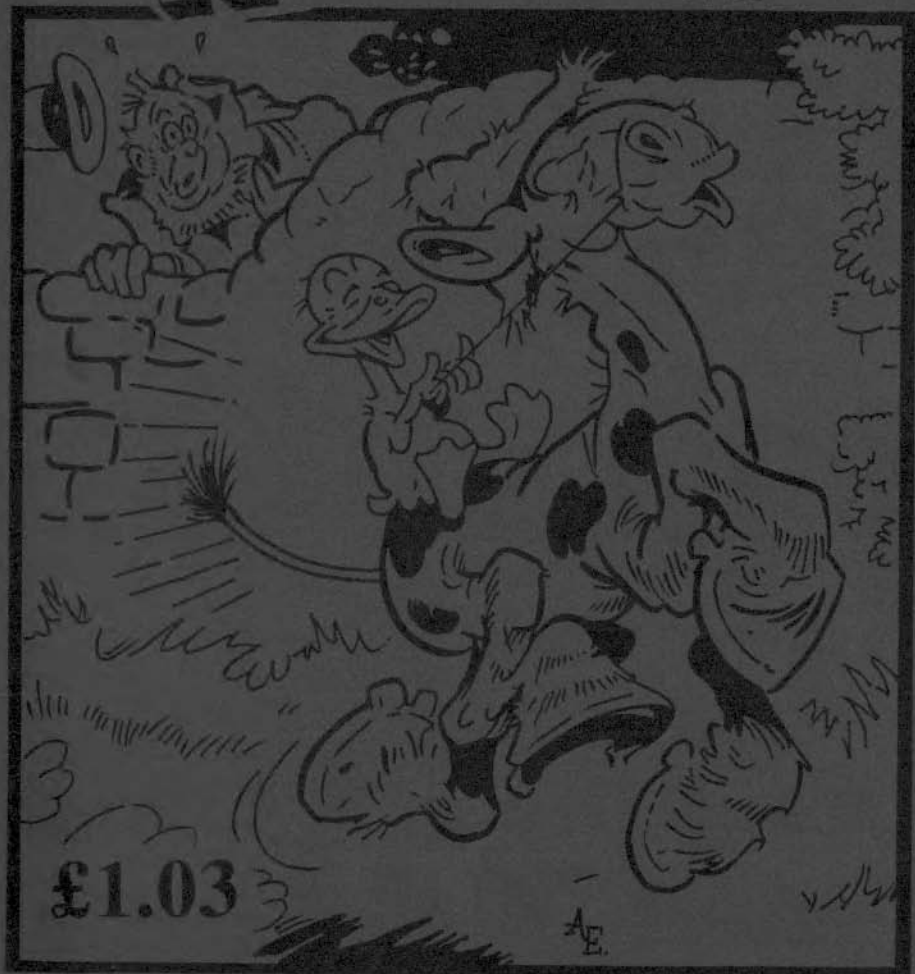


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COLLECTORS' DIGEST

VOL. 48 No. 566

FEBRUARY 1994

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Editor: MARY CADOGAN

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



MY THANKS FOR YOUR LETTERS

I think that the C.D. must enjoy far more participation from readers than most magazines. It is a extremely pleasing part of my editorial duties to receive so many letters giving your views and comments and I really regret that it is not possible for me to send individual replies to everyone. Our new FORUM

feature seems to have been received favourably, and I look forward to a steady stream of contributions for this on hobby and allied subjects.

This year's crop of letters about our Annual has been particularly large and gratifying. Many of you have written to say that our 1993 offering was the best-ever Annual, and this, in view of the high standard of past issues, is praise indeed. Several of you have sent detailed appreciations of various items and suggested which pieces are your favourites. This information is taken carefully into account and is helpful to me when preparing future issues of the Annual. In passing, I should mention that the inclusion of previously unpublished or uncollected stories by Frank Richards and Richmal Crompton has been much welcomed by many of you.

AN APPRECIATION

Towards the end of 1993 I received news of the passing of Bill Thurbon who was for so many years a great stalwart of the hobby. A member of the Cambridge Club from its earliest days, he contributed frequently to the C.D. and the Annual, as well as giving talks on a variety of subjects at Club meetings. His contributions were always meticulously researched and full of interest. I much appreciated his helpful enthusiasm and frequently contacted him for information during the course of my literary researches. He unfailingly gave far more help than one might have expected, and was always a joy to talk with - about books, popular culture and social history. He will be deeply missed.

APOLOGIES

A gremlin interfered with the editorial process on page 4 of last month's C.D. and many of you must have wondered about the identity of the author of THE TERROR THAT WALKS BY NIGHT. This article was in fact written by Una Hamilton Wright, and I apologise to her and to readers for the error in the byline. (I would also like to apologise for the lateness of this February issue of the C.D. due in part to my making a short visit to the snowy mountains of Switzerland.)

CONTRIBUTIONS REQUESTED

Happily I am never short of items to fill the C.D. twice over every month. There is, however, sometimes difficulty in preparing a well-balanced issue as Nelson Lee/Brooks contributions and those suitable for Blakiana are often in short supply. And please remember too the many other areas of interest relating to our favourite papers and books. May I make another plea to contributors to remember to send typewritten articles or, if this is not possible, to write extremely clearly, especially when giving names of characters, places, etc. Also, whether you send typed or handwritten articles, **please** remember to use wide margins at both edges of each page, and double-spacing between the lines.

Happy reading!

MARY CADOGAN

(Editor's Note: Part 8 of *Brands from the Burning*, featuring Herbert Vernon-Smith, will appear in our March issue.)



By
ROGER M. JENKINS

No. 245 - Schoolboys' Own Library No. 166 - "The Fourth-Form Rebels"

Charles Hamilton once remarked that he sometimes tried out new themes first at Rookwood, on the basis of trying it out on the dog. This may seem to disparage Rookwood, but it must be remembered that stories of that school occupied no more than a quarter of the weekly Boys' Friend as a rule, whereas the school stories in the Magnet and Gem constituted the principal attraction in those papers. If a Rookwood story was a flop, no great harm was done, but that would not be the case with Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

Rookwood was also unique in having a Headmaster who lacked the customary detachment, serenity, and insight of Dr. Locke and Dr. Holmes. On the contrary, to quote, "Opposition, as a rule, made Dr. Chisholm more resolved. There was a strain of uncommon obstinacy in him." This provided the catalyst that precipitated the strike of masters and the strike of prefects at Rookwood, themes that were never repeated elsewhere, but the dismissal of Mr. Dalton may perhaps bring to mind the later dismissal of Mr. Quelch in the High Oaks series, though Mr. Dalton's dismissal came about because he refused to obey the Head's unjust order to cane the whole form. The Fourth Form began a campaign 'We Want Dicky' and when a new tyrant master, Mr. Carker, arrived, matters soon came to a crisis and a barring-out began.

Jimmy Silver decided that, if they were not to be starved out, the rebellion must be on an island in the river, and it was this series that laid the foundation for the Poppers Island Rebellion in the Magnet. The juniors defied the Head's order to return, they successfully repelled the prefects, and finally Mr. Carker led an invasion of local toughs, as a result of which he was dismissed, whereupon Mr. Carker told Dr. Chisholm, "You are a high-handed and unreasonable old fool, sir!" Mr. Carker was not a pleasant character, but his words had a ring of truth in them. Although the Head would not yield to blackmail from the juniors, once Mr. Dalton had persuaded them to return to school, Dr. Chisholm felt free to offer to re-instate him.

Each Rookwood episode was necessarily so short that there was really no space for elaborate developments of situations, but the later Greyfriars versions put more flesh on the bones of these Rookwood skeleton plots. For example, when Mornington was expelled and came back as a new boy, Sandy Smacke, the Wibley/Popper series in the Magnet provided a much richer account, and

when visitors invited for a cruise on Captain Muffin's yacht found they were paying guests, the Easter Cruise series in the Magnet was both fuller and funnier. Readers of the Rookwood stories may find it interesting to see how many more repeated themes they can trace. Trying it on the dog was not so bad a maxim, after all.



GOOD THINGS IN A SMALL PACKET

by Tony Glynn

I cannot look at the Old Series of the "Nelson Lee Library" without feeling that, in the early 1920s, it was pretty much a Cinderella publication.

There is the small format, for one thing. The magazine measured a mere seven-and-a-quarter by five-and-a-quarter inches and it was a midget indeed when compared with the "Magnet" and the "Gem". There was the use of tiny type which was not so bad for youthful eyes, but the Amalgamated Press can hardly have been thinking of ageing collectors when its compositors put the dinky "NLL" together. Some of the back-of-the-book series of detective and adventure serials were obviously re-runs from an earlier age. One was "Tom Tartar at School" by Harcourt Burrage, an author who flourished in the late 19th Century, and its Victorian overtones are very noticeable today. It was billed as "The World's Most Famous School Story", a rather steep claim when the yarn is measured against "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's".

There were also re-runs of tales featuring Lee and Nipper in pre-St. Frank's days, as well as Sexton Blake stories and tales of Gordon Fox, Detective, which have a somewhat creaky and ancient look about them.

But, what matter? It is the work of Edwy Searles Brooks which concerns us and, in the 1920s, when only in his thirties, his fertile imagination hit its stride and this fact is fully reflected in the small format series. Only in 1924, however, was the name of the author revealed. Previously, the St. Frank's yarns were simply "related throughout by Nipper". In his anonymous state, however, Brooks produced some of the work in which the adventure element far outweighed the school story element, including one of the best remembered series of all wherein the world-wandering St. Frank's boys became embroiled in the intrigues of rival kings in the lost Olde Englyshe world flourishing in Antarctica (1922).

It is in the small format "NLL" that we see the mantles of H. Rider Haggard and Jules Verne fall upon the shoulders of ESB. Its pages contain wonderful tales of tumbling action in faraway places in which the ever enthusiastic Lord Dorrimore played fairy godfather, providing such advanced means of transport as the "Sussex Queen", a giant airship, and the breathtaking aircraft the "Golden Rover". These stories must have been spectacular indeed to boys of the early 1920s. Their spirit was, of course, in tune with the times. The Great War was over, exciting vistas of peace were opening up and who knew what wonders

awaited the youth of the world? After all, wireless was the coming thing and Alcock and Brown had flown the Atlantic in 1919.

In the midget NLL of that same year, I believe we find another echo of the spirit of the times.

It is in the curious Col. Clinton series. In this, a martinet of an old soldier, Col. Howard Clinton, becomes housemaster of the Ancient House at St. Frank's, the regular housemaster, Mr. Stockdale, being laid up with a severe illness.

Clinton has earned the DSO in the Great War and there is no doubt as to his bravery. He is, however, "an autocrat and off his chump", to quote but one voice from the Ancient House junior ranks.

The former officer is unbalanced on the subject of military discipline, believing it is just the stuff to give the boys in his care. In no time at all, they are subjected to an inhuman regime of drill and rigid rules and regulations. In the opening weeks of 1919, we find Clinton taking the boys on a cruel route march through a landscape of snow and ice, conditions which would tax the resources of hardened soldiers.

This story, "The Freak of St. Frank's", is sub-titled "or Too Much Militarism" and therein, I think, we see a sign of the times. For the fathers and brothers of many of the boys then reading the NLL must surely be returning home from four years of war utterly fed up with militarism.

For the First World War had turned out to be a horrifying experience, contrasting chillingly with the heady expectations of quick and easy victory of summer 1914. The long drawn-out reality brought thousands of dead and an endless stream of physically and mentally broken men returning home. It brought near starvation to many on the home front as well as conscription and it ended with Spanish influenza scything through the population of the world. This very year of 1919 would bring mutinies in the army, particularly among Canadians in camps in Britain, frustrated by the slowness in arranging their passages home.

Perhaps, therefore, it is understandable that something like the Clinton saga should emerge even from the stable of Lord Northcliffe who had been the standard-bearer of popular patriotism, as well as founder of the Anti-German League, during the war.

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No. 545.

OUT ON WEDNESDAY.

November 14, 1925.

No need to look for reflections of British domestic history in another famous series of the small format NLL, that featuring the creepy Ezra Quirke. In this set of 1925 yarns, ESB was out for thrills and chills as Ezra Quirke came upon the St. Frank's Scene, trailing apparent occult goings-on in his wake. This was something Edwy could do with a deft touch.

Stay in 1925 if you wish to sample something else Edwy could accomplish with great skill: the Christmas series, usually with yet more occult goings-on at its heart.


The beginning of the Christmas series of 1925, "The Uninvited Guests", set the scene magnificently. I like it particularly because it brings a St. Frank's party close to Buxton, Derbyshire, territory I know well. I happen to know it only too well in the conditions Edwy describes, that is in the grip of heavy snow.

Journeying to Dorrimore Castle for the festive season, the party is stranded because a blizzard has choked the railway line. Archie Glenthorne's manservant, the doughty Phipps, emerges as a hero and, bearing a lantern, leads the St. Frank's boys and their girl chums from Moor View School through the white wilderness in search of the castle. A shock awaits them on arrival, however, and there are more shocks to come.

For this is merely a curtain-raiser to the chief Christmas story, "The Ghosts of Dorrimore Castle", which arrived the following week and Edwy invested it with powerful wintry atmosphere.


The small format NLL of the Old Series was a Cinderella publication only on the surface. In reality, it is a treasure house of some of Edwy's most vigorous and entertaining writing.

Now that the dark nights are with us, I am delving into my small collection of Old Series numbers, enjoying again this string of little gems which so fully prove that good things can indeed come in small packets.



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THE MASTER SLEUTH OF 221B BAKER STREET by Reg Hardinge

During 1993, in the space of three weeks, I was fortunate enough to see at the Wimbledon Theatre two different productions based on the celebrated detective, Sherlock Holmes, and other characters created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The first play "Sherlock Holmes and the Crucifer of Blood", written by Paul Giovanni, was set in the last century. It started in the Barrack Room of a British Regiment stationed at the Agra Fort in India, and then moved to 221B Baker Street, London. The enthralling story of murder, stolen treasure, avarice and betrayal led to mysterious Limehouse, a spooky, stately home in Berkshire, and by river craft to the fog and murk of the Thames for the final denouement.

A somewhat youngish Holmes was played quite convincingly by Mark Greenstreet of 'Trainer' fame, with Michael Percival as Dr. John Watson, M.D. The role of Inspector Lestrade was filled by Michael Cashman who played Colin in 'Eastenders'. Susan Penhaligon as Irene St. Clare provided the female interest.

In a different key was the second offering, 'Sherlock Holmes, the Musical', based on Leslie Bricusse's book, Music and Lyrics, whose alternative title might have been 'The Singing Detective'. The plot dealt with the attempt by Bella, the late Professor Moriarty's elder daughter, to wreak vengeance upon Holmes for the demise of her beloved Father. In this she was assisted by her Mother, the widowed Mrs. Moriarty. As a matter of fact, the play opened with the last encounter between Holmes and his arch enemy Moriarty at the Reichenbach falls with both men plummeting to almost certain destruction, as Watson related at the end of 'The Final Problem'. However, Holmes survived while Moriarty perished.

Complications arose when Bella met Holmes and they were mutually attracted. Robert Powell as Holmes and Louise English as the voluptuous Bella sang two romantic

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duets, 'Men Like You' and 'The Best of You'. Roy Barraclough made an excellent Dr. Watson, while Susan Hay, a somewhat younger version of Mrs. Hudson than one usually visualises, went about her household duties armed with a feather duster and declaring in song, 'A Lousy Life', her fancy for the worthy doctor. Inspector Lestrade (James Head) joined in singing 'Look Around You' with Holmes and Watson to describe their powers of deduction. The play ended with Bella eluding arrest and disappearing, her mission to kill Holmes unaccomplished.

REDISCOVERED TREASURES

By Laurence Price

I wonder if we all get that same childlike rush of excitement when we are able to reclaim parts of our lost childhood through the rediscovery of an old annual or long lost children's book?

As a small boy I did not live in a bookish house and I recall that my parents book collection consisted of a 1955 Guinness Book of Records, a book of pulp-type detective stories, with a skull on the spine, a quite dreadful and unreadable novel in some obscure country dialect, and a fairly interesting book of a hundred years of history in photographs.

What few children's books I did receive I therefore devoured and read and re-read, cover to cover, dozens of times. In 1966 we moved house and whatever remained of these books were disposed of, along with toy cars, clockwork trains, soldiers and Cowboys and Indians. One 'serious' book, however, did survive the move. Ward Lock's Junior Pictorial Encyclopaedia of 1959, price 17/6d (87½p). Even now it is not totally obsolete as many of its historical facts have remained unchanged. The delightful colour frontispiece shows space travel of the future in typical optimistic fifties style, with Dan Dare suited spacemen, bright red rocket ships and fanciful space stations in lunar landscapes.

In the mid-seventies a friend and I discovered the Frank Richards Bunter novelisations and from this began an interest in juvenilia. By the early eighties I had two children and a friend of the family passed us on some early seventies Rupert annuals.

Those stories were all right and still pure Bestall, but none of them seemed to compare to the ones I had read nearly thirty years before, about a flying horse and a bird king, or the one about a shipwreck, some bitter fruit and cannibals. I began collecting Rupert annuals in earnest and it was not too long before I once more owned the 1952 "More Rupert Adventures" and renewed acquaintance with 'Rupert and the Mare's Nest' and the 1953 "More Adventures of Rupert" with the still thrilling 'Rupert, Algy and the Cannibals'. There were, of course, other classic stories I had forgotten such as 'Rupert in Mysteryland' with the frightening wild dog and the delightful conjurer's daughter. I learnt once more to make the Origami paper snapper, handy for catching dangerous, stinging green buzzers! Priceless slices of childhood rediscovered and revelled in once more.

But there were other annuals and books I remembered with fondness - could they be found too? The best way, I have since discovered, is not to search too hard, for it is only when one is not doing so that then, when least expecting it, one happens on these treasures.

So it was that, about five years ago, I was helping at a Scout book sale in my town, Weston-Super-Mare. There, passed over by many others in the children's section, but clearly meant for me, was the *Daily Mail Boys Annual* of 1959, in mint condition, with its crisp blue cover with a helicopter flying over painted, patchwork fields of green and brown. And all for 20p!

Memories came flooding back. Colour plates on subjects as diverse as dinosaurs and pirates, serious historical strips on Richard Trevithick, builder of the first railway engine and the adventures of Captain Maryatt; sensible articles on the "Night Mail" with a good period woodcut showing a speeding, steaming night train, the various postal sorting activities, all overseen by a crescent moon. There was "Jazz for You", which described rock 'n' roll and skiffle as 'just about on their last legs', another almost obligatory article on stamp collecting and odd inventions such as Monsieur du Bourg's lightning conductor umbrella of 1786 and the thoroughly Teutonic rain water collecting pith helmet, complete with cistern and tap.

For me the most memorable true story was that of Lieutenant Peate of H.M. Customs and his enemy, the smuggler, George Ransley of Aldington, Kent, in the aptly titled "The Last of the Aldington Gang". One night in about 1825, Peate was ambushed by Ransley and his gang and shot twenty five times and left for dead. Peate miraculously survived, later to become a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy and to retire on a well-deserved pension.

Ransley was eventually apprehended and transported to Australia. He was spared the death penalty because Mr. Justice Park had recognised 'that if persons in the highest stations of life had refused to have purchased your smuggled goods then this evil would not be'.

There were also several typical schoolboy stories of derring-do and courage, thrills and personal heroism, something sadly lacking in these times. The fiction story probably of most interest was called "Horace Takes a Hand", a short Biggles story by Captain W.E. Johns, illustrated by Eric Parker.



HORACE *Takes a Hand*

A 'Biggles' Story by

CAPTAIN W. E. JOHNS

Illustrated by Eric Parker

The story features Air Detective Bigglesworth of the Air Police of Scotland Yard, assisted by Ginger and Algy, and the aforementioned Horace Wilberton, a perhaps rather too clever fifteen year old schoolboy.

This young lad has witnessed suspicious aerial goings on in the vicinity of his home on Dartmoor and has taken it upon himself to travel by train to Scotland Yard and inform Biggles 'of certain information which will, I think, be of interest to you'. There are apparent forced landings taking place, which young Horace has observed on more than one occasion, in fact on the eighteenth and twenty fourth of August, as noted in his diary, after which a mysterious parcel is taken by the pilot into the woods and left there.

To every question that Biggles asks, young Horace can give the perfect answer. The machine? A silver blue Auster, registration letters G-AOSL. The conditions? Unbroken cloud at about a thousand feet, although Horace says he is not an expert in such matters. There is more in a similar ilk and Biggles perceives that Horace is an observant fellow, and without further ado takes a Proctor, with Ginger and Horace, to Dartmoor in the next two hours.

The parcels in the woods are discovered and contain a mackintosh, blanket, a suit of clothes, an old suitcase and foodstuffs and ... an automatic pistol. All this and Dartmoor prison is only ten miles away. Biggles soon surmises this is part of an escape route for fleeing criminals and rather brusquely dispatches the young hero, Horace, home.

The site is watched and a month later the villains are apprehended, although the story does rather lack the necessary suspense at this point. Horace is rewarded with a letter of thanks from the Chief Commissioner of Police. Stiff upper lip in place, Horace states that he was more pleased to have been lucky enough to make his first flight with Biggles!

My next find took place whilst I was on holiday in Swanage in August 1992. This



time the book was called "All About Aeroplanes", circa 1956, and originally given to me by an uncle in that year when he had flown to Germany. He had flown in a prop powered Vickers Viscount, in the distinctive white, red and silver livery of British European Airways and it was this very aeroplane that was on the cover of the book. It was primarily a picture book but I loved it and took it everywhere. I have a photograph of my sister and myself from September 1956 at Tintern Abbey. I am holding a monkey (probably the photographer's) and proudly clutching that copy of "All About Aeroplanes".

But to return to Swanage in 1992. There, hidden almost apologetically in the bottom row of the children's section in a second hand bookshop, as new and as clean as the first day it was printed, was this favourite and long lost childhood book, and all for the princely sum of one pound.

Trembling a little, I opened the laminated covers and looked once more at the lovely, evocative pictures within. An archetypal fifties family having 'teatime over Cairo', the silver and sandwiches all neatly in place. Further beautiful but improbable paintings by Galbraith O'Leary, of prop powered airliners and early jets, which with adult eyes I could see were all flying far too close to each other in formation, or even across each others' paths! But this only added to the charm of the book; in no way was I disappointed. Comets, Vulcans, great flying boats, a flying wing, the bizarre American Convair vertical take off naval fighter, with tails down on tea trolley like castors. The pilot took off nose up, then inverted the plane ninety degrees to fly it in a straight line. No-one seemed to have worked out how to get it safely down again! And finally, two unintentionally hilarious pictures of a Constellation airliner, one flying below the domes of the Taj Mahal, the other low over the Grand Canyon, while a Jeff Arnold type cowboy stands by his remarkably placid horse, both at the edge of a precarious precipice, and both apparently oblivious to this huge aeroplane just over their heads.

My latest find was found at possibly the best place of all, the Spring 1993 meeting of the West Region OBBC, and courtesy of long-standing member, E.B.G. McPherson, who happened to have a very good copy of Eagle Annual No. 6 for sale. These annuals are probably very familiar to CD readers so I do not intend to describe it much, other than to say I loved this annual as a boy, because of Dan Dare, Riders of the Ranger, Luck of the Legion, Harris Tweed, Professor Meek and Professor Mild, beautifully drawn by Ionicus and, because I loved cars, and still do, the articles on Mike Hawthorn and "The Car Grows Up". The Ionicus strip featured the Autojetquaplane, a boatlike, flying all purpose car, which came into its own at Coker's Circus. I suppose there was bound to be trouble with a circus owner of that name!

A part of the pleasure of reading these old annuals and books again is, of course, recollecting what one was doing at the time. It might be memories of a particularly happy Christmas, a golden summer afternoon, or even a very wet one! Moments of childhood solitude, but never lonely, as an adventure was shared with Rupert, Dan Dare or Sergeant Luck. A familiar book truly can be a friend throughout life and one that is true and unchanging.

One or two challenges still remain. There was a Toby Twirl annual, where the main story was set in India, with some scenes amongst rhododendron bushes which I'd love to read again and, more obscurely, a soft cover book about a golliwog who ran away from home but was scared of his own shadow. I hope I 'happen' to find them one day.

(Editor's Note: Ruth Ainsworth wrote a series of books about a lively little golliwog called Ruffy Tufty. Possibly she wrote the story mentioned above.)

BEN

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Boys' Realm of Sport & Adventure, 1908. 48 disbound copies at £2.00 per copy. All VG considering age.

Women's Magazines, Peg's Paper, 1920-30s, 17 copies at 75p each.

Peg's Companion, 1920-30s, 9 copies at 75p each.

Postage extra on all items.

83 issues of Collectors Digest, from number 462 to 564. 50p each.

57 issues of the Book and Magazine Collector, number 42 to 115. 50p each.

66 Digest size Magazines of Horror, 'If', startling Mystery stories, etc. etc. 1960s-70s. 30p each.

Lots of pre-war Hotspurs for exchange for ones I haven't got.

Send large s.a.e. for big list of out of print paperbacks, approx. 300, all at 50p each.

FOR SALE: Comics from 1972

Target	1 copy at 20p
Hornet	4 copies at 50p each
Chips	1 copy at 20p
Lion	1 copy at 50p
Scorcher	15 copies at 50p each
Cor	6 copies at 40p each
2000 AD	16 copies at 75p each
Victor	3 copies at 50p each
Whizzer	5 copies at 50p each

Tiger	5 copies at 50p each
Buster	5 copies at 50p each
Valiant	1 copy at 50p
Lion	4 copies at 50p each
Hotspur	11 copies at 75p each
Topper	4 copies at £1.00 each
Knockout	17 copies at 50p each
Rover	38 copies at 75p each

All the above comics have been stored since 1972 and are therefore in near fine condition. Postage extra.

and a facsimile of one of the earlier classic annuals. 1993 was no exception and both bumper books are prime examples of their kind.

Alfred Bestall was a very hard act to follow but with the passing of each year I personally find that the work of John Harrold gets better and better. His daily frames have all of the vitality and tradition found in the work of his predecessor yet in no way appear as slavish copies. He offers his own perspective on Nutwood and his detail filled panels cannot fail to please young 'followers'. In the Annual five of his Rupert adventures are reprinted and, true to the Annuals' long tradition, they portray Rupert in a variety of exploits - everything from magic to mermaids, with a treasure hunt for good measure. All the chums share the adventures, including a Harrold original in the personage of Ottoline. The usual features, including paper folding and puzzle pages, are included in the volume which is nicely finished off with specially painted end-papers. At £4.99 the Annual cannot fail to please.



For the dedicated Rupert enthusiast Pedigree have also published a facsimile edition of the 1941 Rupert Book. This is a lovely volume containing seven Rupert adventures all drawn by Alfred Bestall and all printed in full colour. Originals of the early Rupert annuals are now very sought after and these facsimile editions offer Rupert enthusiasts a chance to own pristine copies at a fraction of the price they would have to pay for an original. As with the previous facsimiles great care has been taken to ensure that the volume looks and feels just like an original. To keep the book clean it is issued in a slip-case. I have no desire to pay a fortune for a knocked about original copy when I can have a pristine copy of this facsimile on my bookshelf for £17.95.

FORUM

For the Exchange of Readers' Views

Charles Hamilton and Yorkshire

Did C.H. dislike the blunt, outspoken Yorkists? I always found his two best-known Yorkshiremen a bit of a pain. Johnny Bull's dour, dogged thought processes, usually followed by solemn censures on others' behaviour or Cassandra-like "I told you so's" were particularly trying. Likewise, Jack Blake's 'putting down' of Gussy at every opportunity is typical of the Northerner who continually denigrates the 'effete' Southerner to preserve the illusion that they are tougher, harder-headed, more sensible, brighter, etc. in Yorkshire. Certainly, many of his 'jokes' on Gussy were unkind, to say the least. Blake wasn't very good at taking jokes against himself, either. A bit of a 'big head' in my opinion. It was just as well that Tom Merry took over the leadership at St. Jim's. What do others think?

PETER MAHONY

Charles Hamilton v Yorkshire

Peter Mahony's comments re. Johnny Bull and Jack Blake prompted a healthy 35 minutes' discussion at Northern Club. Firstly, it was established that all those attending were Yorkshire born and bred: a little unusual in that often we have members attending from "over the borders" in neighbouring counties.

It was suggested that perhaps Charles Hamilton was biased against Yorkshire, using the supposed characteristics of the Yorkist to depict Johnny Bull to the full. Saying that, he used all the supposed characteristics of boys and masters at his schools to the full. Fisher T. Fish is anything but like an American in real life: Hurree Singh with his amusing expressions speaks nothing like a person from the east. The French master is depicted as being excitable and eccentric. Lord Mauleverer comes over as lazy and relaxed which in real life he undoubtedly would not be. So, we established that all the so-called characteristics of a certain class of people, or those from a certain location, were very much exaggerated because without that larger than life depiction there would be no story. All the Famous Five are larger than life: the maturity for their age and their usual impeccable high standard of behaviour are unbelievable in a gang of boys of their short experience of life.

Johnny Bull, like the majority of characters in the stories, was shown as a Music Hall joke - like the supposedly dour and tight-fisted Scotsman. Our members know Scots and find them the most charming and generous people around. People say that those living in the north of England are generous and friendly - our experience of people in the south of England is that they are exactly the same. People are as you find them and although we know Charles Hamilton based some of the characters on people he knew, they were expounded to the full - Bunter may have been a caricature of someone C.H. met, but he was exactly that - a caricature. In real life, Bunter would not have been tolerated at a school such as Greyfriars, like Coker and some other slackers. In real life Johnny Bull, coming from an influential family not short of money, would undoubtedly have attended prep. school and had a quite refined upbringing, so his attitudes were a little exaggerated.

Members did not feel that C.H. had any animosity towards Yorkshire - they perhaps felt it an honour that he should include two of his main characters from our county! Indeed, he was the very first president of our Northern O.B.B.C. We all agreed that we were not offended by C.H.'s depiction of Yorkshire through Jack Blake and Johnny Bull - and we feel that Yorkshire is still the best county to live in because "we told you so"!

DARRELL SWIFT - definitely Yorkshire born and bred!

The RAF Career of Capt. W.E. Johns

by Martin Waters

I was very interested in Dennis Bird's review of Biggles!, the biography of Captain W.E. Johns. It is certainly curious that Johns never held a rank higher than that of Flying Officer, but I very much doubt if he was a 'duffer'.

A commission in the tiny post-war RAF was a very highly prized possession indeed. Hugh Trenchard chose his men very carefully indeed, he preferred 'new blood' rather than war weary veterans of the Great War. A number of wartime officers who later held very high rank have recorded in their memoirs that they were most pleasantly surprised when they were offered permanent commissions. Both Arthur Harris and Peter Portal had planned to return to civil life in 1919, but when offered peacetime commissions they realised that this indeed was a prize worth having.

Promotion in the armed forces of most countries was a slow business during the inter-war years. Erwin Rommel had attained the rank of Captain by the end of the Great War. Despite an outstanding war record, and the publication of a textbook on infantry tactics which gained him a reputation as a military writer throughout Europe, he remained a

Captain for 14 years! He did not become a Major until the 1930s, and, although he commanded Hitler's military bodyguard during the later 1930s, he was still a colonel in 1939.

During my own service with the Territorial Army from 1964 onwards, I often encountered officers who had not been promoted for many, many years. My own battalion included a lieutenant with 14 years' service. When he was referred to as 'the old lieutenant' he became very annoyed indeed!

Morcover in India

by Gary Panczyszyn

You wrote in your article *Christmas in India* that you didn't recall Morcover going on holiday in India. They did, however, in the *Schoolgirls' Own* for July/August 1933 (what a year that was!) on an expedition to the Temple of the Moon, and up against the young Rajah of Clodopore.

LEST WE FORGET: THE MAGNET AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT WAR

by Vic Pratt

In the past I have been deterred from reading the early Magnets owing to a seemingly prevailing opinion that they are simply not as good as the later ones. I had been led to believe that they were stiffly written and lacking in humour. However, following further investigation, I have been pleased to discover that they are in fact an untapped goldmine of great stories. They are no less reflective of Frank Richards' genius than his later works, although stylistically they are very different.

The underrated Magnets of World War One make fascinating reading. It is illuminating to observe the development of the Frank Richards style, at this point still in its embryonic stages. Many readers prefer the polished subtlety of the later Magnets; certainly these wartime stories often exhibit a somewhat excessive sentimentality and narrative improbability. However, the plot absurdities in the early Magnets make a refreshing change from the entertaining but formulaic rhetoricisms of the later stories. Richards became more skilled and confident as a writer, certainly; but this was as a result of narrowing his narrative parameters and at the expense of experimentation. There is a wide variety of unusual ideas interestingly executed in these early issues that would appear jarring and out of place in the later Magnet.

A good example of a story that the more mature Richards would never have tackled can be found in Magnet 305 (1913). In a story entitled 'The Four Heroes', Dr. Locke receives a letter ostensibly from a "colonial gentleman" who has been saved from injury by an unknown member of the Remove. Should this brave boy be identified, states the letter, he will receive a reward. Apparently this rescuer can be identified by a wound on the forearm attained in the course of the good deed.

It is here that Richards' plot takes an absurd, almost surreal turn. No less than four members of the Remove are prepared to commit acts of self-

mutilation in order to falsely "bag" the reward. More absurd still is the revelation that the "colonial gentleman" does not exist at all: the latter has been contrived by Vernon Smith as a means of publicly embarrassing Mr. Quelch and the least scrupulous members of the Remove; a fact that he announces before the whole school assembled in the Hall. These absurdities are the story's strength: creating an unpredictable narrative, with many unique situations for characterisation that were latterly impossible. Richards' Greyfriars world had not yet become concrete; it was still entertainingly malleable.

In these early Magnet stories Richards was not afraid to stretch credibility to its limits. In 'Hurree Singh's Secret' (Magnet 496, 1917) we are introduced to the Bhanipur's exact double, Kuri Din, scandalously photographed in a smoky billiard room. The inevitable mistaken identity scenario ensues. As if to demonstrate how similar the two boys are, even their names rhyme. Similarly, in 'Monsieur Wibley' (Magnet 438, 1916), Wibley impersonates Mossoo so effectively that he is able to administer canings to his enemies undetected. More incredible still, in the same story the reader is treated to the entertaining and highly unlikely spectacle of M. Charpentier planning his bets on "ze gee gees" in his customary broken English.

The early stories contain many such vigorously entertaining comic passages, suggesting a sense of humour on the part of Richards that could barely be contained. There is, perhaps, little of the prolonged subtlety of Richards' later, gentler humour; however, this is admirably made up for by the irrepressible and immediate sense of fun apparent in these enjoyably less polished passages.

As well as comedy, the wartime Magnets contain some of the most dramatic writing Richards ever produced. There can be few more dramatic scenes in the annals of Greyfriars than in 'The Four Heroes' (Magnet 305), wherein Vernon Smith struggles to overcome conflicting emotions of pride, fear and dislike in order to rescue Bunter, trapped under the ice of a frozen lake, in a thrilling act of bravery.

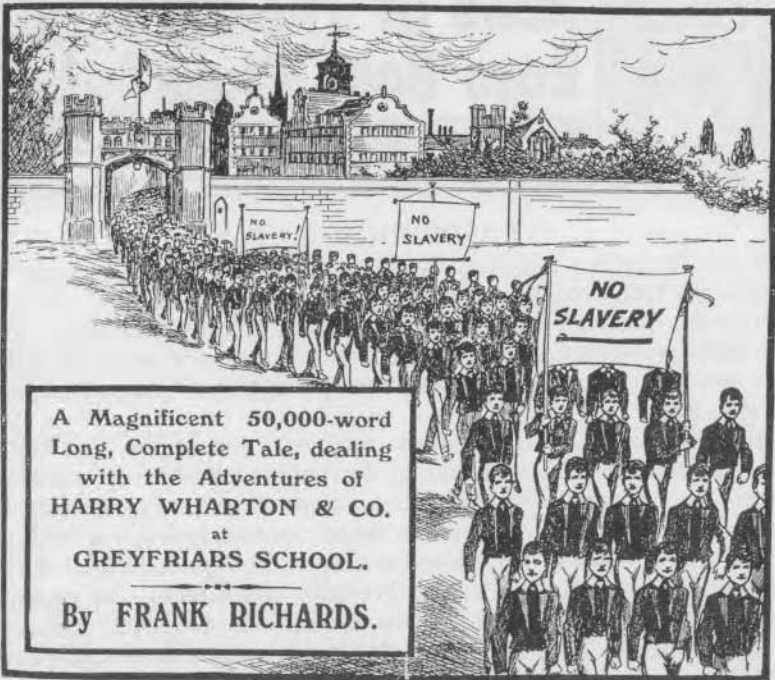
The Magnets of World War One also provide an illuminating reflection of the attitudes of their time. They have a simple patriotism that can appeal to even the least patriotic amongst us. As a small boy I was never more patriotically stirred than when I read of the cruelty of the "Hun" teacher in 'Schoolboys Never Shall Be Slaves' (Magnet 392, 1915). In such stories, Richards' usual repertoire of schoolboy insults -- "ass", "fathead", etc. -- is complemented by new additions such as "hun". Thus we are presented with the new adjective, "hunnish". This simplistic patriotism is echoed in the editorial features and advertisements that surround the stories. In the Christmas issue for 1914, 'The Return of the Prodigal' (357), contemporary readers were offered such delights as a souvenir brooch commemorating the "Great War" (which had only just begun). The promptness with which such advertisements appeared reminds us of the general expectation of a brief and

GRAND SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER.
THE MAGNET 2^D.
 LIBRARY.

Week ending August 14th, 1915.

The Editor
 will be obliged
 if you will
 hand this book,
 when finished
 with, to a friend.

SCHOOLBOYS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES!



A Magnificent 50,000-word
 Long, Complete Tale, dealing
 with the Adventures of
HARRY WHARTON & CO.
 at
GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.
 By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
 Bunter, Too!

"GLORIOUS!"
 Bob Cherry was referring to the weather.
 It was really glorious. The summer sun shined
 from a sky of rindiest blue. A soft breeze stirred
 the leaves of the old elms in the Clove of Greyfriars.
 Bob Cherry looked out of the doorway of the School House,
 and his ruddy face expressed the greatest satisfaction.

No. 302.

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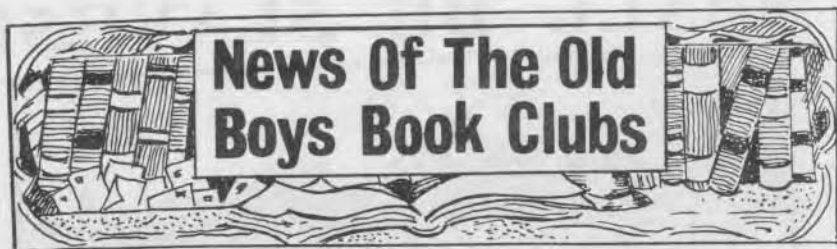
August 14th, 1915.

"Glorious!" repeated Harry Wharton.
 And Hurree Jamsset Raim Singh, whose English was as
 remarkable as his complexion, declared that the glorifunness
 was terrific.

Harry Wharton & Co. were generally a cheery company,
 but they were especially cheery that bright afternoon, for it
 was a half holiday, and a long-planned picnic on the island
 in the river was coming off. Funds were ample for snacks,
 and supplies were therefore on a lavish scale, and the weather
 was perfect. What more could they want?

fairly bloodless conflict: Magnet 357 is peppered with similarly haunting images of the time in which it was produced. As well as story illustrations, there are depiction's of 'Scenes from the Front'; stirring pictures of stoic-looking young Tommies standing guard over a barren land. A gallery page of photographs of Magnet readers takes on a particular resonance in retrospect. The innocent faces smiling from the faded photographs are a chilling reminder that many of those depicted probably went away to war and never came back.

I heartily recommend the Magnets published around the time of the First World War; both as the vehicles for enjoyably absurd, unusual Greyfriars stories and as valuable sociological documents of the time in which they were produced.



CAMBRIDGE CLUB

For the December gathering we met at the Trumpington home of our Chairman and Treasurer, Vic Hearn.

Before the meeting proper began we partook of a seasonal toast.

We sadly recorded the death of Bill Thurbon the previous week: Bill was a founder member of our Club and an active participant at our meetings until a few months ago.

After the usual short business meeting, we began our traditional programme for the December meeting; short contributions from most of those members present. Firstly Vic presented a musical quiz, with comedy records to the fore. Howard Corn then discussed another type of recording with Dairies and their entries. Roy Whiskin read from a book entitled *A Fenland Christmas*; or more specifically Jack Overhill's contribution - an excerpt from his prolific diaries which dealt with an episode involving his siblings being merry on Christmas Eve. Tony Cowley recaptured four distant years with topical Giles cartoons taken from the period around Christmas, noting the continuity where the family (or more specifically, Grandma) and Office Parties were concerned. Robert Smerdon voiced a hilarious William story: Christmas Parties and rival gangs were the main ingredients. Lastly, Paul Wilkins gave us a brief airing of some of his collection of official Christmas cards from Aviation and Railway companies.

ADRIAN PERKINS

NORTHERN O.B.B.C. REPORT

A smaller than usual turnout on a mild, dry January evening but we all realised we were the victim of other local events taking place on that date.

Enid Blyton's daughter would be giving a lecture in Leeds in the coming weeks and members were advised of this. The new Dan Dare book from Hawk along with some Bunter postcards were on show. The new programme for the club events for the coming year was available and received favourable comment. Members were reminded that subscriptions were due!

The first item on the new programme was "Face the Author" presented by Margaret Atkinson. Margaret had spent a whole year assembling pictures cut from magazines and newspapers of authors - all well known but not easy to recognise as some were portraits of the early years in some authors' lives. Chris Scholey was the winner.

Refreshments were outstanding: Joan had brought home-made scones and home-made jam, and the Christmas cake held over from the party was back on show with the excellent "Wind in the Willows" theme. William Hirst on one of his infrequent visits from University, had the honour of cutting the cake.

After refreshments, the next item was "Charles Hamilton v Yorkshire". Our C.D. editor had sent along a copy of a short article written by Peter Mahony and members felt that this warranted a full discussion. (A report of this will be found elsewhere in the C.D.).

Our next meeting is on 12th February. If anyone would like a Club programme for 1994, please send S.A.E. to D. Swift, 37 Tinsill Lane, Leeds, LS16 6BU.

JOHNNY BULL MINOR

LONDON OLD BOYS BOOK CLUB

Twenty seven members attended the Christmas meeting at Ealing for a meeting with a decided Christmas feeling and a tea with mince pies and Christmas cake. There were three Christmas readings, one from each of the libraries. Roger Jenkins choose a chapter from *The Mystery of Wharton Lodge*, Roy Parsons read from *The Return of Ezra Quirk* and Chris Harper read a Sexton Blake story where Sexton Blake went after missing Slate Club money. Duncan Harper talked about the life of Sexton Blake from his creation in 1893 by Harry Blyth in a story called *The Missing Millionaire*.

The A.G.M. and January meeting were held at Chingford, and Roger Jenkins was elected as chairman for 1994. A small committee was set up to discuss the future direction of the club.

Bill Lofts talked about the 20 issues of *Scoops* which was published in 1934 by C. Arthur Pearson. Science fiction was the main theme and there were articles on ideas of the future.

Norman Wright played a tape of a 1950s Bunter broadcast called "Bunter Knows How". The multiple choice quiz compiled by Roy Parsons was won by Bill Lofts, who received a 3-D picture of Bunter assembled by Gwen Parsons.

The February meeting is on Sunday, 14th at the secretary's home.

SUZANNE HARPER

SOME KNOTTY DETECTIVES

by Donald V. Campbell

Famed for her long series of stories about "The Terror" Mrs. Montague Barstow also wrote a handful of mystery tales. But you would be hard-pressed to find her name on library shelves. Better, of course, to look for Emmuska, The Baroness Orczy. Passing by the Scarlet Pimpernel we can investigate some of her mystery output and the truly original characters she produced. A portion of her detective and other fiction has been dramatised and aired by BBC (The Old Man in the Corner, 1940s) as well as The Scarlet Pimpernel (Radio Luxembourg, Marius Goring starring, 1950s). Her other detectives do not seem to have been awarded the accolade of radio dramatisation.

Who, then, were these other detectives to set alongside the Old Man? They were lady Molly (of Scotland Yard) and a shady lawyer with the odd (very odd) nickname of "Skin O' My Tooth".

To come to the latter first. Patrick Mulligan is a quite unattractive and almost-shady lawyer acting on behalf of unusual clients. "His Memoirs, By His Confidential Clerk, compiled and edited by The Baroness Orczy" appeared in "The Windsor" (1903) and, much later, were chronicled in hardback (1928) - still using the odd nickname for the title.

The readers, introduced to Mulligan via the magazine pages, were in for a shock. The illustrations, by Oscar Wilson, highlighted the most unattractive features of this odd man. When he was resurrected in Pearson's (1927) his new illustrator (Oakdale) softened him somewhat - but not by much.

Steinbrunner & Penzler in the Encyclopaedia of Mystery and Detection say about him:

"one of the least physically attractive detectives in literature... his nickname is equally unappealing".

And so say all of us! But there is room for conjecture about his literary success. If his odd nickname had been absent and if his grotesque appearance had been less commented on by the author - as well as shown in illustrations - he may have entered the field of detective hardback fiction earlier and with more success. The dust wrappers, though, also give him a rather hideous appearance. What is not in doubt is his detective skill. Possibly his smarmy narrator did not serve his case either.



"I found Skin o' my Tooth absorbed in his French novel."

(OSCAR WILSON)



(OAKDALE)

Lady Molly may be more physically attractive than Mulligan but her personal attitudes regarding "the lower classes" are, by any standards, pretty despicable. But, as with Mulligan, she has a fawning biographer - this time in the guise of Mary Granard.

Molly may have been an attempt to create a female Pimpernel - disguises, aloofness, leadership and so forth but she is a failure as both a character and as a convincing detective. Relief, for all, arrives when she is united with her husband - wrongly imprisoned for a crime he did not commit - and she relinquishes her association with Scotland Yard, detection, and, (probably) Mary Granard.

"The Case of Miss Elliott" and "The Old Man in the Corner" deliver yet another odd character in the Old Man himself. Sitting in the ABC tea-rooms he meets the Lady Journalist and solves many unsolved crimes which have eluded the rather dense police of the day - knotting and unravelling his bits of string whilst we are drawn, inexorably, into crimes the length and breadth of Britain. H.M. Brock pictures the old man lofty-browed, saturnine, eagle faced and a touch seedy. P.B. Hickling (Royal Magazine, 1902) sees him with softer hues. The old man's characteristics are well drawn but his companion is a rather static and stoic Watson to his stories.

Consideration of the Watson element may be interesting. Watson - as Sherlock Holmes' narrator-protagonist - was followed (rapidly) by Bunny Manders viewing Raffles in close-up. Orczy, herself, gives us Mary Granard and Lady Molly, Mullins and Mulligan, and, finally the partly anonymous and diffident, naive and mildly incredulous Lady Journalist watching the Old Man string-fiddling.



(H. M. BROCK)



(P. B. HICKLING)

The detective or hero-villain seems to benefit from the juxtapositioning of an almost-passionate friend and confidante to excuse and explain idiosyncrasies and extol virtues; for example:

Holmes and his drug taking and extreme insularity

Raffles and his amoral thieving

Lady Molly and her scathing dismissal of "servants"

Mulligan's shenanigans

The Old Man and his irascibility

Many detective authors get by without this ploy - is it because the main character does not need protection? Poirot often has his side-kicks - Hastings, Miss Grey in *The Blue Train*, Dr. Sheppard in *Roger Ackroyd*, but they are there as foils and distractions.

The *Old Man* series is marred - clever though the plot-lines are - by the need to flash, back and forward, between the crime and the tea-room. Also the introduction of the *Lady Journalist* is just a foil to the crime solving yet one wonders if the stories would be so interesting without the devices Orczy employs within the "now" of the tea-room. The devices include: the team-room itself, the sympathetic listener in the *Lady Journalist* - later discovered to be Polly Burton, the bits of string (fascinating us and helping unravel the mysteries?), and the *Old Man* in the corner himself.

The clerk to Mulligan - rather like Mary Granard with *Lady Molly* - is devoted to and has an immense regard for his employer, this despite Mulligan's habit of misusing his clerk's name and having little jokes at his expense.

"... *Your penetration, Muggins, my boy, surpasses human understanding.*' (*My name is Alexander Stanislaus Mullins, but Skin O' My Tooth will have his little joke*)..."

At least baroness Orczy may be thanked for limited references to the (blundering) similarity of names - Mullins, Muggins, Mulligan! Mullins' esteem for his employer demonstrates, again, the author's unbalanced attitude that compartmentalises the servant and the master.

She also has a love affair with string and knots:

The Old Man and his string seen constantly knotting and unknitting throughout his stories.

In "The Kazan Pearls" ... "Skin O' My Tooth" did have everything to do with the unravelling of that complicated knot which the sensational press at the time called 'The Great Pearl Mystery'.

In "The Tangled Skein" Orczy produced a book which had nought to do with detectives

To return to *Lady Molly*. Already mentioned are some weaknesses to do with her character. The main problem seems to be the overdoing of the "Inspector Dunderhead of the Yard" syndrome. Are we really expected to believe in this association with the Yard, which, in any event the Baroness cuts short dramatically at the end of the book? Was the *Lady* genuinely worth the almost-casual payment of £5000 for her part in the *Fordwych Castle Mystery*? By today's values such a payment would possibly amount to £500,000! Blissfully, Orczy gives *Lady Molly* back to her husband and allows her to sever all connections with Scotland Yard.

Any criticism of these detective characters does not, however, remove from *The Baroness Orczy* the accolades due to her for the creation of unusual persons, plots and situations that can still entertain and baffle, confuse and stimulate, and, at the same time, give us an insight into the top-down attitudes that prevailed in society at the time and from which the common herd continually suffered.

A MUSICAL MISERY TOUR

The end of term was close at hand
And plans were in discussion
To celebrate with concert fine,
With drama and percussion.

Wharton would first declaim a role,
A speech from 'Julius Caesar',
And Nugent then could sing a song,
A certain audience pleaser.

Then Johnny Bull would strike a chord
Upon his concertina
With 'Ikley Moor Bah't 'At,' by gum!
Or 'Greensleeves' sounding greener.

Then Hoskins of the Shell came by
And begged a contribution.
In moment weak the chums agreed,
A fatal resolution!

On concert day the hall was filled
And all began quite seemly.
"Lend me your ears!" Wharton proclaimed,
And Nugent sang supremely.

Then Johnny Bull ground out an air
And Bunter threw his voice well.
He made dogs bark beneath a chair
And Coker gave a choice yell.

But now the climax was at hand
For Hoskins' composition.
The silence soon was shattered by
A sound like nuclear fission.

Volcanic octaves bulged and burst
And diatonics died.
A mass of mangled minims moaned
And committed suicide.

Crotchets were crocheted into chains
And semi-quavers quavered.
Some notes were bluer than the blues,
And some were raspberry flavoured.

Never were ears assaulted by
A noise so cacaphonic.
Cat-wails and cock-crows can't compete
With sound so supersonic.

The audience sat in silence stunned
Until the agony ended,
And vowed no more to be assailed
By purgatory transcended.

The end of term had seemed more like
The end of all creation,
But Hoskins bowed and vowed to give
His great work to the nation.



LIST OF WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS AS USED BY CHARLES HAMILTON. Part 3. As understood by Colin and Christopher Cole.

- Crammers: Lies, untruths.
 "Coming a mucker!": Found guilty of breaking rules.
 Stickers: Toffees.
 "Doggo!": To keep out of the way of a pursuer.
 "Chopper!": Expulsion, the "sack".
 "The chicken that won't fight!": You can't play that trick or ploy again.
 "Fist!": Handwriting.
 "Easy as falling off a form!": Simple to achieve.
 "Whack it out!": "Serve it out".
 A Spread: A feed in the study.
 Tin: Money.
 Doggish: Having a high old time of it; playing cards for money, visiting the 'Three Fishers' (amongst other places), etc.
 Stink-bike: Motor bike; usually applies to Coker's machine.
 "Rooting about!": Looking, searching.
 "Stony!": Broke, no money.
 "Sanny!": Sanitorium.
 "Con!": Construe or translate.
 Pi-jaw (Taken from Pious): Lecture to convince someone of the error of their ways.
 "Trouble on the tapis!": Summoned to Dr. Lockes' office; "On the carpet".
 Teetotum: A small top.
 Gall and Wormwood: Bitterness of mind.
 Cave: (Magnet 1129, Chapter I); Warning, Beaks or prefects approaching, take cover;
 "Look out" or "Beware" (Magnet No. 1129 Chapter 4).
 "A Whale on duty!": Means being keen on doing a certain thing (In this instance duty.) (Magnet No. 1510).
 "Swab!": A rotter.
 "Tommy!": Grub, food or tuck.
 "Out on the tiles!": Breaking bounds.
 Cazeba: A. Fisher T. Fish expression meaning Brain.
 Propriotorial: Paternalistic attitude.
 August Foot: Experienced person, a Wise-person of community, see Howard Baker No. I. (Book Club), Magnet No. 883, page 16. This Chapter shows an August Foot making an error, in this instance!

COLIN CREW (continued from page 2)

Vol. 11	The Treasure Hunters	£50.00
Vol. 12	H. Wharton & Co. in Africa	£25.00
Vol. 13	New Boys at Greyfriars	£30.00
Vol. 21	Greyfriars Filmstars	£25.00
Vol. 20	H. Wharton & Co. Hollywood	£25.00
Vol. 33	Mystery of Pengarth	£25.00
Vol. 35	De Vere & Silver Scud	£25.00

BESSIE - THE PRIDE OF THE SCHOOL



THE CHAMPION OF THE WEAK! Bessie Hunter, grasping the hand of Cecilia Jackson, blinked furiously at Cecilia Jackson. "You're not—not trying to hit—hit—bully Muriel again!" she exclaimed. "I—I won't—won't have it!"



THE GREATEST BLOW OF ALL! "Your pocket money will be returned," and I shall place the lock-shop out of business for you!" Bessie gave vent to an ejaculation of the utmost despair. "Oh—how!" she cried.

ROBIN HOOD IN "THE OUTLAW KING!" GRAND NEW SERIAL IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending -
May 12th
1933.

New
Series.

No.
225.

The POPULAR

2nd

Money Price
Every
Week!

The Story Book in Days.



THE DRAMATIC MEETING OF ROBIN HOOD AND PRINCE JOHN I

(One of the many breathless episodes from our Grand New Serial inside.)

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