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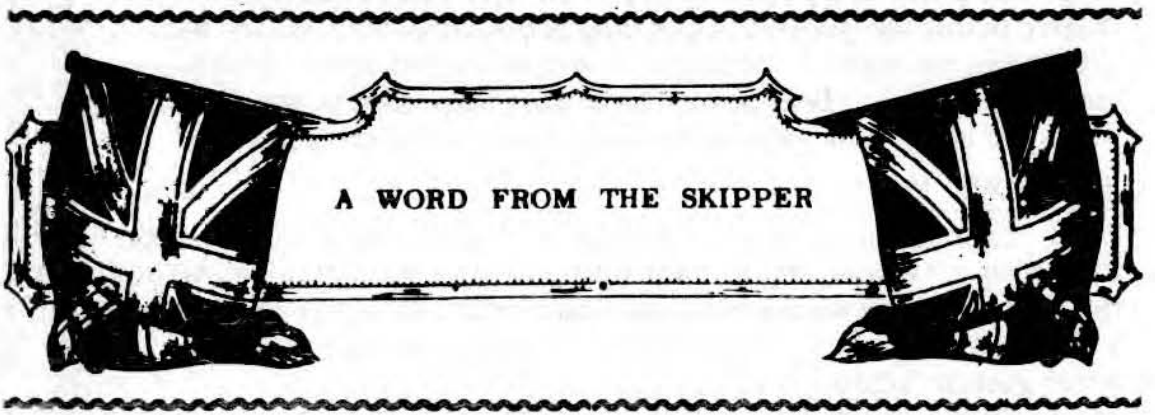

THE APPEAL OF THE PAST

Recently the TV critic of a national newspaper, disapproving of the way some people enjoy TV programmes which turn back the clock, commented: "The appeal of the past is not that it was better, only that we survived it."

Probably he is filled with horror at the thought that this fair land was once without a television set.

Things are not all that wonderful today for anyone to be remarking

on how bad things used to be. England is a rich country, and money is flung about by the majority on a staggering scale. But a rich land is still not all that happy a place for those who haven't much. Utopia seems a lot further off than just round the corner. We all know what's better today. And we all know what's worse - and the latter makes a hefty list.

It could be that those who find themselves still living in 1981, may be thankful that they managed to survive the violent, sex-ridden seventies.

BETTY BALFOUR

In the early twenties, Danny was referring in his diary to a film star named Betty Balfour. She was in British pictures, and, in her time, was probably nearly as popular over here as Mary Pickford had once been. Mention is made of her "Squibs" films which seem to have caught the public fancy in a big way. My only real memory of Betty Balfour is that she played a supporting part (unless my memory buds are playing me false) in "Evergreen" which starred Jessie Matthews in the early thirties. Does anyone know what happended to Betty Balfour, whom one never sees mentioned today (except in 'Danny's Diary')?

THE LONE TEXAN

Last month one of our contributors took a critical look at "The Lone Texan," Charles Hamilton's first post-war dip into the world of the Wild West. It was quite a coincidence that I have just come across a letter which he wrote me at that time. Dated 4th May, 1954, the letter goes as follows:

"Just a line to let you know about 'The Lone Texan'. I have just learned that it will be published about the end of this month by the Atlantic Book Company. It is in paperbacks at 2/-.

I am very glad that you are interested in 'Fresh', and I do hope that you will like him as much as the 'Kid' -- especially as the inspiration came from you."

I had long forgotten that the author was good enough to credit me with inspiring him to write "Lone Texan". In fact, the hero, Fresh, was never a patch on the Rio Kid, though I don't suppose I told his creator so. For one thing, the best Kid tales were written when the

author was at his peak; Fresh came along a whole quarter of a century later, and passing years do make a difference, no matter what the sentimentalists like to claim. But, probably, the main reason for disappointment was that Fresh was not the Kid. And very poor production did not help a rather hackneyed tale.

THE ANNUAL

No doubt, most of you have ordered your 1973 Annual by this time, though it will not be coming your way until Christmas is in the offing. Reminiscent articles are very much to the fore this year, and very much to the front in this field is Jack Overhill who takes us back into his own youth with that happy style of writing which brings such joy to the reader.

The Annual is packed with fascinating articles and novelties which I hope will help to enhance the Christmas season when it arrives. Any amount of readers have asked for another Slade romp, and Mr. Buddle, that rusty pedagogue, is back in a new story entitled "Mr. Buddle's Old Flame." Our cover, once again, is drawn by inimitable Henry Webb, who delights everyone with his heart-warming pictures.

Have you ordered your Annual yet?

THE EDITOR

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DANNY'S DIARY

NOVEMBER 1923

The Rookwood part of the Boys' Friend this month has been occupied by a four-story series concerning the strange Mr. Monty Smith. Jimmy Silver, out riding on his horse, Blazer, was attacked by a horse-thief, and he was rescued by an Englishman named Monty Smith. Jimmy takes Mr. Smith back to the ranch, and he stays as a guest there. When Baldy, the cook, sees a picture in a newspaper, it seems that Monty is a wanted bank robber, and so Mr. Smith is locked up at the ranch to await the mounties. However, the real robber is arrested, and he proves to be Monty's cousin and double.

It seems that Monty is really the heir of Lord Erdingford, who

dies suddenly in England. Monty's cousin escapes from jail, kidnaps Monty and holds him in a cave, and then takes his place at the ranch, pretending to be Monty. Then the Fistical Four take a hand, Monty is saved from the cave, and eventually goes back to England to claim his inheritance. Quite a neat little series. The titles were "The Stranger's Secret", "The Tenderfoot's Ordeal", "The Tenderfoot's Double", and "Run Down on the Prairie."

The paper "Young Britain" has been increased in size, priced at tuppence, and started again at No. 1. I don't like it a lot, and would not want to buy it every week.

Armistice Day was on a Sunday this year, and the usual service took place at the cenotaph. The queues past the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster, were enormous, and continued from Sunday till Tuesday.

The Hampstead Tube has been extended by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Golders Green to Hendon. It took 17 months to build, and cost £500,000.

At the pictures we have seen Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens in "Enemies of Women"; "The Unknown" which starred a new and exciting athletic star named Richard Talmadge (I'm not sure whether he is related to the Talmadge sisters); Clara Kimball Young in "Cordelia, the Magnificent"; Betty Balfour in "Squibs M.P."; and Rudolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah." But best of the lot was Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood", and also in this splendid film were Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, and Alan Hale.

In the Nelson Lee Library, "The Fifth at St. Frank's" was a lively tale to open the month, all about Guy Fawkes Day and Buster Boots' effort to keep the leadership of the Remove.

The next week was topical, too, as it was "Armistice Day at St. Frank's". As this day was a Sunday, the Head gave the boys a day off in the week to celebrate, and Buster Boots, like the old Kaiser, learns that bullying does not pay. After this came the final tale of the Buster Boots series, "The Mystery of the Green Car", in which Buster showed, in an exciting tale, that there was plenty of good stuff in him.

Final of the month was "U.S.A. at St. Frank's", the start of a new series. U.S.A. is Ulysses Spencer Adams, from New York. About the same time, a mysterious character named the Night Owl, head

of a band of criminals known as the Alliance of Thirteen, comes on the scene as well. It's all pretty gripping.

There was a big gas explosion at Newington Causeway, near the Elephant and Castle. It caused the temporary closure of the City and South London Railway.

This month three tip-top stories brought an end to the Mick the Gipsy series in the Magnet. Mick, now a Greyfriars fellow, is hated by Aubrey Angel, whom he closely resembles in features. Sir Philip Angel, on his way to Greyfriars to demand that Mick shall be sent away from Greyfriars, is attacked in the wood by gipsies, and is aided by Mick, though Sir Philip does not learn Mick's name. In fact, it is later assumed that Mick gave information to the gipsies to help them in their attack on Angel's father. Later, Angel plots with Barengro, the gipsy, to steal Mick away. The series ends with Angel grief-stricken when he learns that Mick is really his younger brother, who had been adopted by his uncle, and who had been left all his uncle's money when uncle died. Mick leaves Greyfriars so that he can get over his terrible experiences, and he is to have a tutor to prepare him for Greyfriars later. The titles of these three stories were "Mick the Untameable", "The Luck of the Gipsy", and "The Gipsy Millionaire."

The Magnet ended with "The Greyfriars Gliding Competition" which struck me as a very silly story. Wun Lung gets carried away in his glider, and some of the Remove go after him to save him, in their gliders.

A good tale this month in the Sexton Blake Library is "The Crimson Belt." Set partly in Australia, it features Dr. Huxton Rymer, Wu Ling, and the Brotherhood of the Yellow Beetle.

A rattling good month in the Gem. In "Glyn, the Guy Maker", Glyn, at the request of Wally D'Arcy, makes a guy of Mr. Selby. In fact, it is so life-like that Knox believes that Mr. Selby is on the bonfire. "It was so like you," Knox tells Mr. Selby, later. And Mr. Selby boxes Knox's ears.

"Catching Cutts" was great. Kildare brings Cutts to book for bullying the juniors. In revenge, Cutts wrecks Kildare's study, but when he tries to depart, leaving Tom Merry's pocket-knife behind him, he finds the door locked, and he has to wait for Kildare to arrive.

Awful, for Cutts. Lovely for us.

"Pongo's Triumph" was a weak affair, in which a gang of crooks are operating from the vaults under St. Jim's. Finally, the start of a new series with "Cardew the Rebel." Tom Merry whacks Cardew for slacking at games - and Cardew makes up his mind to grab the junior captaincy from Tom Merry. Very promising.

During the war, railway track was badly needed to repair the railways in France. So they closed a branch line which ran from Basingstoke to Alton, lifted the rails, and sent them to France. Now the government has ordered the Southern Railway Co. to re-open the line, even though it never paid its way. So the rails are now being put down, and the Basingstoke-Alton line will re-open early next year.

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REVIEW

THE TYRANT OF GREYFRIARS — Frank Richards
(Howard Baker: £2.75)

One feels that when the Brander series was written, all was well with the world of Hamiltonia and the famous author was enjoying every minute of life in that world. The joy of living shows in the writing of what was almost certainly the best rebellion series he every presented to his admirers.

Though some of the situations, inevitably in a story of this type, come out of the well-thumbed barring-out stock drawer, there are so many unexpected and delightful twists that the reader is in clover throughout. The episodes starring Mr. Quelch, violently opposed to the new Headmaster and his nephew, are magnificently done, putting the entire series well out on a lofty pedestal all its own.

Some series unquestionably overstayed their welcome, their lives prolonged by padding. This one is not a word too long, and the pace never flags. Exciting, absorbing, gratifying - that has been the assessment of the Brander series down the years. It is every bit as entertaining in 1973 as it was when written in 1930.

As make weight, the volume also contains a single, "A Dog With A Bad Name", quite unconnected and unlike the Brander six. It is a

peach of a tale, starring the Bounder with Tom Redwing. One cannot help wondering, all the same, whether a main course like Brander needs a peach served with it as a sweet.

Leonard Shields illustrates superbly throughout.

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BLAKIANA

conducted by Josie Packman

I should like to say thank you to all my contributors. There has been a wealth of interesting material and articles sent to me during this past year. I am sure you will all agree with me. I have enough articles in hand for December and January, but now the old cry goes up - please could I have some more. My recent acquisitions include a volume of Boys' Realm, dated 1906, containing short Sexton Blake stories. I have not yet had time to read them, but when I do I will find out who wrote them and give a list of the titles and authors for insertion in your Sexton Blake Supplement.

Next month will be the 80th Anniversary of our Sexton Blake Saga and Blakiana will contain articles specially written for the occasion.

SEXTON BLAKE CHANGES GEAR

by William Lister

Some of our readers could be keen motorists. Having noticed the title they have paused to read further. I must offer them a thousand apologies. I had not intended to deceive, but the gear I am thinking of is a little different from the gears our motorist friends have in mind. I use the word in its modern idiom - as clothes, dresses,coats and what have you.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Packman I have been borrowing Union Jacks in some cases dated as far back as 1915, through the 20's and 30's and in some of them the illustrations therein include those of Blake and Tinker in attire suitable to the age or generation in the time period of the story.

Over those years Blake definitely changed gear, Tinker also. Of course men never changed gear with the speed and rapidity of women. One style can last a man for ages. Even modern young men

get so far with their queer gear and then come to a full stop. The ladies, God Bless them, keep changing gear even if it means going back to the 1920's. One of the most striking changes in men's fashions over the years has been in hats. In the twenties every man wore some kind of a hat, I do not see many today. However, back to my subject, the question of Sexton Blake's gear down the years.

Most of the top fiction detectives I would call "period pieces." They were created in and for a certain time. In that time setting, or generation they were created and there they stay. But Sexton Blake is timeless. He bridges the generation gap. The gear Sherlock Holmes wore lasted throughout his career. Read of him today, view the illustrations, see the films or Television concerning Holmes, and you will agree with me that he is a period piece. The same can be said of Father Brown and other star fiction detectives. This is not so of Blake. You can see him in the gear of 1915 or 1920 or of 1960, or even the seventies. Who knows, he may yet be seen wearing the gear of the year 2000 AD or even a space suit.

In the Union Jack dated 1915, "The Secret of Kilchester Towers" the illustrations show Blake dressed in clothes similar to those my father wore in a photo I have of him about 1916. The jacket length well below the knee (nearly as long as today's overcoat) with the huge stiff white collar of that period. He looks a real stuff-shirt if you will allow me to say so. By 1927, Blake is again "with it". Shorter length jacket and trilby hat. Waldo I see, at that period, is wearing spats, and no doubt Blake had a pair in his wardrobe. Spats were "in' between 1927 and 1931. By 1929 there is little change. In "The Death Snare," 1929, Blake appears in a below knee length overcoat with very wide lapels, a tribly in one hand and a slim walking cane in the other. Smart - very smart.

"Village Vengeance" and the year 1933. Illustrations reveal Blake in a style not much different to the one I bought a month ago, except Blake has a waistcoat which no decently dressed man would have omitted in those days. Waistcoats were out after World War II, but are now creeping in again, very fancy ones.

Another picture shows Blake, again a trilby in hand, but wearing a full length overcoat (a maxi) revealing less than a foot of trouser

length. The trousers are pin-striped and the shoes have pointed toes. A very well-dressed man our Sexton Blake.

By the way, Tinker is wearing a cap in at least two illustrations. A cap? I was looking round my work-mates the other day and only two were wearing caps. From 1915 to 1960, Blake sports a trilby hat. I wonder, if like most people, he would be without a hat today.

As the years roll by new generations come and go, and no doubt Blake will continue to change gear - nothing outrageous mind, always with the moderates, but always smart.

TWO NEW SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES

by Josie Packman

The one I like is Detective Inspector Coutts. He is indeed my favourite Yard man. Robert Murray Graydon introduced him to the pages of the Union Jack way back in 1916, and he has remained the same kindly man ever since. Various other authors used him in their stories, notably Gwyn Evans, but his basic character remained true to Mr. Graydon's creation. I like him because of his humanity, homeliness and his loyalty both to Sexton Blake and to his superiors (and underlings) at New Scotland Yard. He always appreciated the help given to him by Blake, when other detectives were only too glad to take all the credit.

Inspector Coutts always reminded me of the old time policeman one could trust and respect and also get real help from when needed. The old Bull dog breed of England which has now disappeared, if one can believe everything written and seen about the modern police.

Our Inspector Coutts was a very courageous man, especially so when fighting with Blake against the infamous Criminal Confederation. He had done his time "Walking the beat" and rose to be Inspector on his own merits, obviously, as he was already an Inspector when he first met Sexton Blake. He was not only a friend of Blake's in an official capacity, but a real personal friend, so knowing the type of man Blake was we can rest assured that no friend of his could be other than a good man.

A person I dislike more than any other character in the Blake Saga is the other detective Superintendent Claude Venner. A creation of Antony Parson's in the 1940's he was a most objectionable man,

bombastic, suave with it, fashionably dressed and really thought Scotland Yard could not be run without him. In every story in which he appeared he persistently went out of his way to be rude to "that amateur" Blake, but took care to pick Blake's brains as much as Blake would allow him, and always at the end of the tale when the criminal had been caught mostly by Sexton Blake's efforts, Venner calmly says he knew all along who was the guilty man and took all the credit for solving another case. A very nasty piece of work, in my opinion, foisted upon the Blake fans by Antony Parsons. Venner must surely have been taken as a model for many of our nastier modern detectives on TV. Sarcastic and rude to all those he considered beneath him. One of the few good things about the new look S. B. L's was that Venner was dropped. The last story by A. Parsons being No. 357 in the third series, "Hotel Homicide," dated 1956.

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Nelson Lee Column

NOVEMBER 5th AND ALL THAT! by William Lister

I like the British weather! Spring - Summer - Autumn and Winter. Even if it is a bit mixed at times.

None of your land of the midnight sun for me. None of your three years without rain, no sir! I like the British weather. Spring, with its golden promise; Summer, with its long dusty holidays; Autumn, and its changing colours and Winter, with its ... November, and November with its November 5th, and November 5th with its bonfires and firework displays and its Guy Fawkes.

Mark you, I don't mind admitting that "things ain't what they used to be." The old adrenalin doesn't move round as quickly as it used to. Excitement wanes with age, but it hasn't gone altogether.

The long nights, the cold winds, the driving rain, the fog and snow and ice, all have a charm of their own. Especially if you are wending your way home to a warm fire and a copy of the "Nelson Lee". Its nice to pull up in front of the fire and open your copy of the "Nelson Lee" and read from the able pen of Edwy Searles Brooks, as follows -

"The November evening was wild and dark; thick masses of cloud were scudding across the heavens, the wind moaning and whistling through the trees, and in the distance the gleaming lights of St. Frank's."

Add to this scene the exploding squibs, the roar of Roman candles with their fan of sparks and coloured balls of fire leaping into the air, the rush of rockets and the cries of excited schoolboys. Well! excited, but for one, a certain St. Frank's scholar by the name of Eric Gates, from Wally Handforth's class.

A nervy little chap, he suddenly sees, by the green light of an upward shot of a Roman candle, "A hideous yellow face, appalling in its ugliness, a face that possessed two gleaming evil eyes."

We are told that Gates let out a scream of terror as he ran into the Triangle, his screams rising above the whistling of the wind. Now if you are thinking what I am thinking, you are wondering if our Eric has been scared by one of his pals wearing a Guy Fawkes mask that came in

various styles for 2d. in those days and of which I preferred the yellow Chinaman type, being a Dr. Fu-Manchu fan at that time (owing to the two reel Fu-Manchu films each week at the penny matinee), but look at it which way you will an ugly yellow face, briefly lit up by a green light - ugh!

However, our Eric had actually seen the real thing, so he had a right to scream. A Guy Fawkes mask and a real hideous face are'nt exactly one and the same thing. In fact, if I had been there I would have run, too, a little faster than Eric, if anything, in spite of my advancing years. But here I leave Eric Gates for the moment as I have "other fish to fry" as the saying goes.

As it's November, I want to get round that bonfire. Handforth gives us our first glimpse of it. "He could see it now. The thing was a huge bonfire. He had never seen such a huge bonfire before.

"Be George!" he muttered, "those River-House chaps mean to do the thing in style. When this is set alight, it'll be worth watching!"

Now, that's why I'm staying around, customers. I want to see this. You see I know something Handforth doesn't know, but as he flashes his fading torch to the top of the wood-pile he is getting suspicious. "He could see a guy. But a remarkably lifelike one. Just like the figure of a man sitting on a chair, and surmounted by a battered hat. Handforth gave a start. Was it imagination or was the face of that guy strangely like Nelson Lee?" (Aside; it actually was Nelson Lee, customers, drugged and placed there by a Yellow Tong.)

Now to start the fun. The bonfire was lit by four boys with four prepared torches. "Suddenly the flames leapt up, catching at the faggots and tarred material, clouds of smoke arose, half enveloping the figure at the top, followed by flames quickly licking up the pile. The first display of fireworks began."

And there, readers, I must leave you. What happened to young Eric Gates? What happened to Nelson Lee stuck on top of that flaming bonfire?

I'm not telling - I'm like that ... mean.

However, the Bob Blythe or Molly Allison N.L. Library would be able to satisfy your curiosity. Ask for loan of the "Yellow Tong" series of four commencing with "The Living Guy," Nelson Lee, N.S.

183, 2nd November, 1929.

THE PASSAGE OF TIME by R. J. Godsave

As a writer E. S. Brooks was well before his time. Some of his Nelson Lee stories appeared to be rather fanciful and far-fetched at the time they were written. The passage of time has clearly shewn that what could be called fanciful and far-fetched years ago have actually come to pass and be incorporated in our daily lives.

His William K. Smith series, published in 1924, could fit in quite easily in 1973, without hardly an eyebrow being raised. The thought of a power station and factory built in the proximity of St. Frank's makes one shudder. Yet, such happenings are almost a daily occurrence now-a-days in the name of progess.

The Communist School series, thought to be extremely unlikely in the 1920's is, more or less, a fact in 1973.

Such are the great changes that have occurred over the years that the popular Caravan series of 1923 would be impracticable in 1973. The juniors would be charged with obstruction within a few miles of starting. One has only to go for a run in the countryside in a motor car to find that it is impossible to stop and admire a view without causing an obstruction. Parking is only allowed in permitted areas which do not necessarily have a view.

The thought of bowling along the sunny Bannington High Street in a trap - as Wellbourne & Co. together with Reginald Pitt did when Pitt first arrived at St. Frank's - would to-day probably mean taking an alternative route owing to the Bannington High Street being one way traffic.

The generation brought up with the old papers have, probably seen more alterations in every-day living than any generation in the past.

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TOM PORTER, 1 Timbertree Road, Cradley Heath, Warley, Worcs., B64 7LE (T.N. Cradley Heath 69630) requires:-

B.F. (Green 'Un)	1257, 1294
B.F.L. (3d/4d)	514 Nipper at St. Frank's) First Series 633 The Idol of St. Frank's) 709 Phantom Island) 213 Grit 253 The Golden Goalie 257 The Cad of The Crusaders 269 The Vanishing Footballers 619 The League of Bullies
B.R. (1907)	Copies containing instalments of King Cricket.
B.R. (1919)	32 to 40, 42 to 44.
B.R. (1927)	1 to 6, 18, 21, 31, 34 to 80.
Empire Lib. (1910)	3, 5, 6, 7, 17.
Magnet	64, 79, 125, 137 to 140, 143 to 145, 147, 416, 488, 490, 505, 782, 951 to 959, 965, 971 to 989, 992, 995, 1005, 1203.
N.L.L. (O.S.)	6, 8, 10, 11, 52, 81.
Popular (1919)	52, 56 to 58, 64 to 67, 70, 73, 76 to 80, 83, 85, 88 to 91, 95, 100, 103, 104, 107, 108, 110, 112, 116, 121, 123, 126, 131, 133, 134, 138, 139, 142, 146, 151, 154, 156 to 163, 191, 206, 207, 209, 210, 230, 231, 235 to 241, 245, 266, 269, 284, 285, 380, 381, 384 to 390, 401, 403 to 407, 414, 418, 421, 422, 530, 531.

DO YOU REMEMBER? by Roger M. Jenkins

No. 113 - GEM 742 - "THE HERO OF THE SHELL"

1922 was a happy year for the Gem, a time when it seemed that the real Martin Clifford was firmly in the saddle once more, and that a long run of genuine stories was in prospect again. It might have been like the heyday of the blue Gem had it not been for the shortness of the St. Jim's story, reduced to a bare ten chapters as a result of several pages of articles and serials in a twenty-page Gem. Of course, it is a mistake to confuse quantity and quality, but one could not help having the uncomfortable feeling that St. Jim's didn't play quite so large a part in the Gem as it used to.

The purist would have been pleased to note that the story revolved around the old-established characters almost completely, with one exception - George Alfred Grundy. Grundy was a junior edition of Coker, and because he was so much younger he was not comic but irritating. He never seemed to be much of an asset to the St. Jim's scene, and his action in Gem 742 in asking Kildare for a place in the first eleven football team to play Greyfriars was ridiculous rather than funny. His further plan was to enlist the support of Mr. Banks to telephone Greyfriars, pretending to be Dr. Holmes, asking for Gilmore and Cutts to return to St. Jim's at once. With the reserve and a team member gone, Kildare would be forced to call upon Grundy, the only other St. Jim's fellow there. This complicated plan was perhaps a little too sophisticated for Grundy's intellect, and it was not put over very convincingly. However, it did work as planned, with one exception - Tom Merry happened to be at Greyfriars as well, and so Kildare offered him the vacant place. Needless to say, the winning goal was scored by the "Hero of the Shell".

Gem 742 was a pleasing pot-boiler, a trivial story that was based on a very slender thread. It had its points of interest, including a number of chapters set at Greyfriars, which always seemed a vaguely different place when it was described by Martin Clifford. Bur perhaps the most instructive thing of all is to compare it with Magnet 1516, in which Coker had Wingate removed from a match. In that story it was entirely brute force and no finesse at all. Grundy's trickery in Gem

742 was perhaps too clever to be in character.

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SHOULD "FRANK RICHARDS" BE REVIVED? by Gordon Hudson

My first introduction to Greyfriars was via the Knockout in the mid-1940's, where the main characters were Billy Bunter and Jones Minor. It was not until the appearance of "Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School" and subsequent Skilton hardbacks that I realised how different the Knockout series really was. Smith Minor, for some unknown reason given prominence in the Knockout pages, is a character I do not remember reading about anywhere else.

Nonetheless I enjoyed my Greyfriars from the Skilton/Cassell books and was extremely disappointed when the death of Frank Richards - as he was to me - I realised there would be no more Bunter.

The Magnet was only a name to me at that time, and although I had learned there was some connection between Frank Richards and Charles Hamilton, as yet I had no knowledge whatever of substitute writers.

To me Frank Richards was Frank Richards. I only judged the stories by how much I enjoyed them, not by wondering who really wrote them.

Reading recently the many arguments about the merits and demerits of the substutute stories has set me wondering. Did those boys who read the Magnet and Gem in those far off days really dislike the substitutes? Did they know then which stories were by substitute authors, or is this only hindsight?

What this is all leading me on to ask is: should there be some new Greyfriars stories?

I realise that my enjoyment of Greyfriars must necessarily be somewhat different from those who were brought up on the Magnet. But there are others now who are reading Bunter for the first time from the Cassell editions. Should they be denied the opportunity to read some new stories?

Reading the arguments about substitutes has made me realise one fact - that Frank Richards was not one person. Although created and in the main perpetuated by one man, Charles Hamilton, it became

in a sense a composite name, to be supported from time to time by other writers.

Can we therefore say that with the death of Charles Hamilton, Frank Richards must also die, or can the name be re-instated? There must be several of the substitute authors still alive who could quite legitimately write under the name Frank Richards. Is it worthwhile inviting them to do so now, while the opportunity still exists, or must it be left until perhaps sometime in the future someone else asks the same question when it is too late?

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LET'S BE CONTROVERSIAL

No. 186. JUST FOOD FOR THOUGHT

For the most part, our hobbyists form a very happy little group of people with similar tastes. Some of us collect the old papers, some of us have a keen interest in the old papers, some of us have a wildly passionate love for the old papers. Some people, with other tastes, probably just as harmless, regard us as daft, or in our second childhood, or, more often, as cranks who have never grown up. It doesn't bother us a bit.

It is, maybe, surprising to find that tastes vary so widely inside the hobby. Some like papers which others regard as small beer. One man's favourite story is another man's pot-boiler. One man's author is another man's hack. And so on. I'm glad that this is so, for this magazine would be deadly dull if we all thought alike.

There is no doubt that some of us, as boys, knew a sub story when we came across one. There is equally no doubt that plenty could not tell a sub story when they saw one. It is equally certain that plenty of men today cannot tell the difference between a genuine Hamilton yarn and a sub tale. Those who could not detect a sub years ago are sometimes suspicious that nobody else could either. I have even come across the occasional person who paid lip service to the qualities of Hamilton as a writer, but who, privately, thought some sub work just as good and undetectable as genuine. Unfortunately for them, there really are people who know the difference, and who are prepared to back the

difference strongly.

It would be a little too easy and a little too pompous to ascribe differences of this sort in people as due to variations in intelligence. It would be idle to claim that intelligence does not count to some extent. But not to any marked extent, for the simple reason that most of us allow our hearts to rule our heads.

So much for sub stories, their detection and otherwise. But plenty of other variations of opinion are of great interest.

Mr. Gordon Hudson says that "Frank Richards" was not one person, and enquires whether, though Charles Hamilton has passed on, it is not common sense that "Frank Richards" should continue. Mr. Hudson thinks that some substitute writers who may be still living should be invited to write new stories of the old schools.

Here, it seems to me, that you have someone who loves the old characters and is not particular about whom the author is. Mr. Hudson, I am sure, is not alone in thinking as he does, but I, personally, do not subscribe to the view at all. In any case, with such masses of genuine Hamilton material available, if anyone wants to dig it out, why the heck do we need someone else to write new stories.

Unless it is to modernise the characters and settings. I have no wish to read of Harry Wharton in this X-certificate world, any more than I am moved to read the further adventures of Flashman or bother what happened to Buttons after Cinderella got married. I say, let Hamilton's reputation as a writer remain as it is, based on his own achievements.

In our September issue, Mr. Deryck Harvey enquired: "So where is Sexton Blake, if only in picture form?" I assume that our contributor means that a picture strip of Blake would be better than no Blake at all. Once again, that is not my view. I detest stories in pictures, in any case. Blake picture strips place our great detective on a different shelf entirely, in the same way that modernising Blake really made him something quite different from what he had been. I like to see the old Blake tales re-issued from time to time. I do not believe that an updated Blake is attractive to many, in the same way that I do not believe the old thriller play "Night Must Fall" was any the better for having a torrid chunk of sex added to it when it was made into a new

picture version. In any case, re-makes of films are hardly ever a patch on the originals.

Mr. O. W. Wadham of New Zealand, mentions the picture strips which featured Greyfriars in the Comet, and featured Tom Merry & Co. in the Sun comic. (The latter were actually a serialisation in pictures of the Gem's Black Box series of 1939.) Mr. Wadham claims that the artist made the characters look "true to life", which may be true, though, so far as I am concerned, the only people who mattered in drawing Greyfriars and St. Jim's were Chapman, Shields, and Macdonald. I feel it possible that Mr. Wadham would like to see the old characters in picture form once again, on the basis that picture strips would be better than nothing.

One must admit that Sexton Blake in the old days was written about by scores of different writers, who all gave different portrayals of the famous private detective. The Hamilton schools, too, were handled by very many writers, though the Hamilton superiority in style made the characters and schools more exclusively his. So, probably, a precedent was established in the case of Sexton Blake and of the Hamilton schools.

St. Frank's, however, was almost entirely the work of Brooks. I think it would be interesting to hear from our St. Frank's fans as to whether they would like to see St. Frank's and its characters brought back by a substitute writer who knew his job, or whether they feel that St. Frank's should remain a permanent memorial to Brooks. Which is the most important? A new presentation of the old characters, or the living memorial which the old tales themselves provide?

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The Postman Called

(Interesting items from the Editor's letter-bag)

ERNEST SNELLGROVE (Ramsgate): I bought the Gem and the Magnet from their commencement in 1907 and 1908, respectively, until their decease. (Would I had kept them!) I seem to remember vaguely a magazine coming out (pre 1914?) which featured Gordon Gay & Co. I don't think it lasted very long, but it was the same colour as the old 'Pearson's Weekly'. I cannot remember the name of the magazine.

(EDITORIAL COMMENT: The paper was the Empire Library which, for 36 weeks in 1910, had a "Pearson's red" cover. After a change of format to roughly Boys' Friend size, the coloured cover was dropped. Charles Hamilton wrote at least one of the Gordon Gay tales in the Empire.)

J. E. MILLER (Brighton): Congratulations on "Gold in Them Thar Hills", a most evocative and valuable account of Hamilton's forays into the Wild West. I recall a short story about Cedar Creek in an old GHA - both the yarn and its superb illustrations were probably reprints - entitled, I believe, "Frank Richards' Christmas Story." It remains with me very vividly, though probably the only Cedar Creek tale I ever read. Where does one go for the best Cedar Creek and Rio Kid stories?

(EDITORIAL COMMENT: Cedar Creek in the Boys' Friend, 1917 - 1921. Reprints in the Popular, 1922 onwards, S.O.L., B.F.L., and the 1939 Gem. The Kid in the Popular 1928 - 1933; also Modern Boy of late thirties. Reprints in B.F.L., usually abridged.)

H. TRUSCOTT (Huddersfield): In "Let's be Controversial" in the October C.D. three main Western series by Hamilton are listed: Cedar Creek, Jimmy Silver and Co. in Canada and the Rio Kid. I must confess to considerable surprise that the fine Packsaddle stories were not also included. They always seemed to me to be on a level with any of the others, but possessing a different slant, plus fine characterisation, especially in Bill Sampson; in addition, a sparkling sense of humour, which the Kid stories rarely showed, and, of course, locals and atmosphere which always convinced. True, I am and always have been addicted to Westerns, both written stories and films.

In the review of the Greyfriars Holiday Annual for 1974, it is stated that the brief Triumph St. Jim's story seems to be genuine. I had exactly the opposite impression, for these reasons: a) Crooke is

shown entirely on his own - none of his shady pals, Racke, Mellish, Clampe, etc., are so much as mentioned; b) the story is decidedly ugly, in a way that Hamilton never wrote, even of such a character as Ponsonby. Although the boy is not burned to death in the barn, Crooke thinks he has been. Surely, in Hamilton's hands there would have been some gnawing remorse in Crooke's mind, in spite of his fears that the limping man will give him away. But there is not a trace; Crooke's only concern is to get off scot free. This certainly does not, to me, have Hamilton's mark, no matter how rapidly he may have been writing; c) the final touch: when Crooke asks D'Arcy for a subscription and questions whether giving the fiver will leave Gussy stony, the latter waves his hand and says "I am nevah stonay!" This is just not Gussy, in Hamilton's hands, at any stage of the Gem's career as I know it.

MISS M. ALLISON (Leeds): The 'bill of fare' for the CDA sounds very good - you did not mention there being further adventures of Mr. Buddle, but I hope there will be. Slade is one of my favourite schools now!

(Slade is back in this year's Annual. The new adventure is entitled "Mr. Buddle's Old Flame". - ED.)

MRS. M. CADOGAN (Beckenham): The creation of Coosha, the Zulu friend of Pollie Green, certainly seems to have been by accident rather than preconceived design of the author, Mabel St. John (Henry St. John Cooper). In the 1908 GIRLS' FRIEND, Pollie, irritated by Miss Yorke's snobbish adulation of the aristocracy, disguises herself as 'Lady Henrietta Bundlebridge' and brings her supposed grand-daughter, Matilda Flake, to Miss Yorke's school as a potential pupil. Matilda is in fact one of Pollie's English schoolmates, heavily disguised as a negress.

As 'Lady Henrietta', Pollie convinces Miss Yorke, and announces that "Mr. Flake was a Zulu. A very pleasant man. It was quite a love match." Miss Yorke is flabbergasted: she would do almost anything to oblige a member of the ruling classes, but as she eventually stammers out, she has a 'rooted prejudice' against taking 'an Ethiopian' pupil. The situation is slapstick and it seems that this small episode must have been the inspiration for the creation of a true African character, Coosha,

three weeks later. (Did 'Mabel' make up the stories as 'she' went along, I wonder?) Presumably Henry St. John was also influenced by the popularity of Pete in the Jack, Sam and Pete stories of the Marvel and Boys' Friend Libraries. Any character offering slapstick opportunities would be followed up by Mabel St. John!

JOHN TOMLINSON (Burton-on-Trent): I was interested in the appeal from Australia for copies of "Boys' Cinema" for instalments of the movie-serial "The Lost City." I remember the serial well, it being shown in Stone, Staffordshire, at the local cinema in 1921. I revelled in it (why hasn't Danny mentioned it?). I can never remember who took the parts of the hero, Stanley Morton, and his friend Donovan, but Juanita Hansen was the heroine, and Hector Dion was the villain, a slave.

D. J. MARTIN (Southampton): Although it's outside the scope of the "Hobby" I am wondering if you have ever come across the books of Meredith Fletcher, published in the 1900's. Meredith Fletcher was the pseudonym of Molly Fletcher Kitchen, daughter of the one time Dr. Kitchen, and a cousin of my grand-father, the late H. Goldsmith of Whitstable. To my knowledge she wrote three books, all school stories.

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News of the Clubs

CAMBRIDGE

On 14th October, the Guest Speaker was Miss Penny Wallace of the Edgar Wallace Society, who was accompanied by Dr. Peter Smith, a member of the Society.

Miss Wallace gave an absorbing address on her father and his work - and in the discussions which followed, members recalled famous plays by Edgar Wallace: such as "On the Spot", "The Ringer", "The Calendar" and famous characters he had created: "Sanders of the River", "Mr. J. G. Reeder", "The Four Just Men", and "Educated Evans."

Bill Lofts spoke of Edgar Wallace's connection with the "Thriller." He said that since he and Derek Adley had produced the Edgar Wallace Bibliography a very large amount of extra material had been found.

Bill also gave a short footnote on Easter Island as a follow-up to

a recent talk by Deryck Harvey on the World's Mysteries, and Secretary Bill Thurbon read a footnote to Trevor Page's talk in "Sherlock Holmes," arguing that Holmes' College was the "Fisher College" of Dr. Glyn Daniels "Cambridge Murders."

Chairman Danny Posner asked to be relieved of the office owing to pressure of business. His resignation was received will regret, and warm thanks for his services in that office. Harold Forecast was elected to succeed him. Danny was elected Librarian.

Letters were read from the President and Chairman, and Ben Whiter, of the London Club, expressing their pleasure and enjoyment of the past London-Cambridge Meeting.

Next Meeting 11th November. Theme "Westerns," when it is hoped the Club President will speak on the Rio Kid.

The meeting expressed warm thanks to Miss Wallace for visiting the Club and for her most interesting talk.

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NORTHERN

Meeting on Saturday, 13th October, 1973.

Chairman Geoffrey Wilde announced that it was P. G. Wodehouse's birthday on the coming Monday. Mollie told us that she had sent him a greetings card from the Northern Club. It seemed to one of our members that our worthy President's birthdays came round with amazing rapidity - sentiments with which we were sure that PG would agree! But, then, the same was true for all of us!

Mollie then announced that another book by PG was due out this autumn - 'Bachelors Anonymous'. Congratulations, Mr. Wodehouse. May there be more to come!

It was this time Mollie's turn to entertain us in our 'These you have loved' series and there could be only one choice for this occasion. Mollie began by remarking that both PGW and Agatha Christie were adept at the art of short-story writing. Her readings were from the 1905 volume of 'The Captain' - PGW's 'Tales from Wrykyn'.

Following came a quiz by Harry Barlow to test our knowledge of the recent publication of the 'Alonzo the Great' series. It really fell

into your lap if you had just read the series, but you were not too lucky if you hadn't. Ron Hodgson was first with 22, then Ron Rhodes with 21 and Geoffrey Good with 20. Our Minutes Secretary was particularly pleased with himself, for he had never managed to creep into the top three before! Perhaps the fact that Strong Alonzo was currently reposing on his bedside table had something to do with it!

Then a quiz by Jack Allison of the animal/vegetable/mineral type, in which we were divided into two teams. And the result - such as the Magnet must often have recorded - Greyfriars beat St. Jim's 3 - 1.

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LONDON

Tranquil shades of Morcove, Cliff House and Moorview at the Beckenham meeting, 21st October, with Alex and Mary Cadogen as genial hosts and with the assistance of Teresa. Mary in the chair and John Wernham present, a fully representative gathering enjoyed a fine meeting. Also present was Jim Cook from New Zealand.

Bob Blythe introduced a book, "The Durable Desperadoes" and Brian Doyle had a copy of "Play Up and Play The Game," two welcome additions to collectors' bookshelves. John Wernham spoke of his visit to Dorothy and Marjorie Chapman and how he obtained material for the Museum. Sales of the opus have been good and now contributions for volume two re Greyfriars are solicited.

Winifred Morss spoke of increased demand by public libraries for the Howard Baker reprints.

Roger Jenkins read one of his best papers, that about Mark Linley, which will be included in the next C.D. Annual. Great stuff this work. Reuben Godsave's "Pairs" competition was won by Mary Cadogen. A prize presented by Ron Hibbert was her reward.

Jim Cook told of his visit to the Sexton Blake artist, Eric Parker and showed photographs taken on this occasion. Mary Cadogen spoke of her visit to John Wheway, the last Hilda Richards, and then gave an

excellent paper on "My Favourite Tomboys."

Ray Hopkins gave an amusing reading from Gem 731 and Bill Lofts a postscript about his "Readers' Letters to the Editor."

Next meeting at 27 Arcghdale Road, London, S.E.22, on Sunday, 18th November. Kindly inform Josie Packman if intending to be present. Phone 693 2844.

UNCLE BENJAMIN

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SOME MAGNET ARTISTS by O. W. Wadham

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Shields have had a good deal of praise heaped upon them in recent years as first-class artists of the Magnet and the Gem, but I really consider that another artist - or artists - who drew Greyfriars and St. Jim's characters in 1956 comics are also worthy of some mention.

In that year both Greyfriars and St. Jim's were being featured in the Sun, an adventure weekly, issued by the Amalgamated Press, and the 3d. Comet weekly put out by the same firm. The "Famous Five" and, of course, Billy Bunter, had three pages of really well-drawn strip efforts in the Comet - the paper only had sixteen pages - and all the characters looked true to life, except Mr. Quelch. He looked only about thirty-five in those drawings. Looking back on Magnets of the 1910 period he looked much the same.

At that time two pages of the Sun were given over to Tom Merry and the boys of St. Jim's. The cartoon was said to be based on a story by Frank Richards. 1956 is not so long ago, and the artists should still be living and active in the drawing world. Does any reader of Collectors' Digest know who those artists were? The artist who drew Billy Bunter certainly had him looking a more natural figure than Chapman or any other artist of Magnet fame.

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THOSE BAFFLING MYSTERIES SOLVED

No. 2. S. CLARKE HOOK

by W. O. G. Lofts

Before Charles Hamilton became the Kingpin of Amalgamated Press writers, one outhor who undoubtably qualified to sit on the throne was S. Clarke Hook.

His creations of Jack, Sam and Pete, that had appeared in The Marvel, were highly popular with readers. So much so, that when the Boys' Friend Library first appeared in 1906, it was originally intended to call this The Jack, Sam and Pete Library, with 60,000-word stories. Wisdom prevailed in the end, as obviously they soon would have run out of stories - even with reprints of old serials.

S. Clarke Hook was a distinguished looking gentleman with a black beard. The unusual second christian name of Clarke was the maiden name of his grandmother, wife of a Governor of Sierra Leone. He was also related to James Clarke Hook, R.A., famous for his work in the British Museum Galleries, and nephew of the immortal colourful Theodore Hook, founder of John Bull. S. Clarke Hook was born at Highgate, London, and educated at Ewell College. In his early days he travelled round the world many times - and was an expert in Spanish, being chief translater at a glass works head office at St. Helen's, Lancs. He had the distinction of penning the very first story in the Harmsworth boys publications, Dead Man's Gold, in halfpenny Marvel No. 1, in 1893. It was not until Marvel No. 385, entitled The Eagle of Death, or The Great Treasure Trail (23rd March, 1901) that the first Jack, Sam and Pete tale appeared. Jack Owen, a roving Englishman, Oxford undergraduate, six feet, two inches tall, meets Sam Grant, a wiry American hunter and trapper. They in turn meet Pete, a negro from Zanzibar, in the store of a Bolivian mining Camp. All three are penniless at the time, and the amazing highly popular adventures went on from there. In 1919 a series of films were made featuring the trio, but then the characters went downhill suddenly. Many say it was caused by the death of artist J. Abney Cummings in 1919, while others say it was the introduction of a new boy named Algy - but whatever the cause the last original story appeared on the back page of Marvel No. 940, January 1922. S. Clarke Hook then just faded away and no author

or editor saw him after that day, nor was there any record of his death. It was only recently that I discovered he actually died in 1923, at Bournemouth, aged 66, and by all accounts heartbroken that his characters had lost their appeal. The red herring all along on the mystery, being that his first christian name was SYDNEY and not Samuel, as once reported.

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SOME WORDS ON SHERLOCK HOLMES by Stanley Nicholls

At first thought there would seem to be no reason to co-relate Billy Bunter to Sherlock Holmes. Of totally different origins, and featured in dissimilar types of fiction, they are as unlike as any two characters we could name. But they have a common denominator - survival. Bunter in his sixties lives on merrily to our own time. Holmes, even older (he first saw the light in 1887 in "A Study in Scarlet") is still with us, and commands as wide a circle of friends as in his earliest days. The fat boy of Greyfriars and the commanding figure in 221B Baker Street, bid fair to become "evergreens", in the manner of Long John Silver and Mr. Pickwick.

The enduring legend of Sherlock Holmes is the more surprising in that he was not a favourite of his creator. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sent him to a ghastly death over the Reichenbach Falls. He was tired of him, and, preoccupied with themes for historical novels, which seemed so much more the important objective, decided to be rid of Holmes for all time. But the man of Baker Street had a "public". The readers of the "Strand Magazine", which had recorded his adventures, could not accept his end. "Bring him back" they cried; and after a time the author complied.

But these events occurred a long time ago. Why does Holmes live anew in fresh editions, year after year, with hosts of admirers in each generation? Within this time many fine detective stories have been written by other authors. They offer well limned central figures and cunningly woven plots. The best of them are superior to Doyle's saga in some respects. They have more humour, more realism. But it is in what some people call the artificiality in the stories of Sherlock Holmes that their strength lies. No-one in this utilitarian age would

say: "Watson, the game's afoot", nor "There's an East wind coming such as never blew on England yet." No landlady today would allow her lodger to decorate her walls with revolver shots. But in Holmes' eccentricities, in the period framework of the Stories, and the theatrical colour of events and characters lies the magic which sets these tales apart.

Many Societies have been formed to celebrate the deeds of their fictional hero. The two largest are The Baker Street Irregulars of America, formed in the nineteen forties, with such celebrated members as Alexander Woolcott and Ellery Queen; and the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. These enthusiasts play a diverting game of "spoof". All members agree that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were real people, and not, as the mistaken public believe, characters in fiction. Conan Doyle was a mere literary agent, who "placed" Dr. Watson's memoirs. To the detective and the doctor are ascribed dates of birth, antecedents, schools, clubs, personal relationships. All of these "facts", though not stated in the stories, at least agree with what is stated. It is all great fun, and no-one enjoyed it more than Miss Dorothy Sayers, of beloved memory.

A great body of writing on Holmes and his friend has come into being. Besides the essays of the Baker Street Irregulars, gathered into two books, "Profile by Gaslight" and "221B" we have Baring Gould's "Sherlock Holmes : A Biography of the World's First Consulting Detective"; "Sherlock Holmes. Ten Studies" by Trevor Hall, and at least two fine works by Michael Harrison. These are but a few of the titles in the vast bibliography. It has been said that more has been written of Sherlock Holmes than of any other character in fiction.

And what of the creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? To him we owe it all; the hours of pleasurable reading; the lively discussions; the eagerness to greet any new presentation on television or film.

May I here record my own indebtedness to him who gave so much; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes.

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COMING IN DECEMBER: OUR OWN ANNUAL FOR 1973

Have you ordered your copy yet?

REMEMBERING 'THE EAGLE' by Guy N. Smith

I remember well the day that the first issue of the Eagle was published in 1950. At that time I was at a preparatory school, situated in a Cathedral Close, and the only paper which we were allowed to read at that time was the Champion. Even this was something of a concession, and was more overlooked than officially permitted. However, the fact that this new boys' paper had as its editor a man of the church, placed it on a par with, if not above, the Champion, in the eyes of the school authorities.

About a dozen copies of the prized No. 1 of the Eagle found their way into the classrooms, studies, and dormitories on that first Friday, a day which was unanimously acknowledged as "Eagle Day" for as long as I was a pupil at that particular school. They were passed round, read from cover to cover, and finally deposited in the waste-paper baskets when their contents had been digested. How I wished that I had retrieved those discarded copies when I look back to those days, some 23 years ago.

The Eagle, it seems, according to my "Purchases and Sales" book, became very much in demand again, only a matter of months ago. My first hint of this was when I rented a stall at a Comic Convention in London, and took along a pile of Volumes 11 and 12. I priced these at 10p each, and within ten minutes of the opening of the Convention, not one copy was left. The majority had, in fact, been bought by another dealer who then offered them at 20p each . . . and sold them!

Having learnt my lesson, I then began accumulating Eagles in quantity. This proved to be a very difficult task, indeed, although I did have a couple of lucky breaks, and purchased a few hundred for £10. I now began making up complete volumes for my own personal collection, which included buying a complete Volume One for £20. I then had the first three years bound separately at a total cost of £12. To cover my costs, if I ever wanted to sell my Eagles, I should have to charge at least £25 per bound volume. Of course, their value will increase, so I would judge them to be a very sound investment, indeed.

Now, let us consider the reason for the sudden return to popularity of The Eagle. Although its sales had dropped towards the end of its era, it was possibly the finest example of artwork, in strip-carroons, since the war. I have letters every week from collectors in

all parts of the country, mostly requiring the work of Frank Bellamy. This fine artist has a unique style as is shown in his serials "The Shepherd King" and "The Happy Warrior." It is a great pity that he now has to restrict his talents to the black and white strips of "Garth" in the 'Daily Mirror.' There is no doubt, whatsoever, that Bellamy is responsible for much of the Eagle's popularity today.

Dan Dare, that veteran of space travel, who occupied the first two pages for so many years, is a very close second. Frank Hampson, the original D.D. artist, has thrilled many boys with his drawings of the green-skinned Treens, inhabitants of Venus, ruled over by the Mekon, that evil genius with a head so large that his body would never have been able to support its weight.

However, I have my own particular favourites which are the reason for my renewed interest in re-buying those issues which I once owned as a schoolboy. P.C. 49 had thrilled me for years on the radio, before 1950 saw the birth of the Eagle. I was overjoyed to find my hero depicted in picture-strip form, together with Charles Chilton's 'Riders of the Range.' I found many new friends, though. I am not a lover of humourous strips, but Harris Tweed, the extra special agent, seemed, somehow, to combine suspense with the ridiculous. Sergeant 'Tough Luck' of the Foreign Legion, revived my memories of 'Beau geste,' and the romantic desert life which was once so popular in fiction.

The Eagle was not all cartoon strips, though. It was educational in many ways. The centre pages contained a sectional drawing, in detail, of either cars, aeroplanes, ships, submarines, etc., and many boys of my own generation purchased it for this alone. There were written stories, also, including many school stories, possibly the last ones to be serialised in boys' papers in this country.

This, then, was the Eagle, some sixteen years of fine picture-strips, stories, and educational material, which 'died' as a result of its own high standard. It just was not 'with it.' I am grateful that I have managed to find again all those copies which once delighted me so.

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