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IN THIS ISSUE--

The St. Jim's Gallery

*Supposing Harry Wharton
Had Grown Up!*

*The Highwayman in Fact
& Fiction*



: : AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE : :

Supposing Harry Wharton Had Grown Up---& Billy Bunter, Too!

FROM time to time readers wrote to the Editor of *The Gem* and *The Magnet* asking questions like this: "When is Tom Merry going to have a birthday?" "When are the Famous Five going to remove from the Remove?" or "How long do dogs like Towser live?" I won't say the questions were put quite like that, but these I have given express the sentiment. On such occasions the Editor was inclined to dodge the issue for he would reply good-humouredly: "Do you want to see Bob Cherry with a beard or Mark Linley on crutches?" That was hardly an answer at all. The youthful readers simply could not understand why Time stood still at Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

No doubt when Tom Merry first settled down at St. Jim's the pro's and con's of this problem were carefully weighed, and seeing both papers put up something like records in length of run, the policy of Peter Pan-ism would appear to have been justified.

Browsing over a *Magnet* the other evening I got a-wondering. Supposing the decision had been different and Mr. Charles Hamil-

ton had set his fertile brain to work on other lines, thereby allowing his army of boys to grow up like ordinary mortals do. Would the stories have been as popular as they were, would they have run as long?

Having got that far I began to draw some fanciful pictures of what might have been—always provided the same master hand had been at work.

WELL, supposing a boy had started reading *The Magnet* in 1912, would he have liked the paper any less if he had found the captain of the school was Harry Wharton, and a boy named Jack Carless was leader of the Remove? If Mark Linley was a popular prefect of the Sixth, while in the same Form as Carless a David Manisty, scholarship boy, found life a little grim? If there were three fellows named Blunt, Belcher, and Binns in the Remove who were inclined to bully and sneak, like Stott, Skinner, and Snoop of earlier days used to do?

By

HERBERT LECKENBY

Another year or two on: would the paper have been as popular if the Captain of Greyfriars was Dick Nugent, a stalwart fellow of eighteen, once an unruly fag, and in the Remove Gilbert Carter-Browne caused Mr. Quelch as much trouble as Herbert Vernon-Smith, once a dweller there?

"But," someone may remark, "what about the faithful readers who had read *The Magnet* from the beginning and had become attached to Harry Wharton & Co.—would they have liked to see them passing on?"

Yes; but in my fanciful dreams I saw occasions to compensate for that. Supposing from time to time there had been mighty games of cricket or football, Greyfriars v. Old Boys, with Wharton, Cherry, "Inky," Vernon-Smith and the rest returning to the playing-fields they knew so well?

MY thoughts travelled on, and I became more and more intrigued by the possibilities. I pictured a possible story round about 1917, "Capt. Harry Wharton Returns to Greyfriars," a story telling how he was honoured by the school, and how he was accompanied by Lieut. Robert Cherry of the Royal Flying Corps, and Sub-Lieut. Frank Nugent of the King's Navee.

That made me think of an-

other story concerning St. Jims, wherein kindly Dr. Holmes told the school that two old boys, Sefton and Lumley-Lumley, had made the supreme sacrifice. Rather sentimental, you say? Yes; but it would have been life.

Other stories were conjured up in my thoughts. One, say, in 1921: "George Kerr, Detective, and the School House Mystery," an exciting yarn of the famous Baker Street sleuth, by Martin Clifford. Another, wherein Peter Todd, K.C., defends a master of Greyfriars who is accused of murder. And still one more concerning William Wibley, the leading West End actor. I could think of many more.

In the stories as they were the boys spent many thrilling vacations travelling the wide world o'er. In the stories of my vision I saw a series in which a party from the Shell and Fourth of St. Jim's went off on a trip to Africa in the giant 'plane of Bernard Glyn, the famous inventor and explorer. And, not to be outdone, their rivals of Greyfriars being invited to a journey to the South Seas by Herbert Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, in his yacht, the "Rose of England."

Sifting further into what might have been I visualized D'Arcy, dear old D'Arcy, in a story, "Major D'Arcy of the Guards,"

part of it being located in the trenches with that lovable character elegant and monocled as ever, not turning a hair in the face of danger. Later we might have found him a real live lord, for when his father had passed on he would have taken his elder brother's place as Lord Conway, if my reading of the ways of the peerage is correct.

AND, oh, yes. I can guess what some of you who may have had the patience to follow this phantasy of mine thus far will be thinking: That's all very well, but what about Bunter? What would have happened when he had grown up and passed out of the Sixth?—if one could ever imagine him there!

But I haven't forgotten Bunter. In fact that is where I play my trump card! Bunter, in the stories as they were, had one brother; in the stories as they might have been why shouldn't he have had six? Oh, no; not all at once. That would have been too much for Greyfriars. But when Billy had struggled into the Sixth, Sammy could have been in the Remove, Tommy in the Third,

Bobby in the Second, with Freddy, Dicky and Teddy at home, waiting to carry on in the tradition of the Bunters when the elder ones had passed out into the world.

Just fancy a story in the later years, a story of a Speech Day or a Sports Day at Greyfriars bearing the title "The Seven Bunters!" What a chance for Leonard Shields or C. H. Chapman to show all seven of them, Billy and six smaller editions, gathered around the festive board. The tables would have to be well laden!

And if six were not enough to follow in the footsteps of W. G., there could have been a nephew and, ultimately, Billy Bunter, Junior!

Well, there's an end to my flights of fancy. In the near-words of the late Syd Walker, "What do you think, chums?" Do I hear some of you loyal, true 'til death, Gemites and Magnetites exclaiming "Heaven forbid! Hands off our Peter Pans!" I shouldn't wonder. And in my heart of hearts I have an idea I would agree with you.



"CHUMS"

One Of Cassell's Few Ventures Into The Realm Of Boys' Publications

"CHUMS" began its career on September 14th, 1892, and went on, in one form or another, until the outbreak of war in 1939. Its page size was about 9"x12" and it was printed on white paper.

One pleasing feature of *Chums* was the issuing of coloured plates with the monthly parts, including one of a seasonal nature at Christmas. Every autumn a year's issues were published in volume form and made very acceptable gifts for boys.

The editor was Max Pemberton of "Iron Pirate" and "Captain Black" fame, stories which are so well-known that they do not need describing here. While on the subject of Max Pemberton I would like to add that he wrote a good many other stories. "Pro Patria" was, perhaps, the most outstanding. Its theme was the invasion of England by means of a tunnel under the Channel—an idea greatly in vogue at the beginning of the century. Others of his stories

were "The Impregnable City" and "Kronstadt." A writer of such literary ability was a big asset to the new paper, especially as the Harmsworth publications had not come into the picture.

Even with the competition of the flowing tide of new papers for boys *Chums* went merrily along. It is questionable whether it enjoyed the popularity of the Amalgamated Press publications, and perhaps the reasons are not hard to discover. The standard of writing in *Chums* was somewhat higher and I would place it somewhere between *The Boys' Friend* type of story and that of *The Boy's Own Paper*, another high-class journal. It aimed, I would say, at excellence rather than excitement, and kept a really high standard for many years. One could describe it as the *Manchester Guardian* of boys' papers, while the more stately *Boy's Own Paper* was *The Times*.

However, there was plenty of breezy fun of the right type, for the journals of thirty years ago, and it is with this period that I would like to deal here. The year 1910 was a landmark for me, for it was then I purchased

By

T. W. PUCKRIN

my first copy of *Chums*. The leading attraction just then was S. Walkey's "The Ten Pirates." What boy could resist such a title? Pirate stories had, and probably always will have, one hundred per cent. drawing capacity amongst boys of an island nation. Robert Louis Stevenson set the ball rolling with that king of all pirate tales, "Treasure Island."

There were the usual ingredients in "The Ten Pirates": hidden treasure on a Caribbean island, Spanish doubloons, pieces of eight, squawking macaws, and "Hannibal swordfish" — Long John Silver come to life again. But we never noticed that. We just raced through one installment and waited impatiently for the next.

CAPTAIN Frank Shaw, that fine writer of sea stories, was also well to the fore, and he wrote about the land as well as he did about the sea. He wrote a number of stories somewhat after the style of John Tregellis. I remember one, called "Swoop of the Eagle," dealing with the old theme of the German invasion of England. This theme must have been worn to shreds, but it was still capable of variation. The story, though somewhat subdued compared with John Tregellis's red-hot style, was first-class and kept up the excitement to the end. Captain

Shaw also wrote under the pseudonym of Grenville Hamerton and contributed largely to *The Penny Pictorial* and others of Cassell's publications. Even today occasional stories come from his pen.

Another writer was Andrew Soutar, who wrote many boxing stories for *Chums*. His best effort was "The Flying Six," with "Son of White Pep" as a good second. Soutar's style was decidedly adult and like Shaw he wrote a lot for other publications.

Chums had its share of school stories, both serial and complete. The best of the serials was "Mayo's Term," written by Ross Harvey, and dealing with the adventures of reckless Jack Mayo, who was placed in the "worst house" for defacing a griffin on the college tower. The whole story is one long attempt by Mayo to put "Goble's House" at the top of the tree, and needless to say he succeeded.

But perhaps the best author of all was Stephen Agnew, whose metier was adventure, both at home and abroad. His serial story, "Skeleton's Gold," dealt with buried treasure in the Andes. Agnew also wrote stories of the Army and the King's highway, and a series of six stories of the Bow Street Runners, handling his theme in a masterly manner. Unlike David Goodwin

his hero was on the side of law and order.

One pleasing feature of *Chums* was its lack of political bias, a trait to which the Harmsworth publications were sometimes prone. Puzzles and competitions formed part the paper's make-up, and helped to sustain the interest of the readers.

THE war of 1914-18 and the period of change that followed proved disastrous to *Chums*. Somehow it failed to adapt itself to the ideas of the new generation. The time came when Cassell's retired from the periodical field and *Chums* passed into the hands of the Amalgam-

ated Press. Even the A. P., apparently, could not make it pay, and after a while the weekly issues and monthly parts were dropped, only the annual volume being continued until it, too, vanished following the outbreak of hostilities in 1939.

We can say of *Chums* that it played its part in educating, instructing, and amusing each succeeding generation of boys for many years. Perhaps it aimed a little high in its attempt to keep above the general level. But if that is the case, it did not do so in vain, for *Chums* will be remembered when the lesser fry have long been forgotten.

Henry Steele, meditating upon characters and scenes in the favourite literature of his youth, comes up with these

O. B. B.* Limericks

There was a tale, *Roving Jack*,
Of pirates it seemed to smack—
But highwayman lore
Prevailed rather more
In this curious tale, *Roving Jack*.

There was a tale, *The Imprisoned Heir*,
A D'Artagnon sort of affair—
There existed a rumour
That pictures by Dumas
Were used in this story so rare.

There was a story, *Colonel Blood*,
The plot was as clear as mud;
He pinched the Crown Jewels,
'Twas against the rules,
But the King let him off with
a nod.

There was a tale called *Black Bess*,
The length of it you'd never guess:
It ran on for years,
So it appears—
But it ended, nevertheless.

*Old Boys' Books—or is it Bloods?

The Highwayman in Fact & Fiction

IN a sonnet typical of the times in which he lived Alexander Pope has declared that "every woman is at heart a rake." To balance this, it can quite truthfully be said that "every man is a potential lawbreaker."

Certainly in the quieter days of the pre-1914 era it may have been that the humdrum round of civilized life often tempted the most peaceful of individuals to "break out in a fresh place."

This no doubt is the reason for the enormous mass of literature dealing with crime and the criminal, which has flourished "from the Poles to the Tropics," as it were. Certainly no other branch of light literature has had such an enthusiastic public, as the demand for such works at any public library shows.

From the bad men of the far western prairies to the bushrangers of the back blocks "down under" it has been possible to strike a mean which will satisfy the least erudite.

At first sight one would—and indeed many did—think that this would have a detrimental effect on the morals and good behaviour of all children "from

nine to ninety." However, Nature always adjusts the balance and the common sense and good conduct of the average individual is a sufficient safeguard against any such lapses.

ALL this lengthy proem naturally leads up to the study of the "Knights of the Road" who flourished in England from the Stuart to the early Georgian Period of history. This was an age rich in adventure of every description and despite its many dark features which cannot and should not be hidden the world would have been poorer without it.

Despite the ignorance and sloth in which the mass of the people suffered and endured with little complaint, and the gross corruption which flourished everywhere in civil and political life, there was a reaction going on which was all to the good. When all this is considered it is a matter for wonder that outrages of every description, and highway robbery in particular,

By

HENRY A. PUCKRIN

were not more widespread. The bad state of civic government (save the mark!), the abominable roads, and the lack of a proper police system, were all factors in encouraging this state of affairs.

Travel, always a tiring business, was a nightmare indeed, and none who could stay at home thought of venturing far beyond their own domiciles. The lack of a banking system caused people to carry large sums in cash on their persons, and the fear of robbery was always present.

The masked and mounted figures waiting under the copse on the edge of the moonlit heath, the belated and benighted traveller, fearing for his money if not for his life and momentarily expecting the dreaded "Stand and deliver!"—all pass before the reader as in an entralling panorama.

Many a bold ruffian whose name is not known made a living out of this state of things and quite possibly some of the more sensible ones knew when to stop.

WITHOUT condoning this state of affairs it can safely be said that many who were robbed deserved it, and many a good deed to the poor and unfortunate was done by these men. This has no doubt been

the foundation for the belief that highwaymen in general were chevaliers (sans peur et sans reproche). Truth, however, compels us to state the opposite. The majority were ruffians of the lowest type, ready for anything from "pitch and toss" to murder.

Whatever good was done by the few has been enshrined by the writings of William Harrison Ainsworth in his long and somewhat prosy novel "Rookwood." The sum total of this work includes the adventures of the dashing Claude Duval, the great ride from London to York of the bold John Nevison, and the oft-times laughable efforts of the Bow Street Runners in their pursuit of them. This body of men, although suffering from ridicule and discouragement of every description, generally succeeded, like the Canadian Mounties, in getting their man.

WE can now turn our attention to the one figure in this period whose name is associated for ever with the "king's highway." Richard Turpin of Hemel Hempstead—his name can still be seen in the parish register—is the man referred to. Despite all statements to the contrary regarding his character and conduct he is to practically everyone the highwayman supreme.

The author already mentioned

has been responsible for this and when one reads the life of Turpin one cannot help but wonder why. The butcher and horse-dealer (and later stealer) whose brutal nature was largely responsible for his trial and condemnation and who always worked with a gang of cutthroats as bad as himself is Turpin as we really know him. Not one good deed can be attributed to this man, but, in the words of Victor Hugo, "the darker the night the brighter is the star."

Let us hope that this plagiarizing of other men's actions in the person of the bold Turpin will be given the credit it deserves.

The ride to York, which practically everyone associates with Turpin, was actually a really magnificent achievement performed by John Nevison of Yorkshire. There is no need here to dwell on this oft-written topic except to say that it has been given every form of publicity, in the Victorian novel, the newspaper serial, the penny dreadful, and, last but not least, in the films.

All this has helped to enshrine Turpin and his mythical exploits for ever in the hearts of most people. In spite of all denials this belief will endure as long as the ancient city of York, which everyone instinctively couples with him.

A FIRST-CLASS account, even though somewhat exaggerated, of this ride is given the whole of the third book of "Rookwood," and will, when read, and seen in the film of that name, serve as an example of the dauntless spirit which overcomes all difficulties.

No more than this need be said, but to conclude this article the writer begs leave to introduce a semi-humorous note and epitomize it by quoting a line of verse which he heard sung many years ago to the closing strains of Sousa's stirring El Capitan March:

*Dick Turpin is my name,
Throughout the world I am known
to fame;
Of my career I am not ashamed—
I am a Prince of Highwaymen.*



THE ST. JIM'S GALLERY

- Texts by J. N. Pentelow
- Portraits by Warwick Reynolds
- Reviewed by C. F. F. Rickard

DURING the long career of the Amalgamated Press famous weekly boys' school-story periodical *The Gem Library*, its readers were treated to more than one series of portraits, verses and histories relating to the St. Jim's schoolboys, masters, etc., and their associates.

Each series consisted of a rhyme and/or a portrait and/or comment and ran approximately weekly, either numbered or unnumbered.

All had their points but only one ever brought together perfect portraits and matchless biographical character delineation of any length.

This was called *The St. Jim's Gallery* and was the result of the collaboration of Warwick Reynolds, famous animal and black-and-white artist and the then *Gem* illustrator, and J. N. Pentelow, famed author of cricket stories and school stories of Wycliffe and Haygarth under various pen-names, the then editor.

The *Gallery* was at once a work of reference and an artistic accomplishment. It dealt with for-

ty-one subjects and commenced in *Gem* No. 518 (January 12th, 1918) with one subject to an issue but not one to each issue consecutively, and concluded with No. 41 in *Gem* No. 581 (March 29th, 1919).

Each entry consisted of a uniform heading *The St. Jim's Gallery* across the 3-column page (with the exception of No. 39 with a 2-column heading) with the subject's name underneath; a 2 by 4 inch portrait in the middle column; and a page or more of biographical detail with historical reference to many then current and past St. Jim's stories.

Enough has already been said in the pages of *The Story Paper Collector* with respect to the abilities of Warwick Reynolds to obviate noticing the portraits as works of art. But brief mention must be made of a few characteristic poses, features and other points of interest.

Stress must be laid very heavily, though, on the textual accompaniment by J. N. Pentelow, whose superb literary prowess and wide understanding and

sympathetic knowledge of the characters made him the ideal biographer.*

IN the Editor's Chat of *Gem* No. 476 the editor, Mr. Pentelow, informed his readers as follows: "Letters urging upon me the desirability of starting this feature have simply poured in since I inquired my readers' opinions on the subject. The thing will have to be done. These character sketches are not easily written, I can tell you. The writer knows all the characters well and has a pretty good memory; but hours of hard, though pleasant, work have to be put in over old volumes before a sketch is written. Don't be impatient, then!"

Patience was again urged in the Chat of *Gem* No. 484. "I hope to start the series some time before long; but it is not easy. The artist has to get forward with his work; and the articles themselves entail a vast amount of labour. The man who writes such a series as this must know the stories from the outset, must have studied the characters till he feels as though he has lived

*Pentelow wrote many fine St. Jim's tales himself at this period under the name Martin Clifford, which was the St. Jim's pen-name of Charles Hamilton, the originator of the characters and main author throughout the career of "The Gem"; but unhappily without the latter's consent or approval.

with them. So have patience! As soon as may be, but not for a few weeks yet, I fear." It must be remembered that *The Gem*, owing to the 1914-1918 war, had at that time been reduced in size to the lowest in its history, sixteen pages.

As a sort of introduction to the coming *Gallery* the editor in his Chat for *Gem* No. 510 (Nov. 17th, 1917, issue and Christmas Double Number, the last at double current price and with twice the current number of pages that was ever issued, I believe) started a vastly intriguing and entertaining little serialized *Gem* history. This was in the form of brief chatty notes, with many issue numbers, dates, titles of and comments about the stories and characters. This short serial ran in the Editor's Chats of *Gems* Nos. 510-515 inclusive. Unfortunately the last issue commented upon was *Gem* No. 168. There the little history came to an end.

But lovers of St. Jim's who were disappointed by the long delay to the *Gallery* must have missed a heartbeat for joy when in *Gem* No. 516 the editor announced that *The St. Jim's Gallery* would, if it could possibly be crowded in, start with No. 1 in the next issue. "Who will be its subject? Why, Tom Merry, of course! Who else should be? I

do not guarantee that the *Gallery* will appear every week. But I will try to let you have it without a break. If there is a break, don't write and grumble!"

Tom Merry as the subject of No. 1 did not arrive in *Gem* No. 517, though, and readers had to conjure up just a little more patience.

IT WAS with *Gem* No. 518 that *The St. Jim's Gallery* was away to a magnificent start. Truly an historic issue of the grand old paper! Reynolds excelled himself with a full-length pose of Tom in cricket garb and Pentelow in the course of his inspiring biography said: "Tom is a good model. If you never do anything that Tom would not do, you need not worry about being able to do all the things that he does, you know!" The portrait, unlike nearly all the other *Gallery* portraits, was never printed again in subsequent issues of *The Gem* or in *The Holiday Annual*.

Gussy followed in No. 2, the only one in the series (how like him!) to be autographed. He is shown in front of a mirror trying on fancy waistcoats. This drawing also was never reprinted. J. N. P. finished his very discerning sketch with a fitting tribute. "Simple, yet no simpleton—proud without a touch of snobbery—brave and tender-hearted—a very human boy, and

yet a great gentleman, in the best sense of that word."

The next on the roster was Fatty Wynn, "a heart of gold, this—a simple candid nature—pluck and resolution and loyalty in plenty—a chum worth having!" Look at him exercising so earnestly!

In No. 4 the famous *Gem* character "The Toff" received his due recognition. Truly a *St. Jim's* product, he had, unlike many boys in the various schools created by Charles Hamilton, no counterpart in any other. A faithful account of his trials and tribulations was traced since he arrived so dramatically at the school in *Gem* No. 334.

No. 5 was devoted to Skimmy and all his weird inventions and "isms" and we see him poring over what is no doubt a volume from the pen of Professor Balmycrumpet. "With all his faults, I like Skimmy well," said Mr. Pentelow.

Racke, a comparative newcomer and the leader of the junior bad lads, was then featured. He is pictured, dark-eyed and slick, indulging in a game of poker. "A pretty thorough-paced blackguard all round, this one."

The great George Alfred took his bow in No. 7 and Harry Manners, complete with camera, in No. 8. A difficult subject the

latter and dealt with very understandingly and sympathetically. The first master in the series appeared in No. 9 and the editor put an able case for him as the ideal schoolmaster. No master at St. Jim's, or Greyfriars or Rookwood for that matter, can be compared with him, with the possible exceptions of Larry Lascelles and Mr. Dalton. Yes, St. Jim's is indeed proud of Victor Railton!

Gem No. 530 inaugurated a serial list of numbers and titles of the St. Jim's stories in *The Gem* from the beginning. The list, which included all titles up to *Gem* No. 550, ceased with the instalment in *Gem* No. 551. It is very useful when used in conjunction with the *Gallery* and the short history in *Gems* Nos. 510-515.

THE leader of Study No. 6, with interesting references to the pre-Tom Merry St. Jim's days in *Pluck* included in the article, poked his head out of the study door in No. 10 of the *Gallery*. Readers then had to wait patiently for three weeks before Dig followed. Cutts of the Fifth, an important if disreputable character who unfortunately received no inclusion himself in the series (and certainly should have), played a lengthy part in Digby's sketch.

We can leave the unpleasant

Trimble with his ear to the key-hole but we cannot pass No. 13 without a word for Figgins. "Plucky as the best, loyal and generous, devoted to Cousin Ethel, a rare good all-round man in the playing-fields, not markedly clever, but yet no duffer." Good old Figgys!

No. 14 and six months old—the *Gallery* was beginning to grow up. Reynolds gave us a beautifully executed portrait of the older Levison with this number. One can easily feel something of the old "resentful, suspicious, sullen" Levison as he looks us straight in the eye, yet at the same time sense his clear brain, his cool audacity and the natural goodness that must belong to the brother of Frank and Doris. Intriguing glimpses of his life when he was at Greyfriars in *The Magnet* formed part of the character sketch.

Ratty's eagle eye and menacing cane give us little relish for lingering over No. 15 and so to No. 16 (misprinted in the heading as No. 15 again) and the soul-stirring portrait and character drawing of Frank Levison, surely one of the most lovable boys at the school. What a job this kid made of putting his big and by him so well-loved brother on the straight and narrow!

Monty Lowther came up smiling and joking for us in No. 17

and then *Gallery*-hungry readers were again forced to pull in their belts and hang on through a long break of four weeks without a dish till Kerr appeared on the menu. His chronicle was one of Scottish canniness and clever humour. The editor touched briefly, during the course of his able sketch, on Kerr's famous impersonation in *Gem* No. 499, "Walker," an issue dear to the writer as the first *Gem* he ever saw and bought.

Crooke's face was a surprise to many when his portrait adorned page fifteen of *Gem* No. 555. A good-looking boy if ever there was one and proof, if proof is needed, that all the rotters are not necessarily dark and scowling. A rose in his lapel, wearing a straw hat with the St. Jim's colours and drawing on his gloves, he looks to a tee what he unfortunately is not—a gentleman. Much of his history concerned his many wrongs to his cousin Talbot. "If he were bolder, he would be very dangerous."

Gem No. 557 was an all-Australian number with Gordon Gay in the spotlight in the story as Clive's "Sister Mabel" while Harry Noble was togged up in white flannels at the wicket on the *Gallery* page. This portrait of Kangaroo did service, wrongly of course, for Tom Merry in the 1920 (first) edition of *The Holiday Annual*

(page 118). Monty Lowther's and Crooke's *Gallery* portraits were also labelled for someone other than their rightful owners in the same *Annual*.

THEN arrived one of the lesser lights, a boy who took part in most functions but not as a rule in a leading role. For Herries, No. 21, seldom came to the fore in the stories unless in the shadow of his perhaps more famous bulldog Towser or the musical, or if you prefer un-musical, and alcohol-minded Mr. Curll.

Another in the same class is Gunn, the quieter of the two henchmen of the great-hearted, bull-headed Grundy. Wilkins, the other, was not included in the *Gallery* but there was as much about him in Gunn's sketch (and about Grundy) as there was about Gunn. But, of course, we missed out on a portrait of him.

In the writer's opinion it's a pity that Gunn, at any rate, was not omitted and room made for a member of the Fifth Form, which had no representation whatsoever in the parade. Lefevre certainly deserved a place and even more so Cutts, though perhaps "deserved" is hardly the right word for him. Knox of the Sixth without doubt should have "disgraced the roll"—a very important, if rather unhealthy, member of the school. Readers,

especially some of the older ones, would have relished the inclusion of many others, too, who stand out in the pages of *The Gem*—Lumley-Lumley, Monteith, Gore and Dick Brooke, to mention but a few. Little Joe Frayne or Piggott both would have been far more interesting choices than Curly Gibson as a fourth representative of the lively Third. Curly was the central character in only one yarn up to *Gem* No. 581, the issue in which the *Gallery* ceased. Nor was Rylcombe Grammar School featured. Surely Gordon Gay and Frank Monk, very much of the St. Jim's world if not of St. Jim's, merited recognition.

No. 22 was Koumi Rao's turn and a most interesting discussion of an interesting and engaging boy was developed. He can be seen playing chess and no-one who read the story will easily forget how he once played a game with Manners for the big Form Competition during an air-raid in the 1914-1918 war; and how he couldn't stand the strain and so lost to the unexcitable English boy for whom everything, except photography, even bombs, came second to chess.

Dr. Holmes found his place in *Gem* No. 562. His turn was actually scheduled for *Gem* No. 561, though, an issue which car-

ried a very fine story about the Head's birthday. Taggles dozed gently through No. 24, a bell above his head, his keys and high porter's hat beside him, a fly or two droning in tune with his snores. A fine Reynolds picture of his wife, Martha, keeper of the school tuckshop, appeared in *Gem* No. 624, but she was omitted from the *Gallery* under review.

THE school's beloved Irish skipper appeared with No. 25 and is pictured standing in a boat carrying an oar. Dick Julian received a very distinguished write-up in an issue the main story of which was devoted to "The Chums of No. 5." The one Jewish boy at St. Jim's, he is a handsome and noble representative of his fine race. His pet robin, Bob, took his place in the portrait perched on Dick's hand. A thoughtful, generous, loyal and gentle boy!

Whimsical Cardew and a perfect likeness of him were taken eagerly to the hearts of *Gem* readers in *Gem* No. 569. Compared with most of the popular characters Cardew was almost a new boy at the time. But no character ever skyrocketed to popularity with readers, more particularly the girls, so quickly as the grandson of Lord Reckness, though his popularity with the St. Jim's boys themselves was,

I am sure, somewhat qualified at times.

Reggie Manners, one of the problem children of St. Jim's, was ushered in with No. 31. He was his mother's spoiled darling as his brother Harry knew to his cost on more than one occasion; but "in the long run," as J.N.P. says, "I think he will make a man." Reddy, one of the three indefatigable scholarship boys of the New House, rang the bell in No. 32, and if one may judge by his picture he is about to ring it with a snowball on some portion of a friendly adversary. Darrel, the second and only other Sixth Former to rate a place in the *Gallery* and the best chum of Kildare, came next—"brave and knightly, with a man's heart in a boy's body." He is perhaps best remembered for his great attachment to Pauline Colonna, an actress with whom he fell in love in a very early *Gem* story.

Wally D'Arcy followed, surprisingly enough (knowing Wally), not in his "rightful" place before, but after Frank and Reggie, his two pals in many an escapade. And what would he be doing when his picture was taken? Why, toasting kippers at the fire to be sure, and probably burning them!

Cousin Ethel's portrait, while a good picture, is one of the few Reynolds St. Jim's pictures that

do not quite hit the mark and is not, to this writer's mind, a good likeness of what the average reader must imagine Ethel to be like after reading the stories. Much too immature-looking! While she is not much older if any than Tom Merry or Talbot, she acts older and this should have shown in her facial expression and certainly doesn't. A pity! For she is a well-drawn character, if perhaps a little too demure and sweet.

THREE more masters were dealt with, Mr. Lathom, Mr. Selby and Herr Schneider. Mr. Lathom, a nondescript little man, has played many aside parts in the stories, parts that make indispensable body and background for the chief actors. He was in the limelight at times, though. So was the Herr, especially during the first years of the 1914-1918 war. Reynolds and Pentelow did justice to all of them, with masterly drawings and sketches. J.N.P. especially outdid himself in the case of Mr. Lathom, for the everyday subjects are so much harder to put into words than those whose thoughts even, as well as actions, we came to know so well.

Micky Mulvaney, though interesting enough to a certain degree, was another who could well have relinquished his place to a more noteworthy charac-

ter. But Glyn and Dane, Nos. 38 and 39, rank high in interest. Perhaps Glyn more than Dane. For Glyn occupied a strong place in the affections of many readers, mostly the younger ones, and if some of the things he attempted as an inventor worked possibly too well and ingeniously one must remember that he had ample supplies of pocket-money and was undoubtedly a clever boy. One cannot say the same, unfortunately, of poor Skimmy, the other tame inventor of St. Jim's. One would have liked to see Glyn's sister Edith with a place in the *Gallery*, too, but she was seldom to the fore after the earlier tales.

Clifton Dane is a real Canadian with his mother the daughter of an Indian chief and his father an Englishman. Of quiet disposition he never excelled in the English sports like soccer and cricket. But on the ice, where Canucks reign supreme, he won everyone's applause. Many will not recollect his powers as a hypnotist but there will be few who won't remember how he distinguished himself on the ice of the Priory Pool when he and Noble and Koumi Rao spent Christmas at Greyfriars.

THE *St. Jim's Gallery* was, all in all, the best of many informative features published in *The Gem* between Nos. 300 and 750,

a period that was never surpassed at any time in the career of the paper for the great interest shown by readers in the private lives of the characters and the geography of the school and the surrounding districts, and for the uniform and authentic data that was so willingly and ably compiled for and offered to them by the editorial staff, authors and artists.

The following is a complete list of the *Gallery* together with the number of the issue in which each subject appeared:

1. Tom Merry . . . # 518
2. The Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy . . . 519
3. David Llewellyn Wynn . . . 521
4. Reginald Talbot . . . 522
5. Herbert Skimpole . . . 524
6. Aubrey Racke . . . 525
7. George Alfred Grundy . . . 526
8. Manners major . . . 528
9. Mr. Railton . . . 530
10. Jack Blake . . . 532
11. Robert Arthur Digby . . . 535
12. Bagley Trimble . . . 537
13. George Figgins . . . 540
14. Ernest Levison . . . 543
15. Mr. Horace Ratcliff, M.A. . . . 545
16. Frank Levison . . . 547
17. Monty Lowther . . . 549
18. George Francis Kerr . . . 553
19. George Gerald Crooke . . . 555
20. Harry Noble . . . 557
21. George Herries . . . 559
22. Koumi Rao . . . 560
23. The Head . . . 562

24. Ephraim Taggles . . .	* 563
25. Eric Kildare . . .	564
26. Towser . . .	565
27. Mr. Henry Selby, M.A.	566
28. Dick Julian . . .	567
29. William Cuthbert Gunn	568
30. Ralph Reckness Cardew	569
31. Reggie Manners . . .	570
32. Richard Henry Redfern	571
33. George Richard Bruce Darrel . . .	573
34. The Hon. Walter Adolphus D'Arcy	574
35. Miss Ethel Cleveland .	575
36. Mr. Philip G. Lathom	576
37. Stanley Gibson . . .	577
38. Bernard Glyn . . .	578
39. Clifton Dane . . .	579
40. Michael Mulvaney . . .	580
41. Herr Otto Schneider	581

◆◆◆

ADDENDA

IT is interesting to note that another series, not headed (or called, except on the front cover of *Gem* No. 616) *St. Jim's Gallery*, commenced, without texts but with brief 10- or 12-line character sketches immediately below each portrait, in *Gem* No. 616 (November 29th, 1919) and finished in *Gem* No. 636 (April 17th, 1920).

Fifty-eight subjects were treated in this second series, with generally four, and towards the end two, to an issue. The original portraits of *The St. Jim's Gallery* were used again in this series

with the exception of those of Tom Merry, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Manners major, Kerr and Cousin Ethel, of whom R. J. Macdonald, the regular *Gem* artist just back from the war, did new portraits for the first three. (Many of the original portraits were also reprinted in miniature in the 1920 [first] *Holiday Annual*.) Ethel didn't appear in the second series at all, nor did Harry Noble, and someone made a fair copy of the original Kerr drawing. The reproductions from the Racke and Wynn drawings were poor and Julian's was minus the robin.

Three new Reynolds sketches appeared, viz.: Martha Taggles in *Gem* No. 624, Police-constable Crump in *Gem* No. 629, and Monsieur Morny, a very fine drawing, in *Gem* No. 630.

Portraits of the following, all by Macdonald, made up the balance of the fifty-eight: Mr. Percy Carrington (master of the 2nd Form and mathematical master); Marie Rivers (school nurse); Percy Mellish; George Wilkins; George Gore; Jerrold Lumley-Lumley; Gerald Knox; Sidney Clive; Leslie Clampe; Patrick Reilly; Richard Roylance; Eric Kerruish; Harry Hammond; Dick Brooke; Leslie Owen; and Miss Priscilla Fawcett.

A third series, full-page por-

traits only, occupying the last pages (back covers) was issued before *The Gem* went to two-pence in price with coloured covers in the early 700's. Most of the drawings were by Macdonald but by no means all. None were by Reynolds but several, including some by Macdonald, were copies of Reynolds' poses or stances in *The St. Jim's Gallery*. The portraits were

headed in most cases *The St. Jim's Portrait Gallery* and nearly all bore the St. Jim's crest at the top. Names of the subjects appeared below the portraits. There were many excellent drawings in this series which ran to some length. Some of them were reprinted in miniature in the 1923 *Holiday Annual*.

—C. F. F. R.

Vancouver, B.C., July 24th, 1945.

The Passing of George Hamilton Teed

THAT great traveller and writer of numerous Sexton Blake stories, George Hamilton Teed, has gone on his longest journey, the journey from which no traveller ever returns. His name had been missing from the covers of the *Sexton Blake Libraries* for some time and many devotees had looked hopefully for his return. For if a vote had been taken to find the most popular Blake author, Hamilton Teed would have been very near if not at the top of the poll. It is indeed a melancholy thought that he will write no more.

Hamilton Teed had been writing stories of Sexton Blake for over thirty years. He had probably the most classic style of all the authors who wrote about the Baker Street detective, for even a James Agate could find no fault

with his prose. He had travelled the world o'er, that was evident, for no-one could get the authentic local colour as he did without knowing the places from actual experience.

For a great many years the Blake stories appeared without the authors' names being attached thereto, but I think I am right in saying Hamilton Teed started writing for *The Union Jack* in 1913, and that his first stories introduced the fascinating Yvonne Cartier, the girl from Australia. Hitherto, feminine characters had been rather insipid, colourless individuals of no real importance, but Teed altered all that with the advent of Yvonne. At first she came into conflict with Blake, but later they became friends, with a hint of something more. For the first

time it was suggested even Sexton Blake could be stirred by the tender passion.

Years later Teed introduced another charming girl character, "Nirvana the Dancer," but there it was Tinker who felt a tugging at his heart-strings. Despite a few protests about the introduction of a "love interest" there is no doubt both series were very popular and the issues containing these stories are greatly sought after to this day.

Teed created several other characters, including Dr. Huxton Rymer, Wu Ling, "The Council of Eleven," and "The Three Musketeers." In addition he took over George Marsden Plummer, probably Blake's greatest opponent, and wrote more stories about him than the author who created him. He also had the distinction of writing the very first story for *The Sexton Blake Library*, September 20th, 1915. Its

title was "The Yellow Tiger" and a fine story it was. There was not a better one among the thousand and more that followed.

Although Mr. Teed wrote almost exclusively for *The Union Jack* and *The Sexton Blake Library* he did contribute several stories to *The Nelson Lee Library* in its very early days, in 1915. Here again his name did not appear but his brilliant style was unmistakable. Here are a few of them: Nos. 15, 18, 19, 22, 24, 30, 31, 34, 36, 46, 61, 67, 69, 71, 79, 81, 83, 86, and 92. Some of these introduced another fascinating girl character, "The Black Wolf," one very much on the lines of Yvonne.

Yes, indeed, George Hamilton Teed had few rivals anywhere as a writer of delightful detective fiction and by his death a gap is left which will not easily be filled.

—H. LECKENBY.

July 21st, 1945.

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England.

S. P. Comment

WE have somewhat amazed ourselves by expanding this issue to twenty-four pages. This was done quite unintentionally, and probably will not happen again, for twenty-four pages are rather too many to be handled with our limited facilities—if we are to keep the production of the magazine from becoming a “chore” instead of a hobby.

It came about because, being anxious to get well ahead, we printed the pages containing the first three contributions quite early, while waiting for Mr. Rickard's article on *The St. Jim's Gallery* to come to hand. That is why the usual procedure is reversed, the long feature being placed after the shorter ones. Then the *Gallery* proved to be longer than anticipated. But we feel that it is well worth the extra pages and time.

This issue brings us to within one of the end of our first volume. It is planned to provide an index, more or less comprehensive, and, for the benefit of those who intend to have their copies bound, a title page. These may be ready with No. 25, but if not, will be distributed with the following number.

Welcome indeed is the news that Joseph Parks is planning to commence a new series of *The Collector's Miscellany*. Joe says he is in need of short articles about the more modern “old boys” papers.” In case any of our readers would like to get in touch with him but don't know his address, here it is: 2 Irvin Avenue, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, England. C.M. was a magazine each issue of which was received with keen pleasure by its readers.

—W.H.G.

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Holiday Annual—Years 1920 to 1926.

C. F. F. RICKARD

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