

Newsboy

EDITOR

Jack Bales

1214 W. College Ave.

Jacksonville, Ill. 62650



Volume 15

Number 4

November, 1976

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



Horatio Alger Society Past President Leo "Bob" Bennett is shown here with Nancy Axelrad (left) and Harriet Stratemeyer Adams. This photograph was taken at the "Rosemont Twelfth Time," the twelfth annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society, held in Rosemont, Illinois last May and hosted by Gilbert K. Westgard II. As all HAS members know by now, Nancy (author of the Bobbsey Twins books) and Harriet (writer of the Nancy Drew Series) join the Horatio Alger Society as honorary life time members. They are partners of the Stratemeyer Syndicate, with Harriet being the daughter of Edward Stratemeyer, a friend of Horatio Alger's. It was Stratemeyer who finished some of Alger's books after the "Great American Dreamer" died in 1899.

Besides honoring Miss Axelrad and Mrs. Adams, Newsboy also wishes to salute Bob Bennett, who stepped down as President of the Alger Society after four one-year terms. Bob ably guided the organization during these years, and is well-known in the Society as an intelligent leader, a congenial individual, and an Alger authority. (Bob owns the world's finest and most complete collection of Alger books). Congratulations, Bob, on a job well done!! (Photograph courtesy of Gilbert K. Westgard II).

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 guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

JERRY B. FRIEDLAND	PRESIDENT
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LEO R. BENNETT	DIRECTOR

Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, claims for missing issues, and orders for single copies of current or back numbers of Newsboy should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 - June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

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.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- PF-373 Victor E. Wangner
9 Midland Ave.
Montclair, N. J. 07042
- PF-395 Irving P. Leaf
1400 Queen Anne Dr.
Evansville, Indiana 47715
- PF-442 Floy L. Metheny
2221 S. Lakeshore Blvd.
Apt. 203
Austin, Texas 78741
- PF-453 Mark Preston
% Jackson Laboratory
Bar Harbor, Maine 04609
* * *
NEW MEMBERS REPORTED
- PF-488 David Soibelman
119 N. Harper Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

David, a retired newspaperman, owns twenty-five Alger titles. He has a sentimental and nostalgic interest in Horatio Alger, and since he is a free lance published writer, he plans to do some stories on him. David has a collection of Frank Merriwell titles, and has written articles on this creation of Burt L. Standish (pseudonym for Gilbert Patten). He learned of the Alger Society through your editor and the Dime Novel Round-Up.

- PF-489 Russel B. Nye
301 Oxford
East Lansing, Michigan 48823

Dr. Russel Nye is an English professor at Michigan State University, to which he has given his collection of Alger titles. He is a widely published author and is active in the Popular Culture Association, an organization based at Bowling Green State University in Ohio. Its organ is the Journal of Popular Culture. Russel's interest in Alger is a general one, and he learned of HAS through the Newsboy.

PF-490 Louis Bodnar, Jr.
1502 Laurel Ave.
Chesapeake, Virginia 23325

Louis, owner of twenty-four Algers, enjoys reading them and adding to his collection. He is of Hungarian descent, and is fluent in this language as well as English. He heard of the Horatio Alger Society through your editor and the Dime Novel Round-Up.

PF-491 Mrs. Mabel S. Alger
County House Road R. D. 6
Auburn, N. Y. 13021

Mabel writes: "I have just learned that there is a Horatio Alger Society. I am interested in learning more about it. I acquired the name by marriage fifty years ago, but grew up avidly reading all of his books that I could get. As a hobby since I retired, I have been collecting Alger books from house sales, thrift shops, etc. I now have sixty-two." Mabel also knits, does needlepoint, and enjoys working crossword puzzles.

PF-492 William Baach
3237 Girard Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55408

William heard of the Horatio Alger Society through a used book dealer in Minneapolis. A bookkeeper, he owns sixty-eight Algers.

PF-493 Gilbert K. Johnston
R2 - Tinker Road
West Sunbury, Pa. 16061

Gilbert, owner of fifty Alger titles, read of the Alger Society in an issue of Collectors News. Besides wishing to add to his collection, he is also interested in occultism.

PF-494 J. Delbert Brandt
701 Dukes Road
Vineland, N. J. 08360

Writes J. Delbert Brandt: "My brother, Ralph A. Brandt of Bridgeton, New Jersey, has supplied me with your address and spurred me on to join this

organization. As an avid collector of all books and of Alger's in particular, I expect to thoroughly enjoy the association."

* * *
NOTE ON CONVENTION

The 1977 Horatio Alger Society Convention, hosted by Dick Seddon in the Boston area, will be held from Thursday, May 12 - Sunday, May 15. Incorrect dates were given in the August-September issue of Newsboy.

* * *
IN MEMORIAM

PF-051, Ed Reynolds of Thorndike, Massachusetts, died in February of 1976. Ed was one of the earliest joiners of the Society, and he will be missed by many of us. Our condolences are expressed to his family.

* * *
PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by Jerry B. Friedland

Well, there is less than six months till convention time! The dates are Thursday, May 12 - Sunday, May 15, 1977. We are expecting a record turnout for "Booked in Boston." First of all, it is the weekend after Mothers' Day, a few days later than usual and possibly a little warmer weather (swimming)??? Our 1977 Convention Host, Dick Seddon, has booked the Waltham Motor Inn, which is highly rated in all of the tour accommodation guides, and Dick has arranged for moderate rates for the Society.

Waltham is a suburb of Boston. The name of course rings a bell with us as the manufacturer of the watches worn by so many Alger Heroes. Indeed, Waltham is the location of the manufacturer, and is also the site of Brandeis University.

Among the many stories that lead to confusion in determining a first edition, \$500 Or, The Five Hundred Dollar Check, continues to perplex me. Ralph Gardner's bibliography [Road to Success: The Bibliography of the Works of Horatio Alger, Mendota, Ill.: Wayside Press, 1971] and the Horatio Alger Society title list booklet add to the confusion.

The bibliography lists the story as \$500; or, Jacob Marlowe's Secret, and it says that the title first appeared in book form as No. 23 of the Leather-Clad Tales. It describes the binding as being identical with Dean Dunham. Now in the same bibliography, the Dean Dunham Leather-Clad is held out to be the first edition of Dean Dunham rather than the later issued hardcover, which seems to be a reasonable conclusion.

However, as far as \$500, the bibliography goes on to describe the first hardcover edition, which appeared the following year entitled, The Five Hundred Dollar Check, by Porter and Coates, with black strip on bottom of the spine and tipped in title page. Certainly, this is the one most sought after and probably considered the first edition by most collectors. But the question remains: Why is the Leather-Clad of Dean Dunham and the other Leather-Clads that predate the hard covers considered the first editions and not so with \$500?

On the other hand, the HAS booklet does list the Leather-Clad as the first edition under "Group II - Paperback First Editions." However, the Porter and Coates book is included in "Group III, "First Hardcover Editions of Books first printed as Paperbacks." Group III is intended, however, to include stories where the title is unchanged, and the Porter and Coates edition does change the title from \$500 to The Five Hundred Dollar Check. Should not the Porter and Coates edition be included in Group IV - "First Hardcover Issues of Reprint Titles?" Instead, the one that does appear in Group IV is Five Hundred Dollars by American Publishers. Group IV is intended to include stories where the title is changed from the first edition. Therefore, if the Porter and Coates edition is the first edition, then the American Publishers edition belongs in Group IV, but if the Leather-Clad is, then it would seem that the Porter and Coates edition belongs in Group IV.

Let's hear from anyone who can add to this confusion - or better still - anyone who can solve the problem!!



1976 Convention Host Gil Westgard presents the Horatio Alger Society's "Luck and Pluck" Award to outgoing Society President Leo "Bob" Bennett. This award is given annually to an HAS member for valued services to the organization.



Carl Hartmann, Alger Society Secretary, receives the 1976 "Newsboy" Award from Brad Chase. This honor is bestowed upon the person, not necessarily a member of the Alger Society, who has done the most to add to Alger's image.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

by Carl T. Hartmann

The new 1977 HAS Membership Roster will be printed in January, 1977. In order to keep the roster up-to-date I would appreciate each of you dropping me a postcard with the following information: Name; Address; Wife or Husband's name; Number of titles; Number of first editions; and Phone number if you wish it to be published. If you would like to have members stop and see you while they are traveling around the country, please add "Visitors welcome." If you do not update your entry it will be printed as it was last year - so please check now. All cards must be in my office by January 1, 1977. [Editor's note: Carl's address is 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910]

We have had a few complaints about the third class mailing of the Newsboy. Therefore, the November and December issues will be mailed first class. Please let me know if this helps with delivery. It will cost us about \$18.00 more for each mailing, and I would like to know from you if the quicker delivery is worth the extra cost.

As was mentioned in the October issue, the new mailing labels show the due date of your dues. It saves me quite a bit of time if I don't have to insert the dues notice in each Newsboy. So please check your due date and mail your check early.

On our trip East this year, we spent a few wonderful days in Winchester, Massachusetts at the home of our host for the 1977 Boston Convention, Mary and Dick Seddon. Dick and Mary are both working very hard to make the convention the best yet - so be sure to mark the dates on your calendar now - May 12-13-14-15, 1977. I will have a special convention report in the February issue - watch for it.

* * *

Your editor recently received a letter from Dick Seddon, who reports that the convention plans are coming along smoothly. Hope to see you in Boston!!

MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Dick Seddon. It has previously appeared in the following publications: The Flag of Our Union, Dec. 2, 1854; Filler at the end of The Sea Witch, by Maturin M. Ballou, 1855; Ballou's Dollar Monthly, February, 1855; As a story in Alger's Bertha's Christmas Vision, 1856; Weekly Novelette, November 15, 1862; Gleason's Literary Companion, December 2, 1865; Gleason's Literary Companion, November 19, 1870; Gleason's Monthly Companion, December, 1873; and Yankee Blade, November 23, 1889. Thanks go to Gilbert K. Westgard II for this bibliographic information, which appeared in the December, 1974, issue of Newsboy).

Thanksgiving Day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage which connected daily with the nearest railroad station (for as yet Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own) came fully freighted, both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light; but who were now returning, to revive, around the old familiar hearth, the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum-pudding,—those well-established dishes; not to mention its long rows of pies,—apple, mince, and pumpkin,—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the household generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me, in imagination, to a rather prim-looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this



As reported in the August-September, 1976, issue of Newsboy, Harriet Stratemeyer Adams and Nancy Axelrad — partners of the Stratemeyer Syndicate — joined the Horatio Alger Society as honorary life time members. The above left picture shows Convention Host Gil Westgard handing Harriet, daughter of noted boys' books author Edward Stratemeyer and author in her own right of the Nancy Drew books, her membership plaque. Outgoing HAS Vice-President Evelyn Grebel watches.

The right photograph pictures Harriet and former Alger Society President Bob Bennett applauding as Gil gives Nancy, author of the Bobbsey Twins books, her membership plaque.

yard and the fence ran a prim-looking hedge, of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should, by chance, have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two story house, containing in each story one room on either side of the front hall; making, of course, four in all.

If we go in, we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor — we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason, in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts — there are six high-backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see, from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, unceremonious kittens, and

unhallowed intruders generally, this room is most sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, — which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," — we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where he will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

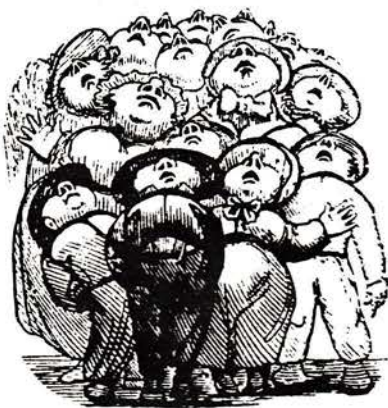
Courteous reader! Miss Hetty Henderson. Miss Hetty Henderson, let me make you acquainted with this lady (or gentleman), who is desirous of knowing you better.

Miss Hetty Henderson, with whom the reader has just passed through the ceremony of introduction, is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in

a sober-looking dress of irreproachable neatness, but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which, likewise, she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since; leaving Hetty, — or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, — his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank-stock, on the income of which she lived very comfortably.

Somehow, Miss Hetty had never married; though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry, — at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers; and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life, — an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known; but possibly the reader will be furnished with a clew before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim, and methodical, to a painful degree. It



Question: "What's everyone looking for?"

Answer: "For the crowds of people who are expected to descend on Boston for the thirteenth annual convention of the Oratio Alger Society, hosted by Society Director Dick Seddon, May 12-15, 1977. Hope you plan on being there!!"

would have been quite a relief if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet; but such was never the case.

On this particular day, — this Thanksgiving Day of which we are speaking, — Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations; that is, she had stuffed her turkey and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding; for though she knew that but one would scarcely have acquitted her if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting; casting a glance every now and then at the oven, to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning; and Miss Hetty's thoughts kept time to the clicking of her knitting-needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving Day. I remember, a long time ago, when my father and my brothers and sisters were living, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead; and I — I alone — am left."

Miss Hetty sighed; but, after a while, the recollections of those old times returned. She tried to shake them off; but they had a fascination about them, after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, — "Nick Anderson. He too, I fear, is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father; or rather placed with him, to be prepared for his profession. He was perhaps a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted on a year's

probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and, being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still, it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow, — deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect, — that, at the end of the year's probation, she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement asseverations, promises, and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer; and, at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.

That night, his clothing was packed up, and lowered from the window; and, when the next morning dawned, it was found that he had left the house, never, as was intimated in a slight note pencilled and left on the table in his room, to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance; and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveller at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered; and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was

preparing to lay the cloth for dinner, a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, fluttered. "Who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could feel that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her. So she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven; one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glance cast by the little girl towards the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature!" thought she. "I suppose it is a long time since she has had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her, "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is quite enough for half a dozen. How much these poor people would relish it!"

By this time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, turning to the traveller, "you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I should be happy to have you."

"Thank you, madam!" was the grateful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, — sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others



Ralph D. Gardner holds the "Alger Dulcimer" that Bob Sawyer carved and donated to the Society auction at the convention last May. Ralph acted as auctioneer at this annual event, and all proceeds went to benefit HAS.



Conversing in the hospitality room at the Windsor Inn in Rosemont, Illinois are from left to right: Gene Hafner, Owen Cobb, Dale Thomas (front), and Harry Lane.

beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl? I have to call you that; for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta; but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveller.

"What!" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "the name of this friend? I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added, half apologetically.

"Her name is Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name!" ejaculated Miss Hetty.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

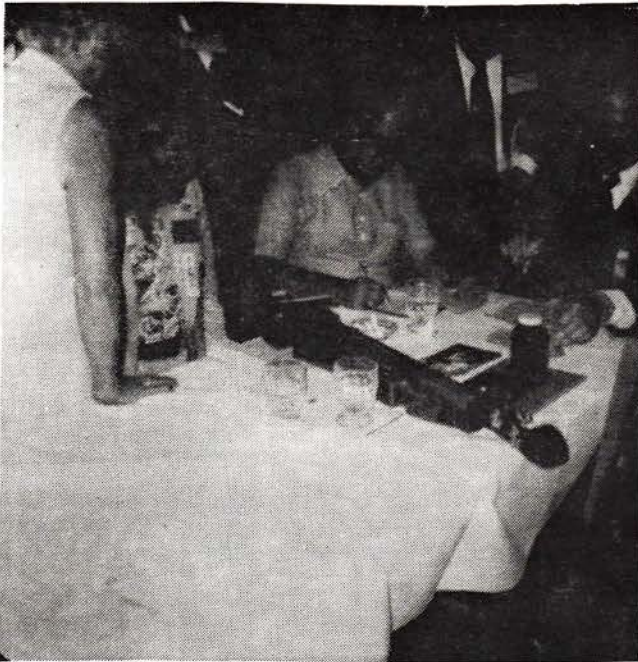
"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in bygone days, — none better. At one time, it was thought you would join your destiny to mine——"

"Nick Anderson!" said Miss Hetty, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, ere forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular; but, in my then state of mind, I cared not whither I went. One



The above photos show Horatio Alger Society members and guests at the annual banquet during the "Rosemont Twelfth Time," the twelfth convention of the Society.



As Horatio Alger Society Treasurer Dale Thomas tallies up the proceeds from the annual auction (note Dale's newly purchased dulcimer on the table), watching are from left to right: Bertie and Les Langlois, Ken Butler, Dale (sitting), William Murrell, and Jack Row.



Conversing in the motel's hospitality room are (clockwise from lower left): Carl Hartmann, HAS Secretary; outgoing President Bob Bennett; Helen Gray of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee in New York; HAS Treasurer Dale Thomas; and Irene Gurman, writer of the 1976 Convention Highlights (see Aug.-Sept. Newsboy).

resolution I formed, — that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married; not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary, and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By and by, a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Afterwards my wife died; misfortunes came upon me; and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned (as you see), not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Miss Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said, —

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But, at least, I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition, said Nicholas.

"And what is that?"

"That you will be my wife!"

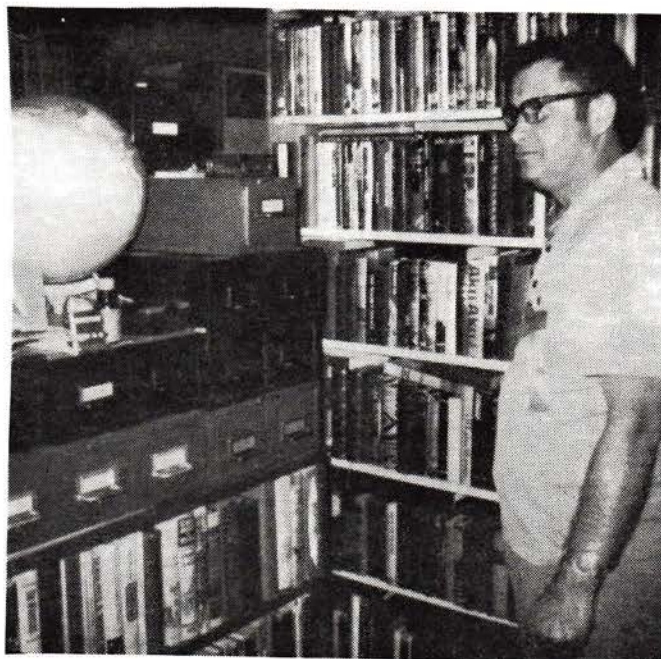
A vivid blush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She "couldn't think of such a thing," she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the marriage-day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to do. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers. The front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," says a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother; it was only kitty that did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful, as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.



Brad Chase, presently Vice-President of the Horatio Alger Society, admires the books in Gil Westgard's collection. Gil was host of last May's Alger Society Convention in Rosemont, Illinois.



Glenn and Lorraine Corcoran relax during the banquet at the convention.

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

The pictures in this month's Newsboy were taken by John Henry Walter, son of HAS member Rohima Walter. Your editor regrets that he did not acknowledge Gilbert K. Westgard as the photographer of the pictures in the August-September, 1976, issue of Newsboy. Thanks go to both these gentlemen for permission to reprint their photos.

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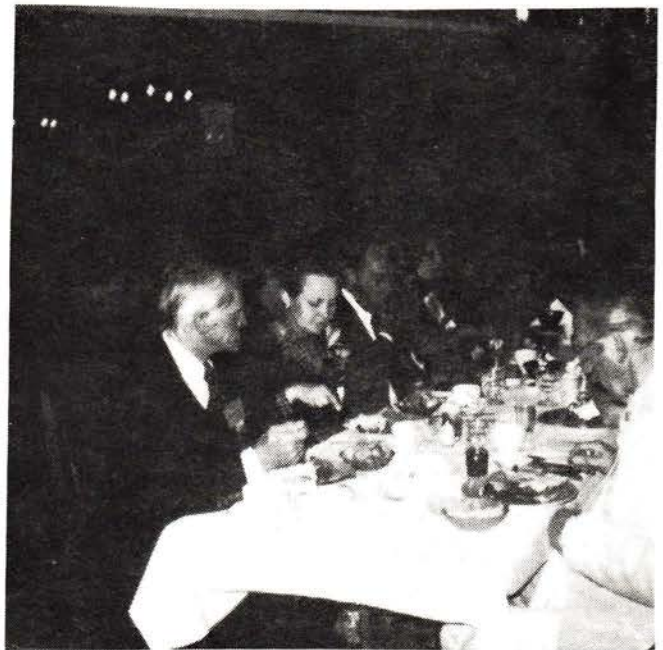
Gil Westgard talks with his father, Gilbert K. Westgard I. Amos Smith is in the background.



Harry Lane and Pauline Westgard (mother of our convention host) in the hospitality room of the Windsor Inn.



Bill Murrell holds a road atlas given him at the annual banquet by Gil Westgard (left). Bill received this for being the HAS member who traveled the farthest distance to Rosemont, Illinois. Bill and his wife Virginia live in Dallas, Texas.



At the banquet are (along left side of table): Jack and Beth Row, Keith and Sharon Barnes. Les Langlois is at far right.