

THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

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Gleanings From *The Magnet*

"I haven't come to tea," said Bunter with dignity. "I'm going to tea with Mauly. Only I can't find him."

(*The Magnet* No. 1214.)

□□

Bunter drank tea till all the milk was gone. Then he ate the sugar, lump by lump. Being short-sighted, he left a lump, and Fishy hoped that that lump, at least, would escape. But Bunter took another blink, and the last lump vanished.

(*The Magnet* No. 1081.)

□□

"I wegard you as a toad, Buntah! That is to say," added Arthur Augustus hastily, "If I were not a visitah heah I should wegard you as a toad!"

(*The Magnet* No. 1068.)

□□

Quotations were supplied by Roger M. Jenkins. Picture of Billy Bunter is part of a larger drawing by Robert H. Whiter.

H. J. GARRISH: *Publishing Pioneer*

THE DEATH of Mr. H. J. Garrish sent me searching through *The Romance of The Amalgamated Press*, which was published in 1925. There is a photograph of Mr. Garrish as one of the Directors of The Amalgamated Press; a face full of fine, intelligent strength, and kindliness.

I quote some paragraphs from the chapter on Publishing Pioneers—remember this is 1925—dealing with the early struggles of The Amalgamated Press.

—MAURICE KUTNER

Here are the paragraphs quoted by Mr. Kutner:

THE DIFFICULTIES against printing a paper in colours at a minimum rate of twelve thousand copies an hour were enormous . . . Again and again heart-breaking technical difficulties arose . . . It was an expensive business, and those concerned had nothing but their faith that, even if the technical problem was solved, papers published in colour would be a success. As usual, the dogged enthusiasts won through. There are many coloured journals today

One of them—*The Rainbow*—has achieved the most phenomenal success ever won by any children's paper in the world . . .

To Mr. H. J. Garrish, now a director of the firm, who is mainly responsible for this group of publications, much of their continued growth and success must be attributed. It was as a boy, some thirty-two years ago, that Mr. Garrish became one of the editorial assistants. As has already been explained, the founder of the firm, Alfred Harmsworth, had not only the gift of inspiration to those around him, but he saw that his staff did any and every work that came to their hands. It was no easy school of journalism in which to graduate.

But young Garrish, who came of journalistic stock, threw upon it. He had a flair for what the public—particularly the younger public—wanted, and incidentally soon developed into a writer of ability. When the humorous journals were firmly established, it was inevitable that he should be found occupying an important place in the editorial organisation. So at last he became a director and took complete charge.

The Story Paper Collector

No. 62— Vol. 3

Priceless

NOMENCLATURE IN THE HAMILTONIAN SCHOOLS

By ROGER M. JENKINS

*The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the
Dog
Rule all England under an Hog.*

SO WROTE Colyngbourne in the reign of Richard III—a witticism which was adjudged high treason, and one for which he paid with his life in a most gruesome manner. To the collector of Hamiltoniana, however, this jingle assumes an added interest for the sake of the personages referred to in the first line. The Cat was Sir William Catesby, the Rat was Sir Richard Ratcliff, and Lovell the Dog was Francis Lovell, all councillors to the last Plantagenet monarch. Lovell and Ratcliff are two famous Hamiltonian characters (and those whose memories stretch

back to pre-Gem days will remember that the New House juniors were called Rats by the boys of Mr. Kidd's house), whilst Catesby is also well-known as a Rookwood senior to devotees of *The Boys' Friend*. With this promising beginning, let us proceed to consider the names of other eminent people of that reign.

Perhaps the most striking fact is that Richard III's mother had been popularly known as *The Rose of Raby* in her youth. Other prominent people of the day included Lord Scrope and Lord Neville, reminding us of a St. Jim's junior and a Rookwood prefect respectively. The Earl of Kildare was a force to be reckoned with, and both Sir William Tresham and Sir Gilbert

Talbot were men of affairs. Rookwood and St. Jim's do not oust Greyfriars altogether from this field, however, since there were at this time an Earl of Desmond, Sir James Tyrrel, and John Russell the Lord Chancellor. The name of the King's officer, John Vavasour, reminds us of Highcliffe, whilst the then busy Yorkshire port of Ravenspur (now submerged beneath the Humber) brings back memories of a Magnet series of 1929.

EVEN AMONGST the lesser lights maybe found familiar names: one Robert Green was a minstrel, and a John Brown was the King's Bear-Ward. Those who remember the Blue Gems will also see a significance in the fact that the Pope's emissary was Thomas Langton at this time. Charles Hamilton has said: *Characters in a story, after all, must have names. Every name in existence has been used over and over again in fiction.* Whilst this is undeniably true, it also seems an inescapable fact that Medieval history in general, and the reign of Richard III in particular, provided Mr. Hamilton with a good selection for his fictional characters.

Family names of ancient peerages were, of course, just the sort of names which would appear on the roll of a famous

Public School. From later periods of history come such names as Manners, Lowther, and Blake, indicating a good, solid background, though by no means ostentatious. Equally appropriate were the names of the butlers, Walsingham and Jertingham and Chandos and Jasmond, all of whom had obviously no other suitable occupation to pursue. But one wonders whether the name D'Arcy was not perhaps just a shade too good to be true. (The young man in the pawnbroker's shop incredulously begged him to "make it Plantagenet" in Gem Number 751.) And how convenient that bullies and shady characters went by such unpleasant names as Skinner and Crooke and Gore! Even more, who can refrain from a touch of uneasiness about the two protagonists Tom Merry and Gordon Gay? Both are genuine names, right enough, but taken together do they not resemble those in a comic strip or the earlier boys' papers which had even more symbolic names like Standfast?

Rookwood did not come into existence until 1915, and by that time Charles Hamilton had had the opportunity to learn by his previous mistakes, though it is possible that Jimmy Silver is another symbolic name, indicative of his sterling qualities

(but it was at any rate a considerable improvement on Jack Fisher, which is what H. A. Hinton wanted to call the Rookwood hero). On the whole, no-one could quarrel with any of the names selected by Charles Hamilton and referred to above. Some are ideal, and all have worn well. But there are some others with which very few readers could have felt satisfied.

Some of these names are borne by detestable characters like Snoop. Is there such a name? And what of outsiders? If Mr. Lambe the vicar and Miss Bunn at the cakeshop had chosen their occupations well, was it to be believed that people could exist with names like Dr. Pillbury the Greyfriars medico,

or Mr. Screw the detective in a Rookwood series, or Mr. Tiper the Rylcombe printer? It is really a most amazing coincidence that an author should be able to give most of his characters such apposite, well-chosen names, and at the same time treat a few other characters as though he had just been playing a riotous game of Happy Families. The answer may possibly lie in an impish sense of humour which was occasionally allowed too free a rein in the early days. Certainly none of the comic strip type of names were perpetrated in later years. The flaws in the diamond were few and far between, and the old Latin maxim still holds good: *exceptio probat legem*.

MY JUDGMENT WAS AT FAULT!

COMMENTING upon the Gem Christmas, 1916, Double Number cover illustration reproduced in S.P.C. Number 61, I recorded on page 150 the opinion that it was not the work of Warwick Reynolds, hedging by adding that my judgment may be at fault. It now appears that the hedging was a wise precaution, as evidenced by these excerpts from letters:

"Yes, definitely a Reynolds drawing!"—C.F.F.R.

"I am fully convinced it is his [Reynolds']"—M.K.

"I have had a good look at my copy and although the cover is badly printed I am pretty sure Warwick Reynolds did that, too."—E.B.F.

In future I will refrain from making any comment upon art!

Its one-time Editor, Captain A. Donnelly Aitken,
meets Bill Lofts and talks about——

FUN AND FICTION

A MEETING has occurred between W. O. G. Lofts and Captain A. Donnelly Aitken, who was Editor of *Fun and Fiction* during 1911-14, and the following paragraphs are from notes Mr. Lofts sent to us following that meeting:

Fun and Fiction grew out of an idea of Fred Cordwell's. Mr. Cordwell was at that time Editor in charge of *The Butterfly*, *The Favorite Comic*, and *Merry and Bright*. There was an editor in charge of each of the papers, and Captain A. Donnelly Aitken was connected with *Fun and Fiction*.

The stories, apart from the serial *His Convict Bride* which was written by Herbert Allingham, were written by a team of writers, and were mostly created from ideas supplied by the editors. They took turns writing the stories each week. These writers included such men as H. A. Allingham, E. Newton Bungay, W. B. Home-Gall, Houghton Townley, and Captain Aitken himself.

The question as to what age-group *Fun and Fiction* was aimed

at was answered: "The whole truth is, we did not know! Anything from nine to ninety, I guess!"

When *The Bullseye* was started in 1931 it was undoubtedly a carbon copy of *Fun and Fiction*, as has been stated in articles in *The Story Paper Collector*. The style and mould of the stories were lifted *en bloc* from the earlier paper, although *The Bullseye* was aimed at the boys' market.

One of the illustrators of *Fun and Fiction* was W. G. Wakefield. Captain Aitken told me that he was a very big man, and ought to have been a boxer. A most unusual thing about Mr. Wakefield was his style of drawing. He would draw the background of a picture first, then fill it in with ink, and leave the figures until last. Mr. Wakefield was one of the staff artists at The Amalgamated Press and will be remembered for his Rookwood illustrations that appeared in *The Boys' Friend* for many years. As reported in *The Collectors' Digest* already, he died some years ago.

IRENE MANNERS

By BERNARD THORNE

THREE GIRLS walked along Bellton Lane towards Edward Oswald Handforth. They wore pleated skirts, white blouses, and school blazers; they were laughing merrily as they drew near to him. But it was the girl in the middle that held Handforth's attention. She had fair, almost golden hair, blue eyes that sparkled with humour, dimpled cheeks, and small, white, even teeth that shone pearl-like from between her parted lips. She seemed to be between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

Handforth's heart skipped a beat, hesitated, and then resumed at an increased rate, while the cause of that organ's peculiar conduct passed along Bellton Lane.

Edward Oswald Handforth was smitten!

Not that this emotion was entirely new to him. He had considered himself in love before this—many times! He experienced a similar reaction whenever he caught sight of a pretty face; and as pretty faces were as plentiful

in 1923 as they are in 1957, his periods of infatuation were many. But this—this was different! Never had he seen such fair hair—windblown like threads of gold. And those eyes—of the peerless blue of Mediterranean skies, he thought dreamily. Completely dazed, he entered the Triangle of St. Frank's College and drifted towards the Ancient House.

And it was thus that Edward Oswald Handforth, eldest son of Sir Edward Handforth, M.P., first met Irene Manners, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Manners. It was a meeting destined to ripen into a friendship that continued until Edwy Searles Brooks laid down his pen and St. Frank's was no more.

It was in October of 1923 that an army of workmen had taken possession of The Mount, that old house standing on its own a little way back from Bellton Lane, almost at the edge of Bannington Moor. In a short space of time they had converted the gaunt building, adding a new wing and several outbuildings,

and redecorating the place inside and out. A few days later a large signboard appeared, informing all and sundry that The Mount was now the Moor View School for Young Ladies under the personal supervision of Miss Charlotte Bond, M.A.

FIFTY OR MORE young ladies between the ages of fourteen and seventeen accompanied Miss Bond to the new school and Irene Manners was among them. As time passed more and more of Miss Bond's pupils became known to readers of *The Nelson Lee Library*: Doris Berkeley, Mary Summers, Tessa Love, Winnie Pitt, Marjorie Temple, and Ena Handforth; but none became as popular as Irene Manners. Her father, too, became a well-known figure. A celebrated engineer and inventor, partner in the firm of Wells, Kerby, and Manners, Limited, Mr. Manners first took the stage when he accompanied Nelson Lee, Lord Doriemore, and the juniors across the Sahara in Mr. Travers Earle's amazing *Ship of the Desert*.

Mr. Brooks told us little of the curriculum of Moor View School, or of Irene's progress with academic subjects; but that she was outstanding at sports usually associated with the male is certain. In Old Series Number 474 Nipper and Co. learnt to

their cost that Moor View could play cricket. Led very ably by Irene, the girls beat the St. Frank's junior eleven in a one day match by one run, Irene scoring thirty-three not out against the bowling of Nipper, Tregellis-West, and De Valerie. Jerry Dodd and Bob Christine stood down from the junior eleven but it is doubtful if they would have made any difference had they played. Irene made three first-rate catches in that match and Marjorie Temple took four wickets.

Irene's ability at sports was not confined to cricket. She also became skilled as an exponent of ju-jitsu under the tuition of Vivian Travers during the "Outcast of the Remove" series which ran in Numbers 103-107 of the First New Series.

The course of true friendship, like that of true love, rarely runs smoothly. It was during the "Outcast" series that Handy and Renie had their most serious quarrel. It came about as a result of Handy's blind stubbornness which led him first into parting company with Church and McClure and, afterwards, with the entire junior school. Friendless, he had driven to Moor View to confide in Irene, only to find her in the company of a young man. The young man, had Handforth known, was Renie's cousin. With

his usual impulsiveness Handy had, in a fit of jealous anger, been ungovernably rude to her. The friendship was broken.

Everything became normal in Number 107 when, seizing an opportunity of seeing Irene, Handforth apologized for his conduct:

"I wanted a couple of minutes alone with you, Renie, to tell you how rotten I feel——"

"Oh, Ted, don't!" broke in the girl, clutching his arm. "I was a little cat. I want you to forgive me, if you can."

Handforth drew a deep, deep breath.

"Don't talk like that, Renie! I'm the one who has got to apologise. I—I thought——"

"Never mind, Ted!" said Irene, smiling.

"But I was a cad! I was a rotter! I ought to have known. Can—can things be as they were?"

"But they are, you silly! Everything is just the same. We were both to blame. It's all over now, and it will be a lot better if we don't talk about it."

Irene was as good as her word. Everything was as of old between them. In fact, it was as a result of her intervention with Nelson Lee and the Head that Handy was vindicated of several charges still hanging over him. Without a full knowledge of the facts, the Head had expelled

Handy; now the junior was free to return to St. Frank's. But he refused. He felt that he had been treated unjustly by all but Irene, and with typical stubbornness he persuaded Sir Edward to allow him to resume school at St. Jim's. So to St. Jim's he went—but that, as Kipling would have said, is another story.

IRENE MANNERS' greatest test came soon after her arrival at Moor View. By force of circumstances she became embroiled in a plot to introduce drug-peddling among the girls. Not only was she the unwitting cause of some of her school friends taking morphia but, in addition, she learnt that Mrs. Stokes, the Head's wife, was becoming an addict. Thoughtlessly, she gave Mrs. Stokes a promise not to divulge her knowledge. As a result of that promise she was severely punished and finally expelled. But Handforth came to her rescue, saving her from complete disgrace. Luckily, Nelson Lee was already on the scent. Aided by Irene and Handforth he soon had the dope peddlers arrested, and Mrs. Stokes was, in the course of time, cured. Like so many of Mr. Brooks' excellent tales, this series had a great depth of feeling and possessed an appeal that was not limited to schoolboy readers.

Irene's friendship with Handforth did not entirely eradicate his sporadic weakness for a pretty face. But his affairs were of short duration, and always there was Irene at the end.

"Girls are all the same!" he once confided to his brother Willy. "They're all deceitful! There is not a single exception among the whole giddy crowd!"

Willy grinned.

"What about Irene?" he asked.

"Irene?" Handforth said, with a start. "Oh, well. She stands alone! Now Irene is a girl that any chap would admire. Glorious blue eyes! Lovely fair hair! And——"

"Help!" panted Willy. "Don't start that all over again, for goodness sake!"

BILLY AND DOLLY JUMBO

IT WAS WITH INTEREST that I read Leonard Packman's article about *The Rainbow* in Number 59 of *The Story Paper Collector*. I never saw even one copy of *The Rainbow*, but Mr. Packman's article shows how popular the Bruin boys must have been.

Reading it reminded me that before I knew there was such a thing as a comic paper, I used to love a page in *The Home Circle* which featured in pictures "Billy and Dolly Jumbo."

I have recently learned that *The Home Circle* continued a long

run of *Home Sweet Home*, and that the two Jumbos were featured in that paper, too.

My mother read *Home Sweet Home*, and I used to go to the newsagent's and ask for *Home Sweet Home With the Fire Out* in all seriousness. This always seemed to make the newsagent laugh! I was very young then, and did not know about the Jumbos. I would dearly love to see a copy of either paper.

—ARTHUR HARRIS

"Caynton," Llanrhos Road,
Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno,
Wales.

I WISH . . .

— to purchase copies of *The Holiday Annual*, years 1920, 1921, 1922, and 1923. — Bernard Thorne, 1231 Warden Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

ARTIST'S LICENSE!

By MAURICE HALL

THINK OF AN ARTIST! If you are a follower of Greyfriars, you could hardly fail to think of C. H. Chapman. This remarkable artist contributed greatly to *The Magnet* during its run of over 32 years. In company with Leonard Shields, who illustrated the covers, Mr. Chapman was responsible for almost all the inside drawings, of which there was an average of five to each issue.

Enough of an introduction, however, for this article is about little errors that were bound to crop up now and then, for no man, however clever—and Mr. Chapman undoubtedly is—is infallible. Let us examine a few issues published during the years 1938 and 1939.

It was when I decided to colour some of my *Magnets*, and was working on the pictures, that I first noticed little errors here and there and I decided to write an article around them, for your interest and not as a criticism.

Spare a glance at *Magnet* Number 1568, page 13, where the "Fat Owl" is trapped in a sash window by his friends. Have

a look at the sash window—see if you can find a way of pulling the lower sash down, without leaving a gap in the middle!

Deckchairs seem to be one of the easier things to go wrong on, as you will see in *Magnet* Number 1573, page 23, when you examine the chair in which Bunter is seated. A connecting bar between the front legs would help, although this lapse does allow the "Fat Owl" a little more leg-room.

A matter of light and dark is the query in *Magnet* Number 1589, page 13, which illustrates Mauly being flung overboard by the Dutchman. We are told that *it was fortunate for Bunter that it was an unusually dark night* (page 18, middle column), but the picture looks like midday and very sunny!

A deckchair is the error again in *Magnet* Number 1628, page 3, with the same fault as in Number 1573. There must be an unusual deckchair company around!

In *Magnet* Number 1645 the drawings become lighter in tone and smaller in size. I wonder if Mr. Chapman had a week off and Mr. Shields took over? Bunter

doesn't look quite the same about the face, not exactly as Mr. Chapman portrayed him—what do you think? In this issue the picture in the centre pages (14 and 15) shows the Famous Five seated by the river and being ordered to move on by Loder. Look at the—yes, you've guessed it!—deckchair and find the missing back support bar. Really remarkable chairs, these.

IN Magnet Number 1646, have a look at the excellent way Mr. Chapman gives the effect of darkness on page 21. Now turn to Number 1649, page 3, and what do we find? Bunter saving *The Water Lily* from Shifty Spooner's thieving hands. What time of day does it appear to be? Not a doubt about it, some time during the afternoon is, I think, a fair conclusion, but just glance at the text! On page 13 under the Chapter heading of "Beaten Again!" we read:

Billy Bunter blinked.

He made no sound.

He hardly breathed.

Sitting against the trees in the black darkness under the branches, Bunter had slept uneasily . . .

Enough has been quoted, I think, to prove my point, but also in this number in the middle spread (pages 14 and 15) is a neat nighttime illustration in typical Chapman fashion. On page 21, however, we find Mr. Spooner assisted over a gate by a large bull in apparent daylight. In the text, half-way down the middle column of page 25, we read:

The tree under which the Greyfriars boat floated was only a few yards from the end of the bull's meadow. It was intensely dark under the branches . . .

During this very fine series there are several pictures in which the Greyfriars boat, *The Water Lily*, appears, and many pictures showing a remarkable selection of camping equipment. We do not, however, see these items stacked away in the boat. I imagine it would be impossible to tuck away a tent, camp bed, cushions, two or three raincoats, a small table, a mop, a pail, the Famous Five, and Bunter. This is, I think, a clear case of Artist's License!

Mention of Billy Bunter, and the need for something to fill this small space, reminds us that the tuckshop at Cliveden School was run by Dame Bunter. An aunt of Billy's, maybe? (*The Boys' Herald* No. 224, Nov. 2nd, 1907.)

When he sent us this article Jim Merralls asked us to register his acknowledgment and appreciation of Anthony Baker's excellent article on The Boy's Own Paper in S.P.C. Number 54. Now you can read more about The Boy's Own Paper . . .

A ROCK OF MANLINESS AND MORALITY

By J. D. MERRALLS

TO THE mid-Victorian parent *The Boy's Own Paper* appeared as manna in a wilderness of penny dreadfuls.

Was it not published by The Religious Tract Society, and did it not include among its contributors clergymen, titled gentlemen, headmasters, and military officers of field rank?

While no responsible middle-class Victorian could think of allowing *The Wild Boys of Paris*; or, *The Secrets of the Vaults of Death* in the drawing room, a paper for boys which carried healthy tales of Public School life by the Reverend A.N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S., could not be anything but morally uplifting and intellectually stimulating. Here was a boys' paper which could be bought with confidence.

Founded in 1879 when the horrific output of the penny dreadful presses was at its

highest, *The Boy's Own Paper* soon became an eminent Victorian. Jules Verne, Talbot Baines Reed, and George Manville Fenn contributed serial after serial of rollicking adventure in the four corners of the earth and the Public Schools of England. Titles such as *For England, Home, and Beauty* and *The Cruise of the Good Ship Boreas*; *A Tale of the Brine* and *the Breeze* predominated.

A most popular writer was Doctor Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., R.N., a Scottish naval surgeon who had himself lived the life of one of his heroes before joining *The B.O.P.* Doctor Stables was the paper's most prolific contributor in its early years. From 1882 until his death in 1910 he wrote nineteen serials of about 60,000 words each, a monthly column of advice to his readers, and a host of articles on subjects ranging from rabbit-

keeping to pruning roses. A little beer mixed with the food helps poultry in the moulting season, he advised one month. His prose style is a mirror to his times:

Oh it is a terrible thing to see a strong man weep! And surely David's grief for his son Absolom could not have been more pathetic than that of this highland chief. [Most of Doctor Stables' heroes were large, red-bearded Highland lairds.] "Oh, Sidney, Sidney!" he cried. "Must I never see you more? Oh the bitter day, the bitter grief! Would to heaven death had taken me and spared my boy. Oh my son, my son."

Needless to say, Sidney, missing believed drowned, returned safe and sound to participate in another fifty thousand words of adventure.

DESPITE the disquieting attitude of some readers who alleged that his competitions were swindles, or that most prizes went to London, the Editor proudly conducted the B.O.P. Grand Annual Competitions:

All prizes offered, and more, he reassured the sceptics, are really awarded. We do not offer gambling, guessing or touting prizes, attractive as these may appear to the thoughtless.

This warning was to counter

the attractions of competitions advertised in *The Young Briton's Journal* such as

Genuine Competition. R . . E BRIT . . N . . —Fill in five letters and form two words. A postal order for 10s. sent to every reader who correctly solves above puzzle. Fee 3d. only. Answer advertised.

The Boy's Own Paper competitions were sedate in comparison. Three guineas were offered for the best original verse on True Courage, five guineas for the best map of Robinson Crusoe's island, and four guineas for the best illuminated Old Testament text.

But it was in the correspondence columns that the editorial authority was most severely exercised. Here the feckless youth of the Empire was led to the paths of righteousness and sober living. Correspondent C. H. Borch, worried about *A Thoroughly Bad Boy*, was advised to get him off to seas in a sailing ship. *It is the old cure, especially if you give a hint to the skipper.* One unhappy youth confessing to sinful habits in private was sternly admonished with *You had better save your money to buy a second-hand coffin or a ticket for the madhouse.*

Miserable boy. No, you won't commit suicide—readers of The B. O. P. never do, thundered

Editor Andrew Hutchinson on another occasion to a reader signing himself *Worried*.

Letters were answered containing queries on taxidermy and toxicology, on medicine and magnetism, on the Civil Service and on chess. One gathers the impression that the Editor's mailbox was stuffed full of canary carcasses for post mortem examination by the indefatigable Doctor Stables, and drawings hopefully submitted for comment by budding artists. One was told:

The drawing is dreadfully bad, if that is what you want to know. If you have a private income you might persevere.

HUNDREDS of letters were answered on entrance to the Colonial Service. *Explorers do not have to pass competitive examinations*, an aspiring Livingstone was informed. Opportunity in the Colonies was a favourite topic of the Editor, who frequently published such features as *Life and Adventures in India*, by Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Middleton, K.C. M.G., C.B., and *Openings in Travancore*, by the Reverend R. d'O. Martin. Prospective tea planters would do well to have a capital of £2000 per annum, wrote the Reverend Mr. Martin,

but with hard work they may find £1000 sufficient.

The editorial panacea for all boyhood's ailments was the cold tub every morning (*Do not make more splash than you can help so as to cause the servant trouble*), followed by a brimming plate of oatmeal porridge and a half an hour's exercise with dumbbells. Porridge and milk was prescribed even for *Every Dog's Friend*, whose collie's coat was moulting.

Medical quacks were railed upon in issue after issue; and the naive and credulous readers who seemed to patronize them in the hundredfold warned that there were but two goals for such stupidity, idiocy or death. Likewise, secret smokers were advised that they could expect to have *no more strength than a jack rabbit and no more brains than a sucking pig*.

Never could *The Boy's Own Paper* be accused of shirking an issue, and while we may smile at its snobbish adherence to professional class values, and its belligerent Victorianism epitomized by its description of itself as *a rock of manliness and morality and a life-buoy to young British manhood*, a little of its forthright crusading and denunciation of the tawdry and the cheap would not be without value today.

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RADIOACTIVITY IN 1912

TOM AND BERTHA were married within three months....

As commonplace individuals, they preferred that the greater secrets of the universe should remain for ever inaccessible. Bland had blundered into that unexplored world of radio-activity which scientists are pretty well united in accepting, not only as a new aspect of Force, but actually a new realm of Matter. They suggest the secret of Eternal Life and Power, the appointed terminus

of all knowledge beyond which the mind of man can never go without absorption into the original and universal Soul.

THE FOREGOING comprises the ending of a serial story, *The Mystery Light*, the light being a kind that blinded all within a certain radius who did not wear special protective goggles, while prolonged close-up exposure to the rays was fatal. From *Fun and Fiction*, Volume 2, Number 17, September 28th, 1912.

I WISH . . .

—to sell a bound volume of *Answers*, 1906-07; quite good condition.—R. Swann, Cart and Horse Inn, Station Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, England.

—to purchase 2nd Series *Sexton Blake Libraries* issued 1932-39; and to sell *Sexton Blake Libraries, Detective Weeklies*.—D. E. Stowe, 157 Priory Road, Hall Green, Birmingham 28, England.

—to obtain *Silver Jacket* Nos. 14, 15, 18, 20, 25 to end.—The Editor.

E. E. BRISCOE

READERS of oldtime A.P. boys' papers learned with regret of the death late in 1956 of Edward Ernest Briscoe, long-time illustrator of stories in the papers.

A NEW EDITION, with added material, of E. S. Turner's book, *Boys Will Be Boys*, is being prepared for the press.

GOOD NEWS! *Billy Bunter's Own Annual & 2 Bunter Books* in '57!

THE STORY PAPER COLLECTOR

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