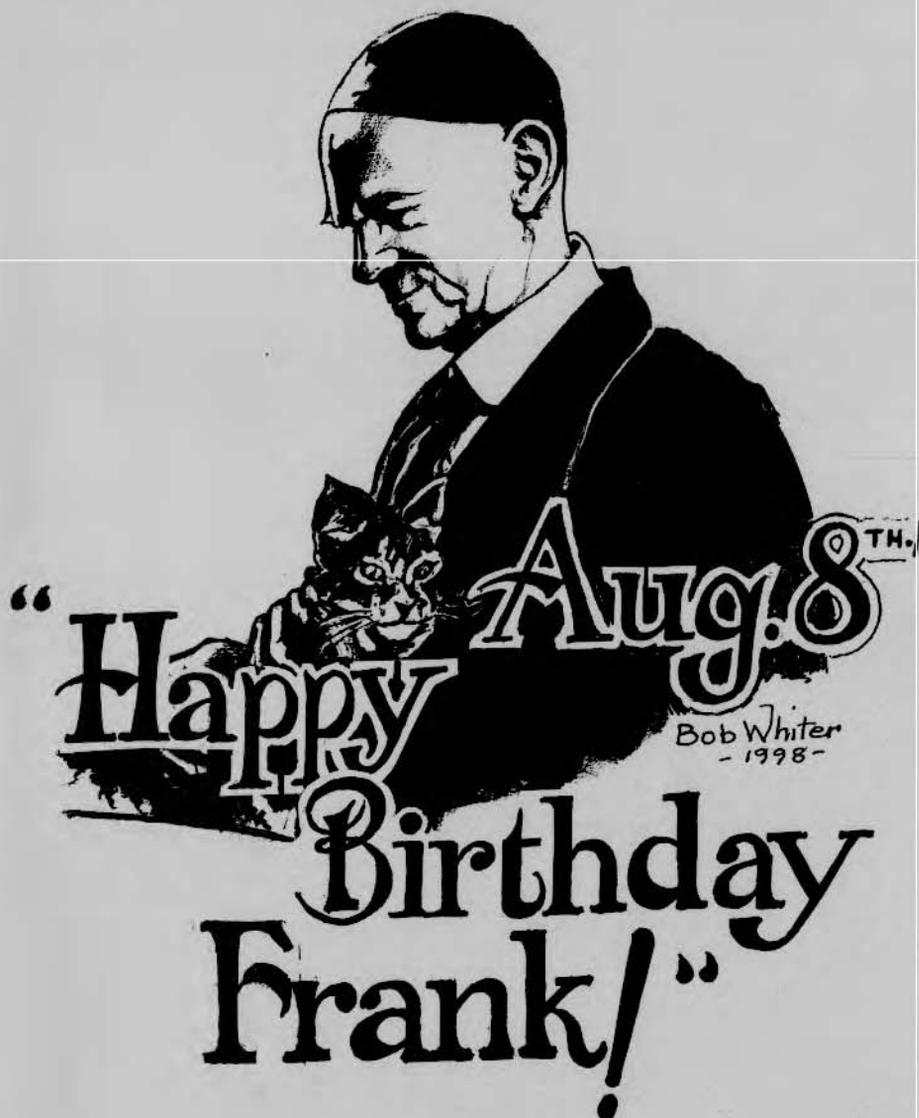


STORY PAPER
COLLECTORS' DIGEST

VOL.52

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AUGUST 1998





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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



particularly in Switzerland where it is not generally easy to pick up interesting and appealing English language books, so I usually pack far more literature than I need. This year I had the added pleasure of taking some of Martin Jarvis's fine audio-cassette readings, so that Mr. Chips, and Jeeves and Wooster, became my holiday companions. Created so many decades ago, it is astounding how fresh these characters remain today. (See reviews in this issue.)

Several C.D. readers have written to say how much they appreciate my listing of the special literary days which are due to take place later this year. I am always happy to mention such events, of course, so do inform me - well in advance if possible - of any that I might not know about.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Since I wrote my last editorial I have been away twice - once with my husband to Herefordshire, and then to Switzerland to see again the beautiful lakes and mountains of the Bernese Oberland. Both trips were very rewarding, and the weather was consistently fine, providing just the right settings for walking, relaxing and, of course, for reading favourite books and papers. I always have a horror of running out of reading matter,

I understand that the Broadstairs Frank Richards Day has already attracted enquiries from several of you. One of our contributors, Tony Cook, has prepared a list of interesting places in Broadstairs (from bookshops to restaurants and hotels) and I would be pleased to send this to any reader who would like a copy and sends me a stamped addressed envelope. (See also page 30.)

MARTIN JARVIS
READS
CARRY ON JEEVES
P. G. WODEHOUSE



I wish you all HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND HAPPY READING.

MARY CADOGAN

It helps the C.D. if you advertise your "For Sales" and Wants in it. The rates are: 4p per word, £5 for a quarter page, £10 for a half page and £20 for a whole page.

BOB WHITER, the illustrator of our attractive cover this month, writes:

Although our favourite, and may I say the greatest, school story writer of all time has left us in the flesh, his wonderful spirit and genius will never be forgotten. I felt I just had to make this birthday tribute to his memory. The fact that I am also a Leo, being born on the 9th of August, may have something to do with a life-long love-affair with all his works.

I crave your indulgence.

ECHOES FROM DOWN UNDER

by Andrew Miles

I read with great interest the discussion in "90 Glorious Years" of the comparisons made between the Hamilton school stories from the "Big Three" (Greyfriars, St Jim's, Rookwood) and the hardback school story genre. Although it is many years since those lively discussions took place, I would like to comment briefly on one classic - Hugh Walpole's *Jeremy at Crale*. This excellent book, not one of a Hamiltonian-like saga, is, nevertheless, as fine a school story as I have read. I first read it in ca 1969 at the age of twelve and preferred it then to the Cassell's *Billy Bunter* books - not yet having discovered the full *Magnet* yarns. I have re-read it several times and remain deeply impressed.

First published in 1927 and set just after the turn of the century, *Jeremy at Crale* is the third of a trilogy, of which the first two books (*Jeremy*; *Jeremy and Hamlet*) are tales of Jeremy's earlier life: his earlier childhood and his life at a private school. The books are episodic, focusing on significant events. The "Crale" novel, on the other hand, is an outstanding narrative of one winter term at Public School. Jeremy, aged "fifteen and three quarters", has just gained his remove to the Upper Fourth, has been allocated a study and becomes the scrum-half for the school First Fifteen. The book is unashamedly sentimental in its description of Jeremy's hopes and aspirations, but the character of Jeremy is magnificently portrayed.

The term does not start well for Jeremy. He plays only in the Seconds at the start of the season, is involved in a serious rivalry - a "Dr Fell feeling" - with an old enemy and finds himself blamed for the disappearance of the "Dormouse", a bullied new boy. The Dormouse, fearing a Tom Brown-style "roasting" from Jeremy's enemies if he does not abandon his Locker Room loyalty for Jeremy, runs away. Jeremy's frustrations and helplessness - as he struggles with the consequences of events beyond his control - make a superb study. There are also subtle references to the awkwardness and self-consciousness of adolescence, along with embryonic sexual awareness. Occasional references to nudity and non-sexual sensuality allow the reader to probe Jeremy's most intimate thoughts, doubts and feelings of insecurity. All this reveals his sense of personal isolation in a community where he is a popular figure with considerable influence and many friends.¹

Certain key and many routine events of the term are narrated, usually from Jeremy's perspective. Crale, like Greyfriars, is by the sea; sea breezes and trips to the sand are often mentioned. We read of rising bell, early morning washing in the cold, pre-breakfast prep., class scenes, study life, bullying and ragging, Call Over, Chapel, End of Term Supper and some fine descriptions of Rugby games. Indeed, the vivid and detailed description - near

the end of the book - of Jeremy's Firsts game against Callendar (the term's major fixture) is a brilliant, chapter-length account. The description (as seen through Jeremy's eyes) is particularly effective. His telepathic teamwork and silent friendship with the five-eighth feature in this and all the Rugby sequences.²

Nicknames abound at Crale. Jeremy's size and personality have earned him the tag "Stocky". The masters, many of them clergymen, all in gowns, are varyingly regarded. The Headmaster, the "Camel", is universally adored and knows all his boys. Jeremy is overwhelmed on the first day of term when the Camel addresses him by name and inquires after his football. Jeremy's Housemaster, "Paddy", is similarly astounded on hearing the Camel's accurate assessment of Jeremy's character. Jeremy himself detests his Housemaster for his questions - asked during Catechism classes - about "purity of body". There is no suggestion of improper conduct by Paddy; rather, we are shown an inner view of Jeremy's self-consciousness as he gains - in a very restricted, all-male environment - greater self-awareness. Jeremy has mixed feelings towards his Form master, whose lack of popularity seems to deprive him of a nickname; he learns from him to love English poetry, yet hates him for his inconsistency towards his students.³

Jeremy is humiliated several times in the book. His study is ragged, raiders make off with his dormitory spread and he is accused, by his Form Master in class, of bullying. When the Dormouse runs away, Jeremy is "jawed" by his Housemaster. The scene is striking for its exposition of emotions; Jeremy, innocent of any wrong-doing, is upset by what has occurred and speaks frankly; his Housemaster, aware of Jeremy's innocence but concerned at events, suppresses his great liking for Jeremy and vituperates him for not having shown leadership and initiative and for having failed to help the Dormouse. Generally, Jeremy accepts these vicissitudes with apparent, outward equanimity, letting his true feelings be known only to his uncle during a mid-term visit.

Beneath a rugged exterior Jeremy displays great sensitivity; very early in the term, he joyfully joins in a rag, then sympathetically exhorts the Dormouse not to blub - thus unknowingly gaining his eternal loyalty; he hurls a French grammar at a swot, yet adores English poetry lessons and has a quiet interest in art - although he cannot draw. He becomes infatuated with a Sixth Former from another House, with whom he cannot talk (Public School etiquette forbids bridging so great a gulf). This admiration for the older student is not sexual, but reveals Jeremy's insight, empathy and powers of observation. For Ridley, the Sixth Former, is very aloof, cultured and deeply interested in art. Jeremy's most intimate relationship with a family member is with his Uncle Samuel, a modern artist. Other examples of Jeremy's *humanitas* are: his friendship with Jumbo, a boy of little account generally; his secret admiration of Marlowe, his study mate, swot and amateur author; his invitation of Schultz, a hated and barred Jew, to a dormitory feast; Schultz is actually in Coventry for sneaking, but Walpole's condemnation of anti-Semitism is as clear as Hamilton's.

Jeremy's problems are all solved in a striking sequence of climactic events. He shores up his own reputation with a Homeric scrap with his arch-rival. In the pouring rain, in mid-winter, the enemies fight a vicious bare-knuckled contest before most of the School. Jeremy's state of mind - doubts but not fears - before the scrap is described in detail. The fight confirms Jeremy's well-established reputation. Although out-classed and out-reached

by a taller, more skilful boxer, he shows great grit and pluck and wins with a knock-out punch in the fifth round.

The aftermath - rapprochement with his enemy (whom he finds that he can no longer hate), Jeremy's own self-doubts and rumours of disciplinary action by the authorities are forgotten in the glory of his triumph in the Callendar match. His prowess at Rugby and personal popularity are responsible; his House Captain, Housemaster and Headmaster all knew of the scrap and tacitly allowed it to proceed to get rid of the "bad blood". An apology from his Form Master and the appointment to have a Sunday walk with Ridley leave Jeremy at the end of the book happier than ever before in his life.

The book is written in a strongly nostalgic vein, yet without stating that former times are preferable. Indeed, Walpole frequently reminds the reader that the story is one of an earlier and less pleasant age. He leaves nothing to the imagination in relating how mentally as well as physically arduous Public School life could be. The psychological impact of bullying is far more forcefully related than in, for example, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The Dormouse's experiences of bullying, and accompanying fear, are magnificently described. He is a minor personage in the school, but the author paints a superb portrait of him as a significant character in the book. His adherence to the "no sneaking code" is acknowledged by his Housemaster with resignation and a little cynicism, but makes him a popular figure from then on. Neither he nor Jeremy forgets what has occurred; the embarrassment felt by both whenever they meet - along with Jeremy's rough sense of care and the Dormouse's undying devotion and growing self-assurance - is described more than once.

Some of the nostalgia is very positive, almost jingoistic. When Jeremy strikes his enemy in the mouth and issues a challenge "behind Runners", there follows a long account of the emotional appeal of that traditional wording of the challenge. The scrap is arranged formally through seconds and is held before an appreciative crowd in a traditional location - with every formality rigorously observed. On the other hand, Crale's lack of a Prep. school for the younger students and the institution of morning prep. are vigorously condemned. A foreshadowing of Walpole's distaste at the more brutal aspects of Public School life is given in the second book of the trilogy; at Jeremy's private school a public flogging of two runaways is graphically described. The horror of twelve-year-old Jeremy at the scene, at the two victims' suffering and at the stripes on their bodies afterwards reveal Jeremy's incipient sensitivity and humanity. He is also guilt-ridden, since he knew of their escapade but had declined to accompany them.

I do not seek to set one book of a trilogy against the magic of fifty years of Greyfriars. Nevertheless, *Jeremy at Crale* is a well-written book, giving a fascinating insight into the character of one boy at a watershed in his young life at a Public School. For Jeremy is above average in class (regularly gaining his remove at about the average rate), a star at Rugby and socially well-adjusted. He has adapted well to life at a school where he is generally content and has many friends. He has, however, used these factors to develop a tough exterior which conceals his true thoughts, misgivings and desires. These are revealed in the book, which is a fine example of its type.

Notes:

¹ Charles Hamilton was renowned for his "taboo" on sex. Yet his writing revealed that he was not unaware of it. Plenty of games and a busy routine were his way of suppressing the

topic. In addition, the proximity of Cliff House to Greyfriars allowed regular, innocent mixing of boys and girls. Unchaperoned expeditions to the woods or cliffs, trips down the river Sark and teas in Study Number 1 of the Remove all allowed healthy, uncomplicated contact between boys and girls at a most vulnerable age. Only teas at Cliff House were supervised - usually by Miss Primrose. Perhaps Charles Hamilton was a secret supporter of co-education!

² I am aware that Charles Hamilton usually made Soccer the main winter game at his schools, ostensibly because it would allow more readers to empathise. Yet when one considers that his versions of Public School life were completely unlike the lives of his wide social spectrum of readers, it is disappointing that he did not feature Rugby - the most common Public School winter game - more prominently. The personalities and "rough and tumble" life of Greyfriars suggest that Harry Wharton and Co. would have found the body contact of Rugby far preferable to the comparatively tame and restrained game of Soccer. Rugby matches certainly provide more scope for thrilling narrative and descriptions of epic contests. Discussion of Soccer versus Rugby occurred occasionally in the *Magnet* and *Gem*; I can only assume that Hamilton and the Companion Papers editors preferred Soccer, just as a reader of this article would doubtless deduce that I prefer Rugby!

³ English literature serves both as inspiration to Jeremy and as an intellectual bond among the masters. Camel and Paddy discuss Shakespeare as Quelch and Dr Locke would discuss Sophocles.



1066 AND ALL THAT

by Alan Pratt

"*Thank You Mr. Conquest*" is an interesting example of ESB at his best and worst!

Originally published by Collins in 1941, it is a re-write of a story which first appeared in *The Thriller* Nos. 567 and 569.

The adventure starts in typical fashion. A pretty girl is murdered on the steps of Norman Conquest's London home but manages to gasp out a dying message. Our hero is thus sent hot-foot on the trail of a gang of baddies out to relieve a country squire of his ancestral pile and at the same time recover a fortune in gold hidden somewhere in the old manor house. Naturally our Norman, aided as always by his quick-witted girlfriend, Joy "Pixie" Everard, locates the "boodle" and thwarts the villains, much to the delight of his old adversary Inspector Bill "Sweet William" Williams of Scotland Yard.

On the face of it then, a routine 1066 adventure. Berkeley Gray's light, slightly flippant style is reminiscent, at times, of both Charteris and Wodehouse and, as always, this is an easy and pacy read. There are sequences too which are genuinely exciting. The episode in which the Desperado fights for survival beneath a swallow hole in the Mendips is extremely well-written and, indeed, thought-provoking. The author's gift for the macabre

is well illustrated by the scene in which Conquest attempts to hunt down a grotesque, deformed killer in the London fog near "Underneath the Arches". And we know, also, that when Conquest's trail leads him into rural England, we shall enjoy again the quaint, yet slightly menacing, village atmosphere so effectively conveyed in many of the Victor Gunn titles. All good plus points that might indicate that I should recommend this title wholeheartedly.

Unfortunately, Brooks was not without his faults, some of which are rather self-evident here. He had, as most readers will know, a penchant for giving his villains exotic and somewhat ludicrous nicknames and so we are introduced to characters known as "Humpy" Travis, "Horse-Face" Herbie and Tommy "Ice Man" Zacco, a gang of Mayfair crooks led by a young aristocrat referred to as "Big Boy". It will be no surprise to regular readers to know that when this lot get together they speak a strange sort of gangland patois which is both unreal and irritating. Their behaviour also is oddly inconsistent, veering, as it does, between out-and-out villainy and schoolboy mischief making, so that it becomes increasingly difficult to suspend disbelief.

Would Big Boy really risk capture by going out to buy up lots of goodies so that his gang can have a jolly Christmas? Would he really be quite so horrified when his girlfriend, having defected to the enemy, throws a shoe at him in annoyance? And why, oh why, do the gang, knowing Conquest's amazing reputation ("this guy's red hot!", "Conquest is pure dynamite!" etc. etc.) give him so many wonderful opportunities to escape?

More instant attempts to rub him out having failed, Big Boy inexplicably decides to lock the Desperado in a room behind the great fireplace in the old manor house. He emerges, of course, with consummate ease. Big Boy is clearly not a man to learn by his mistakes because he then chooses to incarcerate 1066 in an old wine cellar on the basis that he will eventually starve to death. Conquest escapes again, this time by means of a "wheeze" involving a large suspended tin-lid supporting a pile of dust. (Shades of St. Frank's?). Joy, too, is treated with kid gloves by this most dangerous gang. Locked in a bedroom with Big Boy's ex-girlfriend, she manages to fashion a rope out of bedclothes, descending from a window into the arms of Sweet William in time for the final roundup!

I realise, of course, that stories such as these were never intended to be more than light-hearted escapism and that my criticisms may appear hard in consequence. And perhaps, after all, the problem lies not in the incongruities of the plot but in the character of the Desperado himself. The most appealing fictional heroes are fallible. In the Victor Gunn novels, Bill "Ironsides" Cromwell is often baffled until almost the final whistle and Johnny Lister is sometimes baffled to the final whistle and beyond!

Nipper and Co., brave though they were, occasionally suffered self-doubts in the face of extreme danger. Norman Conquest, on the other hand, is harder to believe in. True, he gets shot or stabbed from time to time but it doesn't seem to affect him in the slightest, he just bounces back like a character in a cartoon film. Wouldn't we, just once, like to believe he is really worried rather than facing death with a "glint of mischief" in his eyes or a "rake-hell" expression on his face? And what about Pixie? Shouldn't she, just occasionally, get genuinely irritated by her Desperado's desperately breezy humour and irresponsible unreliability?

But enough of this petty bickering. As I indicated earlier there is gold among the dross and I am (truthfully) a Brooks enthusiast. Like all other writers, ESB had strengths and

weaknesses and we, in the Hobby, appreciate him for what we individually perceive to be his best qualities. In the sure conviction that my opinions are not echoed by all other readers, I now look forward, with relish, to receiving a healthy dose of flak courtesy of the Post Box section of SPCD.

Come on customers, get those pens out and let's hear from you!



LIBRARY CHAT (2)

by Derek Ford

The final two case-books of the first "New Series" appeared in May 1941. Number 743 was by Gilbert Chester, who was then contributing three titles a year to the SBL, and E.S. Brooks, with his final Waldo book, although this was a reprint of 374 in the first series (31/3/25).

So number one of the second "New Series" appeared in June 1941, price sixpence. It was by John Hunter, entitled "Raiders Passed". It was, of course, wartime and there was rationing. Readers of this number one must have thought their monthly read subject to this, and that "new" meant the Baker Street pair would not be featuring quite as much as before. With an exciting cover and half-page leader inside by Parker, illustrating Captain Dack and Sam Tench of the Mary Ann Trinder, there wasn't going to be a lot to read about Blake and Tinker. By page 39 Tinker is clinically disposed of "... sagged sideways. He was all in. The falls he had sustained when running across the flats had shaken him up more than he knew, on top of the bashing he had received from Valeski and Valeski's men. After all, his head had been smashed by a black-jack, and his jaw had taken a punch which might have broken it but for a lucky chance. He had been almost foodless during the whole of his captivity..."

The same Valeski and his goons (as Lovejoy calls them), with their vicious ways, will be found propping up all Hunter's plots. Only the names and molls will be changed. To every one can it be truly said "It was a thumping good yarn".

By page 43, Captain Dack's ship has rammed and sunk a German submarine and the crew are on board. Chapter 17 tells of Blake being shot down in his plane and parachuting into the Abyssinian desert and ends: "... the vulture was drawing nearer...". Blake is remembered for a short time in Chapter 26. "He was sick and ill and faint, now, and how long he had been wandering he did not know - except that it stretched into weeks", when a passenger on a plane spots him. And he is briefly remembered on the back page of the cover as "pale and spent", as Tinker gasps "It's the guv'nor".

Anthony Pearsons came second with "On The Stroke Of Nine", but it came "first" with me. No "rationing" of Blake and Tinker, no "all at sea". Venner first, then, from page

16, Blake on the trail of the murderer of Sir John Malling, instructed by Lord Plumpton at whose home it has happened and who is a suspect. Woven neatly into the plot is Belton Brass of the Secret Service. And the end is the silencing of Big Ben broadcasting at nine o'clock so that it does not send a radio impulse to a bomb planted in a munitions factory. It was one of four books that he contributed that year, all splendid reading.

How the authors of *A Celebration* (1994) could be so biased towards the works of Hunter in what they call the "turn for the worst" SBL stories before the appearance of Howard Baker, is beyond me. Absolutely no credit for Anthony Parsons, by quote or illustration, of the great work he contributed to the SBL. No mention of Lady Emily Westonholme in "The Femmes Fatales". No better appreciation of his work appears than in Geoffrey Wilde's piece in the 1979 C.D. Annual ...

In this final 'Silver Age' (1941 to 1955) Parsons led the field, but there were still case-books by the old hands to cause the monthly excitement. A feeling that somehow never transferred to Berkeley Square.

AS DEAD AS DEAD CAN BE: JENNINGS AND LATIN

by Jonathan Cooper

Editor's Note: Jonathan gave this talk at the recent Jennings Day organised by the Northern O.B.B.C. He is co-author of the recently published book Children's Fiction 1900 - 1950, reviewed in this issue of the C.D. A classics scholar, and now at the age of 23 a master at Harrow School, he is, perhaps, a 1990s successor to our ever-celebrated Mr Quelch?

Let us start with some "illiterate doggerel" scribbled in Jennings' 'New Eating (amended from Latin) Grammar':

"Latin is a language, as dead as dead can be.
It killed the ancient Romans, and now it's killing me."¹

Latin certainly does not seem to do Jennings much good. His punishment for thus defacing a "valuable school text book" is to write out his Latin prep a dozen times. This would deprive him of the opportunity of participating in the school sports, and thus lifeless Latin seems completely at odds with the essential vitality of youth.

Indeed Latin has the reputation of being an old man's game. Willans and Searle's Molesworth, who took St. Custard's by storm at about the same time as Jennings goes to school, informs his readers that

"Everything in lat. happened a long time ago.
Latin masters therefore are always old and bent with age."²

This is a disturbing generalisation indeed for a twenty-three-year-old classics beak such as myself to encounter. Unsurprisingly, however, it is the stereotyped view of Latin as an aged, outmoded and irrelevant subject which pervades the Jennings books. General Merridew (that distinguished Old Linburian) recalls his Latin master to have been an "old chap with a beard", and Darbishire condemns classical archaeologists as being

“fossilised old geezers - probably so absent-minded that they’ve forgotten to take half the [relics] away.”³

Even Darbshire’s venerated father appears not to have avoided the disease when he tells the under fives at the parish infant school that education was “derived from the Latin word *educare* meaning to lead out”,⁴ which is clearly pedantic and over the heads of even the brightest infant.

At Linbury School, Latin is taught by the Archbeako: surely, one could argue, a sign of its importance. However, it also happens that Martin Winthrop Barlow Pemberton-Oakes (M.A. Oxon) is the oldest, least emotional and most long-winded member of the school’s academic staff. His preps are described as being universally dull, and one can only imagine that his lessons are equally unstimulating.

It is not just classics *teachers* that are old and cracking up. Jennings assumes that there must be great value attached to such a mouldy and decrepit volume as the first edition of the grammar text penned by Dr Grimshaw (his very name suggesting pain and hard grind). Its neglected pages are described as yellowed and musty. Even the smell of Latin grammar evokes decay. Ultimately, of course, like the theoretically “improving” classical education it supposedly aids, this book proves to be utterly valueless.

So, Jennings is completely failed by the classics? Well, perhaps in the conventional classroom-based sense of the subject. We do, however, see him engage with the classical world on a number of occasions in a way that is independent and surprising. When Jennings and Darbshire head off on their “highly organised scientific digging expedition” to the Roman encampment on the Downs, it does not take long for their imaginations to be working overtime. They are soon envisaging

“Roman soldiers putting up their tents
and cooking their baked beans”,⁵

and themselves dig up a “genuine, guaranteed, prehistoric Roman chariot wheel”. When Mr Wilkins demands that the lump of scrap metal they convey back to the school is disposed of, the boys perceive *themselves* as defenders of Roman civilisation whilst Old Wilkie is a destructive Goth or Hun. A situation seemingly an age apart from Jennings: vandal of Grimshaw’s Grammar.

Much more surprising than this youthful burst of enthusiasm for the Classical world is Jennings’ seizing of that most detested of rôles: the Latin teacher. He succeeds where no person had before by instructing and interesting Form 3 in the Latin pronouns. He has the whole class delightedly reciting that famous tongue-twister ‘hic haec hoc’ by the simple expedient of pointing out that

“It goes like a machine gun
hic hic hic haec haec haec hoc hoc hoc”,⁶

thus precipitating a full-blown air battle featuring Caesar’s Bomber Squadron. During the resultant fray it momentarily looks like Latin could actually be about to kill Jennings when his ‘plane is hit by Nominative Singular tracer bullets’.

Jennings’ use of Latin is vital and innovative, much more so than that of the Archbeako who, with his apt quotations from the poet Horace to fit any occasion, seems to be interested chiefly in rolling out impressive sounding set phrases which suggest his intellectual superiority over schoolboys.

So, although Jennings may well never become an Indiana Jones-style archaeologist or, Heaven forbid, a classics teacher, there are indications in the books that when he looks

back on his time at his *alma mater* he might admit that Latin can be thrilling as well as killing.

- 1 *Jennings Follows A Clue*, 1951, p.184
- 2 *Down With Skool*, 1953, p.40
- 3 *Jennings' Diary*, 1953, p.105
- 4 *Jennings Follows a Clue*, p.127
- 5 *Jennings' Diary*, p.109
- 6 *Jennings Follows A Clue*, p.181

THE MAGNET - THE MYSTERY OF THE VOLUME NUMBERING

by Ian Whitmore

Until recently I have not taken too much notice of the Volume numbering of the *Magnet*. I have been far more concerned with the issue numbers and series and trying to fill the gaps and replace poor copies.

My collection of original *Magnets* which started in 1946 has built up laboriously since then and at long last I am within sufficient sight of completing the set. This happy thought persuaded me to think about whether or not to start to bind my precious copies. However nice it is to handle carefully individual copies as issued in their original form, especially where some are in mint condition, I feel that proper professional binding is the only answer if we want to look ahead to the protection of our collections. Most of my *Magnets* are in unbound form but I have several bound volumes. Storing, finding, reading and referring to individual copies is so much easier when these are in protected bound form. However, my bound volumes are haphazard in construction. Some are in series, some in runs, some in half years and so on.

Logic tells me that the best way would be to have my *Magnets* bound in half-years (January to June and July to December). This would result in 65 volumes - 2 each year from 1908 to 1939 and the final volume for 1940 (an average of just under 26 for each volume). I am therefore puzzled to see that the last volume is numbered LVII (57) which would give an average of approaching 30 per volume. I have found to my surprise that from 1908 to 1922 there seems to be no logical volume numbering system employed by the editorial staff. Consider the following:

<u>Volume</u>	<u>Numbers</u>	<u>Dates</u>	<u>No. in volume</u>
I	1 - 31	15.2.08 - 12.9.08	31
II	32 - 58	19.9.08 - 20.3.09	27
III	59 - 87	27.3.09 - 9.10.09	29
IV	88 - 132	16.10.09 - 20.8.10	45
V	133 - 187	27.8.10 - 9.9.11	55
VI	188 - 240+	16.9.11 - 14.9.12	53
VII	*241 - 292	21.9.12 - 13.9.13	52
VIII	293 - 345	20.9.13 - 19.9.14	53
IX	346 - 416	26.9.14 - 29.1.16	71
X	417 - 464	5.2.16 - 30.12.16	48
XI	465 - 516	6.1.17 - 29.12.17	52
XII	517 - 543	5.1.18 - 6.7.18	27

XIII	544 - 625	13.7.18 - 31.1.20	82
XIV			
XV			
XVI			
XVII	626 - 646	7.2.20 - 26.6.20	21
XVIII	647 - 701	3.7.20 - 16.7.21	55
XIX			
XX	702 - 730	23.7.21 - 4.2.22	29
XXI	731 - 750	11.2.22 - 24.6.22	20

*240 is in Volume VI
 241 shows no Volume No.
 242 is in Volume VII

There are no volumes 14, 15, 16 and 19. The smallest Volume is of 20 issues (21) and the largest is of 82 issues (13). From Volume 22 onwards logic prevails as each relates to issues from the first week in January to the last week in June and from the first week in July to the last week in December.

I seem to remember a debate we had many years ago on the subject of 'To bind or not to bind' but I do not recall the *Magnet* Volume numbering system having been the subject of discussion before. It would be interesting to hear if any friends have any views or solutions to the mystery.

WANTED: List of Boys' Friend Libraries as compiled by the late W.O.G. Lofts.
 J. ASHLEY, 46 NICHOLAS CRESCENT, FAREHAM, HANTS, PO15 5AH. Tel. 01329 234489.

PRIVATE COLLECTOR EAGERLY SEEKING:-
 Geo. E. Rochester * Talbot Mundy * P.F. Westerman * W.E. Johns * Collectors' Digest
 Monthlies/Annuals * All John Hamilton/Ace series * All aviation fiction. DAVID
 BRADLEY, 19 ST. HELENS GARDENS, LEEDS LS16 8BT. TEL: (0113) 267-8020.

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.

WANTED. Cigarette and trade cards, particularly football, golf, cricket, boxing and
 baseball related. Also football memorabilia. I have for exchange nearly all Howard Baker
Magnet volumes and Howard Baker Annuals.
 GEORGE HOARE, 13 BURNSIDE, WITTON GILBERT, DURHAM DH7 6SE.
 TEL: 0191-371-0558.

THE IMPOSITION, AND OTHER MATTERS

by Ted Baldock

In the fading light of a summer eve,
In the shadowy afterglow,
There are things to see you'd not believe
At the school of long ago.
Listen carefully and you will hear
In dim old formrooms there
The sound of voices, low, yet clear,
Construing Virgil, slow with care.

Never had Latin verbs seemed so tedious, so incomprehensible, so utterly unnecessary and unrewarding. So thought Bob Cherry (he of the exuberant nature and restless feet) as he sat, a solitary figure in the Remove formroom - in durance vile - as it were, while his friends were engaged in a lively practice match on little side. Ever and anon he heard the outbursts of cheering and shouting.

Latin verbs. Why could not Mr. Quelch have set a history task? History now, here was a subject in which one could at least work up a modicum of interest. In history things happened. There were intrigues, plots, battles, swift action and hair-raising escapes. There was movement and colour. But Latin verbs! Bob did not know the gentleman who had introduced these horrors into the school curriculum, which was perhaps just as well for that individual's peace of mind; certainly Bob would have dearly liked to give him a piece of his own - probably, almost certainly, not an entirely complimentary piece. But, *Hic labor, hoc opus est*, Mr. Quelch had set this punishment task for the unfortunate junior.

Henry Samuel Quelch had the doubtful reputation of being a somewhat 'downy' bird and was artfully selective in his choice of punishments. In short he knew his boys, Bob Cherry in particular. He had become aware through long experience of the chinks in the armour of each individual member of his form. He knew just where to inflict the maximum penalties for a whole range of misdemeanours. Thus he was cognisant of the fact that Latin verbs would inflict on Bob a far sharper salutary lesson than would, for instance, a history task, (especially as at this point the Remove were following with rather more than their usual interest the fortunes of the House of Stuart and were approaching that fascinating episode, the rising of '45).

Bob had upon his study bookshelf among his required school textbooks certain other volumes, chiefly dealing with adventures. Among others he possessed a well thumbed copy of Mr. George Alfred Henty's stirring tale 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' (the gift of a fond aunt on his last birthday). It was a thrilling account of the trials and adventures of Prince Charlie 'in the heather' following the disaster of Culloden.

How much better it would be to have a punishment piece on such a subject, thought Bob. But, no such luck; the Aeneid had been 'set' and the Aeneid it had to be. Who would not exchange Latin verbs for the romantic adventures of Bonnie Prince Charlie? Bob sighed, emitting something between a grunt and a growl as he jabbed his pen in the ink-well.

The old formroom grew grey and dim as the afternoon wore on. Shadows were lengthening in the quad and over the playing fields beyond. The white faced clock on the wall above Mr. Quelch's desk indicated ten minutes after four o'clock. The gas had already been lit in the passage. Bob sat and gazed at the tiny blue pilot light shining above his head and at the two suspended chains. It was strictly forbidden for fellows to take the liberty of lighting the globes, so he sat and waited in the gathering gloom.

"Quelch has forgotten" he grunted, "It is almost tea time, I'll give him another five minutes and then I'm off, and he blowed to him!"

Here one sees a classical dilemma, that of an outdoor, sport-loving fellow incarcerated in the house on an invigorating afternoon. What greater punishment could be devised than this; while his friends are engaged in a football game he is faced with a task not at all to his liking. Those among us who are still able to project ourselves back in time to our own schooldays will be able to appreciate the full implications of such an imposition. To Bob Cherry at the moment it seemed rather like purgatory.

Reading the 'Magnet' or the 'Gem' in our adolescent days we felt a distinct affinity with the fellows of Greyfriars and St. Jim's. In our empathy with our heroes, we were quite unconsciously absorbing certain rules and canons of conduct, learning things which could be indulged with impunity, and which were simply 'not done'. A lesson was being given in the jolliest way imaginable by a master of prose.

On countless occasions Mr. Quelch has been condemned as a 'beast', yet not a single member of his form would deny that he is a 'just beast', and should the situation arise all



ONE OF THE FAMOUS FIVE.
THE GENIAL BOB
IS ONE OF THE BEST ALL-
ROUND SCHOOLBOY SPORTSMEN.

would have supported him up to the hilt - and beyond. This says much for his inherent understanding, and ability to handle boys. Somewhere deep down beneath his rather formidable exterior, there lurked a boy who, over an unspecified number of years, was at one with the boisterous Remove fellows. In his not infrequent passages of verbal arms with Mr. Prout the master of the fifth, he reveals himself as a veritable champion of his flock should the smallest aspersion be cast upon them.

"A boy of your form no doubt Quelch..." Such a remark is more than enough to cause the Remove master to don the full armour of outraged righteousness. Quelch will never fail to rise to the challenge, and, in a few well chosen and pithy words, will not only repudiate such an allegation but severely castigate and crush Mr. Prout. But whatever the Fifth-form master may lack, he possesses formidable buoyancy of character and is not eliminated for long. A brief display of outraged dignity, a purpling, a swelling, a sonorous booming - and in a few minutes it is over - rather like the passing of a summer storm.

Mr. Prout is certainly not a bad fellow; he probably enjoyed these frequent passages of arms with his colleague. Are not all our egos stimulated in different ways? A few moments of frosty and dignified silence in the common room, then soon friendly overtures are being made: "More coffee Quelch my dear fellow - another biscuit perhaps?" And the relationship is restored. Would that all disputes could be so easily settled. A few minutes later Quelch and Prout are presenting a united front to Mr. Hacker over some complicated point of discipline in form. All is calm and bright once more.

Oh to be an invisible spectator, an eavesdropper, to these delightful exchanges. To have the privilege of observing members of Dr. Locke's staff with "their hair down" would surely be illuminating. To see them in their brief moments of relaxation assuming their "other selves", and following their individual pursuits in the quiet and timeless back-water of Greyfriars. Are politics ever discussed? Do the activities and rumblings from the great world beyond the walls of the school have any real relevance for the inmates? Or do they exist in their own little world of school, apparently immersed in their own particular 'hobby horses'.

Nevertheless a pattern is being created for the pupils. Self-discipline is being instilled, characters are being formed and directions are being indicated for the varying destinies which lie ahead beyond the world of school. One may feel confident that Greyfriars boys will go forth adequately equipped to give a good account of themselves, and to justify the efforts of their late mentors.

Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout, together with their colleagues, will be justified in feeling a small surge of pride in their handiwork, as from time to time, they receive intelligence of the activities of fellows whose studies they have helped to direct. Mr. Prout, we may be sure, will swell with pride to an alarming degree should he hear of 'that boy Coker - incorrigible fellow' having achieved some credible distinction: "Of all boys never would I have visualised such success for Coker; Blundell or Potter, yes - but Coker..." And Mr. Quelch's crusty features will crack and expand with pride when he receives reports of any of his boys! "You will recall, Prout my good fellow, how I always predicted that Wharton would make his mark. He was perhaps a little wilful at times but I never doubted that he could be a credit to his old school", etc...

May these two old Trojans never cease to hone their scholastic wit upon each other's susceptibilities! May we never cease to keep alive in our own memories the successes - and failures - of our own schooldays.

Thus, although once in a while Mr. Quelch may temporarily forget that he has set a punishment task to a member of his form and has omitted to sanction his release at the prescribed hour, it certainly cannot be said that he has not the interests of his pupils very much at heart. Although, at times, the imparting of knowledge has to be facilitated by

rather drastic methods as evidenced by wild yells and protestations from certain members of his form, with such an able mentor as the razor-sharp Master of the Remove one may confidently hope that all will eventually be well, even for Billy Bunter, Harold Skinner and others of a similar ilk.

FORUM

TED BALDOCK: The C.D. remains the highspot of the month, thankfully taking one's mind from the rather unpleasant things 'served up' by the press.

The lovely - and nostalgic - June cover played havoc among the memories of a - regretfully - far too distant boyhood.

The old 'Penny Popular'. What a pleasure it was to find under one cover all our favourite schools and fellows plus additional 'stirring adventure' stories. Dear old Bunter making determined inroads into a substantial pie, giving to the operation his whole and undivided attention. Once may wonder whether Mrs. Mimble has missed it yet...

There is one curious little aspect in the illustration. Through the window on the playing field a vigorous game is in progress. It would appear, as evidenced by the goal posts, to be rugby football. I always retain the impression that the association game was played at Greyfriars.

J.E.M.: Congratulations on yet another excellent issue of the Digest; **everything** in the July number, as ever, truly first-class - though I must especially applaud Bill Bradford's "The Best Five" (nostalgia plus); the latest Forum (a much looked-for feature, this); Peter Hanger's "Gems of Hamiltonia" (a never-failing tonic) and, of course, the marvellous SOL cover by Shields. I feel that his Morcove portrayals were often more convincing and appealing than his Greyfriars illustrations.

JOHN KENNEDY MELLING: Dave Marcus in his COMPOSITION OF THE REMOVE (C.D. June, 1998) comments on the 29 form members and asks who were the "several others" Wharton contacted? The answer is the other members of the form, as set out in the official list in the HOLIDAY ANNUAL for 1921. The list shows that poor Mr. Quelch had no less than 39 boys in the Remove, compared with 11 in Mr. Hacker's Shell and Mr. Prout's Fifth, or 13 in the Head's Sixth, or Mr. Capper's Upper Fourth. No wonder Quelch worried about his digestion - although one day presumably the swollen Remove, or Lower Fourth, would be swamping Capper's life? There are 11 boys Wharton could have asked, alphabetically they are: George Bulstrode, Study 2; Piet Delary, Study 12; Napoleon Dupont, Study 10; Richard Hillary, Study 5; Oliver Kipps, Study 5; Richard Rake, Study 6; Alonzo Theophilus Todd, Study 7; Anthony Treluce, Study 9; Herbert Trevor, Study 9; Sir Jimmy Vivian, Study 12; Wun Lung, Study 11.

I have assumed that the Todd whom Wharton approached was Peter (also Study 7) as he is 3rd in the Fighting List on points whereas Alonzo is 30th or last! The list tallies with the Form Roster.

This list is one out - because the Elliott who is unavailable does not appear in the form list - in fact, he doesn't appear in any form at Greyfriars, St. Jim's or Rookwood that year at all, the only one who doesn't fit the form or format!

Editor's Note: Some time ago a C.D. contributor sent me a copy of the Editorial page of Magnet 1520 in which "for the special benefit of new readers" a list of the "ages, heights,

weights and study numbers" of the members of the Remove was given. I thought it might be interesting to reprint this:

THE REMOVE FORM, OR LOWER FOURTH.

Form-master : Mr. Horace Henry Samuel
 Quelch, M.A.

NAME	Age		Height		Weight	Study
	y.	m.	ft.	in.		
Wharton, Harry (Capt.)	15	4	5	5	7 12	1
Brown, Tom	15	2½	5	3½	7 9	2
Bolsover, Percy	16	2	5	5½	9 4	10
Bull, Johnny	15	3	5	2	9 4	14
Bulstrode, George	15	9	5	4	8 1	2
Bunter, William George	15	1	4	9	14 12½	7
Cherry, Robert	15	2	5	4½	8 3	13
Delarey, Piet	14	10	5	3	7 10	12
Desmond, Micky	14	11	5	0	7 5	6
Dupont, Napoleon	15	0	4	11	7 0	10
Dutton, Tom	15	4	5	2	8 1	7
Field (Squiff), S. Q. I.	15	3	5	4	8 0	14
Fish, Fisher T.	15	4	5	1	7 4	14
Hazeldene, Peter	15	1	5	1½	7 3	2
Hilary, Richard	15	4	5	3	8 1	5
Kipps, Oliver	14	11	5	0	7 2	5
Linley, Mark	15	7	5	5	8 2	13
Mauleverer, Herbert	15	3	5	1½	6 12	12
Morgan, David	14	10	4	11	6 13	6
Newland, Monty	14	3½	5	2	7 12	9
Nugent, Frank	14	10	5	2½	7 7	1
Ogilvy, Donald Robert	15	0	5	5	7 12	3
Penfold, Richard	15	1½	5	3	8 0	9
Rake, Richard	14	11	5	4½	7 8	6
Redwing, Tom	15	8	5	5	8 12	4
Russell, Richard	14	11	5	4½	7 10	3
Singh, Hurrec Jamsset Ram	14	11	5	3	7 5	13
Skinner, Harold	15	6	5	4½	7 3	11
Smith (Minor), Robert	14	8	5	1½	7 0	8
Snoop, Sidney James	15	5	5	3	7 13	11
Stott, William	15	7	5	4½	8 4	11
Todd, Alonzo Theophilus	15	0	5	4½	6 10	7
Todd, Peter	15	10	5	6½	7 13	7
Treluce, Anthony	15	8	5	3	7 12	9
Trevor, Herbert	14	11	4	11	7 3	9
Vernon-Smith, Herbert	15	10	5	5	8 1	4
Vivian, Jimmy	14	4	4	11	7 0	12
Wibley, William Ernest	15	3	5	0	7 12	6
Wun Lang	14	3	4	5½	6 0	13

J.H. SAUNDERS: It is some time now since Bill Lofts died, and we all miss very much his articles and stories of writers and editors... What is worrying me is what has happened to all his notes and files from which he was always quoting. As an ex-employee of the Public Record Office and still a part-timer, I always have in mind the preservation of records, and if anything happened to destroy Bill's and Derek Adley's records this would be a terrible tragedy. Can any C.D. reader tell us if these records are in good hands, and where they are now located?

DES O'LEARY: The most important thing in the July C.D. for me was the double review of the biography of Marcus Morris. I went straight out to order a copy. Although THE EAGLE, to me, was the 'kiss of death' for story papers and also came too late to have any

nostalgia appeal for me, yet I can respect the brilliant art-work and colour illustrations it contained. Certainly it was an important publication in juvenile fiction and Morris seems to have been an interesting man. The C.D.'s book reviews and 'coming events' news I find most valuable.

Bill Bradford's article on 'The Best Five' started the mind working. Without the C.D. I would have known little about his well-chosen 'Five'. They seemed an excellent selection, but, of course, no selection without at least one of the BIG FIVE would satisfy me! I liked Bill's reasonable motives for his choice; personal memories and reactions... the selection of each story paper's outstanding strengths; and above all, a generosity of approach which invites one to share his appreciation yet not denigrating other points of view. It is this type of friendly discussion that marks the C.D., or should do. We all need our horizons widening and we can all learn from others.

ARTHUR F.G. EDWARDS: 'Truth is stranger than fiction' was a saying once heard frequently but which seems to have become disused. In his article in the July C.D., **OTHER FAVOURITE DETECTIVES**, Derek Hinrich wrote 'An 8th Earl - in the Met!', hinting that that was unthinkable. I cannot identify an 8th Earl in the Met but can say that Lord Nelson of Merton and Trafalgar, (the 9th Earl, not the first, nor the 8th), in recent years retired from the Hertfordshire County Constabulary with the rank of Detective Sergeant. It may well be that he was involved with some interesting cases but is best remembered by the fact that at certain functions he took precedence over his Chief Constable. Surely even with the landed gentry there were times when the money went one way and the title another.

"FAMOUS FUNNIES" FINDING FURTHER FAME

by John Kennedy Melling

I was very fortunate in that my Father often found reading matter he thought should interest me. He read **THE GEM**, my Mother and I read **THE MAGNET** (after which I then read **THE GEM**) plus **THE HOLIDAY ANNUALS**. He produced several **BOYS' OWN PAPERS**. One day in the mid-thirties he gave me several **FAMOUS FUNNIES**. I have been studying my treasured copy of No. 22, published May 1936, still at ten cents. First, I shall look at the strips produced in these coloured booklets, then consider some strips that ran concurrently, finally glance at the film versions from the nineteen-twenties.

There were several forerunners of **FAMOUS FUNNIES** of various page-sizes and thicknesses, including Dell Publishing's George Delacorte 1929 short-lived **THE FUNNIES**. More experiments including a **FAMOUS FUNNIES** sold at kiosks very successfully led Delacorte to try a different tack, using chain stores as outlets (as 1990s supermarkets have now started). The hundred comics in Issue One, May, 1934 included **TOONERVILLE FOLKS**, **MUTT & JEFF** (dating back to 1907), **NIPPER**, **HAIRBREADTH HARRY**, **CONNIE**, **THE NEBBS**, **TAILSPIN TOMMY**, plus several educational pages. As my Issue 22 is May, 1936, a couple of months were either missed, misdated, or elided.

In 1936 the top Upper Case cast list is "**BOOTS... BUCK ROGERS... OUR BOARDING HOUSE... JOE PALOOKA**, followed by **Hairbreadth Harry**, **Dan Dunn**, **Jane Arden**, **Apple Mary**, **Ned Brant**, and **Flight**. (This last strip is not **FLYING TO FAME** by Russell Ross and John Welch, a two-page spread). The educational pages are there; **STRANGE AS IT SEEMS**, by John Hix, (similar to Ripley's **BELIEVE IT OR NOT**), **SCREEN ODDITIES** by Captain Roscoe Fawcett, and pages of quizzes, conjuring,

geography and Flight. ALLEY OOP by V.T. Hamlin (1899-1993) is there, but not Mutt & Jeff; CONNIE, HAIRBREADTH HARRY, THE BUNGLE FAMILY and THE NEBBS continue. The editorial layout is interesting.

Some strips appear twice, for example, NAPOLEON (a large dog) by Clifford McBride. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY by Phil Nowlan and Dick Calkins gets four pages. BOOTS by Edgar Martini, marked US Patent Office, and JANE ARDEN by Monte Barrett and Jack W. Maguire, also patented, have on each page what were called "English Dolls", a cut-out of the eponymous heroines and a helper with dresses, shoes and hats to cut out and put on the "doll" by little white tags (a similar development in Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured toy theatres story). The lower half of each JANE ARDEN page is LENA PRYE, a nosy spinster, by the same two artists, Sol Hess has a page divided into THE NEBBS and SIMP O'DELL, a put-upon character. Several pages are signed M E B, including BUTTY AND FATTY, THE FROG POND FERRY (two separate pages) and two signed Y E P are SEAWEEED SAM and GOOFIE GAGS.

The four-page spread of Martha Orr's APPLE MARY is intriguing. It may be recalled that Damon Runyon wrote a short story MADAME LA GIMP, made into a 1933 film LADY FOR A DAY with May Robson and Warren (Philo Vance/Lone Wolf/Perry Mason) Williams. Both stories deal with a woman apple seller, but Apple Mary is not just a one-day masquerade. Roy L. Williams creates BABE BUNTING, a Shirley Temple-like little girl with a mystery about her mother. Ham Fisher's JOE PALOOKA was a most popular strip about boxing, which carried Joe into the forces in World War II. Fisher's assistant was Al Capp who in 1934 created his own strip LI'L ABNER admittedly based on actor Henry Fonda, born May 16th, 1905. The Joe Palooka page contains a one-line strip FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING.

IN ADDITION THERE ARE...

To get some idea of just how many enduring strips there are in the States you cannot do better than buy the new series of stamps, twenty of them at 32 cents, COMIC STRIP CLASSICS. I acquired a set through the courtesy of American crime writer and publisher Stephen Wright of New York. The stamps will mainly be kept, not posted, especially as each stamp has a history printed on the reverse. From THE YELLOW KID, 1895-1898, by R.F. Outcault (1863-1928), THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS from 1897, Rudolph Dirks (1877-1968), to the immortal BLONDIE from 1930 by Chic Young (1901-1973) and LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE from 1924 by Harold Gray (1894-1968) to FLASH GORDON from 1934 by Alex Raymond (1909-1956) whose other strips were JUNGLE JIM and RIP KIRBY) to DICK TRACY from 1931 by Chester Gould (1900-1985) whose two-way wrist radio is now common and whose gang-busting career is frequently copied by pop artists. Of course, there are some names you expect to find on the stamps - and don't. FELIX THE CAT, MICKEY MOUSE and Max Fleischer's adorable and irresistible BETTY BOOP in many cartoons as a movie queen; my friend Barbara Miller, the actress of BLACKADDER and THE TWO RONNIES and an excellent impressionist, could always make me collapse with her impersonation of this glamorous character.

Many of this galaxy appeared on the Hollywood screen in serials, cartoon series or films. BLONDIE with Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake in twenty-eight films between 1938 and 1950. DICK TRACY in four films between 1945 and 1947, four earlier Republic serials, and a Broadway musical. LI'L ABNER became a Broadway musical, then a hilarious 1959 film, and here a personal note of Al Capp. My friend Dr. Rosita Fanto, authoress, publisher and James Joyce authority, was convalescent in her New York apartment near the Plaza Athenee Hotel, and her friends came to see how she was. One afternoon Salvador Dali sailed in, with his wide-brimmed hat, and silver-tipped walking-stick and was chatting when Al Capp arrived and sat down opposite. Rosita introduced them. Said Al, "Mr. Dali, it is sure time we cartoonists got to know each other!!". The

POPEYE cartoons and the not so successful 1980 film. The FLASH GORDON serials and a 1980 film. BRINGING UP FATHER had four successful film careers, in 1916, 1920, 1928, and 1945. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE had two films in 1932 and 1938, before the Broadway and West End musical, then became a hit 1982 film. So, there's plenty of data to collect - and to add to the fun, the Canadian Government recently issued four WINNIE THE POOH stamps of 45 cents each, expected to be more desirable than the US Elvis Presley issue - probably overtaken in 1997 by BUGS BUNNY!



REVIEWS BY

MARY CADOGAN

(Picture by Terry Wakefield)

CHILDREN'S FICTION 1900-1950 by John Cooper & Jonathan Cooper (Ashgate £45.00)

This book, which considers five decades of children's fiction, is appropriately produced from a two-generational viewpoint, and it is written by a father and son. It provides 228 pages of information, and over 200 black and white illustrations of cover designs and dust-wrappers: these are gems, as are the cover's coloured pictures of dust-jackets etc. (some of which are shown here - though only in black and white).

This is a book which many C.D. readers would like to have on their shelves, despite the rather dauntingly high cover price. The pictures and text include many nostalgic delights, though the main thrust is bibliographical. The authors have divided their material into 5 basic sections, one for each of the decades covered. There is an interesting if fairly brief overall introduction, and a short prefatory note to the first section. Each section then consists of assessments of individual authors, and lists of their works which fall within the decade in question. However, an introduction to *each* of the sections would have improved the book, to flesh out the general mood and some of the individual entries.

The authors have set themselves a difficult task by splitting up the work of authors strictly into what they produced during each decade (so that Richmal Crompton, Enid Blyton, Elsie Oxenham and most other popular writers appear in several sections but without any complete, overall descriptions of their work appearing anywhere in the book).

There are anomalies too: for example, Frank Richards, apart from brief mentions in the overall introduction and the preface to the first section, does not appear again (or in any detail) until the last part of the book which deals with the 1940-1950 period, when the main emphasis is on the Bunter books rather than on the hey-day Magnet, Gem or Boys' Friend stories.



Despite these criticisms, however, this book is useful for reference, ambitious in its range and rich in insights.

ENID BLYTON IN BECKENHAM AND BROMLEY by Nicholas Reed (£1.50).

EDITH NESBIT IN SOUTH EAST LONDON AND KENT by Nicholas Reed (£2.99). Both published by Lilburne Press, 1 Dover House, Maple Road, London, SE20 8EN.

Nicholas Reed has produced two extremely attractive and informative booklets about these authors of distinction and their local associations. These publications are particularly interesting for someone like myself, whose childhood and adult life have mostly been spent in the Beckenham and South East London areas (my daughter went to the local school of which Enid Blyton used to be head-girl!).

Both booklets include photographs which are new to me and sufficient locational detail to inspire 'pilgrimages' to the houses and places of interest which have been linked with these two popular writers of juvenile fiction. (Nicholas Reed's booklets are obtainable direct from the publishers, Lilburne Press, at the address shown above.)

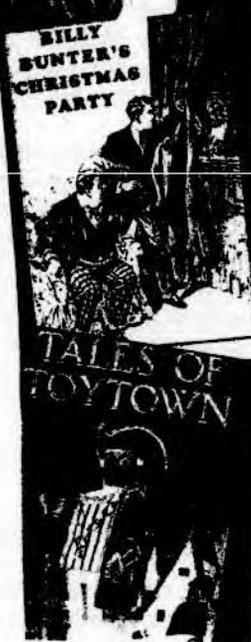
AUDIO BOOKS: GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS by James Hilton

CARRY ON JEEVES by P.G. Wodehouse

CARRY ON JEEVES IN NEW YORK by P.G. Wodehouse

(All read by Martin Jarvis and distributed by CSA Telltapes Ltd., 101 Chamberlayne Road, London, NW10 3ND).

Many of us have already enjoyed Martin Jarvis's several audio-cassette readings of William stories and, more recently, of two of the Bunter books.



I have now been listening to his reading (one might truly say his performance) of James Hilton's classic school story and a selection of Wodehousean treasures. It is truly amazing how Martin brings to convincing life every character associated with Mr. Chipping's school (Brookfield), and, in contrast, those of the Bertie Wooster/Reginald Jeeves saga. GOODBYE MR. CHIPS is complete and unabridged, and each of the double cassette Wodehouse packs comprises four hilarious short stories.

These tapes are truly a delight - great companions for holidays, deck-chair-garden or bedtime listening - or to brighten any dull and dreary day. Details of prices and availability are obtainable from CSA tapes at the address given above.

HARRY WHARTON (Part 4)

by Peter Mahony

The 'Rebel' series (Magnets 1285-96) was almost a continuation of the second "Downfall" series (Magnets 1255-61) - but not quite. Only the 'Hidden Plunder' series and the 'Egypt' saga intervened between the two, and though Harry's better traits were well to the fore in these tales, much of his time was spent away from Greyfriars and Henry Samuel Quelch.

Quelch had not enjoyed the two terms when Herbert Vernon-Smith was Captain of the Remove. To Henry, that situation had arisen largely through Wharton's misguided behaviour which led to him resigning the captaincy. Harry's replacement by Smithy caused severe problems for Quelch, culminating in mass truancy when the Bounder persuaded his detained form-fellows to play cricket at St. Jude's. Quelch managed to get rid of Smithy - Wharton was re-elected - but the events of those terms had left their mark. While Wharton & Co. went to Egypt, Quelch probably went for a rest-cure!

Consequently, Quelch was not prepared to tolerate trouble when they all returned to Greyfriars. Schoolmasters (the better ones) are usually optimists. They start each new school year with great hopes and ambitious schemes for educating their charges. It takes about 3 weeks for the pupils to disillusion them. With the Greyfriars Remove, Quelch's 'great expectations' rarely lasted a week. In the 'Rebel' series, Henry's equanimity was ruined on the first day!

The trouble started - as it so often did - with William George Bunter, who snaffled Wharton's railway ticket. Chased by Harry on a crowded platform, the Owl knocked Quelch flat. Irate, Quelch blamed Wharton, ordering him to report at Greyfriars for punishment. Harry resented the public dressing-down which Quelch gave him. Henry, not unnaturally, was determined to discourage unruly behaviour - he had had enough of that last term.

The whole matter could well have blown over when both parties had calmed down. An apologetic explanation from Harry would have mollified a Quelch recovered from being upended. Unfortunately, Gerald Loder intruded into the action before the breach could be healed.

The bulk of this series revolved around Loder's enmity towards Wharton. As a result, Harry got into Quelch's bad books, displeased his uncle, alienated his friends, was taken up by a Fifth Form waster, and became too dangerous an acquaintance for most of his form-mates. He clashed regularly with the authorities - with some success. At least thrice, he made a fool of Quelch; rather more often he scored off Loder; neither took kindly to his treatment of them. Some episodes were funny; some ironic, several were dramatic. The great difference between this series and the two 'Downfalls' was that Wharton's reputation suffered because of villainy by Loder and hasty errors by Quelch. The situation - at least initially - was not of Harry's making.

While waiting in Quelch's study on that first day of term, Wharton clashed with Loder. The prefect was using Quelch's 'phone to contact Joe Banks, the bookie. Wharton, already surly, defied Loder when he tried to 'come the prefect'. Quelch arrived to witness an unseemly struggle. Loder lied about the affair and Harry was punished. Later he 'griped' to the Co. about "unjust treatment" - and Quelch overheard. Another reprimand made Harry even more resentful.

The next mishap involved Bunter and Loder together. The prefect sent Bunter to the Cross Keys with a message for Banks. Mr. Prout spotted the Owl: Bunter was booked for a Head's flogging.

Meanwhile, Wharton, ripe for trouble, joined a rag on Coker led by Smithy. Prout and Quelch quelled the riot - and Harry was regarded as 'ringleader'. All the delinquents were caned: in addition Wharton lost his position as Head Boy. Resentment of Quelch - and of Mark Linley, his replacement - festered. The term was off to a bad start - and it didn't get any better.

Aware that Bunter had been Loder's go-between, Harry interrupted his flogging to accuse a 'Sixth Form Prefect'. Bunter, more terrified of Loder than of the flogging, would not corroborate Wharton's statement. The accusation foundered for lack of proof.

Mr. Quelch, the "just beast", now made a bad mistake. Infuriated with Wharton for embarrassing the Head in full assembly, he had Harry on the carpet. Acid comments brought insolent answers; the cane was produced. Harry, excused by Dr. Locke because his intervention had been in good faith, refused to be caned. He was ready to appeal to the Head and Quelch had to back down. Resentment was now rife in both directions.

Wharton, in defiant mood, volleyed a footer into Quelch's window - and hit Henry! The Head's inquiry decided that the 'assault' was unintentional. Wharton got 500 lines instead of a flogging, plus an offer of a fresh start. He did the lines; but Loder, livid because of the "Sixth Form Prefect" accusation, snaffled the lines and burned them. Harry was on the carpet again.

Thoroughly riled, he made a wild charge that Quelch had hidden the lines! Dr. Locke was appalled. The 'sack' loomed, but Wharton was reprieved - by Loder! (Walker, Loder's pal, had seen the burning of the lines. He threatened to 'shop' Loder, if Wharton was not saved). Loder said he had 'seen' the lines on Quelch's desk. Harry was exonerated, but a deeply offended Quelch rejected his shame-faced apology.

Wharton, puzzled by Loder's part in the affair, deduced that the prefect had taken the lines. Confronting him in the quad, he made another reckless accusation. When Loder tried to take him to the Head Harry knocked him down - in full view of Dr. Locke! The 'sack' now seemed inevitable.

Fortunately for Harry, Colonel Wharton intervened. Summoned by Lord Mauleverer, the Colonel managed to get the sentence commuted to a flogging, plus a term's gatings. Unfortunately, Wharton was now out of favour with Headmaster, Form-Master and Guardian.

The gatings caused football problems. The Remove, minus Wharton, lost 2-1 at Highcliffe. The beaten team indulged their usual sulks (Greyfriars seldom lost because the other team was actually better!). Johnny Bull blamed Wharton: "Football captains aren't supposed to get detentions!" Consequently, Harry determined to play at Rookwood. He achieved this by locking Loder out of the house at night (dear Gerald had been on the razzle) and blackmailing him. Loder had to sign a "confession" to get in: the confession to be returned after Harry had played at Rookwood. The prefect wangled leave for Wharton. Greyfriars won 4-1. The sharp practitioner had been beaten by sharp practice.

The problem remained, however. For the Redclyffe game, Wharton was 'persuaded' by the Remove to ask Quelch for leave. He did it so insolently that Quelch could do

nothing but refuse. The Remove, thus shown that their skipper was not to be coerced, were livid. Wharton's popularity nose-dived.

Loder and Quelch were not having matters their own way. Loder saw Harry go out of bounds (he was on a message for Quelch); concluded he was Redclyffe bound; and cycled there to interrupt the game. Embarrassment all round, which was aggravated when Loder reported Harry to the Head for breaking detention and Quelch had to provide the alibi.

Loder was livid. His next move was to catapult Quelch and Prout from ambush and leave Wharton's cap as evidence of the culprit. Fortunately, Harry had fallen foul of Horace Coker who had locked him in the woodshed at the material time. Quelch, absolutely certain that Wharton was the culprit, made a spectacle of himself by publicly refusing to believe Coker's testimony. Dr. Locke had to exonerate Harry; while Quelch retired from the Hall confused and humiliated.

Wharton did not escape unscathed however. When the catapult charge was made, everyone had assumed that Quelch had got it right. The solitary exception was Lord Mauleverer. Harry, his pride hurt, took a dim view of friends who "thought me a rotten, cowardly rascal". A rift with the Co. was the result. (Episodes like this show a masochistic streak in Wharton. Quelch, at this stage, was treating him unjustly: his friends, through believing Quelch's positive statement, were now *persona non grata* with him. "I've fallen out with my teacher; I may as well fall out with my pals".)

The unsatisfactory football situation was solved by Wharton's resignation of the captaincy. He preferred to concentrate on his feud with Quelch. Consequently, when Bunter hid a later paper, prepared by Quelch for Wharton's next detention, it was not surprising that Henry blamed the recalcitrant Harry. Dr. Locke again had to be involved with the inquiry - Wharton appealed to him for 'justice'. The Head got to the bottom of it - Bunter never could withstand interrogation - and Quelch had an uncomfortable interview with his chief as a result. Wharton had scored again.

His next move was reckless in the extreme. Fed up with detention, Harry bunked. He left Greyfriars safely but then came upon Sir Hilton Popper, clinging to a runaway horse. At considerable risk to himself, Harry stopped the horse and saved Sir Hilton. (The drowning episode in the Dr. Costa series - with variations.) Of course, Quelch had discovered Harry's absence: of course Sir Hilton's gratitude saw him clear. Indeed, Sir Hilton got the whole 'gating' sentence rescinded, so Harry was a free agent again. The Remove, relieved to regain their skipper, persuaded him to withdraw his resignation.

One would expect Wharton to have had the sense to let bygones be bygones. But no! He had to pick a row with Bob Cherry. Quelch found them scrapping; decided Harry was to blame; and gave him a thorough thrashing. By this stage, Wharton was convinced he was being victimised - passionate rebellion became the order of the day.

November the Fifth gave him an opportunity to score over Loder and Quelch. The famous 'Crackers' episode (Magnet 1290) was quite hilarious. Harry displayed a parcel in the Remove passage. In reply to Vernon-Smith's, "What have you got there?" He said: "Crackers". Loder, snooping as usual, got on the trail. He searched Study No. 1, but did not find any fireworks; so he sent Linley to fetch Mr. Quelch. Another extensive search drew blank - then Harry pointed out the crackers - *cream* crackers in full view in the study cupboard. More egg on Quelch's face - his only solace was taking it out of Loder! The Remove thought the jape priceless.

Desperate for revenge, Loder found a drawing of a "Guy" in Study No. 1. It was labelled "This is Old Quelch". Actually, Bunter had drawn it, but Loder jumped to the obvious conclusion. The matter went to the Head, and Loder was villain enough to say he had seen Wharton drawing it. Mauleverer got Bunter to own up (a free feed helped) and Loder was deprived of his prefectship.

The Remove started ragging Loder - only a common senior now - and the dear lad had a rough time. It culminated in a reckless plan to tar and feather Loder. Smithy, Bolsover and Wharton laid wait for Loder on bonfire night. Quelch, picking on Wharton, sent him to the form-room to write a neglected imposition. To make sure that Harry obeyed, Quelch asked Loder to sit with him. Then Henry went back to the quad where Smithy and Bolsover ambushed him in mistake for Loder. Harry, Quelch's first suspect, had a clear alibi - Loder! Oh dear! Poor Henry! Lucky Gerald! Very lucky Wharton!

All this success made Wharton arrogant. Resentful of Mark Linley, who had reported him for ragging in class, he took an unworthy revenge by dropping Linley from the football team. Confronted by the Remove, Harry mounted the 'high horse'. Wholesale withdrawals from the team followed.

Meanwhile, Vernon-Smith warned Harry that Loder was planning a dormitory raid to give him a thrashing. Maliciously Wharton soaked Linley's bed with water - then 'owned up'. He was ordered to surrender his own bed to Linley: when Loder barged in poor Mark got the thrashing. Wharton, for all his good qualities, could play low-down when the mood suited him. Thus unkind trick was reminiscent of Smithy at his worst.

The St. Jim's match - always the Remove's toughest fixture - was played with a scratch XI and lost 7-1. Harry, quite deservedly, was turfed out of the captaincy. (The mis-use of his position of authority was a frequent failing of Wharton's. Sometimes it resulted from a misguided sense of "doing-good", e.g. picking Peter Hazeldene. Occasionally, it was due to a determination "not to be dictated to". "His Magnificence" was not an unjustified sobriquet on such occasions!)

Out of the football, Wharton had more time to fall foul of Quelch. Loder vandalised Quelch's "Sophocles": Harry was blamed, but had an alibi. Bunter smoked in Study No. 1: Quelch accused and punished Wharton. Harry bonneted Quelch with a bag of flour: Hilton of the Fifth gave him a refuge from pursuing prefects. They became friendly and Hilton invited Wharton to a glove fight at the Three Fishers. Harry did not go to the fight, but later he went there to warn Hilton about snooping prefects. He was spotted by Loder, who reported him to Quelch. Wharton accused Loder of sneaking (which he was) and lectured Quelch for listening to a 'tale-bearer'. There's nothing like asking for it, is there?

The matter went to the Head. Unable to betray Hilton, Harry had to face a flogging. To show that tactlessness and snap judgements were not a monopoly of Wharton's, Frank Richards gave Johnny Bull a run: among other things, Johnny called Harry "a frowsy outsider". In the resulting scrap Wharton gave his former friend a hammering. Perhaps it was some solace for the flogging that was due.

With his reputation gone, Wharton found himself "Nobody's Pal" (Magnet 1293). He spoofed Quelch by offering Smithy a cigar in open quad. Henry believed the worst; only to find it was a chocolate cigar! Then, Wharton deprived Bunter of "Sporting Snips". A reinstated Loder spotted it and took Wharton to Quelch; again, the worst was suspected. Bob Cherry intervened and ran Bunter into Quelch's study to confess. When Quelch got to the bottom of it, it transpired that the paper was Loder's! One up to Wharton! Gerald had to prevaricate very hard to satisfy Quelch.

Next, Wharton fixed up with Hilton to go to the 'races'. Lord Mauleverer and the Co. chipped in and gave Hilton a thorough ragging. Wharton resented their interference and a row ensued. Before this happened, Wharton, apparently 'stood up' by Hilton, had filled in his afternoon playing football for the Upper Fourth. Loder's 'enquiries' about a car which had waited on Courtfield Common to take a Greyfriars' boy to Wapshot Races failed to establish any connection with Harry. Mauleverer's 'interference' had saved his bacon. When Wharton accosted Mauly to apologise for the row, he was snubbed. No one in the Remove wanted to associate with him - he had become too dangerous to know!

All of which goes to show how surly behaviour can breed distrust; how circumstantial evidence can lead to unjust conclusions; but chiefly how calculated villainy can destroy the best of reputations - particularly, if the victim's natural reaction is to retaliate and cause further trouble. The way back for the basically innocent Wharton seemed unattainable.

For a while he did not even try to find the way of rehabilitation. Friendship with Dick Trumper & Co. took Harry away from Greyfriars on half-holidays. He enjoyed himself scoring goals for Courtfield. Loder would not leave him alone, but a drenching with paint by the disguised Courtfielders warned Gerald off. It was only when Courtfield, plus Wharton, came to Greyfriars and beat the Remove 5-2 that Harry's "nefarious activities" were explained. The Remove's 'sporting' reaction was to ostracise the 'traitor'.

The 'blackguard' reputation annoyed Wharton. However, instead of losing his temper and incurring punishment, Harry set out to turn the stigma to his own advantage. An ostentatious preparation to break bounds drew Loder's attention. After lights out, Loder checked the dormitory; found Harry's bed empty; locked the Remove in; and went to fetch Quelch. Quelch involved the Head; when they entered the locked dormitory, Wharton was there! He had hidden under another bed, while Loder was snooping. Dr. Locke was not impressed; Quelch was embarrassed; Loder was furious. Harry's sarcastic suggestion that "Mr. Quelch might speak seriously to Loder not to watch fellows like a hired detective" was acted upon - after all Henry had to slang someone!

The cream crackers, the chocolate cigar, the empty bed all showed how an intelligent victim could cause confusion to his persecutors - provided he kept cool. Unfortunately, Wharton's temper was volatile - when roused, he would act incautiously. One such instance involved Monsieur Charpentier.

A cat had been placed in Mossos's desk. Harry, wrongly, was adjudged guilty and punished. He proceeded to rag in class, *à la mode* of Vernon-Smith, and Quelch butted in just in time to see Wharton throw a book at Mossos. Detention - in Mossos's study - followed.

Having landed in trouble by being reckless and surly, Harry got his own back by being reckless and calm. In the study Mossos dozed off. Wharton seized his chance; nipped out; and blocked Quelch's chimney with Loder's hat and trousers. Henry was smoked out; Loder's clobber was ruined; and Wharton, having returned to the study unmissed, had Mossos for an alibi. He really was a smart operator when his temper was under control!

The estranged Wharton really needed a new development to bring him back to the straight and narrow. It arrived in the form of Richard Nugent of the Second Form. That 'Man of the World' believed in Wharton's new reputation and wanted to be included in whatever unsavoury escapades were in train. Harry gave the young reprobate a "flea in the ear", but not before Nugent Major discovered them together and decided that Dicky was being 'led astray'. Trouble arose, with Nugent threatening to complain to Quelch about Harry's 'bad influence'. Actually, Harry had stumped up a fiver to replace money Richard had 'borrowed' from Wingate's desk. When Frank learned the truth and apologised to Harry he was snubbed.

The Loder feud came to an unexpected end. Ponsoy of Highcliffe sabotaged a foot-plank across a fast-running stream. Loder fell in and was near to drowning when Wharton pulled him out. For once, Loder's better side emerged (it's nice to know he had one!) He ceased to persecute Wharton and life became a little easier for the rebel.

There was still Quelch, however. Bunter slipped on a slide in the quadrangle and Quelch, jumping to conclusions, gave Harry 500 lines for making the slide. Wharton, burning at the injustice, did not do the lines. Ordered to do them, he refused. Quelch referred the matter to Dr. Locke: the Head, taking the view that defiance of a direct order was unacceptable, decided that Harry must leave Greyfriars.

Determined not to be taken home in disgrace, Wharton bunked. Quelch and the prefects followed; the trail led to the beach in Pegg Bay. In a chase up and down the cliffs, Harry kept well ahead of Quelch. He amused himself by dishing out insulting remarks and the irate Henry rather naturally forgot about the tide.

Inevitably, Quelch was trapped and Harry went back to warn him.

Driven into Seagulls' Cave, the fractious pair spent a fraught night avoiding the rising waters. Common danger led to a calmer exchange of views, with both expressing regret for the clashes of a turbulent term. By the time the tide receded, the hatchet had been buried and a 'new start' was planned. A worried Co. 'came round', Colonel Wharton, relieved that his erring nephew had been reprieved, welcomed the change; and William George Bunter wangled his usual Christmas at Wharton Lodge!

This 'repeat' ending is, to my mind, the only weak spot in a wonderful series. For both Loder and Quelch to be saved by courageous acts on Wharton's part is a bit too coincidental. Harry's pig-headed pride disappeared as soon as serious danger threatened; if he had not indulged it so often in small matters, Quelch may not have jumped to so many wrong conclusions over major ones.

What seems clear from this series is that Quelch and Wharton were very alike. Both liked to 'rule the roost'; both were quick-tempered; both were excellent 'men' when they were cool; both could be rash and unkind when angered. They originally respected each other; each got angrier with the other as their respect diminished. Quelch's failure to 'control' Harry must have lowered his standing with Dr. Locke. In the same way, Harry's failure to 'control' himself cost him credibility in the Remove. Quelch was unjust on a number of occasions; Harry was unjust to Linley, Mauleverer, and the Co. Much of the series was a 'power struggle': Quelch, confronted by a determined, brainy delinquent, must have feared losing control of the Remove altogether. He probably thanked his lucky stars that Smithy was, for once, behaving himself!

If Frank Richards had never written anything else, this series would stand proudly among the greatest school stories ever. But, in the Wharton saga, there was still a 'snorter' to come.

(To be Concluded)

What a Happy Band of Chums!



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NEWS OF THE OLD BOYS BOOK CLUBS

LONDON O.B.B.C.

Bill Bradford's house in Ealing was host to a capacity crowd for the meeting on July 12th 1998.

First on the bill was a tricky cinema quiz presented by Larry Morley, which kept everyone guessing! This was followed by Brian Doyle reading his new paper on that top-hatted gentleman thief of yesteryear, Blackshirt, and Norman Wright speaking on Robin Hood's career as a hero of popular fiction, from the turn of the century until the beginning of World War II. Bill Bradford provided the second quiz of the afternoon; it dealt with classic adventure fiction.

In keeping with the splendid tea that was also provided, the meeting had something for everyone!

The next meeting will take place at the home of Peter and Dorothy Mahony in Eltham on Sunday, 9th August. See the newsletter for further details. VIC PRATT

NORTHERN O.B.B.C.

A welcome was given to the thirteen people attending the July meeting, especially to Keith Normington and his wife Rungnapa paying a month's visit to Great Britain from their home in Thailand.

A very good evening had been had by those attending our informal dinner on the evening of Saturday, 13th June. A report was given on the Jennings Meeting held on Saturday, 20th June at Lewes, in Sussex. Thirty two people attended, including the family of Anthony Buckeridge. It was Anthony's 86th birthday that very day and he and his son Corin and wife Laura, finished the meeting with a grand finale of excerpts from the musical "Jennings Abounding". It was a splendid meeting and our gathering for 1999 will be at the same hotel in Lewes, on Saturday, 19th June.

Darrell gave a report of his recent trip to various countries (including a further visit to Keith and Rungnapa in Thailand) and his meetings with book enthusiasts in Australia, New Zealand, ending with a trip to Bob and Marie Whiter in Los Angeles.

Chris Scholey's item was "Misunderstandings". In quite a number of Frank Richards writings, comedy interludes are based on misunderstandings - often by the headmaster of the school in question. Chris read three amusing *Gem* excerpts involving Dr. Holmes and Mr. Ratcliffe.

Geoffrey Good read in a most entertaining Yorkshire accent, "Oh, Brother Jucundus!" from Maurice Colbeck's "Yorkshire Laughter". The members wanted more, so Geoffrey read an amusing chapter from "The Magnet" in which Bunter tries to convince Mr. Quelch that he had done his lines but had spilt ink then gum over them; also his father was expected at Lantham. Sounds of woe following the swiping of a cane eventually came from the Remove Master's study!

For our August informal meeting, Keith Normington will address us.

JOHNNY BULL MINOR

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