

newsboy



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SEPTEMBER 1970

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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

MARTHA FINLEY
AUTHOR OF
ELSIE SERIES

EDWARD S. ELLIS
AUTHOR OF
YOUNG PIONEER SERIES

HORATIO ALGER JR.
AUTHOR OF
RAUCED DICK SERIES

LOUISA M. ALCOTT
AUTHOR OF LITTLE WOMEN

OLIVER OPTIC
THE BOYS FRIEND

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT
AUTHOR OF THE BURNING CLAY

POPULAR WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

From OUR FAVORITE AUTHORS published in 1898

FROM THE ALGER FOXHOLE

I. Gurman

DEAD PAPER BOY

By Margaret J. Preston

The patter of feet was on the stair
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said--for weary the day had been--
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before
A face peeped in at the half-closed door,
And a child soobed out: "Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pary who is 'Dan?' The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with a strange surprise:
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well:
I knew! --with his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him 'No?'

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir, strudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold.
But he's dead--he's dead! and we miss him so!
And mother--she thought you might like to know."

In the paper next morning as "leader," rand
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do--
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil--is dead."

(Kind permission granted by Mr. Comstock of the
W. Va. Hillbilly where Irene Gurman spied it
and asked if we could print in the NEWSBOY for
benefit of our members. Singular, that the
poet's name is Margaret J. Preston, Alger used
Caroline F. Preston, and both used the same
subject in the same compassionate vein. Who
knows anything about Margaret J. Preston?)

What became of the Broadway show: TATTERED TOM,
with Allen Jones and Margaret Hamilton?

BOOK MART

Andy Gordon	NYB	F-G	1.75
Andy Grant's Pluck	NYB	F-G	1.50
Brave & Bold	World	V.G	1.50
Chester Rand	Don	F-G	1.25
Charlie Codman's Cruise	Don	G	1.75
Charlie Codman's Cruise	Don	G	1.50
Do & Dare	Don	F	1.00
Erie Train Boy	Don	F	1.50
Erie Train Boy	Con	P	1.00
Facing The World	Saal	G	1.25
Hector's Inheritance	Don	F	1.25
Helping Himself	NYB	F	1.25
Helping Himself	New Werner	VG	1.75
Herbert Carter's Legacy	Burt	E	3.00
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In a New World	Don	F	1.25
Joe's Luck	NYB	VG	1.75
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Phil The Fiddler	Don	P-F	1.50
Risen From The Ranks	Whit	G	1.25
Risen From The Ranks	Sup	F	1.25
Risen From The Ranks	Don	G	1.50
Sam's Chance	Hurst	G	2.00
Sam's Chance	Whit	VG	1.75
Sam's Chance	Don	F-G	1.50
Sam's Chance	NYB	VG	1.50
Shifting For Himself	NYB	F-G	1.50
Shifting For Himself	Don	F	1.00
Shifting For Himself	Whit	F	1.00
Sink or Swim	Don	VG	1.75
Slow and Sure	Hurst	G	2.00
Struggling Upward	NYB	E	2.50
The Cash Boy	Don	VG	1.75
The Errand Boy	Hurst	VG	2.75
The Telegraph B oy	NYB	F	1.25
The Young Explorer	Don	G	1.50
The Young Musician	Don	G	1.50
The Young Outlaw	NYB	F-G	1.50
Tom the Bootblack (stain)	NYB	F	1.25
Tony The Hero	Burt	F-G	2.00
Tony The Hero	Don	VG	1.75
Try and Trust	NYB	G	1.50

Offered by: Stanley Matteson PF-103
486 Parker St.
Manchester, Conn. 06040

Please add 15¢ per book for postage
and packaging.

NEWSBOY

NEW YORK CITY
DURING THE TIME OF HORATIO ALGER JR.

During the postwar period of New York, a new way of living existed for the city's people. New York had entered the field of manufacturing in earnest, and many people held jobs in factories. Also, since the customs of the city were changing, stores were now hiring women employees.

"The introduction of a new way of living, one that was to affect a big proportion of the citizenry, came in 1869. A New Yorker, Rutherford Stuyvesant, erected on Eighteenth Street, between Third Avenue and Irving Place, the first apartment house or 'flat.' It was a structure that was distinguished from tenements by such amenities as adequate space, light, heat, and plumbing." The five storied building contained eight apartments and several studios, which ranged in rentals from \$1,000 to \$1,800 per year. The public favored the idea, and soon more apartments were erected.

By 1865, transportation proved to be an acute problem in New York City. Many people had to travel to their jobs every working day, and transportation facilities were inadequate to care for the influx of people. On February 2, 1866, Horace Greeley's Tribune said: "Street railroads and omnibuses have their uses, but we have reached the end of them. They are wedged for hours at night and morning with men, women, boys and girls, sitting, standing, hanging on...they are unchangeably too slow."

It had been proposed that an elevated or aerial railway be constructed in the city. In July, 1868, a demonstration of a section of such a railway was given by Charles Harvey. By the end of July the elevated line was running for a distance of somewhat over half a mile, and by April, 1870, the "E1" was operating smoothly.

In 1850 the elevator was invented in order to haul freight. Soon the idea gained public acceptance, and when the Equitable building was erected in 1870, an elevator was installed in it.

The telephone was shown for the first time in New York City by Alexander Graham Bell, in May, 1877. Business establishments first adopted the invention, then private families, who at first believed that the telegraph service with its messengers was all that they needed.

On October 28, 1886, the dedication of the Statue of Liberty took place on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," was a gift from the French people to commemo-

rate the one-hundredth anniversary of United States independence." The pedestal for the figure was built with money supplied by American contributors, a great many of them being New York residents.

Horatio Alger occasionally wrote of women being employed in factories, (See 1st paragraph) and for the most part did not write highly of the idea. Helen Ford was no exception. "She was about to offer to procure Helen some work from the establishment where she was employed, but when she looked at the bright face of the young girl, and thought to what hours and days of weariness it would consign her,...she had not the heart to offer her the destiny which she had been compelled to accept for herself.

Like Horace Greeley, (See 3rd paragraph) Alger believed that the omnibuses and other vehicles posed a problem to New York City residents. In Ragged Dick he writes: "In order to reach Chatham Street it was necessary to cross Broadway. This was easier proposed than done. There is always such a throng of omnibuses, drays, carriages, and vehicles of all kinds in the neighborhood of Astor House, that the crossing is formidable to one who is not used to it." Also, "The Third Avenue and Harlem line of horse-cars is better patronized than any other in New York, though not much can be said for the cars, which are usually dirty and overcrowded."

The Telegraph Boy was the title of one of Horatio Alger's books, and in it, he tells about a boy who was employed by the American District Telegraph Company. In one chapter, Alger describes the telegraph system. (See 6th paragraph). "Large numbers of houses and offices in the city are connected with the offices of the District Telegraph by machines, through which, at any time in the day or night, a messenger may be summoned for any purpose. It is only necessary to raise a knob in the box provided, and a bell is rung in the office of the company." By Jack Bales

SOURCE: Lyman, Susan E. The Story of New York
NEXT: The Great Blizzard of 1888.

PF-246, Joseph Sirak, Jr., is looking for a copy of "Joe, the Hotel Boy." "You see I am a hotel night auditor and since my first name is Joe I thought it would be most appropriate to have in my collection."

Change of Address:

Joseph J. Sirak, Jr.
4135 S. W. 62nd. Ct.
South Miami, Florida 33155

OLD GRAY

by

Horatio Alger Jr.

"Mary," said Ralph Elliott to his wife, "I've just received a letter from your brother Henry. He has agreed to take our John as an apprentice, and wishes him to commence the first of next week."

"I am afraid it will be sad news for John, he had his mind so set upon going to college."

"Yes, it is I know a grievous disappointment," said Mr. Elliott, sighing, "but what can I do? Under any circumstances there is not a possibility of my being able to defray the expenses of a college education. You know our income is hardly sufficient to defray our own necessary expenses."

"Yes, I know that, but John is such a smart scholar," said the mother, proudly. "The teacher told me, only yesterday, that he is superior in scholarship to any member of his class. And yet they will enter college next commencement, while our boy will be condemned to hard labor at the carpenter's bench."

"Still he will find his acquirements even in that situation a source of pleasure, and he will have some leisure to devote to increasing them."

"At the best it will be a great sacrifice."

A few words are needed to explain the position of the Elliotts. The head of the family was a clerk on a small salary, which by economy was made sufficient to maintain the family in comfort. But this was all. He was unable to give his children a start in life beyond a moderate education and a good trade. His oldest son John was now a lad of sixteen, and of much promise. He was very fond of study, and his progress had been so rapid as to gratify and encourage alike his parents and teachers. But he had now arrived at an age when it was essential that he should begin to do something for himself. At this juncture, his uncle Henry, living in the next town, had offered to teach him his own trade, that of a carpenter, and his father did not feel that his circumstances would justify him in declining the offer. He was to commence his apprenticeship, as has already been intimated, the following week.

Shortly after the conversation recorded above, John Elliott entered the house and came into the sitting-room, bearing a pile of books under his arm.

"So you've brought your books home, John," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, and it almost brought the tears to my eyes when I turned away from the academy where I have passed so many happy days. Good-by, Virgil," he continued, as he lay down a copy

of that classic author. "You must give my farewell respects to Æneas and the rest, for I don't expect I shall have much to do with them henceforth. And you, Cicero, you are a fine old fellow--I'd like to keep company with you longer, but I am afraid I can't."

These words were said half playfully, half sadly.

"Your uncle expects you to come tomorrow. He thinks next week will be a good time to commence your apprenticeship."

"As good as any, I suppose. But don't let's talk about disagreeable subjects, mother. Is supper ready? I'm hungry as a bear."

Supper was ready, and amply justice was done by the hungry lad to his mother's cookery. Shortly after the meal, John announced his intention of going out skating for a short time.

"Don't be gone long, John. You know this is your last night at home," said his mother.

"I shan't be gone above an hour," was the reply.

"Poor boy! he feels it a good deal," said his mother to herself. "I only wish something would turn up so that his wishes might be gratified. If the fairies only lived in these times I would just tease them for money enough to pay John's expenses through college."

"Hard work is the only fairy now-a-days," said her husband, who had overheard her words.

"Yes, I suppose so," returned his wife. "And yet I can't help feeling as if something or other was going to turn up, so that John needn't go to a trade."

"You are a little like Micawber," said Mr. Elliott, smiling. "He was always waiting for something to turn up."

"And something did at last," said Mrs. Elliott.

"It isn't safe to build one's hopes on a story," returned her husband.

Meanwhile something had turned up. An adventure had befallen John, but as to it profiting him that was very problematical.

He was on his way home from the pond about eight o'clock, with his skates hanging over his shoulders, when he heard the ringing of bells behind him. Looking back he saw a horse and sleigh rapidly approaching. There was a young man in the sleigh, but his swaying form indicated that he was not in a state to have much control over the horse. He was so far intoxicated as to be in a very jubilant state, and was shouting to his horse to proceed.

Walking along in the very path which the sleigh was taking, John saw an old man, clad in a long, blue camlet cloak, reaching to his feet. He looked shabby enough, and John had no diffi-

culty in recognizing in him Old Gray, as he was usually termed, a miserly old man who had lived in the neighborhood for years.

At present the chance of his being run over and seriously injured seemed very great. The intoxicated driver was not likely to turn out for him, and Old Gray was quite deaf, so that he probably would not perceive his danger until it was too late. All this flashed in an instant on John's mind, and he at once began to run with all his speed towards the old man, in order to avert the danger. He reached him just in time. Seizing him unceremoniously by the arm he dragged him to the side of the road just as the sleigh whirled by.

"What do you mean, boy?" exclaimed Old Gray, wrathfully, not at first understanding the cause of his violence.

John pointed to the receding sleigh. Old Gray understood, and muttered a half recognition of his services. This happened within a few rods of Mr. Elliott's house.

"Won't you call in, Mr. Gray?" asked John, without the most distant idea that the invitation would be accepted.

"I don't know but I will," said Old Gray, hesitatingly.

Endeavoring to conceal his astonishment at this sudden acceptance of a civility by one who was well known to be very unsocial, John led the way.

"Father," said he, opening the door of the sitting-room, "I have invited Mr. Gray to step into the house. He has just had a narrow escape from being run over."

Mr. Elliott rose from his seat, and though not a little surprised, received his visitor politely.

"It is a very cold evening," he suggested, not knowing how far his sociality would be met by his guest.

"Yes," said the old man, briefly, leaning his chin on his stick, and looking intently into the fire. He began to rub his hands stealthily, as if the influence of the comfortable room had already begun to affect him pleasantly.

Fine furniture cannot impart an air of comfort to a room. Mr. Elliott's sitting-room was furnished simply enough. A cheap Kidderminster carpet, already well-worn, covered the floor, a small table stood in the centre, a home-made lounge, covered with patch, was drawn up in front of the fire, a few cane-bottomed chairs stood about the room; there was a set of bookshelves, containing a few well-used books, and a solitary picture looked down from the mantel. The room was certainly not luxurious in its appointments, yet to Old Gray it seemed a Paradise compared with his own bleak, cheerless and

solitary home.

One accustomed to solitude is an embarrassing companion. Access to their minds has been closed in so many ways that it is difficult to select topics suitable or likely to draw them out. However, Mr. Elliott undertook to draw Old Gray into conversation.

"John tells me that you have had a narrow escape from being run over."

"Yes," said Old Gray, with the same abruptness as before, still looking into the fire. Then after a pause, he inquired:

"How old is he?"

"Do you mean John?"

"Your son."

"He is sixteen."

"What's he going to do?"

Mr. Elliott was a little surprised at this indication of interest on the part of Old Gray.

"He is going to leave us to-morrow to become an apprentice to his uncle, who is a carpenter."

"Humph--where?"

"In B _____."

"Does he want to go?"

"No. He is very fond of his studies, and would like very much to go to college with his class, but the expenses attending a college course are so great that it is quite impossible for me to send him. It is a great disappointment to me as well as to him," Mr. Elliott added, half to himself, for he had no reason to suppose that Old Gray would feel particularly interested in his relation.

"Humph!" said Old Gray, in a tone which it was very difficult to interpret.

Soon after he rose from his seat, and turned towards the door as if about to go.

"Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Elliott, hastily, "I hope you won't go just yet, I am going to have some cake and apples brought in directly. It will give us great pleasure to have you partake with us. You surely won't refuse."

Old Gray sank back into his seat, apparently half surprised at his own inclination to remain. As his movement was taken for assent, Mrs. Elliott directed the cake and apples to be brought in immediately.

"Skating gives me a prime appetite," remarked John, helping himself abundantly. "Did you ever skate, Mr. Gray?"

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott looked at each other as if they regarded this as a daring remark on the part of John. Singularly, however, it seemed to wake up Old Gray to a degree of life and animation.

"I remember the time," said he, "when I could outstrip all the boys of my age in skating."

"Then I only wish you were young again," said John, laughing. "I'd give you a pretty

NOTES FROM NORMAN

JUNIOR ALGER CLUB

I have just added my 89th title to my Alger collection and I thought it about time that my most recent acquisitions be shared with other members of our Society.

A number of my most recent additions have been Street and Smith paper back editions of their "Alger Series." These, according to advertisements were issued between 1928 and 1931. I wish to discuss these paper backs with my friends.

Sometime ago I obtained several nice copies of Street and Smith Medal Library Series, and among them was "In A New World." This paper-back has been one of my showpieces, especially because of the cover picture. I think cover pictures and designs make a book so interesting.

Well, now after being introduced to the "Alger Series" of paper backs, I am again impressed by the beautiful cover picture of these books. I think everyone owes it to themselves to have several of these beautiful books in their collection. I was fortunate in getting several of these books in beautiful condition and prize them highly.

Another feature of this series is that so many of the Alger stories were printed in this series. The Alger Series lists numbers one thru 97 as authored by Horatio Alger. It should be pointed out that the last eleven of these series is the Stratemeyer Alger's. In addition I have found several issues of higher numbers (172 and 173) that are also Alger stories.

It appears to me that a person could obtain most of Alger's stories if they were to just collect this one series of paper backs.

Each cover in this series has a picture that may be identified with some part of the story, at least this is true for the stories I have. I believe a beautiful book would result if reproduction (in color) of the Alger series of paper backs could be assembled.

Surely Street and Smith has left us with a rich heritage of books, and we in the Horatio Alger Society should be thankful for their publishing efforts.

PF-184, Norman Peterson

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?

SIoux FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA
1971

At Revere, the HAS approved formation of a Junior Alger Club. The members are young boys sponsored by a member. Charter members are listed below with the name of their sponsor.

Bruce A. Strong
170 Main St.
Thorndike, Mass. 01079
(PF-051 Ed Reynolds)

Steven DiCarlo
Paul DiCarlo
36 Fowler Ave.
Revere, Mass. 02151
(PF-271 William DiCarlo)

Mark Gallant
88 Beach St.
Revere, Mass.
(HAS)

Jeff Langlois
175 N. Elmridge
Brookfield, Wisc. 53005
(PF-093 Leslie Langlois)

John Hartmann
Stanley Hartmann
Steve Hartmann
4907 Allison Dr.
Lansing, Mi. 48910
(PF-102 Carl Hartmann)

New members since the convention are:

Ann Festa
John Festa
Joseph Festa Jr.
360 Malden St.
Revere, Mass. 02151
(PF-297 Jos. A. Festa)



THE WASH-ROOM IN THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING HOUSE JUST BEFORE SUPPER TIME.

SOME ALGER PHILOSOPHY AND FAMILIAR NAMES

"...any references to names or description of characters living or dead in this book are purely coincidental, and are not intended to defame ..." etc., is often a familiar statement of defense to be found in the opening pages of our publications today.

Horatio Alger often made use of this practice, and perhaps by request of certain close friends. It is a common practice to dedicate a book to a friend or relative, but it is not a common practice to use the name of a living person in the text of a story, except for the purpose of recording historical fact.

It is my assumption in Alger's case that people condoned the practice even to the point of finding some pride in seeing their name in print; while others demanding equal consideration applies some pressure on the author, no matter how slight a reference.

Take for example the slight reference to George and Jeff in chapter nine of the story, Paul The Peddler. Now this reference is harmless to any living person, and useless to the content of the story but it perhaps satisfied the desire of two young boys to see their names in print. These names have no significance until compared with the names Washington and Jefferson which are found on the dedication page of the story, Strong & Steady.

Another such slight reference is that of Louis Schick which was mentioned in only one paragraph of the story, Andy Gordon; and also to be found in chapter nine. Does chapter nine have any significance? Is it a catch-all chapter where the author can dispose of all obligations to his friends? We shall see.

Louis Schick was a living person, and his picture may be found in Ralph Gardner's book, Horatio Alger, or The American Hero Era, opposite page 21.

Also the name of Frank Faulkner; any alliterative name has always appealed to the author; appears in the story of

Strong & Steady. No, not in chapter nine this time, but in chapter sixteen; and again amounts to only a passing reference and plays no important part in the plot of the story. Frank obviously was a friend of Alger, since his name appears on the dedication page of the story, Slow & Sure.

Alger is not generally known, nor accepted as a philosopher, yet his stories are generally based upon certain principles, and wise counsel. Such counsel is generally found after a break in the dialog of his many stories in order that he might stress a point to his juvenile readers.

And Horatio had something to say about the generation gap which obviously existed in his day as well as ours. Here is his philosophy in his own words:

"Young America is very apt to regard the counsel of the old and experienced as of slight value; but in this they make a great mistake. There are plenty of young men, who, from their own self-sufficiency and impatience of good advice, go to financial ruin every year. He shows wisdom who avails himself of the experience of other men, avoiding their errors, and imitating what in them is worthy of imitation." Slow & Sure, chapter 26.

And here is some philosophy on Education that should halt any rumor that Alger encouraged the boys to quit school, leave home and seek their fortune in the big city:

"If I had a son of my own, I would rather leave him that (opportunity for an education) than money, for while the last may be lost, the first never can be." (Paul Prescott's Charge, chapter 16)

And as an after-thought clincher to his remarks, Alger adds on the following page:

"...the quickest road to success is through the schoolroom."

Next month, more of the same, will be our subject matter. (PF-000)

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NEWSBOY

Newsboy--September - 1970

hard tug."

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

Old Gray smiled--actually his sombre features were lighted up with a smile. Who knows what thoughts of the almost forgotten past thronged into his mind? But he quickly added:

PF-300 Maurice R. Royar
6008 Yolanda Dr.
Fort Worth, Texas 76112
(Virginia) T-64

"I shall never skate again."

Maurice's field of interest in Alger is: "Collecting Alger books, stimulating interest in the Alger story and research into his past." He goes on to say; "Horatio Alger's books were an inspiration to me as a boy growing up in a small town in Missouri. The Horatio Alger theme is the story of America. It is true and applicable today as it was when Alger wrote his memorable books. By helping to perpetuate the Alger theme, the Horatio Alger Society can do much to aid many youths and in turn, our nation.

Not long afterwards he rose to leave, not so abruptly as at first, however. Turning to John, as he passed through the doorway, he said:

"Will you come over to my house to-morrow morning?"

John promised to do so, not without a measure of surprise. True to his promise he set out immediately after breakfast for Old Gray's residence. Haunt I should call it, for it was an old battered and weather-beaten house of one story, in the last stages of neglect. John found Old Gray at home.

"You want to go to college, don't you?" commenced the old man, abruptly.

"I should like to very much," said John, "but I don't see any prospect of it. My father is too poor."

"Apply to your friends."

"I have none that are able to furnish me the money sufficient."

"There is one that you have not applied to, and who is able."

"Who is that, sir?"

"The boys about the village call him Old Gray."

"What!" exclaimed John, starting with astonishment. "You!"

"Yes, I. They call me a miser. I suppose I am. But I have taken a fancy to you. Tell your father that I will be responsible for your college expenses, and that he need trouble himself no farther on that point."

"How can I thank you, Mr. Gray, for your generosity?"

"By saying nothing about it."

"You will let me come and see you now and then. You must be so lonely."

"If you really wish it," said Old Gray, looking pleased.

So John went to college, and not even his parents took a greater interest in his progress than Old Gray. It was the beginning of a new life to the old man, who now felt that he had something to live for, and threw off some of his unsocial reserve. The epithet "old" has fallen into gradual disuse, and he is now known as Mr. Gray. Mrs. Elliott sometimes declares that if the fairies are all dead, they have found a worthy successor in Old Gray.

"Old Gray" appeared in Gleason's Pictorial, Jan. 14, 1860.

Maurice has over 125 duplicate Algers which he hopes to trade with other members.

PF-301 Joan Throne
2270 Copley St.
Aurora, Ill. 60506
(Robert) T-44

Joan is a teacher in Aurora, Ill. and collects, sells and trades Algers. Her other hobbies are reading, going to "Flea" markets and bridge.

PF-302 Betty Lee Johnson
705 Palm Blvd.
Isle of Palms, S.C. 29451
(Edward) T-57

In addition to being an Alger collector, Betty Lee collects calendar plate and antiques. She is interested in writing for the Newsboy. (Hurray Ed.) and also has a few duplicates for sale.

NOTES FROM MEMBERS:

PF-233, Bert Sack, president and founder of the Civil War Memorial Committee has won another long battle in his fight to preserve memorials to our Civil War veterans, both north and south.

Grant's Tomb is well lit at night now, thanks to the efforts of Bert. Sack, 74, has lived in the Bronx all his life. He is a member of the Bronx County Historical Society, which sponsors his efforts to keep memorials in good shape.
