

Newsboy

Volume 16
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Nov., 1977



Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Jack Bales, Editor
1214 W. College Ave.
Jacksonville, IL 62650



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Norman Vincent Peale
Arthur Rubloff *George Shinn*
request the honour of your presence
at the Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration
of the
Horatio Alger Awards
Friday evening, the sixteenth of September
Nineteen hundred and seventy-seven
in the Wellington Ballroom
of the Continental Plaza Hotel
Chicago, Illinois

R. S. V. P.
Black Tie

Reception 6 P. M.
Dinner 7 P. M.

—see inside for details

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

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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.

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

* * *

REMEMBER: Convention time will soon be here!! Don't forget the "Jacksonville Jamboree," Thursday, May 4 through Sunday, May 7, 1978, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-501 Nancy Axelrad
40-B Risk Ave.
Summit, New Jersey 07901

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-510 W. A. Yarbrough
Rt. 1 Box 464
Gulfport, Mississippi 39501

Mr. Yarbrough read the Alger stories in his youth, and now he would like to get some for his grandchildren.

PF-518 Ellaree B. Wiggins
6206 Tindall Ave.
Myrtle Beach, S. C. 29577

Ellaree read of the HAS in Acquire Magazine and wrote Ralph Gardner for information. She is an accountant, and her hobbies — besides collecting and reading Algers — include collecting and refinishing antiques.

PF-519 Max T. Lanctot
159 Park Street
Burlington, Vermont 05401

Max is interested in all facets of Alger collecting. He is also a collector of dime novels.

PF-520 Ralph P. Smith
Box 985
Lawrence, Massachusetts 01842

Most everybody in the boys' book field has heard of Ralph P. Smith. Long time editor of the Dime Novel Round-Up, he now serves on its advisory board. Owner of 75 Algers, he has known of the Alger Society since its founding, but it was new member Louis Bodnar who triggered the subscription idea. His other hobbies include the collecting of dime novels (of course!), old storypapers, cigarette cards, and material relating to Sherlock Holmes.

I welcome all new HAS members, and I hope they enjoy membership in the society.

* * *

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Horatio Alger Awards

Friday, September 16, 1977
Wellington Ballroom
Continental Plaza Hotel
Chicago



The thirtieth annual Horatio Alger Awards celebration was held in Chicago on September 16, 1977, and your editor was on hand to take part in the gala proceedings. It was certainly a magnificent affair, and praise goes to HAS member Helen Gray, Executive Director of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee, and her associate Linda Neglia for working hard to ensure that all the scheduled events would proceed smoothly. (Those of you who attended the HAS Boston convention will remember both Helen and Linda).

Prior to the banquet and program there was a reception for the awardees, and I enjoyed talking to Johnny Cash and Danny Thomas, and previous award winners W. Clement Stone, Colonel Sanders, and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Also, I had a chance to chat for awhile with Linda and Helen.

The ceremony was really inspiring. Previous award winners received a plaque, but this year each person was given an inscribed bust of "our Hero," Horatio Alger, Jr.

But besides the presentation of the awards, I was impressed by the awardees' acceptance speeches. They all talked of the value of the Protestant Work Ethic, of the ideals as set forth by Horatio Alger, Jr., and of the fact

that only in the United States could a person "pull him/herself up by the bootstraps."

Remember Ralph Gardner's article, "Could Horatio Alger's Heroes Make It In Today's Business World?" It was first printed in the January, 1975, issue of the TWA Ambassador, later reprinted in the May, 1977, Newsboy, and underwent a third printing as a special part of the program that each of the 750 people in attendance at the banquet received. And, on the front page of the article was that familiar illustration from Ragged Dick of Dick; Rufus, the newsboy; Mark, the match boy; and Ben, the luggage boy.

All in all, it was a great evening — kudos again to Helen and Linda. See the next two pages of Newsboy for detailed information about the Horatio Alger Awards program and this year's recipients. These pages were a part of the 1977 printed program, and are reprinted by permission of the Alger Awards Committee.

* * *

HORATIO ALGER AWARDS COMMITTEE
of the AMERICAN SCHOOLS & COLLEGES ASSOCIATION

One Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020
(212) 581-6433

HISTORY OF HORATIO ALGER AWARDS

True to a 30-year tradition, the Horatio Alger Awards Committee will hold its Annual Awards Ceremony to honor a select few outstanding men and women who have taken full advantage of America's Free Enterprise System.

The 1977 awards will be a 30th Anniversary Celebration held at a black-tie dinner in the Wellington Ballroom of the Continental Plaza Hotel on Friday evening, Sept. 16.

The Horatio Alger Awards program was conceived by Dr. Kenneth Beebe of the American Schools and Colleges to encourage young people to realize that success in this country can be achieved by any man or woman, regardless of origin, creed or color.

The selection of living individuals who, by their own efforts, have pulled themselves up by their bootstraps in the American tradition, have produced living proof that the free enterprise system of achieving success still offers equal opportunity to all. This small group of special people typify the results of individual initiative, hard work, honesty and adherence to traditional ideals.

Horatio Alger Purpose

1. To advance the concept of free enterprise afforded under the American system.
2. To encourage youth with the opportunities offered by our American way of life.
3. To show to youth by the example of men and women who have risen from humble beginnings to positions of leadership that they too may have successful careers of service.
4. To motivate the young generations to the possibilities for individual initiative, innovative activity and creative enterprise which our country offers to those who will think and work and give adherence to ideals of service.
5. To help young men and women to set goals and guide them as they endeavor to better their own condition and that of others as well.
6. To annually honor men and women with the presentation of the Horatio Alger Award for illustrious careers in business and the professions developed out of hardship through personal effort.
7. To use all appropriate means for stimulating renewed respect for our American tradition that any boy or girl may through integrity, character and initiative attain the successful life to which he or she aspires.
8. To inculcate patriotism and love of country and to help conserve America as the land of opportunity for all regardless of race, religion or economic status.
9. To assist worthy young people in whatever manner may be deemed helpful in getting started on useful careers.
10. To emphasize the importance of honesty, morality and integrity as the cornerstone of America.

Horatio Alger Awards Committee, Inc.
1 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 1609
New York, NY 10020 - 212/581-6433
Helen M. Gray, Executive Director

HORATIO ALGER BULLETIN



America's Modern Day Horatio Algers Receive Awards, Class of 1977



Johnny Cash
An Entertainer



Robert P. Gerholz
President
Gerholz Community
Homes, Inc.



J. Ira Harris
Partner
Salomon Brothers



George J. Kneeland
Chairman/Executive
Committee,
St. Regis Paper Company



David J. Mahoney
Ch'm of the Board/
President
Norton Simon, Inc.



Ruth Stafford Peale
Author, Lecturer,
Publisher



Ann Person
President
Stretch & Sew, Inc.



Roger Tory Peterson
Artist, Ornithologist,
Author



Rose Cook Small
Founder and Vice
President
Bluebird, Inc.



L. Homer Surbeck
Partner
Hughes, Hubbard
& Reed



Sarkes Tarzian
President
Sarkes Tarzian, Inc



Dr. Jessie L. Ternberg
Dir. of Surgery,
Pediatric Div.
St. Louis Children's
Hospital



Danny Thomas
An Entertainer

THE COURAGE NOT TO RUN
by Irving Ben Cooper

(Editor's note: The following is a chapter from the book Unlock Your Faith-Power, published in 1957 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and edited by Norman Vincent Peale. It is sent to me courtesy of HAS member Dr. Jack Dizer. Permission to reprint notice follows article).

The very day I borrowed the book from one of my classmates I was ambushed by a gang from the neighborhood. It was March, 1917, and we were living in St. Joseph, Missouri. I carried the book home from high school and walked into the kitchen. It was so cold I might just as well have been outside. Yet, there was Mother on her knees, scrubbing the bare floorboards again; this time in preparation for Passover. Mother put down her scrub brush, sighed, braced her hand against the old pain in her back, and stood up. She held out the pail.

I knew what was expected of me.

The other children were not at home—there were six of us—so I had to make the trip down to the railroad tracks alone. In the doorway I stopped to take a quick survey of the street. The gang was not in sight.

I managed to get all the way to the track without seeing the gang, and I began to pick up coal that had fallen from the cars coming into St. Joseph. By the time my pail was full, my fingers were so stiff with the cold I could not bend them. I had to scoop the last pieces in with cupped hands.

It seemed to me that I had always been cold. I'd been cold in London, where I was born and where I lived until I was nine. I was cold on the boat coming to America, in my father's tailor shop in Brooklyn, in our tenement flats wherever they were. But it was not only a physical cold. It was also an inner cold that did not thaw even in summer time.

I picked up my pail and started home. Then, with that strange instinct of those who have learned to be afraid, I sensed trouble.

I had gone about a block, when from some bushes came the voice:

"Hey, sheeny. What you got there?"

"Coal."

"Let's see, Ben boy."

And the leader of the gang stepped out, followed by six other boys. I began to run. They caught me. I went down, holding onto my pail, tight-fisted, and fought as best I could with one hand.

The leader stood up.

"Let him go," he said. "Let's save part of him for later."

I came, shaking, into the kitchen and tossed down my empty pail. I sat down near the cold stove and struggled against crying.

I didn't get to read the book that day. Or the next. But on the third day, there was a brief spell when no one was around. I sat down at the kitchen table and looked at the book. The title was Robert Coverdale's Struggle. The author was Horatio Alger.

Nothing has been the same in my life since then. I read the story of a boy who was in just as desperate straits as my own. He, too, faced a fate that seemed against him. With courage he won out. I was so excited I told Mother about the book.

"Maybe you could read a bit?" she asked.

And our sessions began.

I read the entire novel to Mother there in the kitchen. She sat so still I wondered if she were listening. Then, one day, she looked up suddenly.

"Just like in the Holy Book," she said.

Later she repeated herself. I began to notice that she said this whenever Alger spoke about courage: "Bill was a slender boy," Alger wrote, describing one of the characters. "He lacked the strong, sturdy character, the energy and self-reliance which made Robert Coverdale successful. Robert was not a boy to submit to injustice or wrong. He was not easily intimidated and could resist temptation . . ."

At this passage, Mother almost smiled. She said again:

"Just like in the Bible, Ben."

This talk of the Bible puzzled me. Although Mother attended synagogue regularly and held rigidly to virtues like honesty and fair play, she was not orthodox in her religion. But she kept mentioning it right up to the moment when we turned the last page.

We read every one of the Horatio Alger books for that dime. When we finished one book, I swapped it at school for another we had not read. Soon I began to see myself as an Alger hero. I would stand up to injustice. I would get out of the slums. I would go to college. I would have to pay my own way for everything, from shoelaces to tuition, and become a lawyer. I would some day champion families like my own.

During these months, with Mother's constant reference to the Holy Book, I began to take a new interest in the Bible. I remember the Sabbath I first really listened to the reading. It was about Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego and how they had the courage to face the fiery furnace for their beliefs. Then it was Moses or Joseph or the prophets who stood up to wrong. And gradually I began to see why these stories meant so much to Mother. They were her model for courage. They were the model for her life; just as, in my childish way, I had begun to see myself as an Alger hero.

I don't want to say that with the coming of Horatio Alger into my life everything changed. I was still called sheeny. Mother was still bent to her knees, scrubbing. My father still had to work in his shop for long hours to earn his dollar.

Yet, with it all, things were not the same.

I remember the day I knew it for sure. I came home from school that day to find the pail waiting for me on the kitchen table.

I walked out the door, and suddenly, in the middle of the street, I stopped. I remembered the last Passover and how I had come into the street so timidly. I started off toward the track slowly, as though I were on the verge of understanding something.

Then suddenly, down the street, I saw them coming toward me. Three of them.

But that day I did not run.

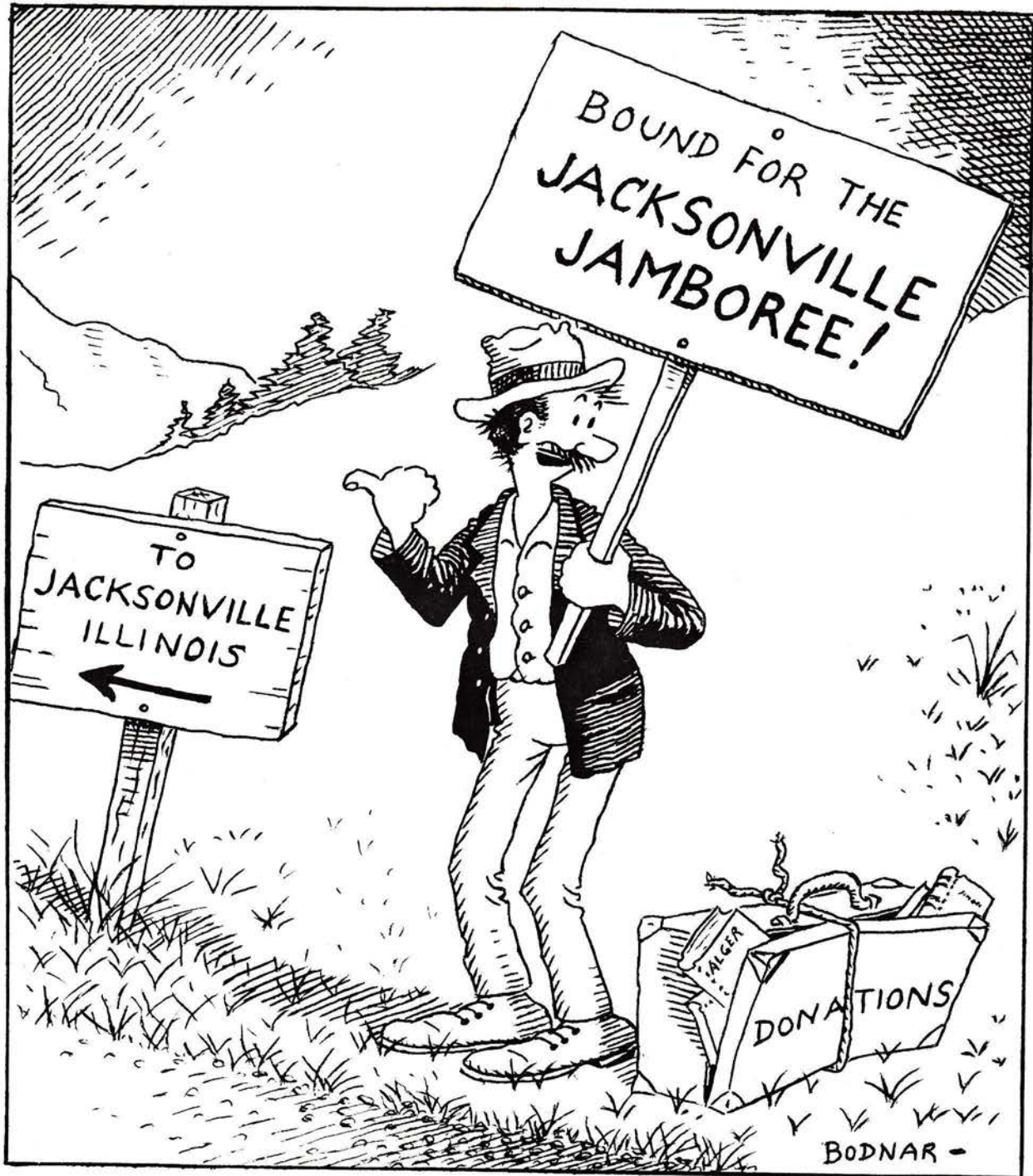
I took a deep breath, held it, started to walk toward them. . . .

Their leader slowed down for an instant, confused. Then about three yards away from me, I heard him say under his breath, "Okay, sheeny." And in another instant all three of them were on me. I closed my eyes and I began flailing my arms as though possessed. I hit one boy somewhere that made the breath come out of him in a little noise. And I was suddenly aware that I was fighting only two boys. And then I was fighting only the leader. We stood toe to toe, and I got the worst of it until suddenly I saw him drop his hands to his sides, and he just stared at me. He was confused. He began slowly to back away.

I stood there on the street, shaking and sobbing in my anger, cut and bruised—and happier in that moment than I had ever been before.

* * *

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This cartoon was drawn expressly for Newsboy by PF-490, Louis Bodnar, 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325. He is an amateur cartoonist, and as a number of Alger Society members have written to comment favorably on Louis' work, I thought that I would tell you something about his talent.

Quoting from one of his many enjoyable

letters to me: "You asked me how I learned to draw. I took a few lessons by mail in cartooning between the years 1928 and 1932. We were living in the mining town of Lynch, Kentucky at the time, and moved in 1932 to a farm in the Eastern part of Virginia. But, there was lots of work to do on the farm, and I didn't have much time to practice drawing."

MRS. CORDNER'S REFORMATION
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of former HAS Vice-President Evelyn Grebel. It originally appeared in Gleason's Literary Companion - August 19, 1865, and again in May, 1874. It was also published in the August 9, 1890 issue of Yankee Blade).

James Cordner finished his day's work at five o'clock. Washing his hands and putting on his coat he left his shop, and bent his steps in the direction of home. The distance between the two places was about a quarter of a mile.

Opening the back door, he came near stepping into a tub of dirty water which had been left there. With a little sigh he moved it carefully aside, and entered the kitchen, which presented a scene of rare confusion. The table was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of articles, some of which seemed hardly in place. Among them was a brush and comb, and some apple-parings which had been carelessly laid there by one of the children. A pan of milk was in one chair, a pair of muddy shoes in another, a dust-pan in a third, and in a fourth, some molasses seemed to have been spilt. His wife's shawl was thrown over the back of the same chair, one corner besmeared with molasses. In the middle of the floor, which was exceedingly dirty, the youngest child lay stretched out asleep.

James Cordner looked around him, and his heart sank within him. He was neat and orderly by instinct. In his shop there was exhibited perfect neatness. All his tools—he was a cabinet maker—were carefully put away in their places. But at his home his wife managed matters, and she unfortunately lacked the valuable qualities which her husband possessed. A room of confusion did not offend her eye; or, if it did originally, she had come to think that it was impossible to have things otherwise where there were children.

Mr. Cordner passed into the next room—the sitting room. Here his wife sat in a calico dress. Her comb had fallen out and let her hair fall over her shoulders. Not an article of furniture seemed in its right place. The lounge had been drawn into the middle of the room, and was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of articles. But I need not go into details; the room was at "sixes and sevens,"—a phrase which will be understood by all housekeepers.

James Cordner's brow involuntarily contracted with a frown as he surveyed the disorderly scene.

"It seems to me, Ellen," said he, "that things are looking worse than usual."

"What do you mean?"

"Look around and you will see what I mean."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Cordner, carelessly, "with three children you can't expect things kept straight. Children are always disorderly."

"Not if they are taught to be orderly."

"Oh, I am to blame," returned the wife, in an aggrieved tone. "Little you men know of a woman's work."

"I don't doubt you have considerable to do; but so do others who manage to keep their houses neat. There's Mrs. Furbush—"

"Oh, yes, I knew you'd bring up Mrs. Furbush," said his wife, with an air of a martyr.

"Why shouldn't I? She has one more child than you, and as much to do, yet her house always looks neat."

"It's a pity you hadn't married Mrs. Furbush," exclaimed Mrs. Cordner, bitterly.

"I shall have no disposition to exchange you for her or any one else, if

you will only make my home a little more orderly. It don't seem to me that it would take long to improve the looks of things."

"Oh, no, of course not—a woman's work is nothing."

Meanwhile Mr. Cordner had been moving about quietly, putting the furniture into place, putting the scattered newspapers into a pile by themselves, the books together, picking up the articles of apparel, and carrying them out into the entry, collecting the children's playthings and storing them where they belonged. It took not more than five minutes, and affected a decided improvement.

"There, Ellen," said he, "it seems to me that the room looks much better than before."

Mrs. Cordner looked around her, and while she could not help secretly admitting that it did, she maintained a dignified silence. She got up and went out to prepare supper, which in due time was on the table.

Unfortunately her husband's remonstrances produced no lasting change. The condition of things was slightly improved the next day, but not much. After a time Mr. Cordner, despairing of remedying matters, got into the habit of straying away after supper,—sometimes into a neighbor's, but more frequently into the tavern, to which all were welcome at all times. Mrs. Cordner soon noticed the change. She loved her husband, though she took little pains to gratify what she knew to be his tastes, and the evenings seemed long and lonely without him.

"Won't you stop at home this evening, James?" she said on one occasion.

He looked around him. Things were in pretty much the same condition as described at the commencement of our story.

"I have an engagement this evening,"

said he, evasively. "I shall be obliged to go out."

"You seem to have engagements every evening."

"A good many."

"I really believe the neighbors see more of you than I do. I wonder how often you are in at the Furbush's?"

"Well, it's a pleasant place to call,—everything looks neat and comfortable."

"Very well, good evening," said Mrs. Cordner, somewhat sharply.

Another lonely evening awaited her. By eight o'clock all her children were in bed, and she was left to her own reflections.

"So James finds everything neat and comfortable at the Furbush's," she mused, rather bitterly. Involuntarily she raised her eyes and glanced around the room in which she was now seated. She could not help confessing that these words would by no means apply to it. Then—for a better spirit was awakened within her—"I wonder whether it would be very much extra trouble to keep things properly arranged."

She determined to make the trial the next day, in the unacknowledged hopes that she might thus be able to keep her husband at home.

She found at first constant vigilance was required, and a sharp lookout after the children who had been brought up to be indifferent to orderly habits.

When Willie and Clara came in from school, cap and bonnet were thrown down, one on a chair, the other on the floor, and both exclaimed in a breath:

"Mother, I'm hungry; I want some gingerbread."

"First put away your cap and bonnet," said the mother.

"Where shall we put them?" inquired the children in some surprise.

"You will find some nails in the entry."

"Are you going to have company, mother?" asked Clara, unable to account for this new direction.

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because you've got your hair combed, and a clean dress on. Besides, you don't usually care where we put our things."

Mrs. Cordner blushed involuntarily at this remark, which she felt to be unintentionally severe.

"Well, I do care now," said she. "I want you always to remember to put your things away when you come in. They don't look well littering up the chairs and tables."

"Have you got any gingerbread, mother?" asked Willie. "I'm awful hungry."

"Yes, I will get you a piece."

Willie was about to carry his gingerbread into the sitting-room, and his mother stopped him.

"You mustn't go in there with your gingerbread. The carpet has been swept, and you would get the crumbs about."

The children sat down very contentedly in the kitchen, and ate their lunch. The few crumbs that fell Clara was required to sweep up.

"Now, children, I want you to go and wash your face and hands, and brush your hair. Your father likes to have you looking neat. And, Willie, your jacket needs dusting. Get the brush, and I will brush you."

Willie did as requested, and with a very little pains both children looked neat and clean.

During the day, Mrs. Cordner had engaged Bridget Rafferty, a humble neighbor, to come and scrub the floor and some of the paint. She took particular pains to arrange the books and papers in their places, and while she could see the great improvement which had been made, the time expended in effecting it seemed really so inconsiderable as not to be taken into account.

"After all," thought Mrs. Cordner, "it does seem pleasant to have a neat house. If I had thought it took so little time I would have made the attempt before."

About the usual time James Cordner returned home.

His wife met him at the door, neatly attired in an afternoon dress, with her hair simply arranged. Her husband was agreeably surprised, and smiled cheerfully.

Entering the house he at once saw the improved state of things. Not even Mrs. Furbush's rooms were neater.

"Are you expecting company, Ellen?" he asked in a little surprise.

"Only my husband," she answered with a smile.

"This looks pleasant," he exclaimed, heartily. "It seems to me you are looking unusually well this afternoon, Ellen."

Again Mrs. Cordner smiled with secret gratification.

The table was spread, and the family sat down to supper. When it was over, Mrs. Cordner said, "I suppose you are going out as usual this evening, James?"

"No, I think I shall enjoy myself better at home."

Mrs. Cordner said nothing, but was determined that if a neat and well-ordered house would keep her husband at home, he should in future have no good

Chicago Tribune

Thursday, September 8, 1977

Author of 'Hardy Boys,' Leslie McFarlane, dies

WHITBY, Ont. [Reuters]—Leslie McFarlane, 74, playwright, producer, and one of the original authors of "The Hardy Boys" youth adventure series, died here Tuesday after a long illness.

McFarlane, a former newspaperman, wrote dozens of books, magazine articles, plays, films, and radio and television scripts.

He was the first to write under the pseudonym Franklin W. Dixon, as the author of "The Hardy Boys" series, which has sold more than 14 million copies. McFarlane wrote the first 20 of the series.

HE WAS ONE of the pioneers of the Canadian National Film Board, writing, directing, and producing until the mid-1950s. He started working for television in 1953 and was editor-in-chief of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's commercial drama section from 1958 until 1960 when he returned full-time to television writing.

Surviving are his widow, Beatrice; a son, Brian, a Toronto hockey broadcaster and author; and two daughters, Patricia and Norah. Funeral services were Wednesday in Whitby, 30 miles east of Toronto.

Les Poste sent me a xerox from the obituary section of the September 12, 1977 issue of the Antiquarian Bookman. It is as follows:

Judson Berry, 47, on August 6, in Sioux Falls, S. D., antiquarian bookseller and proprietor of Berry Book and Antique Den in Howard, S. D. He moved to Howard from Sioux Falls in 1975 and continued his book business in general antiquarian stock and South Dakota material.

Judson was President of the Horatio Alger Society from 1970-72, and he hosted the 1971 HAS Convention in his hometown of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Judson was well known in the West as a knowledgeable book dealer.

Our condolences are expressed to his family.

Gil Westgard sent me the above. Leslie McFarlane was the author of Ghost of the Hardy Boys, his autobiography, which was reviewed in the May, 1977 Newsboy.

reason for spending his evenings out. I am happy to state that she adhered to her determination, and at this day no one has a pleasanter home than James Cordner, and certainly no one prizes it more.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS OF A PAST PRESIDENT

by Max Goldberg

At last an opportunity to reminisce over the wonderful week of May! And to what does one owe such a nice gathering of unusual persons, but to a hobby. Emerson wrote, "Happy is he who gets early or not too late in life, a good hobby." Sir William Osler wrote: "No man is really happy or safe without a hobby."

And what a great hobby Horatio Alger, Jr. is. Who but he can instill such exhibits of friendships in different persons? Here was a heterogeneous group of people with different backgrounds, religious and ethnic. Yet all forgot

the outside world—all were happy, and smiles predominated the entire group. Somehow, I became drunk with joy at their exhibition of happiness, and thanked the Omnipotent for placing me among such devoted people! I pondered, thinking that if such a mixed group of people can enjoy the company of each other, why couldn't the world do likewise and make this a wonderful place to live in. Perhaps Goethe was right when he stated that "Man was only man when he played." Robert Ingersoll described life in these words: "The world is the table, we are the balls, and Fate plays the game."

May the Fates, while playing the balls, hit them in the pockets of Happiness for all the members of our society, and like Abou Ben Adem—may their tribe increase!!

(Editor's note: Thanks go to Max for writing his feelings concerning our annual convention. It definitely was a good time)!!!

BOOK MART

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Please list title, publisher, condition, and price.

Offered by Paul F. Miller, 4365 Belmar Terrace, Vienna, Ohio 44473.

Unless otherwise noted, all repairs are professionally done and were only made for the purpose of making a sounder shelf copy, not because there was anything disqualifying about the items repaired. However, if you want your books in an "as is" condition, these are not for you.

Add \$1.00 for postage on orders under \$10.00. Others are postpaid as listed. Copies are "good" unless otherwise indicated.

FIRST EDITIONS

Ben, the Luggage Boy	Loring	\$25.00
(outer spine repaired, new end papers)		
Brave and Bold	Loring	25.00
(new end pages)		
Canal Boy to Pres.	Loring	17.50
(without erratum slip, of course)		
Canal Boy to Pres.	Loring	12.50
(only 3 pages of ads in rear)		
Facing the World	P&C	22.50
(slight wear on front covers)		
Frank's Campaign	Loring	25.00
(third state)		
Helen Ford	Loring	22.50
(exterior spine repairs, new end pages and fly leaf)		
Strive and Succeed	Loring	30.00

FLAWED FIRST EDITIONS

A Boy's Fortune	HTC	15.00
(title page and contents lost, copied pages inserted)		
Digging for Gold	P&C	15.00
(title page and copyright page missing)		
Chester Rand	HTC	12.50
(title page, some contents missing)		
Only an Irish Boy	P&C	12.50
(end paper, fly leaf, frontispiece missing)		

Sink or Swim	Loring	\$15.00
(end pages and fly leaf new, last 4 pages are copied)		
The Store Boy	P&C	15.00
(frontispiece and title page missing)		

LORING NON-FIRST EDITIONS

Ben, The Luggage Boy (non professional spine and end page repairs)		7.50
Mark, The Match Boy (front lock about worn through)		15.00
Strive and Succeed (outer spine wear, does not meet ads requirements)		20.00
Tattered Tom (some page irregularities, resulting in a shaken look)		17.50
The Young Outlaw		20.00

Falling in with For.	Mershon	10.00
Out for Business	G&D	Vg 12.50
(has dust jacket)		
Nelson, The Newsboy	G&D (spine rough, end page, fly leaf, t.p. missing)	5.00
Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy (DeWolfe Fiske edition, excellent)		20.00
M. Mason's Victory	Burt	5.00
(boy with frying pan on cover)		
Andy Grant's Pluck	Mershon	4.00
Bernard Brook's Adven.	Burt	5.00
(cowcatcher on front cover)		
Ragged Dick	Winston F	7.50
Ragged Dick	Coates F	8.00
Ragged Dick	Coates G	9.00
Ragged Dick	P&C	10.00
Tattered Tom	Winston	10.00
(library edition)		
Bound volume of <u>Student and Schoolmate</u> , 1867, has <u>Ragged Dick</u>		\$75.00
Bound volume of <u>Gleason's Pictorial</u> , Vol. VI, 1854, contains several Alger short stories		\$35.00
Bound volume of <u>Harper's</u> , December, 1863-May, 1864, has Alger shorts		15.00
Helping Himself	HTC	10.00
Mark, The Match Boy	P&C	10.00
(fruits and vine on cover, gold)		
Hector's Inheritance	P&C	10.00
The Young Outlaw	P&C	7.50
Hector's Inheritance	HTC	5.00
Tom, The Bootblack	Burt	5.00
(boy with stick on shoulder on cover)		
The Errand Boy	Burt	5.00
(page boy head in diamond)		
The Errand Boy	Burt	4.00
(boy with stick over shoulder, looser than one above)		

THE EVIL CITY IN AMERICAN FICTION
by Eugene Arden

(Editor's note: At the 1977 Horatio Alger Society Convention, HAS member Milton Salls gave me a copy of the above article, which originally appeared in New York History, the July, 1954 issue. The following few paragraphs from the middle of it may interest society members).

In the decades just following the Civil War, when tales of city evil achieved their widest popularity, the Henry Holt Company reprinted Theodore Winthrop's 1861 novel, Cecil Dreeme. The moral of the tale was illustrated by the book's cover, which had the design of a spider spinning its web, ready to ensnare the unsuspecting. "Night! Night in the great city!" cries the novel. "Night! when the gas-lights, relit, awaken harmful purposes . . . when the tiger and tigress take their stand where the prey will be sure to come. [12] In actuality, the prey just after the Civil War was possibly a mere boy. New York had become the destination of hundreds of thousands of youngsters who had tasted excitement in the army, and who were lost to the old homesteads forever. One of their few real friends was Charles Loring Brace, who invited the newcomers to his Newsboys' Lodging House, where they roomed while supporting themselves by shining shoes or selling papers. [13]

Everett J. Wendell, assistant superintendent of the Lodging House in 1868, came across an installment in Student and Schoolmate of a story called Ragged Dick; Or, Street Life in New York by a writer named Horatio Alger. Invited to use the Lodging House as a source for more boys' tales, Alger began a series whose popularity was phenomenal. He later became a chaplain and then for a time schoolmaster of the Lodging House, identifying his whole life with the problems of these homeless youngsters. Perhaps his outstanding contribution to their welfare was an almost single-handed exposure and stamping out of the vicious "padrone system." This particular form of slavery consisted of

buying and importing Italian youngsters to play violins for many hours a day on the streets of New York. They were ill-clothed, ill-fed, generally beaten, and forced to turn over all their earnings to the masters. By stirring a storm of protest (and refusing to be cowed by padrone ruffians), Alger succeeded in promoting protective legislation. Phil, The Fiddler (1871) is the novel in which he embodied his protest, and it was this novel which remained Alger's own favorite.

Though Alger's heroes are generally rewarded with success in the face of hardships, the hardships themselves are far more striking than the boys' successes. Ragged Dick advises his friend from the country, "A feller has to look sharp in this city, or he'll lose his eye teeth before he knows it." [14] Even Dick "now and then played tricks upon unsophisticated boys from the country." [15] To be sure, Alger intended no relationship between environment and conduct. A philosophical consideration of that sort would have been beyond his readers and perhaps even beyond Alger himself. His novels have as their basic theme the homily that honesty and energy will be rewarded in this world, the next, or both. His young heroes did not shrink from life, but conquered it. Thus, for all the meals missed and the cold nights spent huddled in alleyways, the Alger boys nevertheless helped make a magnet of the city. As late as 1928 the manager of the Newsboys' Lodging House reluctantly admitted that more boys were running away from home to try their luck in New York because of Alger's stories than for any other reason. [16]

[12] Theodore Winthrop, Cecil Dreeme (New York, 1861), p. 239.

[13] Herbert R. Mayes, Alger, A Biography Without a Hero (New York, 1928), p. 99.

[14] Horatio Alger, Ragged Dick (New York, 1868), p. 116.

[15] Ibid., p. 15.

[16] Mayes, op. cit., p. 103.

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by Jerry Friedland

The other day I was going through my Alger collection when I noticed that certain books were aesthetically and particularly appealing to me. I decided to list my favorites in a "most desirable" list in two categories — series format and individual books. Any book on the first list was not included on the second. I have compiled thirteen in each category, though they are not necessarily in order of preference.

LIST OF SERIES FORMAT FAVORITES

1. Henry T. Coates Tattered Tom Series — Features a "crisp" binding with the familiar beige background. The front cover contains the words "Tattered Tom Series" on top with "Horatio Alger Jr." on the bottom. Two attractive picture inserts — a youth in search of fortune in a circle, and a young man who obviously acquired it, in a diamond. The story titles are on the spine only, on a gilt background, as is Alger's name.

2. Henry T. Coates Pacific Series — Has inserts — one insert is a chinaman against a slate gray background. Actually, the book I did have I've traded away. I've found out since that this format is "tough to come by" — especially in really good condition.

3. Loring Pacific Series — (Young Adventurer, Explorer, and Miner) — a slightly slimmer volume — the front covers have sleek lined scrollwork and a distinctively attractive spine (boy on horse at bottom).

4. Henry T. Coates Campaign Series — (Silver swords and red scrollwork on navy blue background).

5. Henry T. Coates Ragged Dick Series — (Olive background, front cover has boy in wreath and bootblack box on newspapers).

6. Winston Library editions — Title on spine on large gilt background; slate colored cover with red, winged eagles.

7. Winston Ragged Dick Series — Green background, front cover depicts boy saving young girl from bully.

8. Winston series in various pastel colors with boy (in color) on front cover dressed in knicker suit. Has bow tie and is holding hat behind back on both front cover and spine. Beautiful color plates inside.

9. Penn Publishing format with tan background. Is red, green, and black, and depicts two boys sitting on window-seat studying. A heavier book, has high quality paper and excellent printing.

10. Illustrious American Series — (Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy, Anderson and Allen; From Canal Boy to President, Anderson; From Farm Boy to Senator, Ogilvie). Smaller size, various colors, multi-graphic pictured covers.

11. Individual Aldine (Garfield Library) books — Small thin paperback; fine quality paper; beautiful detailed picture on front cover.

12. Boys' Home Library paperback by Burt — Multi-scened cover, similar to Ralph Gardner's Road to Success (the Alger "Bible").

13. Leather-Clad Tales of Adventure and Romance by Lovell — Small thick volumes; very attractive and rare (I wish I could get one). Front cover has circle within which are two horsemen, the circle being on an ax.

LIST OF MOST DESIRED INDIVIDUAL BOOKS

1. Bertha's Christmas Vision — (1st ed.) Thin and heavy; excellent paper; dark brown cover with beautiful scrollwork; gilt scrolled spine.

2. Charlie Codman's Cruise — (1st ed.) Only Alger book with individually cut photo as frontispiece. Title on top of spine is in "old style" of printing on gilt background. Sailor boy on ship deck in gilt on bottom of spine. Only Loring I've seen in blue. Nice book to have.

3. Dirty Clothes Dick (Japanese Ragged Dick) — Distinctive fine paper; superior binding and construction with built-in ribbon bookmark.

4. Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving — Brown, thin, and distinctive; heavy-weight.

5. Helen Ford — Simple, tasteful lines; taller than usual (Loring, first edition). Is only Loring I've seen in rust brown cover. Excellent binding and paper.

6. Paul Prescott's Charge — (1st ed.) Thinner Loring; very clear lines; old man on chair on bottom of spine.

7. Tom Tracy (Lovell) — Title in center of front cover on gold background (also on top of spine). "Putnam" on cover; predominantly red with black. Floral design, heavy weight and on the thin side. Probably my favorite.

8. Wait and Win (1st ed.) Light blue background; three boys in rowboat on front cover; boy planting flag on spine.

9. Wren Winter's Triumph (Thompson and Thomas) — Large and thick; excellent paper; brown cover with picture of boy behind tree shooting at a deer.

10. The Western Boy (1st ed.) Various colored backgrounds; man in high hat and beard getting shoeshine; title on gilt background on spine; excellent quality.

11. The Nugget Finders — Excellent quality paper; beautiful gold scroll on spine; colored frontispiece.

12. Only an Irish Boy (McLoughlin Brothers) — Wider than usual; colored frontispiece; green cover; small etching at beginning of each chapter.

13. The Young Boatman (1st ed.) — I don't have one of these; a real beauty, and rare as hen's teeth. Cover is tan with red and brown. Front cover has picture of a boy rowing a boat on a lake.

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

Jerry Friedland asks that if anybody has different opinions on the books that belong on the lists mentioned in his column, he/she should write me. As he says, "Let's come up with a consensus favorite in both categories."

Stanley Pachon writes: "In looking over the September issue I note you have reprinted an Alger short story, 'Who Shall Win?' But I feel that in your editorial note you are somewhat in error when you state 'It originally appeared in The Home Companion.' It originally appeared in the first issue of Golden Days, March 6, 1880, volume I, number 1. Golden Days reprinted it in the issue of December 17, 1892, vol. XIV, number 4."

In a recent letter HAS President Jerry Friedland says that there is a "slight error in the registration of members in our convention issue. We have been calling it a total of 50 present, and, 50 members are listed. But, actually we had 51 - check it carefully - you'll find my name missing."

Only about a half a year till the "Jacksonville Jamboree." I'll soon be reporting all the news about our 14th annual convention. Arrangements are going smoothly - the motel is all ready for us (the local Holiday Inn) and I've already begun receiving letters from people planning on attending. (Jerry Friedland is driving with Bill Leitner, and will get in town in time for Wednesday night dinner at my apartment).

Mark the dates — Thursday, May 4, 1978, through Sunday, May 7, in Jacksonville, Illinois. Also, Ralph Gardner wants me to remind you to please begin collecting things for our annual auction. The \$10 dues does not even cover the printing of the Newsboy, so this auction is a great way to keep us in the black financially. We raised \$1400 at the last convention. Hope we can beat it next May. See you in Jacksonville!!!!