

RAGGED DICK CENTENNIAL YEAR

Newsboy



Monthly Newsletter of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
Editor, FORREST CAMPBELL
5868 HEATH
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN 49002

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Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

World's Only Publication Devoted
To That Wonderful World
Of Horatio Alger

Newsletter subscribers, wives and children in attendance at our Mendota Affair, the first organizational meeting of the Horatio Alger Society, May 21 & 22, 1965.



At left, top row, left to right, Les Langlois, S-093; Forrest Campbell, S-000; Jack Row, S-101; Beth Row; Carl T. Hartmann, S-102; Herbert Risteen, S-104;

Center row, Helen Westgard; Bertha Langlois; Ida Goldberg; and Rachel Campbell.

Bottom row, Max Goldberg, S-008; John Sullivan, S-074; Ralph Gardner, S-053; and Gilbert Westgard, S-024.

At right, top row, left to right, Esther Risteen; Frances Henry, S-120; Miss Sue Henry; Mary Sullivan; Blanche Lloyd, S-034; Paul House, S-099; Bottom row, Paul House, Jr. Three Sullivan girls; Ken Butler, S-006; and George May, S-121.





President Max Goldberg in his study. The ladder, donated by the Campbells, is to be presented to each new incoming president.

RANDOM THOUGHTS FROM ALGERLAND - (more Algeresque) Max Goldberg, President

HORATIO ALGER INCENTIVE SPURS NEGRO BANKER - Headlines the "BLADE" of Toledo, Ohio, in writing about Norman Simon, President of the Guaranty Bank & Trust Co., on Chicago's south side. "He graduated from high school in New Orleans, hopped a freight and road the rails to Chicago. He did it because there was no money to pay his fare. He is the first negro to be named president of a bank by an all-white board. His voice is crisp and his philosophy is pure Horatio Alger. He states that, "anyone given a substantial degree of drive and hope, can come from the humblest of backgrounds and get any place he wants to go. My finance professor at Roosevelt University told me I was an absolute idiot to try for a career in banking, because it was a low paying field and there was no opportunities for negroes. I am setting new goals for myself. I don't know what they are or will be. Maybe I will write a book!" Chalk this down as another victory for Horatio Alger, Jr's teachings! I am thankful for the above item from Past President Jack Row.

"A salute to the Poor boy's University" --"Prexy John Fenton of Suffolk U. got entirely 'for free' a full page ad in the current New England edition of Time maga-

zine in recognition of the services his university has rendered to the public. The Time gave the space and a local company put the ad together. One of the undergraduates posed as an Horatio Alger type." As a matter of fact the ad is so much to the point of what Suffolk is all about, you might like to read what it says: "HORATIO ALGER LIVES, at least in spirit, at Suffolk U." "We figure if a young person has the drive to get ahead, he should have a chance to prove himself. Particularly when his ambitions leap ahead of his grades, and especially if he can't afford the tuition that other private colleges and universities are forced to charge. And it works. We've turned out many successful educators, journalists, scientists and businessmen. And more Massachusetts judges and state legislators have graduated from our Law School than from any other in the country." (I wish they had that tuition when I attended Law School. I was compelled to quit after my second year for lack of money)

A short time ago I received a complimentary copy of "Real West" Magazine. It appeared odd that I should receive a magazine of this type. There was only the address of the company and no note. Upon turning the pages I saw the name of our friend and member, Edward T. LeBlanc. I was happy to know that he was the managing editor, but why send it to me? I could understand his sending it to Irene Gurman, who is interested in Indian affairs.

Imagine my surprise upon scanning thru the contents to find an article named, THE APACHE HORATIO ALGER. Now, I understand why he sent the magazine. Anything pertaining to Alger or his prototype is always welcome material for my scrapbook and the contents dispersed to the members. My thanks to Edward LeBlanc for the magazine and his permission to use it in the Newsboy.

The "Apache Horatio Alger" is written by Esther Lakritz. Wassaja, the son of an Apache chief, was held captive by the Pima Indians. An itinerant photographer and artist from Naples, Italy, Carlos Gentile, passed near the village, saw the five year old captive and bought him for 30 silver

dollars. He named the boy Carlos after himself, and Montezuma after the mountain.

"Carlos Gentile went to Chicago with the boy and opened a photographic studio. The boy was sent to public school. Gentile moved to New York. A fire destroyed his business and he returned to Chicago. Later he committed suicide. Young Carlos had shown a great proficiency for the English language. He studied with private tutors at Urbana. At the age of 13 he entered the University of Illinois, sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. of Urbana. His abilities were recognized by the Board of Regents at the University who waived aside all fees so he could continue his education without financial worries.

He graduated Cum Laude with a B.S. in chemistry and enrolled at the Chicago Medical College. He worked his way thru school by working in a drugstore. He taught Sunday school, sang in the choir and engaged in athletics. In 1889 at the age of 21 he obtained his medical degree. He became an active member of the Society of American Indians. He was always proud of his heritage. He served as physician in the Indian Reservation. He insisted upon better education to the indians and asked they be granted citizenship. At Fort Stevenson, North Dakota he was the physician as well as school clerk. Later became resident physician at the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa. He returned to Chicago and became an associate of Dr. Fenton Turck, a prominent Gastro-enterologist. He advanced to associate professor at the Post-graduate Medical School.

He was an instructor in clinical medicine at the Chicago Medical College and at the Physicians & Surgeons. He had a very good practice and had two offices, one among the wealthy and one in the slum area. He married a 23 year old patient, Mary Keller. They had no children. He joined the Masons and became a Knight Templar. He liked to cook, and he entertained lavishly. In spite of his acceptance in the white world, Montezuma never forgot that he was an indian. Every October, he returned to Arizona to hunt with the Apaches. He fought for the abolition of the Indian Bureau. He expected the indifference of the white man, but it was the inertia of his own people that he found

most disconcerting. In 1906, President Teddy Roosevelt asked Montezuma to become Director of the Indian Bureau." Roosevelt regarded Montezuma highly and had great sympathy for his beliefs, but Montezuma declined.

When the United States entered World War I, Montezuma told the indians not to register for the draft unless they were granted citizenship. He was arrested and jailed, but the next morning was released by order of President Wilson. Developing diabetes and T.B., he felt that he could regain his health and fight for the indians if he returned to his own people. He pleaded to be enrolled as a member of the Apache tribe. The Bureau finally gave him consent. Imagine his surprise when his own people rejected him. In 1922 he went home to Arizona with his wife. He lived in a primitive hut. Refusing medical aid, he died in 1923.

The Mason's did not forget him, and gave him an impressive funeral. He was buried in Fort McDowell cemetery. There is a marker erected by the Arizona Development Board along route 87 as a tribute to a great champion of Indian rights."

Carlos Montezuma was indeed an Horatio Alger disciple, who could have reached great heights but for his loyal undertaking to correct social wrongs whose currents of intolerance completely overwhelmed him. Nevertheless, the examples of Norman Simon, a negro, and Carlos Montezuma, an indian, indicates that Alger's principles of dedication to work, thrift and study, will prevail, irrespective of race, color or creed and will still spur one on to "Strive & Succeed."

Due to certain restrictions, I must delete the article on Alger's poem, "John Maynard" until permission is given; it is copyrighted. It is a 16 page article written by Mr. George Salomon who is research editor of the American Jewish Committee of N.Y. It is quite documented and very interesting. He states that Alger received a fee of \$3 for it, and that is not bad considering that Edgar Allen Poe received \$5 for "The Raven."

....Max Goldberg, President

The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January and July and is distributed free to Society members, by our Executive Secretary, from 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Our annual membership roster goes to press promptly on December 1st and will be distributed not later than January 1969. If you have a roster, note the changes necessary such as current number of titles, name of spouse if married, correct address, and correct spelling of your name, then send this information promptly to our Membership Roster Editor, Mr. Kenneth B. Butler, 1325 Burlington, Mendota, Illinois 61342.

O F F I C E R S

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Max Goldberg, | President |
| Steve Press, | Vice-President |
| Carl T. Hartmann, | Executive Secretary |
| Dan Fuller, | Treasurer |
| Kenneth B. Butler, | Director |
| Ralph D. Gardner, | Director |
| Forrest Campbell, | Editor |

Please use membership roster for mailing address of our members and officers.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

PF-203 Mrs. Ann Marie Wiegman
8116 Ainsworth Avenue,
Springfield, Virginia 22150

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED:

PF-253 Robert J. Banks TR-000
9 Sherwin Terrace,
Framingham, Massachusetts 01701

PF-254 William G. Lee TR-000
3909 N. New England Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60634

INTRODUCTION OF NEW MEMBERS:

Robert is a personal friend of Max Goldberg, and he was in attendance at our 1968 Memorial Service at Glenwood Cemetery, South Natick. He is in the group photograph (page one, September Issue) standing between Carl Hartmann and Edward Reynolds.

Bill and his wife, Marcella, heard of us by way of our complimentary listing in Antiquarian Bookman. In contacting me, I learned that Bill was one of the Charter Members of the Horatio Alger Club, though, unfortunately, his name did not get on our mailing list. Bill reports that his Alger holdings are negligible at present, though he once had quite a sizeable collection, but sold most of them to such collectors as Frank Gruber, Ralph Gardner and Stanley Pachon.

Bill is manager of Bell Savings & Loan, Ass'n, Chicago, and at age 50, has four daughters and five grandchildren. He also collects L. Frank Baum and Harry Castlemon. He is a subscriber of Dime Novel Round-Up, of long standing.

VICE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN



Steve Press

I am now a strike-bound New York City teacher. War has erupted between the community and the city power structure; and the students and the teachers are caught between. We are both fighting for survival. It is a terrible war. It will bring a terrible defeat and a terrible victory.

During these days that I am out of work I have thought more and more of the victory we won with the Alger books last year. Why did it succeed? And how can we make sure that it succeeds again!

My first real problem was to interest the students in the books by Horatio Alger. No small feat in a group of non-readers -- many of whom are functionally illiterate. But even a functionally illiterate person has enough knowledge to attack a book.

How should I do it? was my first question. Tell them that Stewart Holbrook in his book THE AGE OF THE MOGULS called Horatio Alger the most influential writer in American history? No, they wouldn't care about that. Or tell them about Horatio Alger the young preacher who came

to New York City and wrote many boys' books? No, that wasn't it. How about telling them of the men who have risen from rags to riches by living by the principles of Horatio Alger? No! They have heard that kind of "preaching" before. I knew none of these would work. I knew too that my simple demand that they read the book that I gave them would be of no avail. I could not force them to read the books. Most of these boys and girls had never read a full book in their lives.

I took a little paperback book from my shelf and began to tell stories from it. Stories that completely captivated the interest of my students. The book -- YOU CAN FIND A FORTUNE (an ARC book by Jeanne Horn). The sub-title of the book is A FINDER'S GUIDE TO SOME OF THE WORLD'S MISSING TREASURES -- LARGE AND SMALL. We talked about many things in the book that people collect. I showed them some of the things that I collect and we talked about things they collect.

One of these, of course, was coins and we went through our bills and coins looking for the ones the book said were of value. I'm afraid I'm the only one who was lucky in the search because I turned up a silver certificate, an Indian head penny, and some silver dollars. I confess I salted my pockets before hand with my treasures but it brought the lesson alive for the kids -- that all round them -- in their very pockets -- was a chance to find a fortune. After covering many other areas in the book I finally "stumbled" on the section called "Pages And Pages Of Gold."

Here we discovered that some books are rare and valuable, and, lo and behold, there, right there in the book was a name we had heard of -- HORATIO ALGER. We read how there is a man from New York, a Mr. Ralph Gardner, one of America's foremost collectors of the works of Horatio Alger, has said that there are plenty of Algers still around in barns, cellars and attics. And that an Alger can be worth anything from five to a thousand dollars.

With this information each child received his very own book by Horatio Alger.

My students couldn't quite believe it. "We can really keep them?" they asked.

"Yes," I answered. "They're yours. And all I ask is that you read them and tell me what you think of them."

It was a deal. The bell rang and each student went out of my room with an Alger tucked under his arm.

I fired a shotgun blast of ideas at the boys and girls in those first days -- all priming them for their consideration of the texts.

Did you know that if a child quits school before the 8th grade (many of mine do) he'll get \$156,000! I told my students that and they couldn't believe it.

"How do we get that money?" they wanted to know. Then I told them that if you graduate high school you get \$297,000. And if you go on and graduate college you get \$482,000!

"How do we get it? Where do we get it? Who gives it to us?"

"You earn it," I told them. It's how much money statistics show you earn during your life if you achieve those goals. That took the wind out of their sails but it left them with something to think about -- that if they worked hard, stayed in school, received a good education, they could earn more money. An idea they would be discovering in their Alger books. An idea I put into modern terms.

Was I appealing to their materialistic sides? Yes. But I can't see anything wrong with telling any group that if they succeed they will reap certain rewards. I don't see anything wrong in telling a youngster that if he works hard the odds are that he'll get somewhere; he'll have the things he sees advertised on television and in the newspapers; he'll participate in The American Dream.

My job with the Algers was to show the moral and ethical responsibility that goes along with attaining that dream.

(continued page six)

VICE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN (continued)

A BEQUEATH TO OUR YOUTH

What had to be taught was the Golden Rule. The rule that has become so tarnished in our culture.

.... Steve Press, PF-164

(E.N. Steve, in a personal letter to me, reports that Alger books for his next school project, from our members, have begun to arrive. If you have some cheap reprint copies of Alger books that you would be willing to donate, send them to Steve, Apt. 14T, 78 1/2 Columbus Avenue, New York City 10025)

CERTAIN ALGER STORIES HAVE TWO NAMES

Quiz-Master Les Langlois wants you to remember these Alger story titles which are also known by another name.

The Young Bank Messenger,	and
	A Cousin's Conspiracy
Five Hundred Dollars,	and
	Jacob Marlowe's Secret
In A New World,	and
	Harry Vane
A Rolling Stone,	and
	Wren Winter's Triumph
Ralph Raymond's Heir,	and
	The Merchant's Crime
Tom, The Bootblack,	and
	The Western Boy
Frank Fowler,	and
	The Cash Boy
Driven From Home,	and
	Odds Against Him
Walter Griffith,	and
	Striving For Fortune
Making His Way,	and
	World Before Him
The Tin Box,	and
	Finding A Fortune
Mark Stanton,	and
	Both Sides Of The Continent
Tony, The Tramp,	and
	Tony The Hero

Les is preparing a quiz to test your knowledge. The quiz will be only for those in attendance at our next convention, THE KALAMAZOO OCCASION, which will be held July 8-9-10-11, 1969. To be sure this date is free, mark your calendar now. This OCCASION is for you.

Youth is only temporary. Enjoy it while you can, and make the most of it. "Results guaranteed, if taken as directed."

As I sit here on Hallow'een eve waiting for the next "trick or treat" call at our door, I am reminded of the contrast between the harmless fun of today and the destructive fun of yesterday.

Yesterday's home-owner had no choice but to submit to the whims of the little goblins, for they gave no warning. On occasion a disturbance was suspected by the barking of a dog, but the home-owner seldom responded with "treats" but threatened to give "chase" instead. The soaping of windows was considered to be the least harmful of the tricksters. The larger goblins, seeking a bigger thrill, cased the neighborhood well in advance for push-over material. Still larger goblins completely dis-assembled four wheel buggies, lifted them to the roof of a shed and assembled them again.

On the following morning the home-owner surveyed the damage with dismay, and each and every passer -by, daring to smile, was considered a suspect.

Harmless as "trick or treating" is, there seems to be "open season" on the more destructive fun with property owners as the victims, and which ceases to be funny. Someone just isn't taking their fun according to prescribed directions.

In my day when I was accused and proven guilty of destructive fun, discipline was applied. There must have been a reason, for anyone who has been disciplined soon learns the difference between the right kind of fun and the wrong kind of fun.

Enjoy your youth. Have your good clean fun. Be deserving of the respect of your adult associates, rather than suspect. Consider carefully the remedy for destructive pranksters, for some day, all too soon, you will be one of us adults, and on the other side of the door. Horatio Alger had an effective prescription and remedy for that transition period through which every youth must pass on his way to manhood.

(PF-000)

ANNIVERSARIES

HEROES ARE MADE -- NOT BORN

First, I want to thank you for your birthday card which I received last month.

Next, it seems appropriate that we observe Thanksgiving Day which occurs this month, as our Founders Day.

It was on this day in 1961, seven years ago, that two Alger collectors, Kenneth B. Butler, and Forrest Campbell met for the first time. Ken, a former resident of Kalamazoo, came to eat Thanksgiving Day dinner with his father and mother, and he learned of my interest in Alger.

It was on this day that I learned of the original HORATIO ALGER CLUB of Quakertown, Pa., and of a man in New York City (Ralph Gardner) who had a complete collection of the Alger books.

Ken informed me that the HORATIO ALGER CLUB had no newsletter, or other means of communication between its members.

We agreed that such a medium of communication was vitally necessary in order to be useful to a group such as this. We contacted George Setman, Secretary of the Horatio Alger Club regarding the possibility. Being in poor health, George had no plans to establish a newsletter.

As a result of this meeting with Ken, and our determination to have a newsletter, we eventually formed a new organization called THE HORATIO ALGER NEWSBOY CLUB.

In the spring of 1962 my wife and I visited Horatio's birthplace in Revere, and his burial place in South Natick, and with this information our first newsletter was published in July.

The making of a hero begins in the early life of a child. The correct training is administered by the parents. To a child, it is a period of trial and error. The child seeks to rule, and resorts to his only weapon of defense, tears, to accomplish his desired results. It is possible for a child to break down a parent's resistance in this manner.

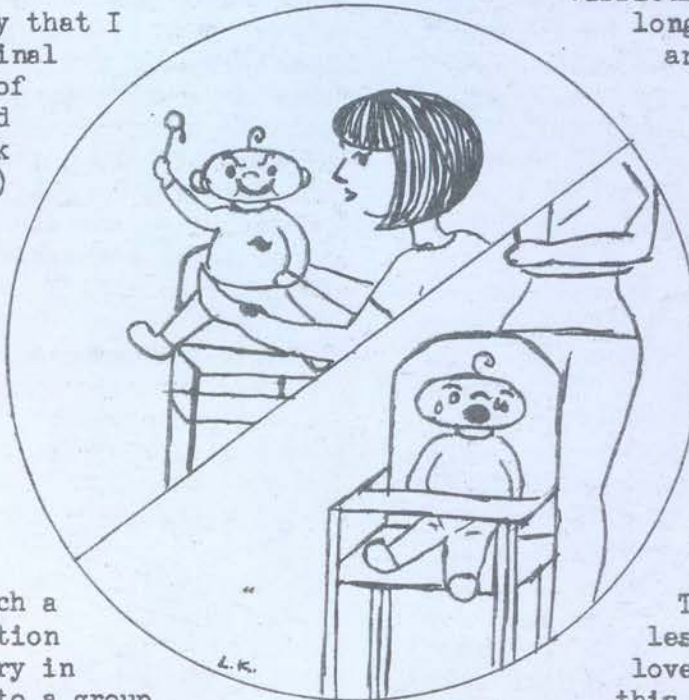
The first battle of tears is an important one. The parent must win it. He who wins the first battle can do it again. It is possible to mold a hero in the later years of a child's life, but it is more difficult, and it will take longer. Of course there are some exceptions to any rule.

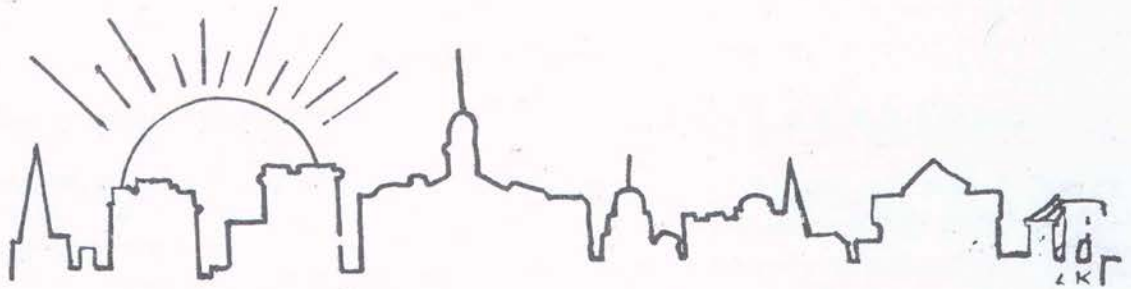
To make my point, I have had specially prepared an original drawing done by one of Kalamazoo's leading illustrators in the juvenile field, and with apologies to Bil Keane and his comic strip, THE FAMILY CIRCUS for the impersonation.

The young hero's first lesson is one of parental love and attention, but this must be tempered with discipline when the occasion arises. The uncooperative child must be taught this lesson. It is considered ungentlemanly to attack from the rear, but where else can a parent find a more vulnerable spot?

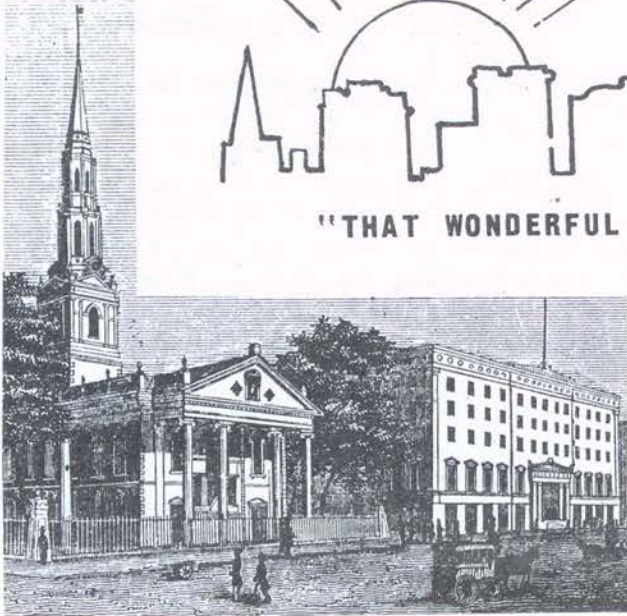
The training of a young hero's memory is also an important lesson. He must be taught to remember that "right" brings love and affection, and "wrong" brings discipline and defeat of purpose.

Respect for the rights and property of others, and to defend any rightful cause must be taught if we desire to mold a hero who can be trusted in later years. (PF-000)





"THAT WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORATIO ALGER"



It is very true that the Wonderful World of Horatio Alger in the 60's was growing northward by leaps and bounds, however, one of the focal points was the area around City Hall Park.

The Astor House faced on Broadway just opposite the General Post Office, and was situated between Vesey on the south and Barclay on the north.

It was completed and opened for business in the year of 1836, and for nearly three quarters of a century it was the home of distinguished guests from home and abroad. It was demolished in 1913.

Pictures or illustrations of its entire frontage on Broadway are rare indeed. The rare illustration used above was donated for our use by Jacqueline Steele, editor of BOOKWORM & HOBBY TIMES.

Until 1875, nearly forty years later, the Astor House was situated just across from City Hall Park, one of the most popular of the city's many parks and squares. What other hotel could boast of more pleasant surroundings? Then, in 1875 the five story post office structure was built, cutting off the view, and adding to the turmoil and din of a great city.

Baggage smashers plying their trades at the Cortland ferry often directed

their clients to the Astor House, being the nearest hotel. Newsboys and boot-blacks also maintained stations in front of the Astor House, or plied the streets in the area.

The area was recognized by the street-boys as the choicest location, being near Printing House Square, the source of supply of their newspapers; near Wall Street, the city's financial section, whose clients were among the boys best customers; near the ferry landings at the foot of Fulton and Cortland Streets; near Barnum's Museum in the early years, and near the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge in later years; and for some, it was near the shelter of the Newsboys' Lodging House, situated in various locations, but always in the general area.

The street-boys were never allowed inside the door of the Astor House unless escorted and vouched for by the guests of the hotel.

The Astor House was a five story building, and perhaps occupied nearly a full half block. The top three floors were built around an open air shaft and the hotel boasted of all outside rooms. It was recognized as the best hostelry in its early years, but as the city pushed northward, equally as good or better hotels became a competition to be dealt with along Broadway, and the once famous Astor House fell into decline.

Today, the only prominent structures surviving, and which could tell many tales about the Wonderful World of Horatio Alger, are St Paul's Church still standing next to the former site of the Astor House, City Hall, and the Brooklyn Bridge. There may be others but not in the general area. But we can still read about them in those historical records written by Horatio Alger, Jr.