

newsboy



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GUEST EDITOR:

Carl Hartmann
4907 Allison
Lansing, Michigan 48910

February 1970

Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devoted
to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



THE BOYS' HOME WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. - PRICE 5c PER COPY

THE BOYS' HOME WEEKLY holds the foremost place among publications for boys and girls, because it is a radical departure from all others which are now on the market.

In addition to the original short stories and miscellaneous matter, it contains each week a complete fifty thousand word story by that prince of writers, Horatio Alger, Jr.

Over fifty-million copies of Mr. Alger's books have been sold in cloth and they are now selling in cloth at the rate of two million copies per year.

Never before has it been possible for boys and girls to purchase one of his complete stories for such a small sum as five cents.

And there will be a different story by Horatio Alger, Jr., published in THE BOYS' HOME WEEKLY every week.

Not a portion of one of his stories nor a serial installment but a complete story. Complete from end to end. Fifty thousand words in length.

Be sure to buy an issue of this publication and then to purchase it every week. And be sure to tell your friends about it.

We give below a list of the Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr., which will appear in THE BOYS' HOME WEEKLY.

- No. 1 May 17th. DRIVEN FROM HOME by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 2 May 24th. JACK'S WARD by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 3 May 31st. THE STORE BOY by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 4 June 7th. SAM'S CHANCE by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 5 June 14th. GRIT, THE YOUNG BOATMAN OF PINE POINT by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 6 June 21st. SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 7 June 28th. FACING THE WORLD by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 8 July 5th. BRAVE AND BOLD by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 9 July 12th. TOM, THE BOOTBLACK by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 10 July 19th. DO AND DARE by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 11 July 26th. THE CASH BOY by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 12 Aug. 2nd. HECTOR'S INHERITANCE by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 13 Aug. 9th. THE YOUNG ADVENTURER, or Tom's Trip Across the Plains.
- No. 14 Aug. 16th. THE YOUNG SALESMAN.
- No. 15 Aug. 23rd. TONY, THE TRAMP, or Right is Might.
- No. 16 Aug. 30th. ADRIFT IN NEW YORK, or Tom and Florence Braving the World.
- No. 17 Sept. 6th. PAUL, THE PEDDLER, or The Fortunes of A Young Street Merchant.
- No. 18 Sept. 13th. PHIL, THE FIDDLER, or The Story of A Young Street Musician.
- No. 19 Sept. 20th. SLOW AND SURE, or From the Street to the Shop.
- No. 20 Sept. 27th. JULIUS, THE STREET BOY, or Out West.
- No. 21 Oct. 4th. IN A NEW WORLD, or Among the Gold Fields of Australia.
- No. 22 Oct. 11th. BOUND TO RISE, or Up the Ladder.
- No. 23 Oct. 18th. RISEN FROM THE RANKS, or Harry Walton's Success.
- No. 24 Oct. 25th. HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY, or The Inventor's Son.

THE BOYS' HOME WEEKLY is for sale by all newsdealers and booksellers throughout the United States and Canada. Or it will be sent by the publishers upon receipt of five-cents per copy postpaid. Postage stamps taken the same as money.

THE ARTHUR WESTBROOK COMPANY,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

The BOY'S HOME WEEKLY

HORATIO ALGER, JR. - OLIVER OPTIC

VOLUME I

NUMBER 12

HECTOR'S INHERITANCE



5c

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A VERY POPULAR SERIES DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY, "THE BOY'S HOME WEEKLY" PUBLISHED 24 ALGER STORIES. ALTHOUGH ALL REPRINTS THEY ADD MUCH TO ANY COLLECTION BECAUSE OF THEIR COLORFUL COVERS AND COVER ILLUSTRATIONS. THE ABOVE IS FROM THE COLLECTION OF LOUIS H. DREYER, PF-255.

NEWS FROM AND ABOUT MEMBERS...

Willard D. Thompson, PF-146, has had an odd book offered to him and would like to know if any of our members know anything about it -- title, "Whopper the Newsboy", Boston, 1871. Its a bunch of tall tales about a Boston newsboy who winds up in China.

J. Yale Rubin, PF-237, reports that he and Ed Levy, PF-004, are having a ball in Florida.

Congratulations go to Mr. Gilbert Westgard, PF-204, on his marriage to Patricia Ann Weise, Saturday, Feb. 7. We are all happy for you Gil and wish you and your new bride the best of everything.

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS

PF-277 GEORGE M. NEILY
84 Trevalley Road
Revere, Mass. 02151
(Sarah)

George, an insurance broker, spent many pleasant hours reading the Alger books in his youth. He is a friend of our Convention Chairman, George C. Clarke, and will help with the Convention in Revere.

PF-278 DONALD DOWLING
27 Mendolia Court
Pearl River, N. Y. 10965

As of this writing we don't have much information on Donald except that he read Alger as a boy.

* * * * *

Many members over the last few months have sent material taken from books & magazines-articles about Alger. These are very interesting & would be of interest to all members. Due to the copyright laws we are limited in what we can publish and until we get permission from the publishers and the author it is imposible to publish them. We are doing everything we can to obtain the permission, and hope to publish this material in future issues.

If anyone is interested in taking on the job of "clearing house" for the many articles on Alger which are written every year, please let us know. This could be a great service to our Society and the members.

NIGHT CLUB LIFE COMING UP

SECRETARY OFFERS CLUBS
REVERE BEACH OPENS TO HAS

William DiCarlo, 1970 Convention Secretary, is offering the use of his two night clubs at Revere Beach for related sessions and an evening of enjoyable entertainment on the occasion of our visit on June 19-21, 1970.

He is manager of two family-owned establishments. China Lantern, where the latest in choice Chinese, Italian and American foods is available for an afternoon session, followed by a dinner and The Surf Supper Club on the same lot with ample parking can be utilized for an afternoon session to be followed by a choice of steak or lobster pre-show dinner with the early show to follow.

Under any arrangement, at one or both clubs, at special "no cover charge" rates, the next logical step is to "do the Boulevard", where an average attendance of 100,000 pleasure seekers daily from noon to 1 a.m. enjoy the beautiful five-mile Crescent Beach, a State-operated reservation and two miles of assorted rides, games, etc.

The Convention Committee will designate it as "HORATIO ALGER NIGHT". The Revere Beach Business Men's Assoc. will display "Welcome Horatio Alger Society" cards on all attractions. Our members and convention guests will display medallions of identification and there will be a "spot" where interested people can "join up" if so inclined.

G. Clark

THE BOOK MART

NEWSBOY

Add 15¢ per copy for postage-handling.

Herb L. Risteen, P.O.Box 161, Baraboo,
Wisconsin 53913

TITLE	PUBLISHER	CONDITION	PRICE
ADRIFT IN NEW YORK	HURST (MIN.)	F	\$ 1.50
ADRIFT IN NEW YORK	HURST	G	1.50
ANDY GRANT'S PLUCK	BURT	VG	2.50
BEN'S NUGGET	JCW	VG	3.50
BOUND TO RISE	JCW (LIB ED.)	G	2.50
CASH BOY	HURST (MIN.)	F	1.50
CASH BOY	HURST	G	1.50
DRIVEN FROM HOME	BURT	VG	3.00
ERRAND BOY	BURT	G	4.00
FACING THE WORLD	BURT	G	2.00
FACING THE WORLD	HURST	G	1.50
FACING THE WORLD	DONOHUE	VG	1.50
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	G-D	VG	8.50
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	G-D	VG	9.00
FRANK FOWLER	BURT (DELUXE)	VG	4.75
FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT	CALDWELL (MINT-DJ)		9.50
FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT	ANDERSON (1ST ED)	VG	11.50
FROM FARM TO FORTUNE	G-D	G	7.50
PHIL THE FIDDLER	JCW	VG	2.75
HELEN FORD (FLYLEAF GONE)	JCW	VG	4.00
HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY	JCW (DELUXE)	G	2.00
JULIUS THE STREET BOY OUT WEST	P & C	G	5.50
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PAUL PRESCOTT'S CHARGE	HURST	G	1.50
RAGGED DICK	JCW	VG	6.50
RAGGED DICK	JCW	VG	7.50
RISEN FROM THE RANKS	JCW	VG	2.50
ROUGH AND READY	P & C	VG	9.50
SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF	HURST	G	1.50
STRIVE AND SUCCEED	HURST	G	1.50
STRONG AND STEADY	BURT	G	2.00
STRONG AND STEADY	HURST	G	1.50
STRUGGLING UPWARD	P & C	G	5.00
TOM TURNER'S LEGACY	BURT (1ST ED.)	F	7.50
TONY THE HERO	BURT	VG	3.00
YOUNG ACROBAT	HURST	VG	2.00
YOUNG ADVENTURER	JCW (DELUXE)	VG	2.50
YOUNG CAPTAIN JACK (SPINE FADED)	MERSHON	VG	9.50
YOUNG SALESMAN	HURST	G	1.50

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HELEN FORD	WINSTON	G	\$ 8.00
YOUNG ACROBAT	HURST	F	5.00
HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY	NEW YORK BOOK CO.	G	5.00
THE CASH BOY	HURST	F	5.00

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house,—such as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility,—lived Philip Manson and his sister, Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of forty, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other, till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fulness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Manson family. There was the more reason to think so, since they took care to commend an unmarried life, not only by example but by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making lady; "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my whole house turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of a wife."

"But by-and-by, when you grow older, you will feel the need of a wife more than at present."

"No," said Philip, conclusively, "I have a sister who is devoted to me, and while she lives I shall need no other."

As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she never would make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for no other earthly purposes than to burthen themselves with cares and toil from morning till night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser. Her brother and she had always lived together peaceably and happily, and she did not think she could make any change for the better.

Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Esther's, that in adopting this opinion she was only making a virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there was no chance of improving it. But Esther did not hear these remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself upon her housekeeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon, just after Esther Manson had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door.

Somewhat surprised by a caller at this unusual hour, she answered the summons. She was a little apprehensive that it was a neighbor who had of late proved very troublesome from her habit of borrowing articles, and owing, it is to be presumed, to an habitual forgetfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that if it is Mrs. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something that I have not got."

She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expecting gaze—a gentleman of forty-five, carefully, may elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Wellfleet? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it, judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon the trouble I have occasioned you," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Esther, a little fluttered by a deference to which she had not been accustomed.

Two days afterwards, Esther heard that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been purchased by a stranger, named Bigelow. She at once conjectured and rightly, that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Manson received another visit from the same gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Manson," he commenced (it seems he had ascertained her name). "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust time will remove this objection. You must know," he added, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who, though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not yet been arranged, I would esteem it a real service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door, ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitatingly, "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I should prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," said Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request.

It was not without a little consciousness of the singularity of her position, that Esther found herself riding by the side of a gentleman with whom she had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words in the course of her life. The distance, however, was but short, and she had little time for reflection. On arriving at her place of destination, she found the chief part of the business ac-

complished. The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the rooms after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted; he, moreover, asked her advice as to the proper place in which to hang several fine pictures that he had picked up in the course of his European travels. This was accorded with some hesitation.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied without showing his new-found acquaintance all over the house, from kitchen to garret. When all was completed, he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and landed her at her own door just five minutes before her brother came in. Esther was rather glad of this, as she was a little suspicious that her brother would consider her adventure rather a Quixotic one.

To avoid comment, she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, on some slight pretext or other, but it always chanced to be at a time when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly, as he sat by the fire one evening, "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?"

"I—I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropping half-a-dozen stitches from the stocking which she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage—at least, in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this little demonstration, "but it may be different with Mr. Bigelow. He has no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see—there is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No, I don't think she would suit him at all!" said Esther, with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little about housekeeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther, in her usual tone, "but I—I hardly think she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

From the conversation which we have recorded above, the reader will obtain some insight into the character of Esther's feelings towards Mr. Bigelow. She would hardly confess it to herself, but, as a matter of fact, her ideas of marriage had suffered a material change within a brief period.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued his visits. Oftentimes he would ask to see the bed of flowers on which Esther rather prided herself, and sometimes he would petition for seeds, being very fond of flowers, as he said, and very anxious to introduce them in his own garden.

On one of these occasions, Mr. Bigelow, after a little visible embarrassment, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss Esther, on rather a delicate subject, and one of great importance to myself. There is one thing I wish to secure to make my establishment complete, but I hardly know in what manner to ask for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked Esther, unsuspectingly.

"A wife," was the significant reply.

Instantly a deep crimson flushed Esther's cheeks. She did not trust herself to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one whom of all others I would seek to place in that position?"

He took her unresisting hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of a young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" inquired Esther, when she found voice to speak.

"What should he say? You are your own mistress, surely."

"Yes, but he is always ridiculing the idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he added guily, "we are both young and romantic, and it would be quite in character."

Esther at first objected, but when she came to consider that in this way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment which such a step would naturally bring with it, she consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure. She required this time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip. He was often absent evenings, and when at home was more silent and abstracted than his wont. The former she readily attributed to the cause which he assigned, namely, a pressure of business. The latter she did not observe, her mind being pre-occupied. We, who are in the secret, may take the liberty of following him on one of his business calls. It was at a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Manson knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston who, some months before, he thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops and other standard topics, which however trivial they may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated:

"Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I—I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject."

"Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"O, lor, Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk!"

Five minutes afterwards Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Philip, and the two were, to all intents and purposes, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the gentleman, after a pause, "is, that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriages, and I hardly dare to tell her that I am about to marry. If we only go away and have the ceremony performed it would be pleasanter."

"Suppose we go to New York," suggested the bride-elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning."

So next Monday morning was agreed upon. It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same place, with the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party was aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are now legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same street, and even on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity. On the morning succeeding the two marriages, for by a singular chance they happened on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down street. It so happened that Philip and his wife were at the same moment walking up street. The natural consequence was that the two parties met.

"Good Heavens! my sister!" exclaimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

"Miss Preston is now my wife!"

"And Mr. Bigelow is my husband!"

"But I thought you were opposed to matrimony."

"And I supposed you were equally so."

"My friends," interposed Mr. Bigelow, "this is a day of surprises—but I trust of such a nature that we shall all be made the happier thereby. My regret, Mr. Manson, at robbing you of your housekeeper is quite dissipated by the knowledge that you have so soon supplied her place."

The sensation excited in the village by the return of the two brides with their respective husbands may be better imagined than described. It gives us pleasure to state that neither Philip nor his sister ever had occasion to regret THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

[Gathered for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DAILY RECORD OF THE PAST.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

[The following daily record of past events will be continued from week to week; exhibiting a schedule of remarkable occurrences in the history of the past, with such date and data as will interest and instruct.]

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD.

- 1616.—William Shakespeare died on his fifty-second birthday.
1616.—Miguel Cervantes, author of Don Quixote, died, aged 69.
1813.—Hon. Stephen A. Douglas born.
1850.—William Wordsworth, English poet, died at Rydal Mount, aged 80.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH.

- 1704.—Boston News-Letter, first American newspaper, commenced by John Campbell.
1731.—Daniel DeFoe, author of Robinson Crusoe, died, aged 70.
1789.—Washington arrived in New York for inauguration as President.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH.

- 1595.—Tasso, the famed Italian poet, died at Rome, aged 51.
1795.—Warren Hastings acquitted by English Court of Peers, after a seven years' trial.
1800.—William Cowper, a distinguished English poet, died, aged 69.
1814.—British invaders evacuated Castine, Me., after shameful atrocities.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH.

- 1711.—David Hume, the historian, born at Edinburgh.
1730.—First services in Old South Church, Boston.
1775.—Josiah Quincy, the colonial patriot, died, aged 31.
1776.—Destruction of Danbury, by the British under Tryon.
1794.—Courtrai captured from the Austrians by the French under Souham.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH.

- 1509.—Henry VII. of England, died.
1791.—S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, born.
1806.—Kossuth born in Hungary.
1813.—York, on Lake Ontario, captured by the Americans—General Pike killed.
1825.—Corner-stone of Faneuil Hall Market laid.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH.

- 1400.—Geoffrey Chaucer, "father of English poets," died, aged 72.
1690.—Boston expedition, under Sir William Phips, sailed for Port Royal.
1834.—Mr. Webster's U.S. Bank resolution passed U.S. Senate.
1836.—Russian government re-established in Poland.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH.

- 1652.—Great solar eclipse darkened England at noonday.
1793.—Count D'Estaing, commander of French fleet in the American Revolution, guillotined at Paris.
1822.—Sir Isaac Heard, "garter king" of English Herald's College, died, aged 91.
1842.—Teacher of Farm School and twenty-three scholars drowned in Boston harbor.

A complete short Alger story just as it appeared in "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion", April 29, 1854. From the collection of Past President Max Goldberg.

BOOKS FOR THE UNEDUCATED
STREET BOYS OF NEW YORK

NEWSBOY

By Jack Bales, PF-258

Practically every reader of books by Horatio Alger Jr. knows that Alger first wrote his books for the Street boys of New York. These were boys who had little, if any education and could barely read, if at all. However, have you ever noticed that Alger does not limit the vocabulary of his books to the minds of these youngsters and that he frequently wrote beyond the extent of their education?

Following are some phrases from RAGGED DICK, showing this misuse of the proper form of vocabulary. Of course, all the people reading this will probably have no problem at all in understanding the words' meaning, but put yourselves on the same level that the boys in New York were on.

"This cost him considerable, for Dick was rather fastidious about his cigars, and . . ."

"There is always such a throng of omnibuses, drays, . . ."

"Then again the shopwindows with their multifarious contents interested..."

"The boys entered, and found themselves in a spacious and elegant saloon, resplendent with gilding, and..."

"Frank was particularly struck with the imposing fronts of the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels, the former of white marble, the latter of a subdued brown hue, but not less elegant in its internal appointments."

"It was in the form of a parallelogram".

"I told him I'd exert my influence with the president to have him tried by habeas corpus," said Dick." (Furthermore, imagine an ignorant street boy making the preceding statement. I doubt that Ragged Dick was that far along in his education.)

"At all events, instead of patronizing the cheap restaurant where he usually procured his meals, he went into the refectory attached to Lovejoy's Hotel, where. . ."

These are a few of the easier sentences in which Alger uses too large a vocabulary. However, I remember reading some sentences in his books in which I had to use a dictionary to get the exact meaning of the words.

Imagine the great number of the words that the street boys had to ignore. However, I doubt if the words bothered the boys, for they kept right on reading the books, reading them for the simple pleasure that they offered.

* * * * *

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive & Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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* * * * *

DON'T FORGET . . . THE 1970 CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN REVERE, MASS., JUNE 19, 20, 21

* * * * *

SIoux FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

1971

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

YOU

PLEASE SEND ALL ARTICLES TO THE GUEST EDITOR.

EXTRA COPIES OF THE MIDDLE PAGE - THE ALGER STORY ARE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST. JUST SEND A STAMPED SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO THE SECRETARY.

A REPORT FROM PHOENIX...

OUR FOUNDERS

CHESS BUFF ALSO ALGER COLLECTOR
VOLUMES NUMBER OVER TWO HUNDRED

Having made a few trades with our member in Phoenix, Arizona, Col. Paul Webb, it was with great pleasure that I was able to meet with him in person during my winter visit to the capitol city.

Col. Webb has collected some 2-hundred Alger volumes including a number from his father's boyhood years, and he has almost 100 titles.

I found him a most delightful personality and our visit of many hours included fruitless calls to every book market in Phoenix.

Col. Webb spent his early years in Huntington, West Virginia, having been born in Ashland, Ky. He was a railroad man with the C B & Q for many years.

As a young man, Col. Webb joined the National Guard and when he was called into active service his tour of duty took him to the European theatre of War where he served in the infantry. He denies any front line experience, but acquaintance with the man belies his staying away from the scene of action. He saw service in Korea, Viet Nam, Panama, and has visited India, Iran, Bangkok and the Holy Land.

An early advocate of Chess, he is a nationally ranked Chess Director and his work in this field takes him to many important national chess tournaments. He is the head of the local chess club which ranks nationally among the best since its membership of over 200 chess buffs includes national memberships for every local member, a goal seldom attained in chess circles.

He has a fine collection of paper back Nick Carters and would appreciate hearing from members who have any available.

Retired since 1959, Col. Webb is an ardent philatelist also. It was a most invigorating and inspiring visit with a fine gentleman and I shall long remember this experience.

Frank Eisenberg, PF-229

Publicity Chairman, George C. Clarke, PF-264, has been asked to do a special biographical column on "Our Founders" for our next issue of NEWSBOY. In the preparation, he has recently read all available copies of our little publication.

He reports that his impressions of the many sacrifices and astute and dedicated efforts of these men are compelling as examples of good citizenship and as the true foundation of our movement.

His theme, "Let's Get Acquainted", will be carried out to convey these impressions to all our readers. Good men attract other good men. Their example is contagious as proven by our present growth and prestige.

ANOTHER POSTAL EMPLOYEE

John M. Lohn, PF Los Angeles, Calif., who joined HAS in January 1969, is a retired mailman like Forrest Campbell, PF-000, erstwhile (retired) editor of "NEWSBOY". Mr. Lohn did not originally intend to become a postman but an attractive offer to enter the Postal Service on the day after his graduation from high school in 1921, was accepted instead of a college career in Agriculture.

He is a lifetime reader and admirer of Alger with 99 Algers in his collection, including several first editions. He rereads them "over and over again". He started in 1915 at age 12.

In 1967, he was offered the entire stock of a used book dealer in Los Angeles, a total of 50 with some duplicates at a very low price "for the lot". He claims that reading Algers keeps one young.

He worked for 33 years as a mailman, first in Minneapolis, then, in 1965, in Los Angeles.

Let's get acquainted
by George Clark....

NEWSBOY

NORMAN G. PETERSON, PF-184, resident of Big Rapids, Michigan, has been a member of HAS over three years and is well oriented in its philosophy. He owns 69 titles on a non-duplicating basis and is on the outlook for more. His object is not primarily display but enjoyable entertainment as he reads Algiers over and over. He has surplus copies for sale with the idea of re-investing the proceeds in more Algiers to fill the gaps and to expand his library. He used to write "Notes from Norman" for NEWSBOY.

During the summer of 1966, Norman worked for State Technical Services to help put new methods, new techniques and new inventions to work for the economic expansion of Mich. and to afford employment for its people. His duties took him to over 60 industrial enterprises on a voyage of discovery. Much to his surprise he found Algiers in excellent supply in antique and book shops and at rural and estate auctions. Many were poor; others excellent; and a few on the rare list. He generously gave away many of his duplicates. Some 15 or more went to President Steve Press for use as readers in his New York classrooms. Others went to historical museums and a few to libraries.

Norman leads an happy, busy & fruitful life as a professor of industrial chemistry at Ferris State College (8500 enrollment), a position that he has held for 12 years. He previously, for eight years served at a laboratory bench as a paint development chemist.

He is a Scouter with a record of over 25 years of service to boys through Scouting which shows his deep and sincere interest in boys, a natural interest in all that Alger stood for in an earlier generation. He is a coin collector, but aren't we all?

His present undertaking is that of Superintendent of St. Peter's Lutheran Sunday School. He is a native of Chicago. He moved to the State of Michigan in 1957. He has five children from 8 to 16 years of age. When he married a beautiful and competent young lady of his Chicago neighborhood, they began their married life in the same apartment house in which he was born. He later moved to Howard City in Michigan, a small town of 800 inhabitants, 22 miles from Big Rapids. The latter is a town of 8000, a few less than the college population.

He served a hitch in the U.S. Navy as a commissioned officer. Temporarily he served as a printer and a part-time chemist and also as a high school teacher and still later attended graduate school.

Change of Address

John T. Toot
114 Henrietta Blvd.
Amsterdam, N.Y. 12010

Roster Correction

Poznan, Irving I.
107 Timka Dr.
Ballwin, Mo. 63011

PF-273, William Chase reports on books about Alger.

"The American Heritage" book on The Gay 90's published in 1968 has an article written by Robert S. Gallagher.

"Lost men of American History" by Holbrook, also has an article on Alger.