

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Newsboy



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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

COLLECTION OF THE MONTH

By Dan Fuller

It recently occurred to me as I sat waiting to learn if the copy of Seeking His Fortune I finally tracked down is still available, that one of the sad things about our society is that we never get a chance to really show off our collections. Oh, friends drop in now and then, and we may take a few books to conventions - Jack Row's exhibits were always the best - and we swap tales of our near misses and our great finds, and we offer our advice to neophytes, and if we are really ambitious we exhibit our collections at the local library of historical society, but actually, we never get a chance to spend long hours showing our books and discussing how we get them with the people who matter most--the other HAS members. Therefore, I suggest that The Newsboy begin a "Collection of the Month" feature. I know that I would really like to know what Ralph has and what exists in the collections of some other dedicated and longtime Alger fans - Jack Barker, Ernie Sanford, Leo Moore, Les Langlois, Gil Westgard--to name but a few. Since this is the first month I offer the following diary of my Alger exploits. If there are other volunteers, either write up your sketches as you wish or send the material to me and I'll do it.

March 16, 1963: Standing outside the Strand Bookstore in New York City, I find a copy of "Sink or Swim" in the 10¢ stall. Although I had read several Algers as a child, I do not recall having seen one for sale before.

April 25, 1963: Having found Ralph Gardner's ad in "Hobbies", I offer him "Sink or Swim", visions of gold dancing in my head. Ralph's reply is a rubber-stamped Sorry, I can't use the Algers you so kindly offer. Please file my list, etc."

Sept. 25, 1964. I move to Madison, Wisconsin and Paul Askins of Paul's Bookstore tells me he has no Algers but that there is a new Biography-Bibliography out. I read a review of Ralph's book and then read the book.

May, 1965: I break down. Paul has 12 Algers for \$1.00 apiece. I offer \$10.00 for the lot and he accepts. There is a nice Winston of Paul the Peddler and little else of note. 13 titles.

November, 1965: I look Ralph up in "Hobbies" again. I write and ask him where I might find more Algers, that I am interested in collecting. He replies Nov. 22. He gives me Forrest's address and mentions the society.

December: I join society and begin a long correspondence with Ken Butler. Her nurses me through the Alger ropes.

February: Herb Risteen sees my name in The Newsboy and comes to Madison. He sells me 21 of his duplicates for \$17.00 I now have 46 titles.

May: I attend the Milwaukee event and meet the great folk of the HAS. By the time I leave I have 59 titles. My most desirable book is a Burt hardcover first of "The Errand Boy"

June, 1966: I spend three weeks in Canada and New England. I buy my first good Alger - an American Publisher's "From Farm Boy to Senator" for \$5.00 - the most I have ever paid for an Alger - at the Antique Farm in Ontario. Then I acquire my first first edition from Mr. Rothenberger at the Old Trading Post in Lisbon, N.H. It is a P&C Luke Walton for which I pay my highest yet: \$7.00. (Ralph later tells me that this was a real toughie for him.) By the time I return home in Sept. I have hit 37 states, have 86 titles, and two real firsts and five Burt hardcover firsts. Con't on page 8

FORREST CAMPBELL, PF-000

Forrest Campbell was born in Greenville, Illinois, October 13th (Friday), 1905. His father was a stationary engineer for the Helvitia (now Pet) Milk Condensory, of St. Louis, Mo. He travelled considerably in those years, with his dad having set-up assignments in New Glarus, Wisconsin; and Wayland, Michigan. In between assignments, his father attempted to do some farming in the State of Illinois where he received most of his schooling. At the age of 19 he left his farm home and returned to Michigan. He met his wife in Kalamazoo and was married there on April 19, 1930. He had one daughter, and now has three grandchildren. He met his wife while clerking in a grocery store and they were on opposite sides of the counter. He has never had any military assignments but has just retired from 28 years service with the U.S. Government, mostly with the U.S. Post Office.

In spite of the depression years he managed to have built three homes to meet his family's needs and specifications. The last of these was the birthplace of what is known today as the Horatio Alger Society. Ken Butler was his guest on Thanksgiving Day (evening, after putting his elderly parents to bed) 1961, where they discussed their Alger book collections. Butler suggested an organization whereby all Alger-interested people might keep in contact with one another. Our monthly (Newsboy Club) newsletter was the end result. Ken Butler was originally a Kalamazoo resident, having moved to the State of Illinois. While he was an Illinois boy having moved to Michigan. Their common hobby was what brought them together.

He has written one Alger-style, book length story, The Young Postmaster, published as a supplement to our Newsboy over the period of 36 installments beginning with the

Con't on page 8



HAPPY NEW YEAR

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

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

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The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January & July and is distributed free to Society members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$5.

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Please use membership roster for mailing address of our officers.

FOR YOUR COLLECTION?

by Gilbert K. Westgard II

An interesting and unusual volume that should be added to the collection of any Alger enthusiast is Those Almost Happy Years, by Willard Temple, Crown Publishers, New York, 1965. The Alger theme of a poor boy who made good in the big city is the background of the story, which is in the form of a first-person narrative told by one Wesley Barrow.

Wes and his employer, Mr. Elmer P. Dockman, had one thing in common: both had grown up in the town of Gabriel Springs. Now, they were both returning to set up the Elmer P. Dockman Foundation.

The summons to come to Mr. Dockman's office had come as quite a surprise to Wes Barrow. Though he knew that they had both come from the same town, he had never even spoken to Mr. Dockman.

Now, sitting across from him, Wes mused to himself, "No devotee of Phil the Fiddler, Frank and Fearless, or Andy Grant's Pluck, to name a few, would be dumfounded to find himself summoned into the office of Elmer P. Dockman. He would have been heading in that direction ever since he said goodbye to his mother, as, clutching a gripsack in one hand, he set out on a country road."

But, what could the great man possibly want?

Dockman soon informed him, "Rather than disburse funds helter-skelter to any individual or institution attracting my attention as being worthy, I intend to concentrate my efforts. I am going to spend my remaining years helping the town that gave me my start in life. I am going to retire to Gabriel Springs and spend the rest of my life doing what I can to better the town." Wes was to assist him in this project.

Their return and the resulting events in Gabriel Springs hardly read like a typical Alger story. However, the individual chapter titles seem to have mostly come from our hero's pen: Bound to Rise / A Debt of Honor / Plan and Prosper / From Poverty to Title / The Young Salesman / Do and Dare / How He Won Out / Wait and Hope / Try and Trust / Struggling Upward / His Trials and Triumphs / Making Hiw Way / The Young Outlaw / The Road to Success / Scenes in the Life of a Newsboy / Helping Himself / Slow and Sure / Grit / Cool Head and Warm Heart / Driven from Home / Sink or Swim / In a New World / A brave Boy's Adventures with a Tramp / The Train Boy / The New Path to Fortune / Risen from the Ranks / Braving the World.

After reading this volume one will have to agree with the quotation from Hamlet which precedes the story, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

ALGERIANA CONTEMPLATIONS

By Jack Bales, PF-258

Ever since I read a column by Van Allen Bradley (Literary editor of the Chicago Daily News), warning book collectors of the danger of dust to books, I've been wanting to encase all my Alger books in plastic bags. However, I never could find the right size bag to fit them all. They were either too big, which made the books appear bulky on the book shelf, or too small, which left either the top or bottom open to the air.

Recently though, I learned that the Glad Sandwich Bags (6 1/4" x 5 1/2") are ideal for this purpose. One slips one bag over the bottom end letting the long flap rest on the cover, and place ANOTHER bag over the top, again placing the long flap on the book's cover. This provides excellent protection, with all six sides covered exceptionally well (especially the cover), with no excess plastic at all.

For bigger books (Burt, first editions, Mershon, and others), slightly larger bags are used. I utilize quart size storage bags (7 1/4" x 8") and follow the same method as already outlined. (However, the plastic does not lie as snug against the books as with the other size).

Someday I hope to get bookcases with hinged glass doors, but until that time, I know of no better way to take care of books.

My grandfather and I have often talked about Alger, and he has frequently wished that he could remember some of the author's specific stories. I surprised him one day by giving him a couple of my reprints, including my favorite Alger, Hector's Inheritance. He was looking at this latter book when he suddenly exclaimed, "I remember this book," and he went on naming certain instances in it. (For example, the bully trying to throw Hector in a blanket). He was quite overjoyed and we spent some time in the reminiscing about the book. Who says Horatio Alger is dead?

HAS. THE BOOK MART



Ben The Luggage Boy, Loring, good	\$10.00
Ben The Luggage Boy Loring, fair	7.50
Julius Street Boy Loring, good, 2nd	20.00
Rough & Ready Loring, fair	7.50
Rufus & Rose Loring, good	10.00
Mark Match Boy P & C, fair	5.00
Fame & Fortune HTC, good	7.50
Dan the News Boy Burt Del., good	7.50
Ralph Raymonds Heir Lupton, good	10.00
Julius Street Boy *HTC, good	10.00
Sam's Chance *HTC, good	10.00
Young Outlaw *HTC, good	10.00
*Tattered Tom Series	
Ragged Dick - Loring-2nd edition	
VG - Cover faded -	\$45.00

Dale E. Thomas
5397 East 132nd St.
Garfield Hts., Ohio 44125

[Ed. Note] Dale just picked up a 1st of Ragged Dick!!!!

For Sale: C/W/O - Returnable

Bound Volume of Student & School-mate for 1869. Contains Rough and Ready, complete (first edition in book form was issued in November of '69). Also contains the short story "George Conant's Terrible Adventure" in the March, April & May issues. All issues binding & covers in VG to Fine condition. \$40.00

Bob Burroughs
221 George St.
North Syracuse, N.Y. 13212
Phone GL 8-4649

LITTLE
PHIL'S
CHRISTMAS

DINNER



Do you want a boy, sir?
Sitting at the desk in his office, Mr. Ambrose, on hearing this question asked in a pleasant voice, looked up, and his glance rested on a small boy, apparently about ten years of age, who peered in through the partly open door.

"Come in and shut the door," said the gentleman addressed, "and I will speak with you."
It was a chilly day at the close of December--the day before Christmas, in fact, so chilly that warm overcoats and furs were in general request. But little Phil had neither of these. His pants and jacket were patched in diverse places, his cap had originally belonged to a boy with a considerably larger head, and his shoes were greatly in need of cobbling. His small hands, unprotected by gloves, were very red with the cold, and his ears were tipped with crimson. But in

spite of his shabby dress, little Phil had a bright and very pleasant face. An earnest, heroic soul looked through his honest eyes. He had learned to suffer and to endure without complaining. All he asked of the world was a fair field, but thus far the poor little fellow had been unable to obtain it.

"You had better come up to the fire," said Mr. Ambrose, "you look cold."

"Thank you, sir," said Phil, and he gladly moved nearer to the stove, and spread out his red hands to catch the warm glow.

"I suppose you saw the advertisement on the window," said Mr. Ambrose.

"Yes, sir."

"I do want a boy, but I need one older and larger than you. You don't look more than ten."

"I'm going on twelve," said Phil, unconsciously straightening up, and trying to make the most of his diminutive stature.

"Are you? But I need a boy of fourteen."

Little Phil looked sober. That was a difficulty not easy to overcome. He couldn't very well add a cubit to his stature or three years to his age. He had met with just this obstacle before, for he had made many applications for employment.

"Do you reside with your parents?"

"My father is dead, sir. I live with my mother." Phil was just on the point of adding that she was sick and in need, and that this was the reason he was so anxious to get a

place but he hesitated,

fearing Mr. Ambrose may think he was asking charity, and he had a shrinking from doing that.

"Then I won't suit, sir," he said after a little pause.

(Continued on page 4)

by: Horatio Alger Jr.

Contributed by:
Irene Curman PF-Ao1

From:

Oliver Optic
Student and
Schoolmate -
Christmas 1867

(continued from p.3)

"No, I am not afraid."

Little Phil turned to go out, and the merchant resumed his writing. He did not hear the door close, and it was only when the letter was finished that he was aware that the boy was gone. Then his heart smote him a little, for he was a kind-hearted man, and he had not failed to notice the boy's slender wardrobe.

"He must be very poor. It wouldn't have harmed me to give him half a dollar or so. I have no doubt he needs it." But the thought came too late, for Phil was half a mile away by this time.

Unfortunately the poor are too numerous in our large cities for the thought of one to remain long in the remembrance even of a kind-hearted man, so Mr. Ambrose continued his writing, and the day's business soon absorbed his attention, to the exclusion of everything else.

Little Phil made one more application, not wholly without good results. His application for a place was refused, but he was asked if he knew the way to Broad street.

There were few streets in the lower part of the city that Phil didn't know, and he answered in the affirmative.

"Here is a letter that I want delivered immediately," said the gentleman to whom he had applied. "Can you go at once?"

"Yes sir."

"There isn't any money in it, so it wouldn't be worth your while to open it."

Little Phil's face flushed at the suspicion.

"If there was a thousand dollars," he said, "and I could take it just as well as not, I wouldn't do it."

"All right, I hope you wouldn't but you are a stranger to me, and I don't know whether you are honest or not."

"I'll carry the letter safe, sir."

"Very well. Here's fifteen cents to pay for your trouble."

"Thank you, sir. Is there any answer?"

"No."

Phil delivered the letter and as it was getting towards noon he went into a baker's shop and invested a part of his money in rolls. He bought besides a large, red apple, with which he hoped to tempt his mother's appetite. Provided with these, he went home.

It was a very tall tenement house, the home of some thirty families, where he lived. He had five flights of stairs to ascend. At the head of the fifth landing he opened the door of a back room, and entered.

"Is that you, Phil?" asked a feeble voice from a bed.

"Yes, mother. How do you feel?"

"A little better, I think."

"Have you any appetite, mother?"

"I've got some nice rolls here. If we only had a fire, I could toast some slices, but then we haven't got any butter."

"Never mind, Phil, I think I can eat one as it is."

Little Phil sat down by the bed, and the two ate their plain dinner. Mrs. Weston didn't feel quite equal to eating the apples, though she tasted it and pronounced it nice. She was not dangerously sick, but had an attack of rheumatism, which the lack of a fire and other home comforts had aggravated. Under more favorable circumstances she would have recovered before this.

"Isn't it cold out, Phil?" she asked. "Poor boy, you must suffer with your thin clothes."

"O, I'm tough, mother," said Phil, cheerfully. "I can stand it."

"I wonder when our trials will be over," sighed Mrs. Weston. "It's strange we don't hear from your father's friend in Calcutta. He would help us I know."

"What was his name, mother?"

"Thomas Howland. Your father helped him to the position by which he has acquired wealth, little dream-

(continued from p. 4)

ing that the time would come when his own family would need the necessities of life."

"When did you write Mr. Howland, mother?"

"Nearly a year ago. I hope he is not dead. If so, our last hope of earthly assistance is gone."

"Don't worry, mother, even if you don't hear from him," said Phil manfully. "I will take care of you."

"I'm ready for it," said Phil, stoutly. "Things don't look very bright, mother, but tomorrow is Christmas, and something may happen to make it merry. I'm going out this afternoon, and I'll try hard to earn a half dollar, so that we can have something good for dinner tomorrow."

Phil's bright and hopeful spirit was contagious, and insensibly his mother came to hope that something might happen by tomorrow that might make their prospects look more favorable.

Out into the cold streets little Phil went once more. He looked out eagerly for a job that would bring him the coveted half dollar. But hour after hour of the short afternoon passed, and still he remained idle. Six o'clock struck, and the long twilight had settled down upon the streets. The shop windows were ablaze with light. Little Phil paused before one of them, thinking how glad he would be if he could live as comfortably as the well-dressed people who were selecting presents for children inside. It was so cold outside that he thought he would venture in a moment to warm himself. There were so many customers that he thought he should be unnoticed in the throng. But a clerk espied him, and said, roughly, "Clear out of here, you young rascal, we can't have any of your thievish tricks in this store."

"I am no thief," said little Phil, indignantly.

"Then what are you here for," said

the clerk, with a sneer. "you did not come in to buy, I judge from your looks."

"No," said Phil, "I have no money."

"Then you came to steal."

"I didn't. I never stole in my life. I came because I was cold. I wanted to warm myself."

"Then go somewhere else and get warm," was the unfeeling reply. "If you stay here, I'll warm your jacket for you."

There was no appeal, and little Phil was about to obey the rough command, when a gentleman of middle age, who had listened in silence to the colloquy, said, "No, my little fellow, don't go out. Stay here til you are warm, and I will guarantee your honesty. The man that would drive you out such a cold night as this, deserves to be put out himself."

The clerk turned pale with rage, but did not venture to say anything as the gentleman had just bought several articles of value. As for Phil, he looked gratefully at his new friend, and said simply, "You are very kind, sir."

"Come here a minute," continued the gentleman, "I wish to speak to you."

The gentleman drew a little aside from the throng of customers, and began to question Phil.

"You are very poor, are you not?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you parents living?"

"Only a mother, and she is sick."

"Where do you live?"

Phil told him.

"Do you have a fire?"

"No sir; we haven't money enough to buy any wood."

"It is so warm where I have been living that the poor never suffer from cold."

"Where is that, sir?" Phil ventured to inquire.

"In a city that perhaps you never heard of, many thousand miles away, Calcutta."

"Calcutta!" repeated Phil eager-

(Continued from p. 5)

ly. "Did you know Mr. Thomas Howland there?"

The gentleman looked very much surprised.

"What do you know of him?" he asked.

Then Phil told him all about the letter his mother had written to Mr. Howland, who was her husband's friend, and how she had been waiting patiently for an answer, that had never come.

"Is it possible that you are my friend Weston's son?" ejaculated the gentleman with evident emotion.

"Your friend!" exclaimed Phil, in surprise. "Did you know my father?"

"I am the very Thomas Howland you were inquiring for."

"O, how glad mother will be!" said Phil, his face lighting up with joy.

"Did you get her letter?"

"No, my boy; otherwise it should have been my first care to answer it. You must tell me again about your mother.

Phil told the whole story now, and to sympathizing ears. When he had finished, Mr. Howland said, "I am rich, Phil, and it is mainly due to your father, who gave me my first start in life. Remembering that, I will take care that your mother and you, shall never want again. And now suppose we plan a little Christmas surprise for your mother. You must induce her to hang up her stocking, and let her find this in it in the morning. Later in the day I will call".

He took out a fifty dollar bill and handed it to Phil, with a dollar besides to use at once.

With joyful steps little Phil hurried homeward, stopping on the way to get a little tea, and sugar, and bread.

"What success, Phil?" asked Mrs. Weston, as he entered the little room.

"I've got money enough to buy these," said Phil, showing his parcels. "I'll go down to Mrs. Connor's room, and get leave to make some

tea by her fire. I know it'll do you good. I'll make some toast too. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes, I think I should, Phil," she said.

Phil went down, and soon returned with a small teapot full of tea and some slices of toast which afforded a supper both enjoyed.

"I believe my appetite is coming back," said Mrs. Weston. "I feel better tonight than I have for some time."

"So do I," said Phil, smiling mysteriously. "I think, mother, that our troubles are over, and we shall get along hereafter."

"I hope so, Phil." But it was not in a very sanguine manner that she spoke.

"Mother," said Phil, a little later, "I want you to hang up your stocking tonight".

"What for?" asked Mrs. Weston surprised.

"Because it is Christmas eve, and you may get a present."

"I'm afraid there is little chance of that."

"But you'll let me hang up the stocking?"

"Certainly, my dear child, if you desire it."

It occurred to Mrs. Weston that possibly Phil might have bought her some trifle, and for this reason she consented to his request.

When his mother was fairly asleep, Phil got up and creeping to the nail on which his mother's stocking was suspended, slyly put therein the fifty dollar bill. In the morning he was early awake. Dressing himself, he went to his mother's room.

"Have you looked in your stocking yet, mother?" he asked.

"Not yet, Phil. You may bring it to me, but I think we shall find it as empty as when it was hung up."

Phil brought the stocking and his mother put in her hand. Her fingers closed upon something, and she drew it out.

"What does this mean?" she asked

LITTLE PHIL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER (Concluded)

bewildered. "A fifty dollar bill! Is it good?"

"I'll bet it's good," said Phil, enjoying his mother's surprise.

"Didn't I tell you you'd find something?"

"But how came it there?"

Phil wouldn't tell at first, but finally he explained how it all came about, but as the reader knows all about this, we need not repeat.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Weston, fervently. "He has indeed sent me a friend in the hour of need."

"Now mother," said Phil, "we will have a jolly Christmas dinner."

"I wish I was well enough to cook one."

"So do I, but your sickness won't prevent our having it. I know an eating-house close by where we can get some roast turkey and plum-pudding for two. About noon I'll take some dishes and go and get some."

Phil did as he had arranged, and by one o'clock the little table was spread in the middle of the room, with a nice Christmas dinner, such as might have tempted anybody's appetite. It was a great treat for Phil and his mother, neither of whom had eaten anything so good for many a long day. It was indeed a Merry Christmas, and I know a great many fine houses where the day was not so happily spent as in that little, plain room, up four flights of stairs.

But it will be useless to look for Phil and his mother in that little room today. They have moved into much more comfortable quarters, and henceforth their comfort is assured by Mr. Howland, who is both able and willing to help his friend's widow and son. Little Phil no longer goes shivering about the streets but is warmly clad, and attends a good school, where I hope he is laying the foundation of a noble, useful manhood.

There are many little Phils in our towns and cities. Let us hope that God will send some of them a merry Christmas through the agency of those whose hearts shall be touched by the noble spirit of charity, which the day shall fitly teach.

(The error of "five flights" and "four flights" of stairs is Alger's own, and left as it was writ December, 1867, "Student and Schoolmate". Trusting Alger will forgive Oliver Optic and me, for not dropping the other shoe.) Contributed: I. Gurman

New Interest Zooming In Horatio Alger

NEW YORK (UPI) — Luke Larkin, a manly, kind, generous, diligent, far-sighted, frugal, industrious, persevering and self-disciplined young lad is on trial, accused of stealing bank funds.

"O Luke," said his mother sorrowfully, "How terrible it is to have you here!"

"Don't be troubled, mother," said Luke. "We both know that I am innocent, and I rely on God to stand by me."

"Luke," said Mr. Beane, "though I am a bank trustee, I am your friend and believe you innocent. I will act as your lawyer."

"Thank you, Mr. Beane. I shall be very glad to accept your services."

Will Luke be proved innocent? Will he trace the real thief? Will he struggle upward from a boyhood of privation and self-denial into a youth and manhood of prosperity and honor?

Key to Success

You bet your American dream he will—because he's an Horatio Alger hero who proved to generations of boys that there was such a thing as honor and ethics; that hard work coupled with luck and a strong heart was the key to success.

Horatio Alger wrote more than 100 novels for boys in the last half of the 19th century. Their popularity lasted into this century, and countless Alger fans still remember reading him for the first time by the light of kerosene lamps.

Thousands of his books survive today, mouldering away in bookshops, and attics, the letters on their tattered clothbacks still flashing titles familiar to most Americans: "Work and Win," "Strive and Succeed," "Facing the World," "Do and Dare," "Try and Trust," "Sink or Swim."

And now an enterprising young publishing company with an eye toward this nostalgic era has picked two representative Alger first editions and reproduced them in facsimile form in a hardbacked two-volume set (Nautilus, \$12.50).

American History

According to philosophy Prof. Richard Fink, a long-time fan of Horatio Alger who wrote the introduction to the two facsimile editions, today's youth is mostly ignorant of this facet of American history.

"Literary artists portrayed a society very different than that depicted by pulp and popular writers," Prof. Fink said in an interview. "Henry Thoreau or Herman Melville don't help you understand Americans in the 19th century."

Prof. Fink, director of the division of arts, humanities and social sciences at Somerset County College in New Jersey, said the Alger lesson is that "the American dream belongs to us all."

Campbell - Con't from page 1
January 1963 issue and ending with
the December 1965 issue.

He has also written a three-act
play, The Boy From the Bowery,
which was premiered in Mansfield,
Ohio by the Mansfield Children's
Theatre, with Hal McCuen as it's
founder and director. McCuen is
PF-096. (premiered in 1967)

The story, The Young Postmaster,
received the 1966 NEWSBOY award
while McCuen, as director, received
the 1968 award for directing and
producing his play, The Boy from
the Bowery.

Currently he is compiling research
data on the subject of the Alger
stories.

Frank Eisenberg

Collection -Con't from page 1

Oct. 8, 1966: Ken Butler Sells me
a nice McKay Ned Newton. I now have
91 titles.

Nov. 16, 1966: I begin buying dup-
licates from Jack Row - Lost at Sea -
Mark Mannin's Mission, Bernard Brooks
Adventures - and have 96 titles but
nothing too rare.

Nov. 19, 1966: I buy my first Lor-
ing - Ragged Dick - and a first of
the Young Musician - my first Penn -
from Jack Barker. I now have 98 tit-
les.

Dec.12, 1966: I MADE IT. I'll get
a 100 plaque. Jack Row sells me a
nice The Odds Against Him and two
others. I have 101 titles.

Dec. 27, 1966: I visit Judson Ber-
ry one day during Christmas vacation.
I now have 107 titles.

May, 1967: I have been buying from
Jack Row. At the Des Moines conven-
tion I buy that famous Wren Winter -
from Gil Westgard to Jack Row to Ed-
die Westgard to me (and subsequently
to Paul Webb, who may still have it.)
I now have 124 titles and my first
good duplicate - A Rolling Stone -
which I decide to keep for awhile.

June, 1967: That terrible exper-
ience we all have sometime. I buy a
big batch of Donohues and NYB's to
get a copy of Forging Ahead. When
the box arrives there is a note ap-
ologizing for the fact that Forging
isn't included: "a gentleman wanted
it very badly and you were getting
so many others I didn't think you'd
mind. I learn a lesson. Even Jack
Row never had Forging Ahead and I
am bitterly disappointed. (and it
takes me 3 1/2 years to find another)

Late summer to the spring of 1968:
Jack Row sells his collection, I can
not afford it, but Gil Westgard can.
I am glad someone in the society
bought it. Maybe I'll get something
from it from Gil.

May, 1968: I go to New Haven
gathering. Gil sells me Jack's old
Western Boy and Victor Vane. I now
have 128 titles. I sell my Rolling
Stone to Paul House.

May, 1969: A year has gone by and
I have 131 titles. They're coming
slowly, but I have been busy and
haven't looked very diligently.

July, 1969: I visit Maine and find
7 Loring firsts for \$15.00. I am
turned on to the hunt once more. I
miss a Mark Stanton and a Both Sides
of the Continent by 15 minutes. I
want to cry.

August, 1969: In Maine I pay \$2.00
for the very scarce Ogilvie Tony the
Hero. My most valuable acquisition
so far.

Dec. 1970: A friend tells me there
are Algers at an auction just seven
miles from Kent. I forget the first
day but go the second. The Algers
are still not sold. I see some nice
Algers. At the top corner I can see
Making His Mark. I borrow money
from my office mate and outbid the
one other bidder in the fastest bid-
ding sequence you've ever seen. BON-
ANZA. Although there are only four
new titles, there are many nice Lor-
ings, Penn's, Stratemeyer completions,
etc. And - the rare first edition
of The \$500 Check. There are 283
in all. I now have 138 titles and
340 duplicates. The next day a book
searcher offers me Forging Ahead.
A week later, Ernie Sanford sells
me one chapter of Dan, the Detective.
Dale Thomas buys all my duplicates.

March, 1971: To implement my new
strategy, I have want lists printed
on cards and mailed to over 100 deal-
ers. By the end of the summer I have
Nothing to Do, Number 91, Gran'ther
Baldwin's Thanksgiving, Cast Upon
the Breakers, ADT 79, the first ap-
pearance of Ragged Dick, a first of
Victor Vane, and much, much more.

November, 1971: I just found a
second copy of A Fancy of Hers. I
now have 145 titles, and I am sit-
ting here awaiting word of number
146.



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS.....

PF-337 Donald H. Erickson
40 Ridge Rd.
Glen Rock, N.J. 07452
(Grace) T-29

Donald is a telephone engineer.
He is interested in putting together
a complete set of Algers. Don also
collects old radios and phones -
other juvenile books and rocks.

PF-338 Harold Stone
845 Fairway Dr.
Miami Beach, Fla. 33141
(Rita) T-100

Harold, a former amateur radio
operator, collects Tom Swift books
as well as Algers. Harold comments:
"I'm happy to join this Society of
fellow Alger collectors, and I hope
through membership in it to enhance
my personal collection."

PF-339 Glenn S. Corcoran
2045 Central Ave.
Wilmette, Ill. 60091
(Lorraine) T-116

Glen is interested in Alger as
a person. Glen is interested in
collecting antiques and collectible
items, camping, travel. He owns a
1959 Edsel convertible and is a mem-
ber of the Edsel owners club. Glen
is also President of the New Trier
Kiwans club.

PF-340 Frank H. Shrewsbury
5249 45 Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55417
(Mary) T-40

Frank is a friend of Frank
Eisenberg and loves to fish as well
as collect old books.

PF-341 Everett R. Johnson
34 Chatham Rd.
Kensington, Conn. 06037
(Alexandra) T-61

Everett is a retired YMCA
Executive Director and loves to
travel.. His other hobbies include
photography and collecting Juvenile
books.

PF-342 Jack R. Schorr
853 So. Lemon St.
Anaheim, Calif. 92805
(Frances) T-60

Jack is an artist and writer.
He wrote the article - "DISPLAY YOUR
COLLECTION" for the Sept. 1971, issue
of the NEWSBOY. Jack also collects
other Juvenile books.

PF-329 Weinstock, Beatrice C.
14 Brook Bridge Rd.
Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

Change of Address:

PF-294 Thomas A. Bayless
1149 Winchester Ave.
Glendale, Ca. 91201

PF-005 - During the months of Dec.,
Jan., Feb., March & April:

Ed Levy
100 Sunrise Ave.
Palm Beach Fla. 33480

Finds of The Month:

Dale E. Thomas, PF-315, reports he
has acquired 4 1st editions - West-
ern Boy, Helen Ford, Fame & Fortune,
and In A New World.

Dave Kanarr PF-314, has added to his
collection "Dan The Newsboy", and
Dean Dunham to bring his total to
112.

John Lohn, PF-259, is up to 110 with
the addition of "Ned Newton"

Dr. Leslie Poste, PF-334, uncovered
31 Algers a few weeks ago and now
is up to 80 titles. He has 220
Algers total now. I'm sure in the
near future we can expect an Ad in
Newsboy from Dr. Poste.

The current History book being used
in the 10th Grade of the Lansing
Mich. School system, "Rise of the
American Nation" Vol. 2, 1965 to the
present, has this to say about Hor-
atio Alger:

"On the most popular reading level
were the success stories for boys
which Horatio Alger Jr. and William
T. Adams turned out by the dozens.
A picture of No. 23 Alger Series -
A New York Boy - accompanied the
article.

GRAND'THER BALDWIN'S CLOCK

(An Alger type short story in four parts written in the Alger style by Forrest Campbell, and suggested by Alger's poem, GRAND'THER BALDWIN'S THANKSGIVING, which was written about a century ago) The story opens with Ben Baldwin, a great-grandson, making plans with his widowed mother to dispose of, by auction, their home and its contents except for the mysterious clock, a silent ornamental heirloom which they hope to keep in the family out of respect for Grand'ther Baldwin. Cyrus Miller, already a wealthy man, and owner of the only mill in the village, is a disgruntled relative by marriage to cousin Bertha Baldwin, made an advance attempt before the sale to acquire the clock by fair means or foul but without success. He returned home to find an old seaman at his gate who claimed to be a cousin of his wife. Cyrus, believing the man to be destitute, sends him to the home of Ben and his widowed mother upon discovering that the man may have a claim against the estate of Grand'ther Baldwin.

Part Four

Upon receiving instructions how to find the home of Ben and his widowed mother, Billy B adjusted the sea bag on his shoulder and turned away. Cousin Melvin, the young aristocrat, having been assigned the duty of holding his dog, Hickory, in check made much ado about it and let the leash slide from his grasp as if he was unable to control the dog. With his freedom, Hickory, having been siced by Melvin under his breath, dashed to the fence growling and barking and baring his fangs. Even Cyrus made no visible attempt to stay the dog. It was obvious that cousin Billy B was not welcome at the Miller home.

Just then, cousin Ben was observed coming up the path. Ben stopped to greet the old man of the sea. "You didn't seem to get a very warm reception from cousin Melvin and his dog, ol' Hickory," said Ben.

Billy B looked inquiringly at Ben, having heard the reference to cousin Melvin. "Be you Ben Baldwin, the widow's son?" he asked, hopefully, squinting his eyes to make for better vision.

"Yes, sir," replied Ben, returning an inquisitive smile. "Did you wish to see my mother?" he added.

"I'm Billy B Baldwin, a cousin to your poor father --and to Mrs. Miller --"

"You are?" cried Ben, with open mouth amazement, "But, I thought -- every body says -- I've heard so much about you," said Ben, beginning to calm down. "Won't you come home with me? Mother will be so surprised -- and pleased to hear that you --"

"I know," Billy interrupted, "ever' one thought I was dead; ain't that right?"

"Yes, sir, you are right; why, you were a myth even before I was born -- I think."

Billy grinned, displaying his pleasure, "I've been called a lot of names in my day, but I ain't never been called a myth before," he said, poking Ben.

Ben smiled, displaying his equal pleasure, and stealing a glance at Billy's leg, he said, "You must have a long story

to tell us, --that is, if you don't mind."

"I'll be glad to spin my yarn, Ben, my boy," he answered, then added, seriously, "Why suppose your mother would give me a bunk for th' night?"

"I'm sure that she will, cousin Billy," Ben answered in sincere fashion.

And so cousin Billy B was made welcome at the Baldwin home. He remarked how things looked pretty much the same as it did some thirty years ago. He also examined the clock, commenting that there was something he must tell them about the clock, but he preferred to save that yarn for a while.

It seems that Billy B had left home when he was a boy to follow the sea, some forty years ago. When at sea he learned of the California gold rush, and after making a sizeable haul at the mines, he returned home, "that was some thirty year ago" he recalled, but found life at home was too dull and confining, so he left the remainder of his wealth which resulted from the mines to Grand'ther Baldwin, and took to sea again. His time before the mast was spent mostly in 'rounding the Horn' to west coast ports.

On one of these trips his ship became disabled, and he had been sent below to help man the pumps when the cargo broke loose and shifted, crushing his leg below the knee to such an extent that the ship's surgeon had to amputate. On another trip his ship was disabled again and blown off course near the equator, then drifted with the equatorial calms till they reached an uninhabited island which belonged to the Galapagos Islands. At this point Billy B and another mate were sent ashore in a small boat to explore the island. Their first experience was sighting a group of tortoises who welcomed them at a safe distance with curiosity. After some time was spent in cautious advancement they were found to be harmless, and by following them to the top of a rise they found a bubbling spring of fresh water. At this height they could survey the entire island, and to their dismay they discovered that their ship was drifting out to sea again and they were left stranded on the island. Upon descending the hill again they discovered a derelict vessel which had been driven on the rocks of a well concealed cove. Upon investigation they discovered it to be an abandoned pirate ship well laden with contraband gold. They hid the gold in a more secure place, and soon they were picked up and carried to an eastern port.

"Well," said Ben, "That was an exciting yarn. Did you ever hear from your own vessel that left you stranded?"

"Never a word; the boat and its crew are presumed to be in Davey Jones locker and even though we didn't feel lucky at the time, it was good that we were left stranded."

"And did you bring back the gold with you?" asked Ben, curiously.

"We only carried away what we could conceal in our clothing, for we intended to go back, if we ever got the chance, and claim the rest of it."

"Do you and your mate plan to go back, then?" Ben asked, curiously.

"I would rather settle down here, and I've been wanting to ask, widow; would you take me as a boarder for the rest of my days?"

"Of course, cousin Billy," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "but we must tell you that we are about to sell out and take a smaller house; but you're welcome to make your home with us where ever we are."

"Then it's settled; and I don't think it will be necessary for you to move, widow."

"--But you don't understand, cousin Billy; we are nearly destitute."

"But there's also something you don't understand, widow; your clock is your fortune!"

"Our fortune?" cried Ben, excitedly.

"Yes, I've been savin' that for the last," returned Billy B, "you see, hidden in a secret compartment in the base of that clock is a bank book which was worth a thousand dollars when I went away some thirty year ago, and the interest which has accumulated will make you a tidy sum, widow."

"Why will it make us a tidy sum?" asked Ben, "Is it not your bank book?"

"It is, but I intend to exchange it for the privilege of spending the rest of my days with my own people."

"Your request was granted before, cousin Billy; we asked nothing in return."

"That's just what settled the matter as far as I was concerned. Now let's examine that clock!"

"Is there really a hidden compartment, cousin Billy?" asked Ben, escorting Billy to the clock in the hall.

"There really is," answered Billy, "do you see that ornamental decorated disc just above the face of the clock?"

"Yes," answered Ben, "is the secret compartment behind that?"

"No," replied Billy, but that's where we have to begin. Just remove those screws, will you, Ben, my boy?"

Ben selected a tool, and with nervous hands, did as Billy requested.

Now, do you see those four small dials which represent the four corners of a square?" asked Billy.

"Yes," replied Ben, "they resemble four clock dials, each dial having two hands just like a clock."

"That's right," answered Billy, "but do you notice anything peculiar about their formation?"

"No, except that they seem to form a square. The one in the upper-left is at a six-fifteen position; the upper-right is at a five-forty five position, and the one at the lower-right position reads nine o'clock, while the lower-left dial is at a three o'clock position." Ben replied, upon close examination.

"But do they form a perfect square?" asked Billy. Con't on page 10

Clock - From page 9

"Not quite," replied Ben, "Say! he cried, receiving a sudden revelation, "Does this explain Grand'ther Baldwin's remarks -- "It pays to be always on the square?" asked Ben.

"It does," answered Billy, "Now, what must you do to make a perfect square," he asked.

"Well, I'd start by moving the small hand on the upper-left dial slightly backward, like this--"

Something snapped.

"Now I've broken something," cried Ben, dejectedly; but the clock began to peal out the chime; a wonderful sound that had never before been heard in his lifetime. Ben's dejected look changed to a wide grin upon this accomplishment.

"Now swing the pendulum," instructed Billy. Ben gave it a gentle start, then waited to see if it would continue

to embrace his mother who was looking on.

"But the dials still don't form a perfect square, do they?" added Billy.

"No," answered Ben, closely examining the dials again, "the small hand on the upper-right dial needs to be advanced slightly, like this --"

"Wait!" cried cousin Billy, "Stand aside before you do that, or you will get hit in the shins!"

Ben followed directions full of excitement, then made the necessary adjustment. As he did so, the secret compartment in the base of the clock slid outward and downward on a diagonal track. And there in its hiding place for a number of years was the bank book that would make them financially secure, according to cousin Billy.

Ben reached in with trembling hands and picked up the little booklet, then handed it to cousin Billy. Billy, in turn handed it to the widow Baldwin.

"Please accept this for being so kind to an old man in his last days," said cousin Billy, in a serious tone.

The widow Baldwin accepted the book as she would a precious gem, and with tears in her eyes she embraced both Ben and cousin Billy.

"I don't know what to say," sobbed the widow.

"I say, God bless cousin Billy!" shouted Ben.

Cousin Billy then gave them a few more details as to the care of the clock and then spent an enjoyable evening talking over the past and of the bright future to come for Ben. Cousin Billy gave Ben a map of the island where the gold was hidden, and assured him that if he could find it, it would make him a rich man. Then, as they were retiring to their respective rooms, the widow called to Ben, "You'd better go out and remove that auctioneer's red flag, Ben, dear." (the end) (Copyright, Forrest Campbell, FP-COC, 1971)

Secretary's Notes...

The following items are for sale by HAS as money raising projects. If you are interested make checks payable to Horatio Alger Society and mail to Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, Mich. 48910.

HAS Title & Price list \$2.00

Back issues of Newsboy: July 1962 April thru Dec. 1964 Jan. thru Dec. 1965 Jan. thru Dec. 1966 (no July issue) Feb. thru June 1967 June 1968 to the present

Price is .50¢ each issue post paid.

Dan the Newsboy Pictures \$5.00

The HAS Title & Price list was compiled by VP-Bob Bennett and printed by Ken Butler at no cost to the HAS.

Dan the Newsboy pictures were donated by Dale Thomas.

VP-Bob Bennett had the back issues of Newsboy reprinted at no cost to HAS.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every member of HAS for the support I have received as Guest Editor of Newsboy. Without the articles you have submitted it would have been impossible to produce the Newsboy every month. It has been a real pleasure to work for and with the Members of HAS. The Alger Society has shown a steady growth over the years with our membership now at 175. We hope to reach the 200 member mark in 1972 and with your help and support we will make it.

Carl Hartmann

NEW ANNIVERSARY OF ALGER BIRTHDATE APPROVED

The anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger, Jr., native of Revere, Massachusetts, will henceforth be observed on January 13th of each year by the school children of Revere.

The annual observance was officially approved by the Revere City Council by unanimous vote.

A joint meeting of Kiwanis (as host) and Rotary this year featured Past President Max Goldberg of Natick with an historical sketch, "The Work and Influence of Horatio Alger, Jr., Revere's Most Illustrious Son".

In July 1971, the Kiwanians will repay the visit with George C. Clarke, its secretary, as the principal speaker at Alger's grave in South Natick with Max as master of ceremonies.

The Kiwanians are jointly sponsoring the Junior Alger Club in the Beach City with our society with a 1971 objective of 300 members.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings from South Dakota

I have added one new Alger "Randy of the River" and Al Sukut, the other South Dakota member has added a few real nice ones. It is nice

I have added one new Alger "Randy of the River" and Al Sukut, the other South Dakota member has added a few real nice ones. It is nice not to be alone in S.D. - hope we can get a third one soon. Rancho Books, P.O. Box 1235, Santa Monica, Ca. 90406, have a few copies of Frank Gruber's Alger Biography which they have reduced to \$7.50 in order to clear out the remaining copies. This book is a must for your collection and you will never find it cheaper. It is interesting to compare with "Great White Fathers" from New York.

Have had a few visitors asking about Alger. I hope some of them join us.

Merry Christmas to all and for a New Years resolution save enough for the convention and make it the biggest yet. Happy New Year.

Judson Berry, President

Notes from Members:

PF-229, Frank Eisenberg will have his rime "Those Alger Days" published in a new publication THOSE WERE THE DAYS which will be out in February.

Ralph Gardner has suggested a column to be titled "NOST-ALGER". Ralph says "Maybe some member would like to write up some suitable materials as a column or maybe members would mail it to you, brief, individual items that could be put together so that several such items (with contributors names indicated) could be put together to form a column.

Any takers??

John M. Lohn, Pf-259, lists the following as the hardest to find Algers. Do you agree? He would like to see them reprinted.

- 1. Cast Upon the Breakers
2. Disagreeable Woman
3. Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving
4. Mabel Parker
5. Marie Bertrand
6. Nothing To Do
7. Seeking His Fortune
8. Silas Snobden's Office Boy
9. Timothy Crump's Ward

Send in your list to the Secretary of the hardest to find and the titles you would like to see reprinted and we will print it in future issues.
