

*The Story Paper*

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No. 593

MAY 1996

**Collectors'**

**Digest**



*The art of  
Savile Lumley*



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Whitew  
-1996-



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# STORY PAPER COLLECTORS' DIGEST

Editor: MARY CADOGAN

STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

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W.H. GANDER

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## MORE HAWK BUNTER BOOKS.....

A little while ago I received copies of the four latest Bunter book reprints: *Billy Bunter's Bargain*, *Bunter the Caravanner*, *Billy Bunter's Double* and *Billy Bunter Among the Cannibals*. The first two are illustrated by C.H. Chapman and the last two by R.J. Macdonald, and all four, of course, provide extremely entertaining reading. Brief descriptions from the publisher are given below: in my opinion each book would make ideally relaxing bedtime - or summer-holiday - reading. Of this batch my preference is *Bunter the Caravanner* - but whether we follow the Fat Owl and the Famous Five down leafy English lanes or to a remote, scorching South Sea island, or stay with them in the comfortable confines of Greyfriars we can be sure that Frank Richards' high standards of story-telling will be maintained.

## BUNTER THE CARAVANNER

The Famous Five come to regret spending the Easter hols with Bunter in charge of a caravan and horse

£14.95 Ref: BB21

## BILLY BUNTER AMONG THE CANNIBALS

Bunter is sent by his despairing father to start an office career on the South Sea island of Lololo. However, the Fat Owl, accompanied by his pals, is taken prisoner by the local savages, and almost ends up in their cooking pot!

WARNING - HIGHLY POLITICALLY INCORRECT (but very funny!!)

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## BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN

Bunter seeks a replacement for the worn-out armchair in his study, and finds a suitable bargain. Little does he expect its former owner - a good for nothing Teddy Boy called Freddy Dexter - to show so much interest in it when he is released from jail. With the help of the Famous Five however, Bunter unwittingly gets to the bottom of the matter and earns a handsome reward.

£14.95 Ref: BB23

## BILLY BUNTER'S DOUBLE

Under pressure from all quarters, Bunter 'trades places' with his (physically) identical cousin Wally. Whilst the Fat Owl's despair is temporarily relieved, his cousin's high standards at Greyfriars prove to be a tough act to follow.

£14.95 Ref: BB24

Even though we can often recognise old *Magnet* plots in the Bunter books, we can admire the author's skills in re-vamping these to make admirably crafted novels of pacy action and lively characterisation. The publishers are to be congratulated on now having reprinted 24 of the total of 38 Bunter books. It seems likely that before long even the newest of collectors will be able to own the complete range through the availability of these very attractively produced facsimile editions. They can be ordered from Hawk Books, Suite 309, Canalot Studios, 222 Kensal Road, London, W10 5BN. As many C.D. readers will know, these publishers have also reprinted 12 volumes of Dan Dare adventure-strips from the *Eagle*.

BUNTER THE CARAVANNER



"TRIP OUT TEA FOR THESE FELLOWS, JERVIS"

## AUTHORS' DAYS....

In April I was asked to speak at a weekend conference in Ludlow organised by the Malcolm Saville Society and also at the William/Richmal Crompton day which took place this year in Leicester. In May I shall be one of the speakers at a W.E. Johns day in Hertfordshire (this author commands two days each year - one in the spring, and one in the autumn). It is always rewarding to be with others who share one's enthusiasm for a particular writer, and these gatherings, like the long-running meetings of the Old Boys Book Clubs, provide a great sense of friendship and fun. I can, of course, supply contact addresses for C.D. readers who would like more details of Club meetings or of the Saville, Crompton and Johns days. (You will see that particulars of the Enid Blyton Literary Society are given by Norman Wright elsewhere in this issue.)

HAPPY GATHERINGS - and HAPPY READING.

MARY CADOGAN

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**WHO KICKED QUELCH? Conclusion. (The author of this lively pastiche is GEOFF LARDNER of the Midland O.B.B.C.)**

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER - On the Warpath

Coker of the Fifth sat in the Fifth Form passage and was slowly recovering his breath when the door of his study opened and the face of Potter of the Fifth gazed out at him.

"What are you sitting there for, Coker?"

"Don't be an ass, George Potter."

"Have you been fooling with those Remove fags again? You always come off worse."

"I'll show them. I'll slaughter them."

"Never mind that now. Come into the study. It's time for prep."

"Blow prep!"

"Better come in, Coker. Prout won't be pleased."

"Blow Prout! I'll smash him."

"Wha-a-t! Smash Prout?"

"Not Prout, you fool! Wibley."

With that Coker rose to his feet and set off, a little unsteadily but determinedly, out of the Fifth Form passage. Potter shook his head in bewilderment and went back into the study, remarking to Greene that Coker had finally gone off his rocker.

As Coker descended the stairs from the Fifth Form passage the sound of hammering and muffled shouting was borne upon his ears. On reaching the ground floor it was obvious that the noise was coming from the Sixth Form studies. A brief investigation indicated that Loder's study was the source of the commotion.

"What's the matter, Loder?"

"I'm locked in, you fool. Is that Coker? Let me out!"

"Haven't you got the key?"

"Of course I haven't got the key, you blithering idiot. Let me out, I say!"

"Where is the key?"

"In the outside of the lock, I imagine, where that young blackguard, Wibley, left it. Let me out, will you!" Loder's voice rose almost to a scream.

"Wibley? I'm after Wibley. Where is he?"

"Will you let me out, Coker, you gibbering ass?"

"Look here, Loder, if you can't answer a civil question...."

"All right!! Wibley's wandering about, dressed as Mosssoo. Now will you let me out? I'm going to murder him!" Loder was practically foaming at the mouth by this time.

Coker looked down and, seeing the key in the lock, turned it. The door was flung open and Loder, wearing a murderous expression, thrust Coker out of the way and rushed down the passage.

"Look here, Loder!"

But Loder was gone and Coker, his rugged face flushed with anger, ran down the corridor after him.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER Bags of Boot

As Wibley passed the end of Masters' Passage his heart sank. Emerging from his study was the angular form of Mr. Quelch, his Form Master.

"Ah Monsieur Charpentier, I was looking for you. I wish to ask you...."

"Later, mon cher Quelch. I am in ze great 'urry." Wibley scuttled away.

Mr. Quelch gave an exasperated little click of his tongue. He was on his way to take his evening stroll in the quad but would have been glad to delay that pleasure for a few minutes in order to discuss the shortcomings of certain members of the Remove in their French lessons.

As he stepped out towards the quad he could see the scurrying figure of, apparently, the French master ahead. Wibley, in his turn, was aware that his Form Master was close on his heels and dared not turn up the stairs to the Remove passage in case he was followed there and exposed. There was nothing for it but to continue into the lobby and out into the darkening quad. Rapidly he scuttled out of the door of the House, down the steps and, turning to the left, made for the walk under the old elms. Reaching the first of the big elms he dived behind it a second before Mr. Quelch emerged from the House.

The Remove Form Master peered around in the gathering dusk and, after a moment's hesitation and a muttered "Humph!" turned to the path running beneath the windows of Masters' studies. Wibley watched his back disappear into the gloom, breathed a sign of relief and emerged from his hiding place. He had taken only two steps towards the door of the House, however, when it opened again and Wibley leapt back into hiding.

He had not waited to identify whoever had emerged but within a few seconds the door opened yet again and a familiar voice was heard.

"Look here, Loder! What do you mean by shoving me...."

"Shut up, you babbling fool! Wibley's out here. I saw his gown as he went through the door. So be quiet or I'll never catch him... He'll be hiding amongst the elms I shouldn't wonder." And Loder set off down the path, peering from side to side in the gloom.

Coker paused for a moment, nonplussed, then, apparently deciding that, having quarrels with both Wibley and Loder, he ought with luck be able to settle his score with at least one of them, set off in pursuit.

As their footsteps died away, Wibley emerged from cover for the second time, only to leap back yet again as he heard, close at hand, the voice of his Form Master.

"Monsieur Charpentier, is that you? Is there someone with you? I heard voices."

Wibley pressed closer to the trunk of the great elm behind which he was hiding. Unfortunately Mr. Quelch, renowned for his gimlet eye, appeared also to possess a gimlet ear, in a manner of speaking.

"Who is there? I heard a movement." Mr. Quelch stepped off the path and began to peer between and around the elms. Wibley held his breath.

Loder, meanwhile, having drawn a blank along the path, and hearing sounds behind him, turned, gesticulated angrily to Coker to be silent, and crept back along the grass. Coker, not to be outdone, followed a pace behind.

As they progressed, peering among the trees, simultaneously each caught a glimpse of a shadowy gowned figure, close to the trunk of an old elm and bending forward, as if listening. Simultaneously each leapt towards the unidentified back and simultaneously each swung a hefty boot at it.

Simultaneously there rang out two anguished yells and two gowned figures flew headlong to the earth, one of either side of the old elm. One of them, after one brief involuntary cry, became silent, Wibley, aware that Mr. Quelch was close at hand, realised that it would be very wise to restrain his natural feelings. Mr. Quelch himself, on the other hand, was under no such inhibition.

"Ow! Great Heavens! Oh! Oh I have been attacked. Help!"

For a few seconds Loder and Coker stood rooted to the spot in horror. Each had thought he was kicking Wibley. But the voice they heard was beyond doubt the voice of Quelch. It seemed to each of them that he had made a terrible mistake. As one man they turned and fled towards the House.

Fortunately for them, it being prep time, the lobby of the House was deserted and they entered unobserved. Each fled to his study, there to sit in horrid anticipation of the likely consequences.

Meanwhile Wibley's mind had worked rapidly. Knowing that both Loder and Coker had been looking for him and that Mr. Quelch had been close by, it was clear to him that one of them had attacked the Remove Form Master in mistake for himself. Which one it was he had no idea but it was borne upon him that if he was discovered in the vicinity it would be difficult to prove that he had not done it himself.

As Mr. Quelch lay and roared and the two seniors turned tail, Wibley scrambled to his feet and ran deeper into the trees. There, panting for breath, he paused and with a few deft movements removed his disguise. The wig and false beard he crammed into his pocket, the body padding and gown he rolled into a ball which he hurriedly thrust up into the branches above, to be recovered at some future date.

Wiping the greasepaint from his face with his handkerchief as he went, he crept towards the door of the House. He had a few moments' start on Mr. Quelch, who, had Wibley but known it, had only just risen painfully to his feet. After fifty the effect of a hefty kick is very different from what it is at fifteen and it was taking Mr. Quelch a little while to recover sufficient equilibrium to begin to make his way to the House.

Like the two seniors before him Wibley was fortunate to find the lobby deserted. He slipped through and up the Remove staircase unobserved. As he entered his study Desmond, Morgan and Rake were putting away their books, having finished their prep.

"Phwhere have ye been, indade, Wib? said Desmond. "Tis yer prep ye've missed, entirely."

"Oh I - I've been practising a part" replied Wibley. "I forgot prep. I'd better start now."

"Well, we're off to the Rag," said Rake, and the three left the study.

Wibley began slowly to sort out his books, his brain still in a whirl after the amazing events of the last hour. Before he could open them, however, Rake was back in the study.

"Never mind your prep for a few minutes. Come on down to the lobby. Something's happened to Quelch. He's raving."

Wibley quickly followed Rake to the foot of the Remove staircase where a crowd of fellows had gathered around Mr. Quelch, who was talking to Mr. Prout, the Fifth Form Master. On the other side Wibley could see the anxious faces of Coker and Loder amongst a crowd of seniors.

"What! What are you saying, Mr. Quelch? You say you have been assaulted, by a boy of this school, a Greyfriars boy? Impossible. Sir" boomed the fruity voice of Mr. Prout.

"I repeat, Sir I have been assaulted - kicked, Sir, from the rear. I have no proof that the perpetrator was a boy of this school but it is a schoolboy's trick, Sir, and I have little doubt that a Greyfriars boy was responsible. I had detected someone lurking amongst the elms and he has carried out this disgraceful attack in order to escape me while I was - was - incommode. He must be found and punished with the utmost severity. I shall demand that he be flogged, Sir, flogged, and then expelled from the school!"

"Bless my soul! This is an outrage. It is unprecedented, Mr. Quelch, unparalleled! The villain must indeed be found and the most extreme punishment administered. But allow me to assist you to your study." And, arm in arm, Mr. Quelch was led away by Mr. Prout.

Wibley swallowed hard. He realised how narrow had been his escape. Looking across the Hall he could see the expressions of relief dawning on the faces of Loder and Coker. He smiled grimly. He did not know which of them had kicked Quelch but it was clear that each of them thought himself the guilty party.

\* \* \* \* \*

The affair was a nine days' wonder. Extensive enquiries failed to reveal any clues as to the culprit. Loder, having a study to himself, merely had to pretend that he had been in it all the time. Coker was uncharacteristically quiet and subdued. If Potter and Greene had any thoughts about Coker's absence from the study during prep that night, they kept them to themselves. After all, life was difficult enough with Coker but it would be even more so without him, or at least without the liberal supplies which flowed from his generous pocket.

Wibley's studymates had accepted his explanation without question. They were used to his losing all sense of time when engaged in theatricals.

His revenge was complete. On the following morning, as Loder strode towards him with a savage scowl on his face, Wibley raised his hand and grinned, saying "Hold on, Loder. Remember, I know who kicked Quelch."

The same happened when he met Coker and, for a long time afterwards, any threat of vengeance on the part of either Loder or Coker was met by a grin and disposed of with a single question:

"Who kicked Quelch?"

THE END

\* \* \* \* \*

## A TRIBUTE TO TERENCE CUNEO 1907-1996 by Desmond O'Leary

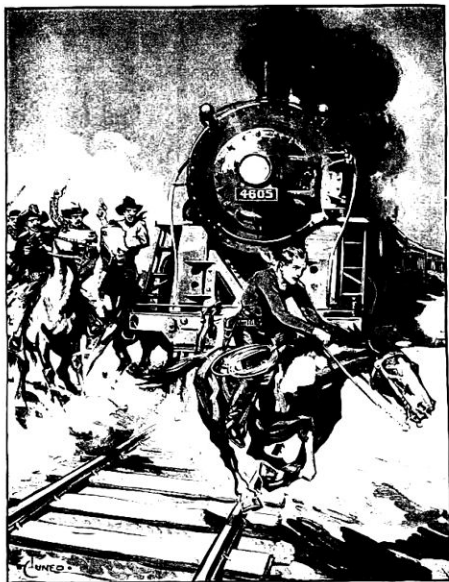
When Terence Cuneo passed away on January the third this year, the reaction of so many disparate groups and their sense of loss revealed how deeply this artist had touched the hearts and minds of the nation.

First and foremost, I suppose, he was most prominent in the field of railway illustration. Then he was famous for his portraits of the Royal Family and was the favourite artist of the Queen and the Queen Mother. As an official War Artist, something the TIMES said "he was designed by nature to be", he produced superb work right through World War Two, while his military and regimental portraits as well as his vivid depictions of British forces in action hang in positions of honour in many messes, one of the last being that of the attack of the Scots Guards at Tumbledown in the Falklands War.

He was the son of Cyrus Cuneo who had used the prize money won in the boxing-ring to quit the USA and study art in Paris with Whistler. There he married a fellow student,



Nell Tenison. Settled in London, they both became respected and successful illustrators, so young Terence grew up in an environment where drawing and painting were an integral part of life.



THE BIG KID TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!

From *Greyfriars Holiday Annual 1937*

Cyrus died in 1916 but even by then his son had already discovered two of his future obsessions: horses and railways. By the 1920s he had made an impression with his "Pitwork" series on Le Mans and other motor racing circuits. In the 1930s he was working on, among others, the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and PICTURE POST.

The Second World War took him to France in 1940 and stimulated him to produce some of his best work as a War Artist. As well as this work and his productions for war propaganda, he was responsible for a production about which Terence Mullaly of the GUARDIAN wrote in his obituary "There can be no doubt that long after painters who today figure prominently in books on twentieth century art are forgotten, Cuneco's TANKS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM, published in 1942 with many illustrations, will be eagerly sought after. So too will the other work he was doing at that time."

From *Champion Annual 1940*



## THE FINAL CRASH!

A gripping story of the days when war came to England

BY ROBERT JAMESON

After the War Cuneco was in constant demand. He had the honour to be chosen as official artist to depict the scene at Westminster Abbey during the Coronation of the Queen in 1952. It was while engaged in working on this demanding and large (11 feet by 8 feet) painting that his cat deposited a field mouse at his feet. As a diversion he painted it and soon this little creature became his "trade-mark", appearing in all his subsequent pictures. It became so well-loved in its various costumes that Cuneco entitled his autobiography "The Mouse and his Master" (1977).

Typically, the last card he sent to friends at Christmas 1995 bore a picture of the "Mouse of Commons". One of Cuneco's most endearing characteristics was his playful, and very English, sense of humour.

When he died, full of years and honours (OBE 1987; CVO 1994) I venture to suggest that he would perhaps have taken more pleasure in some of the more personal

achievements: having a locomotive named after him; riding the range with American cowboys and being elected an honorary Town Marshall; designing the centenary stamp issue of the GWR; riding in Billy Smart's circus; chatting on the footplate with engine-drivers and firemen as he sketched the scenes of steam trains which communicate like no others a sense of excitement and power.

For us hobby enthusiasts there's something more. Although only the DAILY TELEGRAPH gave any details, Cuneo had been commissioned by Monty Dell, editor of CHUMS in 1928, to illustrate pirate serials. He subsequently worked for CAPTAIN, BOYS OWN PAPER, MAGNET and the CHAMPION ANNUAL. My own interest was aroused by his illustrations for Percy F. Westerman, particularly those for some of the Alan Carr stories. I was already familiar with some of his excellent work in the CHAMPION ANNUAL, including at least one story written as well as illustrated by him ('The Railroad Raiders' CHAMPION ANNUAL 1937).

Let me end with an anecdote which seems to me to illustrate this artist's down-to-earth quality.

In 1975 he painted a portrait of the Queen with some of her dogs. As THE DAILY TELEGRAPH tells it: 'The painting found favour with its subject but not with the Royal Academy which removed it from its summer exhibition. "Too chocolate-boxy and with no artistic merit," pronounced a senior academician.

'Little twerp,' riposted Cuneo."

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## CHARLES HAMILTON'S FIRST SCHOOL STORY?

by Bill Lofts

*Men Behind Boys Fiction* was published as far back as 1970, when the late Derek Adley and I included a number of special features to interest the reader. Amongst them was an original list of all the various schools created by Charles Hamilton, from the first known till the last, around 1950. This made a grand total of 107 different schools with their own pupils and backgrounds. At that time, now some 26 years ago, I ventured my opinion that it was certain, when all boys papers had been examined that more would be discovered. Events through the years have indicated my remarks to be true.

Another ten stories have been found, including two earlier than previously known: *Kenyon Academy* in *Worlds Comic* on 28th March 1900. A serial about a strange ghost in different forms - with a German Master in almost the leading role. The second school was *St. Cecilia's* which appeared in the comic *Larks* in two parts entitled 'Sent to Coventry' and started on January 27th 1902.

Even though it was rewarding to discover two earlier tales, I am still convinced that other earlier ones may still be found. Consider the facts known. Charles Hamilton was born in 1876. In his Autobiography he stated that he wrote his first story when he was 17 (but did not indicate the theme). This makes the period 1893/4. E.J. Brett has been named as the source of one publisher, and 'Roberts' the other. Brett publications have been examined but nothing found, though some stories were anonymous, and Hamilton might have used a nom-de-plume. 'Roberts' I also think was a romance story publisher, and I do know that in the Trapps Holmes publications Hamilton used the pen-name of 'Rose Briarwood' for his romance tales.

Earliest stories known appeared in the Alfred Harmsworth *Union Jack* 1895. Harmsworth's was, of course, the forerunner of the famous Amalgamated Press of later years.

It seems incredible that Charles Hamilton was writing for six years before he penned his first school story. During those early years he was pouring out hundreds of short stories and serials on every subject under the sun. Sport/adventure/historical/detective/crime/

Russia/the Corsairs/the Boers out in Africa, plus the everlasting Mexican revolution were always topical. The gold rush in the Klondyke was another popular theme.

Of course it could have been the policy of the publishers only to commission him to write thrilling stories, because school tales were penned by S. Clarke Hook who became famous for his Jack, Sam and Pete characters in the Hamsworth set-up - they even appeared in a *Gem* story once I believe, at a much later date.

It would be safe to say that many of Charles Hamilton's early school stories were nothing more than 'pot-boilers' but to be fair he was only just starting out in this field. His style had not developed to his later brilliant characterisation of schoolboys and masters. Even so, one finds in odd stories real gems, and none more than the previously known tale of Redelyffe School in *Best Budget* in 1902. This paper was actually the continuation of *Larks* for eight issues, then it reverted to the old title again.

The first story in No. 8 dealt with 'The Schooldays of Jack Jingle' at Redelyffe. He was a fag to a prefect, as well as being a splendid boxer, able to look after himself. Jingle was also a practical joker like Christopher Carboy of Greyfriars fame. The story is remarkable as it reads like a Magnet tale in places, as well as being extremely amusing.

The more one thinks about it, the more remarkable it seems. Most school story writers only manage a few different schools in their lifetime, yet here is an author who created 117! A feat which I doubt will ever be beaten, especially in these days of space/computer and science fiction topics taking over from the old fashioned school stories. Most records today are based on what I term the absurd variety, of who can eat the most buns in five minutes, or who can stand on one leg the longest. A genuine literary feat is not recognised, and this neglect is more deplorable when the author gave enormous pleasure to millions in his day, as well as teaching boys and girls the highest principles of life.

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## BIGGLES & Co.

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## PART I

Arguably the most prolific of all the many artists and illustrators of the papers of our youth, Savile Lumley, remains virtually an enigma - even that Sherlock Holmes of our book collecting fraternity, the indefatigable Bill Lofts, hasn't had much luck in locating any facts about this elusive pen, pencil and brush wielder. If my memory serves me correctly, I seem to remember Bill suggesting to me that it was probably a made-up name, taken from two surnames.

Be that as it may, I made the cover drawing from a rather fuzzy photograph in the *Boys Own Annual* of 1917-18. Among the many publishers for whom he drew, his work may be found in some of Herbert Strang's annuals - a name we know was certainly made up from two sources (see Brian Doyle's excellent *Who's Who of Boys' Writers and Illustrators*, 1964).

Robert Crewdson, to whom I am indebted for the "photo", also did some research in the Oxford library on artists and illustrators. (Readers will remember the various articles Robert Crewdson and his father have supplied to the Antiquarian book Monthly Review. These include features on Major Charles Gibson, Captain F.S. Brereton and, of course, George E. Rochester. I also seem to remember one on Percy Westerman.) Apparently he found several with the surname Lumley - but the nearest to our artist was one Augustus Savile Lumley, who exhibited from the 1850s to the 1880s. Could this man have been our artist's father, uncle or other relative? I suppose most of us remember him best as the secondary illustrator of the Rookwood stories (following Wakefield, as it were).

Supporters of the St. Frank's saga will recall his work, notably in the 2nd New Series of the "Nelson Lee" which opened in 1930 (*Nelson Lee's Detective Academy*). By any standards, his output was truly amazing! I am constantly surprised to find his work in all manner of publications. Furthermore, he never seemed to hesitate to turn his hand to any number of different subjects, be it western, pirate, pure adventure, school-boys or even children. The pictures surrounding his likeness, taken from various publications over the years, give some indication of his versatility.

How good an artist was he? In my opinion, I would class him as a very competent, rather than a brilliant, artist, but I've always had a soft spot for his work. His style is unmistakable and, in any case, most of his pictures were signed in full, the smaller (or thumbnail) sketches merely having his initials SL appended at the bottom.

The annual for 1929 is a favourite of mine. (It was the first I ever read.) It had Lumley's "Ye Joy Ride" as the humorous frontpiece, with three different stories, all illustrated by Lumley. These included George E. Rochester's story *The Hunting of the Hent* on page 47; *The Smugglers of Polkewyn* by Geoffrey Froul, page 187; and, finally,

Annual 1928 again saw Lumley's work used as the frontpiece. "A Signal of Distress" describes an incident from *Nor Eight from Seven Stones*, a story by Geoffrey Froul found on page 153. Both the article *The Spoor Speaks*, and *Baxter's Bath Chair* (a story - respectively,

Annual 1927 Holiday Annual, Savile Lumley has the honour of painting the frontpiece in colour, entitled "At the Cross-roads". It shows a startled knight, his horse rearing - frightened by a rustic with a pig on a leash! Another story by P.G. Wodehouse, namely *On Empire* by H. Gwynne, on page 149, "Ambushed," a coloured plate, faces page 160. This accompanies the line drawings to the story *Henry Odds* by Cecil Fanshawe which starts on page 153.

Lincoln Beck's *Farewell*. In the 1927 Holiday Annual, Savile Lumley has the honour of painting the frontpiece in colour, entitled "At the Cross-roads". It shows a startled knight, his horse rearing - frightened by a rustic with a pig on a leash! Another story by P.G. Wodehouse, namely *On Empire* by H. Gwynne, on page 149, "Ambushed," a coloured plate, faces page 160. This accompanies the line drawings to the story *Henry Odds* by Cecil Fanshawe which starts on page 153.

Contraband Cargo" (page 36), and, lastly, another of Michael Peole's stories on page 143, *Jackson's Dip* by P.G. Wodehouse (page 12) and *St. Kate's Big Splash* by Michael Peole, which occurs on page 205, comprise S.L.'s contribution to the 1925 Annual. (Our artist was commissioned to illustrate three stories in the 1926 edition. These included *How Fillingshot Scored* by P.G. Wodehouse (page 26), Richard Holt's story *Borrowed Horses*, and *Running a Race* by P.G. Wodehouse (page 143).)

spell his name incorrectly (Savile is spelled with a double "v"). *Lumley* which starts on page 271. Savile is given credit for the artwork, even though they more interest to Hamiltonians is the oft-reprinted St. Jim's story *The Schoolboy's Treasure*. *Scott's Sister* is a story by P.G. Wodehouse and will be found on page 17. Probably of Looking through them, I see that 1924 is the first in which Savile Lumley's work appears. frontpieces (i.e., years 1940 - *Davey's Rescue* and 1937 - *What's the Next Move?*).

I have all of the Holiday Annuals, although a couple of them are bereft of their in touch with either myself or the editor. L. and I'm sure, most of the readers and collectors of this magazine, will be grateful to anyone possessing any further information or facts concerning Savile Lumley who will get

boating, sailing and swimming." R.N.V.R., "through a fatal love of the sea and shipping; his favourite relaxations being as a Special Constable and as a member of a Volunteer Training Corps. He is now in the name widely known in the magazine world. On the outbreak of War, Mr. Lumley did duty *Own Paper*, his first essay in black and white, he believes. Since then he has made his student in the Royal Academy Schools that M. Savile Lumley first contributed to the *Boy's* (the last mentioned annual also gave a few facts as follows: "It was while working as a

forementioned photograph). *The Boy's Own Annual* for 1917-18 (in which appeared the date unknown). There is even a copy of *The Deerslayer* by James Fenimore Cooper illustrated by Lumley. Rowwood stories in the rear). Numerous cover pictures for the *Schoolboy's Own Library*, *Holiday Annuals* (he painted the frontpiece and drew the pictures for the Len Lex story in the last Holiday Annual of 1941). The aforesaid *Nelson Lee Library*, *Gems* (mainly the *Wingate Whitson*), *Mildred Stories of the Great War*, *Naval Stories of the Great War*, *Wainwright's Top-All Book for Boys*, *Wonder Tales of Other Lands*, *Buglaro Bill Annuals*. The following are only a fraction of the papers and books in which his work appeared:

Cecil Fanshaw's story *The Rogue*, which had a coloured plate to supplement the line drawings. These last named will be found on page 160 (the plate facing the title page).

Yet another coloured frontispiece by Lumley graced 1930's annual: "Off!" shows a pillion rider being bumped off the rear seat of a motorcycle. His coloured plate, "At Grips with the Devil Fish!" on page 25, illustrates an incident from the story *Demon of N'Gombi River* by Cecil Fanshaw. By some strange quirk, another artist, one named Mays, did the black and white drawings. A sepia plate facing page 97 entitled "How the News of Trafalgar came to Rookwood School!", and the illustrations to the story on page 103 by W.H. Morris entitled *Hippomobile*, are more examples of Lumley's versatility.

The 1931 annual featured another frontispiece by our artist. This was called "Caught". I had two copies, neither of which had the plate! I happened to mention this in a letter to a fellow collector and, lo and behold, I was sent a photocopy. Eric Fayne used to say that the C.D. was sent to the nicest people in the world. I heartily concur. Thanks to my good friends Eric Lawrence in the homeland, and John Tipper down under. I had my wish fulfilled! "Salvation from the Sky" was a nice coloured plate that went well with the line drawings for the story *£500 Reward* by Cecil Fanshaw and will be found on page 167 (the plate faces page 176).

(To Be Concluded)

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**WANTED: original artwork** W.E. JOHNS related. Biggles, Worrals, Gimlet, Space, drawn by H. Leigh, Stead, Studio Stead or of course by Johns. **Christmas cards** or **prints** advertised in *Popular Flying* in the 1930s illustrated by Johns, Leigh or Stanley Orton Bradshaw. **Playing cards**, with Aircraft design signed Johns. **British Air League** albums illustrated by Leigh. **Skybirds** magazines, models. **Skyways** magazines. **Murder at Castle Deeping** by W.E. Johns, J. Hamilton Edition.

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**SOME JOKES FROM FAVOURITE OLD PAPERS (selected by Leslie S. Laskey)**

Old Tramp: "Have you any old clothes, mum?" Lady: "Yes. Here's a waistcoat you can have".

After going away the tramp found a five-pound note in one pocket, and so the next day he went to the lady again.

Tramp: "I found a five-pound note in that waistcoat".

Lady: "Oh, my good man, have you come to bring it back?"

Tramp: "No: I've come for another waistcoat!"

From THE CHAMPION, 6th May 1922

"Hallo! not workin' now?"

"No: I got the sack".

"What for?"

"Boss said he was losin' money on the things I was makin', and that I couldn't do anythin' else".

"What were you makin'?"

"Mistakes".

From THE ROVER, 25th November 1922

Old lady (to beggar at door) - "What's this paper? You'll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't my glasses".

Beggar - "Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb and can you spare me a copper or two!"

From THE WIZARD, 12th April, 1924

Caller: "Can I see the manager, please?"

Office-boy: "He's out".

Caller: "Can I see the under-manager, then?"

Office-boy: "He's out".

Caller: "Very well, I'll just wait by the fire".

Office-boy: "That's out, too!"

From THE RANGER, 25th July 1931

"The house shook", said Brown, describing an earthquake he had experienced abroad.

"Cups and saucers flew all over the place -"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones. "That reminds me - I forgot to post my wife's letter!"

From THE GEM, 10th August 1935

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## THE RAWNEE NECKLACE

by Reg Hardinge

(UJ No. 468, 28.9.1912: THE REGENT STREET ROBBERY by Andrew Murray, illustrated by Harry Lane).

It all began with the arrival of a wealthy, newly-married, young couple, Derek and Blanche Valters, from Canada, to spend their honeymoon in London. At a jeweller's in Regent Street, Derek purchased a matchless coil of flashing diamonds for his beautiful young bride - a necklace fit for a queen. The whole transaction was seen through the shop window by a crippled beggar lurking outside. This man was Count Ivor Carlac in disguise.

EVERY FRIDAY.

Vol. XVII. No. 468. New Series.

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THIS WEEK'S GREAT DETECTIVE STORY.



CARLAC  
THE MASTER  
CRIMINAL.

## The Regent Street Robbery.

No. 1 of Our Great New Series of COUNT  
IVOR CARLAC v. SEXTON BLAKE  
Stories.

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### CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

SEXTON BLAKE - The Great British Detective.  
TINKER - His clever boy assistant.  
PEDRO - Their wonderful Bloodhound.

COUNT IVOR CARLAC - A Great Master Criminal.  
"SWAGGER HARRY" - Carlac's assistant in crime.  
KITTY - Carlac's assistant - Tinkler's Sister.

AND

MR. and MRS. DEREK VALTERS - A young married couple, around whom the story centres.

Crime was Carlae's hobby and his livelihood, and Vienna, Paris, Madrid and St. Petersburg had been his hunting-grounds. But London had bigger possibilities than any of the other cities, and the arch-criminal fancied his chances in pitting his wits against the police. His military career had been brief but inglorious. However, it had taught him to map-read and travel by compass, two very useful accomplishments. He was an opportunist, the most dangerous type of rogue, and his schemes always had an element of chance running through them. He had a great head, crisp black hair, hard, callous eyes and cruel lips. He was tall, broad shouldered, with two powerful arms, strong enough to crack a man's ribs. Despite its evil lines, his face denoted that at one time he had occupied no small place in society. His voice was curiously deep and that of a cultured man.

Carlae needed funds to set up a criminal organisation in London, so he burgled the Valters's cottage in Hampstead and stole the Rawnee necklace for which Derek had paid three thousand seven hundred guineas. Derek enlisted the aid of Sexton Blake, who with Tinker and Pedro, after some hair-breadth encounters with Carlae and his evil minions, eventually located the necklace which was in the possession of one of them, Swagger Harry, and restored it to its rightful owner. Carlae escaped, but Swagger Harry received a term of imprisonment.

In *Beyond Reach of the Law* by G.H. Teed (U.J. No. 485), the very fist tale in the Yvonne series, a daring robbery was perpetrated by the adventuress and her Uncle Jack at a famous Bond Street jewellery establishment. A valuable string of pearls was removed and a worthless replica substituted under the very nose of the Proprietor; here, too, Blake was commissioned to effect its retrieval, which he carried out successfully.

Andrew Murray (1880-1928): his first contribution to *The Union Jack* was *Sexton Blake - Boxing Trainer* (no. 388, 8.3.1911) and Count Ivor Carlae was introduced to readers the next year in *The Regent Street Robbery*. Other characters, like Professor Kew (the wizened surgeon turned criminal), the honourable John Lawless, Humble Begge and Count Bonalli (The Owl) followed. Six of his *Union Jack* stories appeared sometime later in *Detective Weekly* under his name but with different titles. *The Regent Street Robbery*, which was one of these, was renamed *Danger in Diamonds*.

Murray also wrote for the Sexton Blake Library (Second Series), curiously, No. 80, *The Bath Chair Mystery* featured Nelson Lee and Nipper! Two of his S.B.L. titles were subsequently published in the Boys' Friend Library (Second Series) under the pseudonym of John Andrews. His Blake stories also appeared in *Answers Weekly* and the '*Penny Pictorial*'.

Sometime before his demise Andrew Murray ceased writing, but Count Carlae and Professor Kew continued to figure in tales for the *Union Jack* written by H.H.C. Gibbons who is better known to readers by his pseudonym of Gilbert Chester.

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## A MANY FACETED AUTHOR

by Bill Bradford

Our Editor has appealed for contributions in this area so, as a former librarian for the London Club, I should unearth my typewriter (and Tippex). I cannot claim to be an authority on Brooks so will confine myself to recalling various stories in this realm. I first discovered the NELSON LEE about 1932 during the 2nd Series. It did not do much for me and I preferred the BULLSEYE, which seemed far more exciting. About 1935 I started on the SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY and thoroughly enjoyed the St. Frank's issues, particularly the holiday adventures abroad, where Brooks' fertile imagination came into its own! In 1939, in the DETECTIVE WEEKLY, I first read THE CASE OF THE ANTLERED MAN, rewritten from UNION JACK No. 1357 (1928). A little later I encountered 'Ironsides of the Yard' by one Victor Gunn. Earlier I had read some stories of Norman Conquest by an author named Berkeley Gray, but did not care much for these.

After a lapse of many years, in the late 1950s, I read a number of Gunn stories per the local Public Library, all of which were thoroughly enjoyable. I do not recall seeing any Gray books at that time; perhaps I was not looking very hard!

When I joined the Club I met Bob Blythe, who was to become a very dear friend. As the Nelson Lee Librarian, he inveigled me into borrowing from his vast collection and I then encountered the Monster Library for the first time. When Bob died, in the absence of any other volunteers, I took on the Library, as I could not watch his years of effort fade away. I served in this capacity from 1983-1990 and made many friends from sundry borrowers. Many of these were my age, or older, and found the print in early N. Lee's too small for their eyesight, so I converted many to MONSTER'S or S.O.L.'s.

Looking back on an author whom I admired and enjoyed, without being one of his more devoted admirers, my strongest and most enjoyable memories are as follows:

NELSON LEE Old Series	Nos. 542-549	The Ezra Quirke series	1925
NELSON LEE 1st Series	Nos. 36-43	1st Northestrian Adventures	1927
DETECTIVE WEEKLY	Nos. 304-317	Case of the Antlered Man	1939

(Repeat of Hardback published by Harrap in 1935).

I fear I have omitted the odd stories, by Brooks, under the pen names of Reginald Browne and Edward Thornton, published in numerous formats, generally by Gerald Swan, but these were almost entirely based on Nelson Lee stories. However, I should mention the three stories he wrote for SCOOPS in 1934: 'THE MARCH OF THE BERSERKS'. I read and enjoyed on publication. Few authors were chosen for this early Science Fiction story paper, which only ran for 20 issues, which suggests that Brooks was then acknowledged as a most imaginative writer...

Today, I still re-read some of the VICTOR GUNN books and consider William Cromwell (Ironsides) one of Brooks' best creations. Over to you!!

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## THE MAESTRO

by Ted Baldock

The general so likes your music, that he desires you,  
for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

Shakespeare. *Othello*.

It was true that Hobby preferred to admire old Claude's compositions from a safe distance. It was only with difficulty that old Claude could ever persuade him to listen to them.

Frank Richards. *Billy Bunter's Postal Order*

Genius comes in many shapes and forms - and sounds. The afternoon peace is shattered, no other term will serve, by a cacophony of crashing and discordant chords and cadences as of a hundred scalded cats in torment. Claude Hoskins of the fourth form at Greyfriars is getting busy on the opening movement of his twenty-second piano concerto in G flat major.

The marble bust of Beethoven is said to gaze down from its perch on the music cupboard with a pained expression whenever old Claudes gets going on the piano. This may be pure hearsay, though it would not, of course, have been the least surprising. Claude's music (?) seems to have had a similar effect on many of his friends. It has also been noted that windows have been heard to slam on the far side of the quad on 'practice' occasions. 'Musical' appreciation would appear to be at a rather low ebb.

Harold Skinner, the humorist of the Remove, has often averred that it was imperative, if one were to retain one's ear-drums intact, to apply cotton plugs securely in position when passing within anything up to fifty yards of the music room when Claude was there. Whether or not this warning was prompted by envy of his capability to produce such sound is not too clear. Hoskins has often been heard explaining to his bosom chum Hobson that it was just 'unadulterated jealousy' of his professional ability, and that his critics were nothing but Goths and Philistines.

Most lovers of music are aware of the seemingly endless melody in Wagnerian music. It is noble, inspiring, and deeply satisfying. Its general effect is soothing; it elevates the listener to a higher sphere of thought than the mundane. Claude Hoskins has made similar claims for the thunderous out-pourings and hysterical counterpoint in his own oft-times disturbing compositions. Mrs. Mible's cat, a feline of some character, has been accredited with being the inspiration of certain passages in his piano concerto, opus 49. This is, of course, a gross libel emanating not surprisingly from Harold Skinner.

Congreve has told us, and doubtless he speaks from experience that, "Music has



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Let Frank Richards have the last word! "Claude arranged his music on the piano desk, placed himself on the music stool, pushed back his cuffs as if he were going to box, and started. Hobson listened to the crash that followed. He had to. He dared not put his fingers to his ears, lest old Claude should spot him out of the corner of his eye. Hobson stood up to it like a Trojan, while Hoskins, who had rather a fancy for the loud pedal, dragged out of that old piano every discordant sound that it was capable of producing."

This is the retreat in which Claude Hoskins spends most of his leisure time. A creative genius, a noisy bouncer, a harmless ass? Who can say? He is an integral part of the his short-comings - and talents, if any.

The question of which is the most shunned room at Greyfriars is answered in six cases out of seven as the music room. It has much to commend it. It is a spacious and charming apartment with large windows admitting the maximum of light. However, these less charmingly let out, when open, less than acceptable sounds. In the centre stands a large concert piano, a well used instrument which is often a considerable bone of contention, while the bust of Beethoven glares stonily down from his lofty perch on the music cupboard.

A wayward genius, or a disturber of the peace and tranquility of Greyfriars and the adjacent surroundings? Most fellows incline to the latter opinion. Claude is the orthodox musician (a carefully cultivated image this) with rolling eye, tossing untamable hair and, of course, a mercurial temperamental approaching the inscible.

Claude Hoskins may be described as a "thumper par excellence" on the keyboard although he would certainly not appreciate this epithet. He is convinced that within his being lie the seeds of musical genius. His friends have many reservations on this point. Some fortunate beings are said to have been born with silver spoons in their mouths. Rumour, that erratic jaded, has it that Hoskins made his debut into the world clutching a tuning fork. This may well be apocryphal. Not a particularly bright star in the Greyfriars firmament, Claude Hoskins is a relatively harmless, rather likeable fellow, albeit rather an ass who lives and has his entire being in a world of savers, crochets, semi-quavers and thunderous chords, not to mention agonising scales.

Genius manifests itself in many and diverse ways, it is open to many interpretations, his own country. So why not a musician?

Genius of the fourth form. Has it not often been stated that a prophet is without renown in educated in the mysteries of Musicology to appreciate the fine art as propounded by this Claude. He and his critics cannot both be right. Perhaps we are not yet sufficiently combining sounds with a view to beauty of form and the expression of emotion. Poor old One agrees that it must boil down finally to a definition of the term, music. The art of action the celebrated "short way" he more usually had with "tags".

Regarding Claude's works, Horace Coker of the fifth form, who may be said to possess a mildly "savage breast", would certainly be very emphatic, no doubt bringing into fairly wide consensus of opinion among the Greyfriars fellows, few disagreed with these sentiments. Taking a charms to soothe the savage breast. To soften rock, or bend the knotted oak. "Taking a

# Cliff House Annals

## THE ISLANDS OF CLIFF HOUSE

by Margery Woods

The word 'Island' seems to have acted like a magnet ever since authors first discovered the theme and readers discovered the pleasure of surrendering to the many fantasies those authors could put into words. Of course the words 'desert' or 'Crusoe' added an extra dimension of magic, but even without the traditional palms, lagoons and coral reefs, islands have the potential for mystery, danger and a special type of isolation not to be found elsewhere: Islands are exciting to anyone with the slightest modicum of imagination.

Lucky indeed were the school chums of our youthful reading who had islands on their doorsteps, and it is no coincidence that so many schools in fiction were set near the coast or a river broad enough to provide a small island which could help to further so many plot involvements. Cliff House School was very fortunate; it neighboured at least two.

## *The* Secret of Stowe Island!



By  
**HILDA RICHARDS**

Illustrated by T. LAIDLER

Stowe Island, situated in the River Sark, was the leafy, benign kind of island, perfect for picnics and idling away lazy summer halfers. It also had the advantage of being privately owned by a lady called Mrs. Frith, who lived in Stowe House on the far bank of the river. She liked the chums and, favoured by her permission to visit the island whenever they wished, Babs and Co. spent many happy hours there -- until the afternoon they encountered a most unpleasant stranger who took great objection to their presence, especially that of Pluto, Clara's beloved Alsatian, who had shared their picnic and also nosed out a letter in the undergrowth. Unfortunately, Mrs. Frith had gone away for a while and rented her home to this Mr. Lyte and his wife. While endeavouring to separate Pluto from the letter he had found it became torn, and as he gave it up to his mistress she could not help noticing a few words which seemed to be a plea for help. The fiery Tomboy and the angry man clashed as Clara's suspicions were instantly aroused, but the man's wife charmingly invited the chums to tea the following day. (Only Clara is unconnected by this display of bonhomie and decides to investigate later that evening. Lyte spots her in her eye in the trees on Stowe Island and cuts her boat adrift, leaving her no option but to swim back. She squelches back to Cliff House, straight into the path of Miss Primrose, and followed by an equally soaked Pluto who has got out of kennels and done a spot of his own investigating. Primmy is not pleased, but Clara is delighted at Pluto's find, a dainty satin shoe. Even the teasing of the chums will not banish her belief that something is going on.)

Many young readers must have wondered why close and loyal chums will suddenly refuse to listen or back up one of their own. This ploy occurs time and time again in schoolgirl and schoolboy fiction, and adds greatly to the emotional impact and suspense of the story when one chum has to battle through alone, even as the reader wonders why...

Clara's second spying trip ends in disaster she had never dreamed of. On her way to the island, with Pluto, later that night, she encounters Lyte who attacks Pluto with a stick, an encounter that results in Lyte injuring his hand on some barbed wire. Now he has a perfect excuse for ridding himself of this troublesome girl and her equally troublesome dog. He tells Clara he is going to report her and her dog to the police and insists that Pluto be destroyed. This drives all thought of any mystery from Clara's mind. Back at Cliff House she hides Pluto in the little secret room behind Study 7, a scene of many other Cliff House mysteries with its secret passage that leads to the old crypt. Next morning she sees a policeman and the vet from Friardale approaching the school and now she begs Babs to help her. Babs agrees, beginning to believe Clara, and the two girls with Pluto make their way to Stowe House, where Babs manages to distract Mrs. Lyte into the garden while Clara and Pluto slip into the house. Given the white shippot to sniff, Pluto is on the trail instantly, down to the cellar and along a tunnel that eventually ends on Stowe Island, at a locked door where a girl's voice calls desperately for help. Then the Lytes come pounding down the tunnel, full of threats.

But rescue is at hand. Clara and Babs had been unaware that their flight from Cliff House, with Pluto, had been seen and even now police were on their way. Now it is a different arrest they make as Babs arrives on the scene after being attacked by the Lytes at the house. The Lytes attempt to escape as barred and at last Clara's mystery is solved. There has been a little prisoner on Stowe Island, the child heiress of wealthy people from whom the Lytes are attempting to extract ransom money.

So Clara is the heroine of the hour, and Pluto reveals in the adulation he receives and the clearing of his canine name after the rescued child tells how she heard the Lytes complaining about the damage to his hand from barbed wire, but arranging that the dog would get the blame.

While Stowe Island proved to have its share of subterranean hiding places that lent themselves to adventure and villainy, it could not equal the other island that featured in

many an exciting Cliff House tale. This was Belwin Island, described as a great rugged sentinel rising out of the sea off Sarmouth. It had rocks and caves and sandy coves and woods and an old ruined tower, and was another great favourite for picnics and exploring.

An early adventure on Belwin featured June Merrett and began on a fine summer day with the chums setting off for the island, a little puzzled because June had turned down their invitation to accompany them, pleading another engagement. They were even more puzzled to find June already on the island when they reached it. She was being bullied by a boy from Friardale School. Cliff House raced to the rescue, only to see June running away and the boy in pursuit. The mercies of the chums were not exactly tender when they caught up with the boy, who claimed he was June's cousin, but they quickly forgot him when they found June lying injured in the wood, only half conscious and muttering feverishly about a golden egg that Tony must not find.

All the traditional ingredients are well shaken and stirred in this very early, possibly his first, Cliff House story by John Wheway. A violent storm strands the girls on the island with the sick girl, except for Clara and Marjorie who gallantly manage to row back to the mainland to get help - help not forthcoming when the local boatman refused to trust his motor launch to the storm. Meanwhile Babs tends June as best she can in the meagre shelter of the ruins of Belleva Tower. Bessie contributes her normal whinge about approaching starvation --- her own --- Mabs finds the golden egg at the heart of the story and the chums settle down for a long uncomfortable night.

But the unscrupulous Tony is back in the morning with reinforcements determined to get the golden egg. Fortunately Clara also arrives, Tony suffers an unwanted dip and Clara takes his boat in tow leaving him and his cronies stranded on the island without knowing where the girls have hidden the precious egg Mabs had found. However, Tony does not give up so easily. Back at Cliff House he tracks down Bessie who is asleep in Study 4 while the girls are in the Sanatorium with June who is very ill. Tony has little difficulty in extracting the information he wants from Bessie, and when the girls set off back to the island to rescue the golden egg Tony and his cronies are waiting to trap them.



## The RIDDLE OF BELWIN ISLAND

WHAT terrific excitement at Cliff House when it was known that the youthful Princess Zenia of Sylvania was to visit the school! But little did Barbara Redfern and her best chums guess that her coming was to be the beginning of a tense drama in which they were fated to play such vital parts!





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perfect setting for skulduggery. Belwin Island could run, and run ....  
 he'd ever see again. The girls could take possession again whenever necessary. As the  
 by now would have much else to worry about than the lease of an island it was unlikely

But undoubtedly the star was the island, thankfully only leased briefly by Dimity, who  
 soon they receive exquisite gold bracelet watches as mementoes of their great adventure.

Princess at last restored to her frantically worried father. The girls are heroines again, and  
 quest succeeds. Baron Dimity is foiled in his plot to topple the throne of Silvania and the  
 and caves, to provide more peril and more excitement for the intrepid chums until their  
 Dimity's yacht, while Belwin Island sprouted yet more underground cells, mazes of tunnels  
 the captive princess. Inevitably they were marooned there. Clara was captured and held on

This action-packed story spanned three weeks, while the chums endeavoured to rescue  
 while the princess was held prisoner on Belwin Island.

over a hundred foot high cliff into the sea, leading to tragedy headlines in the world's press,  
 Princess Zenia of Silvania, who within hours would be abducted and her limousine pushed  
 merciless. But she didn't know then that a new girl was arriving at Cliff House, the  
 in one telling sentence; the eyes told her he could be cruel; the lips that he could be

doubt it was for strictly nefarious purposes. For Babo, Dimity's character was summed up  
 Island has been bought by one Mark Dimity, and not one reader would have the slightest  
 a glaring new notice banning the unauthorised landing by anyone. It seems that Belwin  
 keep clear of the island, a warning they choose to ignore. But the warning is underlined by

This begins with the chums setting off for yet another picnic on Belwin and being warned to  
 A few months later Belwin Island was back in the action in the Princess Zenia series.

to freedom, to continue their fight with Shaw Dennis.  
 among debris in the tunnel, by Clara, the girls and Alphonse succeed in blasting their way  
 the fourth Form at Cliff House. But with the aid of an ancient explosive device, found

the women he hates most of all, his cousin, Miss Valerie Chantant, much loved mistress of  
 Shaw Dennis's evil plan when he seals up Alphonse and the chums, and, for good measure,  
 underground chamber and a tunnel, accessed by a heavy iron trapdoor. This is ideal for  
 Co. Further embellishments have been added to the island, including a deep shaft, a large  
 desperate attempt to keep Alphonse imprisoned on Belwin Island is thwarted by Babo and

with the treacherous man who brought Cliff House to open rebellion. Shaw Dennis's  
 of Marcell, comes to England to settle some unfinished business concerning stolen bonds  
 from his uncle's valuable collection, is restored by June.

rescue them is left to the imagination of the readers. And the golden eggs, stolen by Tony  
 boys who tried to beat the Cliff House girls'. The scene when their form fellows arrive to  
 wreck, Clara completes their humiliating punishment with a notice suitably inscribed: 'The  
 well-bent on revenge, and with the aid of Bessie's ventriloquist gift trap the boys in the old  
 decides she will follow them to the island where she manages to free them. They are now  
 Then rescue comes from an unexpected source. Bessie, still guilty for betraying the

## FORUM

**From BOB WHITER, California, USA:** When designing the O.B.B.C. badge I wanted the motto to be 'Boyhood is Everlasting'. My old teacher, a Mr. George Callister, took me along to see Mr. Eustace of Trinity Grammar School. He was a Latin scholar and said 'Puer Manebit' was the nearest that he could come up with.

**From DES O'LEARY, Loughborough:** Just a few words about the March C.D. which was most entertaining, with a number of thought-provoking points. Roger Jenkins' article on the Lancaster Greyfriars series stimulated me to look at it again, which is always the point, isn't it? Margery Woods continued in Bill Lofts' track with her interesting 'Cate's 'Em Young'. There really seems to be no end to the number of detective variations... And who would have ever thought that we'd see an M.A. dissertation on Greyfriars? Interesting to read Naveed Haque's letter on the Rio Kid... I must admit that the Rio Kid, or the Cedar Creek tales, strike me as far below the standard of Hamilton's school stories... It was nice to see such fine illustrations for Donald Campbell's most interesting article. I agree wholeheartedly that 'Herbert Strang' is (are?) a most interesting figure who never gets enough attention...

Finally, shouldn't the O.B.B.C. badge motto translate as 'Boyhood *will* (or 'shall') remain (or 'persist')?

**From ARTHUR EDWARDS, London:** I am disagreeing with Margery Woods when she categorised Board Schools as 'the main catchment for slum and lower working class areas' (C.D. no. 592)... The School Boards covered the whole country, just as Councils do today, not just the poorer areas she mentioned. Even in working class areas the children of middle class parents attended the local Board School; in middle class areas the pupils of the Board Schools were almost a hundred per cent from middle class families, no alternative being available at least up to the age of eleven, when a very few might get into a Foundation Grammar School... I accept that I came from a working class family, but in school I rubbed shoulders with the children of shopkeepers, publicans, builders, clerical workers, etc.

**From TED BALDOCK, Cambridge:** I much enjoyed the article on Charlie Chaplin by Reg Hardinge in the April C.D. I read Chaplin's 'Autobiography' some time ago and it seems that he had, to put it mildly, a very sordid childhood. Not that his parents treated him badly, but there existed the ever present spectre of poverty. Life was a rather bleak affair in his early days. Yet the young Charles had a vision before him which he never allowed to grow dim. How he achieved his desire became clearly evident to the whole world. Reading his book one sees how meticulous and painstaking he was in achieving the effects he desired. Endless practice and re-takes would appear to have been the order of the day - until he was satisfied. Hence the 'string' of classics we now enjoy. There are many who agree that the closing sequence in 'City Lights', the discovery of Charlie as the 'good Samaritan' by the blind girl whose sight has been restored, and the 'Butterfly' incident at the end of Lewis Milestones version of 'All Quiet on the Western Front' are perhaps the most moving in this history of American film-making. Both are beautifully crafted, and poignant.

**From BILL LOFTS, London:** I feel certain that the 'Mabelle Rivers' girl detective series in the Girls Friend Library were reprints from an earlier girls publication. 'Alice Millard' the author was actually a man, a non-de-plume of Cecil Bullivant who was a most prolific

writer before the First World War. He was also an editor, and an excellent detective story-writer. He lived to be a great age - 99 in fact, and died in Somerset.

Derek Hinrich, in Blakiana, also wrote a thought-provoking article. The pen-name of the author of the story 'The Case of the Mystery Parachutist, 'Hylton Gregory', was created by H. Egbert Hill, and when he died, as far back as 1932, the name was taken over by other writers, including Jack Lewis (Lewis Jackson) who I think was the author in question. If I find out more I will write it up in Blakiana.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Brian Mowbray of Botley also wrote about Mabelle Rivers, pointing out that her author, Cecil Bullivant, was "most famous for his *Polruan* stories in the *Boys' Friend* under the pen-name of Maurice Everard).

**From LEN HAWKEY, Leigh-on-Sea:** I much enjoyed the two recent pieces on young detectives, by Margery Woods, also Betty Hopton on "Mabelle Rivers". It's surprising how little "The Girl's Friend Library" is mentioned, as against "The Boy's Friend Library". Yet they started, and finished in the same years - 1906 to 1940. True, the "Boy's" ran to 1488 issues as against the "Girl's" 1306 - this was mainly because the A.P. started the distaff side a bit tentatively - only one issue a month - this was later increased to three, then four signalling its continued success. "Mabelle Rivers" appeared on July 7th 1916, along with two other issues - No. 126 "The Little Wonder" and 127, "The Widow's Daughter". I'm pretty certain the adventures of the young lady detective had already appeared in one or other of the publisher's weekly papers, possibly "Home Circle", "Forget me-Not", "Girls' Reader" or even "The Girl's Friend" itself. I believe I remarked once before how the bosses at Fleetway House stored their vast output, of both stories and illustrations, for use again, often long afterwards! Anyway, as "Mabelle Rivers" apparently contains 12 separate yarns, it would be interesting to know if my guess is right, and in what paper they originally appeared.

**From Naveed Haque, Ontario, Canada:** I would just like to briefly comment on the recently published 'The Mask of Comedy' (Collected poems of Charles Hamilton). To my mind Frank Richards was the Master story-teller, and it is pleasant to find that he had a knack for rhyming and 'a remarkably good ear for the rhythm of words' (as his niece Una Wright mentions in the introduction).

I particularly enjoyed 'Imperial Heritage' (where an Englishman's domestic plight is compared to his vast and 'rich' Empire) and 'Briggs Major Sarcastic' (a satire on the value of classical education). Other contents were of interest, with the exception of 'Onwards Blitzkrieg Soldiers', which I found too farcical for my taste.

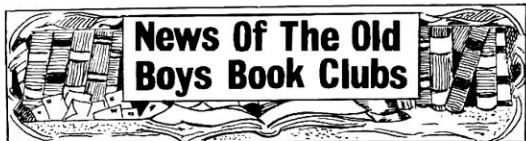
I urge readers to purchase this compilation of Frank Richard's poems. Aside from being worthwhile to adorn one's book-case (the binding is splendid), a good sale of the volume will no doubt encourage the compilers to publish other lesser known works of the author... who knows, perhaps his 'fairy' stories in collected volume format!

(*The Mask of Comedy* is available from Happy Hours Unlimited, 37 Tinsill Lane, Leeds, LS16 6BU at £13.50, which includes postage).

**From CLARISSA CRIDLAND, Coleford:** We have recently been watching *Goodnight Sweetheart* on television. In case you haven't seen it, the hero, Gary slips back and forth between the early 1940s and the present day. Apart from having a woman in each time (which leads to complications) Gary, in the present day, runs a shop specialising in 1940s memorabilia, which is all mint since he brings it back with him. This led us to thinking that if were to go back we'd be heading straight for Foyles to collect such things as the *Chalcat School in Exile* with the original dustwrapper, *School by the River* and *The Little Marie Jose* (all by Elinor Brent-Dyer), *Joy's New Adventure* and several others by Elsie

Oxenham, as well as *Rupert* Annuals, etc. to sell. In fact, one could have a perfect field day, and we wondered what other CD readers would buy.

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### NORTHERN O.B.B.C.

Even with a number of apologies for absence during the Easter break, it was good to welcome 14 members and especially Gordon Hudson, from Chester-le-Street.

The informal Club Dinner had been held on the previous Saturday night and enjoyed by all at our familiar but now re-located restaurant in the centre of Leeds.

"Malcolm Saville" was the item presented by Cath and Eric Humphrey. Coincidentally the Malcolm Saville Society was holding its convention in Shropshire the very same day, with our Club President and C.D. Editor, Mary Cadogan, being their guest speaker.

When Eric was a young boy, he was given a copy of "Mystery at Witchend" and became 'hooked' on future Lone Pine stories. It was through these that he and Cath discovered the county of Shropshire as most of the stories were centred there. Various photographs were on display of areas depicted in the stories. Although fictitious names were used they related to real places. The 20 very collectable Lone Pine adventure stories can be referred to as "rattling good yarns". A most enjoyable co-presentation from Cath and Eric.

"An Anthology" from Joan was an excellent selection of short readings from the writings of various people including Jerome K. Jerome, Winnifred Foley, Saki, Walter de la Mare and others. Joan was ably assisted by Geoffrey in his rendition of a couple of items. Another fine co-presentation.

Our May 11th Meeting will have Derek Marsden from Liverpool talking about "D.C. Thomson Comics" followed by a Magnet reading from Geoffrey Good. Our June 8th meeting will be the summer break and barbecue at the home of our Secretary in Wakefield. All welcome to our meetings!

JOHNNY BULL MINOR

### LONDON O.B.B.C.

Our meeting at Ealing on Sunday, 14th April was supported by twenty two members on a reasonably fine Spring day. After brief formalities we welcomed a return visit by our guest speaker, Bill Lofts, whose theme was 'TREASURES', namely those items in his personal collection that he would

never part with. Bill produced a number of these, ranging from original art work to an 1832 issue of PENNY MAGAZINE, a paper for boys and girls. A most fascinating presentation, much appreciated by all.

Members did justice to the tea, so, for once, the host will not have to eat toasted sandwiches all week!

The next item on the agenda was a talk by Derek Hinrich on Sherlock Holmes, which covered much of the life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the creation and the stories of the Baker Street criminologist. Derek certainly knows his Holmes and rarely have we had a more comprehensive and absorbing talk, much of the data being fresh to many of us. Chris Harper then spoke of two of his favourite authors. The first was Sydney Gowing, who wrote mainly as David Goodwin and John Tregellis, both of which names will be very familiar to readers of Boy's Friend Weekly and 1st B.F. Library. His stories varied from tales of St. Simeons to a favourite theme of Britain invaded. Chris then talked about Henry St. John (Cooper), who wrote first class stories about St. Basils, St. Simeons and Greyminster Schools.

The meeting ended with our customary reading of an old Club Newsletter, that which covered a meeting in April 1976, at the home of the much missed Bob Blythe. The next meeting will be at Salisbury on Sunday, 12th May.

BILL BRADFORD

### CAMBRIDGE

For our April meeting we met at the Willingham village home of Keith Hodgkinsons, who entertained us (solo) with his talks and his films all the afternoon.

After our usual short business meeting, Keith firstly told us about the adventure-tales author, Wilbur Smith. The prolific output of this white South African writer, considered to be continuing in the B.O.P. mould for creating adventure stories, was shown to us by Keith. Since 1964 Wilbur Smith's books have been best-sellers, and several of his African tales have been filmed.

Keith then became a film projectionist and narrated the stories behind some of the oddities in his vast film collection. He began with an unusual untypical B.&W. Hitchcock. Laurel and Hardy provided an extremely unfunny propaganda short; *El Cid*, with a German soundtrack followed, then came a wonderful Straw Man dancing sequence, - an outtake from *The Wizard of Oz* before its cinema release. Further oddities in Keith's collection were a 1964 Pathé Pictorial of a Beatles theatre performance, and a cinemascope excerpt from Marilyn Monroe's *Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend*.

ADRIAN PERKINS

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## Another Prolific Children's Writer

### *An introduction to: The Enid Blyton Literary Society*

by Norman Wright

It is a fact that many of those who read, collect and enjoy the work of Frank Richards also have an interest in the work of other prolific children's writers and it can truly be said that, with the exception of our own Charles Hamilton, few were more prolific than Enid Blyton. Legend had grown up around the volume of her work, but despite the criticism that has been levelled at her over the years her stories, like those of the creator of Billy Bunter are as well loved today as they were when she first wrote them. There can be very few adults between the ages of twenty and seventy who did not, at some time during their childhood, revel in the exploits of some of her enduring characters. For me The Famous Five sat on my bookshelf alongside Biggles and Gimlet; and at the public library works from both writers were borrowed with a rapidity that ensured they were never on the shelves for more than a few minutes before some adventure-minded youngster had snapped them up and was being transported to a world of thrills and adventure.

Like Johns, Frank Richards, Malcolm Saville and the like, the work of Enid Blyton is now very much collected and with her Centenary year fast approaching the interest is likely to become even more intense. *The Enid Blyton Literary Society* was formed a year ago, by Tony Summerfield, Michael Rouse and myself, with the aim of providing a forum for collectors. At the time of its formation I had been running the annual *Enid Blyton Day* for a couple of years and Michael Rouse had been editing *Green Hedges Magazine* for a little longer. We decided to combine the magazine and the meeting into *The Enid Blyton Literary Society* in order to give a better service to collectors. Gillian Baverstock, Enid Blyton's elder daughter, kindly agreed to be our president. Unfortunately Michael gave up editing *Green Hedges* just after Christmas and for a short time it looked as though the Society would be without a magazine. Fortunately this will not be the case and in July Tony Summerfield and I will be publishing the first issue of *The Enid Blyton Literary Society Journal*. Like its predecessor the Journal will contain articles on all manner of Blyton related topics - in-depth looks at particular series of books, the ephemera, etc. as well as a number of new features including a series looking at the various illustrators who made the Blyton books so appealing to look at. Initially we intend to bring out two issues per year as an A5 format magazine of approx. 24 pages. We already have sixty subscribers but the future of the Journal very much depends on increasing this number and at the very modest price of £1 25 for the first issue we feel that the Journal is within the reach of everyone who has an interest in, or nostalgic memories of, Enid Blyton and her writings. If you would like to receive the first issue of *The Enid Blyton Literary Society Journal* send a cheque or postal order for £1 25 payable to A. Summerfield at 93 Milford Hill, Salisbury Wilts SP1 2QL.

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**Wanted:** All pre-war Sexton Blake Libraries, All Boys Friend Libraries, All comics/papers/ etc with stories by W E Johns, Leslie Charteris & Enid Blyton. **Original artwork from Magnet, Gem, Sexton Blake Library etc.** also wanted. I will pay **£150.00** for original Magnet cover artwork, **£75.00** for original Sexton Blake Library cover artwork. NORMAN WRIGHT, 60 Eastbury Road, Watford, WD1 4JL. Tel: 01923 232383.



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 56 KING OF SCOUTS by Murray Gravdon.  
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 548 THE GOLD TRAIL, by S.S. Gordon  
 580 FROM CLUE TO CLUE by W.M. Graydon.  
 585 SMUGGLERS SECRET by Harry Huntington.  
 602 LEAGUE OF STAR & CRESCENT by Margerison  
 624 THE LAST CHOICE by Richard Randolph  
 642 BOYS OF BOMBAY CASTLE by Duncan Storm.  
 625 YOUNG YARDIE by Richard Randolph  
 665 LONESOME LEN AT CAMBRIDGE by H.T. Johnson  
 676 FROM POLE TO POLE by Cecil Hayter

.....Wib did not want to row with anybody. He just wanted to talk theatricals, with the other fellows saying "Oh! - Yes! - How clever!" and so on - and not too much of that. MAGNET 1551

"I say, you fellows, that cold chicken was a corker - a real corker! You should have had some!" MAGNET 1262

.....Now, Mr. Prout was old. He was verging that way, and the nearer he verged, the less he liked it. The thinner the hair grew upon the summit of Mr. Prout, the more carefully he brushed what remained across the bald places. And the mirror told him a flattering tale - that he did not, as a matter of fact, look anything like his age. And his age was not exactly old at the worst. Elderly, perhaps, but most decidedly not old. MAGNET 763

Light was dawning on Coker. Even Coker's powerful brain was not totally impervious to impressions from without. MAGNET 1136

"Don't talk such utter rot!" said Hoskins. "It's sickening that a chap should be hung up like that for a few thousand pounds. But it's always so - the world never recognises a genius till he's dead. Look at Mozart - never knew where his next dinner was coming from, and some of Mozart's stuff is really good - not like mine, of course; but it has qualities of its own. When I'm dead and gone, they'll understand. I dare say they'll give me a tomb in Westminster Abbey." said Hoskins, with bitter sarcasm. "I shall refuse it - in my will, I mean, I shall leave a plain statement that they're not allowed to bury me in Westminster Abbey - I've determined on that." MAGNET 643

"Urbs antiqua fuit - there were antiquated herbs!" announced Bunter. Mr. Quelch jumped.

Mr. Quelch was an elderly gentleman, and his jumping days should have been over. But really that translation was enough to make any Form-master jump on his hundredth birthday. MAGNET 1015

No wonder Billy Bunter grinned, till his grin seemed to extend round his fat head! No wonder he was feeling pleased with himself and with things generally.

There was perhaps just one fly in the ointment. Football was a form of exertion. It was a form of exertion that most fellows enjoyed : but no form of exertion whatever had any appeal to the fattest and laziest member of the Greyfriars community.

But Billy Bunter knew the answer to that one! He just was not going to exert himself. He was going to change for footer. He was going to roll on the football field with Harry Wharton and Co. He was even going to kick the ball, if by chance it came his way. But that was the limit. Any fellow who expected Bunter to chase after the ball, was going to be disappointed. Billy Bunter's little fat legs were not going to be exercised unduly. Not if Bunter knew it! "He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. BUNTER THE VENTRILOQUIST

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