; and - what was of special importance and pride to me - each and everyone was a personal friend, bound to me, as to each other, by the common ties of a great love - our genuine and wholehearted devotion to the journals we had the honour and the pride to control.

I cannot end this chronicle without a tribute to one who was not among the "back room boys" but who was nevertheless their chief inspiration. I refer, of course, to the late A.C. Marshall, professionally known as Arthur Brooke. It was upon his two famous papers, the Big Budget and the Boy's Leader, that the idea of The Champion was originally founded - papers which were my own especial favourites as a boy and with whose great Editor I struck up a friendship at the early age of ten (as one of his readers) which continued until his death, during the second world war. As Editor of The Champion, I had the unique experience of commissioning many serials from Mr. Marshall as also from several of the writers who worked for him. Throughout my period as Editor, I was inspired and helped by his wise guidance, his enthusiasm, and his flattering faith in me, whom he regarded as his "successor". He was a great editor and a great gentleman whom it was an honour and a privilege to know.

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NO. 130. DOUBLE-LENGTH DETECTIVE DRAMA



*The
PHANTOM
of
Tregellis
Castle*

By

R.J. GODSAVE

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*
*

During the long run of the Nelson Lee Library its readers were occasionally taken by E.S. Brooks into the realms of the supernatural. The Christmas double number 130 O.S. "The Phantom of Tregellis Castle" was the first of this type of story which featured the chums of St. Franks.

The setting was, as its title suggests, at the ancestral home of Sir Lancelot Montgomery Tregellis-West with Nelson Lee, Nipper and Tommy Watson invited as guests.

The story opens with Sir Montie's uncle and guardian, the Earl of Westbrooke coming down to St. Franks with the idea of switching the Christmas party from Tregellis Castle to his own home, Westbrooke Hall, about nine miles from the castle. It appeared that the reason for the earl's anxiety to put off Sir Montie and his guests from going to the castle, was that the previous night both the Earl of Westbrooke and his sister Lady Helen, Sir Montie's aunt, had clearly seen the family ghost - the Cloaked Cavalier.

It was popularly believed that anyone who encountered the Cavalier and was enfolded in his cloak, vanished for ever. So the story had been handed down over the years.

This piece of news, however, made Sir Montie all the more determined that the festivities be held at the castle.

It was at this point that Nelson Lee made known to Lord Westbrooke, Sir Montie and Watson, his and Nipper's real identity, as to accept an invitation under an assumed name would not be playing the game.

The assumed names of Peter Alvington and Dick Bennett was a highly necessary precaution owing to the enmity of a Chinese Tong which had been aroused against the detective and his assistant to such an extent that the death sentence had been passed on the two. Under these names Lee and Nipper had sought sanctuary at St. Franks, Nelson Lee as Housemaster, Nipper as a Removite.

It was at dinner on the evening of their arrival at Tregellis Castle that Sir Montie and his guests heard from the Cavalier. Lord Westbrooke had just reached a point of a joke and everybody was getting ready to laugh, when a strange sound came to their ears. It seemed to be a gasping cry of horror, the cry of a man in mortal fear.

The earl ceased speaking, and there was a moment's dead silence within the apartment. And as the party sat there the cry was repeated. But this time it was doubly loud, and rose to a wild shriek of absolute terror. Lady Helen turned a trifle pale "What - what was that" she asked falteringly. "The cry of a man in fear" replied Nelson Lee, with all his old crispness. "Shall we go to the windows?"

They were French windows leading out upon the snow swept balcony. Lee opened the windows and rushed out closely followed by the others, and saw the figure of the Cloaked Cavalier moving slowly across the lawn. The thing appeared to be a man attired in strange clothing with a long flowing cloak outstretched. It came as a shock to the watchers that the thing was headless, and moved across the snow in swaying, ungainly strides. The whole vision exuded a faintly greenish haze. It seemed hours before the Cavalier reached the terrace - yet, as the fascinated watchers realised, the whole terrible incident occupied only fifteen seconds.

Just as the phantom reached the edge of the terrace, the watchers saw the figure of a man standing full in the path of the Cavalier. The man's attitude was one of frozen horror, transfixed with fright.

The voice of Lord Westbrooke broke the silence "Gill" he exclaimed hoarsely, "It's Gill, one of the gardeners" - Sir Montie's uncle shook himself violently, "Run, man, don't stand there" - The earl broke off. Although the night was black, the figure of Gill was visible, bathed in an eerie, unnatural glow. For the Cavalier was right on the motionless gardener now. The wide cloak outstretched further, and then curled itself round Gill's form.

A wild despairing cry wailed out which seemed to turn the very blood of the watchers to water. The faint greenish glow gradually faded, - the Cloaked Cavalier vanished. Nothing could be seen except the dim outline of the battlements against the night sky.

"Great Heavens" muttered the Earl of Westbrooke. That exclamation broke the spell and Sir Montie was heard to sigh deeply. "What - what happened to the man?" asked Nipper, trying to speak steadily. "I don't know, I don't know my boy" said Nelson Lee sharply.

Both Nelson Lee and Nipper leaped over the low stonework of the balcony and ran quickly along the path, through the snow. Behind came Tommy and Sir Montie, the earl was left behind talking excitedly and agitatedly to his sister, Lady Helen.

In a few moments Nelson Lee and Nipper reached the terrace which bordered the north wing. The awful feeling of horror had left them by now, and there was an air of excitement and eagerness.

Nelson Lee took out his automatic cigarette lighter, and sparked it, a bright little flame sprang up. Shading it from the wind, Lee held it close to the ground. A single set of footprints led onwards. "Gill's tracks" muttered Lee. They walked on quickly, until they came to the spot where the terrace ran flush with the lawn. And here the footsteps turned abruptly. They faced the lawn. Lee walked on a pace, and - and -

"Upon my soul" murmured Nelson Lee amazedly. Nipper stared down, and Montie and Tommy behind him craned forward. The footprints ended abruptly, and they were yards from any wall or tree. They ended at the edge of the lawn, with unbroken snow on every hand. And then Nipper uttered a great shout. For he had realised the terrible truth. Gill's footprints were the only ones visible. The Cloaked Cavalier had crossed the lawn without leaving a single trace.

The phantom had left no footprints. The marks made by Gill, the stricken gardener, were as clear as day in the thick snow - and they ended abruptly. That was the startling, amazing thing. They ended abruptly as though the man had flown into the sky itself.

The snow upon the lawn stretched out in an unbroken expanse, yet the Cloaked Cavalier had walked right across it. Nelson Lee and the boys had seen him clearly! It was not as though the lawn was just a lawn, for the time being it had changed its character and had become a great stretch of yielding snow. A bird could not have walked across it without leaving a trace.

Nipper felt himself beginning to shiver, and it was not with the cold. The thing was impossible! Nothing human could have crossed the lawn without leaving the marks of its progress across its surface. And what did that imply? What could be the only explanation? The Cloaked Cavalier had been a mere apparition with no solidarity.

* * * * *

The above is a condensed extract from "The Phantom of Tregellis Castle" and when this book came into my possession a few years ago, it required a great strength of will not to feverishly turn to the end pages to see what the solution could possibly be. To be frank, I first of all thought that Brooks had over-reached himself, and that he would be unable to give a material explanation of this horror.

I could not for the life of me see how Gill and the spectre could have vanished simultaneously, and there seemed to be no explanation whatever.

It speaks volumes for the skill of Brooks in leaving the reader 'high and dry' so to speak, and although I tried to think of an explanation, I could not. There were no secret doors or passages which probably could account for the vanishing of the phantom and his victim.

So I must confess that I did look at the end pages before I read through the book in order to satisfy my curiosity, and found some old friends of Lee had joined the party, Lord Dorriemore, Eileen Dare and her fiancée, Captain Masters.

The ghostly manifestations were the work of a group of foreigners of whom Anatole, a new chef engaged by Lady Helen, was an associate. He had been at the castle for about a month, and was in a position to give his fellow conspirators information and assist in the preparations for the great moment.

These men had come from Merania, a tiny state in Europe, on the orders of the Queen of Merania, with the object of bringing Sir Montie to this country, by force if necessary, in order to take the place of the present king who was an imbecile.

In the questioning of the foreigners by Nelson Lee, when he had defeated their attempts to kidnap Tregellis-West, it came out that the prince, as the king then was, and Sir Montie had both been born in the capital of Merania at the same time. Owing to the scheming of the uncle of the prince, Sir Montie was kidnapped by mistake, the hired bandits realized their mistake and seized the baby prince in addition. The two babies had got mixed up and Lady Tregellis-West, who was in a weak condition upon hearing her baby had been stolen, died from shock.

Thus it was in the Queen's mind to present Sir Montie to the country as her son, having made herself believe that she had made a mistake in selecting the present king as her son. It was believed by many of the Queen's subjects that the real king was taken away by the late Sir Lancelot, Sir Montie's father when he left Merania.

The whole idea of the phantom was to get Sir Montie away in such a fashion that no search would be made, and the family ghost of the Tregellis-Wests fitted beautifully into the schemes of the kidnappers. Gill, of course, had been paid a considerable sum of money for the part he had played. It was essential to the success of the plot for him to act as a victim, and Tregellis-West would also be just another victim had the plot succeeded.

A thick steel wire, later found by Lee was securely fastened to one of the pillars of the stonework. It was secured by means of a big adjustable screw, so that it could be pulled taut. Just near this a piled-up hummock of snow concealed a little cradle affair. The wire was stretched from the castle to a big chesnut tree on the other side of the lawn. The Cavalier was already suspended over the lawn with his feet a few inches from the snow itself.

The clumsy walk of the Cavalier was only a pretence to walk, as he was actually riding in the cradle with the pulley overhead running on the wire. Another man on the roof merely hauled upon a rope and pulled the phantom and victim across the lawn.

The steel wire was probably hauled in later on the night of Gill's disappearance, as in the dark and with the falling snow it was not possible for Nelson Lee to see it and its absence the following morning left no clue.

Actually, there was a lot more excitement in the story, Nipper being kidnapped instead of Sir Montie, and altogether it was a great Christmas yarn.

A
CHARLES HAMILTON
TAG - LIST

By TOM HOPPERTON
(With assistance from Gerry Allison)

* * * * *

There is a story of a man who read Shakespeare for the first time in middle life, and announced that the stuff was very fine, but that he had never read anything so full of quotations. The same can be said of Frank Richards. The following list derives from the innumerable quotations used in his various articles, his "Autobiography" and of course, from his stories. It ranges from Horace to patent medicines, from the classical to the cliché, and even yet the mine is far - very far - from being exhausted. Over a hundred of those discovered by the compilers have been omitted, in order to shorten this article somewhat.

Much as we take these quotes for granted, in providing some of the savour in Mr. Richards' writing, their distribution is most unequal. Rapid narrative, and dramatic scenes are naturally fairly free, as such embellishments tend to hold up the action, but even in their main usage - in humorous and descriptive passages, there is much variation. Some lighter stories bristle with them; others, of just the same cast, are almost bare.

The two great sources are the Bible and Shakespeare. This would be so with any of us, of course; so much of them has passed into the language that we talk about 'the apple of his eye' or 'not wisely but too well' without realizing often that we are quoting. But the range, and often striking or quaint nature of Mr. Richards' quoting proclaims a deep and retentive study of both. Of "Hamlet", in particular, he must at one time or another have quoted everything except the stage directions!

His poetic quotations are highly selective, and appear to be almost entirely pre-1900. Whether by accident or design, this is a happy arrangement, as very little verse after this date has become common property. Just as a parody loses its point if the reader has not some knowledge of the original, so it is not much use using a quotation unless it is, no matter how dimly, recognisable as such. Everyone can spot "Casabianca" and appreciate the point, but it would be a dead loss to heave a chunk of E.E. Cummings, or of Gertrude Stein at the head of the ordinary reader - always assuming that those worthies ever said anything worth quoting.

Coleridge was quite wrong in his assertion that not twenty lines of Scott's poetry would come down to posterity. At least that number have, if only because Frank Richards persists in quoting them! For a poet with so small an output, Gray is well represented: Wordsworth, with a huge one is not. There is abounding Byron, but no Shelley and Burns. Among the humorists, Carroll and Gilbert 'come thick and fast', but - queer! - no Lear! Tennyson outnumbers the combined Augustans. Matthew Arnold only just manages to creep in. Then the main stream dries up, barring an amazing

variety of oddments.

It is possible to draw some conclusions from this, but it would perhaps not be wise to do so. Keats, for example, makes a solitary entry into the stories with "A thing of beauty", but yet Mr. Richards is a passionate devotee of Keats's poetry. His absence then, is not the result of distaste or lack of familiarity, but merely perhaps because his work, no matter how lovely as a whole, is lacking in the compelling line which lends itself to apposite quotation.

We make a nodding acquaintance with various languages in the stories, but foreign quotations to a juvenile audience would obviously be misapplied energy. They also occur frequently in non-fictional work, but as they are non-repeaters best examined in their context, they have in the main been excluded here. There are a score from the Italian which, to my meagre knowledge of that tongue, seem to be exclusively from Dante. The dozen French ones, apt and illustrative, call for no remark except the prominence of Stendhal, whilst German is Greek to me, and I can only record that there are six or seven. Latin, of course, abounds everywhere, but our author forestalls comment by kindly providing a running translation as he goes. He strays little outside Virgil and Horace.

Greek finds small place. This seems rather odd, when the "Iliad" (quoted in Pope's translation) crops up continually, although the "Odyssey" is hardly mentioned. All the foregatherings of the Head and Quelch to discuss Sophocles only gives us the odd word - such familiar tags as 'inextinguishable laughter'.

Frank has mentioned having translated "Don Quixote", but I have only come across one indirect reference to it, and no Spanish quotation at all. In the travel stories, there is sufficient phrase-book Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese sprinkled about to lend versimilitude to a narrative which is by no means bald and unconvincing otherwise. It may be remarked that he does not seem to have ventured into Wun Lung's native tongue. It would be interesting to have a sample of those mysterious sounds which are likened to the cracking of nuts!

It is hoped, however, that this list will save time, trouble, and perhaps frustration to those who wish to track down some quotation which has been worrying them. But even the erudite, who scorn such aids, should derive at least one benefit from it. For it is not until they are separated from the text which they so unobtrusively ornament, that one realises just how far-ranging and multitudinous the quotations of Frank Richards really are.

THE QUOTATIONS

ADVERTISING: C. 1900

- | | | |
|----|--|-----------------|
| 1. | Grateful and comforting | Cadbury's Cocoa |
| 2. | Worth a guinea a box | Beecham's Pills |
| 3. | Since then he had, so to speak, used no other. | Pear's Soap |

ANONYMOUS:

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|--|
| 4. | (Quelch) a beast, but a just beast. | First said of Dr. Temple
Headmaster of Rugby 1857-69. |
|----|-------------------------------------|--|

ARABIAN NIGHTS:

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 5. | "What a jolly old feast of the Barmecides"
said Bob. | The Story of the Barber's
6th Brother. |
|----|---|---|

ARNOLD, Matthew: 1822-88

6. "What some jolly old poet has called 'the stripling Thames" said Bob Cherry. The Scholar Gypsy. St. 8.

AURELIUS MARCUS: 121-180 A.D.

7. --various sins of omission and commission. Meditations Book 9, Sect. 5.

BACON, FRANCIS, Lord Verulam: 1561-1626

8. Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. "Of Riches"

9. As the mountain had not gone to Mahomet, Mahomet was coming after the mountain as it were! "Of Boldness"

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES: 1823-87

10. Absence is said to make the heart grow fonder. "Isle of Beauty"

BIBLE - OLD TESTAMENT:

11. The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. Gen. 27, 22.
12. In pursuit of money, Fishy, like Nimrod was a mighty hunter. Gen. 10, 9.
13. The study was like unto a land flowing with milk and honey. Exodus 3, 8.
14. Bunter looked this way and that way, but there was no man. Exodus 2, 12.
15. Gussy's remittance was like corn in Egypt in the lean years. Exodus 9.
16. Like Pharaoh of old, Wharton hardened his heart. Exodus 14, 8.
17. Bunter, like the Israelites, yearned for the fleshpots. Numbers 11, 4.
18. It was, to Prout, as the apple of his eye! Deut. 32, 10.
19. Like Moses of old, he viewed the Promised Land. Deut. 34, 4.
20. The stars in their courses fought against Bunter. Judges 5, 20.
21. Under Mossoc, the Remove followed the example of the ancient Israelites, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. Judges 17, 6.
22. Smithy walked delicately, like Agag of old. 1 Sam. 15, 32.
23. -slain his thousands and tens of thousands - (of mosquitoes!) 1 Sam. 18, 7.
24. "Tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in Askelon" 2 Sam. 1, 20.
25. "How are the mighty fallen" chortled Pankley. 2 Sam. 1, 19.
26. Fishy was in the hands of the Amelekites. 1 Sam. 15 ctc.
27. Hang him as high as Haman if you like. Esther 7, 10.
28. The laws of the Swedes and Nasturtiums! Esther 1, 19.
29. The wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary Owl was at rest. Job 3, 17.
30. Lowther was born to japing as the sparks fly upward. Job 5, 7.
31. .. in the role of Job's comforter. Job 16, 2.
32. Coker's voice would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan! Psalms 22, 12.
33. Look not on the wine when it is red. Psalms 23, 31.
34. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Psalms 13, 12.
35. Manners' camera was the apple of his eye. See 18. Psalms 17, 18.
36. "Pride goeth before destruction" murmured Skinner. Prov. 16, 18.
37. Though you bray a fool in a mortar.. Prov. 27, 22.
38. Once again, Pon found the way of the transgressor was hard. Prov. 13, 15.

39. As if he valued Popper's approval far above rubies. Prov. 31, 10.
 40. Like the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Song of S. 12.
 41. Bunter, like Lucifer, had fallen from his high estate. Isaiah 14, 12.
 42. Lovell stopped finally, and all was peace, perfect peace. Isaiah 26, 3.
 43. There was still balm in Gilead, Tubby found. Jer. 8, 22.
 44. Like Rachel, of old, Bunter mourned for what was lost,
 and would not be comforted. Jer. 31, 15.
 45. "Can a leopard change his giddy spots?" Jer. 13, 23.
 46. Like Ishmael, Wharton's hand was against every man, and
 every man's against him. Jer.
 47. Humble pie was gall and wormwood to Cardew. Lam. 3, 18/19.
 48. The glory had departed from the House of Israel! Ezek. 10, 19.
 49. "True, O King", said Raby. Dan. 3, 22.
 50. ..ventured, like Daniel, into the lion's den. Dan. 6.
 51. Quelch was angry, and felt that he did well to be angry. Jonah 4, 4/9.

BIBLE - NEW TESTAMENT:

52. Ratty's anger, like the rain, fell alike on the just
 and unjust. Matt. 5, 45.
 53. Coker spake as one having authority, saying, "Do this",
 and he doeth it! Matt. 8, 9.
 54. Jimmy's proceedings savoured more of the wisdom of the
 serpent than the innocence of the dove. Matt. 10, 6.
 55. ...said of old that a prophet has no honour in his own
 country.. Matt. 13, 57.
 56. Loder's last state was worse than his first! Matt. 12, 45.
 57. Solomon in all his glory had nothing on Gussy. Matt. 5, 28.
 58. 'The strait and narrow path' (almost) Matt. 7, 14.
 59. ..crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Matt. 15, 27.
 60. Coker was as one crying in the wilderness. Matt. 3, 3.
 61. Which being interpreted. (occurs six times in N.T.) Matt. 1, 23.
 62. Bunter's sins - and their name was legion. See... Mark 5, 9.
 63. Trimble's complaint fell upon stony ground. Mark 4, 5.
 64. Courtenay's study was new swept and garnished. Luke 11, 25.
 65. ..shake the dust of Greyfriars from his feet. Luke 9, 5.
 66. There was now a great gulf fixed between Wharton and
 the rest of the Famous Five. Luke 16, 26.
 67. No study to call his own, nowhere to lay his head. Luke 9, 58.
 68. The Classics had acted like good Samaritans. Luke 10.
 69. Understudying Doubting Thomas of ancient times. John 20.
 70. Like Gallio, Bunter cared for none of these things. Acts 18, 17.
 71. Lived, moved, and had his being.. (In soot, etc.) Acts 17, 18.
 72. Like Peter, - silver and gold had they none! Acts 3, 6.
 73. Jabs with a boathook, more pleasant to give than to
 receive, had their due effect on Cutts. Acts 20, 35.
 74. The Owl's uncommon gifts as an Ananias.. Acts 5.
 75. Like the jolly old Athenians, running after something
 new. Acts 17, 21.
 76. Of the earth, earthy. Of the ink, inky, etc. 1st Cor. 15, 47.
 77. "Suffer fools gladly", whispered Potter. 2nd Cor. 11, 19.
 78. Quelch had let the sun go down on his wrath. Eph. 4, 26.
 79. Bunter, like a lion, seeking what he might devour. 1 Pet. 5, 8.
 80. That alone saved him from the vials of wrath. Rev. 16, 1.

81. He thinks he's the beginning and the end of footer wisdom.

Rev. 1, 8.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER:

82. ..refused to hear the voice of the charmer.
 83. Harry Wharton, once his own familiar friend.
 84. Keep your hands from picking and stealing.
 85. The iron had indeed entered into his soul.
 86. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.
 87. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" murmured Smithy.

Psalt. 55, 14.
 Catechism.
 Psalt. 105, 18.
 Collects.
 Psalms, 8, 2.

BOOTH, WILLIAM, (GENERAL): 1856-1929

88. Why should the devil have all the good tunes?

BREWER'S READERS HANDBOOK:

89. Like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth.
 (It isn't, of course) Used in 1713 by Prior.

BROWNING, ROBERT: 1812-89

90. Roses, roses all the way.
 91. Recapture the first fine careless rapture.

The Patriot
 Home Thoughts

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON NOEL, 6th LORD. 1788-1824

92. Bunter understudied the Dying Gladiator, who heard but heeded not.
 93. Echo answers who, said Lowther.
 94. "Roll on, thou fat and frabjous Bunter, Roll" said Bob, parodying Byron.
 95. Silent rows the songless gondolier
 96. The blue shirts came down like wolves on the fold.
 Merry shot..
 97. Quelch had heeded not the sounds of revelry.
 98. Time is a great healer.
 99. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream.
 100. Fare thee well, and if for ever, all the better misquoted Monty Lowther.
 101. Like Mazeppa's wild steed, to shake it off.

Childe Harold. Can.4.
 Bride of Abydos. St. 27.
 Childe Harold. Canto 4.
 " " " 4.
 Hebrew Melodies
 Childe Harold. Canto 3.
 " " " 4.
 The Dreamer
 "Fare thee Well"
 "Mazeppa"

CAESAR, GAIUS JULIUS: 100-44 B.C.

102. They had come, and seen, and conquered.

"Veni, vidi, vici"

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART: 1831-84

103. Not all beer and skittles

"Contentment"

CAMPBELL, THOMAS: 1777-1844

104. Like Iser in the poem, Bunter rolled rapidly.
 105. Distance lends enchantment to the view.
 106. What about the mariners of England?

"Hohenlinden"
 "Pleasures of Hope"
 "Ye mariners of England"

CARLYLE, THOMAS: 1795-1881

107. "You should read Carlyle on the dignity of labour", said Skinner. "He never did any, of course".
 108. "How golden silence is" reflected Potter.

"Past and Present"
 "Sartor Resartus"

"LEWIS CARROLL" (C.L. Dodgson) 1832-98

109. Curiouser and curiouser.

"Alice in Wonderland"

110. Thick and fast they came at last, and
more, and more, and more. "Through the Looking-Glass"
111. "Come to my arms, my beamish boy" said Bob. " " " "
112. But answer there was none. (Misquote).
Carroll was parodying Scott's Bridal of Triermain.
113. Suddenly, silently vanished away! "The Hunting of the Snark"
114. As large as life, and twice as natural. "Through the Looking-Glass"
- CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE. 1547-1616
115. ..seemed to be understudying the Knight of the
Rueful Countenance. "Don Quixote" 1, 19.
- CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS: B.C. 103-43
116. The sword of Damocles impending over Bunter. (A sword suspended
by a single hair by Dionysius of Syracuse over the head of Damocles.)
- COOPER, JAMES FENNIMORE: 1789-1851
117. "On the trail like jolly old Chingachgook" "Deerslayer"
- COWPER, WILLIAM: 1731-1800
118. Bunter's plump brain worked in mysterious ways
its wonders to perform. "Light Shining out of Darkness"
119. O Solitude, where are thy charms? "Alexander Selkirk"
120. Coker... monarch of all he surveyed. " "
121. Coker's friends felt that with all his faults,
they loved him still. Aunt Judy's hamper... "The Timepiece" L. 203.
- CRABBE, GEORGE: 1754-1832
122. Bunter's vacant eye wandered over.. "The Lover's Journey"
- DIBDIN, CHARLES: 1745-1814 (Composer)
123. "All in the Downs our fleet was moored, When
Black-Eyed Susan came aboard" sang Bob. "Black-Eyed Susan"
- DICKENS, CHARLES: 1812-70
124. He became rather less of a Gradgrind. "Hard Times"
125. The faintest breeze was too rough to fan his
cheek. (Spoken of Little Nell in:- "The old Curiosity Shop"
126. --as immortal as Mr. Pumblechook. "Great Expectations"
127. Bunter was like Mr. Jagger's witness, who was
prepared to swear 'in a general way anythink" "Great Expectations"
128. Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was
extensive and peculiar! "The Pickwick Papers"
- DISRAELI, BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD: 1804-81
129. On the side of the angels. Speech on Evolution 1864.
- DRYDEN JOHN: 1631-1701
130. The builders were with want of genius curst
The second building was not like the first. "To... Mr. Congreve"
- ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN. 1819-1902
131. "If he expects us to understudy Sweet Alice, and
tremble at his frown". "Ben Bolt"
- FIELD, EUGENE: 1850-95
132. Pon's scheme, like the little peach, grew and grew. "The Little Peach"

- FOOTE, SAMUEL: 1720-77
133. "The Great Panjandrum himself" (Wharton) Lines to Macklin
- GARRICK, DAVID: 1717-79
132. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.
- GAY, JOHN: 1685-1732
133. A veritable Black-eyed Susan! "Sweet William's Farewell"
- GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENK: 1836-1911
134. "Supposing, like Gilbert's sentry, that he's got any. "Iolanthe"
135. Quelch's frown was frightful, fearful, and frantic! "The Mikado"
136. All centuries but this, and every country but his own. " " "
137. It was necessary for a victim to be found. " " "
138. No possible probable shadow of doubt. "The Gondoliers"
139. The life of a humorist, like a policeman's was not a happy one. "Pirates of Penzance"
140. This was indeed to make the punishment fit the crime. "The Mikado"
141. Something lingering - with boiling oil in it! " " "
142. Like Mr. McClan, Figgins wandered into several keys. "The Bab Ballads" Ellen McJones Aberdeen
143. An accepted wit has but to say, "Pass the Salt" "The Yeomen of the Guard"
- GOLDSMITH, OLIVER: 1728-74
144. Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow, Lovell wandered. "The Traveller"
145. And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew. "The Deserted Village"
146. Like the gentleman in the poem, there was "pride in his port, defiance in his eye". "The Traveller"
- GRAY, THOMAS: 1716-71
147. Urge the flying ball. "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College"
148. Kept the noiseless tenor of their way. The Elegy
149. Wasted his sweetness on the desert air. " " "
150. Like the ploughman, Bunter plodded etc. " " "
151. Ye distant spires, ye antique towers, quoted Frank. "Eton College"
152. Coker was in the same state of blissful ignorance. " " "
- GREEK MYTHOLOGY:
153. Quelch's look was worthy of the famed Medusa. One of the Gorgons
154. Mr. Ratcliffe seemed as amiable as Rhadamanthus A Judge of Hell
155. Bob's stentorian roar Stentor, Greek herald in the Trojan war.
156. Bound like Ixion, on his jolly old wheel. King of the Lapithea
157. -- on Bunter that it had on Antaeus of old. Giant, son of the Earth
158. as the fabled gadfly urged on Io. Zeus turned Io, his mistress into a white cow. Hera, in jealousy, set a gadfly to sting Io, and chase her through the world.
- HANKEY, CATHERINE:
159. "Tell me the old, old story", chanted Bob. Methodist Hymnal
- HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER: 1848-1908
160. Like Brer Fox, Trimble laid low and said nuffin. Uncle Remus.
(Wasn't it Tar Baby who said nuffin?)

- HARTE, FRANCIS BRET: 1839-1902
161. Do I sleep? Do I dream? Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem? Or is visions about? "Further Language from Truthful James"
162. His language was painful and free. "His Answer"
163. He was not understudying Truthful James "Plain Language....."
164. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. "The Society upon the Stanislaus"
165. "It was August the First? and quite soft was the skies" quoted Bob. (August the Third) "The Heathen Chinees"
- HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA: 1793-1835
166. They grew in beauty, side by side. "Graves of a Household"
- HERMAN, PHIL:
167. "O where, and O where can he be" "Mein Leetle Dog"
- HOME, JOHN: 1722-1808
168. My name is Norval: On the Grampian hills..
(Mostly at Rockwood) "Douglas Act 2"
- HOMER:
169. The wrath of Achilles, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered was nothing to Coker's. "The Iliad" Pope's trans.
170. Had the same effect as Vulcan's performance as head-waiter on Lympus - inextinguishable laughter! Iliad 1, 599.
171. Lovell retired, like Achilles to his tent. Iliad 1.
172. Like Ajax defying the lightning. Odyssey 4.
- HOOD, THOMAS: 1799-1845
173. They raised him (Prout) up tenderly, treated him with care, although he was not fashioned slenderly, young, and so fair. "The Bridge of Sighs"
- HORACE. (HORATIUS FLACCUS, QUINTUS.) 65-8 B.C.
174. To pile Pelion upon Ossa Georgics 1, 281
175. A day worthy to be marked with a white stone. Several quotes.
176. Disposed to strike the stars with his sublime head. Odes 1, 1.
177. The Golden Mean that old Horace talks about. Odes 2, 10.
- HOWARD, ROWLAND: Fl 1876
178. Let their chances; like the sunbeams, pass them by. "You Never Miss the Water"
- HOWARD, SAMUEL: Fl 1770
179. "Gentle shepherd, tell me where," grinned Bob. From a song.
- HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY: 1825-95
180. The Modern Side, merely a superfluous appendage. Essays.
- IRVING, WASHINGTON: 1783-1859
181. Rip van Winkle was a fool to Bunter. "The Sketch Book"
- KEATS, JOHN: 1795-1821
182. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. (Gussy) Endymion.
183. Like Chapman speak out loud and bold. "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"
- KINGSLEY, CHARLES: 1819-75
184. Life just then seemed one grand sweet song. "Be Good, Sweet Maid"

- LE SAGE, ALAIN RENE: 1668-1747
185. Being no Asmodeus, he did not know. "The Devil on Two Sticks"
- LINLEY, GEORGE: 1767-1835
186. Gone from Chunky's gaze like a beautiful dream. "Thou Art Gone"
187. Tho' lost to sight, to Bunter's memory dear. "Tho' lost to sight"
- LOVELL, MARIA, ANNE: 1803-77
188. Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one. Song from Ingomar.
(Trans.)
- LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH: 1807-82
189. His brow was black, his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from it's sheath. "Excelsior"
(Note: he uses 'black', 'bent' and 'set' indiscriminately.)
190. ..imitated the Arabs, and silently stole away. "The Day is Done"
191. "Speak for yourself, John", murmured Cardew. "The Courtship of Miles Standish"
192. Coker's large and sinewy hands. "The Village Blacksmith"
193. "Let the dead past buy it's dead, you know"
said Arthur Augustus. "A Psalm of Life"
- LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON, 1st Lord. 1803-73
194. That, like Peter McGrawler, in Lytton's novel
deserves a chapter to itself. (MacGrawler) "Paul Clifford"
195. As Eugene Aram left, with gyves upon his wrists. "Eugene Aram"
(See also Thomas Hood's poem)
- MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD: 1800-59
196. Those behind cried 'forward', and those before
cried 'back'. 'Horatius - Lays of
Ancient Rome'
197. As a nineteenth century author remarked, "I would
rather have a Dutch peasant by Teniers, than his
Majesty's head on a signpost". Misquote. "Moore's Life of Byron"
198. Frank, like the Tuscans of old, could not forbear
a cheer. 'Horatius - Lays of
Ancient Rome'
199. Prout's tread, like the huge, earth-shaking beast in
Macaulay .. 'The Prophecy of Capys -
Lays of Ancient Rome'
200. When the agony abted, as the youthful Macaulay remarked.
("Thank you madam, the agony is ~~abted~~") Trevelyan's "Life"
- MACKLIN, CHARLES: ?1697-1797
201. Welcome as the flowers in May "Love a' la Mode" 1759
- MARRYAT, FREDERICK: 1729-1848
202. Like the baby of Mrs. Easy's nurse, a very little one. "Mr. Midshipman Easy"
203. "In confidence - between a housemaster and a junior
boy?" exclaimed Mr. Railton. "No, sir," said Arthur
Augustus, with dignity, "between one gentleman and
another." (Hardly a quotation, but a straight
'pinch'! See "Peter Simple" Chap VII.
- MILTON, JOHN: 1608-74
204. Lines fell thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. "Paradise Lost" 1. 302.
205. That ancient philosopher's performance on Etna. "Paradise Lost" 111, 471.
206. Hide your diminished heads. "Paradise Lost" IV, 34.
207. As Orpheus with his lute, drew iron tears. "Il Penseroso" 105.

MONCKTON, LIONEL:

208. "Oh, listen to the band," murmured Bob. "The Soldiers in the Park"

MOORE, THOMAS: 1779-1852

209. Like a fat Peri at the gates of Paradise. "Lalla Rookh"
 210. Bunter indulged in the luxury of woe. "Anacreontic"
 211. Wow, bwothahs, wow! "Canadian Boating Song"
 212. Slumbers chain had bound the fat Owl. "Oft in the Stilly Night"

MISCELLANEOUS

213. Not in these trousers Street catch-phrase. C 1900
 214. It was Pike's Peak or bust. Slogan of American gold hunters
 215. Alarums and excursions Elizabethan stage direction
 216. Like the ancient King who never smiled again. (King Henry I, after Prince William was lost in the White Ship)
 217. Our noble selves. The Army Mess toast on Wednesdays
 218. ..playin' the Roman parent now. Junius Brutus, Roman Consul
 219. And all was calm and bright. Sunday school Hymn "A Little Ship"
 220. "Bye-bye, Bluebell" Popular Boer War Song
 221. Quelch found all quiet on the Remove front. 1914-18 communique
 222. Peine forte and dure Former death penalty

NAPIER, SIR CHARLES JAMES: 1782-1853

223. -a telegram, worded like that of the invader of Sind. "Peccavi" (I have Sind!)

PARNELL, THOMAS: 1679-1718

224. "Pretty Fanny's way" said Cardew. "Elegy to an Old Beauty"

PARTRIDGE, ERIC HONEYWOOD: B. 1894

225. "When father says 'turn', we all turn. (Dictionary of Slang)
 226. Fat Jack of the Bone House. Catch-phrase 1906.
 "A very fat man" C. 1840 on.

PERRAULT, CHARLES: 1628-1703

227. "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?" "Bluebeard"

PLINY, GAIUS PLINIUS, THE ELDER: 23-79 A.D.

228. When it came to sleeping, Epimenides had nothing on Bunter. "Natural History"

PLUTARCH: 46-120

229. Bunter sat like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. "Lives"

POE, EDGAR ALLAN: 1811-49

230. Unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster. "The Raven"
 231. Mauly was not thinking of the grandeur that was Rome. "To Helen"

POOLE, JOHN: 1786-1872

232. "Up to snuff" said Skinner. "Hamlet Travestie" 11, 1
 233. "Hope I don't intrude" said Mr. Banks. "Paul Pry" 1, 1.
 234. "The Paul Pry of the Remove" "Paul Pry"

POPE, ALEXANDER: 1688-1744

235. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. "Essay on Man"
 236. Mr. Chard was in the position of the gentleman who was willing to wound, and afraid to strike. "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot"
 237. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. "Essay on Criticism"

- PRIOR, MATTHEW: 1664-1721
238. Grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less. "Henry and Emma"
- PROCTOR, ADELAIDE ANN: 1825-64
239. Quelch's fingers ceased to wander over the noisy keys - of his typewriter. "The Lost Chord"
- "PUNCH"
240. You pays your money and you takes your choice 1846
241. Like the curate's egg in the story - good in parts. Cartoon Joke
- RUSSELL, JOHN, 1st EARL: 1792-1878
242. Bunter was conspicuous by his absence "Election Address 1859"
- SAVAGE, RICHARD: 1698?-1743
243. "The tenth possessor of a foolish face" murmured Monty. "Weally, Lowthah!" (Transmitter correct) "The Bastard"
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART: 1771-1832
244. But answer there was none. "Bridal of Triermain"
Also Carroll's parody of Scott, "Walrus and the Carpenter"
245. Beard the lion in his den. (the Douglas in his hall) "Marmion"
246. The occasion when dark lightnings flashed from Roderick's eye! (Quelch) "The Lady of the Lake"
247. "Come one, come all" said Jimmy. "The Lady of the Lake"
248. Oh what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive. "Marmion"
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM: 1564-1616
249. Like an unsubstantial pageant faded. "The Tempest" IV, 1.
250. A very ancient and fishlike smell. (Pegg) " " II, 1.
251. Vanished like a vision, leaving not a wrack etc. " " IV, 1.
252. Bunter seemed to have melted into thin air. " " III, 3.
253. Just a looker on in Vienna as it were. "Measure for Measure" V, 1.
254. "It is toppin' to have a giant's stwength, but bad form to use it like a giant, or somethin' like that" said G ussy. " " " II, 2.
255. His nose, like Marion's in the ballad, was red and raw. (and not a ballad!) "Love's Labour Lost" V, 2.
256. The course of true love never did run smooth. "Midsummer Night's Dream" I, 1.
257. "Well roared, Lion" said the Bounder. " " " V, 1.
258. A Daniel come to judgement. "Merchant of Venice" III, 5.
259. A little harmless and necessary fun. " " " IV, 1.
260. Hobson was like the man that had no music in his soul, but he put up with Hoskins. " " " V, 1.
261. That strange eventful history. (Greyfriars) "As You Like It" II, 7.
262. The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she. " " " III, 2.
263. Bunter did not emulate Shakespeare's schoolboy, who had a shining, morning face! " " " II, 7.
264. "Like patience on a monument" murmured Nugent. "Twelfth Night" II, 4.
265. A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. (W.G.B.) "Winter's Tale" IV, 2.
266. Sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings. "Richard II" III, 1.
267. Something had come between the winds and his (Mornington's) nobility. "Henry IV Pt. I" I, 3.
268. Witch the world with noble horsemanship. " " " " IV, 1.

269. Pon like many a rake had heard the chimes at
midnight. "Henry IV, Pt 2" III, 1.
270. Discretion was the better part of valour. " " " " V, 4.
271. The unknown figure that drew the curtains at dead
of night would not have startled King Priam more! " " " " I, 1.
272. The die was cast.. "Richard III" V, 4.
273. Bore his honours thick upon him. "Henry VIII" 3, 2.
274. "My sainted aunt!" and variants. (My sacred aunt) "Troilus & Cressida" IV, 1.
275. Like Coriolanus, alone he did it. "Coriolanus" V, 5.
276. Strew the hungry churchyard with his bones. "Romeo and Juliet" V, 3.
277. Quelch, like Brutus, had paused for a reply. "Julius Caesar" IV, 3.
278. .. as Cassius, had an itching palm. (for gold) " " IV, 3.
279. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. " " III, 2.
280. "Fway lend me your yahs, deah boys" " " III, 2.
281. The unkindest cut of all. " " III, 2.
282. Age could not with, nore custom stale, his infinite
variety. (Bunter's lies) "Antony and Cleopatra" II, 2.
283. Bunter stood not upon the order of his going.
He went at once! "Macbeth" III, 4.
284. ..little of the milk of human kindness in Ratty's
composition. " I, 4.
285. Can such things be, and over come us like a summer's
cloud, without our special wonder? " III, 2.
286. Hunger, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep! " II, 2.
287. The ghost of Banquo did not startle Macbeth more " III, 4.
288. Quelch's voice was not loud, but deep!
(See also Montaigne's "Essays" Book 2, Ch. 5.) " V, 3.
289. It alarmed Smithy like the knocking on the door in
Macbeth! " Act 2. Sc 2 & 3
290. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. "Hamlet" III, 1.
291. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind. " III, 3.
292. The glass of fashion, and the mould of form. " III, 1.
293. Coker's hair resembled the quills upon the fretful
porcupine. (Porpentine) " I, 5.
294. For this relief, much thanks. " I, 1.
295. More in sorrow than in anger. " I, 1.
296. In the dead waste (vast) and middle of the night. " I, 1.
297. A hit, a very palpable hit! " V, 1.
298. "We must be cruel, only to be kind" said Lovell. " III, 4.
299. His fat brow was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought. " III, 1.
300. The rest was silence. " V, 1.
301. 'Twas now the very witching hour on night, when
churchyards are said to yawn. Bunter yawned. " III, 2.
302. Desperate diseases, as the poet has remarked, need
desperate remedies. (He didn't! F.R. is mixed up
between a poet and a proverb. "Diseases, desperate
grown,/ By desperate appliances are relieved,/ or
not at all.") "Hamlet" III, 4.
303. Life seemed weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. " I, 2.
304. A consummation devoutly to be wished. " III, 4.
305. If everyone had his deserts, who'd escape whipping? " II, 2.
306. An eye like Mars, to threaten and command. " III, 4.

307. Polonius behind the giddy arras. "Hamlet" III, 4.
 308. Modesty, thy name is Arthur Edward! (Frailty etc.) " " III, 4.
 309. Quelch's brow, like the sable arms of the rugged
 Pyrrhus, it did the night resemble. " " I, 2.
 310. Ingratitude is a sharper child than a serpent's
 tooth, with variations by W.G. Bunter. "King Lear" I, 4.
 311. ..a trifle light as air. (the truth) "Othello" III, 3.
 312. To wear his upon his sleeve. " " I, 1.
 313. Like Desdemona, he did perceive a divided duty. " " I, 3.
 314. Not wisely, but too well. " " V, 2.
 315. The onlie begetter.. (Not by W.S. of course) Dedication of "The Sonnets"
- SPENSER, EDMUND: 1552?-99
 316. Quelch's face.... like unto the fabled basilisk.
 (From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey,
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.) "Fairie Queen" 4, 8.
- STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER: 1811-96
 317. Like Topsy, they just growed "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES: 1837-1909
 318. Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to
 sea. "The Garden of
 Proserpine"
- TENNYSON, ALFRED, 1st LORD: 1809-92
 319. Like the little brook in the poem.. "The Brook"
 320. "Kindest friend, and noblest foe", that's me,
 said Bunter. "The Princess"
 321. There was a rift in the lute in Study No. 10. "Idylls of the King"
 322. Kind hearts are more than coronets. "Lady Clara, Vere de Vere"
 323. Gussy had quite lost the repose that stamps the
 caste of Vere de Vere. " " " " "
 324. So near, and yet so far! "In Memoriam"
 325. Like moonlight unto sunlight, like water unto wine. "Locksley Hall"
 326. There were balloons to the left of him, Balloons
 to the right of him, etc. "Charge of the Light Brigade"
- THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE: 1811-63
 327. Like the Rawdon Crawleys, on an income of
 nothing a year. "Vanity Fair"
- THOMSON, JAMES: 1700-1748
 328. Jolly old Aristides hadn't a thing on Quelch in that
 line. (Being just). "The Aristides lifts his honest
 front/ Spotless of heart; to whom the unflattering
 voice/ Of freedom gave the noblest name of 'Just'". "The Seasons - Winter"
- VERNE, JULES: 1828-1905
 329. The psychological moment. (A thorough cliché, which
 seems to have first appeared in Jules Verne "The Begum's 500 Millions"
- VICTORIA, QUEEN: 1819-1901
 330. Like the old Queen, Pon was not amused. (Victoria froze an
 equerry, Alec York, with "We are not amused", after seeing
 him do an imitation of herself).

VIRGIL, PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO: 70-19 B.C.

331. As facile as the descent into Avernus. "The Aeneid" 6,126.
 332. Like Mercury, he had dissolved into thin air. " " 4,276.
 333. ..seemed glued to it, like the sad eyes of Dido to the departing sails of Aeneas. " " 4,588.

VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE:

334. "Pour encourager les autres" as jolly old Voltaire puts it. (Referring to the execution of Admiral Byng.) "Candide" Ch. 23

WAGNER, RICHARD: 1813-83

335. Like Amfortas in "Parsifal", in a state of suspended animation. "Parsifal" 2.

WATTS, ISAAC: 1674-1748

336. Let dogs delight to bark and bite. "Against Quarrelling"

WOLFE, CHARLES: 1791-1823

337. Bunter found himself 'alone in his glory' "The Burial of Sir John Moore"

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM: 1770-1850

338. Battles long ago. "The Solitary Reaper"
 339. The good old law, the simple plan/ That they should "Memorials of a Tour in
 take who have the power/ and they should keep who Scotland, No. 11 Rob
 can. Roy's Grave"

UNTRACED:

- ..serve, indifferent to fate. (Not Shakespeare)
 What he had said, he had said. (Not Bible or Shakespeare)
 Sacrifice himself upon the altar of friendship.
 Coker had woke up the wrong passenger as it were. (Some anecdote?)
 The English nation dearly loves a lord.
 Gave him furiously to think.
 Wrapped in soot as in a mantle. (Wrapped in pride..?)
 Quelch's speaking countenance. (Not Shakespeare)
 Feelings too deep for words. (? thoughts too deep for tears. Wordsworth's Ode).

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 MR. R.J. MCCARTHY, WETLANDS, AUCATHELLA, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

NO END IN SIGHT
BY
ERIC FAYNE

"Read, Shovel!" commanded Mr. Buddle.

Up on his platform, he sat back in his chair. He tilted his clean-shaven face towards the form-room ceiling, and closed his eyes. He hoped for a pleasant ten minutes or so while his pupils, in turn, read aloud from the works of Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Buddle hoped - but, knowing his pupils, he was prepared for the worst.

Shovel read:

"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain,
Where peace and plenty cheered the labouring swine ---"

A titter ran through the Fourth Form at Slade. Mr. Buddle's eyes, so recently closed, opened again suddenly. He brought his fist down on his desk with a crash.

"Swain, Shovel, swain! Not swine!" Mr. Buddle breathed deeply. "Please read with more care, Shovel."

"Sorry, sir." Shovel rubbed his pimply chin with the back of his hand.

"What's a swain, sir? I thought a swain was a kind of cart. I don't see how a cart can be cheered by peace and plenty, sir."

Mr. Buddle sighed. Teaching wooden-headed boys on a sultry afternoon was no sinecure.

"A swain is not a cart, Shovel. A swain is a country lover. Remember that, please. Read again, with more care, Shovel."

"Just a minute, sir - a country lover." Shovel regarded his form-master owlshly. "I want to be quite clear about it, sir. Does a country lover mean a lover of the country, or a young man who loves a young woman in the country, sir?"

There was another subdued titter through the form. Shovel was an adept at wasting time. In fact, only Meredith could surpass him in that line. Those two, acting in unison, had been known to waste the whole period in the pleasant art of "ribbing" the English master.

"A swain, in the sense that Goldsmith uses the word, means a man who is courting a maid," explained Mr. Buddle. "Now, Shovel, proceed with your reading."

Shovel eyed the master thoughtfully. He was debating whether it would be expedient to enquire whether the young lady in question was a housemaid or a milkmaid. He decided that it would not. He proceeded to read:

"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain ---"

The reading from the immortal "Deserted Village" went on for a time. Woodcock, Rainbow, and Sellars followed Shovel in their turn, and then Mr. Buddle arrived at Meredith.

Meredith looked a good boy. He had golden hair and bright, innocent, blue eyes. He was a deceptive youth. A trifle effeminate in appearance, he was anything

but effeminate when it came to the manly art of self-defence. Slight in build, he packed muscle somewhere which enabled him, when dealing with a loose ball, to lift the leather over the pavilion clock. From the schoolmaster's point of view, he looked too good to be true - and was.

"Meredith!" said Mr. Buddle.

"Sir?" Meredith rose to his feet.

"It is your privilege, Meredith, to read aloud one of the most superb passages in English literature. Dip, Meredith, into the well of glorious metaphor with which Goldsmith has endowed us. Let the class follow, with keen enjoyment, as Meredith reads to us the deathless verse describing 'The Village Preacher'. Commence, Meredith!"

Meredith's pose was faultless. He stood there, the book in his left hand, his right hand behind his back, his left foot placed slightly forward. He cleared his throat. The afternoon sun glinted in his golden hair.

"Commence, Meredith," repeated Mr. Buddle.

Meredith commenced.

"Near yonder corpse ---"

"Meredith!" thundered Mr. Buddle. Dead silence fell, the mighty, horrified boom of the master's voice quelling the delighted giggle which had been shared among twenty-three youths.

There was a pregnant pause, after which Mr. Buddle said, in dangerously low tones:

"Recommence, Meredith - with care."

Meredith lifted a hand and brushed his golden hair back from his angelic face. He recommenced:

"Near yonder corpse ----"

Mr. Buddle's fist landed with a terrific crash in the centre of his desk-top. Once again a delighted concerted giggle was effectively strangled at birth. Mr. Buddle sprang to his feet. He was an excitable gentleman.

His voice was tense with suppressed indignation when he spoke.

"Copse, Meredith, not corpse. Copse, Meredith, copse. Surely you know what copse are - is - "

Mr. Buddle's angry gaze swept the class as several gurgles of merriment were hastily changed into coughs. Meredith had lowered his book, and was standing, a picture of injured innocence. A kinder man might have been touched by the sight - but Mr. Buddle had suffered from acute Meredith for two whole terms.

Mr. Buddle drew the folds of his gown together, and leaned forward over his desk.

"I shall not ask you to read again, Meredith --"

"Oh, sir!"

"In my formroom, Meredith, no boy - I repeat, no boy - will be allowed to murder Goldsmith --"

"Ooh, sir!"

"And, Meredith," added Mr. Buddle, genially, "you will be detained when classes end, in order that you may write out, in your best hand, the whole of Goldsmith's verse on 'The Village Preacher'."

"Oooh, sir!"

"You may be seated, Meredith." Mr. Buddle waved his hand, and took his own seat, well-satisfied with himself. "Read, Brazenbean."

Brazenbean read, and acquitted himself reasonably well. A few more boys read

aloud, and then Mr. Buddle commenced to expound:

"Oliver Goldsmith, my boys, was the son of an Irish clergyman. His art found expression in three forms - verse, drama, and the novel --"

His voice droned on. The class settled down to repose. With luck, old Buddle might exercise his chin for the rest of the afternoon, without calling for any written work on the gems of wisdom which he was dropping before unappreciative pupils. It was a blissful possibility.

Some fifteen minutes later, Mr. Buddle was still talking. He had got into his stride now, and the minute hand of the formroom clock was creeping round.

"Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' is peculiarly hybrid." Mr. Buddle nodded, rather pleased with the word. "I repeat, hybrid. With his glorious verse he painted a typical English village, but at the back of his mind he was actually seeing a village in his native eighteenth-century Ireland. There is, of course, no doubt ---"

Mr. Buddle paused. His concentrated gaze fixed on a golden-haired youth seated in the third row of the class. Meredith's golden locks were, in fact, very much in evidence, for his head was down as though he were asleep - or looking intently at something resting on his knees.

Noting Mr. Buddle's expression and the concentration of his gaze, the boys in front turned to regard Meredith. Brazenbean, who sat next to him of the golden hair, wondered whether it might be safe to nudge his form-mate. He thought better of it, and sat tight.

"Meredith!" said Mr. Buddle, softly.

Meredith did not stir.

"Meredith!" thundered Mr. Buddle.

Meredith looked up with a start.

"Yes, sir."

"Repeat my last remark."

"My last remark, sir." Meredith for once was nonplussed.

"Grant me patience," murmured Mr. Buddle. His voice rose. "I suspect that you were not attending to the lesson, Meredith."

"Oh, yes, sir. I heard every word, sir. You said that Goldsmith painted pictures in his native Ireland."

Mr. Buddle compressed his lips. He descended from his platform, and went across to Meredith's desk.

"Whilst I was talking to the class, Meredith, had you the temerity to be reading?"

"Me, sir? Oh, sir! No, sir!" Meredith looked up at the English master, sad reproach in his innocent blue eyes. "I confess, sir. I was reading Goldsmith. I couldn't resist it."

"Rise Meredith!" snapped Mr. Buddle. "Do not dare to remain seated when I address you!"

Slowly Meredith rose. Something slipped from his lap, and fell with a light plop on the formroom floor.

Mr. Buddle uttered an exclamation. He pointed to a periodical which had splayed its pages as it fell.

"Retrieve that booklet, Meredith, and hand it to me. Are you laughing, Garmansway? This is no laughing matter."

Garmansway ceased laughing, and Meredith bent down and retrieved the booklet. Carefully he straightened up the disarranged pages, and closed it, displaying a blue cover. He eyed Mr. Buddle apprehensively.

"You may hand that pamphlet to me, Meredith."

Meredith handed the pamphlet to him. Mr. Buddle took it, and held it at arm's length, surveying it through his horn-rimmed glasses.

"The 'Gem'," he ejaculated. His smouldering eyes returned to the sad, innocent face. "The 'Gem'!" Incredulity and horror were intermingled in his tone. His voice rose crescendo. "Obscene youth! You have introduced this - this wretched book into my English class. Speak the truth, Meredith. Were you actually reading this - this dustbin of trash?"

The ghost of a grin flickered across the sad, innocent face, and was gone. The blue eyes were lowered from the accusing gaze.

"Yes, sir."

"How dare you, Meredith? I repeat, how dare you? Perhaps, Meredith, you find this - this ghastly paper more fascinating than the deathless verse of Oliver Goldsmith?"

Meredith looked up.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What? How DARE you, Meredith?"

"You told me to speak the truth, sir," wailed Meredith.

Brazenbean jammed his handkerchief in his mouth, and gurgled with the agony of suppressed glee.

"It would," said Mr. Buddle, heavily, "have been less insulting and almost praiseworthy if you had departed from veracity instead of making so shattering an admission. Your father, Meredith, is paying high fees in order that you may be educated at Slade. You, tragic boy, are wasting your father's substance, wasting your youth, and wasting my time by reading this monstrosity instead of learning." The harsh voice softened into fiendish sarcasm. "But perhaps you do not wish to learn, Meredith? Perhaps you would prefer it if your father used his money to give you a prolonged holiday in the Swiss Alps?"

"Oh, yes, sir." The innocent blue eyes lit up with a happy gleam. "That would be lovely, sir."

Mr. Buddle counted twenty. He often indulged in sarcasm, under which his class writhed. But he had learned, long since, that sarcasm was a two-edged sword when employed against this innocent specimen of boyhood. In the stress of the moment, he had forgotten similar experiences from the past.

"You told me to speak the truth, sir," murmured Meredith.

Mr. Buddle counted a further ten. He opened the blue-covered periodical, an expression of utmost distaste on his speaking countenance.

"BAFFLED!" he said, reading aloud the title of the story. He went on more in sorrow than in anger: "Meredith, it astounds me that even you should have any inclination towards a story with a melodramatic title of this description. BAFFLED! Pish!"

"It's only a school story," ventured Meredith. "Just a school story, sir."

"A school story, Meredith. You should be aware that only one school story worthy of the name has ever been written - 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' - and even that school story may only be read for relaxation - never in class, Meredith. Your offence is heinous, Meredith."

Mr. Buddle turned over the pages of the periodical, with a show of exaggerated disgust. He touched the pages gingerly as though in fear of contamination.

"Pish!" he said, at last. "You have wasted your pocket-money on this unadulterated rubbish. I credited even you, Meredith, dim-witted though I know you to be, with more sense."

The class smiled dutifully.

"Oh, no, sir," expostulated Meredith, shaking his golden head. "I didn't buy it, sir. My father gave it to me. At least, he lent it to me, sir."

"Meredith, how dare you?" Once again horror and repugnance were evident in Mr. Buddle's face. "How dare you suggest that your father, a gentleman whom I respect highly, would give you a - a monstrous production of this type? Do my ears deceive me, Meredith?"

Meredith's innocent blue eyes were almost moist.

"I don't know anything about your ears, sir, but my father lent me that 'Gem', sir. He values it, sir. He does really, sir."

"BAFFLED!"

A Splendid New, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's.



"Be silent, Meredith." Mr. Buddle's voice became a boom. "Do not add falsehood to your other offences or it will be the worse for you. How dare you take your father's name in vain? This book, Meredith, will be confiscated, and destroyed at a propitious moment. It shall never pollute another undeveloped mind."

Meredith wrung his hands together.

"It's my father's, sir. He'll be hopping mad if you damage his 'Gem'."

Mr. Buddle stared hard at the woeful face under the mass of golden hair. Then, with a smothered imprecation, he turned his back and whisked away to his platform. He slammed the offending periodical down on his desk. There was a delighted burst of laughter from the form as, in the act of slamming down the paper, his descending hand caught the edge of a pen which flew into the air, did several full circles, and landed, point down, quivering in the desk lid.

"So," said Mr. Buddle, bitterly, "my form regards this waste of time as something to welcome with inane sniggering."

A bell rang, somewhere down the corridor outside, and several boys rose to their feet.

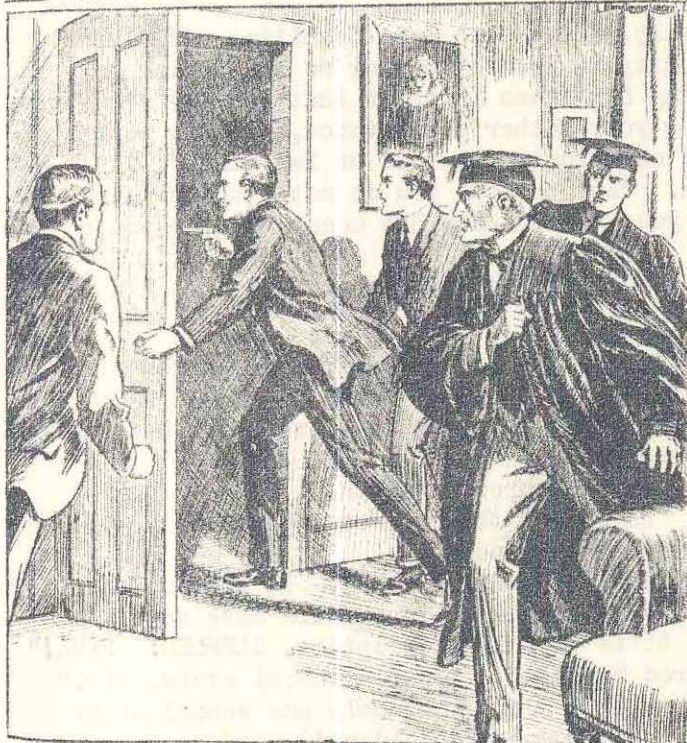
"Be seated!" roared Mr. Buddle.

"It's the bell, sir," ventured

Shovel. "Didn't you hear it, sir? The dismissal bell, sir."

Mr. Buddle's lips parted into what Meredith later described as a sadistic smile.

"Quite so, Shovel! The dismissal bell has just rung. But, Shovel, because we have not worked this afternoon, owing to so much waste of time, we do not dismiss. This class will remain for an extra thirty minutes while each member thereof composes



Boom! As the last stroke of midnight rang out from the clock-tower, a slight sound was heard in the passage, and Captain Melish tore the door open. The mysterious "X" had kept his word—he had come, exactly at twelve o'clock, to steal the head's picture! (See the thrilling, complete school story inside.)

an essay on the great Oliver Goldsmith." Inimical glances were turned in the direction of a golden-haired youth in the third row. "As for you, Meredith," went on Mr. Buddle, "in the first place this putrescent publication is confiscated for eventual destruction."

"It's valuable, sir," wailed Meredith. "My father will sue you, sir, I know he will."

"Silence, Meredith, you have not yet heard all. In order that you may ruminate on your misdeeds, you will be detained for the whole of Saturday afternoon."

Meredith's jaw dropped. A sound like that of a going in the mulberry trees filled the formroom, as twenty-three boys expelled their breath in a whistle of consternation.

"Oh, sir," panted Meredith. He ran both hands through his golden hair, making it stand aloft like quills upon the fretful porcupine. "It's the Sutherby match on Saturday. I'm wanted to bat. I can't be detained on Saturday, sir."

"Ha!" said Mr. Buddle. "You will learn that you can and that you will be detained on Saturday, Meredith. Now, to work. Get your exercise books out, my boys."

"Sir," pleaded Meredith. "Anything else, sir - not detention - please, sir ---"

Mr. Buddle's smile was really satanic now.

"If, Meredith, you say another word --" Mr. Buddle's teeth came together for a moment with a click. "Just one more word, Meredith, and I shall forget my objection to corporal punishment, and I shall apply my cane to your obscene carcass. In that eventuality, Meredith, your father will be at liberty to sue me for that, in addition to the other legal suit to which you referred."

Meredith did not utter another word.

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It was evening. The shadows were lengthening in the quadrangle, the shades of night were falling fast.

Mr. Buddle was tired. He had had a busy time since classes ended. After tea, he had walked to the village of Everslade and played bowls for an hour with the team which he adorned there. After bowls, he had walked back to Slade, called the roll in the assembly hall and conducted prayers with the junior school. After prayers he had made a speech at a meeting of the teaching staff in Masters' Common Room. And now he had repaired to his study to mark the written work which his pupils had hopefully done during their thirty minutes of detention.

Mr. Buddle switched on his table lamp, and took up his red ink pen which would soon be scoring crimson marks and comments over exercise books. Seating himself at his table against the window, Mr. Buddle attacked the little pile of books. Through the open window came the pleasant summer air, plus the sound of a clock striking ten.

"A schoolmaster's work is never done," sighed Mr. Buddle.

Thornton had written: "The Deserted Village was a funny place. Even the garden smiled."

Mr. Buddle did not smile. He wrote a caustic comment in red ink.

Brazenbean had written: "Mr. Boodle says that the Desserted Villiage is a highbird. I don't know what a highbird is, but Mr. Boodle says its one and he ought to know."

"Grant me patience," muttered Mr. Buddle.

Meredith had written: "The village schoolmaster was a clever mathematician. He could measure lands and according to roomer he could syphon, too. The parson said he could argew the hind leg off a donkey."

"This boy," murmured Mr. Buddle, "is no ignoramus. He knows better. He is an insolent young jackanapes."

Scratch, scratch, scratch went Mr. Buddle's red-ink pen over Meredith's exercise.

There was a tap at the door. Mr. Buddle looked up irritably, and called out "Come in."

The door opened, and a youthful figure entered.

Mr. Buddle rose, crossed the room, and switched on the overhead light. He glared at the newcomer.

It was a boy with golden hair, innocent blue eyes, a sad ingenuous expression. In his blue and white striped pyjamas he looked the personification of goodness.

"Meredith," breathed Mr. Buddle, "how dare you leave your dormitory at this hour, clad only in your night attire?"

"Sir," said Meredith, "I couldn't sleep. I felt I had to come to tell you how sorry I am for giving trouble in class to-day."

He rubbed a knuckle into a sleepy, innocent eye, and looked up hopefully.

Mr. Buddle did not speak. For a moment his glance strayed to the exercise, scored with red marks, lying on the table against the window.

"And would you kindly excuse me detention on Saturday so that I can play in the Sutherby match?" asked Meredith.

Still no word came from Mr. Buddle. He seemed bereft of speech.

"I'd rather be caned," added Meredith. "If you'd be so good as to substitute a small caning instead of detention --"

Mr. Buddle found his voice at last.

"Meredith," he said bitterly, "not content with driving me to the verge of a nervous breakdown during the hours of daylight, you come to me at a time of night when I should be resting from my labours. Meredith, gruesome boy, under no circumstances in the world will I remit your detention on Saturday. Unless you leave my room on the instant, I shall flog you on the spur of the moment in addition. In addition, Meredith, do you understand?"

"Please, sir --"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Buddle. "I warn you, Meredith, that your present attire is scant protection from a descending cane. Go, at once!"

Meredith turned sadly away. In the doorway he looked back, an expression of indescribable reproach in his blue eyes.

"Can I have my 'Gem'; please, sir?"

"What?"

"It belongs to my father, please, sir."

"Then," said Mr. Buddle, "you can tell your father that he may claim it from me on the last day of term."

Meredith departed, and the door closed behind him.

"My lot," confided Mr. Buddle, to the bust of Shakespeare on the mantelpiece, "would be far easier were I breaking stones on Dartmoor."

He sat down, and completed his melancholy task of marking exercises. As he turned the last exercise-book over, a blue-covered periodical was revealed.

"The 'Gem'," muttered Mr. Buddle. "The 'Gem'!. Pish!"

He sat back in his chair, and regarded the blue cover. With knitted brows he read the title at the head of the page:

"BAFFLED!"

"Fatuuous!" grunted Mr. Buddle. "No wonder modern youth is decadent. Such publications should be rendered illegal by act of Parliament."

He cocked an eye at the picture on the cover. It looked exciting. A man holding a revolver had torn open a door, and he was gazing intently into a dark passage. Four other men, two of them schoolmasters from their scholastic accoutrements, were in the room, and they were staring, fear and horror evident in their faces, over the shoulder of the man with the revolver.

"Pish!" muttered Mr. Buddle. "Blood and thunder! Nevertheless, quite well drawn. Pish!"

His eyes moved to the caption printed beneath the picture. It read as follows:

Boom! As the last stroke of midnight rang out from the clock tower, a slight sound was heard in the passage, and Captain Mellish tore the door open. The mysterious 'X' had kept his word - he had come, exactly at twelve o'clock, to steal the Head's picture! (See the thrilling complete school story inside.)

"Pish!" murmured Mr. Buddle. He felt a quaint stirring within him. On a few occasions during his blameless life, Mr. Buddle had read detective stories. He recalled, with an odd twinge of nostalgia, the pleasure he had derived from the stories of Sherlock Holmes. It was a very long while ago, but there had been a time, during Mr. Buddle's youth, when he had fancied himself as a detective, after the style of the great Sherlock himself. Such fantastic imaginings had passed away, but even now, thirty years on, the schoolmaster still had a sneaking feeling that he would have made a very good criminologist had fate planned his life in other channels.

Mr. Buddle turned over the pages of "Baffled." He sat back and read the first chapter. It introduced the schoolboy characters who were to feature in the story. They seemed very nice boys. Mr. Buddle had never known any very nice boys.

"Far-fetched!" he observed.

From the distance, through the open window, came the sound of a clock striking eleven. Mr. Buddle read the second chapter. Once or twice there was the sound in the room reminiscent of the working of rusty machinery. It was Mr. Buddle laughing.

"Ridiculous!" he ejaculated.

The next chapter told of a schoolboy inventor who planned to equip the junior studies with home-made telephones. A boy named Mellish was introduced. He was sly and cunning and unpleasant. He reminded Mr. Buddle of Meredith.

At the end of the chapter, Mr. Buddle closed the periodical, switched off the lights, and made his way through a connecting door to his bedroom. He fussed around for a while, performed his ablutions at the wash bowl, donned his pyjamas, and clambered into bed.

Under his bedside light, he started to read from Green's History of Britain. Normally that massive work prepared Mr. Buddle for a good night's sleep.

Mr. Buddle threw Green on one side after five minutes. He lay back on his pillow, staring at the curtains which were stirring in the shadows from the breeze through the open window behind them. Another five minutes passed, and then Mr. Buddle left his bed and passed into his study. There he picked up the copy of "Baffled", and took it back to bed with him.

"Preposterous!" muttered Mr. Buddle. He lay back contentedly, turned the 'Gem' to chapter four, and resumed reading.

The story grew more and more interesting as Mr. Buddle delved further into it. He laughed quite a lot. That boy D'Arcy - overdrawn, of course, but extremely funny to read about. Mr. Buddle found himself laughing as he had not laughed for years.

But stay! The story was not all fun and boyish pranks. There was a sinister cracksman who went under the name of 'The Mysterious X'. This individual committed barefaced robberies with the greatest of ease, and the police were entirely at sea. They had no inkling of the real identity of the thief. He robbed a Mr. Glyn of an invaluable statuette, the eyes of which were diamonds. Now he threatened to rob the Head of the School of a genuine Rembrandt, the value of which could not be counted in mere money.

From afar came the sound of a clock striking midnight, but Mr. Buddle did not notice it. His eyes gleamed as he read page after page of the story. With his uncanny detective instinct, he felt that he was beginning to see light. The boy, Mellish, (who reminded Mr. Buddle of Meredith), had a cousin, Captain Mellish. Captain Mellish, late of the Boolywallah Fusiliers, was a man of great character and charm. He captivated everyone with his delightful personality, so much so that he was persona grata at many of the stately homes of England. And, as Mr. Buddle noted with his Holmesian perception, the robberies of the Mysterious 'X' always occurred while Captain Mellish was a guest on the premises.

The statuette was actually stolen from Glyn House while a watch was being kept, the gallant, popular captain being one of the watchers. Mr. Buddle felt his heart beating faster as he sank deeper and deeper into the enthralling story.

"I believe I am right," breathed Mr. Buddle. "Captain Mellish is the villain."

Occasionally from the surrounding countryside came the hoot of an owl, the purr of the engine of a passing car, the yowl of the matron's cat calling to its mate. One o'clock boomed out over the sleeping school, but Mr. Buddle was oblivious to it all. He was living for nothing but the story as his protuberant eyes raced from line to line of the printed page.

The tension in the story was mounting. It was nearing midnight in the thrilling narrative. In the Headmaster's study a small group of people were awaiting the visit of the daring cracksman, the Mysterious 'X'. "I shall take your Rembrandt at midnight precisely," the scoundrel had told the scandalised Headmaster over the telephone - and 'X' always kept his word.

They were prepared for him. Waiting, waiting in the study were the Head himself, his Housemaster, Inspector Skeat of the local C.I.D., Kildare, the captain of the school - and Captain Mellish.

"He is the man. I'm sure of it," hissed Mr. Buddle through his clenched dentures.

But was he? Captain Mellish seemed the most composed of the whole group. He had his revolver with him, which possibly gave him self-assurance.

Mr. Buddle sat bolt upright in bed. Never before in his sheltered life had he been so entranced with a story. One hand gripped the blue-covered periodical, the other seized a handful of bedclothes. The tension was growing almost unbearable.

Mr. Buddle read on.

A cinder fell from the dying fire. It was a slight sound, but in the deathly stillness of the study it seemed to the straining ears of the watchers to have a crashing sound of thunder. The Head sprang to his feet, the inspector half rose, Kildare swung round, his teeth setting hard. Then they all looked at one another shamefacedly. Captain Mellish had not moved.

Three minutes.

Captain Mellish sprang to his feet, his eyes gleaming. There was a general movement of excitement.

"Did you hear?" breathed the Captain.

"No! What --"

"He is in the house!"

"My heavens! What!"

"He is in the house," breathed the captain. "I heard it, I tell you - a stealthy footstep - he is in the house - he is in the passage."

Convulsively, Mr. Buddle jerked the hand which was gripping the bedclothes. They shot up from the bottom of the bed, leaving his bare feet exposed. He did not care. He was too excited to care. He was past caring. He was completely under the spell of the master story-teller.

In the tale Captain Mellish rushed to the door, hurling it open. He fired into the dark passage. Another shot rang out from the passage and the light in the study was extinguished, plunging the room into darkness. There was another revolver shot. Confusion reigned. Then Tom Merry of the Shell rushed in, clad only in pyjamas, carrying a bicycle lamp.

"Good heavens!" breathed Mr. Buddle. "What a tale! What a wonderful tale!"

Just for a second his eyes turned towards his own doorway. He would hardly have been surprised had he seen Meredith of Slade rush in, clad only in pyjamas, carrying a bicycle lamp.

But only for a second. Mr. Buddle's hot, perspiring eyes flashed back to the story again.

"You are wounded, captain!" exclaimed Mr. Railton, in alarm, as he saw the smear of blood on the captain's cheek.

The captain dashed his hand across his cheek.

"It is nothing. It might have gone closer, though. It was not his fault that it did not. The scoundrel!"

The Head pointed. His voice failed him.

"Look!" he gasped huskily. "Look!"

Every eye turned upon the picture. There was a cry of amazement.

The frame was empty.

A knife had slashed round the picture, and the canvas had been separated from the frame.

The frame was empty, save for a few tags of canvas clinging to it - the picture was gone.

The captain's jaw dropped. He was dumbfounded.

"Gone!" he gasped.

"Gone!" muttered the Head. "My picture - the villain has succeeded, after all - my Rembrandt - gone!"

"How did he do it?" moaned Mr. Buddle. "He is the man. He must be the man."

The bedclothes were in a hopeless tangle on the floor now. Mr. Buddle squatted under his bedside light, gripping the 'Gem'.

And then Mr. Buddle's heart died within him. His aching eyes opened wide. He gritted his teeth. For he read:

And so the strange affair ended - but was it ended yet? Ferrers Locke, the famous detective, was coming to St. Jim's, and the Head still cherished a lingering hope that his picture might be recovered. But the hope was very faint.

THE END

"The end - it says 'The End', but it is not the end. It can't be the end," babbled Mr. Buddle. With trembling fingers he turned the page. But there was no more "Baffled". The next page started our thrilling new serial "Birds of Prey".

"It says 'The End'," moaned Mr. Buddle, "but it is not the end. The mysterious 'X' has not been discovered. Was he Captain Mellish? I must know. I must!"

And then Mr. Buddle solved his own private mystery. In italics, beneath the words "The End", he read:

Another grand tale of St. Jim's and the mysterious cracksman 'X', by
Martin Clifford, in next Wednesday's Gem. Order your copy in advance.

"This," said Mr. Buddle, "is preposterous."

He drew the sleeve of his pyjama jacket across his heated brow. He rose, and re-made his bed. He paced the room.

"This," said Mr. Buddle, "is the most mortifying experience of my life. Was it Captain Mellish? I can never rest till I know."

He paced the room again, till the chill of the night air caused him to slip under his bedclothes once more.

Two o'clock rang out from the distant clock.

Mr. Buddle switched out his light, but he could not sleep. He tossed and turned, as the hours slipped by. His very soul was in torment. Who was the mysterious 'X'? Was he, Joseph Buddle, the man with the Sherlock mind, who might have been a private investigator himself if he had directed his gifts in other spheres, never to know whether his suspicions of Captain Mellish were justified or otherwise?

"This," mumbled Mr. Buddle into his bedclothes, "is devastating."

Daylight was filtering through the curtains before he fell into a restless sleep, and then it was to dream that he was chasing the Mysterious 'X' down a dark corridor, loosing off a revolver at the fleeing criminal. The man fell, and Mr. Buddle tripped over him. Captain Mellish dashed up with a bicycle lamp which he shone on the fallen figure, which turned out to be Meredith, shot through the seat of his blue and white striped pyjamas.

Mr. Buddle awoke, drenched with perspiration. It was broad daylight now, and, looking at his watch, he observed that the hour was 6.30. Outside, the birds were chirping merrily.

The schoolmaster made no effort to obtain further sleep. He lay back on his pillow, thinking again over the unsolved problem of the Mysterious 'X', the stolen Rembrandt, and the popular, affable Captain Mellish.

"The end yet not the end," gurgled Mr. Buddle. "How grievous! What gall and wormwood! Am I never to know the solution? It cannot be so. I shall never be the same man again."

He rose at last, and walked into his study. Passing across to the mantelpiece, he gazed into the mirror at his haggard reflection.

"It is all the fault of that wicked boy Meredith," he informed his mirrored self. He turned away.

Suddenly his eyes fell on the calendar on his desk. Thoughtfully he tore off the previous day's date, and viewed the one newly exposed. Wednesday, May 24th 1922.

A gleam shot into his tired eyes. He bounded into the bedroom and snatched up the 'Gem' which lay on the floor beside his bed. Feverishly he turned to the end of the story which had caused him such exquisite anguish in the small hours. Yes, his memory had served him well.

Another grand tale of St. Jim's and the Mysterious 'X', by Martin Clifford, in next Wednesday's Gem. Order your copy in advance.

Mr. Buddle almost danced with delight. Of course! It was last week's issue which the abominable Meredith had bought. He, Joseph Buddle, would order the current copy - out to-day. He would discover whether his suspicions of Captain Mellish held water.

He whisked back into his study, and sorted out a local telephone directory. He found the number of his newsagent. He paused. Seven o'clock had just struck. Would the newsagent be in his shop at so early an hour? Certainly he would. People hurrying to catch trains would pop into his shop to collect their newspapers.

Mr. Buddle went to his telephone on the occasional table near the fireplace.

"Number, please," said the young lady at the exchange.

Mr. Buddle gripped the instrument hard.

"Everslade tooty-two - that is to say, twenty-two - I mean Everslade double-two."

In a few moments he was speaking to his newsagent.

"Mr. Troke, this is Mr. Buddle speaking from Slade College."

"Yes, Mr. Buddle?"

"Has your delivery boy left yet, Mr. Troke?"

"Not yet, sir. He is preparing to leave now. Is there something special you wish him to bring?"

"Yes, Mr. Troke." Mr. Buddle paused, and swallowed twice. "Do you stock a paper called the 'Gem'?"

"The 'Gem'? Yes, sir. The boys' weekly paper, you mean? New issue out to-day. Normally we do not stock many copies - get it to order, you see."

"One copy will be sufficient," breathed Mr. Buddle.

"Yes, sir, I can spare you a copy. You want it delivered, sir?"

"Yes!" Mr. Buddle gulped. "It is for - for one of my boys." Mr. Buddle blushed. He was not an untruthful man normally, and he hoped he would be forgiven for his departure from strict veracity on this occasion. "Place the 'Gem' within my copy of 'The Times', Mr. Troke. I don't want anybody to see it." Mr. Buddle felt cloaked in shame at this subterfuge. "It is to come as a surprise for - for the boy in question."

"Quite, sir! Your instructions shall be carried out. One copy of this week's 'Gem' to be inserted within your 'Times'."

Walking on air, Mr. Buddle trotted back into his bedroom. He flung his pyjama jacket in the air, and trilled a little song as he pranced over to his wash-bowl.

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That Wednesday was passing away, as all Wednesdays will. The delivery boy had left Mr. Buddle's 'Times' in Masters' Common Room, and Mr. Buddle had been there to collect it this morning. He had hurried away with it to his room. Yes, the 'Gem' was inside. With a chirp of satisfaction, he dropped the periodical on his bed for later enjoyment. He would save the great moment for to-night. To-night, when he would discover whether or no his talent for crime detection had served him well.

He walked sedately back to the Common Room, his 'Times' under his arm.

He took the Upper Fifth in English Literature, and then repaired to his own formroom to lead his pupils in English History.

Mr. Buddle was not himself, in spite of the treat he had in store when day's work was done. He was tired and irritable. Meredith was more trying than ever.

To do him justice, Meredith was on his best behaviour. He was trying to placate his form-master, to get him into the mood when it might be safe to ask for mercy with regard to the impending detention. But Meredith was unfortunate, or, perhaps, Mr. Buddle was implacable.

The subject was Queen Elizabeth, the V irgin Queen. For twenty minutes Mr. Buddle waxed eloquent concerning the glory of England under the last of the Tudors. He wound up with a few comments concerning the Queen herself. Mr. Buddle explained that the great sovereign was every inch a queen, capable of brilliant decisions made with regal dignity.

"But," added Mr. Buddle, "there were times when she would descend to coquetry, and was even known to bandy jokes with her courtiers."

His expounding done, Mr. Buddle started, as was his wont, to question his pupils on the lesson. Unhappily, he landed on Meredith first.

"What do you know of the character of Queen Elizabeth, Meredith?" he demanded. "Me, sir?" Meredith rose in his place, his golden hair gleaming with brilliance. "She was tickled by her courtiers, sir." "What?" roared Mr. Buddle. Meredith jumped. He floundered. There was some alarm in his blue eyes. He said: "She told dirty jokes to her footmen." "This," said Mr. Buddle, "is the last straw. Step forth, Meredith." "Sir --" gasped Meredith. "Touch your toes," said Mr. Buddle.

Half-an-hour later, when class dismissed, Meredith paused at his master's desk. His blue eyes were sad and pleading.

"Please, sir --"

"Not a word, Meredith. Begone!" snapped Mr. Buddle.

"I only wanted to ask you, sir --"

"I know exactly what you wanted to ask me, Meredith," said Mr. Buddle, "and the answer is no, no, a thousand times no."

"On Saturday, sir, is the Sutherby match --"

"Quite so!" agreed Mr. Buddle. "And while the Sutherby match is being played, Meredith, you will be in detention from two till five. Not a minute less."

.

The hour was late. Mr. Buddle was in bed. He lay back against his pillow. He opened the copy of the current issue of the 'Gem', delivered that morning by Mr. Troke's boy.

"I will not," thought Mr. Buddle, "read the end first to ascertain whether I was right. Self-control! I will read the story from the beginning until I arrive at the exposure of the Mysterious 'X'."

With a happy grunt, Mr. Buddle closed the book again and scanned the cover. He was puzzled. "Baffled" had had a blue cover, but this issue of the 'Gem' had a white cover. Mr. Buddle had paid no attention to that fact before, but he noted it now. The illustration depicted several rather rough-looking men, one of whom was pointing to three schoolboys. The caption under the picture announced: "Talbot comes face to face with Smiley Joe." Mr. Buddle had never heard of Talbot or of Smiley Joe.

He turned the first page. The title of the story was "Wildrake's Desperate Venture." Mr. Buddle had never heard of Wildrake either.

His heart was sinking. Hastily, he thumbed over the pages. There was no mention of the Mysterious 'X', no mention of Captain Mellish, no mention of missing Rembrandts.

"It is not the sequel to 'Baffled'," groaned Mr. Buddle. He turned to the cover again. It was the 'Gem' all right; it was the current issue; but it was not the story that Mr. Buddle wanted.

"Calamity!" breathed Mr. Buddle. "I shall never learn the secret of 'X'. Oh, calamity!"

Sore in spirit, Mr. Buddle threw the current 'Gem' on the floor. The weight of his disappointment was heavy on him.

He turned out his light, tucked his head under his bed-clothes, and tried to forget. But he could not forget, still less could he sleep.

"'Baffled' must be a back number. Possibly the publishers can supply me with the sequel." Mr. Buddle sat up in bed with a jerk. He switched on the light again.

"This," said Mr. Buddle, "is most exasperating."

He leaped out of bed, went into his study, and drew the copy of 'Baffled' from a

drawer in his desk. Meticulously he scanned page after page through his horn-rimmed glasses. The copy seemed to be undated.

"Scandalous!" yapped Mr. Buddle. "Who are the publishers of this outrageous publication?"

At last, tucked away at the bottom of the last page, he found the name of the publishers. And there he found the date. Clearly, indubitably, it was the elusive date, but the print was so small that, even with the aid of his horn-rimmed glasses, he was unable to read it.

"Tush!" ejaculated Mr. Buddle, his tone of voice suggesting that he was thinking of a stronger term.

He searched through the drawers of his desk for his magnifying-glass, and after eight minutes he found it. With a grunt of satisfaction he held the glass over the bottom of the page. The date rushed into view.

November 2nd 1912.

Mr. Buddle flung down the glass. At last he knew the worst.

"1912!" Mr. Buddle groaned aloud. "No publisher - no shop - no person within my ken can possibly provide me with just the one copy I need of this publication. 1912! Ten years ago. A hopeless quest - hopeless."

Mr. Buddle sat in thought. The minutes ticked by.

At last, with aching heart and chilled feet, Mr. Buddle went to bed.

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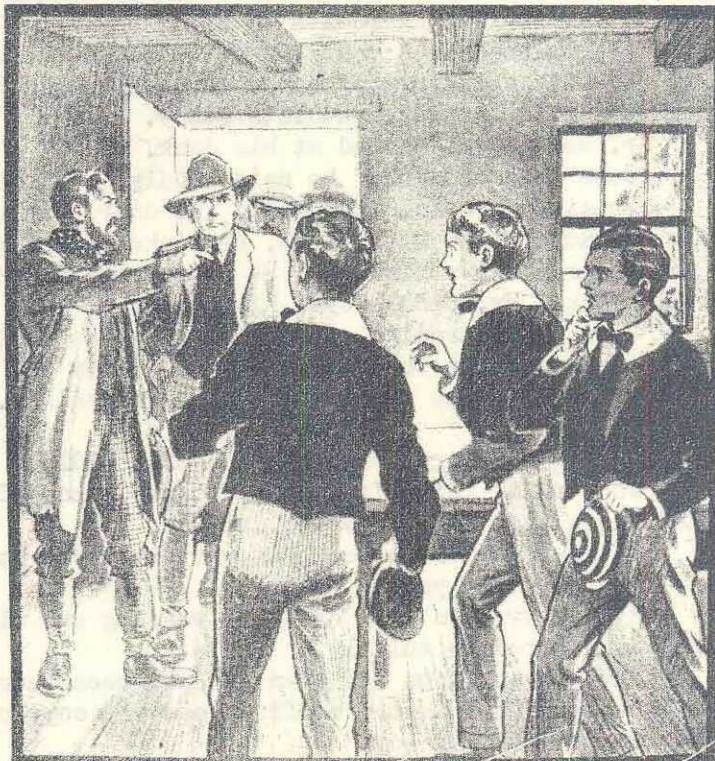
After morning classes the next day, Mr. Buddle rang up the publishers. He drew blank. The cheerful young man who answered him had never heard of 'Baffled', had never heard of the 'Mysterious X', and was unable to help Mr. Buddle in any way.

"You can obtain back numbers of any of our papers up till three months, but after that - san fari ann," said the cheerful young man. Mr. Buddle did not understand the language, but understood that his quest was hopeless.

THESE SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS FREE WITH THIS ISSUE! MORE TO FOLLOW!

The GEM LIBRARY 1 1/2

No. 746, Vol. XXI. Every Wednesday. May 27th, 1922.



TALBOT COMES FACE TO FACE WITH "SMILEY JOE"! (An Incident from the Thrilling Long Complete School Story Inside.)

Mr. Buddle replaced the telephone receiver.

"This," he said morosely, "is soul-destroying."

He thought of Meredith as a last resort. In fact he thought of Meredith all the afternoon, but still delayed taking action.

Mr. Buddle did not like Meredith. On the second day of term Mr. Buddle had entered his form-room to find that someone had been there before him. Chalked on the blackboard was the following doggerel:

Poor old Buddle, he fell in a puddle.
When he got out he was all in a muddle.

Mr. Buddle was certain that Meredith was the perpetrator of that piece of disrespect. Meredith had white dust on his blazer, a chalk smear on his nose, and an expression of reproachful bewilderment on his innocent face, and he denied the offence. Mr. Buddle was too just a man to punish on mere suspicion, but he did not like Meredith.

Nevertheless, in the early evening of this Thursday with which we are concerned, his soul still in torment over the identity of the mysterious 'X', Mr. Buddle dispatched a fag to fetch Meredith to his study.

The golden-haired youth was at the nets when he received the master's message, and it was with a mixture of annoyance and trepidation that he presented himself, some ten minutes later, at Mr. Buddle's study.

Mr. Buddle was seated at his desk.

"Come in, Meredith," he said kindly. "Close the door."

Meredith came in. He closed the door. In his white flannels, and the school blazer of mauve piped with white, he looked saintly. His innocent face was flushed; his golden hair was windswept. He approached the desk, and stood with his hands behind his back. Mr. Buddle eyed him covertly.

"Have you, Meredith, any further copies in your possession of the periodical which I was compelled to confiscate - the 'Gem', I think it is called?"

Meredith's blue eyes opened wide with alarm.

"Oh, sir."

"Answer me, Meredith," snapped Mr. Buddle.

"They're my father's private possessions. They're valuable, sir. My father wouldn't lose them for the world, sir."

"If your father valued them very highly," said Mr. Buddle, acidly, "he would hardly trust them to you."

"My father says they are good reading and will give me a sense of right and wrong," said Meredith sulkily.

"The project does not seem to have been successful," replied Mr. Buddle. "I fear, Meredith, that I must confiscate every copy of this paper in your possession. I have to do my duty, my boy."

Mr. Buddle felt a slight twinge. He was no more of a hypocrite than most schoolmasters, but dignity was dignity.

"Oh, sir."

"You may fetch them to me, Meredith."

"I've only got six copies, sir."

"I only have six copies, Meredith."

Meredith's innocent eyes opened wide.

"You've only got one copy, sir. My copy of 'Baffled'."

Mr. Buddle left it at that.

"You may fetch those six copies to me, Meredith. I shall return them to you at the end of term. For the present they must be confiscated. Fetch them, Meredith."

Meredith fetched them. There was deep resentment in those innocent eyes when he handed them to Mr. Buddle.

Mr. Buddle scanned them eagerly. Carefully he examined each copy in turn, while Meredith watched him curiously. The sight of the blue covers had filled Mr. Buddle with hope, but that hope was slowly dashed as he passed from one to the next. "Tom Merry's Concert Party" was clearly no mystery; nor was "Tom Merry & Co. in Ireland". "Stage Struck" looked fascinating, as did "Bought Honours", but neither looked like a sequel to "Baffled". "The Wrong Team" and "The Flooded School" were obviously not the tales which Mr. Buddle was seeking. There was nothing that looked remotely like a solution to the problem of the mysterious 'X'.

"Hopeless!" observed Mr. Buddle. He groaned involuntarily, and closed his eyes. Meredith watched him with increasing interest. He reminded Meredith of his father on the occasion when Mr. Meredith had returned home after an exceptionally lively Masonic dinner.

"Can I get you anything else, sir?" enquired Meredith.

"Yes - no." Mr. Buddle shook his head in despair. "Are you sure these are all the 'Gems' you possess, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Buddle sighed.

"You may go, Meredith."

"Thank you, sir."

Meredith turned and went to the door. As his fingers closed over the knob, Mr. Buddle spoke again.

"Meredith."

Meredith looked back, at the sound of his master's voice.

"Yes, sir?"

"I have been wondering, Meredith --" Mr. Buddle's face was red. He broke off.

"Yes, sir." Meredith regarded him in surprise.

Mr. Buddle ran his thumb round the inside of his collar, and his blush deepened.

"This story 'Baffled', which I confiscated - it is a very old story, is it not?"

"I don't know, sir. My father bought it years ago, so I expect it is. Can I go, sir? I'm wanted at the nets."

"I would like, Meredith --" Mr. Buddle shifted uneasily on his chair. He took the plunge at last. "I would rather like to see the story which was published immediately after 'Baffled'."

"Would you, sir?"

Did Mr. Buddle detect a slightly coy, oily note in the boy's meek voice?

"Yes, Meredith, for certain reasons I would like to see that story."

"Fancy that, sir."

Oily and smug, without a doubt.

Mr. Buddle drummed on the desk with his fingers.

"Do you think you could procure that story for me, Meredith?"

"It's called 'Caught Redhanded', sir."

"Is that the title? Absurd - but the title is immaterial," said Mr. Buddle. His heart was lighter. Who was it that was caught redhanded? The mysterious 'X', of course. And Captain Mellish?

"Yes, quite absurd, sir," agreed Meredith. There was an odd glimmer in his blue eyes. "Can I go, sir?"

"No, Meredith. Please do not be impatient, my boy."

"No, sir. I'm sorry I haven't a copy of that story which you would like to see

for certain reasons, sir."

Is the little scoundrel mocking me or am I imagining things? thought Mr. Buddle. Once more he shifted uncomfortably on his chair.

"Do you think, Meredith --" Mr. Buddle paused, and then went on. His face was strained. "Do you think that your good father might have a copy of 'Caught Redhanded'?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Meredith confidently. "He has them all. He's a 'Gem' fan, sir. He says that Martin Clifford is the greatest writer of school stories that has ever lived, sir. At the end of term I'll tell my father you were interested, sir."

"Meredith," said Mr. Buddle, his voice taking a higher pitch. "Do you think that your father would loan you that copy?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if I asked him."

"I shall be obliged if you will ask him."

"All right, sir. I'll ask him - at the end of term, sir."

Meredith smiled complacently.

Mr. Buddle glanced at the hook where his cane was hanging behind the door. His fingers itched to use it on the cherubic youth before him.

"Is that all, please, sir?"

Mr. Buddle breathed hard and deep. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

"If, Meredith, you asked your father to send you this copy of the 'Gem' which I require for scholastic reasons, how soon do you think he could send it?"

Slowly Meredith brushed his golden hair back from his smooth forehead. He twisted the toe of his white plimsoll in Mr. Buddle's carpet. The blue, innocent eyes were turned towards the window through which he could see the setting sun casting a reddish glow over the old trees. From the distance came the sound of bat meeting ball.

"Well, sir --" He raised his eyes, and gave his master an ingenuous smile. "It would all depend whether or not my father was pleased with me. He is so proud to know that I figure in the school games, sir."

Mr. Buddle folded his arms. He did not speak.

The sweet, boyish voice went on: "If, sir, you were to let me use your telephone now, I could tell him that the Sutherby match is on Saturday. I would say, 'Dad, will you please send me on that 'Gem' called 'Caught Redhanded', and he would say 'Cedric --' - that's my name, sir, - 'if you are playing in the Sutherby match, you shall have that 'Gem' by return of post.' My dad thinks a lot of me, sir."

Once again Mr. Buddle's eye strayed to the hook behind the door. His fingers were claspings and unclaspings convulsively.

"Meredith." Mr. Buddle spoke in a stifled voice. He rose to his feet. "You will bend down --"

He broke off. Suddenly he thought of Ferrers Locke, the great detective, arriving at St. Jim's to solve the mystery of the elusive Mr. 'X'.

"You will bend down, or perhaps you would prefer to sit down, and telephone to your father. If, by chance, a copy of 'Caught Redhanded' reached me by Saturday morning, I should feel disposed to cancel your detention and you would be at liberty to play cricket."

"Would you, sir?" Meredith's face lit up with boyish pleasure. "How kind you are, sir!"

"But if," said Mr. Buddle ominously, "that 'Gem' does not arrive --"

"It will, sir," Meredith assured him brightly. "My father has never denied me anything, sir, when he is pleased with me. He always gives me anything I ask for."

"That, probably, is the root of the trouble," said Mr. Buddle, heavily. "He might, with advantage, have given you his belt occasionally, but I assume he wears

braces. Use the telephone, my dear Meredith."

And his dear Meredith used the telephone.

On Junior Pitch the Sutherby match was in progress. The visitors were batting, and putting up a fair score. In the deep, a golden-haired lad was fielding. He was not too snappy in the field, but he could be relied upon to show no sign of nerves if a high, dropping catch came his way. He was blessed also with a powerful long throw; hence his position. He was not having a great deal to do, this sunny Saturday afternoon, and occasionally his glance would wander towards the school buildings, visible through the trees beyond the boundary line. In those moments, when his thoughts drifted from the game for a few fleeting seconds, an artless, childlike smile would glide across his bright countenance. It was undoubtedly of his type that the poet, Longfellow, was thinking when he wrote "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

In his study, Mr. Buddle was happy that Saturday afternoon. He was deep in "Caught Redhanded". The sounds of boyish shouts and cheers which were occasionally wafted in his direction from the playing fields passed unnoticed. Mr. Buddle had cast aside all consideration of the boys of painful reality; he was enjoying himself with the youthful heroes of fiction.

Meredith had handed over "Caught Redhanded" to Mr. Buddle in his study immediately after breakfast, and Mr. Buddle had kept his part of the shameful bargain and had cancelled Meredith's detention. So much for discipline, thought Mr. Buddle ruefully.

He had seated himself in his armchair early in the afternoon, and, as the clock ticked away on the mantelpiece, he allowed himself to be charmed and captivated by Martin Clifford.

It soon became evident that Ferrers Locke, the great detective, was a man of Mr. Buddle's calibre. Mr. Buddle suspected that Ferrers Locke suspected Captain Mellish, but Captain Mellish was not permitted to suspect that he was suspected. Mr. Buddle's heart warmed to Ferrers Locke.

At four o'clock, a maid brought in Mr. Buddle's tea, tastefully set out on a tray. After she had departed, Mr. Buddle spared a moment to pour himself out a cup, and then forgot it as his interest grew hotter and hotter and the tea grew colder and colder.

He was reaching the most thrilling part of the narrative.

The handcuffed man reeled back. He leaned against the wall, panting. His face could not be seen - there was a crape mask over it. The mask had been pulled a little aside, but it still hid the face of the cracksman.

"This," muttered Mr. Buddle, "is tremendous."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "It is really the cracksman - X?"

"Yes."

"Let us see his face!" exclaimed Mr. Railton. "This is a very remarkable thing for Captain Mellish's impression of the cracksman was that he was a short man."

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"I have no doubt Captain Mellish had his reasons for making that statement," he said.

"What - you do not imply --"

"That the captain was not stating the facts - undoubtedly!"

"Mr. Locke!"

"You shall see the prisoner," said Ferrers Locke. "I warn you to be prepared for a surprise."

The detective stretched out his hand and tore the mask from the face of the handcuffed man.

The electric light shone upon the face that was revealed - a face white with rage - a face that all knew well.

It was the face of Captain Mellish.

"I knew it," crooned Mr. Buddle. "I was sure of it. What a clever, fantastic story! Truly remarkable."

He took a drink of cold tea, and then settled down to read the last chapter. That done, he leaned back in his chair, and sighed. Somehow, life seemed empty now that he knew for certain the identity of the mysterious 'X'.

At last he closed the 'Gem', and placed it with loving care on the table. He finished his cup of cold tea, and attacked a sandwich which was curling at the edges.

He glanced at his clock. Five-thirty. He pondered as to whether he should walk to Everslade and spend an hour with his bowls team. He rose to his feet, and stared through the window. In the distance, on the far side of the lane which ran past the school quadrangle, he could see the playing fields. Two cricket matches were in progress, a senior game on the main pitch, and the Sutherby match on junior side.

"A glorious evening," said Mr. Buddle aloud. "I will walk down to the village and play bowls.

Yet bowls seemed curiously prosaic after the sensational adventure of that afternoon when he had joined Ferrers Locke in capturing the mysterious 'X'.

Mr. Buddle made up his mind. He procured his copy of the current 'Gem' - the paper which had caused him so much disappointment on the previous Wednesday. He rang the maid to remove his tray, and then sat down again, near the window, to read "Wildrake's Desperate Venture".

Somehow there was something comforting in meeting his old friends again - Tom Merry, Arthur Augustus, and the rest. Mr. Buddle grunted with satisfaction.

After the second chapter he became more alert - he sat up and took notice. There was mystery here, of the same class as "Baffled". Once again, Mr. Buddle felt his powers of detection called into play.

The story was dramatic and thrilling. Boys were disappearing, a prefect had vanished, and even a Scotland Yard detective had been spirited away into the unknown. The only clue was an individual named "Nemo", who was demanding ransom for the return of the kidnapped victims.

But, to a man of Mr. Buddle's intelligence and keenness, there were pointers. A miller, bluff and hearty, had come to occupy the mill on the moor. This good-natured farming gentleman had been buying large stocks of wood, though there were no signs to indicate why he wanted the wood. Furthermore, though a number of men were employed at the mill, it seemed strange that very little grinding took place. These things were enough for Sherlock Buddle. Suspicious in the early chapters, he became convinced as he went further into the story.

"The miller is the villain," muttered Mr. Buddle.

There was, in the tale, a Canadian lad named Wildrake who, like Mr. Buddle, became suspicious that the miller was not so harmless as he appeared. Mr. Buddle was delighted that somebody else was equipped with his own shrewd insight.

The boy, Wildrake, decided to go alone to see the miller of the moor, venturing into the lions' den as it were. But he left behind, with a friend, a note which was to be handed to the Headmaster in the event of his, Wildrake's, non-return. And there, to his immense chagrin, with Wildrake setting off for the mill in the sunset, Mr. Buddle came upon those infuriating words: "THE END".

"It says the end," ground out Mr. Buddle, "but it is not the end. Pish, tush, and nonsense."

and nonsense."

He threw down the copy of the 'Gem' and paced the room.

"This," muttered Mr. Buddle, "is becoming an obsession. I refuse to be left high and dry in this way. I must know what the boy wrote in that note. I must know whether the miller of the moor is the kidnapper. Joseph Buddle, you are a fool!"

But this time there was a remedy. There was none of the hopelessness which Mr. Buddle had endured on the previous occasion. With a sprightly step, he moved to his telephone, and rang through to his newsagent.

It was some time before there was a reply. Mr. Troke, with his shop closed, was in his garden mowing his lawn when the telephone trilled forth its summons. He was tempted to ignore it, but Mr. Troke was a business man. Nevertheless, his voice was somewhat tart when it came over the wire to Mr. Buddle.

"This shop closes at seven. Who is speaking, please?"

"This is Mr. Buddle, from Slade. I apologize for disturbing you, Mr. Troke, but the matter is urgent. I wish you to send me a copy of the 'Gem', every Wednesday, from now on."

"The 'Gem' every Wednesday. I will make a note of it, Mr. Buddle. Is there anything further, sir?"

"No, that's all, thank you, Mr. Troke."

Humming a tune, Mr. Buddle walked across to the window, and stood looking out. A red glow in the sky showed where the sun was just beneath the horizon. The shadows from the trees were at their longest. Dusk was very near.

Through the gates, on their way back from the playing fields, came a group of several dozen boys. Many of them were clad in white flannels. They were cheering, singing, and shouting. Shoulder high, in the centre of the excited group, was a white-clad figure with golden hair. As they moved across the quadrangle, Meredith, from his lofty perch, spotted Mr. Buddle at the window. Meredith waved to him.

"That boy," murmured Mr. Buddle, "is an insolent young knave."

But he waved back.

THE STORIES IN THE STORY

"BAFFLED", the story which causes Mr. Buddle such agony in "No End In Sight", appeared in the Gem in 1912, a time when the paper was in its heyday. In November, when "Baffled" graced the Gem's pages, the new Penny Popular was just one month old. Re-printed in the Penny Pop were the early Tom Merry stories, and the fact that these were selected is certain proof that the St. Jim's stories were the most popular school yarns of all in those days. It was not until four years later that the Greyfriars tales, with Billy Bunter, were added to the Penny Pop's programme. By that time, the Magnet had shot ahead and the Gem had dropped behind.

But between 1910 and 1914, the Gem presented a succession of unforgettable masterpieces. Charles Hamilton, for some years just before the first world war, poured his greatest gifts into the Gem.

These stories had something - something which was, perhaps, never quite

captured again. "Baffled", with its sequel "Caught Red-handed" was probably the first mystery tale of the Hamilton saga, though he was to write a great many more tales of this type as the years went by. The atmosphere of "Baffled" was terrific. Just before Christmas, in the murky November weather, it was just the tale to capture the imagination while the mist swirled outside. And it captured the imagination with a vengeance. It may well have been the last story introducing Ferrers Locke to appear in the Gem.

"Baffled" and its sequel were among the stories of Charles Hamilton which were most re-printed. It appeared three times in the Popular, and, of course, in the re-print period of the Gem. Oddly enough, it was never published in the Schoolboys' Own Library.

The other story within the story, "Wildrake's Desperate Venture", appeared ten years later in the Spring of 1922. It was the penultimate story of the Rogue Rackstraw kidnapping series. This also came in a golden period for the old paper - a period which Roger Jenkins has justly and delightfully called "The Indian Summer of the Gem".

Both these stories, with ten years between them, were first-class. When "Baffled" appeared, the Gem stories were very long. In fact, this story with its sequel would have made a series of at least four stories in later years. There was great charm in the bright and fresh episodes, the inconsequentially happy and witty dialogue. The atmosphere was unsurpassed.

The Rogue Rackstraw series of ten years on was, in all probability, better written from a purely technical viewpoint. The author had a further ten years of writing experience behind him. Where atmosphere and general charm make the Mysterious 'X' stories unforgettable, the later series is memorable for its impeccable character work.

Here, then, we have the subtle difference between the greatest stories of blue cover days and the stories of the Indian Summer. Charm, sheer jollity, and atmosphere in the former; remarkably fine character work in the latter. And all unsurpassed as grand school stories.

Mr. Buddle, of course, struck lucky. If he had not done so, "No End In Sight" would probably have had no beginning either.

FOR EXCHANGE: Nelson Lee Lib. Original Series. I have a very large number of these which I will give at a very liberal rate for the following numbers in the same series which I want myself: Nos. 1 - 119, 122, 125, 130, 133, 141, 172 - 186, 219 - 227, 291, 452, 453, 454, 455 - 462, 470, 499. Can anyone help me with 1st, 2nd, and early 3rd series Sexton Blake Libraries; Thrillers; Pink Union Jacks, Dreadnoughts, S.P.C. 3, 8, 10, 23; Detective Weekly (particularly D.W. 218); Penny Popular 434 - 465; Plucks 592 to end of Blake serial; Penny Pictorial 428, 429, 522, 524, 525, 531, 532, 533; Knockout Comics and Annuals, and all Sexton Blake material?

V.E. COLBY, 8, BERESFORD AVE., BEVERLY HILLS, N.S.W.,
AUSTRALIA.

The Greyfriars Stories

in the Popular

By
W.O.G. LOFTS

By
W.O.G. LOFTS

Lists typed and compiled by
D. J. ADLEY

When Eric Fayne wrote his most excellent article in the 1950 C.D. Annual entitled 'The Popular Popular' he mentioned the fact 'that it was probably the most remarkable periodical that ever appeared'. Having studied the whole run of this paper these last six months I could not agree with Eric more on this point.

Whatever the size of its circulation, the 'Popular' could not help but make money for the Amalgamated Press, the simple fact being that the majority of stories and illustrations had appeared in previous periodicals, and therefore the cost of producing such a publication was very low indeed.

I have been told on good authority, that it was originally intended to call the 'Penny Popular' the 'Penny Popular of Popular Stories' but it was thought that this title was too long winded - so just 'Penny Popular' it was named. When I interviewed Mr. C.M. Down last year he maintained that the Magnet's circulation was always larger than the 'Gem's' - but if this was so, why did they reprint the 'Gem' stories first in the 'Penny Popular' when the main object of the paper was to reproduce for the public the three most popular characters or sets of characters in the Amalgamated Press fiction for juveniles - Sexton Blake; Jack, Sam, & Pete and Tom Merry & Co.? Here is the first mystery in the most unusual paper ever to appear.

Although the 'Penny Popular' may have been popular with readers, it certainly was not with contributors, as hardly any work was required from them. The job of cutting, and rewriting the stories was the work of two sub-editors, William Stanton Hope and Arthur Aldcroft, both of whom are still alive, and I have corresponded with them quite recently. Charles Hamilton was paid the sum of £2. 2. 0. as an honorarium for every Greyfriars story published, though this was a very poor fee, taking into consideration the amount of money that the Amalgamated Press made out of his tales.

After a long close study of the reprinted stories of Greyfriars, I cannot help wondering how they could have been at all popular with readers. Drastically abridged, disjointed, and with often the best parts of Hamilton cut out, as a very keen reader of the 'Magnet' I found them unsatisfactory from every point of view. Indeed, many of the original chapters of 13 which had appeared in the 'Magnet' had somehow been cut down to 6! A classical example of this is P.P. (New Series) No. 114, which was taken from 'Magnet' No. 184 where Lord Mauleverer came to Greyfriars.

The 1st Series of the 'Penny Popular' Greyfriars stories, were very easy to find in the 'Magnet' as not only were many of the titles the same, but the stories followed in some form of sequence, but towards the end of the first series it became obvious to the editor that the Greyfriars stories were far from being popular with

readers, mainly because they had read them previously. There were it seems readers with either long memories of the stories, or else they had collections of back numbers, and something had to be done to keep these readers' interests alive. Confirmation of this was given in an issue of the 'Magnet' in 1919, when an announcement appeared as follows:

"Lots of people have refrained from buying the Penny Popular each week in the past, because they have already read the stories appearing therein. Entirely new and original stories will appear from next week"

Now it is perfectly true that the stories which did appear were new and original, but they were not written by Charles Hamilton. They were, with one exception, written by G.R. Samways who in the opinion of H.A. Hinton and C.M. Down was the best of the substitute writers at that period. The reason why Mr. Hamilton did not write the new stories is obvious, as he only wrote approximately 37 stories for the 'Magnet' in the period 1919/20, and he could not possibly be expected to keep a regular output going for the 'Penny Popular' when the 'Magnet' was lacking material from his clever pen.

H.A. Hinton the editor, suggested to Mr. Samways that it might be a good idea to have the Remove chums play the various counties at cricket, a theme which had proved very popular with readers of Sexton Blake in the 'Union Jack' and Jack, Sam & Pete in the 'Marvel', when these characters had visited various real life towns - to the great delight of the local readers. There has been much criticism of these stories, which featured Dennis Carr, by some collectors, and it is not my intention to try and alter their views. But the main thing which mattered was that the stories at least satisfied the juvenile readers at that time, as they ran for nearly two years.

With the starting of the Holiday Annual in 1920, 'Billy Bunter's Weekly', 'Greyfriars Herald', 'Tom Merry's Weekly' and many other contributions for the companion papers to write, Mr. Samways in time found it impossible to keep up this regular story for the 'Popular' each week and wrote his last story in No. 101, dated Xmas Day, 1920.

It was then decided to start reprinting the old stories again, but this time with a difference, as the editorial policy was to try and make these newly rehashed stories as 'New' to the reader as possible. With different titles from those which had appeared in the 'Magnet' and often starting a story in the eighth or later chapters, these stories were not at all easy to trace, as apart from all this, instead of going in some sort of sequence which would have been easy to the researcher, the stories jumped about all over the place from 'Magnet' 605 back to 493 then on to 607, 610, and then 672. Many a weary hour I have spent searching through Vols of Magnets to try and trace a story which I knew would bear not much resemblance to its new appearance in the 'Popular'. I remember with some amusement reading a cricket story in the 'Popular' and then finding that its original form was about a football match.

In the list, stories written by other writers than Charles Hamilton, have the correct name of the author beside them. Regarding 'Magnet' No. 672 the double Xmas number for 1920, I should like to point out that this is a genuine story by Mr. Hamilton. Apart from the chief-sub-editor of the 'Magnet' confirming this, it also has been proved by official records to have been written by the genuine 'Frank Richards'. Readers who have a copy of this story can form their own conclusions

about this - by a perusal of 'Harry Wharton's Trust'.

So, in closing my foreword on the Greyfriars reprints in the 'Popular', although I would not recommend to any reader to collect the paper for the reprinted stories, I feel I could do no better, than to say that for a collector of all types of Charles Hamilton's stories, one could buy the 'Popular' alone for the really superb Rio Kid yarns. These were all original, and I must confess that I spent more time than I should have done, in reading many of them and they were to my mind easily the best stories to appear in the 'Popular'.

* * * * *

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All stories are by Charles Hamilton unless otherwise stated

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225		Chums of Greyfriars	4
226		Aliens at Greyfriars	6
227		Rivals of the Remove	7
228		In Hiding	8
229		Harry Wharton's Sacrifice	12
230		A Jolly Half-holiday	13
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233		The Cheerful Chinese	38
234		The Lad from Lancashire	45
235		The New Sixth-former	49
236		Harry Wharton's Pluck	52
237		The Greyfriars Sailors	53
238		Harry Wharton's Recruits	56
239		Cut by the Form	58
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251		The Greyfriars Camp	74
252		The Tenants of Study No. 13	75
253		Billy Bunter - Editor	76
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255		Bunter the Boxer	81
256		The Mystery of the Crypt	82

257	Bunter the Bully	83
258	The Chum from New Zealand	86
259	Billy Bunter's Windfall	H.A. Hinton 87
260	The Lancashire Junior's Resolve	88
261	The Faddist Form-master	89
262	With Flying Colours	90
263	Bunter, the Detective	92
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266	The Smuggler's Cave	94
267	The French-master's Secret	95
268	The Greyfriars Carnival	96
269	Billy Bunter's Christmas Dream	95
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273	Bulstrode's Predicament	103
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275	Nugent Minor	100
276	A Tough Handful	100
277	The Stolen Feed	104
278	The Greyfriars Fifteen	104
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281	Linley's Luck	110
282	The Form Against Him	110
283	The Barring of Bunter	106
284	The Greyfriars Actors	106
285	The Remove to the Rescue	109
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A serial entitled "Harry Wharton's Schooldays" was published in numbers 19 to 23, and this was reprinted from Magnet No. 1.

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4		The Artful Dodger	163
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6		The Head's Secret	119
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8		Educating the Bounder	120
9		Bunter the Line Merchant	121
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11		A Journey of Peril	114
12		The Juniors' Enemy	115
13		The Black Rock Mystery	115
14		Wun Lung's Minor	117

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16	The First Eleven	121
17	The Remove Eight	122

Newly written Substitute stories now follow up to 101

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20	School versus County	
21	Champions of Essex	
22	Hampshire Heroes	
23	Sons of the South	
24	Bob Cherry's Task	
25	The Rebels of Greyfriars	
26	Sussex by the Sea	
27	The Prefect's Plot	
28	The Captured Crew	
29	Dick Russell's Daring	
30	The Vanished Umpire	
31	The Friars in London	
32	The Cancelled Trip	Dennis Carr arrives at Greyfriars
33	At War with Greyfriars	
34	The Crossroads of Life	
35	The Path of Dishonour	
36	Dennis Carr's Folly	
37	Mark Linley's Sacrifice	
38	The Shadow of Expulsion	
39	Redeeming the Past	Dennis Carr leaves Greyfriars for convalescence
40	Wanted, a Leader	
41	Vernon Smith's Week	
42	Peter Todd's Progress	
43	Highcliffe's Defeat	
44	For One Week Only	
45	Wharton's Last Chance	
46	Dennis Carr's Return	Dennis Carr returns to Greyfriars
47	Rivals for the Captaincy	
48	The Greyfriars Election	Dennis Carr becomes Captain of the Remove
49	27-12-19 Dennis Carr, Captain	
50	Down on his Luck	
51	Dennis Carr's Farewell	
52	An Uphill Fight	
53	The Downfall of Dennis	
54	For his Chums Honour	
55	Brought to Book	
56	The Return of the Wanderer	
57	The Slacker of Greyfriars	
58	Bunter the Bonesetter	Written by W. Stanton-Hope
59	The Greyfriars Musicians	
60	A Goat for Sale	
61	Billy Bunter's Prize	

62	Ructions at Greyfriars	All written by
63	The Rebels of the Remove	G.R. Samways
64	The New Captain of Greyfriars	
65	The School Against Him	
66	The Great Rebellion	
67	The Triumph of Justice	
68	Hazeldene's Honour	
69	The Best Man Wins	
70	Dennis Carr's Venture	
71	The Remove to the Rescue	
72	Billy Bunter's Campaign	
73	Banished from Greyfriars	
74	Billy Bunter's Farewell	
75	The Head's Pardon	
76	Sportsman or Coward?	
77	Clearing His Name	
78	The Silent Schoolboy	
79	Wibley's Winning Way	
80	Under Canvas	
81	The Rival Camps	
82	Schoolboys and Scouts	
83	Getting Quits with Greyfriars	
84	Dennis Carr's Compact	
85	The Schoolboy Champion	
86	The Forbidden Match	
87	The Wiles of Wibley	
88	For Old Times Sake	
89	Saved at the Finish	
90	The Slackers Eleven	
91	Sentenced by the Form	
92	The Fighting Five	
93	The Worst Form at Greyfriars	
94	Bonfire Night at Greyfriars	
95	The Boxing Boom at Greyfriars	
96	Training for the Tournament	
97	Rivals of the Ring	
98	Battling for the Honours	
99	His Word of Honour	
100	Champion of the Third	
101	25-12-20 Christmas at Bunter Court	

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107	The Great Mistake	180
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109	Saving the Head	181
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MIGHTY MEN OF THE SIXTH

By DONALD BRUCE WEBSTER

Perhaps it was my old Boy Scout Motto "Be Strong and Quit yourselves like Men" (taken from the Book of Corinthians) that inspired this article, or maybe it was because Mr. Charles Hamilton neglected the Seniors so much; or the fact that I had the pleasure of meeting the Captains of two of our famous Public Schools, which set me thinking what fine types they were and immediately comparing them in my minds eye with Kildare and Wingate.

The Prefects of St. Franks and Roodwood have already been dealt with in the pages of previous Annuals, so a short resumé of the 'Hamilton' Sixth Forms may prove of interest.

These "Mighty Men of the Sixth" must possess integrity, sobriety, a code of honour, a sense of humour, be guides, counsellors, and philosophers. They must be impartial, possess the patience of Job, set an example for the Junior element to follow, - in other words, be psychologists - (an apt description for them). Alas! Some of them do not reach these standards, but more of them, anon. Every Public School, whether in real life or fiction must have its Bully in the Senior Form and "those dressed in brief authority" seldom know how to use it.

Talking of dress brings me to those pleasing drawings - chiefly by Mr. Chapman - of the Seniors at Greyfriars wearing frock coats (a cut above St. Jims', did I hear you say?) A lot of prestige departed when the artists discarded this form of attire.

Although so few of the Series in the Magnet featured the Sixth Form, two of the finest Series were based on them. I refer to "The Lancaster Series" and "The Wingate v. Loder" Series (1927). I am not going to bore readers with references to these fine yarns, but there is no doubt that Lancaster possessed personality with a capital P for even the Head watched the cricket on Big Side when he was playing on one occasion, and that reverend gentleman was exceedingly considerate to Wingate when that worthy put personalities before school discipline.

The various Holiday Annuals are a great source of information and the "doings" of the Great Men of the Sixth were duly recorded occasionally in their pages, with such items as the school sporting records of the past, for example Dick Mason (St. Jims) scoring 226 v. Loamshire and the two occasions when Greyfriars won the Public Schools' Football Cup. Oh, and the School Captain usually outlined the triumphs of the seasons just concluded and even included the Junior statistics.

Generally speaking, the Mighty Men of the Sixth managed to maintain order and act with decorum, but unfortunately on the occasion of a Barring-out these "went to the winds" as on the advent of Mr. Carnforth, and the fisticuff battles with the gang

of "toughs" brought in by Mr. Brander, when the Sixth-Formers acquitted themselves nobly, if not with dignity.

Well, what sort of chaps were these Seniors? May I crave the reader's indulgence and present a little saga concerning their part in the stories. If you want to know just who the Prefects were and their full christian names, you have only to reach for your Holiday Annuals to find out.

GREYFRIARS

GEORGE BERNARD WINGATE: Captain of the School and Head Prefect. It seems automatic the office of Games Captain is included. Very popular and an all-round athlete. Figured very prominently in The Magnet from the very beginning and commanded the respect due him always. Has had many a battle with Gerald Loder and the 1927 Series describing their feud was a fine piece of characterisation. His one weakness of "Minor trouble" cost him the captaincy and a "prefect's beating" but only Loder "laid it on". In 1920 a short series dealt with his "love affair" with a film actress (Elsie Mainwaring). On one occasion joined His Majesty's Forces during the First World War. To use a modern expression - Wingate is a "smashing" chap.

PATRICK GWYNNE: Wingate's closest friend, but (in the opinion of the writer) never really supplanted Courtney though later readers of the Magnet have never read or even heard of the latter.

Gwynne is Irish and easy-going but possesses tact and a sense of humour. Was defeated by Loder in the election for Captain in the Wingate v. Loder feud series. A good man at games and featured in a good many stories but never achieved the prominence due to him.

GERALD ASSHETON LODER: Probably appeared in more stories than any other Senior. The Bully of the Sixth, officious and over-bearing - a very Black Sheep indeed. Wrested the Captaincy from Wingate, but it was a case of "Uneasy lies the Head that wears the Crown". Also acted as Head Prefect (due to Wingate's indisposition) in the "Secret Seven" Series and acted as ally to Mr. Prout (temporary head). Often at grips with the Remove and the countless times his study has been wrecked is amazing! Quite a good athlete when he leaves the smokes alone and is not addicted to breaking bounds. A great believer in the Eleventh Commandment - "Thou shalt not be found out".

ARTHUR WOODHEAD CARNE: Where do these chaps get their middle names from? A pal of Loder's, but does not possess as much pluck, and follows in his master's footsteps more or less. Figured in the "Mystery of No. 1 Study" series obtaining possession of the green satchel containing a haul of stolen banknotes, which he hid. Also black-mailed in an attempt to get "Tatters" expelled, but finally his better nature (oh yes, he has one) asserted itself and he refused to aid Rackstraw (shades of Gilbert and Sullivan in this name), thereby sealing his own fate. Also "doctored" the lemonade at a Sixth Form party in Wingate's study and had to refuse to drink a toast, much to his discomfiture.

JAMES WALKER: Another of Loder's cronies but not such a blackguard as Loder or Carne and far more amenable to reason. Sagacious in a cunning way, and often chips in when Loder goes too far. Has played a part in quite a number of single stories, and is often at loggerheads with the Famous Five. Quite a colourless character.

REGINALD COKER: Horace Coker's younger brother and is far from being a "mighty man",

except at Greek. Horace hasn't quite yet got over the fact that he is in a higher Form. Reggie had a tough time on his arrival and one incident was reminiscent of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" when he was ragged by Temple & Co. Seldom appeared in the stories once he had settled down. Brainy, inoffensive and good-natured.

SYKES: Quite a popular prefect, but never really played a prominent part in the Magnet, although on one occasion he was prevailed upon to stand as Captain when Wingate and Gwynne were injured in a coach accident.

TOM NORTH: One of the crowd as the saying goes. His only claim to fame is that he is a good sportsman, being a noted fast bowler and the First Eleven goalkeeper.

There are very few other Seniors who featured in the stories, so we are left with HAMMERSLEY (a good boxer), FAULKNER (a good chess player), CARNFORD MAJOR, an associate of Loder, who disproves the adage of Majors being "got at" through their Minors for he couldn't care less about his younger brother, who has never even been referred to. We could end with BANCROFT and RANDALL (a stout, prefect of Red Magnet days), so let us bid adieu to the Prefects' Room (where even Wingate was barred when he was a mere Sixth Former) with its table (to sit on) and the telephone, where many a surreptitious call was made, and pass along the Sixth-Form studies, containing a bed behind the curtains, and maybe wander down to Big Side and watch the Mighty Men perform.

ST. JIMS'

ERIC KILDARE: Head Prefect and Captain of the School (and the School House). Not quite such a sombre character as Wingate, his opposite number at Greyfriars, but that's probably due to the Irish in him, or the fact that he hasn't a Minor at the School. In the early days of the "Gem" he crossed swords with Monteith of the New House but they are firm friends now. It is remarkable the number of times he left St. Jims' conveniently for the election of other "Captains" such as Tom Merry, Gussy, Cutts, Monteith, etc. One "sub" writer described his joining The Foreign Legion after being unjustly accused of cheating in an exam: (he obviously didn't know his Kildare). Kildare is an all-round athlete, and truly a "Mighty Man".

GEORGE DARREL: Kildare's closest friend, and has featured in quite a few boxing yarns. One feels that George Darrel didn't get the limelight he deserved. In an early Gem fought a battle for his chum, only to be rebuffed by Kildare, but all ended well. One "sub writer" gave him a love affair, which seemed quite out of place. Darrel is popular and a good athlete. A typical "blood" as the junior fraternity would describe him.

PHILIP RUSHDEN: Another great friend of the "Skipper". Probably the best batsman in the First Eleven. On one occasion "kicked over the traces" (the horse lost of course). A very popular prefect.

GERALD KNOX: Loder's counterpart at St. Jims'. He hasn't a single redeeming feature. Malicious, cunning and cruel. It is doubtful whether he has even a friend in the Sixth. Has appeared in many fine tales in the Gem and is an excellent study in characterisation. A very nasty piece of work.

JAMES MONTEITH: Captain of the New House and their Head Prefect. Has changed a lot since Blue cover days when his ways and temper were very uncertain. The gradual progress of the change in his character is one of the highlights of the Gem. Once the

victim of a despicable trick by Levison which has already been described in an earlier Annual. A good man at games and a strong supporter of Kildare these days.

ERIC (ARTHUR) LANGTON: Vice-Captain of the Cricket Eleven, and a stock bowler. Has a "past" but is now a reformed character. Cutts of the Fifth played on this and blackmailed him to sell a cricket match, but in spite of the "pressure" being put on, Langton came out trumps. Won the Greek prize on one occasion.

There is not much one can say regarding the remainder of the St. Jims' Sixth - they seem to have been neglected in the Gem, but we have left ALBERT GRAY, MULVANEY MAJOR, NIGEL MCGREGOR (a studious Scotsman), STANLEY BAKER, NORTH and WEBB of the New House, from whence we may wend our way perhaps to the Boat House where we may see the School Eight embarking in their craft for a row on the delightful River Ryll.

This saga would not be complete without some reference being made to those Seniors who once graced the "Hamilton" scene. Some came and went in happy circumstances, but a few, I fear, did not. Expulsions were rare amongst the Mighty Men of the Sixth, but GERALD CARBERRY (the original "Loder") was included in that number. Mr. Breeze Bentley has already described his coming and going and I've no wish to add to that fine article. In the case of St. Jims, SEFTON held the stage as the unpopular New House bully and prefect so long that it seemed sacrilege that a "sub" writer should dispose of him in a 'shared' story dealing with the arrival of Sidney Clive. It was a very poor attempt at trying to frame Kildare that brought about his downfall. Some say he was resuscitated at a later date. If so, he was never the same character. As Mr. Ratcliff's "stooge" he was an excellent foil. There was also the case of BINGHAM of the St. Jims' Sixth who suffered a similar fate after trying to get Tom Merry expelled (in fact he almost succeeded), but it didn't matter so much in his case as he was never a serious character. In any event all these characters were replaced.

In the case of ARTHUR COURTNEY it was different. Here was a Senior possessing some personality and there are many who aver he never should have been "axed" from the Magnet (the writer is one of them). His sacrifices for RUPERT VALENCE (a weak character and far from a "Mighty Man") made interesting reading in the days of the Red Magnet. On one occasion he took a horse-whipping and on another fell from Wingate's esteem. Yes, he was "A Very Gallant Gentleman". Finally, we come to HERACLES IONIDES of the Greyfriars Sixth. A fop, a dandy and a bully. Featured quite a lot in the Red Magnet, after which he seemed to be ignored. It is a matter for conjecture as to whether he was expelled or not (he certainly deserved to be). In any case he disappeared from the Greyfriars scene.

This, then, concludes the saga of the Seniors, and if the writer has made errors, omissions, etc., he craves your indulgence. Even if the "Mighty Men of the Sixth" were not given the prominence they deserved, one always felt they were present in the story - a kind of "indefinable presence". Yes, on the whole they were good examples of what young men of 17-18 should be in "thought, word and deed". Need one say more!

* * * * *
* * * * *

THE BRANDER REBELLION

--- THE BEST BARRING-OUT OF THEM ALL ---

By LESLIE V. ROWLEY
* * * * *

In his restricted and stuffy confinement under the seat of a first class railway compartment, William George Bunter listened in to a conversation between two of the most tyrannical characters that ever featured in the lengthy history of Greyfriars School. It was a conversation that was to serve as an introduction to what is surely the best series of its kind ever to come from the pens of Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, Owen Conquest, et alia. Anyone who has not read this series has a treat in store when they turn the pages of "Magnets" 1169 - 1174, or of the "Schoolboy's Own Library" 245 and 247..... and I strongly advise them to beg, borrow, or buy this account of the 'best' barring-out of them all.

That summer day in 1930 was not the first occasion on which Bunter 'bilked' the railway company; neither was it to be the last. Had Bunter been possessed of second sight he would have appreciated then that travel by this illegal means was to provide many an exciting and humorous event in his fat career; but Bunter, as he listened, lost any interest he may have had for the distant future as he listened to the conspiring voices of Meyer Brander and his nephew Otto Van Tromp.

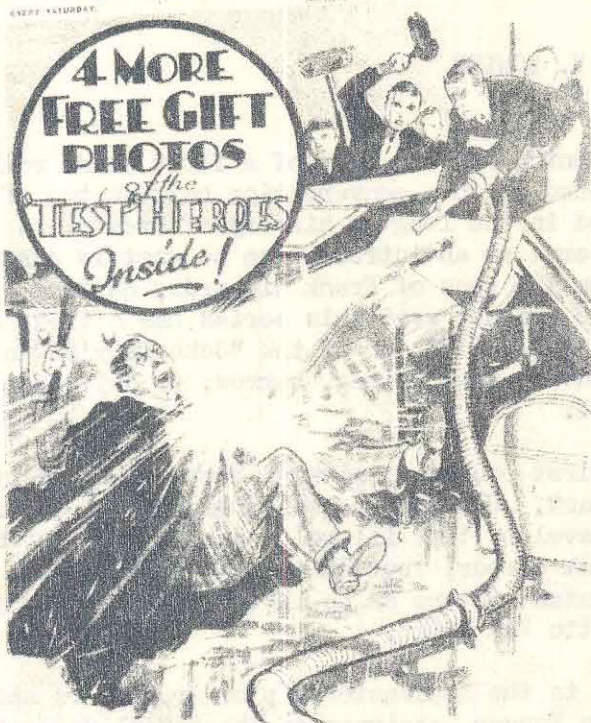
Mr. Brander had for some time aspired to the headmastership of Greyfriars and he had found a willing advocate in Sir Hilton Popper, chairman of the School Governing Board. Rather to Sir Hilton's disgust, Dr. Locke had brushed aside the nobbly baronet's suggestion that it was time to retire and make way for a younger man. The lord of Popper Court proceeded to hawk the name of Brander to other members of the Governing Board (Major Cherry, Sir Reginald Temple, Mr. Wingate (Colonel Wharton the other governor was abroad)). Due to the resistance of the Major and of Henry Samuel Quelch the touting of the Brander met with little success whilst the dear old Head stuck to his guns. So it was decided between Brander and Van Tromp (now a newcomer to the Sixth Form) that other means should be employed to remove Dr. Locke from the scene. It was fortunate, indeed, for William George Bunter that the uncle and nephew were unaware that their intriguing conversation was finding its way to the fattest ears at Greyfriars School.

Thus began the 'Brander Rebellion'. There had been barrings-out before, there were to be barrings-out in the future, and many events in the present series were familiar already and were to become even more so later on. What then, makes this particular series so outstanding?

The newcomers to Greyfriars, Otto Van Tromp and Meyer Brander, were two finely drawn characters. Although the author limited their brutality to floggings, fagging under duress, and sentences of expulsion that were never carried out, the reader was

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freezingly intones Quelch, "It is certainly in your power to dismiss me; but, according to the Statutes, a Form-master of more than ten years' standing has an appeal to the governing board if dismissed from his post. That appeal I shall certainly make."

For the Greyfriars historians it should be added that the Statute in question was to be found in Article 33, and gave the dismissed master the right to remain at the School until the appeal was heard. One cannot help wishing that more was known of the Statutes of this world famous 'foundation'.

Prout, who earlier in the story had visions of not only being appointed temporary headmaster but of the appointment being eventually of a permanent nature, provides a

filled with a loathing bordering on hatred. When I first read this story as a school-boy I longed to be able to step into the picture, as it were, and plant my foot on the academic gown of the headmaster and on the sneering face of his nephew. When I re-read the series the other day I found I still had the inclination to hit out at these two rogues and to hit out more in the manner of the Bounder than of Harry Wharton.

But if Frank Richards was successful in making the two new characters a credible pair he did not fail to take the opportunity to add realism to characters he had created three decades before. The Paul Pontifex Prout and the Henry Samuel Quelch on Brander's staff were characters in which one really could believe. There is, for instance, the famous passage between Brander and Quelch in which the latter having been dismissed by the former, invokes the School Statutes in order to remain at the School.

....."You are perhaps unacquainted with the laws of the Foundation you have so grossly mismanaged since you have taken control, sir,"

beautiful example of deflated pride and injured dignity when Brander is installed. "Prout's shelved" observes the Bounder tersely.

Prout was not the only person to be 'shelved'. Wingate was relieved of his position as Head Prefect by the new headmaster, who appointed nephew Otto to that exalted position. Fagging for the Remove is introduced and Van Tromp rather unwisely details Smithy and Bob Cherry to fag for him and the bully does not re-act kindly to the services the two Removites perform for him. It is not long before the barricades are up and the fun is fast and furious. The whole form is sentenced to a flogging - for which Fisher T. Fish is the only attendee and whose spryness earns him such a thrashing that Quelch intercedes between the flogger and the floggee. Coker also refuses to attend for a flogging and is eventually supported by his two pals Potter and Greene. Although thrill packed incident follows laughter provoking passage, Mr. Richards does not neglect to give correct touches to his character portraits. It is this combination that is responsible for this series being the most outstanding of its kind.

With the possible exception when P.C. Tozer is called in, the humour is never artificial and the action in the plot is always realistic. One can almost shiver with cold as the rebels are drenched with water from the hose, and perhaps one will instinctively duck as Vernon-Smith hurls a bag of pepper at an attacking force of game-keepers from the Popper Court Estate. And when Brander loses control of himself and thrashes Prout, clearly to the mind's eye comes the picture of the bewildered and horrified master of the Fifth, his gown flying wildly behind him, his mortar-board gone, fleeing yelling down the corridor as though all the devils in Hades were after him. It is hardly to be wondered that a little later the fruity voice of the indignant Prout is heard heartily approving as Brander and his nephew are hustled across the quad toward the gates and his thoughts must have been quite genial as he witnessed Coker of his form accelerate the departure.....

"Go it, Coker!"

"Well kicked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Brander fairly flew.

He crashed down in the road beside his nephew.

So in the dusk of an eventful day, Greyfriars witnessed with joy the end of a regime of tyranny.

Perhaps some, like the Bounder who always relished a row, did not share in that joy. It had all been a happy change from lessons in the Form-room under the gimlet eye of Quelch. They had flogged Van Tromp; they had blackened the face of Popper; they had trounced the gamekeepers from Popper Court; and when all had seemed lost, they had witnessed their form-master directing the rest of the school to come to the rescue. Much had happened since that hot afternoon when Bunter had 'bilked' his way on the railway between Courtfield and Friardale. It is therefore not unlikely that many shared the regrets of the Bounder when the barricades came down and life returned to an unexciting normal. Sharing in this regret must have been many a reader as he turned the last pages of Frank Richards' account of the barring-out that was to prove the best of them all.

Later we were to have the "Prout - Headmaster" and the "Hacker-Headmaster" barrings-out: but whilst we could savour the Brander history - and find it so well suited to our taste, we had to swallow sometimes when we tackled the later rebellions.

It is hard to imagine, for example, that Mr. Hacker would ever have returned to his post at Greyfriars after having been compelled to "wash-up" in the tuckshop rebellion. Can we really believe that Mr. Prout would have accepted Loder in preference to Quelch - a prefect of doubtful value against an old and trusted colleague?

These were quite readable series, of course, but they lacked the convincing character portraits of the 1930 series and perhaps it would have been as well if the author had shown in those latter years the same restraint that helped to make the Brander Rebellion the best barring-out of them all.



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PLAYFUL PARODIES

By
TOM HOPPERTON

GREY(friar)S ELEGY

Old Gosling tolls the knell of parting day,
And wishes all them brats was safe in bed,
(It's them young ribs as turns a porter grey!)
Or, better still, the lot was drowned and dead.

Quelch marks last papers with a frowning eye.
Must Bunter "Luck" for "Lux" indite?
Of Saint the Owl would patience sorely try.
Reluctantly, he feels .. in parts .. that Gosling's
right.

That done, through Horace old he'll blithely scout,
And speculate once more 'twixt "qua" and "quo".
If Hamilton's edition were but out,
Ah! then at last! Yes! Then, at last he'd KNOW!

And Loder studies deep ---- "The Sporting Pink!"
Ere sneaking forth to visit Fishers Three,
Where Lodgey swills another "final" drink,
And rubs expectant hands with greasy glee.

The last light sinks: now 'bated every noise,
But Frank shall rouse them still with fluent pen.
Take all in all, these long-loved men and boys,
Upon their like we shall not gaze again.

* * * * *

CHILDE BUNTER'S PILGRIMAGE

By Tom Hopperton and Lord Byron

Whilome in Albion's isle there lived a youth
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in gorging most uncouth,
And vex'd with snores the drowsy ear of night.
Ah me! in truth he was a shameless wight,
Think not that I his merits am decrying,
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,
He favoured only gossip, feeding prying.
His suffering comrades found him highly trying.

Childe Bunter was he hight: his daily moan,
That selfishness so dogged the whole Remove
There was, on P.O. long delayed, no loan.
No matter how he did the beasts reprove
But rarely he those flinty hearts could move.
Too oft his sole reward a planted boot -
A thing that far too many did approve.
As soon wring tears from Pluto with a lute
As on them to prevail for aid, poor destitute!

So far and wide his pilgrimage did range,
His fame, far-flung, resounded everywhere,
And smiling faces suffered startling change,
The crowded tuckshop suddenly was bare,
When Bunter came, that dreaded borrower.
As soon as he said, "Say you fellows!" never
Did coolness chill so quick the summer air.
But hope still springs, eternal, ever,
When last seen he was stalking Lord Mauleverer.

Once more with furrowed brow does Wharton scan,
The gaps in his once-more depleted team.
There surely ne'er was other boy or man,
So crock-obsessed, as by malignant dream.

Paul Prout sucks Trichinopoly cigar,
With both eyes fixed on now outdated gun,
Dreaming of days bygone and places far,
Where those same eyes made quailing grizzlies run.

An aching void drives Bunter forth to prowl.
(It's two hours since he had his second tea!)
Indifferent he to kick or jeer or scowl,
If he can 'suage internal misery.

Swedes and Nasturtiums fixed for e'er their laws.
Those Fifth-form sufferers, Messrs. P. and G.
Wish they could fix as firm old Coker's jaws,
Whose chin moves up and down --- incessantly.

A LONG WAY AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Gosling's work was done,
And he, before the porter's lodge,
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him, all stuck up with jam,
Lurked Bunter's younger brother, Sam.

He wished the brat would go away,
(The river p'raps fall in!)
For Gosling wanted no display,
When he did sip his gin.
But Bunter Mi, still hung about.
How Gosling longed his head to clout!

He took at last a furtive sip,
But as the fluid touched his lip,
His yelling made the old lodge rock.
In language that was bound to shock,
He named the Devil and his Daughter,
Young Sam had changed his gin for water.

A gloating Sam did then expound,
To fellow-fags who gathered round,
That dead on lock-up Gosling slammed
The gate in that fat face be-jammed.
Sam eyed his writhings, squeaked "He, He!
But mine's the final victory!"

PLAYFUL PARODIES

continued

FOR THE HONOUR OF THE REMOVE

In Nine Thrilling Stanzas

Not a sound was heard, nor discordant note,
Till into the Rag Bunter scurried.
By his heaving chest and his wheezing throat,
We could tell how our Porpoise had hurried.

Hard on his heels rose a horrible din.
Bolsover (the elder, named Percy)
Growling and cuffing, he drove young Tubb in,
Who was howling and shrieking for mercy.

He pointed at Bunter and started to gird,
"That fat frump from Tubb was in flight!
A Remove man to run from a tick in the Third!
Our honour demands that he fight!"

There was general approval, except by Brave Bill.
Tubb, much relieved, said: "If that's all the fuss,
Let's hope the fat bouncer has made out his will.
You fellows can roll out your porpoise."

Tubb danced all around him with left and with right,
Gleeful yells from the Third then arose,
While Bunter stood quaking and shaking with fright,
Till a punch got him flush on the nose.

The blood how it ran! So did Bunter the Bold,
Until he was seized by Bolsover.
"Get stuck in, you swab, before I knock you cold,
And kick you from Courtfield to Dover."

As he swung him back in, Bunter flew through the air,
Quite half of us swore 'twas a slip,
While the other half still resolutely aver,
That the cause of it all was a trip.

Whatever the reason, the Owl forward fell,
His spherical carcass crushed Tubb almost flat,
Whose last breath burst out in a horrible yell,
For who could withstand Bunter's mountain of fat?

"I've don it! I've won!" came an exultant roar,
From the Owl, dabbing visage so gory,
But, disgusted, we hurled the fat fraud through the door,
And left him alone in his "glory".

(No need to cry "Wolfe")

* * * * *

TO MR. C.H., THE ONLIE BEGETTER.....

THE KYPPER

By Shakespeare, universal mind so sure,
With gay injunction sombre truth was said,
That youth's a stuff that will not, can't, endure,
Yet o'er Greyfriars fifty years are sped.

With wit, with humour, all that cherished band,
As fresh, more polished, than when first they came,
Their boyhood keep undimmed as by Frank's hand
Still glowing youth's depicted in the old, old frame.

And we, who have been reared in his eye,
And in his tales find refuge still from care,
Where youth, by proxy, Shakespeare doth defy,
There feel for fleeting moments former flare.

Yes, we, though flying time may prove unkind,
With youth from Richards' pen restore our mind.

Bunter, Bunter, sleeping tight,
How canst thou snore away the night,
When sticky cakes and rich pastry,
So cram thy fearful symmetry?

There Quelch lies staring at the skies,
He never yet has closed his eyes.
To biscuits two he did aspire,
And now his inside is on fire.

Bunter, Bunter, sleeping tight,
How canst thou snore away the night,
When sticky cakes and rich pastry,
So cram they fearful symmetry?



This picture shows Mr. C. H. CHAPMAN in his happiest mood. It is specially drawn for COLLECTORS' DIGEST ANNUAL 1960 by the world-famous artist who has been portraying Greyfriars for so many years. Our grateful thanks to Mr. Chapman for such a splendid contribution to the gaiety of the Annual.

The St. Jim's Portrait Galleries

By GEORGE SELLARS

Since I was a boy I have been interested in drawing and painting, and I have passed many happy hours copying landscapes and seascapes.

When I discovered the Gem, it was the artist's picture on the blue cover which attracted me to that paper before all the others in the shop. From that lucky day in 1915 R.J. Macdonald has always been my favourite artist. He played a great part with his splendid work in the St. Jim's Portrait Galleries, and I have always especially admired his portraits.

The first Gallery in the Gem started nearly 50 years ago - three small portraits appeared each week, and these were reprinted in the Penny Popular in 1917. Nearly all of them were drawn by Macdonald.

Another Gallery started in the Gem in 1917, and these were drawn by Warwick Reynolds, with descriptive matter on the characters by J.N. Pentelow. In my opinion, this was Pentelow's finest work for the Gem. He certainly had a wide knowledge of St. Jim's and he wrote about the characters in a most interesting fashion.

Reynolds was a good artist, but, in comparison with Mac, his work was sketchy, lacking the neat, clear-cut lines, though in some respects there was similarity between the two artists. I was disappointed with Reynold's sketch of Tom Merry - the only one I have seen showing Tom without his sunny smile. I have five portraits of the "Hero of the Shell" by Mac, and in each that famous smile is evident.

Some very important characters were left out of the Reynolds Gallery - Lumley-Lumley, Gore, Brooke, Mellish, Knox, Cutts, Monteith, Joe Frayne, Gordon Gay, Frank Monk, and Grimes.

The third Gallery followed in 1919, nearly all by Macdonald, about 60 of them in this series compared with 41 in 1917.

The fourth and finest Gallery of them all was the full-page art portraits on the back covers of the Gem in 1921-22. These were really superb, giving the effect of real photographs. The majority were by Mac, with a few from Haywood and others. All were excellent.

In an article on "The St. Jim's Gallery" which appeared in Bill Gander's splendid little magazine in 1945, Mr. Rickard says very little about this fourth Gallery, but there is no doubt about it being the best of them all.

The fifth and final Gallery was "The Who's Who at St. Jim's" of 1930, but this was only a short series, and not in the same class as the others.

To revert to the 1921-22 Gallery, the first portrait was of Jack Blake, and it was a Macdonald masterpiece, accurate in every detail - waistcoat buttons, watch chain,

correct shading, the natural, cheery smile - in fact, just like a photograph.

In his chat with his readers, the editor announced that a splendid art photograph of Martin Clifford was coming shortly, and how right he was. This portrait, so like a photograph, takes pride of place in my album. It was followed by an autographed photograph of Frank Richards - and the likeness between them is remarkable. Martin Clifford, at that time, would have been in his forties.

Tom Merry in a cap, cricket shirt and blazer, and his usual smile made another striking portrait, and others, in the same class, included Dr. Holmes, Miss Fawcett, Taggles, Mr. Lathom, Talbot, Figgins, Gussy. During that time, I cut out all the portraits as they appeared, until I had a complete set, when I pasted them all in an album. There must have been a hundred of them, including celebrities of the day like the Prince of Wales, Jack Dempsey, George Robey, and others.

Sad to relate, I lost the album about 30 years ago, but I still had in my possession quite a few portraits by Macdonald and Reynolds. Since that time I have continued to collect them, until now I have nearly 130 portraits from the five Galleries which appeared in the Gem. My album is now full, and I have practically all the characters who feature in the St. Jim's stories.

Like Mr. Chips, Charles Hamilton has a large family, but unlike Mr. Chips, the children of Mr. Hamilton are immortal.

The splendid artists did a great deal in making the Hamilton characters seem very human, through the medium of the St. Jim's Portrait Galleries.

EDITOR'S NOTE

As our contributor points out, the Gem Portrait Gallery of 1917 contained only 41 characters, and many of those who played a substantial part at that time were, for some reason, omitted. The Gallery seemed to end very abruptly.

In marked contrast, the Greyfriars Gallery went to the opposite extreme, and contained 101 characters, every single obscure and remote name being raked in to prolong the series.

It is usually accepted that Pentelow was responsible for the descriptive reading which accompanied both the Greyfriars and St. Jim's Galleries. I have no inside knowledge on the subject, but it has always seemed to me that there was a great dissimilarity between the two series. The difference in style was most marked, and I have ever wondered whether the two Galleries came from the same pen. The Greyfriars Gallery was factual, bringing in details which were of absorbing interest to the old reader. The St. Jim's Gallery, however, was painfully abstract, better written, but lacking the details of past history which older readers found so fascinating.

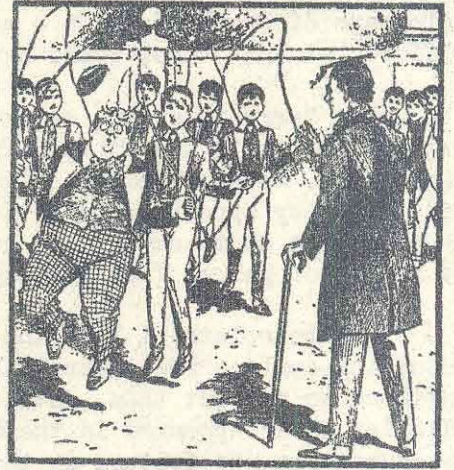
WANTED: Young Folks' Tales 1914 onwards. For EXCHANGE 1927 Holiday Annual. WANTED 1st and 2nd series Collectors' Miscellany and Vanity Fair. Also early comic papers, Lot-o-Fun, Jester, etc. W. HALL, 16 WALDER RD., HAMMONDVILLE, via LIVERPOOL, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

MEMORY LANE



1.

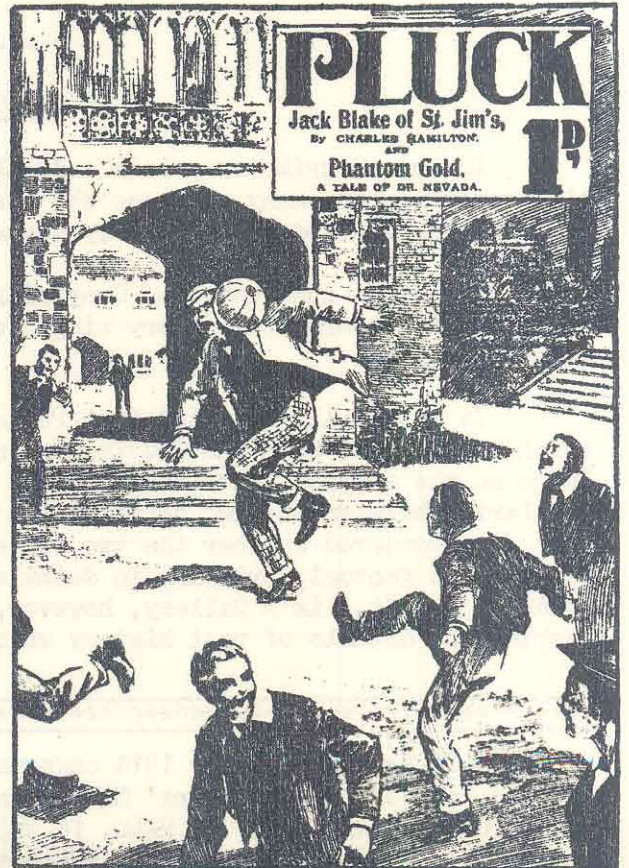
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A Magnificent Long, Complete Story of School Life in this Issue!



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PLUCK'S Xmas Double Number Out Saturday Next. Order Now.



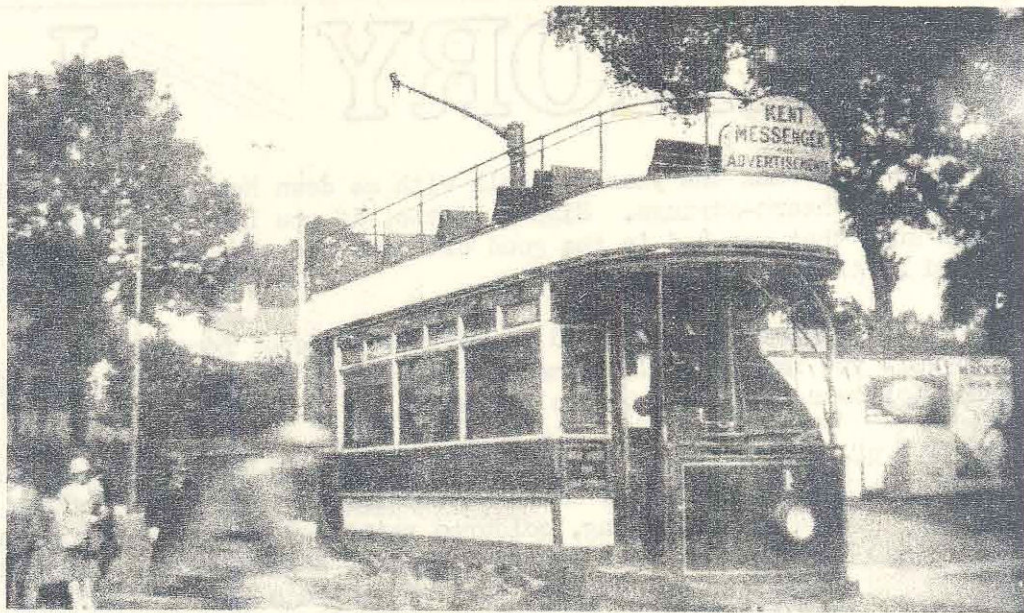
PLUCK
Jack Blake of St. Jim's,
By CHARLES HAMILTON,
AND
Phantom Gold,
A TALE OF NEVADA.

PREFECT MONTREITE CAME OUT OF THE DOORWAY JUST AS THE BALL FLEW IN: BIFFY AID A FEARFUL YELL. "AY!" MURKINSO ROARED. "YOU'VE DONE IT NOW!"

NO. 111. VOL. 6. NEW SERIES.

MEMORY

LANE



7.

HENRY ST. JOHN'S SERIAL INSIDE!
THE PLUCK LIBRARY 1D
 No. 360 • EVERY FRIDAY • JULY, 24th 1913

Billy Bunter's Christmas Dream!

Magnet 1d

Double Length Tale of Christmas Double Number

WUN LUNG'S LITTLE JOKE!

4.

"THE RIVALS OF ROOKWOOD!" By OWEN CONQUEST.

No. 1 of a Magnificent Series of Long Complete Tales dealing with Public School Life.

THE BOYS' FRIEND!

JIMMY SILVER'S JOY-RIDE TO ROOKWOOD!

TALES TO TELL

5.

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN-MAGIC MERCHANT

6.

MEMORY // LANE

Roll back the years, stroll with me down Memory Lane, let blissful reminiscence touch the heart-strings. Sigh a little, if you like, for, though we know that there was much that was bad in the good old days, we also know that there was much that was good in the bad old days.

The pictures presented in our two pages of Memory Lane are especially selected to waft you from your Christmas fireside in 1960, back down the corridors of Time. The following is a key to the pictures:

1. Recently we were sauntering in Gravesend, past the giant modern stores which Marks and Spencer are constructing in that town. On the hoardings round the site were striking, coloured paintings of the Penny Bazaars which the young Marks and Spencer operated in many English towns early in the century. We told Marks and Spencer that we wanted a PENNY BAZAAR for Memory Lane, and they kindly supplied the picture. The Penny Bazaar, gone for ever like the age which gave it birth - packed with thousands of little items to fascinate adult or child - open till eleven o'clock on Saturday nights, blazing with light, while the shopping crowds still milled through the streets. Our picture of the Gravesend Penny Bazaar was taken in late 1914.
2. Here we have the old DREADNOUGHT which, for a time, reprinted the early Greyfriars stories. The yarn of Mr. Chesham, the Faddist Form-Master, was reprinted on a number of occasions in various papers. The Dreadnought depicted appeared in 1913.
3. One of the most famous covers of all time - a drawing by Leonard Shields illustrating the very first St. Jim's story ever written. The date of this issue of PLUCK was November, 1906.
4. The Christmas Number of the MAGNET for the year 1909. The artist? Arthur Clarke, we think.
5. The most memorable issue of THE BOYS' FRIEND ever published - that day in early 1915 when the first Rookwood story appeared. When the story was recently reprinted in Knockout, Jimmy Silver drove a motor-bus to school instead of a brake. Less credible, but inevitable, perhaps.
6. PLUCK again, some nine years later in the summer of 1915. PLUCK can never be forgotten - on account of what happened in 1906.
7. To give us a lift on the final stages of our journey down Memory Lane - the open-topped tram-car. Some towns - Brighton, Chatham, Margate, Yarmouth, Colchester, Reading, to mention but a few - never had any cover-topped cars in their fleets. A ride on the open top of the tram was delightful on a warm summer's day - not so attractive on a wet winter's night, maybe. The drivers, too - with no protection from the weather - must have been a sturdy race. Our picture was taken in 1928.

So, with the soft summer breeze stirring our hair, and the pleasant hiss of the trolley-wheel on the wires overhead making music to our ears, let us ride, on the open top of a tramcar, towards the distant blue mountains, to end our journey down Memory Lane.

Some Magnet enthusiasts are of the opinion that the charm of the Magnet stories was fading towards the end of the paper's life. Here, at least, is one reader who is certain that the charm never faded.

DID THE MAGNET DECLINE AND FALL?

By PETER HANGER
* * * * *

Although I have been keenly devoted to Greyfriars ever since that happiest of all days in October 1939, when I first discovered the Magnet, it is only in the last eighteen months that I have discovered Collectors' Digest.

With the same fervour that had hitherto been reserved for Magnets, I have collected Digests and its Annuals - and it is with considerable astonishment that I learn that a few enthusiasts believe that the Magnet declined and fell. They will be the first to admit that their view that the Magnet declined is just an opinion, as is my view that it did nothing of the sort.

As it ceased publication, it certainly fell - but declined! No! No! No!
One thousand six hundred and eighty-three times No!

Let me hasten to add, however, that I do not think the Magnet improved after the late twenties. After twenty years of maturing, the wine had reached perfection. Some bottles were better than others. For me, only one bottle from the entire vintage was sour - the 1938 Texas series.

It has been pointed out that, in presentation, the Magnet showed no signs whatever of decline. During the last four years of its illustrious life, Greyfriars completely filled the paper. It needed no supporting programme. When the Gem folded up at the end of 1939, its readers were directed to the Triumph, although the logical amalgamation would have been with the Magnet. The Magnet obviously had no need of Gem readers.

No free gifts were necessary to boost circulation, though, in common with many other A.P. publications, the Magnet took part in that business of the Armaments and Footer stamps, which have been the ruination of so many good copies.

It occurs to me that, of all boys' papers, the Magnet had the greatest percentage of adult readers. And adults, in the period known as the twilight war, found themselves with many other things of which to think.

The complaint against the stories seems to fall into three categories - that plots became less mobile - that repeated themes are alleged to be inferior to the originals - that characterisation, particularly of Bunter and the Bounder, became harsher.

Certainly plots became more static. But is that relevant in assessing the quality of the stories?

Writing continuously for over thirty years of Greyfriars, it was inevitable that Frank Richards should repeat themes, especially the more successful ones. Even mediocre craftsmen improve their technique, but Frank Richards, the greatest craftsman of all, is supposed to have declined.

The repeated themes have been described as Monday's hash after Sunday's joint. If we must have a culinary metaphor, I suggest that a master chef can turn out all sorts of wonderful dishes though he may use the same ingredients more than once.

If the characterisation of Bunter and Vernon-Smith changed in the last decade, I have failed completely to detect the transformation. Was not the pig in clover at Reynham Castle a carbon copy of Bunter at Combermere Lodge (Bunter Court)? Was not Vernon-Smith's treatment of Bertie Vernon entirely consistent with his attitude towards Paul Dallas?

I am fully conscious of the natural tendency to regard the stories of one's particular youth as the best. I feel that I have avoided this trap, because I do not regard the stories of 1940 as better than those of 1930. But I do believe that they were equally as good. Furthermore, alongside the Magnet, I read the Schoolboys' Own Library re-prints (although at that time I did not realise they were re-prints). I was just as pleased with the S.O.L's as with the Magnet.

I give a slight head to the "Coker Gets the Sack" series over the "Strong Man" series. "Bunter in the Attic" I place about even with the Christmas interlude in the Lamb series. The remainder of the Lamb series, and the Jim Valentine series, are again neck and neck.

In conclusion, may I be permitted to spotlight some of the stories of the later Magnet, and mention my reactions to them?

THE LAST MAGNET OF ALL:

I feel sure that even the most carping critic can find no fault with "Shadow of the Sack", though we still await the sequel. There can't be much doubt that it was to be another "Wharton in Trouble" series. They seemed to come in four-year cycles, so we were due for another in 1940. But the point I wish to emphasise is the last recorded remark of Mr. Quelch in the Magnet. It shows quite plainly that the one blunder of the Stacey series was not to be repeated. Mr. Quelch was going to trust Wharton this time. If Frank Richards could learn, how could he decline?

THE EASTCLIFF LODGE SERIES:

I have never been keen on holiday series, though there have been notable exceptions. This was not one of the exceptions. If the Magnet really declined, the blame can be laid at the door of Eastcliff Lodge.

THE LAMB SERIES:

This series has been said to be too long, and it is supposed to be inferior to the Courtfield Cracksman series of a decade earlier. There is no doubt that it was a long series, but it seems to me to be quite unrealistic to condemn a story merely because it is long.

Let me admit that when I read the Lamb series, week by week, straight from the newsagent, I became exasperated with its length. But, reading it in more mature years, I came to appreciate what a fine plot it was. The truth of the matter is that it was

far too good for a thirteen-year old boy.

I regard it as superior to the Courtfield Cracksman series, and I give my reasons. In both series, Mr. Quelch was absent from Greyfriars. In the earlier series, the absence is dismissed with a typical Bunter joke, but in the Lamb series it is an important secondary plot which really overshadows the primary one.

The Christmas interlude of the Lamb series is more exciting and seasonable, and, furthermore, it is part of the plot. This may not be apparent until one remembers that Lamb acted with great presence of mind in removing Mr. Quelch so quickly from Greyfriars. He had to find a temporary hiding place until the permanent one, in the dugout at Sea View, was ready.

Every individual story of the series was of a very high standard, and I regard "The Eleventh Hour" as the finest dramatic story ever written by Charles Hamilton.

THE FIRST TERM OF WARTIME:

The stories of the Autumn term of 1939 were sufficient to make me a Greyfriars fan of twenty years standing. The series in which Coker "got the sack" was bubbling with boisterous humour. How I envy anyone who is still waiting to read these stories!

"The Tuck Hoarder" was Fisher T. Fish, and this was a good story by any standards. Frank Richards' presentation of Fish has earned him a reputation of anti-Americanism. But don't forget that an American President said that "the Business of America is Business." Furthermore, are Sergeant Bilko and the Maverick brothers, created by Americans, very different from Fisher T. Fish?

The two Wibley stories of this term were first-class. "Grunter of Greyhurst" told how Wibley impersonated Bunter, and the artful Owl attempted to use his double to his own advantage.

"It's not me smoking this cigarette," explains Bunter to Mr. Quelch, "it's my double."

In "The Black Prince of Greyfriars" Bunter had to disappear, owing to his having thrown a tomato in Hacker's eye. It was Wib who disguised Bunter as the black prince Bomombo, who was visiting Hurree Singh.

Two very fine tales of Vernon-Smith were "Condemned Without Evidence" and "The Bounder's Dupe." It was with the last-named story that I was introduced to Greyfriars. It was given to me by a pal's mother, God bless her!

THE LAST PEACE TIME HOLIDAY:

I agree with Roger Jenkins that the Water Lily series has been overrated, but it is easy to see why. The last summer of peace, the leisurely cruise of England's most beautiful waterway, plus the typical Hamilton crook, hunting his plunder which had been hidden away in the Greyfriars boat. A repeat of the Hiking-Holiday Annual series, perhaps, but only slightly inferior to it.

THE BERTIE VERNON SERIES:

This series first came to my notice in 1942, and I have always regarded it as one of the greatest dramatic series ever to appear in the Magnet. I have sometimes envied the Bounder his great wealth, but, even more, I have envied him the friendship of Tom Redwing. It was this which pulled him out of the mess, as it has so often done, into which his uncontrollable temper had led him. It is a measure of Frank Richards' greatness that although Bertie Vernon was the wrongdoer, albeit a reluctant one, our

sympathies were with him to the last, although Vernon-Smith was a popular and established character.

BLACK ROCK ISLAND:

There can be no complaint against this one on the grounds of plot development, for the story was definitely a serial. To my mind it is a better than average holiday story with the added advantage that it did not intrude into term-time. Another tale of the Bounder getting into disastrous trouble, only to be saved at the last minute by Tom Redwing. We have read it so many times before, but how we love it! Let's have another helping in an early Bunter book, please, Mr. Richards.

THE RANDOLPH CROCKER SERIES:

This had great possibilities which somehow were never quite realised. It was, however, a good workmanlike series, well up to Frank Richards' remarkable standard.

So much then for my views on the later series in the Magnet. In spite of that Texas Series, I have always regarded the year 1938 as a particularly bright one for the Magnet. Had the Texas series been replaced by the 1939 or 1937 Easter Holiday series, I would unquestionably place 1938 as the very best year of the Magnet.

WANTED: Boys' Friend Library No. 525 "The Sports of St. Clive's;" also Boys' Friend Library "The Idol of St. Frank's."

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R. MORTIMER, 115 WALTON ROAD, EAST MOLESEY, SURREY.

WANTED: GEM No. 1283.

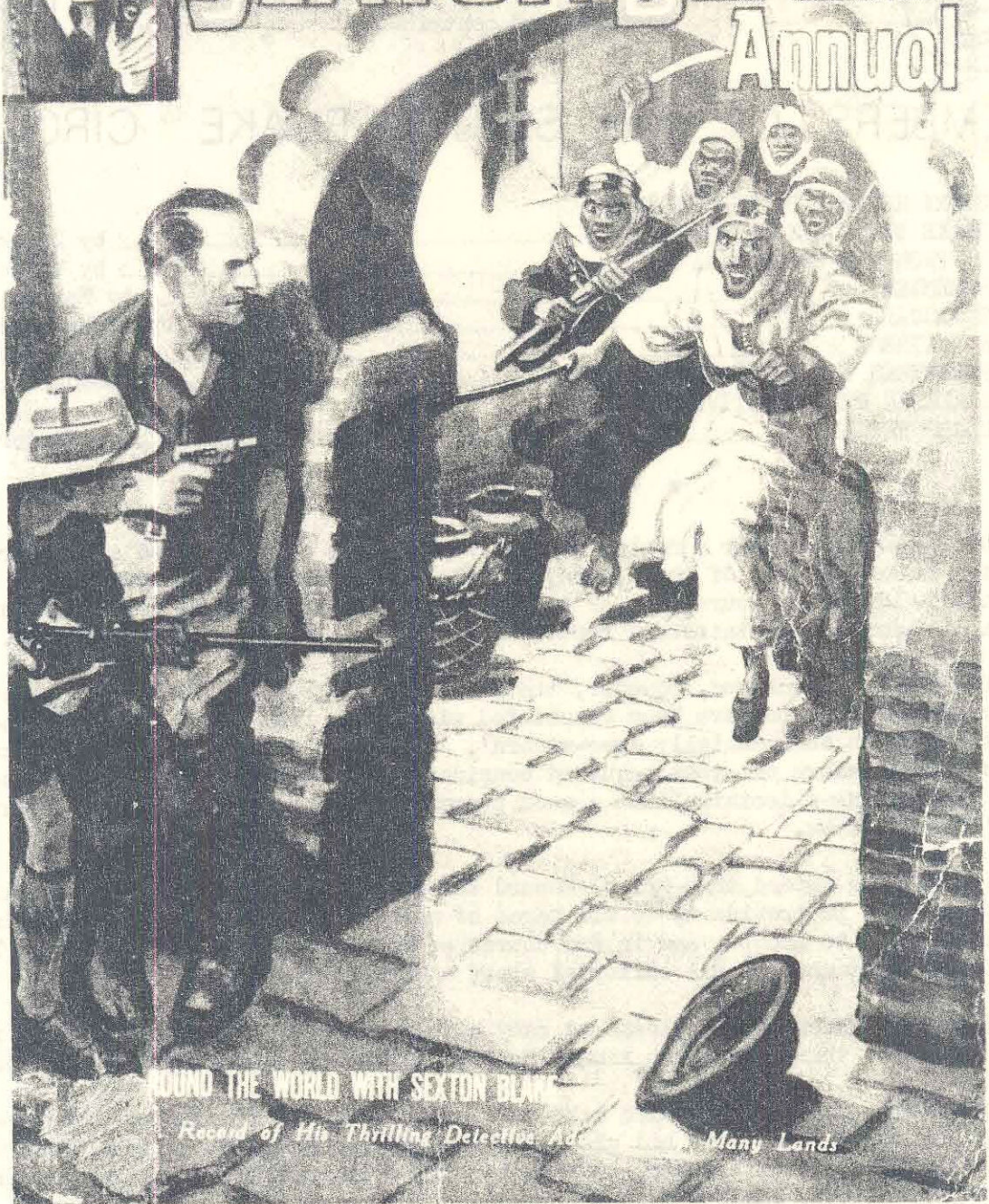
F.G. RUTHERFORD, 3 COTHAM PARK NORTH, BRISTOL 6.

COLLECTORS: Please help me complete records, especially girls papers, Schoolgirls Weekly, Girls Crystal, Schoolgirl, Schoolgirls Own, Schooldays. Any information no matter how small welcomed. Also Marvel, Boys Realm, Boys Herald etc. All letters answered. A.J. SOUTHWAY, P.O. BOX 4, BEACONSFIELD, C.P. SOUTH AFRICA.



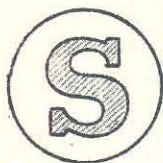
SEXTON BLAKE

Annual

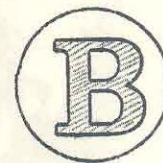


ABOVE WE REPRODUCE THE COVER OF THE
THIRD SEXTON BLAKE ANNUAL, PUBLISHED IN THE LATE THIRTIES

THE MAN FROM BAKER STREET



THE NINTH ANNUAL FEATURE



compiled and contributed

by

MEMBERS OF THE SEXTON BLAKE CIRCLE

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN

SEXTON BLAKE THE MONEY SPINNER by Derek Adley

GLEANINGS FROM THE BLAKE SAGA by Walter Webb

DO YOU REMEMBER...? by Martin Thomas

RESIDENT RASCAL by Michael Moorcock

THE PINK PEKINESE by Bette Pate

MAJOR CHARACTERS IN SEXTON BLAKE STORIES by Leonard Packman

SEXTON BLAKE IN THE DETECTIVE LIBRARY

AND NUGGET WEEKLY by Victor Colby

* * * * *

During the past year a number of new friends have been enrolled as members of the Sexton Blake Circle. Of these, many are wholly or primarily 'modern' Blake enthusiasts - which, of course, is as it should be, if Sexton Blake is to live on and maintain his unrivalled status and reputation in the realm of Detective Fiction.

It must be remembered, however, that taking the S.B.C. as a body, the vast majority are members who have been associated with Blake from his early days, and whose interest in him is fundamentally 'pre-modern'. The question of this year's Feature contents was therefore one that required considerable thought and discussion, the outcome of which being a decision that a good proportion of pages should be in relation to the 'modern' Blake.

It was also agreed that Mr. W. Howard Baker, the editor of the S.B. Library, should be invited to provide up to six pages of material for inclusion. This, Mr. Baker was pleased to accept, and in due course we received an article by Martin Thomas, and another by a member of his editorial staff - Michael Moorcock.

We always endeavour to please as many of our readers as possible, and it is our sincere hope that this, our ninth Annual Feature, will once again achieve that purpose.

The Sexton Blake Circle also take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude to our Editor, Eric Fayne, for his great kindness in supplying the answer to an unexpected 'last minute' difficulty - due to certain enthusiastic contributors over-running their strictly limited quota of pages!

LEONARD PACKMAN, Chairman,
The Sexton Blake Circle,
East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

SEXTON BLAKE THE MONEY SPINNER

By DEREK ADLEY

New members of our fraternity generally associate Sexton Blake with the Library of that name, whilst there are many collectors amongst us who well remember the earlier chronicles of the famous sleuth - I refer to those which appeared in the pre-war UNION JACK and its successor DETECTIVE WEEKLY. But while most of these enthusiasts and collectors of Blake material are aware of the fact that he has featured in many other papers in years gone by, perhaps the extent of the range of these papers is not quite so well known to the new reader; therefore I feel that it may be of interest to them if some details are recorded here regarding these other publications featuring Sexton Blake.

A few years ago I wrote a short article for "Blakiana" entitled "Sexton Blake - Ancient and Modern," in which I emphasised how much the Amalgamated Press realised Blake's commercial possibilities in the way they introduced him to both the older and younger generations in turn. This, by the way, being many years before we had any indication that the S.B.L's survival was threatened by a declining circulation. As I only dealt with one or two examples of the publications in which Blake appeared, this article serves to enlarge a little on a similar theme.

Apart from the lengthy runs of the SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY and the UNION JACK, Blake was a regular feature for several years in two other papers, namely, the PENNY PICTORIAL and the PENNY POPULAR. The stories in the PENNY PICTORIAL appeared between Nos. 428 and 756, dated 10 August 1907 to 22 November 1913, and although 77 of these issues did not contain a Sexton Blake story it still adds up to a very respectable total of 252 stories. It has been said that these stories were written by such writers as W. Murray Graydon and Andrew Murray, and while these could be considered collectors' items today the stories are naturally quite outdated. In No. 756 of the PENNY PICTORIAL it was stated that Blake would appear again shortly, but whether he did or not I cannot say. The PENNY POPULAR featured Blake in its first series from No. 1 to No. 221, dated from 12 October 1912 to 30 December 1916, many of these stories being reprints from the UNION JACK published only a few years before. Sexton Blake appeared again, for a short run, in the second series of PENNY POPULAR (later changed to the POPULAR) in Nos. 434 to 450, dated 21 May 1927 to 10 December 1927. Some of these stories, if not all, were reprints of stories that had appeared in the PENNY PICTORIAL, and it could be that as they ceased after only 17 had appeared there was a sign that Blake's popularity was not quite so high, for he was replaced by a contemporary of his, Ferrers Locke.

Blake was also featured in another adult, or family paper, in the early years of this century. This paper was the now defunct ANSWERS. These stories, however, were short even compared with those in the PENNY PICTORIAL. One author who has, by his own words, stated that he wrote Blake stories for ANSWERS, is Reginald Heber Poole, and it is also from him that we have it that Andrew Murray was one of the foremost writers of Blake stories for ANSWERS.

Stories of Blake were published occasionally in the MARVEL, the paper in which he made his debut, and Hamilton Edwards, Willie Back and S.J. Somers, the leading editors of juvenile publications at the A. Press made good use of Blake for complete

stories and serials in PLUCK, the BOYS' REALM, BOYS' HERALD and BOYS' FRIEND WEEKLY.

Serials featuring Sexton Blake were published regularly in the DREADNOUGHT and BOYS' JOURNAL: incidentally, some of these stories were of the Sexton Blake films going the rounds at that time one of them being "The Mystery of the Diamond Belt" which appeared in the BOYS' JOURNAL. A few years ago Frank Lay, in his article on the DREADNOUGHT, gave a list of Blake stories that had appeared in that paper, but for the benefit of readers who do not possess the C.D. Annual containing that article here is the list again:

The Man from Scotland Yard; The Man of Many Disguises; The Man Who Vanished; The Man Who Changed Places; The Great Conspiracy; The Heir from Nowhere; The Man of Mystery; The Mystery of the Scarlet Thread; The Secret Plotter; The Merchant's Secret.

The short-lived DETECTIVE LIBRARY, under the editorship of Mr. H.W. Twyman, also had Blake stories in its bill of fare.

The NELSON LEE LIBRARY contained a Sexton Blake serial at one time. To my mind this was a rather unusual procedure, considering that the function of this paper was to popularise Blake's great rival, Nelson Lee. Of course, one could argue that as Nelson Lee had been featured in the UNION JACK, then why should not the situation be reversed? My answer would be that it is still unusual, for the NELSON LEE LIBRARY did not share the same kind of circulation as the UNION JACK. One thing is certain, the A. Press had their reasons, and we will leave it at that.

Even the comic papers were not left out of the Blake Saga, for the editors in charge of these publications featured the detective in a number of serials in CHIPS and the JESTER.

Sexton Blake was featured by Mr. F. Addington Symonds in the launching of the CHAMPION, for he appeared in No. 1, and again in No. 7; and though it is true that he faded out of the picture, so far as the CHAMPION was concerned, it is obvious that Blake was held in very high esteem.

The SPORTS BUDGET, of all papers, also featured Blake in a story written by C. Malcolm Hincks, published under his pseudonym of Charles Malcolm; and if this seems an unusual sort of paper to feature Blake, here is another case; for he appeared in an anonymous serial in the WILD WEST WEEKLY, sharing the limelight with a character known as The Phantom Sheriff.

Hedley O'Mant was another editor to use Blake in a story for a paper under his control - the PILOT. Strangely enough, this was in preference to the detective he himself wrote so much about, namely, Ferrers Locke, who was of course created by Charles Hamilton.

Many Sexton Blake stories were published in the BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY throughout the years, the majority of which were anonymous, though there are strong enough reasons to believe that W. Murray Graydon had a big hand in them. Stories of both Sexton Blake's schooldays and Tinker's schooldays were published in the first series of the B.F.L., these being reprints of serials by Cecil Hayter that had previously appeared in the BOYS' HERALD. The stories of Blake's schooldays were reissued in the second series of the B.F.L. - under the name of John Andrews!

Prior to the last war, a yearly publication appeared entitled THE SEXTON BLAKE ANNUAL. There were only four issues (1938-41). It had a cover similar in design to the Dixon Hawke Case-Book, published by the rival firm of D.C. Thompson, although the latter publication was much smaller in size. The SEXTON BLAKE ANNUAL contained many interesting Baker Street features, and also some reprints of earlier stories.

In the modern picture-strips, too, Sexton Blake has not been ignored, for he has appeared in this form for a number of years in the KNOCKOUT COMIC. The earlier strips are considered quite good, but they deteriorated considerably in later years. At one particular time the KNOCKOUT COMIC tried a spell of proper Blake stories, and these are definitely the worst indignity that Blake has had to suffer in the whole of his long career, for they were really atrocious. I say this, of course, as a Blake fan, for I must admit that these stories were intended for younger readers who may have appreciated this trend, especially as some of the stories had a 'space' theme. Incidentally, Blake was given a place in the KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK (Annual), one story being published under the pen-name of Barry Ford.

Sexton Blake has also appeared in the SUPER DETECTIVE LIBRARY, this being one of the post-war A. Press publications.

Apart from the many known foreign editions of the S.B. Library, Blake has appeared in at least one independent overseas publication, and that is the New Zealand CHUMS, in which there was a serial featuring the famous detective by John Brearley. Apart from the overseas editions of the S.B.L., this is the only one I am aware of to feature Sexton Blake, but it is quite possible that there are others unknown to me.

To close, while I have, I hope, widened the knowledge of some of the new and younger Sexton Blake enthusiasts, and possibly some of the older ones, I would like to make it quite clear that this is not intended to be a complete list of all the papers in which Sexton Blake has appeared; for new facts are being discovered all the time. If any reader can tell me of any other publication to have featured Blake, or enlighten me regarding the stories that appeared in CHIPS, JESTER, or similar comic papers of this kind, I shall be delighted, for the information could form the basis of some very interesting research.

* * * * *

Gleanings from the Blake Saga

By WALTER WEBB

(A pot pourri of news and views, of facts and figures, derived from the Old and New Orders, as the main ingredients, spiced with a touch of fantasy, to form, what is hoped, a dish palatable if not to all tastes, then to the majority)

TRAGEDY AT CHRISTMAS

Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of December, Christmas Eve, 1938.
Dying days of one of the most disturbingly eventful years in history. For Germany had

marched into Austria, and the world trembled on the brink of war. Neville Chamberlain, Britain's Prime Minister, had flown to Hitler; returned waving a slip of paper, upon which was penned their respective signatures. War had been averted; it was peace in our time! Tension relaxed, London was again what it was, and always will be, at Christmas time. Bustling good humour, as last minute purchases were made; heavily-laden shoppers hurrying to the various terminals with light hearts, pockets even lighter, but in joyful anticipation of the morrow's celebrations. And why not? The battle for peace had been won - temporarily. Just as within the walls of the London Hospital, in Whitechapel, the battle for a life had been lost - irretrievably.

It goes without saying that not a single reader of the Blake papers was aware that on that day immediately prior to Christmas Day, and which was destined to be the last peace-time Christmas Eve for six years, one of Sexton Blake's principal writers had written his last story. The death of George Heber Hamilton Teed, at the comparatively early age of 52 years, would certainly have inspired the deepest sympathy and regret, and cast a particularly black pall of gloom over the festive tables of many a Blake fan of that period, as it certainly would have in my own case; for, whereas it was Robert Murray who first arrested my interest in Sexton Blake, it was G.H. Teed who drew me closer to the character, held me in his spinning of the Roxane yarns, and, finally, compelled my life-long devotion in the narration of the Huxton Rymer, Mary Trent, Wu Ling, and Plummer and Vali Mata Vali stories.

The atmosphere and colour that Teed infused into his stories was remarkable. Equally colourful, his characters - particularly his feminine ones - demanded your interest, and, even if he wasn't always original - and what author is? - the soundness of his plots, the authenticity of his backgrounds, and his unquestioned writing ability, all combined to produce a story in which Blake was shown to the best possible advantage. In Teed's hands, Blake was a wonderfully virile character, mentally attuned and physically hardened to meet and overcome the tasks his profession confronted him with. If there is one criticism, it is in the fact that Blake was a little too grim, a little too devoid in humour; but, then, in most of the situations Teeds put him into there was precious little to laugh at, and in any case there were other authors on hand to demonstrate the lighter side of Blake's nature - Gwyn Evans, Edwy Searles Brooks and C. Malcolm Hincks, to name but three.

In my opinion, Teed's best Blake work was seen in the 1920's, when most of his material was illustrated by Eric Parker. And with all due respect to the authors and artists of the New Order, there never was a better combination in the whole Blake Saga than G.H. Teed and E.R. Parker working together on the same story. The author's last novel of Blake was "The Bailiff's Secret," a Dr. Huxton Rymer episode, published in the S.B.L. in January 1938, and although there is probably a feeling in some minds that this is an untraced reprint from the days prior to Rymer's team-up with Mary Trent, much research has failed to prove other than that it was an original effort.

Teed was writing right up to the time of his death, although his one-time terrific output had slumped considerably since the policy of publishing reprints in "D.W." was started in 1935. This was the year of his serious illness, from which he never completely recovered, and necessitated an almost ten month delay in the publishing of his last story in the Spies Ltd. series. Thereafter, he never seemed to be the same vivid writer as he had been formerly. From 1935 to 1938, he submitted four originals for the S.B.L., two new S.B. stories for "D.W.", thirteen non-Blakes and two serials for the same paper. His last created character was Cort Everard, who was built on similar lines to Rymer, and was a carbon copy of Cort Jurgens, whom he

conceived for a run of short stories in THE THRILLER, to which paper he submitted four yarns (from 1935), the last, "The Plunder of Santa Maria" being published two weeks after his death. Although the author spent many years of his life in France, it was in Essex that his declining days were lived, in the ancient town of Saffron Walden, whose history extends back before the time of Edward the Confessor. Authors may come and authors may go, but no-one contributed to Blake's popularity to such a marked extent as did G.H. Teed, whose galaxy of characters will never be surpassed.

ERIC PARKER AND THE NEW LOOK

One of the most pleasing features in the New Order is the continued activity of that veteran artist, E.R. Parker. We hope he will be with us for many more years to come. Naturally, it is interesting to compare his work today with that which appeared in the UNION JACK when that paper had such a big say in Blake affairs. That is going back to a period covering thirty to forty years - a very long time ago.

The conclusion I have drawn is that Eric Parker is still good enough to command a place on the cover of a contemporary S.B.L., but that he is not quite the artist he was in the old days. Noting his work on the covers of those early U.J.'s., and also the superb plates he painted for CHUMS - "Over the Pyrenees to Fight Soult" in the 1932-33 volume, and "An Abyssinian Ambush" for the 1936-37 volume - this is instantly apparent. But, with his eye a little less keen, and his hand a trifle less sure, Eric Parker is still a fine artist, as his contributions to the Portrait Gallery confirm. His skill deserves higher reward than the mere two covers of the S.B.L. allotted to him out of the hundred or so published to date. Granted, competition is keener in the dressing of Blake's shop window these days, but, despite the recent praise, in the columns of both the S.B.L. and DIGEST, which has been bestowed upon those artists with the Italian-sounding names, I do not think their work is so good that it justifies E.R. Parker's almost total eclipse from the department in which he did such excellent work in the past.

OMISSION

WILLIAM ALAN WILLIAMSON: This author was omitted from the recent Blakiana feature, "Century-Makers," because it was not known at the time of writing that he had contributed Sexton Blake stories. Born in West Hartlepool, in 1893, Williamson began his literary career at the tender age of fourteen years, his particular forte being in the writing of the short story. Following a period of free-lance journalism, he joined C. Arthur Pearson, and became a member of the editorial staff in 1910. At the age of eighteen he wrote the first of the only two U.J. stories credited to him. This contribution marked the opening of the 1912 programme of stories. By a coincidence, this initial effort of his preceded the first appearance of another eighteen-year-old author, Edwy Searles Brooks (see C. Digest No. 152 p. 217). After his war service, which lasted from 1915 to 1919, William A. Williamson became first editor of PICTUREGOER, that once very popular film magazine, which ceased publication this year after a most successful run of just under forty years.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COVERS

Whilst admitting that the covers of today's volumes of the S.B.L. are quite well done, I feel that there is still room for a good deal of improvement. The talent is there right enough, but the vigour, so noticeable in the pens of the authors, is conspicuously absent in the brushes of the artists. Let's have more actionful cover

designs like Sandri's illustration of Blake and Paula in Saxon's "The Naked Blade" (No. 409), and Frank Daniel's staircase picture of Blake, in Kent's "Stairway To Murder" (No. 399).

A fillip would be provided could the services of one, or two, of the better known artists be engaged. Newspaper contributors, who have made their names through the medium of the picture-strip story. This would be by no means a new thing where Sexton Blake is concerned. Hubbard, who used to draw Jane in the Daily Mirror, did some sketches of Blake in the U.J. many years ago, and also illustrated the late G.H. Teed's well-remembered "Spies Ltd" series in the DETECTIVE WEEKLY. The one joyful reminder of that unfortunate paper, in fact. He also drew some excellent sketches for Barry Perowne's Raffles' stories in THE THRILLER. And David Wright, who does the Carol Day strip for the Daily Mail, did a couple of S.B.L. covers not so very long ago.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the vital importance of the cover design, for, like the departmental stores shop window, it must be dressed to attract the customers. Today's covers are bright enough, and if some appear to be a little insipid, they, at least, hold their own with other periodicals from the same stable. But, brightness is not enough; the cover of a top-class crime magazine, claiming to publish stories packed with thrills and action should at least portray a certain amount of that action on its surface. And only on too few occasions are the artists doing this. For example, the cover design of "Hurricane Warning" (No. 456), could well have been used to illustrate a romantic love story, and that goes for the companion volume, "Murder Comes Calling" (No. 455), as well. Coming particularly under this criticism are cover No's. 428, 429 and 433. And there are many more besides these.

Obviously, there are difficulties in obtaining the services of certain artists, but could two top-ranking illustrators, whose work is familiar to nearly every man and woman in the British Isles, by virtue of the daily appearance of their picture-strip in the Daily Mirror, be enrolled under the Blake banner, the benefit accrued would be great. These specialists in the art of portrayed human propulsion, to whom I refer, are Jack Monk, who does the Buck Ryan serials, and Jim Holdaway, who records the droll and elevating adventures of that remarkable young sleuth, Romeo Brown.

After drawing Blake's counterpart in the picture-strip department for well over twenty years daily, Jack Monk would give us an excellent interpretation of Blake, and since Paula Dane resembles Ryan's late blonde assistant, Zola, so closely, the sketching of Paula would be child's play to such an accomplished artist. And, whatever your opinion of the Romeo Brown feature might be, you have to acknowledge that, as an artist, Jim Holdaway is right at the top of the tree. His gift of facial expression, also contortion, the impetus he imparts to his characters, the neatness of his backgrounds - like those of Monk's - combine to give both artists a very big following, so it will be at once recognised that the familiar appearance of their work on the cover of an S.B.L. would be of immeasurable benefit to the magazine. Maybe Holdaway's drawings of his glamorous young females are apt to be a bit too voluptuous, but, if necessary, they could easily be toned down a little. Incidentally, I cannot imagine a better balanced combination than Jim Holdaway illustrating a novel by Jack Trevor Story. The perfect blend!

These two artists, together with Mike Hubbard and Eric Parker, would form a quartette unsurpassed by any other in the history of the Blake papers, and their

regular appearance on the cover of an S.B.L. would ensure a stimulating effect being made on the circulation. This is written in no spirit of condemnation of the present team. Caroselli's pictures, if rather too static, are very well done, and in contrast to the vigour of Parker, Monk and Holdaway, would give variety, whilst Margaret Higgin's thumbnail sketches are a joyful addition to the chapter headings.

This, maybe, has been an excursion into the realms of fantasy, but, as the fantastic is not unbeknown in the Blake Saga, it cannot be outside the bounds of possibility that we may actually see the work of the aforementioned artists in future S.B.L.'s.

NEW FACTS - AND SOME CORRECTIONS TO OLD ONES

To begin with some little corrections to John G. Brandon's brief biographical details in C.D. Annual No. 2, and an issue of the S.P.C. It has been stated that the author was born in Australia in 1876, and died at Southend-on-Sea, in 1940. Some of these details are inaccurate, but the following data has been proved correct:

JOHN GORDON BRANDON died at Newbury, in the county of Berkshire, on 26 May 1941. His age was 62, so he must have been born a little later than the year 1876. Death was due to thrombosis.

ROBERT MURRAY GRAYDON did, in fact, die in the Royal Sussex County Hospital, Brighton, but not in the year 1940. Actually, it was 1937, on Thursday, November 4th. Also, he was not in his early 50's, but his late 40's. He was 47.

Cecil Hayter, or, to give him his full name - CECIL GOODENOUGH HAYTER, known to his friends as "Tuppy," needs no introduction to old-time followers of Blake. He is chiefly remembered for his conception of those affectionately-remembered characters, Lobangu, the Zulu Chief of the Etbaia, and Sir Richard Losely, familiarly known as "Spots," Blake's one-time fag and school chum. Having written - at least - 56 stories of the famous detective, he commands an important place in the Blake Saga.

Born 4 September 1871, in Queensberry Place, that thoroughfare running between the Cromwell and Harrington Roads in South Kensington, with the Natural History Museum but a stone's throw away, Cecil Goodenough Hayter was the son of an export merchant, and accompanied his chief, Alfred Harmsworth, on a tarpon fishing expedition to Florida, in the role of secretary-companion. This occurred some time in the 1890's, when Tuppy was in his early twenties and very much a young man about town. He had more or less retired from active writing in the early 1920's, but managed to send along an occasional Lobangu-Sir Richard Losely story for publication in the "U.J." These were written at Apple Tree Cottage, in Thakenham, West Sussex, at which address he was found dead on 23 February 1922, where, apparently, he lived alone. At an inquest held two days later, it was revealed that the author had been suffering from a stomach complaint for some time.

An editor remembers him as a cultured little gentleman, well read and much travelled; a steady, sound worker without achieving great popularity; a careful though not very imaginative writer, but quite sound. Was socially rather above the normal run of A.P. writers. Cecil may have been a nephew of the Rev. Harrison Goodenough Hayter, one time Hon. Canon of Birmingham, or a cousin of Sir William Goodenough Hayter, K.B.E., C.B.E., the son of Henry Goodenough Hayter.

The name of HARRY HORNSBY CLIFFORD GIBBONS may not be as familiar as that of Gilbert Chester, yet both were the identity of the same man. After several false leads, it is now established that this writer - the holder of the third highest aggregate of Sexton Blake stories, with 176 contributions - died in the Marine Parade, Brighton, on 14 November 1958 - just over two years ago - after a long illness. He was 70 years of age.

On Saturday, February 5th, 1938, GWYN EVANS, forceful and brilliant writer of the Splash Page, Mr. Mist and Ruff Hanson yarns, appeared in that popular B.B.C. feature, IN TOWN TONIGHT. With Edwin T. Woodhall, a former famous detective of the C.I.D. Scotland Yard, he discussed the merits and demerits of a "Phonus Bolonus Detective" as against a real live one. Not yet 40, it was about the last appearance in public poor Gwyn Evans ever made, for a few weeks later saw him in Paddington Hospital. On 7 April the curtains of his residence in Hereford Road, Paddington, were drawn silently, for, at the early age of 39, the spirit of Gwyn Evans had finally fled. Erratic, reckless, irresponsible Welshman, and the son of a clergyman, Evans never created anyone in his stories so remarkable as himself, and was one of the characters of Fleet Street.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PAULA

In a letter to the editor (C.D. No. 164, p. 254), Arthur Carbin, of Rugby, made two interesting observations. One relating to the covers has already been dealt with; but the other, referring to Paula Dane, raises some very interesting points, not the least of which are the particular pair of limbs Mr. Carbin referred to. Having read the volumes of the past four years for the purpose of review, I can't say I've noticed that the number of times Paula's legs have been described has been exceptional in any way. True, they, and Paula's appearance generally, have been mentioned, but, with new readers being gradually enrolled, this has been necessary to put them in the picture.

In the full realization of the delicate nature of the ground upon which he treads, when one false step in the shape of a word used indiscreetly, or of a sentence mis-phrased, which could result in a total misinterpretation of his meaning, the writer feels compelled to challenge the assertion of Mr. Carbin when he states that we know that Paula has a nice pair of legs. In fact, I would go further and say that after nearly five years in the New Order S.B.L. we are not even sure that her figure comes up to expectations. We've had verbal assurance of the fact, of course. From the authors. But has it been backed up by visual proof by the artists? It has not. It is really amazing that Paula, who is featured - presumably - more on account of the glamour she exudes rather than for the ability with which she carries out her secretarial duties, should have been around for so long without having even on one occasion used that alleged glamour of hers in the successful furtherance of a case. In what role has Paula played but that Louise Pringle, more mature, less attractive, but equally intellectual, could have played just as well? Her roles to date have been most disappointing, and, in contrast to those full-blooded beauties of Hamilton Teed's creation in past S.B.L's and U.J's, vividly illustrated by Eric Parker - characters such as Yvonne, Roxane, June Severance, Vali Mata-Vali, and others - Paula cuts a rather anaemic figure, an impression which is heightened by references by the modern authors to her "slim legs," which, taken in conjunction with the oft repeated "pencil-slim skirt" gives one strongly to suppose that she is built on skeletal lines. After all, you cannot get many things slimmer than a pencil.

Not only does Paula need reshaping on rather more robust lines, she needs lifting out of the somewhat starchy roles which she has been called upon to play recently and given vehicles to shake off the challenge of her cousin Beulah, who after only two appearances, looks well set to out-glamourize her completely. What is necessary is a build-up - a story in which she plays the leading role, her due after four and a half years in purely subordinate parts.

The story? Well, as its theme, a beauty contest, staged on either T.V. or at a holiday resort. A homicidal maniac pursuing a sort of vendetta against the winners of such contests. There's a reason for this; naturally, even a maniac has to have cause for confining his attentions only to beauty queens. It could be as a result of an unfortunate love affair. Engaged to be married to a girl he worshipped... the girl entering a beauty contest against his wishes... wins... is offered engagements on films, T.V. ... finds herself famous and turns down flat her ardent lover. Perhaps never strong mentally, his brain wilts beneath the strain of his emotions and he turns killer. A beauty contest having been the cause of wrecking his life - so die all beauty queens! A maniac, yet cunning enough to hide his tracks and evade capture by Blake, and Scotland Yard. Paula teased by Beulah to enter such a contest, backed up by a humorous Tinker, who opines that she hasn't got what is necessary to finish in the first three! ... Paula entering, having just that little bit of conceit to believe that she can succeed. Wins, and presents Sexton Blake Investigations with the startling fact that one of their number will probably be the next victim! It's a case of all hands ready to repel the attack on Paula. But Paula, in her role of decoy, needs no assistance from a scoffing Tinker, a teasing Beulah, or a worried Blake, and brings both the murderer to a successful apprehension and the case - her own case - to a satisfactory conclusion.

It's just the shell of an idea forming the basis of what might prove an acceptable novel. Those not in favour of Blake having an attractive secretary-assistant are no doubt content with a mental picture of her; but it is pointless to feature a character for a particular purpose and then to disregard the reason for her conception. In the old days, Waldo and Janssen were featured in stories which emphasised their great physical attributes; stories of Kestrel were written to advertise that unique character's skill of masquerade. What went for those characters then should go for Paula Dane today.

Reverting to her suggested role. The cover, necessarily having to give some indication of the theme, would show Paula being acclaimed the winning contestant, with the Dane dimensions, hitherto hazily sketched in the mind of the reader, being given a vivid and lasting outline. Perhaps a small background sketch would show the lurking figure of her intended assassin, and the man I would like to see do this work would be Caroselli, who seems to improve with each new drawing he does. After this emergence into a world for which she was surely intended, Paula Dane might be pushed gently into the background a little, yet still retaining an active if less conspicuous role in the assignments of Sexton Blake Investigations.

* * * * *

DO YOU REMEMBER . . . ?

By MARTIN THOMAS

"Yes, I remember....." the man said, smiling reminiscently.

We were the only two occupants of the railway compartment, and he sat facing me. He was a man whose age I guessed to be between fifty and sixty; but his eyes held a youthful, lively twinkle.

"Of course, I've seen a lot of changes in my time," he mused. "In myself, in the world - and in the Blake Saga. There've been changes in everything...but the basic ties remain."

"How d'you mean?" I asked.

"Well - look at it!" he invited. "Things and people change... but they change into maturity; they evolve towards something more complete. Personalities fill out... in life and in the Saga." His smile held a tinge of pride. "I can call myself a foundation member of the Berkeley Square era. I was there on the great day when the Baker Street pair blossomed out into the Berkeley Square organisation. When Sexton Blake really came into his own."

"In what way, exactly?"

"Well, you know - and I say this as one of his keenest admirers for several decades - until the thaw set in he'd been a more solemn, aloof character than his age had warranted! That may have been partly due to the fact that, in addition to the important cases he was handling, he also had the responsibility of bringing up a young lad. Though it often seemed to me during the Baker Street days that even a man with a young son of his own needn't have had quite such an austere and emotionless life as that imposed upon Blake. Particularly when Tinker had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen and was taking an interest in girls!

"But when Tinker became a man in his twenties and moved into a flat of his own - when he became an independent adult - we at last began to see the real Blake behind the professional veneer. He now revealed his long-obscured sense of humour and fun. And, whereas before he'd seemed inhuman almost to the point of priggishness, he now revealed a normal masculine appreciation of feminine attractions.

"There'd been girls interested in him in the past, of course. Even one or two in whom he'd felt an interest. But his acknowledgment of the fact had been a remote, impersonal, condescending kind of tolerance, as though to him a woman was hardly human at all. Or as though he himself was less or more than human. The only woman with whom he permitted himself any informality was Mrs. Bardell!

"But now things changed. Now that Tinker was standing on his own two feet and Blake had only himself to consider, we saw the famous detective abandon the hermit-like existence and the outmoded aloofness of a Victorian father-figure. He began to reveal a satirical sense of humour, a human appreciation of the opposite sex.

"And, in his humanity, he showed an even deeper insight into the problems of his fellow human beings.

"He was like a man rejuvenated; more youthful because he was now true to his own age. And because he was a contemporary of this new, vital, atomic age.

"He and Tinker could now talk man-to-man. His work as Tinker's guardian was completed. Now he was Tinker's partner and pal. A friend whose mental brilliance Tinker could never hope to match, but one with a fellow-feeling in human problems. One able and ready to share Tinker's enjoyment of life.

"Blake no longer spent his leisure hours at home, hunched in his armchair while Tinker was out mingling with humanity. Now Blake went out himself and allowed a pretty girl or two to enjoy his own company! Even his expression became less serious and stern, his speech less stilted. He had learned to relax, and his characteristic determination was now shown in an expression that was rakish, daring, dynamic.

"His brilliance as a detective no longer existed in an emotional vacuum. And, like many other people, I found him all the more likable.

"The suite of offices in Berkeley Square emphasised the change. Instead of the old Victorian atmosphere of a bygone Baker Street, there was now bright modernity, feminine colour, vivacity and laughter. And Blake himself, instead of being boss of just one immature lad, was now the admired chief of a mature young man and three efficient and devoted women. Blake was far more human in the Berkeley Square offices than he'd previously been even at home in Baker Street!

"Those early days in Berkeley Square are now part of Blake's history. And the subsequent years have added pages to that history which are now firmly absorbed into the Blake Saga. Pages which have not only done justice to Blake's war record and also shown him as a man of this age, but which have taken us behind the scenes in the lives of the people concerned.

"No longer do we see Blake and Tinker as detecting-machines existing in that vacuum I've mentioned. We now know their family histories. We know the past histories of the female staff. And because we do, they are real and human to us; we feel close to them.

"Their lives no longer begin and end within the framework of a particular case. They have private, personal lives. We see them as we see our personal friends - in the round."

From beside him he picked up a copy of the Sexton Blake Library. Holding it on one knee, he returned my interested gaze.

He said amiably: "The Blake Saga has at last reached maturity, the realism of our own lives. A realism we can share -"

I suggested: "This kind of realism you refer to is a recent development in all kinds of entertainment, not only in the Blake saga?"

"Of course!" he agreed. "The old Blake stories were the best popular fiction

of their time - but they were of their time. Necessarily. Irving's acting was the best of its time, but it would be laughed off today's stage. The old silent films were good, but they didn't have the realism of the modern motion picture.

"No entertainment can be better than its era permits, and the accepted standards of yesterday are the 'ham' standards of today. But that applies to life itself, you know. I was much stodgier as a young man than I am today! Life and speech have become crisper, racier. And any entertainment which does not reflect contemporary modes of taste, speech, dress and behaviour inevitably becomes relegated to the category of costume melodrama.

"When I was young, a woman of sixty wore a cape, a bonnet, jet ear-rings and a cameo brooch. Nowadays you'll see women of sixty wearing trousers and working as bus conductresses! The world we now live in is one of grandmothers in trousers, of supersonic flight, of satellites circling the earth; of beatniks, automation and ten-pounds-a-week teenagers.

"This is the world the constantly-evolving Blake inhabits, and even since he opened his offices in Berkeley Square the world has produced new marvels in its rapid progress. Already that move to Berkeley Square is history. Paula, Kirby, Marion, Louise are old friends."

As the train came to a stop, my companion stood up. "Old friends..." he repeated. "The Blake Saga goes on. And who knows to what new adventures, new ideas, new friends, our old friends of Berkeley Square will be introducing us?"

He winked. "But I'll be there to see them! Did I tell you? I was a foundation member when we moved to Berkeley Square!"

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RESIDENT RASCAL

By MICHAEL MOORCOCK

* * * * *

Was it Len Pratt, former editor of the Sexton Blake Library, who 'killed off' the old resident villains who frequently inhabited the Library up to the outbreak of the War?

That is one thing, anyway, Editor Baker can't be blamed for, however much the 'die-hards' pan him for the innovations of 1956.

Naturally, working with him, I am biased towards W. Howard Baker's ideas of what the Library should be, and in all fairness he has often leaned over backwards to provide the 'die-hards' with what they want.

That's as may be, of course. The old favourites like Plummer, Rymer, Vali Mata-Vali, Mlle Roxane, Zenith, Waldo and the rest are no longer with us. They belong to a different era. They died with the birth of the Third and present series -- but unfortunately, as far as I am concerned, nothing came to take their place until Howard Baker rejigged the Library and made it what it is today.

It was a bleak period for Blake between 1940 and 1956. When I was younger, I read the old Union Jack stories with pleasure -- and I like reading most of the New Era series; but try and make me read the intermediary stories! To my mind they're not worth the paper they're printed on!

As we asked once before, Who will take their place? Is there room for some of the old characters in the current set-up? Or should they be allowed to remain as they are -- gone but not forgotten?

What about replacing them with villains who could fit more easily into the modern series? Michael Boland of ACT OF VIOLENCE and APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER is certainly a character who could stand beside George Marsden Plummer as a crook worthy of Blake's metal. And, of course, let's face it, he's far less stereotyped than Plummer. Then, there is Orlando Dante of DESIGN FOR VENGEANCE -- the painter turned criminal. And, although Beulah de Courcy is hardly a crook, she is more inclined to walk on the opposite side of the fence to Blake than her equally glamorous cousin -- or, for that matter, any of the present 'regulars'.

Personally, and here I am at a minor variance with my editor, I do not like the idea of the Syndicate -- the world-wide organisation of crooks who have given Blake trouble in the past. A syndicate of this kind seems to me unrealistic. Whereas in almost all other respects the Blake Library is on a level which will appeal to the adult reader, the Syndicate strikes a jarring note.

Blake moves with the times. In the twenties and thirties, most detective fiction had its stock villains and much larger than life heroes. These days the approach the reader wants is inclined towards a more realistic hero and villain. This is not to say that to please our readers we have to sink to the level of the Hank Janson-type stories and their ilk (as some irate readers suggested we were doing when Blake first shifted sites to Berkeley Square), but on the other hand it is inconceivable that we return to the borderline fantasies of the pre-war period.

We have to please most of the people most of the time -- the majority view must prevail.

If we did go to the opposite extreme and present overdoses of sex and sadism to the public -- no doubt our circulation would rise startlingly among certain quarters. We don't want that -- our publishers don't want that -- and, what is most important, you, the readers don't want that.

Anyway, the S & S stuff is just as unrealistic and fantastic as its opposite. So, whether some of you dislike it or not, we have managed to strike a happy medium. We aim to please -- but we cannot pander entirely to the minority. This pandering has been done in the past with other magazines -- and I don't see those magazines on the bookstalls any more.

Personally, I'm not fond of detective novels -- I'm not over-keen on most novels which are obviously written to fit a genre (be it detective, science fiction, romance or historical) but I can take the occasional Fredric Brown, Simenon, Chesterton -- or W. Howard Baker and Jack Trevor Story.

Almost against my will I have read both the above-mentioned writers with pleasure. Both of them, of course, don't have to rely on the S.B.L. for a living (or

upon the detective story, for that matter -- they are both writers of not inconsiderable merit) but they do it because they like it. A story written for pleasure as well as profit by a good professional is superior to one written strictly for profit.

Detective fiction (like other genre fiction) is escapist literature. Sometimes it is good -- sometimes it's appallingly bad. The best of Blake is good -- and it can stand up to the best stuff published between hard-covers. But, at the risk of appearing snobbish, I can't regard it as anything but escapist fiction -- and as such it should be regarded. To look at it in any other way would be foolish.

I like good escapist fiction.

Which brings us back, for some reason, to the Big Question. Who, and I repeat myself, is going to take Their place?

Boland, Dante and de Courcy are logically the only ones currently in the running (though suggestions, I should think, would be eminently welcome at the Fleetway Offices).

When this comes out, there will certainly be another -- probably our choice for resident villain (the idea stemmed from the rough draft of this article).

Story, Baker, and perhaps Maclean and Martin, are -- again looking at things logically -- the only writers who could present an acceptable resident rascal to the customers.

And, for my money, it's Story who could do it the best. Story doesn't treat Blake seriously -- indeed, some readers consider his irreverencies sheer, not to say unmitigated, blasphemy! Oh, Story approaches a new novel seriously enough -- if he didn't, then his novels wouldn't come off with so many readers -- but he doesn't treat the detective seriously -- he shows us, in fact, Blake in his lighter moments (and makes Blake, necessarily, that much more human)...

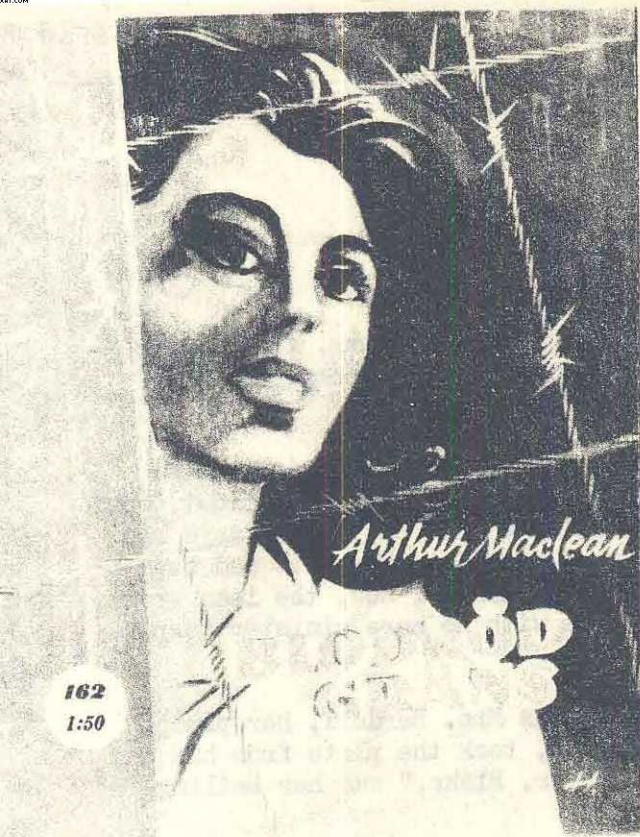
Jack Trevor Story's novels often near the borders of Surrealism. Anything goes -- and most does -- so why shouldn't he be the innovator of a new stock villain? -- someone in fact who takes his criminal activities lightly. Someone amoral -- someone, perhaps, with the attitudes of our old friend Waldo 'The Wonderman' Conquest?

I can foresee the exciting possibilities even as I write. A gloriously unbelievable villain would be fine, looking at it from my own angle.

So what about it? Would you be prepared to have a humorous rascal as a resident villain? The idea appeals to me greatly -- and to Jack Story to whom I have put it. Even now, things are moving in that direction, and the villain may well be established before we know it! But what do you think?

The above suggestion would, I believe, strike a happy medium -- a good compromise.

Maybe those of you who are sufficiently interested could write to W. Howard Baker and say what you think. Remember, I'm not writing 'officially' here -- and what you've just read is strictly my own opinion.



M A G A S I N E T



SEXTON BLAKE OVERSEAS

The Sexton Blake Library is published all over the world, and is translated into a great many different languages. Here is a key to the foreign editions shown in our pictures:-

TOP LEFT. Finnish Edition of Arthur Maclean's novel "DARK FRONTIER."

TOP RIGHT. Portuguese edition of "DANGER AHEAD" by Peter Saxon.

BOTTOM LEFT. Norwegian Edition of W. Howard Baker's novel "BATTLE SONG."

The Pink Pekinese

By BETTE PATE

For a brief moment of indecision the knife hung poised; then, flashing downwards, the blade cut into the quivering flesh. Two swift strokes completed the movement.

Paula Dane shivered involuntarily as the steel glinted in the light - the memories evoked by the action were strangely unreal, and here, at Baker Street, once more amongst friends, it was almost impossible to believe that only a few days ago death had been brought very close to her by just such a knife. Then, it had been a missile of destruction, directed by a ruthless Oriental mind... now, the lean brown hand of her employer, Sexton Blake, grasped the knife with no more sinister purpose than to carve the Christmas turkey.

Her thoughts came back abruptly to the present as Mrs. Bardell, her plump, motherly face beaming approval of Blake's deft carving, took the plate from him and nodded happily. "A 'corpus delicious' in every way, Mr. Blake," was her smiling comment, as she served Paula.

With an automatic smile of thanks, Paula, with her mind on other things, looked across the table at Tinker. Judging by the sparkle in Marion's eyes he was proving an excellent dinner partner for that young lady, whilst next to her, Splash Kirby, in his usual irrepressible fashion, was flirting outrageously with Miss Pringle. Inspector Coutts completed the friendly gathering, which was by way of being a double celebration, not only for Christmas but a thanksgiving for the safe return of Paula and Tinker.

It had all begun so simply and, looking across at Tinker, Paula could not repress a smile when she remembered his typically gallant response when she had announced her intention of going shopping. That long-suffering young man had driven her into the city, carried her parcels and waited with unusual patience whilst she had waded through her long gift list. And when she had been unsuccessful in her quest for Blake's present, Tinker had offered to take her to a small but exclusive Eastern gift shop, the proprietor of which was an old friend.

At that time, of course, they had not the slightest inkling of the trouble into which their light-hearted quest was leading them. Later, after all the excitement had died down, Tinker had insisted that all the credit belonged to Paula, because her feminine curiosity and intuition had led them into what he had humorously christened "The Case of the Pink Pekinese." Paula, on the other hand, grateful for Tinker's quick wit and nerve, declared he was the one deserving of praise.

A short drive had brought them to the shop of Mr. Yolashi, and as Tinker had stepped around to assist Paula from the car an expression of pained surprise had wiped the smile from his face. Paula lifted her eyebrows in a silent question, but when she stepped out on to the pavement and saw the reason her smile became a gurgle of laughter.

"A pink pekinese!" Tinker's snort was indicative of his feelings. "If there's

one thing I do like, it's a dog which is a dog... and not a walking beauty parlour," he said disgustedly, as he steered his companion towards the shop.

The owner of the dog was sufficiently attractive to warrant Tinker's glance as they approached, but his attention was drawn to the flamingo-pink pekinese which was snapping and snarling at her heels. She stood gazing intently at the curios displayed by Mr. Yolashi, apparently quite unaware that her dark loveliness looked strangely out of place in that dingy street.

Paula and Tinker entered the shop, their feet sinking into the deep carpet as they stepped silently out of their drab Western world into the timeless beauty of the East. The Japanese proprietor came forward to welcome them as he recognised Tinker, and the young detective introduced Paula, explaining that they were looking for a special gift for Mr. Yolashi's good friend, Sexton Blake. "A cigarette box inlaid with jade," said Tinker, "is first on our list."

With a courteous bow, Mr. Yolashi asked them to be seated while he obtained a selection from his strong-room. For several moments the two young people chattered idly as they looked around at the rich silk hangings, their jewel colours a perfect foil for the red lacquer tables on which were displayed various costly pieces of Eastern art.

Suddenly Tinker realised that Paula was no longer listening to his remarks. Instead, her attention was fixed intently on an ornate mirror which faced them. In this mirror it was possible to see reflected the opposite side of the room, and it was the interesting little tableau taking place there which was now holding Paula's attention to the exclusion of her companion's interesting conversation ... in Tinker's opinion his conversation was always most interesting!

The assistant had been serving there when they had first entered the shop, and as Tinker now looked across he realised that a new customer was seated at the opposite counter... it was the lady of the pink pekinese. And as he listened to the low murmur of voices, in which the rather stilted English of the Japanese assistant grated against the liquid accent of the lady, Tinker's first impression of her loveliness was confirmed.

The return of Mr. Yolashi prevented his teasing query to Paula, but while they were choosing their gift from the excellent selection before them Tinker was aware that Paula's attention kept straying back to the mirror. Whilst the cigarette box was being wrapped, Paula continued to watch, and Tinker realised then that her interest was not prompted by mere idle curiosity.

"What is it, Paula?" he asked quietly.

"There's something very odd going on here, Tinker." Paula's voice was low, her expression serious, as she turned abruptly to face him. "That woman was watching this shop when we arrived."

Tinker's laughter cut her short.

"My dear Paula, just because she has a pink peke, to which we have both taken an instant dislike, you can't turn her into a suspicious character."

Ignoring Tinker's sarcasm, Paula Dane shook her head.

"I've been able to watch the entrance from here, Tinker, and she passed by three times and then entered immediately that other customer left."

"Probably wanted to be served by that assistant." Tinker's refusal to take her seriously was obvious in his joking tone of voice. "He's young, and quite good looking ... Mr. Yolashi is neither, and..."

Paula's withering look cut short his remarks.

"That woman's accent is as phoney as that dog - which I'm quite sure doesn't belong to her anyway. It doesn't behave in any way friendly towards her; and another thing, why is it pink? It certainly isn't dyed to match her outfit!"

Tinker threw up his hands in mock despair at this, to him, illogical feminine reasoning.

"We'll ask Mr. Yolashi if he knows her, and then you'll find that she is probably someone's French maid shopping for her mistress, with said mistress's poodle."

And when Mr. Yolashi returned, Tinker's airy deductions proved to be correct. He showed no surprise at their question, and informed them that Mdlle. J sine was lady's maid to Madame Duquesne and had called to collect her mistress's famous pink pearls.

Tinker whistled softly... he'd certainly heard of The Pink Pearls; they were world famous, and the only complete string in existence.

"Of course, I would not divulge these details to anyone else, Mr. Carter," Mr. Yolashi's smooth voice interrupted Tinker's mental calculations as to their value, "but I know that I can rely on your discretion, and that of your charming companion." His oblique, almond eyes paid Paula an unspoken compliment as he bowed in her direction. "We have been making a matching string of cultured pearls to replace Madame's famous necklet, of which there is no equal in the world."

As he finished speaking, the assistant handed a velvet box to the lady under discussion, who slipped it quickly into her large handbag. Then she did a very strange thing. Evading the snapping teeth of the dog which quite obviously resented her touch, she lifted him on to her lap and unbuckled his collar. Then, as Paula and Tinker watched in the mirror opposite, the assistant picked up a string of lustrous pearls from the counter, took the collar from Mdlle. J sine and slipped them into what was obviously a secret compartment therein.

"Now I've seen everything!" Tinker's grin was wide as he turned to Paula. "A pink peke complete with pink pearls..... at least they match," he added with a knowing glance.

Paula did not vouchsafe a reply but turned to Mr. Yolashi, her bewilderment clearly shown on her face.

"Madame Duquesne is slightly eccentric." The Japanese spread his hands in a gesture of resignation which was strangely un-Eastern. "The cultured pearls will be carried by Mdlle. J sine in future. Madam insists that the real pearls will always be quite safe with Fifette, for we are the only people who know the secret of the collar."

Feeling more than a little out of her depth Paula nodded her thanks, and accepting her parcel she and Tinker took their leave of Mr. Yolashi.

As she reached the car, Paula looked back towards the shop in time to see Mdlle. J sine step out on to the pavement.

"So much for your mystery, Miss Dan ." Tinker's voice held a note of good-natured mockery as he settled into the driving seat beside her.

"There may not be a mystery." Paula's reply held a hint of annoyance as she watched the retreating figure, and then she added: "but I still say that she's not what she pretends to be."

"Many a French maid is a Cockney at heart," was Tinker's laughing reply, as he eased the car away from the kerb. The next moment a sharp cry from Paula caused him to slam on the brakes, and as he followed her startled gaze he realised that there was good cause for her alarm; for as Mdlle. J sine walked up to her employer's car and

opened the door, Paula and Tinker heard her startled cry as she stepped inside, to which was added the yelping of the dog. But even as Tinker realised what had happened, the door slammed and the car swung sharply round the corner.

Without a moment's delay Tinker was after them, and except for a muttered apology to Paula, for his earlier disbelief, the young detective was silent as he hung grimly on to the track of the kidnapper's car. Long afterwards, Paula always declared that the half hour which followed was the quickest thirty minutes in her life.... and right then she felt they might well be the last! Sleet rain had begun to fall, and whilst it aided Tinker it also served the car ahead equally well, and it was only Tinker's expert driving that enabled them to keep their quarry in sight.

Apparently feeling that any possible pursuit had been shaken off, the car ahead now began to ease its speed, whereupon Tinker followed suit. As the light began to fail, however, he was forced to close the gap between them, risking detection rather than lose contact; but when the car in front turned into a side street on the outskirts of Hounslow Heath and slowed right down, Tinker guessed that they were checking again for any sign of a pursuing car, so he drove straight on and turned into the next side street. As he pulled his car into the kerb and slid from the driving seat, Tinker gave Paula some hurried instructions. He then made his way back on foot to the other car, while Paula took his place at the wheel and drove swiftly ahead in search of police assistance.

With his head bent against the downpour, Tinker walked quickly along the right-hand side of the street. He knew that the other car had pulled up somewhere near at hand, and his eyes searched the car side for a garage or driveway into which it could have been driven. Reaching the far end of the street, he crossed swiftly and headed towards the two houses he had marked down as likely prospects. At the first house he risked a brief flash of his torch, but drew blank..... Seconds later he was congratulating himself, for the masked light showed muddy tracks carried forward from the edge of the road on to the concrete ramp and up to the garage. Cautiously, Tinker tried the door of the garage which opened to his touch, and a single glance at the number-plate confirmed his suspicions that this was the right car.

Knowing that Paula was unlikely to return with the police for at least twenty minutes, the young detective decided to do a little investigating. The front of the house was in complete darkness, but on scouting around he discovered that one of the side rooms was occupied, for a faint light was filtering through a badly-fitting blind. Flattening himself against the wall, he risked a brief glimpse inside.

Just within his line of vision sat Mdlle. Jésine with a man on either side of her. Her hair and make-up were all awry from the rough handling she had received, so that she now looked very un-French. Despite this, however, she was still beautiful; but fear marred her loveliness as she cowered in the grip of her captors. Standing in front of her, the weapon in his hand adding weight to his menacing attitude, was a tall man, obviously the leader of the trio. He was vaguely familiar to Tinker, and risking a second look he identified him as Jason Wilkes, an insurance assessor, whom he and Blake had met several times when engaged on a case for the National Star Insurance Co.

Straining his ears, Tinker was able to catch a word here and there, but the rain drowned most of the conversation which filtered through the partially open window. Several times he caught the word "accomplice", and then, his patience apparently running out, Jason Wilkes struck Mdlle. Jésine sharply across the face. Two red weals showed where he had hit her, and as Tinker looked again he saw that the weapon used had been the collar worn by the pekinese, Fifette.

"Odd, decidedly odd," he muttered. "Why should he use that?"

Wilkes gesticulated furiously, shaking the open collar in front of the girl. Then, as he moved away, Tinker saw that on the table was the case which had contained the cultured pearls. The raised voices and obvious anger of the three men showed clearly that the real pearls had not been inside the collar; yet, just as obviously, Jason Wilkes had known of the hiding-place and had expected them to be inside. Tinker pressed closer to the window, and what he then heard made him award full marks to Paula for her feminine intuition. The Mdlle. J sine here was not the real maid of Madame Duquesne!

The young detective whistled softly. "Then the real J sine will have a bit of explaining to do," he muttered. "Friend Wilkes appears to know her, and also the secret of Fifette's collar. I wonder if she was in his plot to steal the pearls, and this kidnapping arranged by them to hide her complicity?"

This, as it afterwards proved, was a shrewd guess on Tinker's part, for the real maid had been in league with Jason Wilkes. After the hue and cry had died down she had planned to give up her job with Madame, and then enjoy the proceeds of the robbery as Jason Wilkes' wife. This other girl, however, with the aid of an accomplice, had other plans. They had kidnapped the real J sine in order to obtain the dog and collar, and then collect the pearls in her place. Posing as the genuine maid, this girl had been able to obtain the pearls without question and, had all gone well, would have simply disappeared without trace, leaving the real J sine in a rather awkward situation.

"We saw those pearls being slipped into that collar," Tinker mused, as he watched the strange tableau inside the room. "Or did we?" He did a rapid mental somersault. "Only Mr. Yolashi's assistant handled them, and who could be a better suspect for the accomplice? He certainly had the real pearls in his hands, and appeared to hand them over to this girl..... who could prove that he knew she was not the real Mdlle. J sine? And when she walked out of the shop and disappeared, there would have been nothing in that to connect her with him. Perhaps he was the one who arranged for the real maid to be kidnapped, and planned to release her later... then there would have been no way for her to prove that she was not the one to whom the real pearls had been handed. What a pity the real Mdlle. J sine, too, was planning to steal the pearls from her mistress!" Tinker's mental summing-up was interrupted by the familiar sound of a klaxon, and as he heard it he realised that Paula had returned.

Keeping well under cover, he reached the street and peered through the now drizzling rain into the darkness. A car came into view on the other side of the street, and as he recognised the Jaguar Tinker risked a flash of his torch. Two minutes later he was seated in the police car which Paula had guided to the spot, and having identified himself to the officer in charge he explained the situation in a few well chosen words. Satisfied that he had not been brought out on a wild goose chase, the police inspector directed his men to positions at the back and front of the house, and then gave the signal to close in. The front door yielded to Tinker's skeleton key without much trouble, and with the inspector and a constable bringing up the rear he flung open the door of the room in which the three men were holding their prisoner. The surprise was complete, and apart from one shot from Jason Wilkes' gun the capture met with no resistance. Smashing glass at the window had shown that that line of retreat was cut off as Tinker, gun in hand, had proceeded to search them.

Then Tinker turned to the girl, and cutting short her tearful protests to the inspector who had given her into the custody of one of the constables, said, quietly,

"We know that you are not the real Mdlle. J sine, so you can help yourself by naming your accomplice. Was it Mr. Yolashi's assistant?" he added quickly, as he picked up the string of cultured pearls.

Certainly the girl had been frightened before, but the look of terror that now showed on her face told Tinker that his hunch had not been so wild after all, and realising that her fear of her accomplice was greater than her fear of the police he turned to Paula, who was holding the badly scared Fifette in her arms.

"Bring the peke along, Paula," he said, "I've taken rather a fancy to her!"

Paula's raised eyebrows showed her surprise at Tinker's strange request, but she restrained her curiosity until they were speeding back in their car. At the first telephone box they came to Tinker stopped the car and made a brief call. When he re-joined his fair companion, Paula noticed that he was looking very pleased with himself. "Mr. Yolashi has given me the address of his assistant," he said. "He also told me that the honourable Mr. Asiki has just left the shop. Apparently the police have already been there and questioned them about Mdlle. J sine's abduction and the theft of the pearls. Now listen carefully, Paula; this is what I want you to do."

For several minutes whilst guiding the Jaguar through the traffic, he spoke earnestly to Paula.

"I've arranged for several local men to be waiting for us, but you and I will go in ahead to interview Mr. Asiki. I feel pretty sure that he is too cunning to betray himself in a conversation, but I am hoping that our little friend here will startle him into making a false move... Never thought that the day would come when I'd be making use of a pink pekinese on a case," Tinker finished, with a wry grin.

Satisfying himself that the local men were watching the lodging-house from all directions, Tinker and Paula climbed the narrow stairs. The young detective's knock was answered by Mr. Asiki himself, but from the blank expression on his face it was obvious that he did not recognise Tinker. Paula, out of sight and waiting in the passage with Fifette in her arms, kept her eyes fixed on her watch.

Despite Mr. Asiki's outward composure Tinker sensed the inner tension which he was keeping in check, for the man was undoubtedly worried about the fate of the fake J sine. The young detective introduced himself as an insurance investigator, and he inwardly smiled at the calmness with which the Japanese received the information. With a courteous bow Mr. Asiki offered Tinker a cigarette, and for several minutes they talked about the robbery. Then Tinker brought out his notebook and began the usual routine questioning. He appeared well satisfied with the answers he had received, and closing his notebook with a snap he looked at his watch and rose to take his leave. His hand was on the door when he suddenly turned.

"Of course, we have recovered the cultured pearls," he said, quietly, and his hand came from his pocket to dangle the necklet before Asiki's staring eyes. Then, as the Japanese drew in his breath and struggled to recover from the shock, Tinker flung open the door to disclose Paula, who walked calmly into the room with Fifette at her heels.

These two shocks, coming just when he had imagined himself unsuspected, were too much for Asiki, and something like a scream burst from him as he saw the empty collar that Paula was dangling in one hand. Apparently a beaten man he staggered across the room, to collapse against a small table by the wall. Then, as Tinker backed cautiously towards the door, to signal the constable below, three things happened simultaneously.

With a fiendish yell, Asiki seized a broad-bladed knife and hurled it with unerring aim. From a beaten man he had changed to a deadly killer, and only Tinker's quick thinking saved Paula. Even as he drew his gun and fired, in one lightning-like movement his other hand swept Paula to the ground. Her startled cry as the knife struck the wall was echoed by Asiki, who swayed forward, blood dripping from his shattered hand.

As the sound of the shot died away Tinker helped Paula to her feet, his gun warning Asiki to keep his distance. Pounding feet heralded the arrival of the police, and whilst they took charge of the wounded Japanese Tinker and Paula began a systematic search of the room. An hour later, when they had just about taken the furniture apart, it was Tinker who, balancing Asiki's murderous weapon in his hands, discovered the pearls hidden in the hilt.

And when a little later an embarrassed Tinker returned Fifette, complete with pink pearls, to her mistress, Paula declared that it was a sight she wouldn't have missed for the world..... as she laughingly told Sexton Blake, they made a delightfully colourful pair, with Tinker's face perhaps a slightly deeper pink than the pekinese.

* * * * *

MAJOR CHARACTERS IN SEXTON BLAKE STORIES

Compiled by LEONARD PACKMAN

<u>Character</u>	<u>Creator's Pen Name</u>	<u>Real Name</u>
Ah Wo	R. Whitley	R.C. Armour
Bardell Mrs. Martha	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Barry	A. Blair	W.J. Bayfield
Bat The (Dirk Dolland)	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Beaudelaire	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Beauremon Baron Robert de	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Begge 'Humble'	A. Murray	A. Murray
Belford Sergeant	A. Parsons	A. Parsons
Bennett 'Punch'	M.B. Dix	M.B. Dix
Bierce Fifette	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Bierce 'Papa'	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Black Duchess The	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Black Eagle The	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Black Rat The	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Black Trinity The	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Blake Sexton	H. Blyth	H. Blyth
Bonalli Count ('The Owl')	A. Murray	A. Murray
Brady 'Flash'	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Brand (K.C., M.P.)	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Brim Peter ('The Spider')	L. Black	L. Black
Butterfly The (Mdlle. Miquet)	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Cardolak Matthew	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Carlac Count Ivor	A. Murray	A. Murray

<u>Character</u>	<u>Creator's Pen Name</u>	<u>Real Name</u>
Cartier Yvonne	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Cavendish Eustace	E.S. Brooks	E.S. Brooks
Champion Sir Philip	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Chanways Lord Montague	J.G. Brandon	J.G. Brandon
Charon Bertrand	P. Quiroule	W.W. Sayer
Christmas Captain	Stacey Blake	Stacey Blake
Collins Bert	G. Chester	H.H.C. Gibbons
Cordosi Max	R. Hardinge	R. Hardinge
Corrigan ('Gang Chief')	R. Hardinge	R. Hardinge
Council of Eleven The	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Council of Nine The	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Coutts Det. Insp. George	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Craille Eustace	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Cranston Bliss	A. Murray	A. Murray
Creed Laban	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Crime Minister The	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Criminals Confederation The	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Cynos Paul	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Dack Captain	J. Hunter	A.J. Hunter
Dane Paula	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Dangars Jack	A. Blair	W.J. Bayfield
Dass Gunga	H.G. Hill	H.E. Hill
Dean Markham	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Death Miss	G. Evans	G. Evans
De Ferre Ysabel	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Delisle Claire	G.A. Symonds	F.A. Symonds
Dene Gloria	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Despard Camille	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Dexter Aubrey	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Dolland Dirk (The Bat)	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Double Four The	G. Evans	G. Evans
Doyle Cavendish	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Drell Elspeth	E. Danesford	F.A. Symonds
Fairfax Sir Henry	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Fane Hamilton	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Fawn Fenlock	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Ferraro Dr.	C. Brisbane	R.C. Armour
Fetherston Reggie	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Flanagan Ted	W. Jardine	F. Warwick
Forbes Rupert	M. Storm	M. Storm
Fortune Julia	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Furg Jim (The Fur Man)	S. Gordon	S.G. Shaw
Galante Marie	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Gale Glory	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Gargoyle The	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Garrock Henri	-	L. Carlton
Gordon Cliff (of M.I. 5)	W. Jardine	F. Warwick
Goupolis Madame	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Grant 'Granite'	P. Quiroule	W.W. Sayer
Graves 'Uncle'	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Grey Panther The	G. Evans	G. Evans
Griff	C. Stevens	C. Stevens

<u>Character</u>	<u>Creator's Pen Name</u>	<u>Real Name</u>
Grimwald Dep-Commander	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Hale Eileen	G. Chester	H.H.C. Gibbons
Hale Gilbert	G. Chester	H.H.C. Gibbons
Hanson Ruff	G. Evans	G. Evans
Hardy Peter	E.S. Brooks	E.S. Brooks
Harfield Roxane	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Harker Inspector	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Harmon Joe	S. Hope	W.E. Stanton-Hope
Hoang Jo	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Hong Loo Soo	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Jannsen (The Moonlayer)	S. Gordon	S.G. Shaw
Jones Julius	G. Evans	G. Evans
Judson Mark	R. Hardinge	R. Hardinge
Julie Mademoiselle	P. Quiroule	W.W. Sayer
Karl King (of The Double Four)	G. Evans	G. Evans
Kelk Krock	A. Paterson	G.A. Paterson
Kestrel Leon	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Kew Professor	A. Murray	A. Murray
Kirby Arthur 'Splash'	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Krantz Frau	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Kurtin Dr. Eldred	M. Poole	R.H. Poole
Landon Foulis	A. Edgar	A. Edgar
Lang Marion	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Lawless John	A. Murray	A. Murray
League of Onion Men	G. Evans	G. Evans
League of Robin Hood	G. Evans	G. Evans
Lee Nelson	M. Scott	Dr. J. Staniforth
Lennard Inspector	E.S. Brooks	E.S. Brooks
Lepperman Dr.	M. Poole	R.H. Poole
Lobangu	C. Hayter	C. Hayter
Lord Ferrers	S. Drew	E.J. Murray
Lorne Fay	W. Jardine	F. Warwick
Lorrimore Wallace	P. Cooke	P. Bishop
Losely Sir Richard	C. Hayter	C. Hayter
Madrano Fifito	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Maitland Ezra Q.	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Maitland Kathleen (Broadway Kate)	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Major Charles (The Scorpion)	M. Scott	Dr. J. Staniforth
Major Judith (The Scorpion's wife)	M. Scott	Dr. J. Staniforth
Mariotte	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Marl Muriel	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Marsh John	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Martin Inspector	M. Osborne	J.W. Bobin
Menes Prince	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Men Who Were Dead (The)	G. Evans	G. Evans
Miquet Mademoiselle (The Butterfly)	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Mist Mr.	G. Evans	G. Evans
Moonlayer The	S. Gordon	S.G. Shaw
Nantucket 'Trouble'	A. Murray	A. Murray
Nasmyth Olga	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Nihil	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Nipper	M. Scott	Dr. J. Staniforth

<u>Character</u>	<u>Creator's Pen Name</u>	<u>Real Name</u>
Nirvana	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
O'Flynn Mike	S. Hope	W.E. Stanton-Hope
Owl (The) (Count Bonalli)	A. Murray	A. Murray
Cyani	A. Skene	G.N. Philips
Page Derek 'Splash)	G. Evans	G. Evans
Palmer Hammerton	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Peak Captain Horatio	E.W. Alais	E.W. Alais
Pedro (the bloodhound)	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Pherison Archie	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Philipe the Fox	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Plummer George Marsden	M. Storm	M. Storm
Potter Jim	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Preece Gideon	B. Kent	E.J. Gannon
Pringle Louise	W.H. Baker	W.H. Baker
Purvale R.S.V. (The Hon.)	J.G. Brandon	J.G. Brandon
Queed Dr. Xavier	F.A. Symonds	F.A. Symonds
Quin Matthew	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Raffles A.J.	Originally created by E.W. Hornung and brought into Blake stories by 'Barry Perowne,' real name P. Atkey	
Raven The	F.A. Symonds	F.A. Symonds
Reece Mr.	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Reece Professor Jason	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Rennell Magnus	W. Edwards	W. Shute
Rhodes 'Dusty'	S. Hope	W.E. Stanton-Hope
Ribart Dr. Gorlax	-	Dr. W. Jago
Rymer Dr. Huxton	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Saburo	-	T.C. Wignall
Sadler Sir Gordon	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
San	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Satira Dr.	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Scorpion The	M. Scott	Dr. J. Staniforth
Semiramis	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Severance June	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Shadow The	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Shadow Club The	G. Evans	G. Evans
Shanghai Jim	L. Jackson	J. Lewis
Somerton Algy	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Spearing Will	M. Darran	N. Goddard
Spider The	L. Black	L. Black
Steele Adrian	A. Murray	A. Murray
Stone 'Boss' Walmer	A. Murray	A. Murray
Sylvester Sandra	W. Jardine	F. Warwick
Tallon Dearth	W. Jardine	F. Warwick
Tench Sam	J. Hunter	A.J. Hunter
Thomas Inspector	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Three Musketeers The	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Tinker	H. Maxwell	H. Lomax
Topper	O. Merland	O. Merland
Trent Mary	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Vali Mata-Vali	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Vedax the Dwarf	F.A. Symonds	F.A. Symonds

<u>Character</u>	<u>Creator's Pen Name</u>	<u>Real Name</u>
Vedette Jules	A. Murray	A. Murray
Venn John	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Venner Superintendent	A. Parsons	A. Parsons
Von Kravitch Baron	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Waga Gan	S. Drew	E.J. Murray
Waldo Rupert	E.S. Brooks	E.S. Brooks
Westonholme Lady Emily	A. Parsons	A. Parsons
We-Wee	W.S. Rae	E. Treeton
Whisperer The	R. Murray	R.M. Graydon
Wibley George 'Flash'	J.G. Brandon	J.G. Brandon
Wicketshaw Basil	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Widgeon Inspector	W.M. Graydon	W.M. Graydon
Withers 'Big' Bill	J.G. Brandon	J.G. Brandon
Wu Ling Prince	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Yellow Beetle (Brotherhood of the)	G.H. Teed	G.H. Teed
Zenith Monsieur	A. Skene	G.N. Philips

One other character should be mentioned - Albert Mowbray Proud. This was an A. Press editorial name, created for the well-known 'Proud Tram' series in the 'Union Jack'.

* * * * *

SEXTON BLAKE IN THE DETECTIVE WEEKLY AND NUGGET WEEKLY

By VICTOR COLBY

In the Detective Library

The Detective Library ran to 50 numbers, commencing 2.8.1919, and concluding 10.7.1920.

Similar in size to the Nelson Lee Library of that period, it featured two, sometimes three, detective stories in each issue. Nelson Lee appeared in most issues, the other story featuring (in the order in which they first appeared) one of the following detectives:- Gordon Gray, Frank Ferrett, Fawcett Milford, Frank Kingston, Gordon Fox, Sexton Blake, Graydon Garth the millionaire detective, and Derek Clyde the Scottish detective.

A serial "Nipper at St. Ninian's" ran from Nos. 35 to 49, inclusive.

Sexton Blake was a slow starter in this publication, appearing for the first time in No. 10. Even then, his position was by no means secure, as he succeeded in gaining a spot only in Nos. 11, 14, 18 and 19; but after a desperate fight with competing detectives, particularly in the later stages with the oft-featured Derek Clyde, he emerged triumphant in No. 30, and then appeared in every issue until the end, Nelson Lee continuing to occupy the other of the two complete stories.

In brief survey, here are the Sexton Blake stories of the Detective Library.

No. 10 "The Adventure of the Deserted Mine": Described as "one of the early exploits

of the celebrated Sexton Blake, now published for the first time", its locale was Hepden, a village in Yorkshire between Picton and Pilmoor.

Hepden, once centre of a thriving iron industry, had become a ghost town with the exhaustion of the ore, although a few folk did stay on; among them, one Obed Stokes, the miser, and Morgan Meech, the landlord of the village inn.

Summoned by the local doctor to investigate the disappearance of the miser Stokes, Blake had a tough time before he discovered the body of the unfortunate miser, and pinned the murder on the rascally Meech, for as the story had it: "Sexton Blake was imprisoned in a deserted mine. In front of him was the debris from the explosion, blocking the tunnel. At the rear, a rapidly deepening flood of water with no exit behind it but an impenetrable labyrinth and the impassable shaft below the ill-omened cottage of Obed Stokes. And the only man who knew of his plight was the one who wanted to murder him!"

How did he escape? Through a crack in the caved-in roof, which he discovered by the light of a struck match after clambering gamely up the mound of rocks and rubble in the dark.

No. 11 "The Adventure of the Leather Hat-Box": Tinker appeared in this story, which dealt with a "Sensational Robbery in Hatton Gardens" of £25,000 worth of diamonds. Not content with this haul, the thief endeavoured to increase his gains by posing as another robbed diamond merchant, so as to collect the insurance he had taken out on the stolen diamonds, hoping in this way to secure the insurance and retain the stones, which he had hidden away, and which were not his in the first place anyway!

A false bottom in the leather hat-box was the hiding-place, and the means by which he hoped to smuggle the stones out of the country. The thief was a little too cheeky for his own good, however, for he had the temerity to ask Sexton Blake to investigate, with dire results to himself.

No. 14 "The Case of the Kinema King": On an island on the Norfolk Broads, a murder has been committed in front of a self-operating movie camera, the existence of which the murderer had been unaware.

Sexton Blake on holiday stumbled on to the case, and located the missing camera containing the damning film.

The climax to the story had Blake and the murderer in a subterranean room with only a glass ceiling separating it from the water of the Broads above. Realising that the game was up, the murderer fired his revolver into the glass, and perished in the deluge. Blake was saved from a similar fate by the plucky young niece of the murder victim.

No. 18 "The Adventure of the Frozen Room": A great pink pearl had strong political significance to the opposing factions in Russia. It had come into the hands of Sir Arthur Earle, who was subsequently shot dead on a railway station platform. The murderer was going all out to get the pink pearl, and in order to stop Sexton Blake's interference he locked the latter in a room into which he injected a continuous stream of vapourising liquid air. Blake, with hands frozen stiff, could barely pull the trigger of his gun, but when he did so, he succeeded in shattering the plant from which the liquid air issued. Tinker, coming on the scene later, dragged the frozen Blake to safety.

The murderer paid the extreme penalty, and the ill-omened Pink Pearl was, at Blake's suggestion, returned to the true owners in Russia.

No. 19 "The Adventure of the Frozen Snake": A short story this, as Blake shared this

issue with both Nelson Lee and Derek Clyde.

It was a story of vengeance, this being carried out by throwing over the victim's head a cloak, in whose folds reposed a deadly snake. The cloak was held close to the victim's body until the snake had done its deadly work.

The vengeance of the law caught up with the avenger, with Sexton Blake's discovery of the snake, frozen to death, in the snow.

No. 30 "The Adventure of the Five Blue Bottles": No author's name was given for any Blake story in either the Detective Library or Nugget Weekly, with the single exception of this one.

Just under the title was the following 'editor's note' :-

"A tale of Sexton Blake and Tinker by the famous and popular author, Sidney Drew - a splendid combination!"

There was apparently some preoccupation with Russia even in 1919, as the story was of an attempt by Russian Bolsheviks to steal the five blue bottles of Lormanite, a new explosive of fantastic power, from Professor Lormany who had discovered it, and who was working out its characteristics before its acceptance by the War Office.

The War Office was wise in its selection of Sexton Blake to thwart the unfriendly activities of his country's enemies.

No. 31 "At the Volcano's Brink": Commencing in fog-bound Manchester, and climaxed on the brink of the volcano Vesuvius, this story dealt with the machinations of some evil people and their attempt to deprive a young Lord of his fortune, title and life, by casting him into the eternal fires of the famous volcano overlooking the Bay of Naples.

Sexton Blake really had his work cut out to make the trip from Manchester to the Mediterranean in time to effect the rescue; but it is not like Blake to fail, and fail he did not, for the screaming mortal who plunged into the volcano's crater was the perpetrator, not the prey.

Nos. 32 to 50 "The Boys of Kingsmere College" series: Described as a "Magnificent new series of School - Detective - Sport stories introducing Sexton Blake and Tinker," this series lasted the remaining life of the Detective Library.

At this stage, I would like to acknowledge the comments of Leonard M. Allen on this series, contained in his fine article in C.D. No. 63 of March 1952.

The basis of the "Kingsmere College" series, was the installation of Sexton Blake and Tinker at that seat of learning as fifth form-master and secretary to the headmaster respectively, using assumed names.

Sexton Blake had decided on this arrangement in order to safeguard the sons of John Pearson Bagley, millionaire and philanthropist, who had incurred the enmity of an American Trust by opposing its efforts to squeeze hard-earned money out of poor British consumers. The Trust was out to get at the father through the sons, and would not stop at murder. Many attempts were made in issues that followed, to cripple or kill the sons, directly by the Trust, or through its stooges in the college, but Blake always successfully thwarted these attempts. Meanwhile the usual preoccupations of school life were featured, with barring-outs, queer characters, and plenty of good fun and laughter.

In No. 43, the threat of the Trust was broken for ever by the violent death of its leader. Blake decided to stay on for a time to safeguard the boys, although he was pretty sure the danger was over.

School life with its humour and adventure were then given pride of place until the winding up of the series in No. 50, with the headmaster revealing to the boys of Kingsmere College the true identities of Blake and Tinker, the boys becoming frantic with excitement. However, Blake's work at Baker Street had piled up, and so, much to the disappointment of Tinker, master and boys, Blake decided he must withdraw from Kingsmere, and touching indeed were the farewell scenes depicted in the closing sentences.

In the Nugget Weekly

Advertised in the concluding issues of the Detective Library as "Three Papers In One," the Nugget Weekly was to combine the Detective Library, the Prairie Library and the Robin Hood Library, and would feature Robin Hood, Buffalo Bill, Nelson Lee and Sexton Blake. Issue No. 1 was dated 17 July 1920.

Nos. 1 to 14 were the same size as the Detective Library, but Nos. 15 to 34 (the final number, dated 5 March 1921) were slightly larger than the Union Jack.

Nos. 1 to 8 contained a St. Frank's serial "The Honour of St. Frank's;" Nos. 9 to 34 featured a series "Nelson Lee versus The Green Triangle."

Nos. 1 to 6 "The Crescent of Dread" series: Sexton Blake and Tinker appeared in No. 1 in a new series entitled "The Crescent of Dread." The nefarious criminal organisation of this name attempted to extort large sums of money from companies in England. Failure to subscribe was quickly followed by consequences disastrous to the company concerned.

This series came to an end in No. 6 with the capture of the chief of the organisation who, to the surprise of all, was revealed as Jim the Penman, the crook who had given Sexton Blake's colleague, Nelson Lee, so much trouble in the past. Jim the Penman was gaoled, but doubt was expressed as to the length of time it would be possible to keep this intrepid crook incarcerated.

No. 7 "The Grey Phantom of Beechwood": This rather eerie story commenced quite suitably on a dark night on a country railway station, with Blake and Tinker stranded in the cold and drizzling rain.

Arrived at last at Beechwood Towers, Blake and Tinker hear of a disappearing man who haunted the bedroom of the cousin to the owner of the Towers. The grey spectre was in the habit of rapping on the window panes, glaring at the occupant with blazing eyes, only to fade into the grounds when pursuit commenced.

Arrangements were made for the owner to swap rooms with the cousin, so that the former would be convinced of these unearthly visitations.

This was done, the apparition appeared, and the owner gave chase. Having reached a deep well, the grey apparition turned on its pursuer, and struggled desperately to cast him into the well. He would have succeeded but for the timely intervention of Sexton Blake and Tinker.

The apparition proved to be the cousin decked out in grey stockinette, his idea being to kill the owner and inherit his possessions. The trappings were to lure the owner to a spot where the murder could be carried out unobserved, and to make the owner's disappearance appear due to a supernatural agency.

No. 8 "The Tudor Rose Nobles": Sexton Blake and Tinker had been for a walk on the Yorkshire moors, and were caught, on their return, in a violent rain and thunder storm. Lashed by rain and completely lost, their relief was unbounded when they

chanced on an old house. Here they received shelter, change of clothing and some welcome food, from a poor widow and her young son.

Blake slept that night in a home some distance away, but Tinker stayed with the widow's son. These lads were disturbed during the night by an intruder skulking in what was apparently an empty room. Having been disturbed, the intruder made off with nothing to show for his trouble.

In the morning, Blake was told of these events, and finding that an old cellar lay beneath the floor of the empty room, sought a way into it. In this he was successful, but did not find anything of interest in the cellar.

He arranged for the widow to spend the night at her neighbour's, so that the house would appear empty, and thus encourage the intruder to return. Waiting in the dark, Blake, Tinker and the son soon had the satisfaction of hearing the intruder and an accomplice forcing their way into the cellar. Leaving the boy on guard, Blake and Tinker followed them below. Having pushed aside an old cask, the intruders levered up a flagstone, disclosing a bag containing a valuable collection of coins. So intent were they upon their task, that Blake and Tinker had little difficulty in falling upon them and securing them.

The coins had been stolen some four years before from the Tudor Rose Noble Collection belonging to a well-to-do gentleman named Hawkins living at Denham Court, and who happened to be the widow's landlord.

The chase after the theft had been so hot, that the thief had hidden the loot in Moor House some time before it was occupied by the widow and her son. The thief was arrested some months later and gaoled for three years, and on release, set out with a mate to recover the loot.

A reward of £1,000 was offered for the recovery of the coins, and this Blake generously turned over to the widow. Mr. Hawkins, having been made aware by Blake of the widow's plight, arranged for a generous yearly allowance to be made to her, plus the rent free use of Moor House for the rest of her life.

Nos. 9 to 20 "The Fakir's Secret" serial: Blake and Tinker attended a performance at the Regalia Music Hall, and witnessed an illusion called "The Boy with the Glass Face," in which Ram Lallah the magician mysteriously turned a native boy's face into glass, afterwards restoring it to normal.

Later, at Baker Street, Ram Lallah admits his real name is George Hipwell. His eight-year-old son has been abducted, apparently by two Indians as vengeance against the father for using the "Glass Face" trick on the stage, it being a sacred secret of the Fakirs.

At this stage, the Editor of the Nugget Weekly offered a prize of two guineas to the first reader who correctly answered the following questions: (1) Who kidnapped Ram Lallah's son? (2) Why did they kidnap him? (3) How is the "Glass Face" trick done?

Blake and Tinker were soon on the trail of the kidnappers, and after many adventures at a wharf at Dockhead; including dire peril of death by burning, they finally apprehended the kidnappers on the River Thames, after a furious fight in the fog.

The answers to the Editor's questions?

(1) The kidnappers were the Standish Brothers, who were well-known music hall conjurers.

(2) The reason for the kidnapping was that their own acts had been overshadowed by the wonderful "Glass Face" trick, and they wanted it stopped from being used on the stage so that they did not have to compete with it.

(3) The "Glass Face" trick is explained as follows:

A certain Indian drug, when coming in contact with grease, reacts with it to form a glass-like substance. The drug is Amodylin, and is prepared from the leaves of the Canyon tree, which grows in India. A doped cloth is placed over the boy's head, and is rubbed over his face. The drug reacts with the grease-paint on his face, causing the formation of the glass-like substance. To restore the face to normal, the cloth is replaced, and the face rubbed with it again. Due to the friction, the thin film of glass-like stuff peels off, leaving the face as before.

Ram Lallah would not reveal the secret even to Blake, but the latter had obtained the information for himself from the British Museum reading-room!

Announcement of the winner of the two guineas appeared in No. 27 of the Nugget Weekly. Not many entries had been submitted, but two or three were very close to the mark!

Sexton Blake did not appear again after No. 20, and the Nugget Weekly itself, after No. 34, was absorbed by the "Marvel." Another phase of the remarkable and many-sided Sexton Blake Saga had come to a close.

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