

The Charles Hamilton Museum



Illustrated



" The Old Remington ! "

The
Charles Hamilton
Museum

Illustrated

Printed at Maidstone
for the
London Section
of the
OLD BOYS' BOOK CLUB

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INTRODUCTION

When a famous author dies, there is often a sudden upsurge of interest in his writings, but it is usual for several decades to elapse before any collection of his works, his letters, and his effects is permanently available for public inspection. It is a tribute to the initiative and far-sightedness of John Wernham, the President of the London branch of the Old Boys' Book Club, that the Charles Hamilton Museum already exists at No. 30, Tonbridge Road, Maidstone.

In addition to such old favourites as the Magnet and Gem, the Museum also contains letters from Charles Hamilton, his favourite armchair, writing desk, typewriter, and many other smaller mementoes. It is, of course, far from complete, but it represents a valuable nucleus which will undoubtedly continue to grow until it constitutes a worthy memorial to an unusually gifted writer.

When you peruse the contents of this exceptionally fine booklet, you may be tempted to wonder if you too can contribute something to the Museum. If you can, you need not have any misgivings even the smallest item will be gratefully received. If you are unwilling to part with anything immediately, you can always bequeath it to the Museum in your Will; and remember that any letters that Charles Hamilton may have written to you can be copied and the originals returned to you. But, whatever you decide to do, please do it promptly: as Francis Bacon sagely remarked, "Good intentions, though God accept them, be of little use to mankind except they be put into effect.

The Museum now awaits a rush of donations!



PRESS DAY IN THE OFFICE OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



ON THE BALL!

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MUSIC BY

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Specially told for "Union Jack" readers by CHARLES HAMILTON, Author of "Bold British Boys," "An Ocean Tragedy," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

A Cry in the Night—The Search on the Sea—A Man with a Woman's Hair—At the Last Moment.

"Hark! Did you hear that?"

Eight bells had just struck on board the ship "Kangaroo," three days out from Melbourne. It was twelve o'clock, and a clear, starry night. To starboard the watch could see dimly the line of the Australian coast. To port the great Southern

caller for help. The keen-eyed lad scanned the sea in search of him. Fortunately the weather was calm, and the sea smooth, otherwise the quest would have been hopeless.

At a short distance from the ship Captain Desmond made the oarsmen a sign to cease rowing. The boat drifted. Then Desmond hailed the stranger.

"Aho, there! Where are you?"

"Help!"

Faintly came the reply, from right ahead of the boat. The oars played again; forward they went. Then the captain shouted again. No answer. Again and again. Still no response.

"Can't you see him, Jim?" cried the skipper, pale with anxiety. "Good heavens! is the poor fellow to drown within a few fathoms of our boat?"

"There's nothing here, sir," said his nephew doubtfully. "Ah—by George!"

He dropped the lantern and sprang into the sea. He had seen something that looked like floating seaweed, but the next moment he saw a pale, anguished face glimmering through it, and knew that it was human hair. Here, then, was the poor fellow who had at last given himself up for lost. Jim sprang instantly to save him.

The man was insensible, and Jim was glad of it, for it spared him the frantic struggles of a drowning man, always difficult to master. He took a firm grip upon the long, floating hair, and, with a jerk, brought up the pale face that was sinking beneath the surface.

"Help here, messmates!" cried Jim lustily.

The boat glided by, and the strong hand of the skipper grasped his collar.

"Got him, my boy?"

"Yes, safe and sound; but he's pretty far gone!"

"In with him, lads! Pull for the ship!"

The drowning man was pulled aboard, and Jim climbed in. The boat made for the "Kangaroo." Captain Desmond and Jim attended to the castaway; he was not dead, but evidently in a state of extreme exhaustion. As soon as he could be got on board the "Kangaroo," restoratives were applied, and at last he opened his eyes.

The boat had been slung up to the davits, and the whole crew collected round the castaway, at a respectful distance, and looked on with intense interest.

"How do you feel now, my poor fellow?" asked the skipper, as the rescued man stared about him with lack-lustre eyes.

"Where—where am I?"

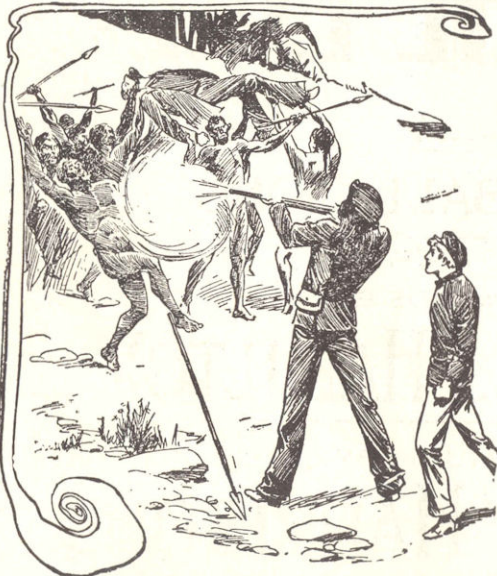
"Safe on board a British ship."

The man gave a wild stare around, and a look of terror swept over his face. He made a feeble effort to see.

"Lie still," said Captain Desmond. "I tell you, you are safe now; no one can harm you here."

The terror died away from the man's eyes. He appeared to be striving to collect himself and recover his faculties. He was of a somewhat peculiar appearance, this castaway. He was of powerful build, evidently possessing immense strength when in a normal state of health. His form, though so sturdy, was lithe and active, and his feet and hands small. His dusky face and cast of features showed him to be of Southern race, probably a native of Spain. He was dressed in ordinary seaman's clothes, but wore gold earrings and a massive ring upon his finger. What was strangest was that he wore his hair long, like a woman's. A mass of curling hair of deepest black hung half-way to his waist.

He might have been called handsome, but there was a certain air of reckless bravado about his bold features that did not favourably impress Captain Desmond.



Jim Desmond, when he faced round, saw a sight that chilled the blood in his veins. The savages were in hot pursuit, and borne above their heads as a trophy on the points of twenty spears was the dead body of Malcolm. . . . The fatal fire of the Californian made the natives halt.

Ocean stretched away to the South Pole. And suddenly, from the semi-darkness around the ship, a piercing cry was flung from the bosom of the heaving waters.

"Did you hear that?" cried the officer of the watch, who happened to be the chief mate of the "Kangaroo," Mr. Malcolm.

"It's a man drowning, sir!" exclaimed the second mate, who was just coming on deck to relieve him.

"You're right, Kingston. Call the captain."

While the second mate did so, the "Kangaroo" rounded to; and when Captain Desmond appeared all was ready for a boat to be lowered. The skipper at once gave the order.

"Lower away!" shouted the captain. And the port quarter-boat plumped into the water, the captain himself taking command of it.

In the bow of the boat Jim Desmond, the captain's nephew, stood, waving a lantern to catch the eye of the unknown

HAVE YOU JOINED THE "UNION JACK" ARMY? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Boys' Writer

by Frank Richards

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this contribution is the inventor of one of the best-known characters in English fiction: Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School. It is not too much to say that the Owl of the Remove is, like Mr Pickwick and Sherlock Holmes, a character known in most corners of the globe. Even the self-sufficient French have heard of him, since a Parisian was once remarked describing someone as 'gros comme le Bunterr.'* For more than thirty years Mr Charles Hamilton (for that is the author's real name) kept going three pen names, Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, Owen Conquest, and three schools, Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rookwood. For the Magnet and Gem he invented hundreds of characters, and the fame of Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Tom Merry, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and others is not a great distance behind that of Billy Bunter. During all this time Mr. Hamilton was writing a million and a half words a year. At seventy, as his contribution shows, he continues to work hard. Perhaps it reveals another fact too, that he is the youngest man of seventy in the world.

WHEN an author is invited to talk or write about himself and his work, it seems almost to be taken for granted that he will have something to say about 'early struggles.' How did he overcome the reluctance of publishers? How did he contrive to penetrate the solid editorial head with an idea of the value of his work? And how did he, in the meantime, manage to exist? Did he sink into the depths of the blues at a rejection, and did he strike the stars with his sublime head at an acceptance? Did he, in days of weary waiting, have to say, like Jean Paul, 'to a great height shall the business of hungering go?' Did he emerge, at last, with head bloody but unbowed, into the sunshine of success?

Frank Richards is almost ashamed to say that he knows nothing on the subject of early struggles, never having had any. He sold his first story, in the far-off nineties, before he was eighteen: and was immediately asked for more. Publishers came and went: but as fast as one went, another came—and this continued happily for fifty years. He never saw a rejection slip outside an editorial office. His memory is charged not with

the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but with urgent letters, telegrams, and telephone calls, demanding more and more and more copy. And all this came so easily that he never understood that he was a lucky man. It all seemed to him a matter of course. It was not till he was quite an old bean that Frank realized that he had been very lucky indeed. That was when fortune changed. The paper shortage of 1940 gave him 'furiously to think.' Then, when his income dropped in a day from £2,500 a year to nothing at all, with a taxation hangover by way of consolation, Frank Richards discovered that there were, after all, some uncertainties in the writing life. He could be quite eloquent on the subject of 'late' struggles. But of 'early' ones he knows nothing at all.

Frank began to write almost as soon as he could hold a pencil in his fist. He wrote fairy tales as a little kid: romances of wild adventure as a schoolboy: but when he reached years of discretion—at about seventeen!—he began to take things more seriously. Actually his tastes were almost as much for study as for writing: and he read voraciously everything that came his way, in English or French—other languages came later.

I remember that, as a very small boy, I secretly and surreptitiously taught myself the Greek alphabet, in the happy delusion that it would prove the Open Sesame to my father's mysterious books. But I wrote incessantly, my output being limited only by the quantity of writing paper on which I could lay hands. I wanted to be an author: also I wanted to be a great scholar: at the same time I wanted to go to sea, and also to become a famous cricketer. In my daydreams I saw myself like Byron waking one morning to find myself famous: I saw myself translating the Iliad, ever so much more attractively than Pope or Chapman: I saw myself a 'ship's boy on the high and giddy mast': I saw myself knocking up centuries at Lord's and bringing off miraculous catches in the field, amid delirious cheers. All these things are possible in daydreams: but if I couldn't do them all, I could at least write about them, which was easier, and almost as good, if not quite as good. So I wrote and wrote, wasting reams of paper, putting what were really daydreams into words strangely real to me. It was a curious thing that when I wrote I seemed to see it all happening before my eyes, as if I were looking at a picture: I had a sense of writing down actual happenings. The phrase 'making up a story' would have had no meaning for me: so far as I was aware, a story unrolled of its own accord, with scarce an effort on the part of the writer, who was little more than a chronicler. I was very much older before I learned, with surprise, that all stories were not written in the same way, and that other imaginations were not so vivid.

At an early age an elderly relative pronounced me to be a 'clever fool.'

I endorsed the adjective cordially: the noun seemed to me absurd. Only in much later years have I realised that he was right on both points: my doubt, later, being about the adjective, not the noun. Indeed it seems sometimes like a miracle that a daydreaming, unpractical fathead like Frank Richards ever got through seventy years at all. Anybody could diddle him—and many did. The truth must be that there is a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and keeps a watchful eye on duffers who do not know their way about this wicked world. For Frank, after all, did survive, and has seen many a keen and wary business-like man go on the rocks.

DIFFIDENCE, a haunting distrust of one's own powers, is always a handicap: often most emphatically present in people who really can do things. They set their standards too high, and, failing to reach them, feel that they can do nothing worth while. Frank Richards knows, now, that he can write a good story: but only, I fear, because so very many people have told him so. In early days, though he wrote and wrote, and delighted in writing, it seemed a sheer impossibility that his writings should ever appear in print. Such glory was for far cleverer fellows than he! It was not of his own volition, but as usual on receiving a push from somebody else, that he made the desperate plunge. It was difficult for him to believe his eyes when the first story he had ever sent on its travels resulted in the first cheque he had ever received.

That cheque was the first of many thousands: and later in life one of Frank's bothers was to remember to send his cheques to the bank, and enter the amounts in his account-book for income and surtax purposes. But all troubles come to an end at last—that one bothers him no longer. Sometimes he rather wishes that it did!

Frank wrote on many subjects: but he settled down at last to write chiefly the school story. He liked school: he liked schoolboys: he even, amazing as it may seem, liked schoolmasters! The subject was ever fresh to him: and time has not staled it: age cannot wither it nor custom stale its infinite variety. It is as fresh to him at seventy as it was at seventeen. Indeed, when he is writing a school story he utterly forgets that he is seventy at all, and is to all intents and purposes seventeen again. Never has he found it difficult to recapture the first fine careless rapture. This probably accounts for what was considered the astonishing output of a million and a half words a year. I doubt whether this article ought to appear under the general heading of **WORK**: for writing what one wants to write is not work but a pleasant pastime. When writing becomes work to write, it becomes work to read: and it is time for the writer to take a rest, and give his readers one.

But there were not roses, roses all the way. Frank had outdoor tastes:

and writing could seldom or never be done out of doors. True, as a boy he wrote reams and reams sprawling in his old boat on summer days. But when more serious times came, and his output ran into millions of words on a typewriter, those easy-going ways were over. He had to make up his mind to sit at the machine for three hours every morning, and sometimes an hour or two in the afternoon as well.

This led him, on one occasion, to one of his brightest ideas. He was staying at that time at a little Italian inn on Lake Maggiore. From his window, as he sat at the typewriter, he could see the shining lake, the boats passing to and fro, the gliding steamers, the lazy boatmen loafing on the old wooden quay: and they called to him with an almost irresistible call. Water, fresh or salt, always had a deep attraction for him: even now he would like to be a sailor, if some discerning sea-captain wanted a recruit of a really ripe vintage. Sometimes, in those days by Lake Maggiore, he would abandon Remington even without completing his quota, and push out his boat, or jump on the steamer going down to Isola Bella. Then his great brain-wave came: to learn shorthand, and, after all, do his work out of doors—on the deck of a lake steamer, or sitting in his boat, with an Italian boatman to see that it did not run aground or under a passing craft.

What could be simpler! On Remington his speed was fifty words a minute. But he had heard of vastly greater speeds on Pitman. With this dazzling scheme in his mind, Frank saw himself out of doors all day long, on a lovely Italian lake, with a fountain-pen in his hand, a notebook on his knee, his output perhaps doubled, and his income along with it. Vast masses of shorthand copy should be produced, to be typed out later by a professional hand at the cost of a few pounds. Immediately he despatched an order home for instruction books, nothing doubting but that he would learn shorthand in a few weeks, and that all would be calm and bright. But it was then that he met his Waterloo.

Frank never had much difficulty with languages: he did not anticipate any with shorthand. But he found them—and found them insuperable. To his surprise and dismay he discovered that he could not learn shorthand. Perhaps he was 'allergic' to it! Dogged attempts to do what he couldn't do made his head ache: and he very soon realized that he would rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than a shorthand writer. So that great and promising scheme had to go into the discard. At a later date, in London, he made one more attempt, with a skilled instructor. But it booted not. Shorthand would not stick in his head, or drip off his pen. It just wouldn't! Willy-nilly, he had to remain faithful to Remington. He still remembers some of the horrid symbols, though he does not remember what they mean, if they mean anything. He shudders at the recollection. Yet he has seen slips of girls dashing down this stuff

as if it were easy! He has always regarded them with awe and admiration.

Want of memory was not the trouble, for Frank Richards's memory is his long suit. If an accident happened to a typescript, there was no difficulty in typing it over again. Carlyle's overwhelming disaster would not have bothered him unduly. He never kept copies of his work, even when travelling in remote and outlandish places, and trusting his MSS to hands that were not always very trustworthy. If anything had happened, it would only have been a question of so much typing to be done. In the *Magnet* there were hundreds of permanent characters, and more hundreds that came and went. It never occurred to him to forget any of them. He was asked once whether he did not 'mix' his characters sometimes, and make them say and do wrong things: a question that made him chuckle. Such a thing was unthinkable. Every character about whom Frank Richards, or Martin Clifford, or Owen Conquest has written remains as fresh in his mind as when it was first created, as far back as the nineties. No doubt this may be because they all seemed real to him: and indeed were real, being taken from life. Authors, like another class of dealers in fiction, should have good memories: and Frank had a very good one.

It seems to me that everyone should train his memory and make the most of it. Good things should be committed to memory: once safely lodged, they are always there if wanted, and one may be independent of books at times when books are not to be had. It has always been one of my pleasures to learn verses by heart. My own, whose name is Legion, may not perhaps be worth remembering: nathless they are all stored in the old nut, and I do not need to keep copies. Along with them are many selections of much more value. Often and often these have come in useful.

When I was about eleven or twelve, I was laid up for a time. It was a sore trial for an active kid, normally unwilling to keep still for five minutes, to have to do so for endless hours that seemed like centuries, weary day after weary day, with a bandaged leg resting on a cushion, and a sharp pang when that unfortunate leg stirred. I found a resource in learning Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and Macaulay's *Horatius* by heart: in those young and innocent days I believed these two sportsmen to be poets!

Later, in more mature years, I realised that I might have done better: they were hardly worth the trouble. Still, there they still are, if wanted. I have never been wrecked on a desert island, or sent to prison, or shut in at the bottom of a coal mine. But these things do happen: and in such circumstances how useful to have even a limited library at hand, stored in the memory.

When the war in Europe was on, and Science was advancing with such giant strides that it bid fair to make an end of all of us, there were many who had sleepless nights. Generally I sleep like a night-watchman: but guns, and bombs, and doodlebugs, and rockets often kept me perforce awake. In the 'dead waste and middle of the night' it would have been a positive torture to lie with an idle mind, comforted only by making cursory remarks. One did not want to turn out of a warm bed on a cold night, and rake together the ashes of a dead fire. But if one had, say, a few scenes from Shakespeare, an ode of Horace and an ode of Keats, one or two of the livelier sections of Goethe's *Faust*, and a few hundred lines of Dante, with Fitzgerald's *Omar* and Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean* by way of lighter variety to call upon at will, one need not complain. To run verses over in the mind is as good as reading them—or better.

The war has ended, true; but there is illness, which will always be with us, probably rather crescendo than diminuendo in future days. Medical research never stands still. Dreadful diseases, unknown to our simple forefathers, have been discovered, not to say invented, and brought within reach of the poorest. Progress continues. So there will always be invalids, sleepless o' nights, counting the weary hours to dawn. How much more comforting to run through the *Ode to a Nightingale*, or to stand, in thought, with stout Cortes, when he stared on the Pacific, or to play over again a master-game of Anderssen and Kieseritski in the sleepless head. There was once an editor whose conversation was like an inexhaustible machine-gun. Frank could not walk out of the office before his time was up. Still less could he put a sock in the editorial mouth. But he could play over the 'Immortal Game' in his mind while the editorial chin wagged and wagged. He could recite to himself Dante's story of Paolo and Francesca while the unending melody droned in his ears. And he did.

FRANK'S present readers—that is, supposing, like Gilbert's sentry, that he's got any!—will notice that this article persists in dropping into the third person. They may put this down to Frank's shy modesty. He has, like Stendhal, an insuperable repugnance for the 'je's' and the 'moi's.' Indeed, he finds it far from easy to write about himself at all: facts do not suit him so well as fiction.

Facts, we are told, are stubborn things: they seem also to Frank lacking in interest. Real worlds are not so attractive as imaginary ones. Casanova's and Cellini's autobiographies are much more interesting than anything that actually happened to them. In dealing with facts we are bound like Ixion on his wheel: in fiction we mould the world nearer to the heart's desire. It is a singular thing how very much what is called an 'adventure' differs, in real life, from the same thing in fiction.

Frank Richards, in a wandering life, has had many adventures, more indeed than he had any use for. He has descended into the crater of Vesuvius: he has clung to a thwart in a gale on the Adriatic: he has very nearly capsized in the middle of the Lake of Geneva: he has stood on a mass of ice on a Swiss mountainside, thinking it as solid as Switzerland itself, till it began to glide towards the edge of the precipice: he has hung on the outside of an express thundering through the tunnel between Nice and Monte Carlo: he has taken a wrong turning at Calais in blackest midnight and found himself walking out to sea on top of a narrow groyne, suddenly looking down and seeing death and destruction bubbling and frothing in the gloom deep below: he has sat and typed 'Billy Bunter' with an Austrian soldier standing guard over him with fixed bayonet, ready to run him through, and very nearly doing so in a moment of sudden suspicion—and all these things, in fiction, could be written up into thrilling adventures. But in real life, alas, they were only irritating incidents. Truth may be stranger than fiction: it is undoubtedly much duller. Give me fiction every time.

NO author can write about himself without mentioning his fanmail, which is always enormous. It is a fact that fanmail has always pursued Frank Richards, in the most remote places, whether by Italian lakes, or Tyrolese mountains, Corniche roads or Dutch dykes. But never so much, strange to say, as since he has ceased to write for his accustomed papers. One day in 1944 an enterprising journalist published some paragraphs concerning my very unimportant self in a widely-read London evening paper, unluckily including my address. The result was almost unnerving. I am sure that leaves never fell so thickly in Vallombrosa as letters upon Frank Richards during the following weeks. I was amazed, and in truth deeply moved, to discover how many of my old readers still remembered me. All sorts and conditions of people—men in the Home Guard, in the Army and Navy and Air Force: and civilians of every variety and all ages. It looked like a thirteenth task for Hercules to answer all of them: and for many days the typewriter was as busy as in the days when Frank was producing a million and a half words a year.

But the spate passed: and the fanmail dropped once more to the usual dozen or so letters a week. Such letters are always interesting, and always kind. For some reason nobody has ever written to Frank who doesn't seem to like him!

They are very, very varied. One dear little chap wrote to me that I was a 'jenius': but, as Angel remarked, what's spelling between friends? If you don't know who Angel is, you have a great treat in store when you find out. A schoolmaster wrote me such a jolly letter that I have preserved

it: and was tempted to send him, in return, one of my Latin crossword puzzles, which I really think would be very useful in schools: but I mercifully refrained. It seems strange sometimes that men on active service in India, or in the Eighth Army in Italy, should take the trouble to write to Frank Richards by air-mail. An officer home last year told me that he had taken some of my works into the Western Desert with him: some compliment, for this chap is himself the author of some of the most entertaining books on the market. Perhaps this is enough about fanmail—perhaps even a little too much.

HOW did I invent my characters? I didn't. They just growed, like Topsy. I don't quite see how any character could be 'invented,' for if it doesn't live already, how can anyone breathe into its nostrils the breath of life? Harry Wharton was mine own familiar friend. He is still sixteen in my mind's eye: for owing to circumstances which it would be interesting not to relate, I never saw him after that age: and I just cannot think of him as seventy-one. In my memory he remains exactly as I saw him last, and as he is depicted in the *Magnet*. Johnny Bull I did not meet till he was in his forties: but I had only to visualize what he must have been like at fifteen, and there he was. Everyone, I suppose, must have known a Bob Cherry: and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh derives chiefly from a dark gentleman whom I met for five minutes in the early nineties. Frank Nugent is, or was, no other than Frank Richards himself, so far as one could draw one's own portrait: quite a nice boy, I am persuaded, but booked always to go in with the tail. Tom Merry is just an average healthy schoolboy such as one may see every day. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy owes his existence to a suggestion from H. J. Garrish, then editor of the paper in which he first appeared: but later he was slowly but surely modelled on a sub-editor, a delightful young gentleman who really knew what clothes were, and how to wear them.

Billy Bunter—the one and only—derived from several sources. There was an occasion when Frank Richards was simply fascinated by an editorial gentleman at Carmelite House, who overflowed his chair to such an extent that it was a mystifying problem how he had got into it, and a still more intriguing mystery how he ever got out of it. From him Bunter borrowed his remarkable circumference. His celebrated postal-order, which he was always expecting, but which never came, was in fact a cheque of which a relative of my own lived in a perpetual state of expectation, seldom or never realized. His big spectacles belonged to another relative, who had quite an entertaining way of peering at one like an owl. In these latter days Frank Richards himself is in still worse case: but retains, fortunately, his sense of humour: and if he stoops in the

garden to stroke a cabbage, taking it for the cat, can laugh instead of swearing.

ECHOES still reach me of an article written in 1940 for *Horizon*, in reply to a diatribe from George Orwell. I quite liked reading Orwell's article, as I still like reading his reviews in the *Observer*, for he is one of the few present-day writers who can write. Even when he writes nonsense he is readable: and my belief is that an author's first duty is to be readable. In *Horizon* his article stood out from the dull mass like a jewel in a toad's head. But he was on the wrong ground. He can write about Burmah and the Spanish War in quite a fascinating way, and apparently with knowledge: but on the subject of Boys' Books he has yet to learn his ABC.

What was the use of telling the public that the *Magnet* was 'specially written' in a style 'easily imitated.' How many wretched imitators have tried to imitate it I could not count without going into high figures: but not one ever succeeded. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The stuff sold like hot cakes: Frank Richards was incessantly dunned for twice or thrice as much copy as he could produce: a publishing firm in London whose name is a household word offered him nearly twice as much as he was receiving from the Amalgamated Press to 'come over into Macedonia': Grub Street still had its hungry population. If Frank's writing could be so easily imitated, why did not a dozen other writers just go and do it, and become surtax payers like Frank?

A good many tried—alternately amusing and exasperating their victim. Not one ever got away with it. George is a very good writer in his own line: but in this matter he simply did not know what he was talking about.

Most of his purblind criticisms were answered in my own article in *Horizon*. One I did not touch upon. In all the long *Magnet* series, said George, there was no mention of God. This complaint was a little perplexing for I have gathered from Mr Orwell's works that personally he has no use whatever for a Deity: though I hope I do him wrong. But surely it should be clear, even to George, that a work of light fiction is not one into which sacred subjects should be introduced. Religion, in a work of fiction, is out of place: either it looks like humbug, or it makes the rest of the story seem silly. Especially in boys' stories should it be avoided.

It was a Victorian custom to put pills in the jam: and my own experience as a boy taught me that pills in the jam make the boy feel sick. All the more because I am a religious man, I carefully avoided putting religion into a boys' story. How well I remember my own feeling of utter distaste when I came upon it in the *B.O.P.*, and in Kingston and Ballantyne, and

other boys' writers of that distant day. It was a matter that I took seriously even in boyhood: and I disliked to see it mixed up with football and cricket and practical jokes. I could never get the impression that the writer was sincere: such a subject, in a boys' book, can only be dragged in. One may pray oneself, and have a deep conviction that one's prayers have been answered: but to make a fictitious character do so with a like result seems to me utterly irreverent. Fiction is always dangerously near the edge of lying: and in such a case it goes over the edge.

It has always been one of my ambitions to write a book on religion: but if I ever do so, certainly it will not begin with 'I say, you fellows,' or be published in weekly numbers. It was once asked, why should the Devil have all the good tunes? As reasonably it may be asked, why should he have all the wit and humour? Religion is attacked by the wits, and generally defended by the dullards. But the weapon of ridicule could just as easily be turned against the witty nitwits who are so much wiser than their Maker.

Here is an experience of my boyhood. An elderly relative, doubtless thinking that so bright a lad required some very solid mental pabulum, presented me with Darwin's *Descent of Man*: never, I imagine, having read it: indeed it is difficult to imagine anyone reading it through. In those days I devoured every book that came within my reach: and one day, for want of something better, I started on the *Descent of Man*. I found it dull and heavy, in fact Darwinian: but entertaining in places—in one particular place a real shriek.

That any man, supposedly in possession of his seven senses, could advance such a theory as that men once had a tail, which they obliterated by continually sitting upon it, seemed to me the limit, and I laughed till the tears came. It was one of my ways to write verses, even at that early age: like Pope I lisped in numbers for the numbers came: though I doubt whether my numbers were so good as Pope's. Darwin moved me to a verse that I still remember:

*If a tail you could once swing a cat on,
Disappeared just because it was sat on,
Why hasn't the stern
Disappeared in its turn,
In the millions of years we've sat that on?*

If the editor thinks this too coarse for THE SATURDAY BOOK, there is always the blue pencil.

HAVE I any hobbies? Many interests at least. I have never been able to understand people who have to kill time—precious time. Surely there are interesting things to fill every moment of the day, if it were forty-eight hours long?

In early days I liked to travel in strange lands and talk in strange tongues. I could enjoy tennis, to a lesser extent golf: and it seems to me that a boy of any age, from six to sixty, must be happy in a boat or in a saddle. These things, for Frank Richards, have vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. But the vacant place overflows with other things—less regarded in youth, more regarded in age.

I read four or five hours every day: yet it never seems to me that I have enough time for reading. I compose sweet melodies on the piano: my eyes make it difficult for me to write them down, but I carry them all in my head, and chant them every now and then with great satisfaction. I write considerable quantities of 'Carcroft' copy, all ready for the brave new world, and for a publisher who may desire to make half a million pounds, as I have been told one of my former publishers did. I must hope that George Orwell will not read this article, for I am going to say next that I read the Bible regularly, and find great pleasure and profit therein. I translate the sections I like best from *Don Quixote* and the *Divine Comedy*, and dream, just as I did when I was a small kid, about the time when some publisher will ask me to complete the work, and offer me thousands of guineas for it.

I can no longer look at German: the barbarous type is too severe on my eyes: but when the spirit moves me to translate German, I make a new version of some of Schubert's songs, memorized forty or fifty years ago. Of course there are unpleasant things in the world: such as shorthand, mathematics, the 'new' pronunciation of Latin, 20th century poetry, and nine modern novels out of ten. But the pleasant things outnumber them immensely.

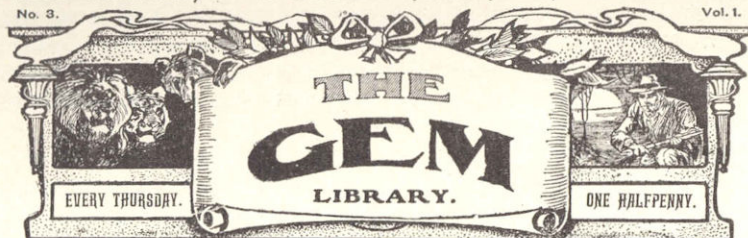
The eyes that once looked from the hill of Capri across a lovely bay to Naples glittering in the sun, with Vesuvius smoking his morning pipe in the distance, cannot now see across a room—but they can see a page of Shakespeare. One of the active legs that tramped so cheerily over Alps and Apennines now has to be propped up with care when Frank Richards sits at the typewriter, and at times gives him pangs reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition: but as Tom Merry used to say, why grouse? If old Friedrich put to me the question he put to the recruit, 'Willst Du immer leben?' my reply would be a prompt and emphatic 'Ja: gewiss!'

At seventy every thinking man must, to some extent, have an eye on two worlds: but I don't see that a decent Christian need be unduly perturbed about it. This world is a jolly place, and Frank Richards is going to remain in it as long as ever he can: but, when the time comes to move on, I am sure that he will look on it as little more than changing trains on a long journey. And when I meet unbelieving friends in the Elysian Fields, I shall enjoy saying to them 'I told you so!'

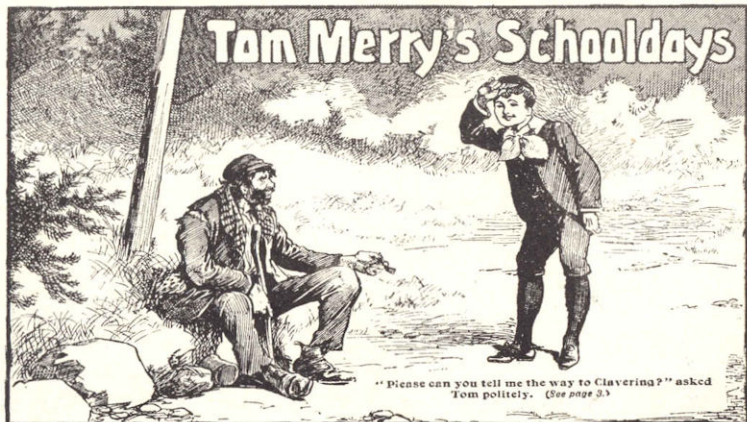
Next Thursday! "A SECRET QUEST," by LEWIS BIRD.

No. 3.

Vol. 1.



• • A COMPLETE STORY FOR EVERYONE, AND EVERY STORY A GEM! • •



A Tale of School Life and Adventure. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Tom Merry Takes French Leave.

"TOM—Tom!"
Tom Merry heard his name called, and saw Miss Priscilla Fawcett looking excitedly up and down the platform; and he promptly dodged behind a pile of luggage.
"Tom—Tom!"
But Tom was not forthcoming. He was quietly making his way to the exit from the platform; so he had no time to attend to Miss Priscilla Fawcett.

There had been a smash at Westholm. The train had run into a stationary engine with a terrific crash. Nobody was hurt, but everybody was greatly alarmed. The train was damaged, and the line was blocked. The passengers crowded the platform, talking excitedly and all at once. Tom Merry had slipped away in the confusion. It was his first oppor-

tunity of escaping the eagle eye of Miss Priscilla, and he had not been slow to take advantage of it, for Tom was in a mischievous mood. Tom was an orphan, and Miss Priscilla had had charge of him since he was a baby. Tom had grown up since then, but Miss Priscilla did not seem to have realised that fact. She had the kindest heart in the world, and she was devoted to Tom; but she drew the rein a little too tight sometimes. Tom was getting on for fifteen. Miss Priscilla seemed to think that he was still six or seven.

Tom was very fond of his old nurse; but he was very fond of having his own way, too. He had developed an independence of mind that was a sore trial to Miss Priscilla. To-day he was bound for Clavering College, to enter the, as yet unknown world of public school life.

Miss Priscilla had watched him all the way as a hen watches a favourite chicken. She had been afraid that he would fall out of the train. She had bought him sweets

Every Thursday.

ONE LONG, COMPLETE ADVENTURE STORY.

One Halfpenny

1907 and -



Charles H. Smith

fifty years after.

From 30 to 80!

— 1912 —



— 1930 —

— 1914 —



"JUDY"
— 1902 —
"COMIC CUTS"
— 1905 —

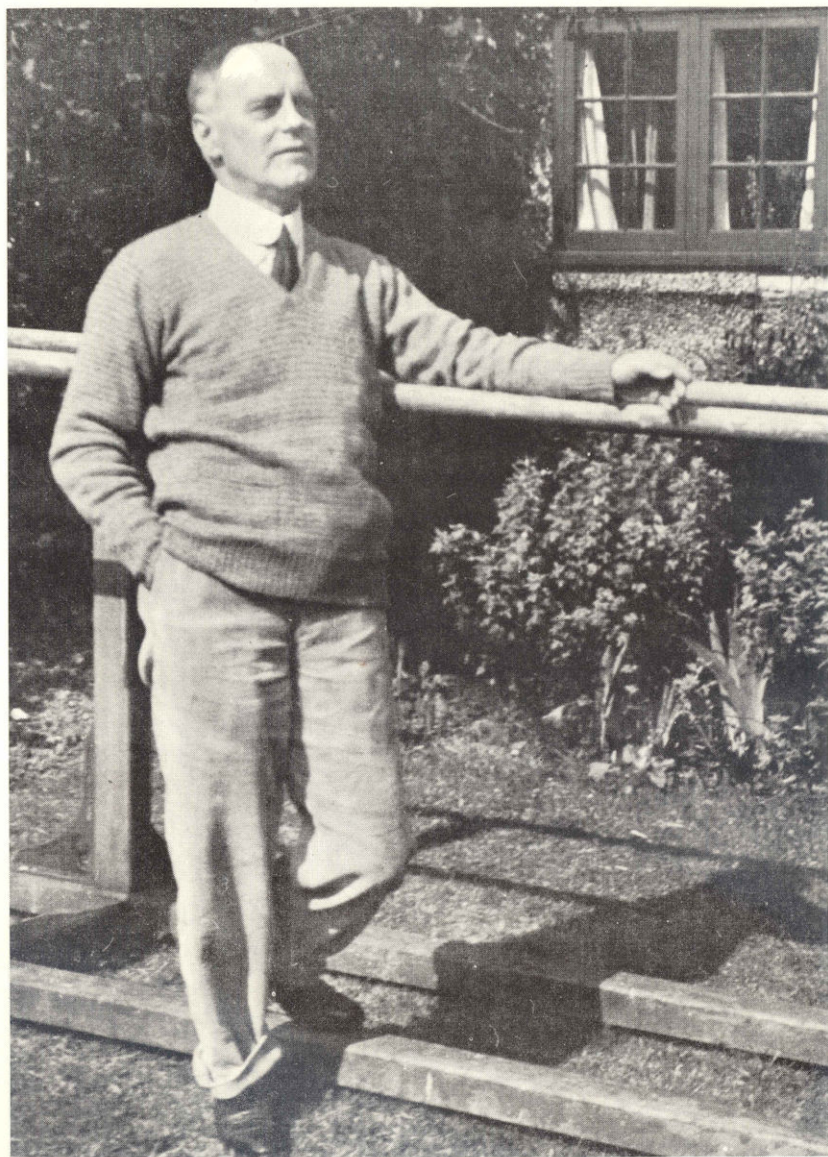


"THE MAGNET"
— 1911 — 1940 —
"BILLY BUNTER'S OWN" 1960 —



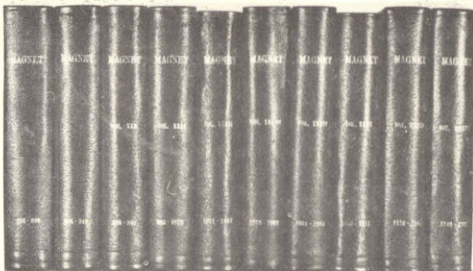
"ALLY SLOPER"
1906-8

Charles H. Chapman

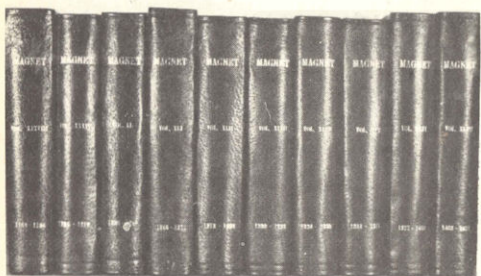


F. R. limbers up on the parallel bars after a long spell on the typewriter.

TAKE MY WORD
FOR IT!



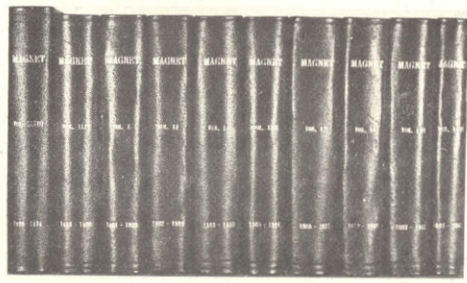
Disarmingly & Impersonally
Kicked!



— GENEROUS BURTER —



— Whacker!! —



— From Old Burter! —

A complete run of the "MAGNET" library from
1925 until the end.



From an original drawing by R. J. Macdonald.

The BOYS' FRIEND!

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 823, Vol. XVI, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending March 17th, 1917.



THE STRUGGLE IN THE WOODS! JIMMY SILVER & CO. TO THE RESCUE!

LOVELL'S LUCK!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

The Intruder.

"I'm not going to stand it!" Thus said Jimmy Silver as he entered the end study. The usual cheerful expression on the Classical captain's face had vanished, to be replaced by one of annoyance and indignation.

There was no reply to Jimmy's exclamation. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were grinding out lines for all they were worth, and they were utterly ignorant of Jimmy Silver's presence.

"I won't stand it!" cried Jimmy emphatically.
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

Still there was no reply Jimmy Silver approached the table, and sat down on a vacant chair.
"I'm simply not going to stand it!" he exclaimed, with greater indignation.
Creak!

Doubt came Jimmy Silver's face on the table at which Lovell and Raby and his chums were hard at work. Jimmy Silver intended to emphasise the meaning of his remark in some way, and he succeeded without the shadow of doubt.

Paper and pens flew off the table as though caught by a terrific gust of wind. Ink, too, was spilled in great quantities.

Lovell and Raby said Newcome jumped up in great alarm.
"Father!" exclaimed Lovell, in tone of annoyance. "What did you do that for?"
"I'm not going to stand it!" cried Jimmy Silver.

"Well, sit down, then!" retorted Lovell sharply.
"Don't be a silly chump, Lovell! I said I'm not going to stand it!"
"I know you did," replied Lovell. "And there's no reason why you should. There's an armchair over there in the corner. I know it's a bit rammy, but it'll hold you; weight."
Jimmy Silver snorted.

"Seems to me you're getting denser and denser, Lovell," he said. "I never said a word about sitting down. Look here, I'm not going to—"
"There he goes again!" interrupted Lovell, with a shake of the head. "Why don't you squat down, Jimmy, and let us get on with our lines? You've mucked up about half of them with your chumminess!"

"Blow your lines!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Lines don't count at a time like the present!"
"Why not?"
"Because the future of the end study is at stake."
"Oh, come off it, do, Jimmy!" said Lovell. "Why don't you get out with what you've got to say, and have done with it!"

"It's all Bootles' fault!"
"What is it?"
"Why, the planking of the new kid on to us!" explained Jimmy Silver.
"What?" gasped Lovell. "A new kid coming into the study?"
"That's the long and short of it," said Jimmy Silver.
"Can't he die?"
"That's what I told Bootles," said Jimmy Silver. "But he wouldn't listen to reason. It appears that the Head's wish we look after the new kid because he's a student—a regular old crook, you know."
"What's the Head think we are, a lot of rascals?"
"Rascals, I call it!" growled Raby. "I'm not going to stand it!" said Newcome determinedly.
"That's what I said!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "But I fail to see what we can do in the matter. You can't buck against the Head."
"Suppose not," said Lovell. "But I bet the new kid will be so pleased with the welcome he receives that he'll be only too eager to shift into another study within a week."
"Of course, there's no reason why we should make him too comfortable."
"No fear!"
"Yes!"
"Here is the bouncer, I bet!" said Jimmy Silver, as there was a faint tap on the door.
"Come in!"
The door opened slowly, but no figure appeared.
"Come in, father!" roared Jimmy Silver. "It's cold with the door open!"

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"Come in!"

The door opened slowly, but no figure appeared.

"Come in, father!" roared Jimmy Silver. "It's cold with the door open!"

The Fictitious Four waited for the visitor to enter. Suddenly a face appeared round the side of the door, and gradually the full form of the newcomer appeared.

Jimmy Silver & Co. gasped. The new boy was a very queer object. He was dressed in an overcoat that reached to his ankles, his hands were clothed in thick woollen gloves, and an enormous muffler adorned his neck. On his nose was a pair of rather large spectacles, and in his hand he held a big bag. As Jimmy Silver observed afterwards, he was a sight for the gods.
"I hope you don't mind my intruding," said the new-comer; "but I have been informed by Mr. Bootles that I am to share this study. My name is Bishop, and I'm quite new to Rookwood."
The new boy finished up his remarks with a sniff.
"You're a cold!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Yes, unfortunately," said Bishop, drawing an enormous handkerchief from a capacious pocket. "I seem never to be without colds and coughs."
"A mixture of quinine is supposed to be very good for a cold," retorted Jimmy Silver.
"Yes, I know," said Bishop, with a smile. "I have plenty in my bag."
"Have you really?"
"Yes," said Bishop. "By the way, would you mind if I disrobed, and at the same time emptied my bag?"
"Not a bit!"
"Thank you so much!"
Bishop took his bag on the table, and took off his coat and muffler.
The Fictitious Four eyed him wonderingly.
"I wonder whether you would mind my putting my medicine-bottle on the mantelpiece?" said Jimmy Silver politely.
"Oh, any old thing!" replied Jimmy Silver irritably.
The new boy placed his bag, and, withdrawing a bottle, held it carefully on the mantelpiece. Then he took out another bottle, and placed it beside the first.

(Continued on the next page.)



LETTERS

THE AMALGAMATED PRESS (1922) LIMITED.

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THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

August 30th 1922

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.
The Magnet
The Gem
The Popular etc.

My dear Reader,

Many thanks for your letter. I liked having it very much, for it contained one of the soundest possible tributes to the Companion Papers possible.

Mr Hinton left this Firm some two years since, but when you tell me you have been worrying over this not very considerable matter for ages, I am tempted to quote the old French tag---Plus cela change, plus c'est la meme chose. It really is so. Personalities have their significance, I know, but in the case of the Companion Papers the policy is recognised, and events must go on much the same. It is difficult to give any idea of the matter, but, of course, a controlling editor, be he who he may, delegates his work by departments. General policy is in his hands, but he is represented by others.

However let's leave this debateable territory and come to what really signifies---to wit the continued success of the C.P.'s. The remark about the green paper puzzled me a bit. The Boys' Friend does not cost much. I think you will have a good word for the new Holiday Annual. There will be further information in it such as you want. As regards your questions I have not the records by me. One has to leave these things to Mr Martin Clifford. If he does not supply information one has to take it that such facts are not salient to the tales.

It is very good of you to write in so congratulatory a strain. I intend to include everybody in the Gallery, but it takes time.

I shall consider the suggestion re the Pop. That paper deserves the best.

Thanks again for a wonderful letter, and best wishes,

Your Sincere Friend

Mr C.F.F. Rickard.

Your Editor

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CS/JYJ

Mr. S.G.J. Wernham,
30 Tonbridge Road,
Maidstone,
Kent.

16th September, 1963

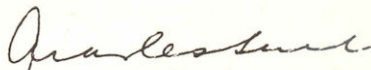
Dear Mr. Wernham,

It was a very great pleasure to meet you yesterday and to have such a thoroughly enjoyable excursion.

As promised I enclose some items for your Museum, i.e. the original MS of BILLY BUNTER'S BARRING-OUT; the original MS of THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANK RICHARDS; a drawing by R.J. Macdonald from BILLY BUNTER'S POSTAL ORDER and his original for the frontispiece of BILLY BUNTER BUTTS IN.

I hope you will like these items.

Yours sincerely,



Charles Skilton

February 26th.1960

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
BROADSTAIRS,
KENT.

Dear Chapman,

Very glad to see your fast again on a letter,
and to hear that you have been keeping so active: in spite
of Arctic weather, east winds, and all the ills that flesh is
heir to as we get on in years. I keep as well as usual: and
must conclude that Father Time has left his scythe somewhere
and forgotten where he left it. What a day we are having to-day!
As Shelley remarked, recklessly disregarding his subjunctives,
"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" And as Shakespeare
nearly said "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious
summer by the sun in Kent!" But really and truly, a spring day
like this does make one feel that life is worth living after all
----- and if one happens to be on the shady side of
eighty, who cares? In fact the sunshine this morning inspired
me to a parody of Tennyson:

What shall I be at ninety,
As I do my daily chore,
If I find the world so jolly,
When I'm barely eighty-four?

Yes, you are right about the one and only Billy: what should we do without him? The Johnny in the opera asked "Che farò senza Eurydice?"----but a more pertinent question would be "Che faremo senza Bunter?" May he live for ever, as his author appears to be going to do!

It must be just lovely up the river on a day like this. O for the days when one used to mess about in boats! But if we count our blessings, we find that we still have quite a lot left. I spend a lot of leisure turning popular songs into Latin rhyme, and have accumulated quite a stock, ready for a ~~the~~ rush of publishers. The rush has not yet set in---but who knows!

I hope you are enjoying this lovely spring day as much as I am.

With kindest regards,

Always yours sincerely,

Frank Richards

HARPENDEN 233A.

SOUTH WOLD,
21, PARK AVENUE,
HARPENDEN,
HERTS.

Oct-31.63

My Dear Wernham

Just a line to confirm that
I am expecting you on Sunday
next, as arranged, - I will meet
you at Harpenden station at 11.45.

I am afraid the weather has
broken, - but at any rate it is
warmer!

Yours sincerely

Ch. Town.

ROSE LAWN,
KINGSGATE-ON-SEA,
KENT.

April 8th, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Packman,

Many thanks for a very pleasant letter. I always like old readers to tell me that they specially like a story I specially like myself: and I always liked the "House-master's Home-Coming". It is a very long time since I have seen it, and I have taken the opportunity to re-read it in your copy: which I now return duly autographed by my other self, Martin Clifford.

I shall hope that you will like the new Tom Merry book when you see it, I think myself that the stories shape ever so much better in book form, which gives the writer room to move, as it were. I used to find this the case in the old double numbers---in the happy days when there were double numbers!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Frank Richards

44, Highmore Rd
Barnham
Reading,
16-9-63

Dear Mr. Wenham

I am indeed very sorry
I was unable to attend the Whitstone
meeting. The day was so blazing hot
& railway travelling a right-mare -
& the roads being bumper to bumper all
around Reading making motoring almost
impossible. There was ~~only~~, for me,
only one thing to do & that was to
stay at home & sew it out in my garden
- which I did - my daughters made me!
However another time may be more propitious!
'Hope you all had a good time
Kindest regards. Sincerely
Ed. Croft

50,000-WORD SCHOOL TALE! AND GRAND GAME GIVEN FREE!

GRAND WINTER NUMBER
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LIBRARY

No. 302.
Vol. 8.



"THE MYSTERY OF THE PAINTED ROOM!" A Magnificent, New, Long, Complete Tale of School Life and Adventure contained in this issue.



A snapshot of
Frank Richards
taken in the
garden at
Rose Lawn.

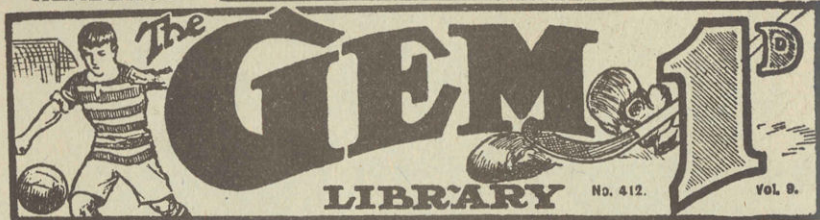
Published about 1915 it is remarkable that these two famous stories were concerned with a relatively minor school and introduced Greyfriars only in a supporting role.



FREE TUCK
HAMPER FOR
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The GREYFRIARS 1/2
No. 7. HERALD. 2
Edited by Harry Wharton & Co of Study 1, Greyfriars School.

A
NEW NUMBER
OUT TO-DAY!



THE GREAT MOTOR CAR CHASE!

(A Thrilling Scene in our Grand School Tale of TOM MERRY & CO., in this Issue.)

ON MERRY'S SLAVE!
A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Tale of School Life at St. Jim's.

The GEM LIBRARY VOL. 6. No. 132



LURING THE PERIL FROM HIS HELPLESS CHUM!
Tom Merry, with his eyes fixed on the snake, lured it from the helpless chum, who was lying on the ground. The snake was about to bite him, but Tom Merry's quick action saved him. The snake was then killed by Tom Merry's friend, who was also lying on the ground.

ONE AGAINST THE SCHOOL!
A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Lumley-Lumley and Tom Merry & Co.

The GEM LIBRARY



LUMLEY-LUMLEY'S LAST EFFORT TO SAVE HIS HONOUR!

A SPLIT IN THE SCHOOL!
A Magnificent New, Long, Complete Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's.

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HERO EFFORT FOR HIS SIDE!
Tom Merry's heroic effort to save his friend from a fall during a game.



"TAGGLES' BENEFIT." APRIL 15, THE 15th

The GEM LIBRARY



TOM MERRY'S CONCERT PARTY.
A splendid, extra long, complete school tale. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



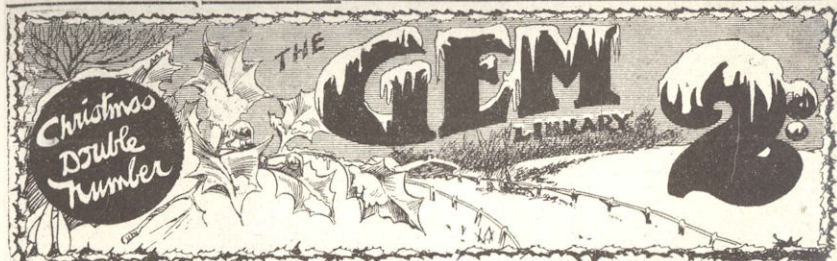
TOM MERRY & CO'S GRIM RACE TO THE RESCUE!



Taggles drove an iron chisel between the door and the jamb, and there was a loud-sounding crack as the door yielded. Tom Merry & Co. grasped their cudgils, and stood ready to rush at the desperate cracksmen whom they had tracked to the room.



Mattie gave a cry. "Father!" Tom Merry & Co. took divers' whistles to his feet, his hands bound, and with a yell in his throat, he driving down into the magnificent copper tub.



Complete Stories for Everyone, and Every Story a Gem!



The TERRIBLE THREE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

A Double Length Tale of Tom Merry & Co. By Martin Clifford.

CHAPTER I.

Arthur Augustus is a Little Hasty!

"**B** Al Jove, it's cold!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, made that undeniable statement. It was cold!

The chums of St. Jim's were packed into the railway carriage in reckless excess of the regulations, and they had coats and rugs galore: but all the same, it certainly was cold! Tom Merry stamped his feet, and Monty Lowther was beating a tattoo with his boots, which kept up an accompaniment to the rattle and roar of the train. Manners, with a

big rug round him, was reading—a text-book on photography, of course.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn were jammed together on the opposite seat, with Harry Noble and Blake and Digby. The Terrible Three occupied one side, with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his minor Wally. And it was cold! There was no doubt about that. Monty Lowther said it was on account of the weather not being warm, a feeble attempt at humour that was greeted with a general grunt.

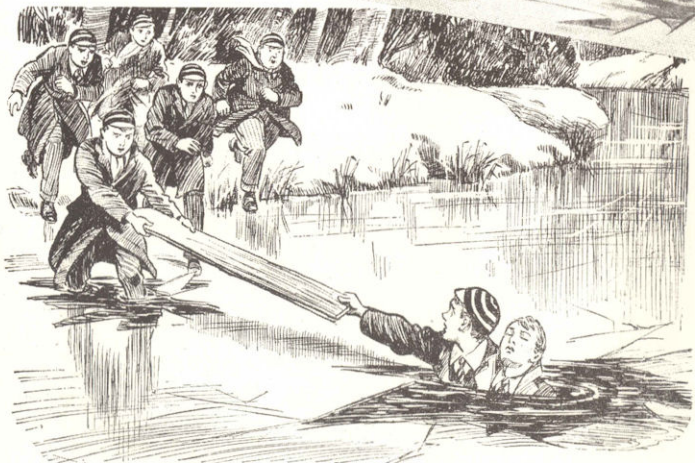
"Don't you be funny, Lowther," implored Jack Blake. "There are enough discomforts in travelling in the winter, without that."

"Oh, rats!" said Lowther.

The title page of the Gem Christmas number for 1909.



A favourite and often repeated theme.



"Catch hold, Monty!" exclaimed Manners. Lowther gripped the plank with one hand, holding Tom Merry up with the other. As Manners dragged at the plank the ice cracked under him and he went through. But Figgins & Co. were rushing to his aid.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,507.

SUPERB COMPLETE SCHOOL & RACING-STABLE STORIES & THRILLING SERIAL INSIDE

The GEM 2^D

LIBRARY OF
SCHOOL AND SPORTING STORIES

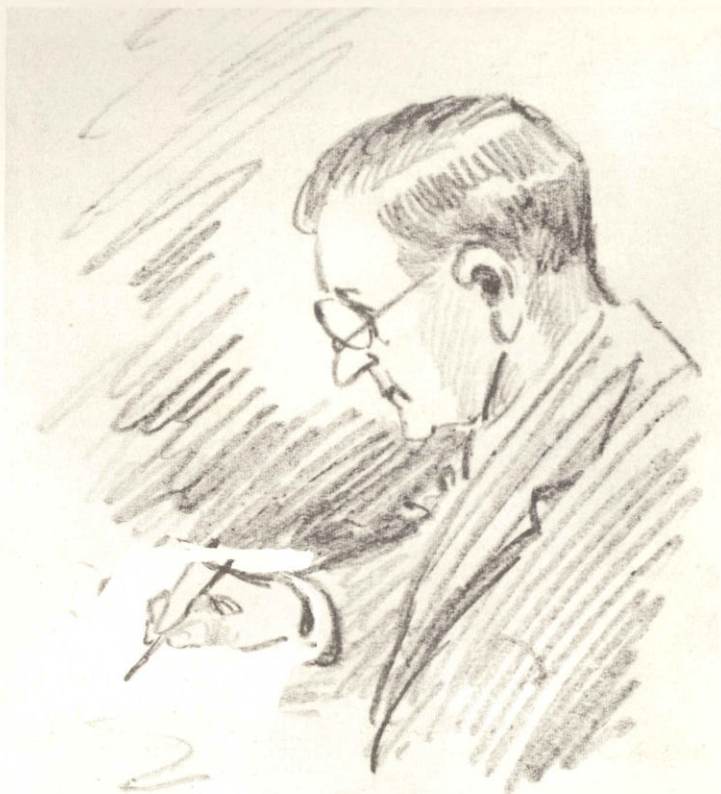
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

No. 383
Vol. XXVI,
August 22nd,
1934.



THE DORMITORY RAID!

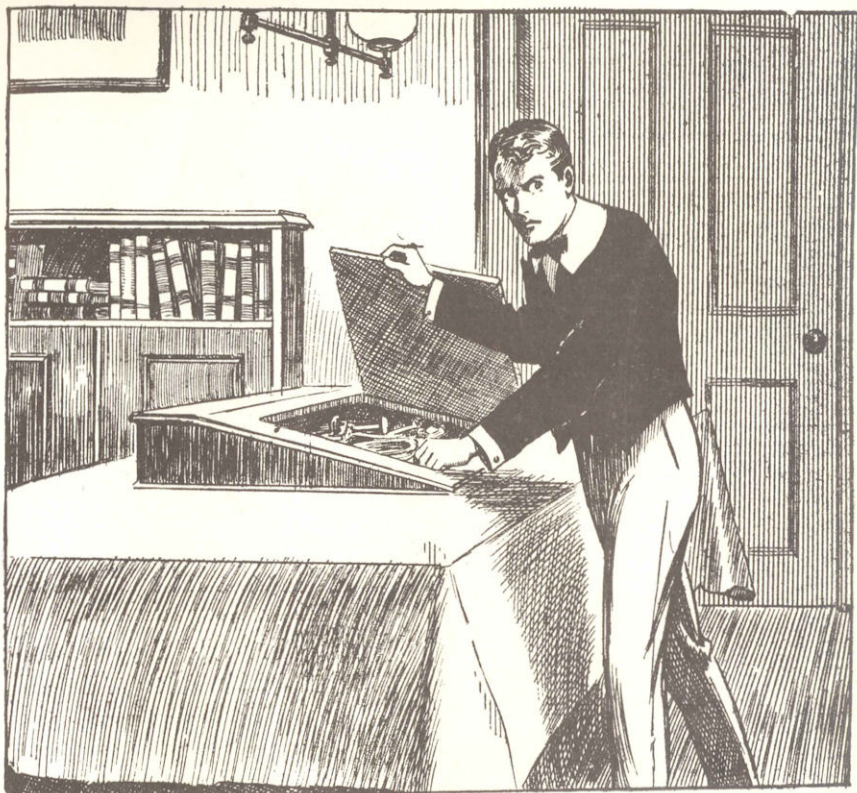
Led by Tom Merry, the School House Juniors take the New House by storm! (A lively incident from the grand, long complete school story of the chums of St. Jim's, contained in this issue.)



SKETCH of Mr. R. J. MacDONALD

"MAC"

C. H. CHAMBERLAIN



His fingers touched a secret spring and a lid opened, to reveal a glitter of steel within the recess. There came a rattle at the study door-handle, and Talbot hastily closed the secret receptacle. (See Chapter 4.)

THE " TOFF "

The introduction of a schoolboy cracksman was a new departure in the history of the " Gem " and in 1914 and 1915 Talbot dominated the scene in the St. Jim's stories.

MONSTER SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER.
THE GEM LIBRARY 2^D.

ASK YOUR FRIEND TO READ THIS ISSUE.

The Longest and Best School Story Ever Contributed to The "Gem" Library by
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The HOUSE-MASTER'S HOME-COMING!



"TOMORROW!"

Talbot muttered the word aloud, in a tone of hopeless misery. He had gone out - by himself - he wanted to be alone to think. The last rays of the sun were disappearing in the west; night was falling on the fields and the river.

The Toff had halted on the little stone bridge that spanned the Ryll, and leaned on the rough old parapet, looking back towards the school.

Over the trees rose the grey old tower, catching the last golden glimmer of the sinking sun. Tomorrow!



Clyde Cottage Hawkinge where Frank Richards lived from the end of World War I until about 1933.

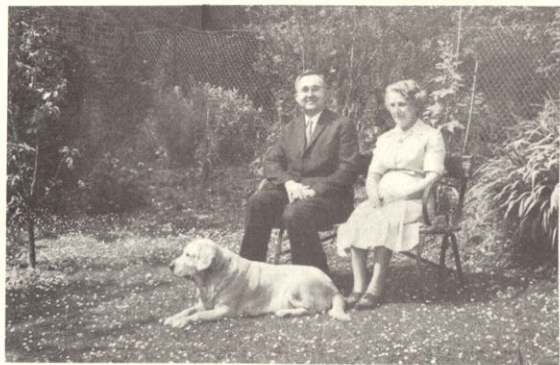


The post office at Hawkinge where he lived for a time.



"Appletrees"
Built in 1921
by Frank Richards
about two miles
out of the village.

A glimpse of the
sun lounge where
many a Greyfriars
plot was hatched.



Mr. Roger Jenkins
and Miss Edith Hood
relax in the garden
with a member of
the family now in
residence.



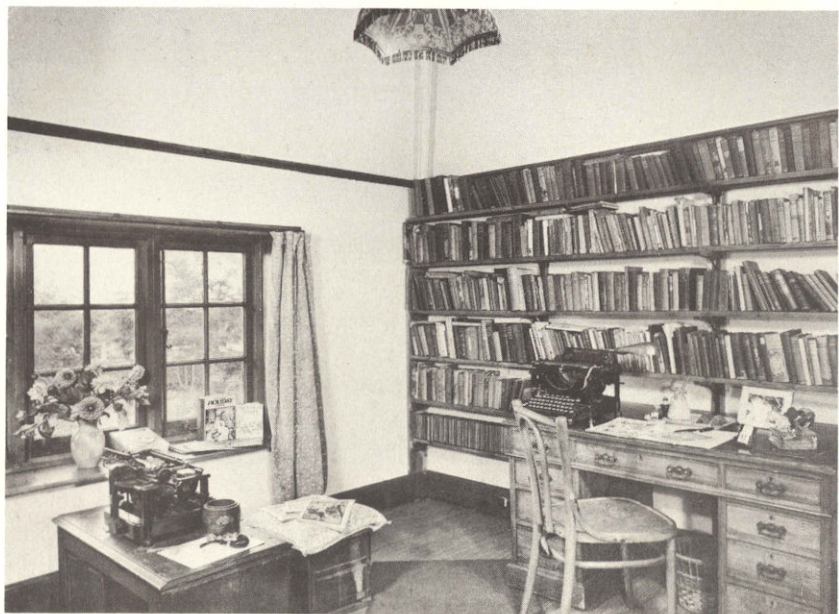
Roselawn



Miss Edith Hood entertains the President and Librarian of the London section of the Old Boys' Book Club in the garden at Rose Lawn.



Frank Richards' armchair and library of classics.



Above : Frank Richards' bedroom.

Below : His study.



Above : The dining room.

Below : The sitting room.

1921 THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1921 ANNUAL 1921
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1921 ANNUAL 1921
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1922 ANNUAL 1922
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1923 ANNUAL 1923
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1925 ANNUAL 1925
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



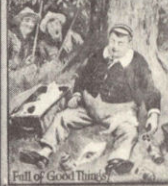
THE GREYFRIARS
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1927 ANNUAL 1927
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



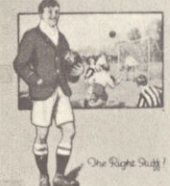
THE GREYFRIARS
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1929 ANNUAL 1929
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1930 ANNUAL 1930
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1931 ANNUAL 1931
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1932 ANNUAL 1932
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1933 ANNUAL 1933
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1934 ANNUAL 1934
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1935 ANNUAL 1935
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1936 ANNUAL 1936
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE GREYFRIARS
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1937 ANNUAL 1937
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1936 ANNUAL 1936
FOR BOYS & GIRLS



The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1939 ANNUAL 1939
FOR BOYS & GIRLS



The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1940 ANNUAL 1940
FOR BOYS



The Greyfriars
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
1941 ANNUAL 1941
FOR BOYS



1920 - 41

"A WORLD AT STAKE" & "CHANGED BY ADVERSITY."

TWO GRAND STORIES IN THIS ISSUE.



BUNTER COMES TO OWN UPI

GRAND COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE



RUGGER AND SOCCER MIXED!

A Scrumptiously Funny Incident in the Splendid Tale of School Life in this Issue!

IN THIS ISSUE: THE FALSE FORM-MASTER. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

A SPICED-UP, COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE BY FRANK WHARTON & CO. AT GUYARDS.



The story tells a complete and funny tale of school life. A school boy of Peter Todd's school and his friends are the stars. The story is full of fun and is a complete school tale. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life.

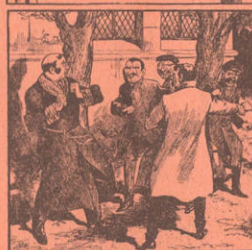
Every Schoolboys' Weekly.



Harry Wharton & Co. at Work on "The Greyfriars Herald."

PETER TODD'S PLOT!

A Splendid, Complete Tale of School Life—By FRANK RICHARDS.



The story tells a complete and funny tale of school life. A school boy of Peter Todd's school and his friends are the stars. The story is full of fun and is a complete school tale. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life.

FAGGING FOR COKER

A Regrettably Long Complete Tale of the Chores of Guyards. By Frank Richards.



Complete story of school life. The story is full of fun and is a complete school tale. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life. It is a grand tale of school life.

The Best for Bank Holiday!



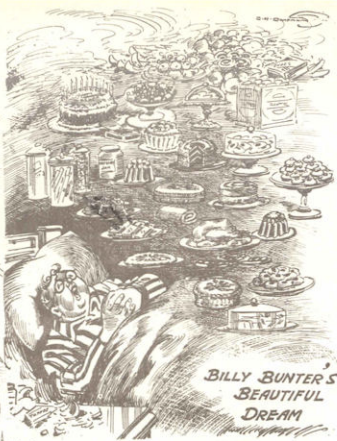
"SELF-CONDEMNED!" Complete School Story By FRANK RICHARDS.



Billy Baxter turned quite pale, and allowed the moral to drop back into the dish. "What's that to say?" he exclaimed. "Pence, cattie!" said Wan Long, beaming. "In China native cattle and doggo—stoo-ah-ah!" (A scummy fagging in the week's complete school story.)

Charles H. Chapman





A selection of the drawings presented to the museum by Mr. C. H. Chapman.





Big Bunter - with thanks to Johnny Wheeler still going strong!



AMEL BUNTER AS FALSTAFF



What would you do?

BUNTER THE BARD

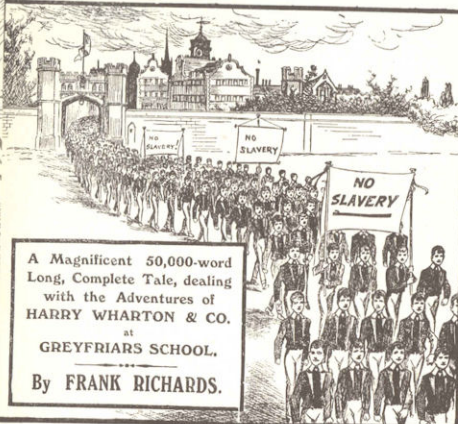


GRAND SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER.
THE MAGNET 2nd.
 LIBRARY.
 Week ending August 14th, 1915.

The Editor
 will be obliged
 if you will
 hand this book,
 when finished
 with, to a friend.

Red Cover Days.

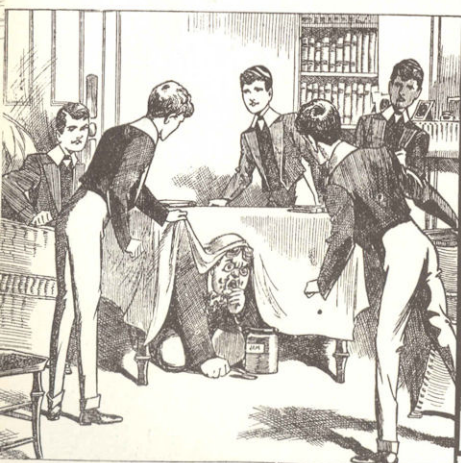
**SCHOOLBOYS NEVER
 SHALL BE SLAVES!**



A Magnificent 50,000-word
 Long, Complete Tale, dealing
 with the Adventures of
HARRY WHARTON & CO.
 at
GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.
 By **FRANK RICHARDS.**



'This is something like!' murmured Alonso Todd, as he helped himself liberally to the Headmaster's lunch. (See below.)



Bob Cherry dragged up the tablecloth. Then there was a general exclamation. "Buster!" The fat junior was revealed, crouching with the jam-spoon in his hand, one sticky paw caressing his injured chin. "That's where the jam's gone!" shouted Nugent. "He's got it there!" (See Chapter 2.)



'What is your name?' asked Miss Hall, regarding the fat junior with a glance of great disfavour. "I'm sure Johnny must have mentioned me to you," said Billy. "Haven't you ever heard him speak of Buster?" "Oh yes, I remember Johnny telling me of a fat boulder named Buster, who was no good at games or anything, but could eat like a rhinoceros!" (See Chapter 6.)

The Magnet
Library
WAR TIME PRICE **1 1/2d.**

SIR JIMMY'S ENEMY!

The Magnet
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WAR TIME PRICE **1 1/2d.**

KICKING OVER THE TRACES!

IN A NEW RÔLE!

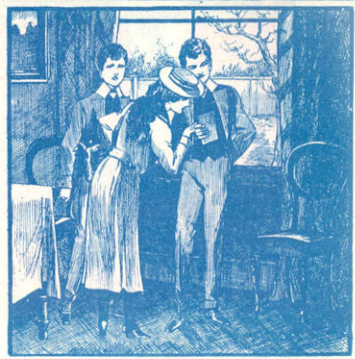
The Magnet
Library
WAR TIME PRICE **1 1/2d.**

ANGEL OF THE FOURTH!

KNOCKED OUT!
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TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS! **THE GREYFRIARS HERALD** No. 7, OUT TO-DAY. BUY IT AT ONCE!

The Magnet
Library
No. 178. Vol. 6. January 1915.



DRAMATIC SCENE IN "HAZELDENE'S HONOUR."

Grand Enlarged Christmas Number!

The Magnet 2^d February



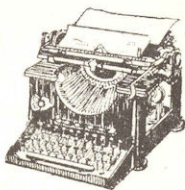
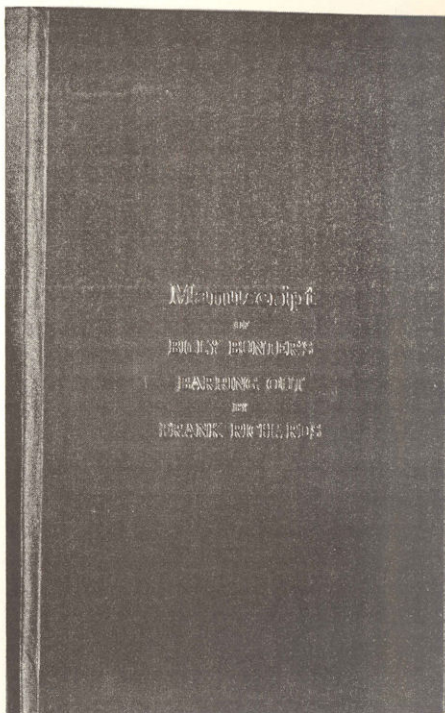
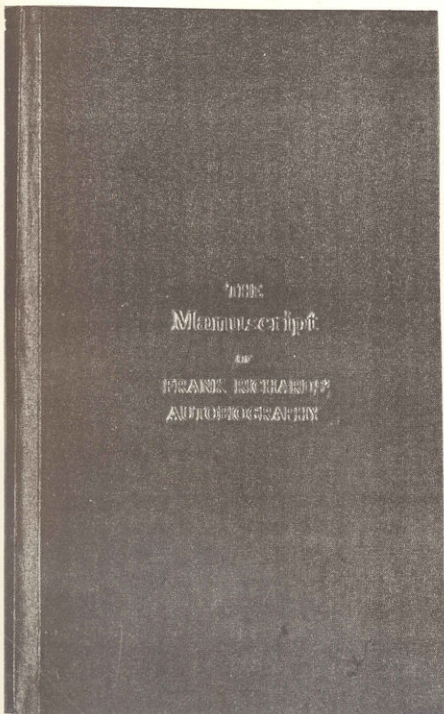
INKY IN ALL HIS GLORY!

(The Magnificent Scene when Harry Wharton & Co. arrive as Hurree Singh's guests for Christmas.)

No. 723. Vol. XX.

Week Ending December 17th, 1921.

Manuscripts



CHAPTER I.

FIRST SHOT.

FRANK RICHARDS, at seventeen, was at a loose end. He was in the perplexing state of not knowing what he was going to do.

So he was again, by a curious coincidence, at seventy! But let us not, as the novelists used to say, anticipate.

What Frank was going to do, and to become, was in those days a problem to which a solution had to be found.

Frank was rather good at chess problems; but not at that sort of problem. He had many ideas, -- perhaps too many. He wanted to be either an author or a pen-and-ink artist: or both. He had had, from earliest boyhood, a strong desire to go to sea. He had an almost equally strong desire to become a famous cricketer. But chiefly, all the time, he wanted to write. And in fact he did write, though his earliest works, dating from the age of seven, are fortunately lost to humanity.

But though he was never quite himself without a pen in his hand, he hardly dared dream of print.

But he had to do something. It was necessary to live; or at all events it seemed necessary. Covering page after page of foolscap with small neat handwriting filled up many happy hours: but it produced nothing tangible. Frank was too diffident to indulge more than the faintest hope that it ~~might~~ ever would. When it did, he was the most amazed, as well as the most delighted, young person in the universe.

It came about in this wise. An elderly relative put him in touch with a certain Mr. M.

Mr. M. was a publisher and printer, -- I rather think that he was a big printer and a small publisher. He had the idea of launching a new Boy's Paper, and was looking round for writers.

There were plenty of writers in 1890; but they did not crowd the highways and the byways in uncounted numbers, as in these ~~more~~ happy latter days. In those old days there was room to move, and a chance for everybody. That was Frank's chance.

He had many doubts. He almost trembled at the thought of his writings coming under the eye of a real live publisher. He hesitated to make the plunge. Still, he made it.

He sorted out a fresh block of foolscap, put a new nib in his pen, and set to work. The veil of the future hid from him the fact that that pen was never to be idle again for ten years: not till it was replaced by the typewriter. He was dubious of the result. But with a pen in his hand, as in later years on the machine, he forgot all doubts, -- or rather he was ~~uncon-~~ impervious to doubt: he lived what he was writing, and was lost to everything else. Doubt could not return till the pen was laid down; and if it returned, it was only to be banished again when the pen was resumed. Frank was always like that when he was writing: deaf and blind to all else. In later days an earthquake shock passed him unheeded while he sat at the typewriter: and in still later and more hectic days, bombs burst and doodle-bugs whizzed, like the idle wind which he regarded not. While he wrote, the world of his imagination was much more real to him than the humdrum world outside.

So there was Frank, not yet eighteen, writing, --- not his first story by many a one, but the first that a publisher ever saw. For days he was rather a hermit, writing and writing. And the story grew and grew. And at length it was completed, and despatched to Mr. M.

conscience. But even Bunter had a conscience--of sorts!

All the worried fat Owl wanted was to keep his own part in the affair a deep dead secret. He did not want the blame to fall on another fellow. It had so fallen--and Bunter's fat conscience, such as it was, was troubled.

Certainly it did not occur to him to own up, and take the unpleasant medicine himself. That idea did not even enter his mind at all. More than ever, now that he knew that it was a matter of expulsion, it was necessary for him to keep his secret--that was how Bunter looked at it. All the King's horses and all the King's men could not have dragged a confession from him. But it was awful for poor old Bob--Bunter felt that, and he was deeply dismayed and uneasy. He would have done anything--except the only thing that would have been on anyone--to help Bob out of this scrape.

Quite unaware of the worry on the fat Owl's mind, and in fact not even remembering his existence at all, the crowd in the Rag discussed that exciting happening. Quelch in his sooty state had evoked merriment--but now that it was known that a man was to be 'bunked', all the fellows realised that it was serious. More and more fellows, coming in from excursions out of gates, heard the news, and joined in the buzz of talk. All or nearly all the Remove were in the Rag, when the Co. came in. Harry Wharton and Co. could not help noting that not a fellow expressed any doubt that Bob had "done it". That was taken for granted--as indeed they themselves would have taken it for granted, but for Bob's denial. Smithy was not the only one who thought it as "plain as noonday". Certainly, there was plenty of sympathy with Bob; but nobody doubted that he had asked for what he was going to get.

Mark Linley came over to the Co. with a clouded face. The Lancashire junior was very friendly with Bob, in No. 13 Study, and the news had been a shock to him when he came in from Lantham.

"You fellows know, of course--!" he said.

"Yes," said Harry.

"Know where Bob is now?"

"Quelch has just taken him to the Head!"

"Poor old Bob! What on earth can have made him do it?" said Mark. "I know he was wild with Quelch--but--but it wasn't like him to do such a thing. What if I'd known what he had in mind, I wouldn't have gone out this afternoon--but how could a fellow think--"

"Bob says he never did it," said Harry.

"Oh! He's said so?"

"Yes."

"Then who on earth did?" exclaimed Mark, blankly. "Who would want to soot Quelch-- ~~and who could have known he would be coming up to our study--~~ Bob knew, because he went out instead of taking in his impot--but who else--?"

"You believe Bob?"

"Yes, of course. If he says he didn't do it, he didn't! I know old Bob well enough to believe that. But--well, it beats me."

"Hallo," called out Skinner, "what's that? Is Cherry making out that he didn't soot Quelch?"

"Yes!" growled Johnny Bull.

"My hat! He's got a nerve to take that line! Why, Quelch knows he did, just as if he saw him fixing it up!" exclaimed Skinner, in astonishment.

"What on earth's the good of spinning that yarn?" asked Snoop, staring. "Does he think Quelch is an idiot?"

"Is Bob going to tell the Head that?" asked Peter Todd.

"Yes! It's true."

"Um!" said Peter.

"Let's hope the Head will think it's true!" said Skinner, with a grin.

"The truthfulness is terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Skinner," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Skinner laughed.

"Mind shuttin' up, Skinner?" came a drawl from a deep armchair, in which Lord Mauleverer was reposing his aristocratic limbs. "You rather get on a fellow's nerves, if you don't mind my mentionin' it."

Skinner stared round at him.

"Do you believe that, Mauly, you say?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"Who sooted Quelch, if Cherry didn't?" asked Hazeldene.

"Ask me another," said Lord Mauleverer. "It's up to the prefects to find that out. Bob didn't."

"How do you know he didn't, fathead?" demanded Belsover major.

"Haven't you just heard Wharton say that Bob says he didn't? Isn't that good enough for you?"

"Think it will be good enough for the Head?" asked Skinner. "I suppose you don't know what a silly ass you are, Mauly. A fellow will say anything, when he's up for

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

The Gondoliers.

In enterprise of martial kind,
 When there was any fighting,-
 He led his regiment from behind,
 He found it less exciting.
 But when away his regiment ran
 His place was at the fore,O!
 That celebrated,
 cultivated,
 under-rated

nobleman,

The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!
 You always found that knight, ha, ha!
 That celebrated,
 Cultivated,
 Under-rated

Latin version by Frenk Richards.

Nobleman,

The Duke of Plaza-Toro.

Ab extre^am^o acie in bellu^o -
 Cohortem ille ducebat.
 Ubi ^{ubi enim} adveniebat proelium.
~~Mans~~ ^{Mans} excitens ~~hoc~~ ^{hoc} erat.
 Sed semper in fuga primus.
 Totius leg^onis,
 Is clarissimus,
 Nobilissimus.
 Altissimus.

patricius,

Dux Plaza-Toronis!-

Semper erat primus, ha, ha,

In fuga, hostibus, ha, ha!

Is clarissimus,

Nobilissimus,

Altissimus,

Patricius,

Dux Plaza-Toronis.

*locus excitens
 manus erat*

ab

ab

WALTZING MATILDA.

~~1~~ A Olim sedebat prope ripam fluminis,
Solutus grassator sub umbra fagi.
Et cantabat donec aestuaret in cortine aqua,
"Veni, ^{ut} saltemus, Matilda, veni!
Veni, Matilda! -
Veni, Matilda, -
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!" *ut desaltemus*
Et cantabat donec aestuaret in cortine aqua,
"Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"

Ad ripam mox devenit agnus sitiens,
Quem rapuere manus viri,
Et cantabat dum praedam collegit in sacculum,
"Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!
Veni, Matilda,
Veni, Matilda,
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"
Et cantabat dum praedam collegit in sacculum,
"Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"

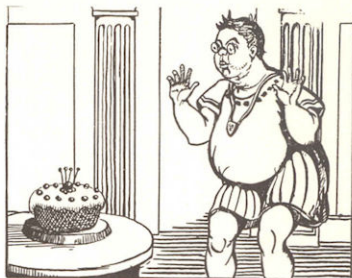
Tum veniebat rusticus, custodesque,
Et illum deripuere vi,
Et cantabant "Ubi est agnelus? Est in sacculo!
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!
Veni, Matilda!
Veni, Matilda,
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"
Et cantabant "Ubi est agnelus? Est in sacculo!
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"

Velox grassator in aquam desiluit,
"Nunquam me capies! Melius mori!"
Sed vox umbræ audietur prope ripam fluminis,
"Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!
Veni, Matilda!
Veni, Matilda!
Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"
Umbræ vox audietur prope ripam fluminis,
"Veni ut saltemus, Matilda, veni!"

Placenta Amissa

HEU, me miserum! Quanta ac qualia patior! Porcius, cui erant oculi rotundi, facies rotundior, venter vel rotundissimus, in ludo stabat et mensas omnes circumspiciebat. Porcius valde esuriebat (quando autem eius stomachus non latrabat?), nihil non edere paratus erat, sed iam nihil cibi, ne escam quidem videre poterat. 'Eheu' iterum gemebat cum subito pedum sonitum audivit. Iamque et esuriebat et timebat, nam omnes ludum ante vesperum intrare vetiti erant. Celeriter igitur ad angulum tenebrosum cucurrit, ubi sellae quaedam fractae congestae erant, et pone eas se celavit. Statim fere intraverunt, non magister, sed duo alii discipuli, Verrucius Nugensque, amici quos Porcius *eo tempore* videre nolebat. 'Non hic est,' inquit Verrucius, postquam circumspexit. 'Haud dubie, mi Verruci,' respondit Nugens, nam vix illud corpus obesum non videre potuimus! Sed quid nunc facies?' 'Hic relinquam—non ante vesperum huc redibit—tum ei hoc dabo'. Parumper silentium erat, tum Porcius eos exeuntes audivit. Primum immotus manebat, dein aegerrime surrexit, et circumspiciens animadvertit in mensa fascem quandam, mappa obvolutum. Primum constitit, tum celeriter ad fores cucurrit, quas silentio aperuit, et prospexit: cum nemo adesset ad mensam rediit.

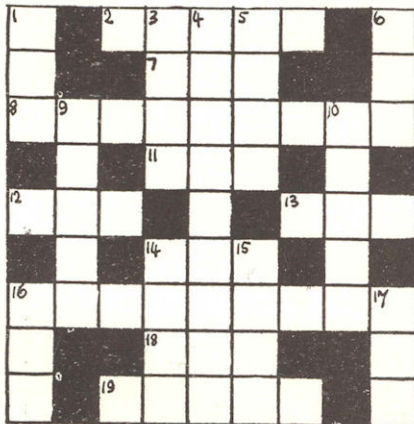
Fascis satis magnus erat, sed quid inerat? Porcius manum protendit, tum subtraxit, iterum ad fores circumspiciens. Denique iam audacior factus rursus manum protendit et exiguum partem mappae sublevavit—et oculi paene exsurrerunt! In fascie erat placenta maxima—et quam



bella! Etiam magis iam esuriebat Porcius—sed cuius placenta? Nonne relinquere debuit? Tandem autem exclamavit, 'Quod invenires, tenes! Per Cererem et Persephonen, nunc vero famam meam hac bella placenta depellam!', et statim partem magnam secuit atque manifesta delectatione esse coepit. Ubi iam hanc comedit, paulum cunctatus tandem placentam reliquam auferre constituit: et iam erat exiturus cum fores patefactae sunt, et intravit Macer, puer haud semper Porcio amicus. 'Ah ah, mi Porci, quid habes? Da mihi!' Porcius effugere conatus est, sed Macer celeriter supplantavit, rapuit placentam, in tergo iacentis Porcii consedit. 'Oh! Oh!' ululavit Porcius, 'surge, me laedis!' 'At tu' respondit Macer, 'multo mollior es quam sella, neque ego Si reliquam partem legere cupis, ad dextram specta.

Something NEW in Crosswords!

HERE is something you have never before seen in any boy's paper—a crossword puzzle in simple Latin. See how quickly you can solve it. A minute or two's thought will show you that you know MUCH more Latin than you gave yourself credit for. If you get stuck—get your master to help. He'll be interested, too! The solution (for which no prize is offered) will be published in MODERN BOY next Saturday.



CLUES

ACROSS

2. I teach.
7. A thing.
8. Famous Greek city.
11. Stand.
12. Twice.
13. Where.
14. Altar.
16. Nearer.
18. "That," fem. pl.
19. To mow.

DOWN

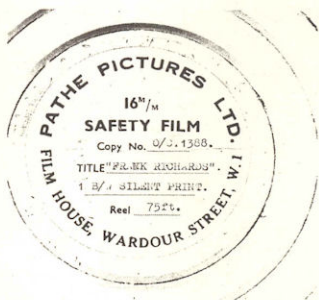
1. This.
3. Shore, abl. pl.
4. Hundreds.
5. Be!
6. A rodent.
9. Appear.
10. To shade.
14. An axle, acc.
15. To love, 3rd subj.
16. Through.
17. A monarch.

Films



Shots from a newsreel taken at Rose Lawn showing Frank Richards at work on the typewriter and entertaining the children with readings from the "Magnet".

Films



Shots from a newsreel taken at Rose Lawn showing Frank Richards at work on the typewriter and entertaining the children with readings from the "Magnet".

No. 1 of a Great New School Story Library

THE **GREYFRIARS PLAYERS!**



by FRANK RICHARDS

4^D

THE **SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY**

No. 1
30/4/25

Now that the last proof is off the press it is time to thumb through the leaves and wonder if this or that page could have been improved or whether the selected material has been properly balanced. It was not originally intended to produce a volume of 60 or 70 pages but it soon became apparent that if each item was to be fairly presented it would be necessary to avoid any sort of overcrowding or severe reduction in size.

The booklet was never intended to be a catalogue but rather to illustrate the archives contained in the museum which may be of interest to collectors or may attract the attention of others who are not yet acquainted with the activities of the Old Boys' Book Club.

Though modest in its proportions the museum contains some valuable relics which was only made possible by the generosity of the many friends who have contributed to the collection, especially Mr. C.H. Chapman and the publisher, Mr. Charles Skilton. We are also indebted to the proprietors of the Saturday Book for permission to reprint the article "Boys' Writer".

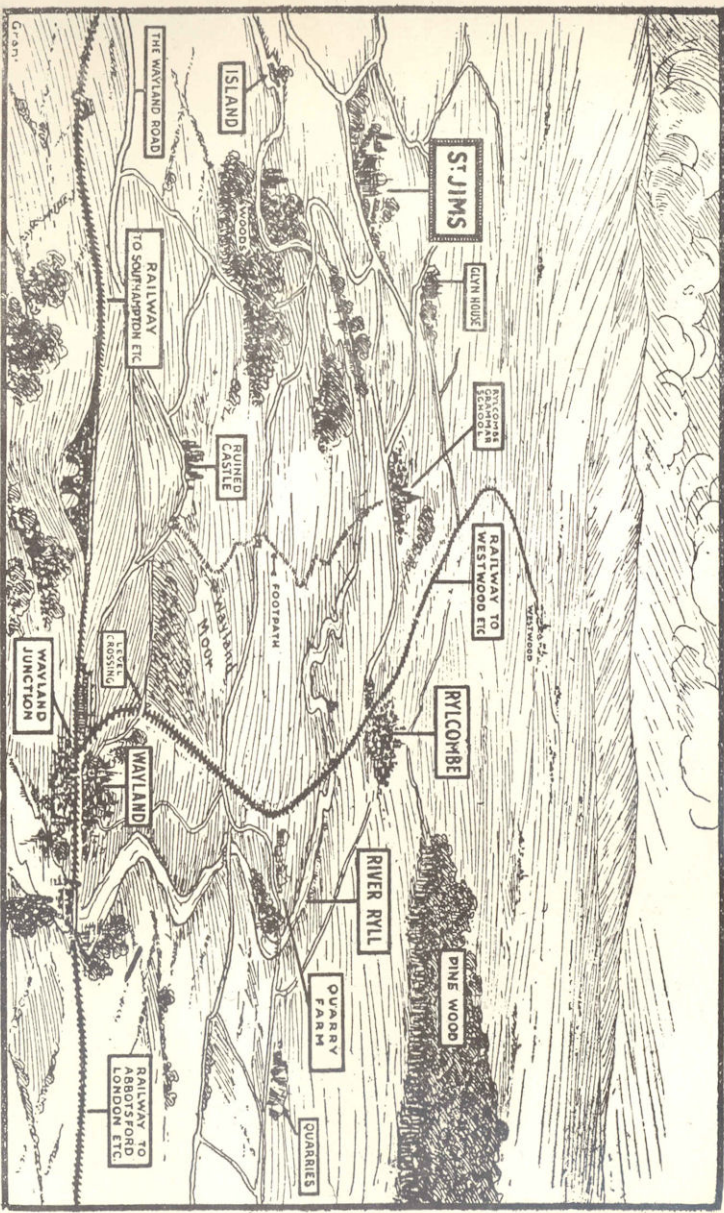
The work of production has been a pleasant labour in spite of the difficulties involved and if you have enjoyed travelling through these few pages then all is well.

30 Tonbridge Road,
Maidstone.

John Wernham.



ST. JAMES' COLLEGE, SUSSEX.



A GENERAL PLAN OF SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

PRAYER

By Frank Richards

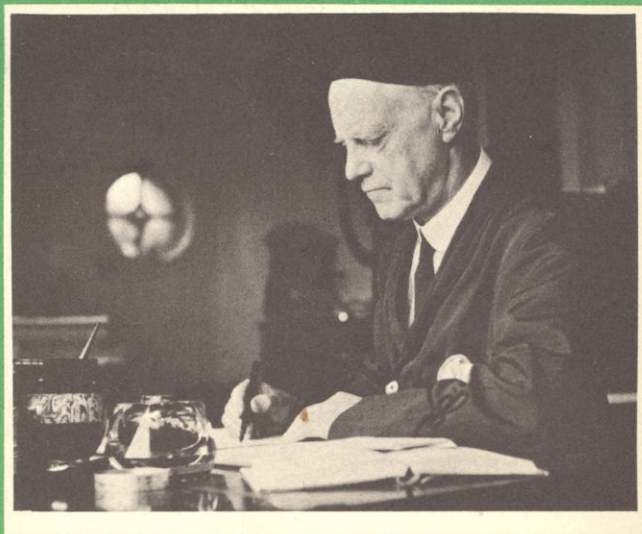
That prayer is answered by the good God is, to my mind, not a matter of argument or discussion, but of plain fact, plain to all but those who, having eyes, see not. But in this matter, as in all others, it is necessary to have regard to common sense. We must consider how we pray, and for what. We must consider whether our prayer may deserve an answer. And the first step must be to eliminate selfishness, which can scarcely be expected to find favour in the eyes of our Father in heaven.

The man who should pray to be permitted to break the bank at Monte Carlo, could hardly look for an answer. The man who should pray for worldly success must expect to find the heavens dumb. For what is worldly success but a desire to live in a bigger house, and wear better clothes than our neighbour? God may pity the folly of such a petition, but He will hardly accede to it. If you pray for advantages for yourself, you are wasting your breath. But if you pray to be made a better man, a kinder husband, a more dutiful son or father God will help you. Your prayer will be answered; and you will find the happiness for which you ought not to ask given to you unasked. God will lend His ear to such prayers; but He cannot be expected to listen to selfish whinings.

To my mind, then, it boils down to this; If we pray that we may do our duty that we may have kinder hearts and more patient minds, in a word, that we may be better Christians, God will hear and answer. But if we pray for our own benefit, as a hog might for a larger allowance of swill, there will be nothing but silence . . . precisely the answer we shall deserve.



THE END.



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