

THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

JULY 1956
No. 59 :: Vol. 3

Rainbow³
DON'T MISS THE EXCITING NEWS ON PAGE 6
PAGE 600, 600, 600
THE END

TIGER TIM AND THE HERRY BRUIS BOYS HAVE A BOAT-RACE OF THEIR OWN GET READY TO CHEER THE WINNERS BOYS AND GIRLS!

1. GET READY FOR THE RACE! BOYS ONLY!

2. IF ALL THEY ARE USING IS OARS, WE WILL WIN!

3. WE'LL BEAT YOU ON THIS RACE!

4. WHEN YOU ARE ON THE GOON TO GOON!

5. IF ALL THE MEN AND BOYS ARE BEING SURE TO WIN!

JIMMY AND HIS CREW ARE SURE THEY BRING A LEAD-LOST! THEY SEE THE SPARKS OF THE RACE HERE TO BRING HOME THE SHIPPING!

After investigating further evidence, W. O. G. LOFTS
adheres to his earlier conclusion that——

THERE WAS NO SWEENEY TODD!

SHORTLY AFTER completing my evidence that I could not find any trace of a character named Sweeney Todd (*The Story Paper Collector* No. 58) I came across this remarkable statement in the programme of a play of "Todd" which was produced at the Frazee Theatre, 42nd Street, west of Broadway, New York, on September 1st, 1924:

"The play of 'Todd' is based on the life of an actual character of the same name, when an account of his activities, appeared in *The Newgate Calendar* dated January 29th, 1802. Here are the brief details of the main points:

"In all our Annals of crime, no blacker-hearted villain than Sweeney Todd ever existed. He met his doom on Tuesday morning last at 8.00 o'clock. John Ketch officiated in his usual role as Hangman. To the last Todd remained defiant, he refused all spiritual aid and consolation, and died with a curse on his lips. His body was cut down, and buried in quicklime within the prison-walls. Todd was born at

Stepney in London, October 26th, 1756. In his early life he was apprenticed to a cutter, but being accused by his employer, a Mr. Wilberforce, of a petty theft he was condemned to serve a sentence of five years hard labour. He protested in vain his innocence. Upon his release his nature became so hardened and embittered, that he swore a perpetual vengeance against the human race."

This was certainly a discovery, and I wasted no time in trying to find a copy of *The Newgate Calendar* for the date mentioned. To my regret, despite a search through the British Museum files, Guildhall libraries, Old Bailey Session Papers, and other record places, I not only found no copies of any *Calendar* for that date, but no record of any being issued in that year.

But the real evidence that I found in official records, which gives proof that the above statement is false, is that *John Ketch, the Hangman, notorious for his barbarity, died in 1686, so he could not have hanged Todd in 1802!*

—W. O. G. LOFTS

The Story Paper Collector

No. 59—Vol. 3

Priceless

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL

By ROGER M. JENKINS

FROM THE COLLECTOR'S point of view, *The Holiday Annual* lost most of its interest after the 1928 issue, which was the last of the thin-paper numbers. After this, all issues were printed on thick, almost cardboard-like, paper which made them look fat and promising volumes, but in point of fact the amount of reading matter was considerably diminished. Henceforth it was impossible for one school to be represented by two really long stories.

1929 ADDED INSULT to injury by reducing the number of pages from 360 to 280, a deprivation which the use of thicker paper no doubt concealed from all but the most enquiring readers. Another ominous note was struck by the fact that the two main stories were both reprints: *When Billy Bunter Forgot*, that classic story of how he lost his memory and became truthful, was taken from an early *Magnet*, while *Tom Merry's Minor*—a monkey—was a

PART TWO

A detailed list of all the Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's stories contributed by Charles Hamilton to The Holiday Annual, including the origins of all such reprinted stories, is given at the end of this article.

re-issue of a blue *Gem*. Charles Hamilton found time, however, to contribute two new items: *Chequemate* was a 3-chapter storyette about a cheque for £50 which Mr. Bunter sent his ever-hopeful son to display and then return—Bunter borrowed considerable sums on the strength of it before the truth came to light; *A Rift at Rookwood* ran to 14 chapters, and related how Lovell refused to acknowledge that a gammy leg must keep him out of a football match, and how his refusal to face facts led to trouble in the end study. This was probably the best Rookwood story to appear in *The Holiday Annual*.

1930 WAS the beginning of the second decade, but it recalled the good old days by including a new St. Jim's story by Charles Hamilton. *Gussy's Latest Stunt* was in espousing Skimpole's latest ism—extremism. Skimpole had generously given Gussy's superb new winter overcoat to a tramp, and in order to escape his wrath he managed to make a convert of Gussy, but the conversion was short-lived. Equally amusing was the Rookwood reprint entitled *Pleasing Dear Thomas*. Clarence Cuffy was ordered by his cousin to wake up, act normally, and be a credit to

his House by indulging in practical jokes. Tommy Dodd's advice came home to roost unexpectedly when he found Cuffy had wrecked his study. The Greyfriars story, *The Greyfriars Adventurers*, was better known by its original title, *Bob Cherry in Search of His Father*.

1931 HAD NOTHING new to offer except *Sturgis Forgets*, a tale of Greyfriars in the future. *Mark Linley at the Crossroads* was a reprint of an early red *Magnet*, whilst *Troublesome Tom* was a tale of Clavering College days, taken from the halfpenny *Gem*. Only *French Leave*, a Rookwood reprint featuring Lovell in another of his obstinate moods, was in any sense contemporary.

1932 WAS similarly undistinguished, the Rookwood and St. Jim's stories being imitations, and the Greyfriars tale entitled *The Vanished Eleven* being a reprint of a red *Magnet* concerning a plot of Temple's to have the Remove eleven kidnapped so that the Fourth Form could play the St. Jim's fixture.

There were, however, three points of interest in the year: *The Rivals of St. Frank's* was the first story Edwy Searles Brooks contributed to *The Holiday*

Annual, an amusing triviality of four chapters; the fantasy at the beginning of the Annual was unusually entertaining, being about an old boys' re-union when the Removites were aged forty; and the plots of some of the blue Gem stories about Skimpole and Glyn were summarized in an interesting manner.

1933 SAW NO change in the custom of delving into the oldest files for the reprints: *Saved from the Sea* was a red Magnet story about a boy with a strange secret, while *A Yankee at St. Jim's* was a blue Gem tale dealing with Fisher T. Fish's visit to the Sussex school. The Rookwood piece about a hitherto unknown German master called Herr Kinkel was an imitation.

1934 MUST have been an edition aimed at an even wider market, for the price was now reduced from six shillings to five (though the number of pages was cut from 280 to 256). In addition, the Magnets of the summer of 1933 contained a plot revolving round a *Holiday Annual*—a further piece of advertising. The 1934 Annual was more interesting than those of the previous two or three years, despite the fact that the two Rookwood

stories—*Presence of Mind* and *What Happened at the Boat House*—were both imitations. What really made this number were the two reprints: *A Schoolboy's Honour* was one from the first flight of red Magnet stories about Wharton's efforts to get Hazeldene out of a jam, whilst *Spoofed* was the first reprint in *The Holiday Annual* from the Golden Age of *The Gem*, the middle 'twenties. This related how Trimble pretended he was leaving the school in order to avail himself of the opportunity to auction his belongings for the high prices which it was the custom to pay at leaving sales.

1935 WAS distinguished by the appearance of a story specially written by Charles Hamilton entitled *Billy Bunter's Booby-Trap*. It was only a brief episode, but it surely ranks as one of the most comical of all. Bunter's troubles began when he fell asleep in class, and after that promising beginning he went from bad to worse in a gloriously farcical sequence of misadventures. The long Greyfriars story was *The Footprint in the Sand*, a reprint of the not very outstanding story from a comparatively recent Magnet concerning the arrival of the mysterious new Second-Form master; this was, incidentally, the

first reprint in *The Holiday Annual* which was not taken from the red Magnet era.

The St. Jim's story, *The Stony Seven*, was also a reprint, from a 1922 *Gem*. This was the last of the very amusing series about the way in which the juniors attempted to raise the wind, the climax being when Gussy donned false whiskers and attempted to pawn his gold watch. Lord Eastwood, who was visiting St. Jim's that day, had the gratifying experience of seeing his son escorted back to the school by a policeman. The Rookwood story, *The Boy Who Wouldn't Budge*, was by the real Owen Conquest for a change, and was a fine character study of Mornington in his most obstinate mood.

1936 CONTAINED a new long Greyfriars story by Charles Hamilton, the first since 1928. *The Dunce of Greyfriars* was of course Horace Coker, and on this occasion he suffered the indignity of being relegated to the Second Form because of his bad spelling. *Melting Mr. Manders* was an imitation Rookwood story, but *The Spoofer* was the genuine article, a reprint from the best period of *The Gem*, telling how Baggy Trimble decided to lose his memory. *Billy Bunter's Bust-Up* was also a reprint from a time-honoured Christmas

number of early days. The only other items of note were a Rio Kid story and *Handforth's Windfall*, three chapters by Edwy Searles Brooks in one of his happier veins, which constituted his second and final contribution to *The Holiday Annual*.

1937 WAS a bumper year, the *Annual* being full of Hamiltoniana from beginning to end. A jolly St. Jim's tale entitled *Mr. Ratcliff Has a Busy Day* was a new story by Charles Hamilton, relating how that unpopular housemaster was decoyed away from the school so that the detained New House juniors could play in the Rookwood fixture. The reprints comprised *Squiff of the Remove*, dealing with the arrival of the Australian junior at Greyfriars, *Carthew Goes Too Far*, a fine tale in which he bore false witness against the Fistical Four, and there were also stories about Packsaddle and the Rio Kid. The small items were, as always, by substitute writers.

1938 CONTINUED the tradition of exclusive Hamiltoniana, the Rio Kid making another appearance, but with Cedar Creek replacing the Packsaddle Bunch. The Magnet reprint was *Mutiny on the Spindrift*, an old story, but

the St. Jim's one, *A Shadow Over Eastwood House* was a more recent one, which dealt with the way in which Lord Eastwood's secretary, Bloore, was poisoning his master. (The noble earl was very unlucky with his staff over the years.) *Jack Drake's Capture* was a new Greyfriars story by Charles Hamilton, while *Lovell on the Warpath* was a good long reprint about Mr. Skinforth, the new mathematics master who replaced Mr. Bull.

1939 HAD TWO Magnet reprints, the only time this ever occurred. They were both taken from the year 1921, *Billy Bunter's Terrible Affliction* being devoted to the justly renowned tale of his pretended blindness, and *The Mystery of the Christmas Candles* being the story of Hurree Singh's Christmas party in London. The Gem reprint was *Grundy's Gunpowder Plot*, also from the same year, and in addition there was a new St. Jim's story about D'Arcy entitled *They Called Him a Funk*. Rookwood was also doubly represented: *The Cheat* was an imitation, but *Algy Silver's Pal* was another good long reprint by the real Owen Conquest.

The only disturbing note was struck by a third reduction in the number of pages, from 256 to 232. Since the 1939 Annual

was published in the autumn of 1938, the war-time paper shortage can have had no connexion with this.

1940 INCLUDED no less than three Rookwood stories, two of which were genuine. *The Amazing Proceedings of Timothy Tupper* related how he behaved when he thought he had come into a fortune, while *Public Benefactor No. 1* was—surprisingly enough—Lovell, who had invented what he thought was a new way of using a crib when he was translating Latin in class, but unfortunately Mr. Dalton was not to be imposed upon. *When Tubby Sat Tight* was an imitation.

The Greyfriars reprint, *Sir Fulke's Warning*, was the tale of the first Christmas spent at Mauleverer Towers, while the St. Jim's reprint, *Fighting the Flames*, was the not outstanding account of the school fire brigade. The Gem enthusiasts were compensated by the eight chapter story specially written for the Annual and entitled *The Case of the Beak's Black Eye*.

1941 WAS the end of the line, so far as Charles Hamilton's continuous connexion with the Amalgamated Press was concerned. The paper shortage caused The

Magnet to close down in May, 1940, and *The Schoolboys' Own Library* followed suit a month later. The 1941 *Holiday Annual*, which of course appeared in September, 1940, thus outlived all the other Hamilton publications by a few months. No doubt an early purchase of the thick, cardboard-like paper, probably of no use for any other publication, was responsible for saving the *Annual* for one more year.

By way of consolation, the contents were nearly all by Charles Hamilton. An early Rookwood reprint, *Jimmy Silver Does the Trick*, was an account of how written admission was exacted from Hansom that the Fifth acknowledged the superiority of the Fourth. The Greyfriars story was entitled *Billy Bunter's Busy Day*: a reprint of a *Magnet* from the late 'twenties, this recounted how his ventriloquism led him from one extreme to another. Equally amusing but extremely witty as well was *Skimpole the Star Gazer* from the best period of *The Gem*, relating the wondrous sights that were seen through his telescope before it was taken back on the mercenary grounds that the instalments were unpaid. In addition, there were other favourites old and new—Cedar Creek, the Rio Kid, and Oakshott. What was so noticeably missing for the first

time in twenty-two years was the invitation to renew our acquaintance with all these school-boy characters in the pages of the weekly and monthly publications of the Amalgamated Press.

W H Y *The Holiday Annual*, at least, was not continued after 1941 with the old type thin paper is one of the mysteries we shall never be able to solve. The stock of stories to reprint was practically inexhaustible; the profits were magnificent—each artist received a cheque running into three figures for his work on each *Annual*; and the demand was equally great—the Amalgamated Press was deluged with letters in September, 1941, begging for a 1942 issue. Perhaps it was decided that the *Annual* could not be maintained without the ballast of the weekly and monthly school papers in which it could be advertised, or perhaps it was considered that the available paper could be used even more profitably another way. Whatever the reason, the sentence of doom was pronounced on *The Holiday Annual* and it disappeared quietly, though not without its mourners.

It had some unique features: the gossip about the characters and the schools; the amusing

poems, many of them parodies of famous works and bearing the mark of Charles Hamilton himself; and, especially, the mock histories of the schools which induced the youthful reader to believe that they were genuine ancient foundations, not fictitious ones. It is touches like these which are so lamentably missing from the Mandeville annuals, which seem too business-like to stop and tarry here and there.

There was another unique feature—it was the only Hamilton publication issued by The Amalgamated Press in permanent

form. There is no doubt that the stiff covers misled many a parent who did not approve of *The Magnet* and *The Gem* into endorsing its purchase for his children. Such a Christmas present has been the passport to a new realm of delight for countless boys and girls in the past, and its popularity is proved by the large numbers still in circulation today. *Remember, Remember*, ran the jingle referred to at the beginning of this article, but its admonition was not really necessary. We shall not lightly forget *The Holiday Annual*.



Origins of the Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Stories by Charles Hamilton Which Were Published in *The Holiday Annual*

One star indicates that the story is above average. Two stars indicate that the story is excellent.

(Collectors may wish to cross-reference the reprinted Rookwood stories on Gerry Allison's useful list which appeared in the 1955 *Collectors' Digest Annual*.)

YEAR	SCHOOL	TITLE	ORIGIN
1920:	Greyfriars	"Ructions at Greyfriars"*	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"Fighting For His Honour"*	<i>Magnets</i> 173-4
	St. Jim's	"The Wandering Schoolboy"*	Spec. written
	St. Jim's	"●Out of Bounds"	Specially written
	Rookwood	"Rivals of Rookwood School"***	Spec. written
1921:	Greyfriars	"Billy Bunter's Butler"***	Specially written

YEAR	SCHOOL	TITLE	ORIGIN
	St. Jim's	"All Gussy's Fault"	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"The Master's Secret; or, How Tom Merry Came to St. Jim's"	$\frac{1}{2}$ d Gems 11, 13, 14
	Rookwood	"Jimmy Silver's Rival"	Specially written
1922:	Greyfriars	"Rivals of the Remove"	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"The Two Heroes"*	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"To Save His Honour"*	Gems 361, 362, 363
	St. Jim's	"Glyn's Latest"*	Specially written
1923:	Greyfriars	"A Shadow Over Greyfriars"	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"Captain of St. Jim's"*	Gems 317, 318
	Rookwood	"The Mystery of the Priory"*	Boys' Friend 810
1924:	Greyfriars	"A Great Man at Greyfriars"*	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"The Schoolboy Treasure-Hunters"*	Gems 173-4-5
	Rookwood	"Morny's Master-Stroke"*	Specially written
1925:	Greyfriars	"The Greyfriars Cup"*	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"The Rival Editors"	Magnet 306
	St. Jim's	"The Bishop's Medal"*	Gem 313
1926:	Greyfriars	"Lucky for Parkinson"*	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"The Form-Master's Substitute"	Magnet 389
	St. Jim's	"The Scientist of St. Jim's"*	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"Grundy's Great Idea"*	Gem 465
1927:	Greyfriars	"What Happened to Bunter"***	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"Nugent Minor's Bad Starr"*	Magnet 100
	St. Jim's	"Lord Eastwood's Experiment"***	Gem 127
1928:	Greyfriars	"Battling Bunter"*	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"How Horace Coker Got His Remove"	Magnet 145
	St. Jim's	"The Arm of the Law"*	Specially written
	Rookwood	"Tea With Mr. Manders"*	Boys' Friend 815
1929:	Greyfriars	"When Billy Bunter Forgot"*	Magnet 160

YEAR	SCHOOL	TITLE	ORIGIN
	Greyfriars	"Chequemate"*	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"Tom Merry's Minor"*	Gem 296
	Rookwood	"A Rift at Rookwood"***	Specially written
1930:	Greyfriars	"The Greyfriars Adventurers"	Magnet 179
	St. Jim's	"Gussy's Latest Stunt"*	Specially written
	Rookwood	"Pleasing Dear Thomas"*	Boys' Friend 1083
1931:	Greyfriars	"Mark Linley at the Cross-Roads"	Magnet 180
	Greyfriars	"Sturgis Forgets"	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"Troublesome Tom"	½d Gem 5
	Rookwood	"French Leave"*	Probably specially written
1932:	Greyfriars	"The Vanished Eleven"	Magnet 338
1933:	Greyfriars	"Saved From the Sea"	Magnet 301
	St. Jim's	"A Yankee at St. Jim's"	Gem 294
1934:	Greyfriars	"A Schoolboy's Honour"*	Magnet 303
	St. Jim's	"Spoofed"***	Gem 799
1935:	Greyfriars	"Billy Bunter's Booby-Trap"***	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"The Footprint in the Sand"	Magnet 992
	St. Jim's	"The Stony Seven"***	Gem 751
	Rookwood	"The Boy Who Wouldn't Budge"*	Boys' F. 987
1936:	Greyfriars	"The Dunce of Greyfriars"*	Specially written
	Greyfriars	"Billy Bunter's Bust-Up"	Magnet 148
	St. Jim's	"The Spoofer"*	Gem 765
1937:	Greyfriars	"Squiff of the Remove"	Magnet 343
	St. Jim's	"Mr. Ratcliff Has a Busy Day"*	Specially written
	Rookwood	"Carthew Goes Too Far"*	Boys' Friends 1257-8
1938:	Greyfriars	"Mutiny on the Spindriff"	Magnet 267
	Greyfriars	"Jack Drake's Capture"	Specially written
	St. Jim's	"The Shadow Over Eastwood House"*	Gem 724
	Rookwood	"Lovell on the Warpath".....	Boys' Friends 1232-3

YEAR	SCHOOL	TITLE	ORIGIN
1939:	Greyfriars....	"Billy Bunter's Fearful Affliction"*	Magnet 715
	Greyfriars....	"The Mystery of the Christmas Candles"	Magnet 723
	St. Jim's.....	"Grundy's Gunpowder Plot"	Gem 717
	St. Jim's.....	"They Called Him a Funk"	Specially written
	Rookwood..	"Algy Silver's Pal"*	Boys' Friends 879-880
1940:	Greyfriars....	"Sir Fulke's Warning"*	Magnet 776
	St. Jim's.....	"Fighting the Flames"	Gem 695
	St. Jim's.....	"The Case of the Beak's Black Eye"	Specially written
	Rookwood..	"The Amazing Proceedings of Timothy Tupper"	Boys' Friend 1194
	Rookwood..	"Public Benefactor No. 1"*	Boys' Friend 1138
1941:	Greyfriars....	"Billy Bunter's Busy Day"*	Magnet 942
	St. Jim's.....	"Skimpole the Star Gazer"***	Gem 976
	Rookwood..	"Jimmy Silver Does the Trick"	Boys' Friend 830

The origins of the Greyfriars and St. Jim's stories were traced many years ago by John Shaw. The tracing of the Rookwood stories is a recent achievement, and thanks are due to Gerry Allison, Eric Fayne, Bill Gander, and Tom Porter for assistance rendered.

Department of . . .

FINAL WORDS

THE LAST PAGE to go to press sees the Editor, as is usual of late, just about crowded out of his own magazine by the printer. But there's no harm done, for he, the Editor, has little of importance to say.....So far,

no typos have been discovered for which to express regrets..... Received, read, and added to our lengthening shelf of Greyfriars books: *Lord Billy Bunter*, by Frank Richards. Thanks to Ben Whiter for looking after our requirements.....Nearing end of space, which is good: too hot this June 20th to set type.

—W. H. G.

BROWNE OF THE FIFTH

By BERNARD THORNE

ON A MORNING in April, 1925, a young man stepped out of a taxi at Victoria Station and eyed the scurrying streams of people who were going about their own affairs, sublimely unaware of his presence—a fact that, had he given thought to it, might have caused him a moment or two of regret.

He was tall, slim, and about seventeen years of age. Faultlessly garbed in morning dress and gleaming topper, he gazed thoughtfully at the porter who had come swiftly to his assistance. He allowed the man to relieve him of a small travelling bag.

"A somewhat unnecessary luxury, but no matter," he observed. "We cannot allow such trifles to worry our powerful brain. Away, lackey, and see if you can track down the eight-fifteen to its lair. We are about to grace the Southern Railway with our distinguished person."

"The eight-fifteen, sir?" the porter queried, a little puzzled by his benefactor's remarks.

"Your brain is apparently in good working order," said the young man. "We would hie our-

selves to the wilds of Sussex; and, unless we are very much mistaken, there will be very little hieing done unless we shake a somewhat vigorous leg."

"You mean the eight-fifteen to Helmford, Bannington, and Caistowe?" suggested the porter. "Right you are, sir. You'll find me at the gate."

"A touching scene," the elegant individual murmured. "Peter the Porter waiting at the gate for his little piece of silver!"

Pausing to deposit five shillings in the hand of the waiting cabby, he legged it with long strides to the booking office. Then, armed with a first-class ticket, he moved, at no mean speed, to where the porter awaited him.

The porter held out his bag. "Just in time, sir."

"Our heart is greatly gladdened by these tidings," said the tall young gentleman. "Take this shilling, Brother Peter, and stow it carefully away for a rainy day. And when you recount this happening to your loyal family circle, impress upon them that you, and you alone, had the in-

PART ONE

valuable privilege to serve us!"

"Just closing the gate, sir," remarked the ticket collector.

"And rightly, too," agreed the young man. "Gates are made to be closed. But should you close this one before we steal softly through, another of the world's great tragedies will have occurred. For St. Frank's College, that great seat of learning, will be deprived of our presence for several hours!"

HE WAVED his hand gravely and strode up the platform. And here we will leave him for the nonce. His further adventures during his journey to St. Frank's may be found in Number 513, Old Series, of *The Nelson Lee Library*. Those among our readers who know their St. Frank's will have already guessed correctly the identity of the young man with the somewhat verbose manner of speech. We pen the foregoing merely to describe to the uninitiated his departure for that famous seat of learning.

For thus did William Napoleon Browne, son of Sir Mortimer Browne, the celebrated judge, prepare for his entry into the Fifth Form of St. Frank's after a somewhat chequered career at Uxton College.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Browne were, without doubt, unaware of

the invaluable service they had done to England when their son first saw the light of day. So ignorant were they of his future fame that they did him the great injustice of naming him William.

When he arrived at an age when one's Christian name can seem to be a major tragedy in life William had, with consummate ease, corrected his parents' thoughtlessness by borrowing permanently the name of France's greatest man of destiny. As he explained once to Stevens, his Fifth form-mate:

"In their skittish exuberance, parents often nail abominable names to their offspring. In my case, as you know, William was allotted to me. There is nothing in the name of Bill to suggest power and forcefulness. Thus the addition of Napoleon. I may add that I inserted Napoleon of my own volition!"

Browne possessed that happy knack of aggrandizement that in less talented persons would have been braggadocio. It was also his habit to address himself in the first person plural as if he was some regal personage. He had, in addition, what might be loosely termed the "gift of the gab." Hence his reply to his chum on being questioned as to his cricketing capabilities:

"Am I good?" he said calmly. "Good? Without an unnecessary display of ego, I think I may claim to be mustard. Make no mistake, Brother Horace, St. Frank's will lose no matches this season!"

"My dear ass!" Stevens had replied with a grin. "You don't expect to get your First Eleven colour in your first term, do you? Why, it's impossible——"

"There you make one of those regrettable mistakes that are all too common in these barbaric days. I have come down to give St. Frank's the once-over, and if, as I trust, St. Frank's pleases me, I shall pass the glad word to the pater that all is well with his junior partner!"

"Very kind of you, I'm sure!"

"Make nothing of it, my dear chap," replied Browne graciously. "Taste before you buy! That, in brief, is the idea. Should St. Frank's fall short of my ideals, I shall doubtless wander elsewhere."

BROWNE proved to be that rarity—a born cricketer. Fenton saw, when Browne had been at the nets, that he was the fastest bowler the school had known for many seasons, and a bat of uncommon brilliance. And Browne was not averse to reminding the school captain of that fact.

"You may safely rely upon me for unlimited assistance against Helmford on Saturday. Have no fear! The word has already reached them that I shall be playing—and it therefore goes without saying that they are struck dumb with consternation!"

Edgar Fenton couldn't help grinning.

"You don't think much of yourself, do you?" he asked.

"Brother Fenton, I leave others to sing my praises," replied Browne. "Occasionally, when they fail in this signal duty, I find it necessary to murmur a modest word, but we will let that pass. Be of stout heart, for with me to help St. Frank's in her hour of need, the battle is won!"

That Saturday Fenton and Morrow opened the innings, and with the score at 59, Fenton was caught in the slips for 32. Browne was next man in. With a swagger that was apparent to all, he strode to the crease and cut the first ball away to the boundary. From that moment it was clear that the First Eleven had found a player of near-county class. Browne hooked, drove, and cut with a skill and ease that was beautiful to watch. In many ways he was like Dennis Compton, striding down the pitch to meet the ball, but never mistiming the

stroke. In half an hour he had scored 42 runs of which 32 were boundary hits. Only when approaching his century was he sent back to the pavilion—the result of answering Wilson's call for an impossible run.

In the next match against Redcliffe he proved that he was no mere flash in the pan. In the deep he made an astonishing catch, reaching idly upwards and plucking the ball out of the air as though such a catch was an everyday happening. He followed this by taking several wickets in eight overs, and scored a faultless 45 before being caught in the long field. A few days later in

the return match with Helmford, he again played an effortless innings, and was robbed of his century only by St. Frank's passing the Helmford total of 266 to win the game.

W. N. B. became as famous for his japing propensities as for his prowess at cricket. Indeed, his arrival at St. Frank's in the guise of Prince Augustine of Zekovania was one of the sensations of the year. For some hours he toured the school and the form rooms accompanied by the unsuspecting Dr. Stafford, and was only unmasked by Handforth who had seen the genuine Prince's photograph in a newspaper.

Part Two Will Appear in the Next Issue

A Boys' Friend Library Was Reviewed

WHEN J. C. SQUIRE was writing a weekly criticism for either *The Observer* or *The Sunday Times* about twenty-five years ago, he created a minor sensation by reviewing a *Boys' Friend Library*. I have forgotten the title, but the story was about the visit of the then Australian Test Cricketers to England.

Most of the players were given the names of those who actually played for the two countries,

plus, of course, the hero. One incident, the subject of the *Library* cover, I believe, showed a villain throwing a dagger at the hero. This was brilliantly caught by Gregory, one of the best fielders of the day, evoking a typically English understatement from an English player: "I say, that's a bit thick!"

The review ran to Squire's usual length and was reprinted in one of his books of essays.

—GEORGE MELL

GREYFRIARS: SCHOLASTIC SHANGRI-LA

By JAMES C. IRALDI

ONLY LIGHTLY does Father Time touch the gray old walls of Greyfriars, and its inhabitants. Masters and students alike remain unchanged—fixed points in a moving current. The terms come and go; the seasons change. There's cricket in Summer, football in Autumn. No student advances to succeeding forms, and if he was in the Remove when the saga began, then, by gad! there he remains, come what may, until the end of time. Which is as it should be, as we want it to be, as we hope it will always be.

For at Greyfriars it is always 1908; unchanging and ageless. With only a few minor changes to mark off the onslaught of mechanical advance—the old brake is now a car or 'bus; radio and airplanes occasionally disrupt the quiet under the ancient elms. Soon, one of the wealthier fellows will bring the first television receiver into the school. But aside from these "modern improvements" Greyfriars remains as it was in the beginning, as it will remain until the end. If there is to be an end.

Harry Wharton has been 15½ years old (or is it 15¾?) for longer than some of us have lived. Mr. Quelch has been crowding his middle 50's since the early years of the 20th Century, and like the brook, promises to go on for ever. The venerable Dr. Locke has been a silvery-haired old gentleman since Victoria reigned supreme; and the pompous Prout hasn't lost a hair since he began to go bald in the late '90's.

The calendar, as we know it, doesn't exist at Greyfriars. This hardy perennial is a stationary island in the swiftly-moving stream of Time; and although we have the days of the week, even the months, no year is ever mentioned, nor need it ever be. For beyond the gates of this idyllic spot, Time never ventures, and the shadows of the Outer World seldom disturb this self-contained community.

However harrowing the adventures of our heroes, in the wilds of Africa or the far-flung outposts of Empire—or even the concrete jungles of New York—ordeals calculated to shake the

nerve of a veteran soldier—the following week sees them back at the school, as cheery and care-free as ever, without the slightest scar, physical or mental, to show for it.

IF THE recuperative powers of its members border on the marvelous, what can be said of the powers of recuperation possessed by the old school itself? For when battered and damaged from the latest barring-out or sit-down strike (a new innovation), and seemingly beyond repair, the aged structure invariably heals its own wounds (like a self-sealing auto tire) and all broken-down doors, shattered windows, torn-out panels, and demolished walls resume their original appearance, as picturesque, as neat and tidy as ever. Just as soon as the crisis has subsided, and the eight-day wonder (which has set all Greyfriars on its ear) has passed, peace and tranquility return, the even tenor of its ways are resumed, and everything is once more as it was, is, and always will be. We hope.

It is still possible to ride a push-bike on the roads around Greyfriars without risk to life and limb. The amazingly green lanes and roads are still safe for hikers (unless the story calls for some hulking, but misguided,

tramp waiting to waylay the Famous Five—a less rewarding task it would be difficult to imagine), and the only notable change in recent years is, that they no longer are the King's Highways but the Queen's.

A true believer in this make-believe World of Hamiltoniana does not question the discrepancy of dates, the anachronisms, the passing years which leave Greyfriars unscathed. In a world of constant change and turmoil, Greyfriars goes along its serene way, untroubled and undisturbed. Alien currents may ruffle its composure for a time; events may threaten to shake it to its foundations. Then the scene changes, a new series is initiated, and *Lo!* it has regained its accustomed aplomb, untouched—and untouchable.

It is a world of pure escapism, true; but to the faithful, it is a believable-unbelievable world; a world sometimes more real than that sorry affair in which we struggle. It is a world that exists somewhere between Yesterday and Tomorrow, yet not quite in To-day. It exists in a plane all its own, a sort of Fourth Dimension of the Mind, a warm and friendly world, where deceit and chicanery are frowned upon, where violence is unknown, and where every-

thing is secure and healthy and wholesome. Well, almost.

It is also the sort of world where the local constabulary (and neighborhood bookies) respectfully address 'teen-age youngsters as Sir; where the common herd (male) is most often addressed as *My man*; where womanhood (middle- and upper-class) is placed upon a pedestal; where the worst crime is theft and the vilest epithet is *Cur*. And it is also that inconsistent world wherein its characters can read about themselves in

the very books in which they appear.

Yes, it is all of these things. Plus something more:

To those of us who have had the privilege of being admitted to this Never-Never Land of Eternal Youth, it is also a haven of refuge from the insecurity and bustle of every-day life. It is illusory, fictitious—call it what you like. But didn't Goethe say that *Nothing is illusion if it brings happiness?*

Frank Richards has certainly brought us that!

FAREWELL, RAINBOW

By LEONARD PACKMAN

WITH THE FINAL issue of *Rainbow*—Number 1898, dated April 28th, 1956—one of the few remaining links between juvenile literature and our childhood is severed. I can think of only one other publication still running that goes back almost as far.

The first issue of *Rainbow* was dated February 14th, 1914, with the Bruin Boys appearing on the front page—never to be usurped from that position.

Practically all of us have, at

some early time in our lives, either read or heard of these lovable characters: Tiger Tim, Jumbo the elephant, Joey the parrot, Fido the dog, Jacko the monkey, Willie Ostrich, Bobby Bear, and Georgie Giraffe—not forgetting kindly Mrs. Bruin. It is true that they still appear in *Tiny Tots and Rainbow*, but it is not the same.

The majority of the other picture-characters also appeared practically from start to finish: Marzipan the Magician (and his

Magic Wand), Suzy Sunshine (originally Suzie and Her Pet Poms), The Two Pickles (and Fluff, the dog), The Brownie Boys, and Our Dolliwogs. The only original characters to be deleted in later years were Sing Hi and Sing Lo, the Chinese boys, and they enjoyed a wonderfully long run.

ONE OTHER character simply must be mentioned. Who can forget Bonnie Bluebell, a story featuring whom appeared every week? This Peter-Pannish little girl was in the very last issue. Alas, we shall read of her adventures no more, but I am sure she will never

be entirely forgotten.

As the writer bought *Rainbow* from start to finish, it can be appreciated that the paper's cessation gave him more than a pang of regret. It must be confessed, however, that toward the end the age group for which *Rainbow* was originally produced (7 to 12 or so) was reduced almost to the *Chick's Own* and *Tiny Tots* stage. Some of the characters are, in fact, now in *Tiny Tots and Rainbow*, but how long they will stay there remains to be seen.

So, with this little tribute, let us say: "Farewell, *Rainbow*, king of coloured comic papers; may you never fade from our memories!"

Another Picture That Was Repeated

THE INSTANCE of an illustration in *Fun and Fiction* being used with slight changes in *The Bullseye* (*The Story Paper Collector*, p. 55) reminds me that No. 1 of *The Jester and Wonder*, dated in ~~June~~ ^{July}, 1901, had an illustration of two identical men in the dock. The story was entitled "Thy Will Be Done,"

and the question was asked, "Which was the man?" This picture was almost exactly repeated in No. 439 of the same paper, April 2nd, 1910, for a story called "The Living Image." Again the question was asked, "Which was the man?"

—ARTHUR HARRIS

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