THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

APRIL-JUNE 1945

No. 22.

Vol. 1.

Printed and published by Wm. H. Gander,
P. O. Box 60, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada.

IN THIS ISSUE---

BILLY BUNTER

Some Reflections On The Most Famous Character In Schoolboy Fiction

The Union Jack *Library*

The Robin Hood *Series*

---AND OTHER FEATURES

: : AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE : :

Further Reminiscences

By HENRY A. PUCKRIN

"AUSTRIA never did any good," a famous statesman once said. The implication that relatively unimportant members of any group, whether nations or individuals, can add to the common pool certainly applies to contributions to *The Story Paper Collector*, which grow with every issue. Such being the case this writer feels that another article along the lines of an earlier one will be appreciated by the growing company of readers eager for any further information about boys' papers of a vanished age which "though lost to sight are to memory dear." Though most of the subject matter must of necessity be very sketchy in outline, odd items of interest have been recalled to mind and will be presented in as informative a manner as is possible after a lapse of three decades during which the pace of world events has wrought such vast changes everywhere.

One can best make a start by dealing with writers whose names have been but slightly mentioned but whose stories left their mark on the papers for which they wrote. An example of good detective fiction was a story by Wm. Murray Graydon entitled "A Fight With Fate," which appeared in *The Boys' Herald* in 1908. The theme of this tale centred around the Franco-British Exhibition, held at Shepherd's Bush, London, in the years 1908-09. Gordon Fox, a detective of the Sexton Blake school, was engaged to track down a well-known continental criminal who had come to London to reap a harvest from the huge crowds. The chief feature of this story was the "so near and yet so far" situations in which the detective and the crook found themselves. A cover illustration of one issue, for instance, showed them in the opposite cars of the "Flip-Flap" at the moment of their passing in mid-air. It is a regret of mine that I never read this story in its entirety.

"Off To Canada," written by David Goodwin, appeared in *The Boys' Friend* about this time. Though of a stock type this tale was interesting enough to be included in these memoirs. Boyle Charters, the "remittance man," and his efforts to bring about the downfall of his straight-dealing cousin, were treated with Mr. Goodwin's racy and narrative mannerism, and all came right in the end. A tale of the rough and tough days of the pre-1914 British army ran in *The*

Boys' Friend in 1906-7. This fine serial ran for about twice the length of the average story, and described fully the life of the "before you came up" type of British soldier. The hero of this tale, Ronald, having to join the army from necessity, adapted himself to his new life admirably and eventually made good by sheer force of personality.

Another writer, Allan Blair, wrote "A Lad of Liverpool" for *The Boys' Friend*. Contrary to the usual custom of the time, the name of this great city was not hidden under a very obvious pseudonym. In order to get the correct atmosphere for the story the author spent several weeks in the city before writing it. The plot was of a somewhat unusual type, dealing chiefly with the hero who discovered that his former school chum had gone into partnership with his uncle, who was the leader of a nation-wide burglary syndicate, masquerading as a respectable business firm. The front page illustration of the first instalment showed a midnight kidnapping scene in Lime Street, with the Wellington monument in the background. Some years ago I spent a holiday in Liverpool and had no difficulty in finding the various streets, buildings, and localities mentioned in the story.

This same author also contributed an excellent series of some half dozen complete stories under the title of "The Meet Again Club." This was about a group of former school chums who met after several years. On admission each member had to tell a story based on his experiences. One of the best of these was entitled "The Spirit of the Wind." The narrator, having taken an old mansion for his residence, was puzzled by mysterious musical sounds which were apparently untraceable. Eventually he did trace the weird noises to a large frame fitted with wires and imbedded in a chimney. It had been placed there by a former occupant, an eccentric musician, in order to get inspiration from the sighing of the night winds.

ANDREW GRAY wrote a number of short stories entitled "Tales of the Territorials." Dealing with the rise of the Territorial movement in Great Britain, they told of the activities of local commanders in preparing for "the day."

Another excellent tale, "A Son of the Sword," also appeared in *The Boys' Friend* about this time, being written by Captain Wilton Blake. It was a grand yarn by one who knew his subject well, and would be appreciated at the present day when Indian affairs occupy such a prominent place in world topics. Mention should

be made of a serial entitled "In The Ranks," which appeared in the halfpenny issues of *The Magnet Library*. It occupied the rear pages and can best be described as a "walking shadow" of Andrew Gray's story.

Tales of life on the staff of the great daily newspapers were something of a rarety. One such was "Chris of the Camera" in *The Boys' Friend*, but the author's name has unfortunately been forgotten. This story told of the adventures of a young reporter at home and abroad. After many thrilling experiences "from China to Peru" this young man started on his own, eventually becoming the head of a great newspaper combine.

FOOTBALL stories were a prominent feature of *The Boys' Realm* and were always a draw. This paper's métier was sport and the writers dealt with their subject very thoroughly. One of the best of these serials was Maxwell Scott's "Well Cleared!" This story told of an International Football Team engaged on a world tour. The hero was the target for scurrilous newspaper attacks, by an unknown foe, on his methods of playing. Though these attacks served their purpose for a time, they eventually were seen through by a discerning public and the player finally came into his own. Another tale, "The Rise of Tynegate," ran in *The Boys' Realm* upon the completion of the story just referred to. It dealt with the rise of a local football team from the status of "Back Street Swifts" to First League fame. The illustrated title block of this story showed the skyline silhouette of the northern metropolis whose real name could easily be guessed by keen readers.

A story entitled "Boys of the Brigade" was featured in *The Boys' Herald* in 1909. This was written by Ernest Protheroe and was the only tale he contributed to this paper. The scene was laid in Birmingham and incidents of Boys' Brigade life were intermingled with the researches of an inventor named Max Drayburg. Being tracked down and imprisoned by a gang of foreign criminals, he turned the tables on them by giving a practical demonstration of his discovery, sending them and himself into oblivion.

Sufficient has now been written to show that the continual triumphs of right over wrong were skilfully treated by these grand authors in the papers they served so well during their best period, though I hope the subject has been by no means exhausted.

Sexton Blake's Own Paper---

The Union Jack *Library*

By H. R. C.

THE FIRST ISSUE of *The Union Jack Library* was dated April 27th, 1894, at one-halfpenny for sixteen pages. It had a pinkish or mauve cover while the illustration and wording were in black. It was not originally Sexton Blake's Own Paper, as the yarns were very varied in their themes and composition. Blake first appeared in No. 2, written by Harry Blyth. In the first series there were stories of the sea, wrestling, pirates, and the army, by such authors as Fennimore Cooper, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Captain Marryat, Alec Pearson, and others. Whether all of them were reprints or not I do not know. The illustrations, compared with modern ones, were not too good. In the new or second series which started in 1903 Blake soon appeared as the main character and from then on he had the feature story to himself.

The earlier artists, it seems, all depicted Blake differently, which was disappointing to us followers of the great detective. It was not until Eric Parker came along with his amazing drawings of Blake, Tinker, and Pedro that we really felt that we knew what they were like. Mr. Parker is a very clever artist and his Blake was just as we wanted him to be: tall, lean, strong-limbed, hair thin on the top, with a very high intelligent forehead; red dressing-gown, blackened briar pipe, favourite armchair, Baker Street chambers, his housekeeper—all were depicted in a pleasant and honest style. Blake's kindness to the underdog; Blake who looked after the wives and kiddies of some of the "lags" while they were "inside"; the serious Blake, never too ready to commit himself; his love for the lad Tinker and for Pedro the bloodhound—Mr. Parker's illustrations conveyed all this to us. One began

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is based on eleven pages of t ped notes made by H. R. C. for a correspondent with no thought of publication. He kindly sent me a copy to use as I saw fit. It has been condensed to about a fifth of its original length and is not presented as a history of "The U. J."

to feel almost ready to go along to Baker Street and pay him a visit!

THE *UNION JACK* went, like they all did, from one-half-penny to a penny, then to three-halfpence. After the last war the price was raised to twopence and the paper was given a cover printed in colours. Then, for some years, there was included a feature known as the *Detective Supplement*. This dealt with crime, both ancient and modern, from every aspect, and was well illustrated.

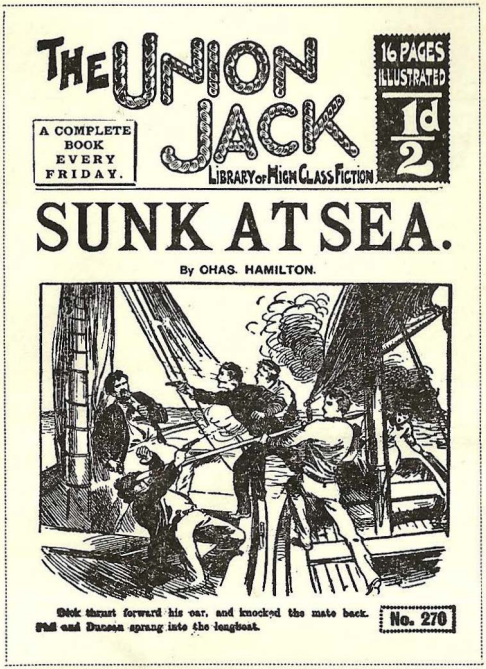
The stories of Sexton Blake were always topical; they went on through the seasons and according to current events. Blake went to all corners of the globe, and most of the authors really knew their stuff. They either studied well the countries concerned or, in some cases, had actually been there themselves.

In 1933 *The Union Jack* became *The Detective Weekly*. It was then larger in its page dimensions but there was no increase in reading matter. The cover was now yellow, with black printing. The illustrations were nearly all by Parker, and it started off rather well, like all new papers, with a big rush of stupendous things, but towards the end began to fall off terribly. In May, 1940, we bought our copies one week and were notified on an inside page that owing to the paper shortage publication would be discontinued. Not a very fitting end after such a wonderful run of over forty years. The old paper deserved a better fate.

BLAKE played the game with all; he had a knowledge of medicine although not properly qualified. He was cool, calculating and keen; well up in chemistry, photography and various sciences.

Some of those who worked with him were Detective Will Spearing of Scotland Yard, in the earlier stories; Det.-Inspector Coutts, also of the Yard; Dirk Dolland, reformed criminal; Mlle. Yvonne, Mlle. Roxane, and Nirvana the Dancer, a young lady very sweet on Tinker; "Splash" Page, the Fleet Street newspaper man; Sir Richard Loseley, explorer; and Trouble Nantucket, an American detective.

Many a fight was waged by these good folk with the Criminals' Confederation, which was run by the infamous Mr. Smith. Waldo the Wonder Man was an interesting character. And there were Zenith the Albino; the Bat, Leon Kestrel; Gilbert and Eileen Hale; Dr. Huxton Rymer; Paul Cynos and his seven sons; George Marsden Plummer, adventurer and former Scotland



Front cover of *The Union Jack* No. 270, the date being, probably—it's on the back cover and hard to read—June 24th, 1899.

[To face page 284.

Yard detective; Vali-mata-Vali, spy; and many others. The stories were sometimes related by Tinker in the first person, or told in a series of letters from him to a friend. Once in a while Blake and Tinker would bump into Nelson Lee and work together. They were always good friends.

STORIES of Inspector Will Spearing appeared in *Pluck Library* and *The Boys' Realm*, and tales of Sexton Blake were in various other papers. All this cross-work of the characters was quite clever because those who read the stories in one paper would naturally want to follow further adventures of their favourites in other journals.

Sexton Blake had a kind of skeleton in the cupboard in the person of a no-good brother, Nigel, which produced an interesting set of stories. Blake went through the Chinese civil war.

He is still active, his adventures appearing in two issues a month of *The Sexton Blake Library*, and, in recent years, though not every year, in *The Sexton Blake Annual*. It may be that before long we will again be able to read about him in a new weekly paper. At least, I hope so.

GILBERT PATTON

ON TUESDAY, January 16th last, the death occurred in Vista, California, U. S. A., of Gilbert Patton, at the age of 78. Mr. Patton earned fame as the writer, under the name of Burt L. Standish, of stories about those two idols of several generations of American boyhood, Frank and Dick Merriwell. Their adventures were related in *Tip Top Weekly* for many years, commencing in 1896.

The first Merriwell story, says *Newsweek* for January 29th, brought $50. Later the price rose to $60, $75, $125, and finally $150. Mr. Patton sold the stories outright, so he shared none of the huge profits that were made. In 1941 he published "Mr. Frank Merriwell," a novel of his hero as a well-preserved man, a fighter for liberty and truth. The book, to quote further from *Newsweek*, had some of the old dash, but those who had loved Frank as a youth had little interest in his new adventures.

BILLY BUNTER

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE MOST FAMOUS CHARACTER IN SCHOOLBOY FICTION

BILLY BUNTER is dead and buried! We have it on the authority of the man who created him. It may be that, some day, an attempt will be made to introduce another Bunter, but *the* Bunter will still be dead, for Bunter by any other hand than that of Charles Hamilton—still better known as Frank Richards—would be like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. No! The die is cast. Never again will the Owl we knew raise the wind on the strength of his coming postal order, or find it necessary to tie his shoe-lace before some study door. Unhappy thought!

But if he is dead, there are many who will ever remember him. Not, perhaps, so much those who still wend their way to school, as those whose school-days ended long ago—some, indeed, so long ago that their hair is now streaked with grey. Some of them, too, are lucky enough to possess copies of the dear old *Magnet* and can, o' nights, turn the pages and live again in the playing fields and corridors of old Greyfriars School.

My thoughts dwelt this way one evening a short time ago. Arriving home, I found two boys of fourteen or so, from a school for orphans, being entertained to tea. When they had had their fill I produced the comic section of a Canadian newspaper. One of them seized it eagerly, divided it, and handed eight of the gaily coloured pages to his chum. Later, I asked each in turn: "Do you remember Billy Bunter?"

One shook his head. The other exclaimed: "Oh, yes! He's in *The Knockout Comic*!"

I said, a trifle sorrowfully: "So I believe. But don't you remember *The Magnet?*"

A shake of the head from each. "No! We've never seen that!" they said, together.

Well, of course, five years have passed since the last *Magnet* was on the bookstalls, and, maybe, circumstances did not permit them, orphans as they were, to see it then. However, I was able to produce a copy or two, and soon both were engrossed in

By

HERBERT LECKENBY

the escapades of the real Billy Bunter. Placing a copy in his pocket as he prepared to go, one of them said: "My word! I wish this paper came out now!"

The fact that it doesn't is one more charge to the account of the world's greatest criminal.

AFTER they had gone my thoughts strayed to another incident of some years ago. It concerned a Speech Day at a certain Public School. It may not be a Greyfriars, nevertheless it is a stately pile of ancient buildings. After the speeches came a concert, and one of the hits of the evening came when several boys of the Middle School took the stage and audaciously sang an number of verses, into each of which they introduced, one by one, the nicknames of the masters. All except that of the venerable Head, who, as I happened to know, was usually referred to, irreverently, as "Old Nick." This by the way, however.

As the hall echoed to the shrieks of laughter my eye dwelt on a youth whose mirth could be heard above all the rest. He was a boy of decidedly generous proportions and there rested on his nose a pair of spectacles. I had to smile as I thought of someone of whom the boy reminded me, and my smile broadened as a boy beside me nudged his neighbour and said in a stage whisper: "Look at Billy Bunter. He seems to be enjoying himself." *I* enjoyed that evening, too.

And I have a shrewd suspicion that for three decades, in every school in the land, wherever there was a stout boy, he was doomed to be christened by his schoolmates "Billy Bunter."

I WONDER whether, away back in 1908, when Frank Richards, as he loves to be called, tapped out for the first time the name "Bunter," he realized that he was creating a character that was destined to become the most famous in the whole history of schoolboy fiction? I don't suppose he did. Or that he would go on tapping out the name many thousands of times over a period of thirty-odd years. Even now, when Bunter himself is at rest, his creator has still to refer to him in the replies he writes in response to letters from his legions of admirers.

In the early days of *The Magnet* Harry Wharton was, of course, the central character and Bunter was just one of the cast. But, as time went on, the Owl more and more got the centre of the stage, until in the later years he overshadowed all the rest. In fact, the covers for a long time carried the slogan "Billy Bunter's Own Paper," and invariably his corpulent figure adorned the illustrations thereon. Some day when I

get my list of *Magnet* stories complete I hope to discover in how many of the titles Bunter's name is mentioned or inferred. I venture to say the total will be an impressive one.

He created a situation that was unique. For instance, one can picture a youth of eighteen in 1938, or earlier for that matter, looking over his younger brother's shoulder and saying: "Hallo! Billy Bunter's still going strong!" And their father could pick up the paper his son had been chuckling over to find that his boy's laughter was caused by the same character in situations similar to those he himself had chuckled over twenty-five years or more previously.

Yes! Boys through three decades chuckled over Bunter. They hurried off to their newsagent's on the day of *The Magnet's* publication to see what Billy was up to this week. Boys of all kinds, boys who were models of good behaviour, average boys, troublesome boys, dull and clever boys, depended upon Bunter for their weekly treat.

There were plenty of other characters, popular ones, too, in *The Magnet*—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Inky, Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd—but there is no doubt Bunter was the star turn. If ever the powers that be had decided that there had been enough of Bunter and that he should be expelled from Greyfriars for good, showers of protest would have fallen upon Fleetway House like unto the fall of those leaves in Vallombrosa that Frank Richards used to talk about.

BUNTER was a great traveller. He saw a great deal of the world and he saw it on the cheap. He travelled in luxury, yet it cost him far less than a passenger travelling steerage, for it usually cost him nothing. He was the uninvited guest, the death's head at the feast. The other members of the party didn't want him, they tried to get rid of him, but if they had succeeded in doing so more protests would have found their way to the editor's desk, for, to the reader, Bunter was the life of the party.

The Mother Grundys might raise their hands in shocked surprise at the thought of even nice boys being so fond of this horrid Bunter—yet there it was. Still, I don't think the old ladies need have worried. I don't suppose that any of the millions of boys who read Bunter were ever tempted to steal their schoolfellows' tuck, eavesdrop, or borrow money they never intended to repay, because of Bunter. No; they simply spent their coppers on the Owl of Greyfriars because

they considered it money well invested. Bunter, there is no need to say, was no example for a boy to follow. Throughout his thirty-odd years in the Greyfriars Remove he seldom did a good deed except by accident; he was dense, a chronic fibber, unscrupulous; he was a coward and a snob; lazy; he was greedy, and a duffer at games; he received more floggings than all the rest of the Remove put together. And yet, somehow, he was different from that other fat fellow, Baggy Trimble, of St. Jim's. The latter was a detestable young scoundrel while Bunter was just a young rascal. When Bunter appropriated his schoolfellow's tuck, he did so because he was just hungry, and being so, simply had to have the pangs appeased. And when he landed himself in some serious scrape, who could fail to laugh at his attempts to prove his innocence?

BILLY BUNTER

He is no longer expecting a P.-O.

For instance, there was the occasion when he had the impudence to ring up Chunkley's Stores and order, in Mr. Quelch's name, enough food to give the whole Remove a rare tuck-in. When the time came to explain matters, Bunter went about it something like this: "Quelch must have done it himself and forgotten all about it, you fellows! He's got a bad memory, you know! I didn't know he wasn't in his study! I didn't see him go out with Prout! I didn't ring up Chunkleys! How could I? I didn't know their number was Courtfield 202!"

Or take the delightful "Bunter of Bunter Court" series in *Magnet* Nos. 910-916, wherein the

fatuous youth committed his supreme audacity by renting at forty guineas a week that stately mansion, Combermere Lodge, changed the name to Bunter Court, and invited the Famous Five down for the vacation. As Bunter had no intention of paying a cent, and no means of paying if he had, there was bound to be trouble. As the day of reckoning loomed nearer and nearer he was driven to desperate expedients, so much so that he had to imprison the estate agent and the butler in the wine cellar. Not being completely heartless, he crept down at dead of night to take them food. D'Arcy of St. Jim's, who was also a guest, hearing footsteps in the dark hours, asked his host about it the next morning. Listen to Bunter explaining it away:

"Oh, no! I slept like a top! Imagination, old chap! I didn't pass your door, and besides, I trod very lightly!"

No wonder D'Arcy exclaimed: "Wha-a-at!"

That series, by the way, was Frank Richards at his very best. The plot, on the face of it, appeared absurd, preposterous; yet so skilfully did he weave it, so delicately did he skim over the ice, that one yearned for the next number of the series. It was a splendid example of the inimitable hand of the master.

AND THAT brings me to another point. Keen, observant readers in the early days would notice that Bunter occasionally appeared to be a little off form, somehow a different Bunter. As some of the faithful now know, there was a reason. The real Frank Richards, through some unavoidable circumstance, was not at work. The result was as though the captain's place at the bridge had been taken by the cabin boy. The substitutes had all the material of the creator at hand, but the figure they portrayed was a pale, weedy specimen, a shadow, as much like the real Bunter as Bunter was like Alonzo Todd.

I could go on writing about Bunter through many issues of *The Story Paper Collector*. Bunter on a South Sea isle, preening himself when a cannibal king looked upon him with favour, until it dawned upon him that that kind gentleman was contemplating a meal. Bunter—but here I will conclude with just one more observation.

Bunter, as I said at the beginning, will be written about by his creator no more. Greyfriars has passed into the shadows. But Carcroft School has come to life. And in it resides James Smythe Tuck, nicknamed "Turkey," and those who have caught sight of him see a family

likeness to Billy Bunter. The same corpulent figure, the same "specs," the same fatuousness, the same aptitude for getting lines and a flogging.

Bunter is dead! Long live Turkey!

¶ *BILLY AND BAGGY:* When Mr. Herbert Leckenby's contribution to this issue, "Billy Bunter," was partly printed, a carbon copy of the mss. was received from him in which the description of Baggy Trimble (page 289, col. 1, 9 lines up) was changed from "young scoundrel" to "young rogue." The change had been made at the suggestion of one who knows both Trimble and Bunter very well indeed. It was too late, by less than forty-eight hours, to make the change, hence this note.—W. H. G.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

TWICE in recent issues our pages have been made more attractive by the inclusion of reproductions of front covers of early issues of various story weeklies. This has again been done in this issue. *The Story Paper Collector* is strictly an amateur magazine, with a limited, indeed small, circulation, and is published without any expectation or intention of ever earning a profit. This being the case, it is hoped that the occasional "borrowing" of front covers, and in this issue, for the first and perhaps for the last time, of a portion of an illustration (from *Magnet* No. 1500) will be excused.

SLIPS THAT PASS

IT WAS NOT often that those who "read proofs" for *The Magnet* and its companion papers let an error get past them. But it did happen occasionally. For instance, in *Magnet* No. 468 (p. 12, col. 2, line 52) we find that Phyllis Howell, riding a bicycle, has collided with Harold Skinner of the Remove at Greyfriars. The fault is his, but he is angry. Phyllis says: "You should have stepped aside. You had plenty of time." And he replies: "It's always the way with you people who've got *babies*. You think you own all the giddy road. If you were a fellow I'd give you a jolly good licking." . . . The italics are ours. The title of the story was "Linley Minor," and it was by a substitute writer.

Stories To Remember---Part 3

The Robin Hood *Series*

By T. W. PUCKRIN

SOME forty-three years ago the Aldine Publishing Co. issued *The Robin Hood Library*. Every month four numbers were issued and every month a copy of each came to my home. I was too young to remember those early days, but the encyclopedic memory of an older brother, who "went for" them, has cleared away the mists of time.

The original *Robin Hoods* were about five inches wide and eight inches long with a front page illustration in red, green and gold. There were thirty-two pages in each one and 88 issues were published. That was around the year 1902. In 1907 there was another series, but instead of starting from No. 1 they began at No. 11. This series was soon stopped. The third and last issue was in 1924. I have the whole of this series. It lies before me as I write.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of seeing one of the old numbers titled "Outlaw and King," and I made some interesting comparisons. In the first place the later series was two inches shorter in page size, and a good deal of the dialogue had been cut out. The context of the story was practically the same, although some of the more sanguinary incidents had been toned down. I read both numbers of "Outlaw and King" just to see what difference there was, and found also that the chapters were worded differently. On the top of the front page of the older issue there was a small picture with the author's name appended. In the new issue this had been left out, so that one would have to refer to the original series to find out who the authors were. Here they are: Escott Lynn, Ogilvie Mitchell, E. M. Burrage, and Richard Brandt. The name of yet another I cannot recall.

The stories ranged from fairly juvenile to adult taste, according to the calibre of the authors. The best were very good and worth anybody's reading. Such stories as "Brave Hal of Harding," "Saxon to the Core," and "With Lion Heart the Brave" were first-class. Close behind them were "A Knight Errant," "A Traitor Knave," "The Dragon Worshippers," and "The Grey Wolf of Windsor." Robin Hood

and his merry men wandered all over the place but they were most at home on their native heath, Sherwood Forest.

THE THEME of the majority of the stories centred about King Richard, and the famous archers were generally to the fore in rescuing that much-travelled monarch from his many perilous situations. A favourite device was for Robin Hood to disguise himself as a wandering minstrel and penetrate the castle of a particularly odious Norman baron. Once inside, ingenuity generally did the trick, plus a good deal of hard fighting. The young Saxon, despoiled of his fortune, and the Jew robbed of his gold, always appealed to Robin Hood, and never in vain. Some of the letterpress was taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel "Ivanhoe," and anyone who has a copy of "For Richard and the Right" can verify this.

The front page illustrations were, I think, by an artist named Prowse, but I am not certain. Perhaps some enthusiast can verify this. A comparison of illustrations is decidedly in favor of the first issues. As one who has read most of the Robin Hood literature for over thirty years, including those stories appearing in *The Boys' Friend, The Boys' Herald,* and various 3d. Libraries, I hope that these notes will be of some interest to those who like stories of pluck and danger.

H. A. HINTON

THE NEWS of the death in an accident in the railway station at Weybridge, England, on last New Year's Day, of Mr. H. A. Hinton was received with regret by all who have fond memories of *The Boys' Friend, The Magnet, The Gem,* and others of the "companion papers" of the years during which they were under his control. He was 57 years of age.

Herbert Allan Hinton, it may safely be said, left his mark on his papers to a greater extent than almost any other boys'-paper editor. Just when he took the editorial chair is not certain. One's earliest memory of him goes back to shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914, when, in an editorial in *The Magnet*—presumably his, though unsigned—he stated that many of his staff were already with the colours and he himself expected to be before long. It was some time before he did leave the editorial office, due to other pressing duties, but he trained with the home defence forces. In the meantime he was given control of that long-established

paper, *The Boys' Friend*, early in 1915. There is no doubt that his remodelling of that paper, with the inclusion of stories of Rookwood School by Owen Conquest (Charles Hamilton) gave it a grand new lease of life, even though—perhaps because—he gave it a more juvenile appeal.

One remembers, too, that novelty in boys' papers, *The Greyfriars Herald*, supposedly edited by Harry Wharton of Greyfriars, which Mr. Hinton launched for a short run, following a lot of publicity, late in 1915.

Later, H. A. H. did go away to the war, leaving his papers in other hands, returning to resume control in the spring of 1919. Just when he left the Amalgamated Press cannot be stated, but it must have been quite soon, for in December of 1921 there appeared, issued by another publisher, a weekly paper, *School and Sport*, of which Mr. Hinton was editor. Unfortunately, it did not last long.

In a letter to Mr. H. Leckenby, a frequent contributor to *The Story Paper Collector*, dated August 27th, 1942, Mr. Hinton wrote: "I severed my connection with the Journals concerned (i.e.: boys' weeklies) as long ago as 1924—much to my regret, I might say, although I have since that time remained in the publishing world. I am afraid that most of the publications that I was so interested in no longer appear on the bookstalls; but I think I made very many friends during the years I was in the Editorial chair, and it has certainly given me a very pleasurable 'kick' to find that I have not been altogether forgotten after all this time."

Although many years had elapsed since Mr. Hinton last occupied the Editorial chair of a boys' paper, he assuredly was not forgotten, and his passing brought from many "old boys" a sigh of regret that this good fellow, who gave them many pleasant hours during the days of their youth, has gone from amongst them.

—W. H. G.

WANTED : EXCHANGE : FOR SALE

THIS IS AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE AND ADVERTISEMENTS ARE INSERTED, AS SPACE PERMITS, WITHOUT CHARGE

WANTED

The Following Story Papers

"Magnet Library"—List of numbers required supplied on request.

"Boys' Friend" (New Series)—List supplied on request.

"Greyfriars Herald" (New Series, 1919-22) later "Boys' Herald"—Nos. 9, 30 to 36, 38 to 43, 46 to the end.

"Empire Library"—1st series.

"The Popular" and "Penny Popular"—Many before No. 512 of new series.

WM. H. GANDER
Transcona, Manitoba, Canada

WANTED

Gems, Magnets, Nelson Lee's, Boy's Magazines, Champions, Triumphs, Startlers, Populars, Bullseyes, Rangers, Surprises, Sexton Blake and Schoolboys' Own Libraries. V. A. Baxendale, 1 Vincent St., Openshaw, Manchester, 11, England.

The Geographical Magazine—Wanted: 3 copies of February, 1942, issue. This is the Geographical published in London, not the National Geographic. W. H. Gander, Transcona, Canada.

Wanted—Magnets and Gems, 1907-33; also Boys' Friend Libraries with stories by Frank Richards and Martin Clifford. Shaw, 6 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N.10.

Urgently Wanted by Australian Library of Amateur Journalism to Complete Files

Vanity Fair (J. Parks), Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 12 (1917-19); **Collector's Miscellany** (J. Parks), Nos. 18 to 24 (1937-39).

In exchange can offer duplicates of "Vanity Fair," Vol. 2, Nos. 14, 18, 24; Vol. 3, Nos. 25, 26, 27; "Collector's Miscellany," No. 6; Vol. 2, Nos. 1, 4, 6; Nos. 8, 13; New series, Nos. 9, 10.

Leon Stone Collection, Gordon, N.S.W., Australia

British Bloods and Journals For Sale

Black Bess, Blueskin, Charles Peace the Burglar, Sailor Crusoe, Nell Gwynne, Charley Wag the New Jack Sheppard, Black Mask, Jack Sheppard, Broad Arrow Jack, Outlaws of Epping Forest, Dick Turpin (Miles), Adrift on the Spanish Main, Frank Fearless, Boys of England, Young Men of Great Britain, Tom Wildrake's Schooldays, Lady Godiva, Island School, Merry Wives of London, Boys of the Empire, complete coloured issue, and hundreds more. **Exchanges willingly considered; similar wanted.**

JOHN MEDCRAFT

64 Woodlands Road, Ilford, Essex, England.

BRITISH BOYS' PAPERS WANTED

Gem Library—Nos. 227-247 in one lot; 407, with supplement; 452, 454, 458, 510, 518.

Magnet Library—Nos. 575-613 in one lot.

Boys' Friend 3d. Library—Nos. 153, 235, 276, 393.

Holiday Annual—Years 1920 to 1926.

C. F. F. RICKARD

2026 West 41st Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Reckless Ralph's
DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers of the days when you were a youngster; 8 pages full of fine articles and write-ups. Price 5d. (stamps) a copy, or will accept 4s. worth of "bloods" for one year's sub.

Ralph F. Cummings

Dept. S.P.C., Fisherville, Mass.

WANTED

Aldine 1d. Dick Turpins, early issues of Magnet, Gem, Penny Popular, and Comic Papers, particularly Chuckles.

Also interested in old volumes containing coloured plates of wildflowers, butterflies, birds or fishes.

ALFRED HORSEY

60 Salcombe Rd., Walthamstow, London, E.17, England.