The Collector's Miscellany

A journal for collectors of Old and Modern Boys' Books, Bloods, Penny Number Romances, Etc.

No. 12 (5TH. SERIES). OLD SERIES, No. 98. MAY, 1948.

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No. 12 (5TH. SERIES). OLD SERIES, No. 98. MAY, 1948.

R. A. H. GOODYEAR

BY ALMON HORTON

BELOVED contributor to the pages of "The Collector's Miscellany," R. A. H. Goodyear—of boy's story fame—never sailed out of the United Kingdom, so his adventures were none. No tale of adventure he had ever read in the past was the slightest aid to him. In his youth he attended the local Grammer school and later made characters of fiction assisted by his memories of the boys who had attended it with him. And he never had a boys' story unaccepted. His only failure was a long book into which he fused a girl— a lass cost him two months of wasted effort.

Mr. Goodyear's activities began in earnest when he was six years old. He cut out articles from early penny papers and pasted them into scrapbooks and albums. These articles gradually and imperceptibly served their purpose in educating him. Having read them over and over again, he had at the age of 14 taught himself to write successfully and was earning money at a guinea a column.

Like many other successful writers, R. A. H. Goodyear had his amateur days. Before leaving school he founded "The Holgate Journal," a handwritten magazine. Nineteen issues were created. "Readers must have had many a laugh at the blunders I unconsciously made in my deadly seriousness" he conjectured. "I wrote serials, articles, essays and poems and drew most of the illustrations myself."

From the early age of 16 he laboured over twelve years for several professional publications, his work usually appearing weekly. Subsequently these publications changed their literary style and R. A. H. Goodyear had a hard struggle. He fought for years for a place amongst the novelists and ultimately succeeded in obtaining regular commissions for his work. Often he was requested to write 4,000 to 8,000 word manuscripts in great haste and sometimes would receive old pictures (particularly to-

wards Christmas) and be instructed to write stories around them.

At length he wearied of love tales and plunged into boys' stories, concentrating on school serials and 30,000-word yarns. Then in 1907 the great limerick boom gripped the country and although Mr. Goodyear ignored them at first his initial attempt won him £27. Two weeks later he won a first prize of £300, and devoting his full attention to these literary contests during the next few years, he had some brilliant successes.

His was a most expensive country household. Constructed to his wife's designs, it stood in its own grounds of half an acre. At first Mr. and Mrs. Goodyear managed it themselves but the work became too much for his delicate wife and the services of a maid and part-time gardener became indispensable. Then with his domestic expenses rising to £30 a week and with the added burden of nursing home treatment for his invalid wife, R. A. H. Goodyear resolved to settle down in dire earnestness to the task of writing books for boys.

He was elated by the acceptance of his first book. Much to his chargrin, his next four were returned! He vowed he would return to his literary contests but his wife managed to persuade him otherwise. "On! On!" she insisted. "You'll succeed yet!" He could not believe it. A few months elasped. Then a letter came from the publishers requesting him to submit the four manuscripts again if he still had them: he did, and the publishers took them all.

It later transpired that his first book had suddenly become a success. It ran into several editions, and from that time there ensued another spell of greatly-concentrated endeavour. With his wife still lingering in the throes of a painful, fatal illness, the writiting of six to ten full-sized books a year sucked up all the time he could spare from garden and household chores. But he was undaunted and sold many books to various publishing firms.

A comedy which he wrote in 1924 in less than a week he styled "Our Bessie." He has always counted this as one of the headlights of his work. Performed as it was at first by raw villagers, nothing gave him greater satisfaction than its success. Later the play went on tour with a professional company and roved to the South of England and then to Scotland and Wales. Mr. Goodyear also wrote six other three-act plays that have been performed

—continued on page 190

DAYTIME AND EVENTIDE BOYHOOD BOOKS

BY R. A. H. GOODYEAR

AS one gets old, events which have happened only a few weeks before are apt to slip from one's memory, while recollections of what occurred in childhood become sharper and clearer. So it is said, anyhow, and I can testify that interesting features of my childhood now seem more vivid to me than ever.

I can, for instance, remember my father insisting that I should divide my daily reading into two sections. I could peruse as many boy's books and papers as I had time for during the daytime ; at eventide I had to open the bookcase doors and choose a volume of different quality. What were then called "blood-and-thunders" — very much mis-styled so in my opinion — therefore gave place to something deemed "better and more respectable," and it is in remembering what they were that my mind is now so reliably accurate.

I recollect reading "Blueskin" by day and balancing its gaudiness with Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" by night. Another time I took from the bookcase Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" and tried to concentrate on it after a daytime revel in "Tom Wildrake's Schooldays." It was comparatively hard going.

I fear G. P. R. James's "Agincourt" read tamely in contrast with "Broad Arrow Jack," and I sighed a good deal over Marie Cummings's "The Lamplighter," which went down badly when matched against the shilling book I had just set aside : "Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvedere."

On the whole, though, I see now that I gained appreciably from this half-and-half rationing of reading. Had I been allowed my own unfettered choice I believe I should never have pushed away the bloods when the shadows began to fall. My dad controlled a painter's and decorator's workshop and his apprentices all read "bloods," which he borrowed and brought home for my delight. There were really so many of them that I am confident I shouldn't have relinquished them voluntarily for adult books like "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Lorna Doone" and "Moonstone," all four tremendous best-sellers in their time.

It was hard at first to replace "The Blue Dwarf" by Dora Russell's "Footprints in the Snow," but of the two tales I now recall nearly all that happened in the Russell story and very little of what the Blue Dwarf did. I still bear pleasantly in mind some chapters of Hugh Conway's "Called Back," yet I should be able to tell you very little of the narrative which made "Tom Torment" or "Ned Nimble" far the more entertaining to me then.

"Jack Harkaway's Schooldays" and "Jack Harkaway among the Brigands" appeared in childhood to be immeasurably finer stories than Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Charles Kingley's "Westwood Ho!" "And they still are," some of my contemporary Old Boys will say. It is a matter of opinion. "Westward Ho!" and "The Scarlet Letter" are now classics — can we say that the Jack Harkaway yarns are?

There were rich and promising titles among the bookcase volumes which my father compelled me to tackle as makeweight, so to speak, and I am wondering how many of the following some of our older readers may have seen and possibly enjoyed reading in the rose-and-gold days of childhood: As in a Looking Glass; Conjuror Dick; Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux; Under Two Flags; Valentine Vox; Lancashire Witches; In a Glass Darkly; Cheapjack Zita; Oran the Goldbeater; Christopher Tadpole; Tom Cringle's Log; Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea; Modern Dick Whittington; Stripped of the Tinsel; Tre, Pol and Pen; Cherry Ripe and Monsieur Violet.

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THE COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY

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Crimes that inspired Penny Bloods

BY JOHN MEDCRAFT

LIFE amongst the lower classes in the heyday of Edward Lloyd was of an immeasurably lower standard than it is today. Almost every social evil was rife in the Hungry Forties, pleasures were few and often sordid while drunkenness and vice with the attendant miseries were widespread. A particularly atrocious crime, and there were many, would excite considerable interest while public executions instilled something of a Bank Holiday atmosphere in the drab lives of the masses. Popular literature was in keeping with the times and extravagant fiction of the Gothic, highwayman or domestic type vied with stories of elaborated fact which had their inspiration in the many brutal crimes of the period. Every new crime would open up fresh avenues of literary opportunity for the old penny-a-liner and Augustus Sala tells how Malcolm J. Errym prospered for the duration of the sensation from his writings on the Manning crime in 1847. After the Mannings were hanged, Errym gradually degenerated into his former condition of seediness until such time as another murder gave further scope for his pen. It is on record, however, that Errym did eventually prosper as an author for, after writing many romances for Lloyd, he went to John Dicks and for them wrote "Nightshade," "Edith the Captive," "George Barrington" and most of his best stories.

Many such crimes, a few still remembered but the majority long forgotten, formed the basis of the old penny bloods of a century ago and, although considerably elaborated, these full-blooded stories conformed in the main to the original facts. One of the earliest versions of that familiar tragedy "Maria Martin; or, the Murder in the Red Barn" was published by B. D. Cousins in 1842 under the title of "The Gipsey's Warning; or, Love and Ruin." The perculiar fascination of this sordid theme is remarkable and it must rank as the most frequently reprinted story of its type.

The terrible consequences of crime was graphically told in "Catherine Hayes; or, Crime and Punishment" published by W. Caffyn about the same time. With two male accomplices who went to the gallows, Catherine Hayes was sentenced to be burned at the stake for the brutal murder of her husband. It was customary in such sentences for the executioner to strangle the woman before the flames reached her but the official bungled his

task and was compelled to retreat with the result that the wretched woman was not only alive but fully conscious for a considerable time.

A long forgotten tragedy is recalled by "Melina the Murderess" written by Septimus Hunt, an erstwhile reporter, and published by W. Caffyn in 1848. This is the story of a young woman who, in St. James Park, shot the soldier by whom she had been seduced and betrayed. One of the most successful romances published by Edward Lloyd in 1847 was "The Lady in Black" which was founded on the tragic story of a young lady who lost her reason following the execution for forgery of her brother, a clerk in the Bank of England. For years afterwards her appearance was familiar to all who frequented the vicinity of the Bank, a thin, pale figure, invariably dressed in black, walking to and fro before the entrance, waiting for the brother she would never see again.

Never has truth so completely surpassed fiction as in the terrible story of "Sawney Beane the Monster of Scotland" a penny number version of which has been ascribed to Edward Lloyd. While I have never seen this item and have no certain knowledge that it ever existed, I am of the opinion the old writers would scarcely have neglected so perfect a theme for a blood. Sawney Beane was born near Edinburgh in the reign of James the Fourth. An idle and profligate youth, he left his birthplace with a young woman of equally vicious tendencies and they made their headquarters in a deep and tortuous cavern near the seashore of Galloway, the entrance of which was covered to a considerable depth at high tide. They then commenced their depredations and to avoid all possibility of detection murdered every person they robbed. Unable to obtain food they resorted to cannibalism and in this manner lived until the horrible family had increased to 48 persons, 27 men and 21 women, all offsprings of incest. With consummate cunning they never attacked unless sure of success, laying ambush in every direction and always securing their prey.

For 25 years Sawney Beane and his family prospered in evil, unknown and unsuspected by the authorities, but the first victim to escape their clutches brought long delayed retribution. A man and his wife mounted on one horse were returning one evening from a nearby fair when attacked by the band. The woman was dragged from the horse and brutally killed and the man, frantic with terror, drove his horse through the inner ring of assailants

but would have succumbed to numbers had not Providence interposed in the shape of a band of horsemen returning from the same fair. Sawney Beane and his band fled to their lair leaving the dead woman as mute witness behind. The husband told his story and this was communicated to King James who set out with 400 men and several bloodhounds to round up the evil band. After a long and arduous search the entrance to the cavern was at last discovered and in the innermost depths, nearly a mile from the entrance, the entire family was discovered surrounded by evidence of their ghastly activities. They were taken to Edinburgh and summarily executed with many of the unpleasant preliminaries practiced at the time.

"Jonathan Bradford ; or, the Murder at the Roadside Inn" published by E. Lloyd in 1846, presents an interesting perversion of the actual facts. Bradford, who was hanged for the murder of a wealthy guest at his inn was later found to be innocent. But moral justice was done for he had entered the fatal chamber intending to commit the deed but found his guest already robbed and murdered by an accomplice. Lloyd, in his penny number version, portrays Bradford as a wrongly accused man who, with innocence eventually proved, was restored to the bosom of his family in peace and freedom.

When Lloyd ceased publishing bloods in 1855 the flow of these stories waned and their place was taken by the lurid fiction of the Newsagents Publishing Co. and similar firms which in turn gave way to a better type of reading heralded by Brett's "Boys of England," the first real attempt to cater exclusively for boys along popular lines.

Around 1870-80, George Purkess Junior, proprietor of the "Illustrated Police News," revived the real crime story with the publication of "Charles Peace the Burglar," "Marwood the Hangman," "Calcraft the Hangman" and others, all with illustrations of the "Police News" type, but with this publisher the vogue ended.

Today the only choice between the bald facts of the "Famous Trial" series and fiction of the murder mystery type is presented when an enterprising author grafts the technique of an outstanding modern crime to fictional characters in an imaginary setting.

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PLUCK— The Paper with the Yellow Cover —

BY HERBERT LECKENBY

(*continued from page 172*)

ONE cannot help speculating on what might have been if the "Gem" had never been thought of: would "Pluck" have run until 1939 or would St. Jims have passed into the realm of forgotten schools?

However, the first story in "Pluck" appeared in No. 105 and was entitled "Jack Blake of St. Jims" and told of his entry there. D'arcy made his appearance later but Tom Merry & Co. were unknown until the "Gem" was born. Possibly ten or a dozen stories appeared in "Pluck." There were several series of school stories including Specs & Co. by H. Clarke Hook, those of Wycliffe and Haygarth by Jack North, and Brooks of Ravenscar by Michael Storm. All these were first-class stories, those by Michael Storm being rather unique. All these stories were illustrated by Leonard Shields with the exception of the Haygarth series which came from the pencil of Warwick Reynolds.

Still another series in the early penny days concerned the adventures, exciting and humorous, of the "Universal Purveyors of Messages" Jim, Joe and Jeremy by Alfred Barnard, once again really good stuff, and attractively illustrated by A. H. Clarke. Other stories I recall with real pleasure were of theatre and music hall life by Atherley Daunt, and yarns of Claude Duval by H. J. Garrish the real name of Harry Belton whom I have mentioned before. Altogether, "Pluck" in the first four or five years of its penny days was a really fine paper.

For some reason or other, however, all these stories disappeared and there started a series concerning Will Spearing. There was a curious circumstance about these stories and it was this. In the Sexton Blake stories in the "Union Jack" there frequently appeared a detective inspector of Scotland Yard, one William Spearing, a burly, red-faced, and not very intelligent individual who often had to appeal to Sexton Blake for help. The stories which started in "Pluck" long after Spearing had appeared in the "Union Jack" was the same character transformed into an intellegent young policemen, another instance of the way the authors and publishers played tricks with time. The author, by the way, was Mark Darran. The stories would appear to have been popular for they had a longer run than any other in "Pluck."

Before the outbreak of the first world war "Pluck" would appear to have been faltering, it had certainly lost a lot of its attractiveness of the earlier years. Stories adapted from films of the period were tried. Personally I could never get interested in stories of that type, for they always appeared jerky, slip-shod and lacking in continuity. In the early days of that war stories about it appeared for a short time but they were soon dropped.

Towards the end we find characters being introduced which had been quite popular in other papers, Captain Handyman, George Marsden Plummer and Ching Lung among them but they could not save it. The end came on March 18, 1916. As usual the powers that be, reluctant to say a paper was dead, announced its amalgamation with the "Boys' Realm."

The war may have hastened its end but there is no doubt it was going downhill before that event came along to blast many things out of existence. At any rate I shall always have a kindly regard for it because of the stories of Cookey Scrubbs, St. Jims, Specs & Co. and the other splendid yarns of Wycliffe School.

FINIS

W. S. HAYWARD

BY F. N. WEARING

Written a few days before his death

A FAVOURITE author for the old boys' papers was William Stephens Hayward. I have very vivid, and also pleasant recollections of this author, and his works. Hayward's romances were exceedingly popular with boys and also grown-ups. I first became acquainted with them in an 1864 volume of the "Boy's Friend" issued in threepenny monthly parts by Houlston & Wright. This was Vol. 2, and years elasped before I got Vol. 1 among a pile of books heaped up against the railings of the Caledonian Market, London. Many an interesting find I happened upon in the old market, held on Tuesdays and Fridays

If I remember rightly there were two serials by Hayward. One was "The Demons of the Sea" a pirate story, the other was "Ran away from School". Both were first-class tales. Other yarns in the volume were "The Cannibal Crusoe" by Percy B. St. John and "The White Chief" by Capt. Mayne Reid.

In those days magazines for boys were somewhat scarce with the exceptions of Beeton's "Boys' Own Magazine" and Routledge's "Magazine for Boys" and these contained mainly historical tales and stories of life at school. Hayward was, I believe, one of the first authors to produce tales for youths of a purely sensational character. He also supplied many serials to the illustrated weeklies of the "London Journal" type. Most of them were re-issued in "yellow back" form and were prominently displayed on the railway bookstalls and bookshop counters and windows.

Among the best of them were: "Hunted to Death," "Tom Holt's Log," "Black Flag," "Three Red Shirts," "Love against the World," Fortunes of a Poor Girl who fell among Thieves." Many of these were serials from "The Halfpenny Miscellany," and "The Penny Miscellany" issued in the sixties. What may be described as his masterpieces however, was a quartette of novels dealing with the American Civil War. These were "The Black Angel," "The Star of the South," "The Fiery Cross" and "The Black Privateer." Hayward certainly had a great vogue for some years. His tales had no pretence to literary style, but for a rattling good racy story they were hard to beat.

The "Boy's Journal" started in 1863 by Henry Vickers published his "Up in the Air, and Down in the Sea," a Jules Verne, and Frank Reade type of romance, and the sequel, "The Cloud King, or, the Adventures of Charley Skyflier." Vol. 4, 1865 has a further continuation finishing the yarn, it was "The White King, a romance of Savage Africa." Vols. 6 and 7 contained what I consider as one of his best, "The Life and Adventures of a Scrapegrace," afterwards reprinted in "yellow back" novel form as "Rodney Ray."

A little after this period he wrote for Emmett's "Young Englishman's Journal," No. 76, Sept, 19, 1868, "The Eagle and the Vulture, or, the Two Privateers" finely illustrated by Robt. Prowse, Senior. The "Boy's World" No. 56, May 1, 1880, reprinted his "Up in the Air" serial of 1863 from the "Boy's Journal" under a new title "The Wonder Seeker, or, the King of the Elements." Several other of his serials were reprinted with changed titles in "Our Boys Paper" and the Boys' World" both published by Ralph Rollington (James W. Allingham), and also appeared in Shureys "Comrades" 1898 edition. E. J. Brett's "Boys of England," No. 75, Vol. 3, Apl. 24, 1863, carries his serial "Thirteen of Them, or, the Companions of the Blue Flag."

In the middle Eighties were issued in cloth bound volumes, most of his stories, the publishers being J. & R. Maxwell. Robert Louis Stevenson mentions him in one of his essays on popular authors. He says : "The scene is the deck of an Atlantic liner, the persons an emigrant of an inquiring turn of mind and a deckhand. 'Now,' says the emigrant, 'is there not any book that gives a true picture of a sailor's life?' 'Well,' returns the other with great deliberation and emphasis 'There is one that is *just* a sailor's life, you'll know all about it if you read it.' 'What do you call it?' asks the emigrant. 'They call it 'Tom Holt's Log,' says the sailor. The emigrant entered the fact in his notebook wondering what sort of stuff this Tom Holt would prove to be, and a double headed prophecy that it would prove one or two things, either a solid, dull, admirable piece of truth, or mere ink and bandi:ti. It was something more curious, for it was a work by Stephens Hayward."

He was a popular writer, and he had a vein of hare-brained merit. There never was a man of less pretension. The intoxicating presence of an inkbottle left him sober and light-hearted. He had no shade of literary vanity, he never troubled to be dull. His tales were such as a boy tells himself at night, not without smiling, as he drops off to sleep. His last story was "The Idol's Eye" which appeared in "Sons of Britannia," in 1870. He died the same year according to a notice of that period. "The Idol's Eye" was completed by another author.

Vols. 1 & 2 "Young Gentlemen of Britain" contains his "Mutiny of the Thunder" and the sequel "The Golden Reef." "Bow Bells," Vol. 1, First Series, 1862 first serial "The Queen's Musketeers" is attributed to Hayward, also "The Seven Sisters" in volume two.

One would gather from his novels that he had travelled in the North and Southern States of America, the South Sea Islands and Australia. He must have been a rolling stone. The late Frank Jay, who was a store of information on the old boys' papers, once told me he found a page of facts about Hayward in "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors" in the British Museum, but I have never been able to consult it locally. I rank him with Percy B. St John, Captain Mayne Reid, and Bracebridge Hemyng, the creator of Jack Harkaway.

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R. A. H. GOODYEAR

(*continued from page 180*)

but one by one they run out of print and the cost of republication becomes too astronomical for him. "They will have to die with me, I fear," he observes.

In 1930 his wife died of a tragic malady and although she suffered terribly over a long period he missed her sadly. Despite her trials she had been his constant and devoted companion and an enormous help to him at times. Practically every line he wrote during the days of his literary contest successes was handed over to her for transciption or dictated to her on the typewriter.

R. A. H. Goodyear himself has not enjoyed good health for a number of years. Last year, at the age of seventy, he declared : "I should be dead now as except for half a dozen dried figs occasionally—not every day by any means—I exist entirely on milk and water, carefully taken into a stomach that has been ruined for ten years at least. No solids but the figs ; no other drink of any kind ; I am a lifelong teetotaller and non-smoker. I have often fasted for a week on sips of warm water and worked all the time. Of course I am never reconciled to it. That's how it has to be—either that or certain death."

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THE "BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY"

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COMPILED BY HERBERT LECKENBY

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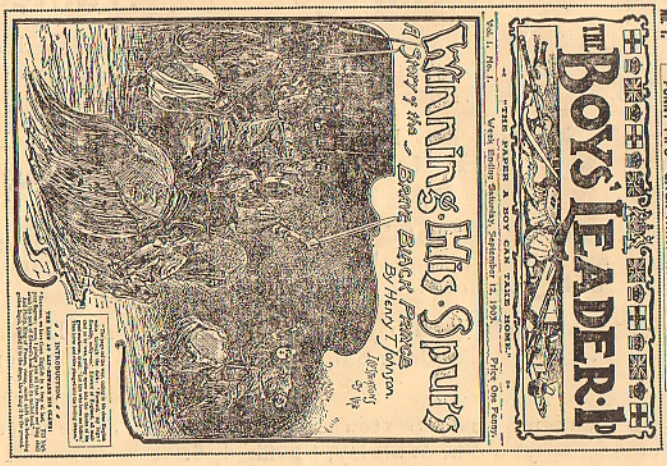
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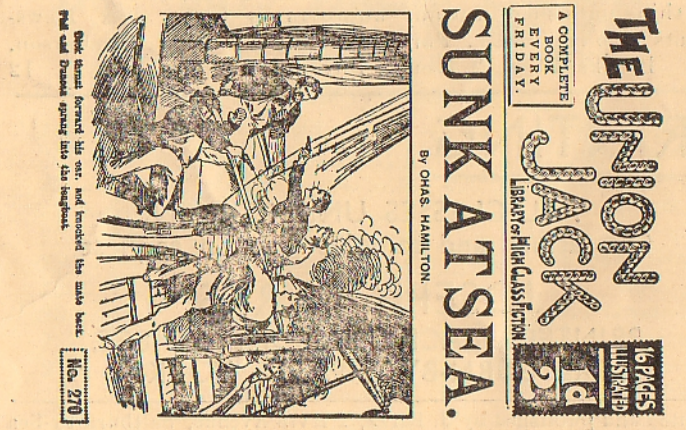
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