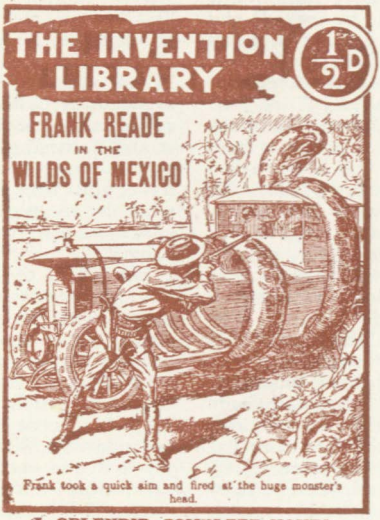
THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

No. 34 APRIL, 1949 Vol. 2

No. 3 of these Grand New Adventure Books



Number 3 of the Aldine Company's *Invention Library*: Reproduction of the Front Page

The Story Paper Collector
WHO'S WHO

No. 8: ROGER JENKINS

STORY paper collectors seem to come from every walk of life. Roger Jenkins' occupation is a combination of a civil servant (it is more honourable to serve than to be served) and a student of law at London University. "Which," he writes, leaves me little time indeed for the hobby these days."

Another Charles Hamilton admirer—can you get away from them?—Roger was born in Havant, Hampshire, in 1925. He tells me of his early diet: a mixture of *Gems* and *Magnets*. His present collection of papers: *Magnets, Gems, Schoolboys' Owns, Populars, Greyfriars Heralds*, fifteen hundred mixed.

He entered "the hobby" via the "master" himself, and considers it a lucky break when the editor of *S.P.C.* enrolled him on the list of readers; a community he refers to as the "upper circle."

Roger Jenkins prefers Greyfriars with Rookwood a close second. Another hobby is music in the form of gramophone records; here Beethoven takes the lead. Any "swing"? No!

To his "Thanks for including me among the 'celebrities'," I would inform him that our "Ed." wrote me saying, "What about Roger Jenkins?"

Here is an opinion of Roger's: "One of the things to be avoided in collecting books is collecting merely for the sake of it, and becoming so absorbed in accumulating numbers that one never finds time to read. People who do so might just as well collect stamps—they take up less room!"

His tribute to Charles Hamilton: "It is doubtful that another author with his amazing ability will ever rise again in the sphere of boys' literature. The secret of his success lies in the characterization primarily and the interplay of one character on another secondarily. With these two assets it was hardly possible for an uninteresting story to be written." We agree, Roger—and, "nice work."

A Series of Short Articles About Our Contributors, Collectors, and Readers :: Compiled by H. R. C.

This is an Amateur Magazine and it is mailed gratis to all who request it and who show continued interest by acknowledging receipt occasionally. This issue 220 copies

The Story Paper Collector

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

No. 34 APRIL, 1949 Vol. 2

FRANK READE, JR.

By RHEINHART KLEINER

LUIS P. SENARENS, who died at seventy-six in Brooklyn, nine years ago, was the creator of the Frank Reades, father and son, those daring inventors whose mechanical mobile contrivances held our attention in the days of our youth.

The stories were issued as nickel novels, once a week, with a full-page woodcut illustration, right below the mast-head on the front page, which gave a graphic picture of the invention—airship, armored car, or submarine—in some crisis on the South American pampas, the icebergs at the North or South Pole, or at the site of a sunken treasure ship on the floor of the ocean. These were followed, a decade later, by weeklies of the same name which substituted color for the old black-and-white illustrations and gained immeasurably in vividness and appeal for the juvenile reader.

It seems that the golden age of the dime novel was from about 1880 to about 1895—the brightly hued covers of a later time being in the nature of a brief efflorescence before the hot-house flower drooped, a defiant last waving of the flag before the sinking ship was abandoned.

Mr. Senarens, son of a tobacco merchant who came to New York from Cuba, began writing novels in about 1877, when he was fourteen years of age, and by the time he was sixteen he was making two hundred dollars a week. The dime novel, or more accurately, the nickel library, began to decline in 1910, when he was forty-seven, and after that he confined himself to writing for the "pulp" magazines. His earlier stories were written in longhand, and by that method he produced more than 1000 dime novels, which contained a total of over 40,000,000 words. This means that for many years he wrote between 35,000 and 50,000 words every week.

In his heyday, he received a

letter from Jules Verne, to whom we are inclined to say that he was already obviously indebted, commending his work and encouraging him to go on. Without being a scientist, he imagined a searchlight, not then known, which could cast a blinding light for a mile, while his electric needle gun, mounted on a carriage, anticipared something which was not invented until later. The possibility of error and disaster, which besets our mechanical contrivances of today, was not even considered by Senarens. No submarine of his fancy ever sank to the bottom of the ocean and remained there. No airship of his tales ever struck a power line or made a forced landing because of unfavorable weather conditions. (In fact, the helicopter system used in his airships was directly "lifted" from Verne's "Clipper of the Clouds.") Balloon tires were not known in his day, but no armored car in his fictions ever stalled, had trouble with the steering mechanism, or needed a new battery.

Frank Reade, Jr., his assistants, Barney and Pomp, and other incidental passengers and fellow travellers, were men of straw, of course. As for his plots, or what there was of them, like to a vapor or a drop of rain, they passed us by and we thought no more of them. The only question that interested us was, did he find that dog-faced man in Africa, did he solve the riddle of that Aztec pyramid, or did he recover that treasure from the sunken Spanish galleon?

Rheinhart Kleiner, writer of the above article, lives in Chester, New Jersey, U.S.A., and is a member of the National Amateur Press Association. At the 73rd Annual Convention of the Association in Los Angeles in July, 1948, Mr. Kleiner was awarded the Essay Laureate for "A Brooklyn Bookshop" in W. Paul Cook's amateur magazine, *The Ghost*.

TRANS-ATLANTIC FRANK READE

The boys of the United States read the amazing adventures of Frank Reade, Jr., in the *Frank Reade Library* and at times in *The Wide Awake Library*, but those of Britain were not overlooked, the Aldine Publishing Company giving them Frank Reade stories in their *Invention Library*. (See illustration on front page.)


"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library

FRANK READE LIBRARY

No. 1. (COMPLETE) FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. New York, September 24, 1892. Issued Weekly. Vol. I

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1892, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.

FRANK READE, JR.,

AND HIS NEW STEAM MAN;

OR, THE

YOUNG INVENTOR'S TRIP TO THE FAR WEST.

By "NONAME."

Reproduction of front page, *Frank Reade Library*, No. 1, dated September 24th, 1892. Published by Frank Tousey, New York, it is reported that there were 191 issues.

[Facing page 118.

LONG-DISTANCE CHAMPIONS OF FICTION

By R. A. H. GOODYEAR

THE celebrated creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, unconsciously wrote his own epitaph in the following verse:

I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man
And the man who's half a boy.

Much of the juvenile zest which carried him through his hard and impecunious early days as a doctor, when patients were few and hardships many, inspired him when he turned to writing tales. Many of us who were boys at that time devoured with enthusiastic avidity his famous Sherlock Holmes series in *The Strand Magazine*, which our parents bought for themselves while we still spent our coppers on *Boys of the Empire, The Boy's Standard, The Boy's Comic Journal*, and other penny weeklies of that type.

We read the boys' papers all through with deep interest, whereas we only just glanced through the pages of *The Strand*, designed almost solely for adult consumption and therefore unattractive to us.

How much the originators of Sexton Blake and Nelson Lee were influenced by Sherlock Holmes it is hard to say. Probably a great deal. He was a popular private detective of outstanding cleverness and Conan Doyle developed him in masterly style.

There may have been modest forerunners of him in the juvenile fiction of my own boyhood but I cannot remember ever having read of a smart 'tec in any one of the penny papers I "took in." Usually they were grotesquely fat and incredibly stupid comic policemen, the butt of schoolboy practical jokers, but never did we get keen-witted detectives or criminal investigators, amateur or professional. Not even Harcourt Burrage, with his almost inexhaustible powers of imagination, invented a Sherlock Holmes or a Sexton Blake.

For many years the wonderful Sherlock (whom Conan Doyle almost decided to call *Sherringham* Holmes but changed it to the shorter name before going to press with the first story of the series) held high place in the public esteem. When Doyle grew weary of him and killed him there was a great outcry for

his revival and he was reluctantly brought back to life.

How does the long run of the one and only Sherlock Holmes compare with that of Sexton Blake, or of that earlier favourite of juvenile fiction, Jack Harkaway? Bracebridge Hemyng kept his irrepressible Jack going a very long time and sent him to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of adventure.

I would be pleased if I could prove that Ching-Ching, of "Handsome Harry" fame, outlasted both Sexton Blake and Sherlock Holmes in the long run. I hope and believe that some such boys'-story historian as John Medcraft or Herbert Leckenby can settle this question for us, as where juvenile fiction is concerned each is a modern Datas, with all the long-run figures tucked away in his finger-tips.

This article will be the last from the gifted pen of Mr. R. A. H. Goodyear to appear in these pages, his death having occurred on November 24th, 1948. Further reference to this sad event will be found elsewhere in this issue.

FACTS AND FIGURES

By LEONARD M. ALLEN

ALTHOUGH the reading of "bloods" was severely frowned upon by parents and teachers in the early years of the century, gradually a more tolerant attitude was taken, especially after World War I, and with the 1930's their status as an addition to juvenile reading was recognized. So much so that a prominent Manchester education authority, Mr. A. J. Jenkinson, in his book, "What Do Boys and Girls Read?" (Contributions to Modern Education: Methuen), devotes several chapters to the subject.

In order to arrive at a definite proof of the popularity of "bloods" with schoolboys Mr. Jenkinson raised and distributed a questionaire to several schools in 1936. Full co-operation was given and the results, published as Tables, give an excellent indication of the number of papers read in order of popularity. Probably surprising to the present-day band of collectors will be the mid-way placing of the

Amalgamated Press publications, now so anxiously sought by many.

With the kind permission of the author I am privileged to quote:

Group of 304 boys aged 12+		Group of 250 boys aged 14+		Group of 171 boys aged 15+	
Wizard	150	*Hotspur*	68	*Wizard*	37
Hotspur	145	*Wizard*	63	*Hotspur*	20
Rover	132	*Skipper*	53	*Magnet*	19
Skipper	114	*Rover*	44	*Modern Boy*	14
Adventure	97	*Champion*	37	*B. O. P.*	9
Champion	74	*Adventure*	33	*Champion*	8
Modern Boy	52	*Magnet*	32	*Rover*	8
Pilot	43	*Modern Boy*	21	*Scout*	6
Magnet	40	*Pilot*	19	*Skipper*	6
Gem	28	*Triumph*	16	*Adventure*	5
Film Fun	23	*B. O. P.*	13	*Boys' Cinema*	5
Mickey Mouse	20	*Gem*	12	*Pilot*	5
Triumph	15	*Scout*	9	*Triumph*	2
B. O. P.	14	*Film Fun*	4	*Film Fun*	2
Scout	14	*Mickey Mouse*	1	*Mickey Mouse*	0

The term "bloods," it will be noted, has been used to cover all classes of juvenile literature. Some day, maybe, another title will be found a little more dignified but just as brief and expressive. These tables were obtained from Secondary School boys; similar ones are published in relation to Senior Schools.

The figures shown, of course, do not represent the sales of the particular papers. All collectors will have been members of what the author aptly describes as "blood exchange groups," a title self-explanatory.

Being a prominent member of such a group in my schooldays I venture to give, as far as memory will allow, the order of popularity and exchange value of papers in 1921:

1—*Magnet* and *Nelson Lee*,
2—*Union Jack*.
3—*Sexton Blake* and *Boys' Friend* 4d. Libraries.
4—*The Boys' Friend* (weekly).
5—*Popular*.
6—*Gem*.
7—*Boys' Cinema*.
8—*Young Britain*.
9—*Adventure*.
10—*Greyfriars Herald*.
11—*B. O. P.*, *Scout*, and comic papers.

Also ranking about the 4th

place were such papers as *Boxing* and similar sporting papers.

The new generation of collectors apparently will have somewhat different tastes from those of today and one can safely predict a boom in the Thomson House publications.

HERE'S HISTORY!

By J. V. B. STEWART HUNTER

HERE is a book ("Boys Will Be Boys." E. S. Turner: Michael Joseph, Ltd. 10/6) that makes history in a double sense. Firstly, because it is a highly-specialized book to which, nevertheless, our paper-starved British press has devoted columns of unqualified praise under banner headings carrying the by-lines of famous reviewers. Secondly—and more important to this confraternity of odd souls who delight in collecting the old boys' periodicals—because it is the first attempt to give a comprehensive history of the popular fiction for boys, from its genesis in the Gothic twilight of the early nineteenth century right up to the latest radio serial-thriller.

It would have been fatally easy to make of this book either a bald catalogue, uninteresting save to the expert, or a glib, facetious "playing to the gallery" of the general public. The author has skilfully avoided both pitfalls. For the general reader it is—and two reprints within a week of publication prove it—as enthralling as the most exciting novel; for the expert it presents a concise, clearly written, and (except for a few errors of detail) factually correct history of the subject.

The first half of the book, up to the Northcliffe era, follows a roughly chronological arrangement. From the horror-haunted bloods of the Lloyd regime—with a special chapter devoted to the classic "Sweeny Todd"—the story passes, with brief mention of the Egan and Reynolds influences, to the marathon highwaymen romances of the 'sixties. The odd schools and character-named scholars of the Brett and Emmett era are not neglected, and the epic story of Jack Harkaway receives a full chapter.

With the coming of the Harmsworth era boys' periodicals en-

tered upon their Golden Age, and faced with the avalanche of material, Mr. Turner arranges the second half of the book under subject-groupings. Some chapter headings are "Fifty-five Years of Sexton Blake," "Britain Invaded," "Wild West," "Dundee School"—and, of course, "*Magnet* and *Gem*."

It is to this chapter that many S.P.C. readers will eagerly turn—and, it is feared, will inevitably be disappointed. Not because of either the subject matter or the handling, for both are admirable, but simply because they will feel that twenty-odd pages cannot possibly do justice to Charles Hamilton's incomparable chronicles of school life. In his preface, Mr. Turner has ruefully agreed with this criticism, so we can only sympathize with him in his gallant attempt to get a quart into a pint pot. At that, it is the most refreshing pint we have come across in many years!

But there is nothing frothy in the contribution that Mr. Turner has made to our hobby. It is a very substantial and solid one. For years we have talked of the need for a catalogue which would cover the whole field of boys' fiction, but it was a daunting task for any one man. Here we have the scaffolding on which to build. It should be possible, within the ranks of S. P. C. readers, to find experts enough to provide an annotated catalogue to supplement each and every chapter of this book. Such a work could not hope for a wide appeal, but it could, perhaps, be sold in sections to interested collectors.

The thought is left with you. In the meantime, here is a book that every collector must read. The publisher is Michael Joseph, Ltd.; the address: 26 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

NOTES BY A READER: 5

RECENTLY I re-read that old boys' yarn, "Gilderoy, or, The Outlaws of the Glen." In the palmy days of youth, when one's mind is at the most impressionable state and full of glamour, I read this tale in *The Boy's Champion Journal*. I was duly impressed by the hero, Gilderoy, and thought him a fine fellow, and why shouldn't I? In the text it was stated that he was noble, a gentleman, and the beau ideal of a Scottish

chieftain. Could anyone wish for a more glowing tribute? To add still more to his laurels, he was known as "The Bonnie Boy." It comes as a bit of a shock to read what is said of him in a book printed in the year 1705, "History of Notorious Highwaymen," printed by J. Lever, London Wall. It says:

"This villain was descended from an ancient family and born in Perthshire, Scotland. His father left him 80 marks a year which he squandered. His mother refused to support him any more, so he murdered her; he ravished his own sister and the maid and then set fire to the house.

"He went to Spain and stole some plate, also to France. Returning to Scotland, he robbed a judge, afterwards hanging him. He attempted to rob Cromwell. A reward of 1000 marks was offered for his apprehension. Peg Cunningham, a strumpet, betrayed him. He murdered her and killed eight of his assailants. Eventually he was hanged at Edinburgh in April, 1658, when he was thirty-four, on a gibbet thirty feet high."

This account certainly does not reflect much credit on the gallant(?) hero of the *B. C. J.* story. It seems, however, to have been a popular theme, for a play was produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1837, a Mr. Powrie playing the part of Gilderoy.

I HAVE LATELY visited the British Museum to inspect a few books in the Barry Ono collection. I say "a few" advisedly, for to inspect the lot would be a task too stupendous to attempt. The books are not catalogued yet, but I got special permission to see them. Among those I saw was "The Dance of Death, or, The Hangman's Plot," Newsagents' Publishing Co., 1861. It is a fierce "blood," and was by Detective Brownlow and Mons. Tuevolan, French Police. A plate was given with Numbers 1 and 2; it depicted a fight between police and crooks on the housetops. Two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of prizes were offered, including sixteen costly stilettos, such as used by the brigands in Italy, and six splendid guns by the best maker. Very nice presents, but I wonder the authorities did not have something to say about it.

Another that I saw was "Pedlar's Acre, or, The Wife of Seven Husbands." In Barry Ono's lists in *The Collector's Miscellany* this is quoted as "Pedlar's Acre, or, The Murderess of Seven Husbands." Published by Lloyd, 1848. The lady was certainly hot on the murder business. She had "polished off" six of them, but

the seventh was one too many for her. It is a very gripping narrative. The illustrations embrace Charles I, Tudor, Victorian, and Georgian periods. Lloyd was delightfully impartial with regard to illustrations. He would start in the correct period generally, but towards the end top hats and frock coats of the early Victorian days would creep in. One publication of his, "The Heads of the Headless," a story of Tudor times, shows a man in evening dress!

The next item I inspected was "Jonathan Wild, or, The Thief-taker's Daughter." This was written by Ambrose Hudson, published by W. Winn, and carries no date. The first part of the story deals with the earlier life of Jonathan Wild. He meets a lady doctor, Madame Dorville, who becomes Mrs. Wild. The writer imparts a homely touch and shows Wild sitting at breakfast with his wife. A rather amazing incident, I think, is where Jack Sheppard asks Wild for the hand of his daughter, Fanny. Fanny, however, has more ambitious ideas and pals up with a young aristocrat, Lord Lisle. At Jonathan Wild's execution he (Wild) cries out, "Fanny, my child, O God protect thee!" Lord and Lady Lisle (Fanny) lived a long retired life in the Highlands of Scotland, while Madame Wild lived to the age of ninety, famed to the last as a benevolent lady and a skilful doctor.

One of the most absurd things I have read about Jonathan Wild occurs in "Roving Jack, the Pirate Hunter." Wild finishes up as a lighthouse keeper! What vivid imaginations some of those old writers must have had.

"Ivan the Terrible" was the name of another "blood" that I inspected. I was under the impression that this referred to the Russian emperor of that name, but it does not. Ivan was a Faust-like character who sells himself, body and soul, to an old wizard. For a term of ten years he is to bear a charmed life against all save a simple girl. The period is James II. Judge Jeffries is introduced into the story, as also is Thomas Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough. But I always thought his name was John. This tale was also published in *The Boy's Weekly Reader* as "Basil the Sorcerer" in 1881.

All Barry Ono's books are beautifully bound, and in some instances the binding is more beautiful than the inside.

— HENRY STEELE.

the Gallery, who is Dick Rake of the Greyfriars Remove.

With Richard Rake (Number 28, *Magnet* No. 492) we return to the ranks of the decent fellows. I do not recall Dick playing a leading part in many of the stories, but he did in some, for J.N.P. remembers them. Dick can hold his own in the rough-and-tumble Remove, and does. "The best kind of a sportsman. No doubt about that!"

RUPERT DE COURCY, of Highcliffe, close friend of Frank Courtenay, is introduced to us as Number 29, *Magnet* No. 493. His portrait suggests the lackadaisical fellow that he is, but, we are told, "It is doubtful whether there is a more essentially attractive figure among all those which throng the Greyfriars stories than that of the Caterpillar." That is his nickname, not one I'd care for, but it seems to suit de Courcy.

"He is a thoroughly good fellow; but so are many of the others. None of them all is uninteresting, but perhaps he is the most interesting of all because of the strange contradictions in him. At times he may seem soft in his good-nature—almost as soft as Mauly—but under the softness there is iron." A keen intellect is de Courcy's, in spite of his very apparent laziness. He sees into and beyond one's actions and seeks out reasons and objectives. He comes into the Greyfriars stories whenever Highcliffe comes into them, and pleased we are to meet him again.

Another week and we come upon a member of a very unpleasant trio, one Sidney James Snoop, pal of Skinner and Stott, who is Number 30 in the Gallery. Mr. Pentelow begins: "Let us say first what good can be said of Snoop," and then there is a blank line. "What!" he continues, "That line is blank, you say? Oh, yes! But that is only because there really was nothing to go into it!" Mr. Chapman shows Sidney James as an unattractive sort of individual. I do remember that Snoop made an occasional feeble effort to redeem himself, usually after someone had helped him of a difficult situation he had got into through his own foolish actions, but without any lasting success. Let us leave his unpleasant company.

The character we meet next is only a comparatively small improvement on Sidney Snoop, for he is Bunter Minor, otherwise Samuel Tuckless Bunter (Number 31, *Magnet* No. 495). I think Sammy's middle name is Tuckless—I seem to remember seeing it somewhere—but he is just Sammy in the Gallery. He is a

smaller edition of big brother Billie, which is no recommendation at all.

"The most charitable thing," we read, "one can find to say about Sammy Bunter is that he is not old enough to know better. Unfortunately this excuse has the drawback of being doubtfully true. One is not at all sure that Sammy does not know better. If there is any difference worth mentioning between him and Billy, one is inclined to fancy that it lies in the fact that Sammy is slightly the less obtuse of the two. They are alike in their greed and their lack of scruples, . . . " But why go on? The *Magnet* reader knows Sammy as well, almost, as he does Billy; it might be said that if you know one you know the other, and you would not particularly want to know either of them outside the pages of *The Magnet Library* or a "Bunter Book."

"When Billy Bunter heard that his minor was to come to Greyfriars, he announced the fact as if it were really important." It wasn't actually of the least importance to anyone, not even to Billy Bunter himself, for there is little brotherly love between them. But Sammy, like Billy, has brought some humor into our lives and has played his small part on the Greyfriars stage. He is not the least deserving to have a place in the Gallery, where he is Number 31, in *Magnet* No. 495, August 4th, 1917.

Part 5 Will Appear in the Next Issue

SORRY, MR. PRATER!

ON PAGE 130 of this issue is a correction of an error in *S. P. C.* No. 28. Just before going to press with this, the last page to be printed, we were looking through Volume 5 of *The Boys' Friend* and to our chagrin found that an error had been made in the correction! In an advertisement of "The Book of Football," in *B. F.* No. 229, October 28th, 1905, among the artists listed is Ernest Prater. So now we have it right—at last. Our apologies to Mr. Prater for twice misusing his name, and a suggestion to our contributors that they write all names in their articles very clearly, thus helping us to avoid errors.

R. A. H. GOODYEAR

IT IS WITH REGRET that record is made in these pages of the sudden death on November 24th, 1948, at Wheatcroft, Scarborough, Yorks, England, of Mr. Robert Arthur Hanson Goodyear, author and playwright. Mr. Goodyear began his literary career while he was yet in his 'teens, one of his early efforts, a short serial, appearing in *The Boys' Friend* in December, 1895, and January, 1896. After some years of writing for the popular weeklies and "libraries" of the day he turned his attention, with distinct success, to the field of school stories that, published in book form, were very popular as gifts and prizes.

Mr. Goodyear was seventy-one years of age and at the time of his death had written six chapters of yet one more story.

Long an interested observer of the activites of "old boys' books" hobbyists, he has contributed numerous articles to the pages of this magazine, *Collector's Miscellany*, and *Collectors' Digest*.

In a letter from him that I received three days after his death Mr. Goodyear wrote, possibly with some premonition that he would soon be leaving us: "At seventy-one I am adjusting myself to inevitable early departure from this atom-threatened globe."

Through correspondence I had come to feel a real regard for him. These farewells must come, even in our small circle, and with regret I realize that never again will I find in my mail a letter from R. A. H. G. with that familiar erratic typing on the envelope. —W. H. G.

OLD BOYS' BOOKS ON DISPLAY

AN EXHIBITION of "old boys' books" was held in the Public Library of the venerable city of York, England, in January last. On display for more than two weeks was a representative selection from the earliest "bloods" and "penny dreadfuls" to the twopenny weeklies of recent years. It was, said the Librarian, the most successful exhibition ever put on in the Library. Good space was given to it in the newspapers, bringing "the hobby" into the limelight in no small way. Congratulations to Mr. Herbert Leckenby, of York, who worked with the Library authorities to make the display possible.

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY*

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Hobby Again," in the 1948 *Collectors' Digest Annual*, Reginald Cox (H.R.C. of our "Who's Who" page) asks, "When is that word coming?" He means a word descriptive of our hobby, as "philately" is descriptive of stamp collecting.

It must be admitted that such a word is sadly needed. Is there not amongst us someone who attended the Classical side of a Public school and who can find some Latin word that may be adapted to our purpose?

United States collectors have no such word, either, but they do have that descriptive phrase, "dime novel," which is used to include both dime and nickel novels.

We have "penny dreadful" for the boys' papers of the Victorian era, and "blood" for the penny part publications of the same period. But what can we call the weekly papers of the era ushered in when Alfred Harmsworth launched *The Marvel, Union Jack, Pluck*, and *The Boys' Friend*?

Mr. E. S. Turner, in his book "Boys Will Be Boys" (reviewed in this issue), gets around the lack of a suitable word by calling them "thrillers." That served his purpose, which was to avoid including such papers as *The Gem* and *The Magnet* with the earlier papers that sometimes really deserved to be known as "dreadfuls." But "thrillers" appeals to us very little.

So, until the right word comes along, we'll just have to continue calling them story papers, which is equally unsatisfactory, and ourselves story paper collectors.

WE ARE INFORMED by Mr. H. A. Puckrin, writer of the article on Max Pemberton in S.P.C. No. 28, that an error was made in the name of one of the artists who illustrated stories by Max Pemberton. The error is on page 42, line 15 of the second column. The name of the last of the four artists mentioned should read "Ernest Prates." —W. H. G.

*Was the heading of the Editor's page, *The Boys' Friend* No. 1, January 29th, 1895.

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