★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

JANUARY-MARCH 1946

No. 26.
Vol. 2.

A Quarterly Magazine Featuring Articles of Interest to Collectors of British Boys' Periodicals of the Past

You Haven't Read These "Magnet" Stories!

"The Magnet" At Its Peak

Gwyn Evans

An Appreciation of His Work

And Other Interesting Items

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

: : AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE : :

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN*

VOLUME TWO begins with what strikes us as a nicely varied assortment of literary wares. A well-rounded number, we think our readers will agree, with the work of Frank Richards being referred to in three of the five articles—a proper proportion, to be sure, will say his many friends.

In the last paragraph of his article, "*The Magnet* At Its Peak," Mr. Jenkins writes: "I have often asked myself the question 'Do I like these stories merely because they recall to me my younger days?'" and answers himself: "Actually, I think not."

In our opinion Mr. Jenkins is right. While it may be the recalling of our younger days that first takes us back to the papers of our boyhood, we are not likely to read many of the stories therein unless they prove of interest to the more mature mind that we hope we have developed with the passing years.

It cannot be said of the work of all writers for the juvenile market that their stories are able to hold our attention when we are older. From our own experience we can recall three instances where we were unable to pass with approval stories we read with satisfaction in the days that are gone. They all appeared as serials or series in *The Boys' Friend*, and they are Duncan Storm's "Bombay Castle" yarns, Maurice Everard's "Polruan" stories, and the "'Bulldog' Holdfast" detective series. All these, of course, belong to a period when many consider *The B.F.* had passed *its* peak.

In the "Bombay Castle" stories there was too much slap-stick and pie-throwing for our taste, while the story-plots were often fantastic. The Polruan stories proved, usually, to be carelessly written, with little respect for the reader's intelligence, while the "'Bulldog' Holdfast" yarns were little better.

But Mr. Richards' stories of Greyfriars—or, as Martin Clifford, those of St. Jim's—how well they stand the test of time! We haven't found one yet that we could n't re-read with pleasure. That is a test of good writing, we think, and F. R. passes the test with flying colors.—W. H. G.

*With a sentimental sigh for the quondam "Boys' Friend."

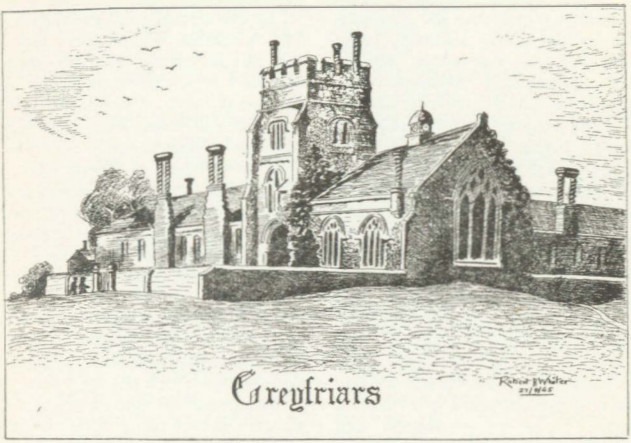
THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR is printed and published by Wm. H. Gander, P. O. Box 60, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada.

The Story Paper Collector

Articles of Interest to Collectors of British Boys' Periodicals of the Past

No. 26. January-March, 1946. Vol. 2.

The Ideal School of British Boys for Thirty-three Years



GREYFRIARS SCHOOL

The drawing by Mr. Robert H. Whiter from which this etching was made is based upon pictures in two editions of *The Greyfriars Holiday Annual*. Readers of the Greyfriars Saga will doubtless have imagined that the school was housed in a building taller than this. Perhaps the explanation is that the higher part of the structure cannot be seen from the point where the drawing was made.

YOU HAVEN'T READ THESE "MAGNET" STORIES!

A Little Secret History ♦ By Herbert Leckenby

THERE are many readers of *The Story Paper Collector* who are the proud owners of huge collections of *Magnets*, fifteen hundred, sixteen hundred, almost complete collections. Treasured *Magnets* with the golden-hued covers of yesteryear, the austerity white covered copies of the First Great War, the brown backed ones of the final years—stacks and stacks of Greyfriars stories. But I am going to mention three, or rather four, Greyfriars stories none of you possess.

You may have "Bunter the Blade," "Bunter the Billionaire," "Bunter of Bunter Court," and hundreds of others with the Owl of Greyfriars mentioned in the title, but you haven't got "Bandy Bunter," a story in which the most famous schoolboy of fiction feigned a bad leg to aid some escapade. Yet such a story was written, and by the real Frank Richards, too.

You may have "Who Punched Prout?" but you haven't "What Happened to Hacker?" Yet that was also written by the master hand not so many years ago. Search through your collection as you may, but you won't find "The Hidden Hand" even though Mr. Charles Hamilton tapped out that story on his hard-worked typewriter one day and passed it on to the editor of *The Magnet Library*. No, you have none of these three!

I mentioned a fourth. It was really the first of the four, but I have provokingly left it until last for it will give you a clue to the mystery. Its title was "The Battle of the Beaks." Now, do you see?

I think you will, for readers devoted to *The Magnet*, despite the passing years, will remember that in No. 1683, the last number of the paper to be published in those dark days of 1940, a story with that title was announced for the following week. That story, of course, never appeared, for with startling suddenness the paper crisis came, to sound the death knell for numerous periodicals, *The Magnet* amongst them. If that momentous event had never occurred "*Magnet*ites"

would have had at least the following additional issues in their collections:

- 1684: "The Battle of the Beaks";
- 1685: "Bandy Bunter";
- 1686: "What Happened to Hacker?";
- 1687: "The Hidden Hand";

—and doubtless many more, but *their* titles will never be known.

ALL the stories above mentioned belonged to a series dealing with the tribulations of Messrs. Quelch and Hacker, a series which was never finished. As a matter of fact, when the blow fell the Amalgamated Press had six stories in hand and the position would be something like this:

The first of the six, No. 1682, "The Nazi Spy's Secret," was completely produced and probably in the hands of the wholesalers. No. 1683, "The Shadow of the Sack," was also at least printed, making it impossible for any mention to be made of the impending end. This issue, of course, reached the bookstalls.

There is another matter of interest concerning this story, by the way. Originally its title had been "Harry Wharton Hunting Trouble," but someone at Fleetway House changed it. (He had apparently forgotten that a story with the same title, "Shadow of the Sack," had already appeared in No. 1496.) The editor, or whoever it was, was not actually aware of what was coming, but it almost appeared as if he had a sense of foreboding, for the new title was grimly ominous seeing that the following week *The Magnet* failed to appear on the bookstalls for the first time in thirty-three years—with the single exception of a week at the time of the General Strike in 1926.

"The Battle of the Beaks" would in all probability be set in type, "made up" and all ready for the machines, but with no paper available. Thus the type would go back to the melting pot, whilst an army of readers would wait for their favourite paper in vain. "Bandy Bunter" and, probably, "What Happened to Hacker" would be in the hands of the linotype or monotype operators, and "The Hidden Hand" on the desk of the editor.

Thus, those ill-fated stories would be read by only a select few on the staff at Fleetway House, the editor, the compositors, the proof readers, and so on. Verily a lesser number of readers than for any other issue of *The Magnet*. They, and they alone, would know the outcome of the battle of the beaks, what the Owl was up to when "Bandy Bunter," what really happened

to Hacker, and whose was "the hidden hand."

Hitler is dead, but his evil deeds live after him.

NOTE: The writer, curious about the sudden end of *The Magnet*, ventured to approach Mr. Frank Richards. The creator of Billy Bunter, ever ready to help, supplied the names of what he called the "still born" Greyfriars stories, and kindly consented to these hitherto unrevealed names being passed on to his host of admirers through the medium of *The Story Paper Collector*.

"THE MAGNET" AT ITS PEAK

By ROGER M. JENKINS

THE career of *The Magnet* was very similar to that which astronomers call a "novae" or new sun. This heavenly body glows in a normal manner for many years and then suddenly bursts forth into unaccustomed brilliance, eclipsing its neighbours; finally it burns itself out and fades away. So it was with *The Magnet*. About 1931 it flared up and in late 1935 it showed the first almost imperceptible signs of its own eclipse.

Unlike most of its devotees, I have no clear recollection of when I first began to read *The Magnet*. I rather think I must have grown into it, since my elder brother used to read it regularly before my time. Nevertheless, I consider that even at the age of seven I was capable of some literary discrimination, a faculty which I exercised throughout the last ten years of *The Magnet's* career.

I suppose the feeling that things are not as good as they used to be is common enough to us all. This conviction was born upon me with increasing force as I witnessed *The Magnet's* slow journey towards extinction. Although at that time I did not realize how splendidly the paper had flared up, I could quite clearly see how it was sinking into decline, without even making much of a fight for it.

The first disaster was the abolition of the coloured front in 1937 and the cessation of free gifts. Later came other austerity

touches—little items like chapter numberings were omitted, *The Greyfriars Herald* vanished, the print was enlarged, and finally, with the war, came the decreasing of pages.

I HAVE purposely begun at the end in order not to conclude on a note of deprecation, for there can be no doubt whatsoever that *The Magnet* was the finest boys' paper that ever appeared on the market. Many happy hours have I spent in the British Museum skimming through the copies of the first twenty years and observing the gradual improvement in story matter and publication until it reached its peak in 1931.

By this time Frank Richards had stopped his world travelling and returned to England. He agrees with me that it was in the early 'thirties that *The Magnet* was at its best. I dare not attempt to pick out the finest series of this time, but I think most people acquainted with the stories would agree with me that the author was certainly on his mettle when describing a feud. For this reason, may I draw your attention to Harry Wharton's contention with Mr. Quelch (1932), Vernon-Smith v. Mr. Smedley (1934), The Greyfriars Secret Society (1934), Coker v. Caffyn (1935), Wharton v. Stacey (1935), and finally Bunter v. Carter (1937), a series which contained such flashes of wit that placed it immeasurably above the standard of any subsequent work. Once again, Mr. Richards notes that he enjoyed writing the Carter series immensely. One must not forget, either, that the very last issue contained promising signs of a revival of the old fire, with Harry Wharton and Mr. Quelch this time ranged together.

Perhaps another reason for *The Magnet's* rapid advance in the early 'thirties was the cessation of composition for *The Gem* in 1931, when earlier stories were reprinted. Thus it was that Mr. Richards was granted more leisure to work at the Greyfriars stories. There can be no doubt that he made full use of this extra time.

I have often asked myself the question "Do I like these stories merely because they recall to me my younger days?" Actually, I think not, and if so eminent a critic as James Agate (who splashed the second page of *The Daily Express* recently with the headline "Who Is Billy Bunter?" in appraisal of Frank Richards' autobiographical piece in *The Saturday Book*) can laud his work even though he had never heard of *The Magnet*, then I feel certain that our value of true worth was unerringly right.

GWYN EVANS

An Appreciation of the Works of One of the Best-Known Sexton Blake Authors — **By H. M. Bond**

AMONG the numerous names of authors who have chronicled the cases of Sexton Blake one stands quite alone, mainly because of the unique nature of his many themes, and chiefly, I think, because of his love for and attempted emulation of the characters of Charles Dickens. I can well imagine Gwyn Evans simply revelling in "The Pickwick Papers" and "A Christmas Carol." One could tell by reading one of his Christmas stories in the old *Union Jack* that here was an author completely at home with his subject.

To old Sexton Blake readers the one character that stands out is "Splash" Page. His name was really Derek Page, but being a newspaper reporter and with the surname of Page, obviously the nickname "Splash" was most fitting, especially when one considered the lively nature of his character and his startling news scoops. I honestly believe Mr. Evans created Splash Page in the image of himself or as he would have liked himself to be, and I can imagine that, to him, Sexton Blake was a real and lovable man, quite apart from any deductive or man-hunting capabilities.

The scope of Mr. Evans' work in the interests of Sexton Blake devotees was tremendous, and for a number of years he held a unique place in the pages of *The U. J.* Let us consider some of the characters he created. After Splash Page, who found a place in most of the stories, there were a number of "regular" creations, such as Julius Jones, the editor of *The Daily Radio*, and, for a time, the American, Ruff Hanson. But apart from ordinary straight stories Mr. Evans gave us a number of series which were quite different from anything else *The U. J.* ever presented. Pride of place was taken by the Onion Men series which appeared near the end of *The U. J.'s*, and incidentally Mr. Evans' own, career. Its theme was that the famous onion men who used, before the war, to come over to Britain from Normandy every year selling their onions were members of a spy ring. The possibilities of this were immense, as one could imagine, and the series turned out to be a big success.

Earlier on appeared the Mr. Mist and Miss Death series, both of which were of similar types, but the former proved more fas-

cinating, being on the lines of The Invisible Man.

Imagine the great possibilities of stories featuring a man who could appear and disappear at will, waging war with Scotland Yard! Miss Death appeared as a fashionable young lady with a death's head mask. She had been given only a few months to live by her doctor, and she decided to lead a hectic life for the time at her disposal. Hence her grotesque mask, which scared and baffled both crook and sleuth.

Death again provided the main theme in another quite different and unusual series. This was "The Men Who Were Dead." The "Men" involved had all been badly disfigured in the First World War and they formed a league with the title mentioned. The league's purpose was to smash all attempts by industrial magnates and others to prepare for another war. As may be imagined, they crossed the path of the law frequently and also clashed with Sexton Blake.

ONE of the strangest and most sensational series of stories was that which Mr. Evans gave us about Karl the King Crook and his Double Four organization. This super crook ruled a European kingdom of the Ruritanian type and as a sideline to his kingly existence waged war on the police of England and the Continent under cover of "The Double Four." This is the series that initiated the famous poster that appeared on all bookstalls one morning in the late 1920's: "Sexton Blake—Dead!" it read, and succeeded in fooling a number of people in real life. Needless to say Mr. Evans gave us back our favourite detective, who finally brought Karl and his minions to justice.

Although Sexton Blake was a leading character in all these stories, they were examples of the tendency for secondary characters to take almost pride of place in the stories. I referred to this in a recent article as the reader may remember.

There were other interesting and unusual series from the pen of Mr. Evans, but it would indeed need a book to describe them. But one or two short series are worth mention and the first of these that come to mind was the one dealing with the Channel Islands adventures of Blake and Tinker, in which Pedro the bloodhound played a leading part. Imagine Blake and Tinker prisoners on one of the smaller Channel Islands, and Pedro attempting to get back to London for assistance. Far-fetched? Well, maybe, but most fascinating. Gwyn Evans gave splendid examples of the way in which the

dog mind worked, and who is to say such things are not possible?

Just now I referred to Ruff Hanson. This American "two gun" detective was presented to us at the time when the normal citizen of the U.S.A. was pictured in our minds as a definite type. The grim stories of tough guys that the films had shown us did a lot towards forming this picture and Ruff Hanson was a perfect example of the good humoured but tough American sleuth. He first appeared in a story called "Guns is Guns," which had as a subtitle "and Brains is Brains and Never the Twain Shall Meet." The brains were those of Sexton Blake, while the guns were obviously "Willy" and "Wally," Mr. Hanson's own "gats," as he called them. The subsequent episodes wherein Blake worked with Hanson were no less than dynamic, and yet some of them were so definitely English in theme that Ruff Hanson seemed almost out of place. In one instance, a Christmas story, he actually appeared as one of Dickens' famous characters.

THIS brings me once again to the kind of story in which Gwyn Evans excelled. Yes, Christmas was made a jollier and more mysterious time for all *Union Jack* readers when one of his special Christmas stories appeared. They were all in the true Dickensian conception and all his leading characters played a part. Mrs. Bardell reigned supreme on these occasions and the yarns simply flowed with the Yuletide spirit. A party at the Baker Street establishment with all the Evans' creations present provided an atmosphere that could not help but be appropriate, and when, during the festivities, these characters adopted the guise of some of Charles Dickens' famous people the picture was complete.

Imagine Splash Page as Mr. Jingle, Inspector Coutts as Mr. Micawber, Sexton Blake as Sidney Carton, Tinker as Sam Weller, and Mrs. Bardell as Mrs. Bardell, and you have the comparisons standing out. Yes, Mr. Evans did splendid work for Sexton Blake and the old *Union Jack*, and it is to be regretted that such material is not available today in boys' papers.

Every Christmas, until I can no longer read, I shall take up a Gwyn Evans Christmas story and enjoy it. Sexton Blake himself is a more lovable character in these stories, if that is possible, and although Gwyn Evans has passed from us for ever, he will always live in the memories of many as one of the greatest of the Sexton Blake authors.

"THE BOY'S OWN PAPER"

An Old Favourite That is Still Running ● By Henry A. Puckrin

THAT genius amongst story writers, Edgar Allan Poe, made one of his characters say of a certain book that "it does not permit itself to be read." Whether this is a subtle hint to read the work in question is no doubt left for the reader to decide. It is a reminder that would have needed no seconding in the days of our parents and grandparents, who condemned without reading and judged without thinking.

Reaction, however, always defeats itself and the many excellent publications for British boys and youths which appeared over the past hundred years is sufficient evidence that the spirit of adventure and mystery which forms the foundations of the majority of stories was by no means dead.

More than one of the grand efforts of past publishers have been given their just dues in these pages and the time is now ripe, in this writer's opinion, for an article dealing with one which has often been mentioned but never reviewed at any length. To attempt this is his present task.

The journal in question is the well known *Boy's Own Paper*, which first appeared in January, 1879, and in spite of two world wars which shook established institutions from top to bottom is still being published, though much changed in appearance and tone. It would seem at first sight unnecessary to review a journal so well known, but as it stood out amongst its contemporaries like a giant amongst pygmies it would be less than justice to ignore it.

In its main features it did not differ greatly from similar journals for boys, but the comparison ended there. The fact that it was published by the Religious Tract Society was no doubt the reason for this, and also that its first editor was, I believe, Mr. George Andrew Hutchinson. The paper was excellently printed and illustrated, and in its bound volume form was almost as heavy and solid as a Family Bible and indeed formed with that volume part of the stock contents of many a Victorian household.

But it went much further than being a mere bookshelf ornament. Without any suspicion of preaching or priggishness, which might perhaps have been ex-

pected from its origin, it succeeded in conveying to all with whom it came in contact what a well known reviewer said of Goethe's "Faust," a message of "moral manliness" which has influenced many a boys' journal since. This in itself would be a sufficient justification for its existence.

WITH such an admirable beginning it is no wonder that *The Boys' Own Paper* came to be regarded almost as part of the British Constitution. The splendid band of writers who filled its pages thought so too, and the result was a series of stories which became, and still are, world renowned. This applied to other than British writers, for that king of imaginative foresight, Jules Verne, whose romances paved the way for so many modern inventions and discoveries, saw most of his works appear therein.

The British Public School was was given its due in *The B.O.P.* through the medium of serials by Talbot Baines Reed. His stories, like Jules Verne's, inspired the writing of hundreds of similar tales, and it can safely be said that they have never been equalled before or since.

The Britisher at sea was dealt with by Dr. Gordon Stables, whose stories have of recent years come into their own once more. Countless short stories and articles filled its pages and would need the memory of a Datas to enumerate in an article. A feature which was unique was the many excellent drawings that appeared in its pages. These formed no part of the context, but like many a modern advertisement told their own story.

Mention should also be made of the many beautiful coloured plates that were issued with the monthly parts. These dealt with every subject imaginable, from pictorial works of art to classified lists of butterflies and moths, and sectional drawings of men-of-war and celebrated Atlantic liners.

Thus there was something for every taste, and for those unable to afford the monthly part there was the weekly issue in an advertisement-filled wrapper.

Another feature of this journal was the publication for many years of summer and winter supplements. These did not form part of the annual volume but served to satisfy the demands of many readers during the summer days and long winter evenings. These were discontinued about 1907.

Though the circulation of *The Boy's Own Paper* could not be described as large, it was substantial and with the prosperity of the Victorian era seemed to

be regarded like the French Republic as "one and indivisible." But the remorseless march of time was having its effect upon the world in general and at the beginning of the twentieth century the testing time came. It cannot be said that *The B. O. P.* responded well at first, for the change was like the uprooting of an oak which had weathered the storms of centuries. Still it had to come and slowly the paper changed its appearance and general make-up.

The results at first were anything but satisfactory and for a long time much of its contents could almost be described as banal. However, it survived the agonies of rebirth and with suitable changes of tone and temperament moved forward into the new age. Its contributors responded likewise and the stately Victorian atmosphere gradually gave way to the modern demand to "make it snappy." It gave due place in its pages to the modern boy's liking for hobbies and pictorial competitions, though not to the extent of some of its contemporaries.

TO attempt to enumerate all the men who contributed to its pages would need a volume almost as large as the celebrated Chinese encyclopedia, but their efforts have borne fruit in British achievements all over the world.

Though now reduced to pocket size and drastically changed in appearance *The B. O. P.* is still being published and seems likely to continue. It is the earnest hope of the writer that it will continue to appear for many years to come and may still serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

A SEXTON BLAKE CLUB

ARE there a sufficient number of Sexton Blake admirers to form a Sexton Blake Club? That is what Mr. H. M. Bond, a contributor to our pages of interesting and informative articles, is wondering. Mr. Bond has a large S. B. collection and will be pleased to help other collectors of Sexton Blake literature or devotees of the great detective. He may be contacted at 172 Caerphilly Road, Birchgrove, Cardiff, South Wales.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF GUSSY

By JOHN R. SHAW

IT MAY BE of interest to *Gem* enthusiasts with collections of early numbers to know that a picture of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy which is of particular importance and value is to be found in No. 176, "Coronation Day at St. Jim's," on page 14. This number is dated June 24th, 1911.

The caption under the picture reads: "Arthur Augustus D'Arcy (as depicted by Manners) look-for his fiver."

The illustration depicts Gussy standing in Study No. 6 engaged in a search for a "fiver." He has searched in his desk and several drawers, then, remembering that the etons which he is wearing are the same ones he was wearing when he last had the "fiver," he is going through his pockets. He need not search for it, for a band-box on the floor near him contains a new silk "topper" on which he has spent the money!

This, in the opinion of the writer, is the best portrait of Gussy that ever appeared, and his study is shown as a much nicer place than it is usually portrayed. It has beaded-glass windows, with long hanging curtains, and contains a cheval-glass, large roll-top desk, book-case, and a bag of golf clubs, and has a seascape on the wall.

This illustration is signed "C. H." in the lower right-hand corner, and this is the most interesting item of all, for these are the initials of Mr. Charles Hamilton, otherwise Martin Clifford, the *Gem* author.

On my suggesting that this illustration was his work, Mr. Hamilton admitted that this was the case, and said that it was the only one which he drew for *The Gem* or *The Magnet*.

Therefore I think that it will be agreed that this illustration is one to be especially valued, and that it is the only really authentic portrait of Gussy.

WANTED : EXCHANGE : FOR SALE

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

STORY PAPERS 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 wild-flowers, butterflies, birds or fishes.

ALFRED HORSEY
60 Salcombe Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17, England.

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 of fine articles and write-ups. Price 5d. (stamps) a copy. Will accept 4s. worth of "bloods" for one year's sub.

Ralph F. Cummings
Dept. S.P.C., Fisherville, Mass., U.S.A.

HIGH PRICES PAID

By Collector for many copies of "The Magnet," 1929-1937, needed to complete set for binding. "Schoolboys' Own Libraries" also wanted. Send serial numbers to Roger M. Jenkins, Calpé, 2 Town Hall Road, Havant, Hants, England.

The Collector's Miscellany

A Journal for those interested in "bloods," dime novels, penny number romances, old and modern boys' books, etc.

No. 1 of new series now ready

Price 7/6 ($1.50) per year (6 issues). Single copies 1/6 (36¢)
No free copies Advertisements 1d. per word

J. PARKS
2 Irvin Avenue, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, England

British Bloods and Journals For Sale

Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet St. Gentleman Jack, or, Life on the Road. Paul Clifford, or, Hurrah, for the Road. Handsome Harry. Cheerful Ching-Ching. Daring Ching-Ching. Wonderful Ching-Ching. Young Ching-Ching. Merry Wives of London. Charles Peace the Burglar. Lambs of Littlecote. Island School. Boys of Canem Academy. Black Bess. Black Highwayman. Blueskin. Captain McHeath. Rupert Dreadnought. Boy Soldier. Boy Sailor. Jack Sheppard. She Tiger of Paris. Under the Blood Red Flag. Paul Jones the Pirate. Tom Wildrake's Schooldays. Tom Tartar. Jack Harkaway's Schooldays—At Oxford—Amongst the Brigands—In China and Greece, etc. Blue Dwarf (all coloured plates). Penny Pickwick. Oliver Twiss. Dombey and Daughter. Sketch Book by Bos. Miller and His Men. Many other Lloyd romances. Boys of England. Young Men of Great Britain. Boys Comic Journal. Up to Date Boys. Young Gentlemen of Britain. Boys Weekly Reader. Boys of British Empire. Boys World. Garfield Boys Journal. Aldine Tip Top Tales. Aldine Detective Tales. Aldine Dramatic Tales. Aldine Buffalo Bill Library. Boys' Realm, Vols. 1 and 2; and new series Vols. 1 to 4. Early Boys' Friend 3d. Libraries. Union Jack, 100 early nos. (1904-6). Henderson's Young Folks. G. W. M. Reynolds' and Pierce Egan's romances. Many others.

JOHN MEDCRAFT

64 Woodlands Road, Ilford, Essex, England.

BRITISH BOYS' PAPERS WANTED

Gem Library—Nos. 407, with supplement; 452, 454, 458, 510, 518.

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

Boys' Friend 3d./4d. Library—Nos. 276, 288, 319, 328, 393, 413, 489, 513, 517.

Holiday Annual—Years 1920 to 1926.

C. F. F. RICKARD

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