

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.

Newsboy



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

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Volume XVII

November, 1978

Number 4

Stephen Press, head of the Department of Performing Arts and Communications at Dutchess Community College, has been involved with professional theater and television for more than 15 years. He played Peter in the original Broadway production of "The Diary of Anne Frank," appeared in several television shows including the soap opera "Valiant Lady" and, in his capacity as co-director of theater at Dutchess, has directed "The Skin of Our Teeth," "Julius Caesar," "Dark of the Moon," "Dead End," "Bernardine" and his own musical adaptation of Mark Twain's "Roughing It."

In addition to his work as both actor and director, Press has spent a good deal of time at the typewriter writing children's plays and adult works. His newest adult play, "We Need Another Man," part of a trilogy entitled "Warriors," has its premiere tonight in an Equity Showcase production at the Isadore Straus Theatre in New York.

The show set in an American suburb during World War II, is being staged by Drew Kopf under the banner of Holiday Entertainment Company.

"We Need Another Man" was the winner of the first State University of New York Committee on the Arts playwriting competition and was written under terms of a grant from the Sam S. Schubert Foundation. It and the other two plays in the trilogy — "Huzza For The Fox" and "Seig, Seig, Seig" — is being completed with the support of two grants from the Research Foundation of the State University of New York.



Alger-type hero Tom Cooper (left) confers with wealthy businessman Mr. Greyson as the boy shines his shoes. This photo is from "Tom Cooper, Captain of Industry; Or, Bound to Rise," a musical based on the novels of Horatio Alger, Jr. It is written by former HAS President Steve Press, and appears complete in this issue of Newsboy.

—from the Poughkeepsie Journal, December 1, 1976

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.

O F F I C E R S

JERRY B. FRIEDLAND	PRESIDENT
BRADFORD S. CHASE	VICE-PRESIDENT
CARL T. HARTMANN	SECRETARY
DALE E. THOMAS	TREASURER
RALPH D. GARDNER	DIRECTOR
LESLIE I. POSTE	DIRECTOR
LEO (BOB) BENNETT	DIRECTOR
MAX GOLDBERG	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, at 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: The HAS Convention — the "Cleveland Connection" will take place in May. Hosted by Dale Thomas, it will certainly be a great event. See you in Cleveland!!

* * *

TOM COOPER, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY
OR, BOUND TO RISE

book by Steve Press
lyrics by Bonnie Arditti
music by Mary Ann Joyce

A one-act children's musical based upon the works of Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: As many Alger Society members know, Steve Press is a former President of the Society. He is involved with the Performing Arts and Communications Department at Dutchess Community College in Poughkeepsie, New York and he recently received a grant from the Research Foundation of the State University of New York to do some writing. Further information on Steve can be found on page three of this issue of Newsboy.

I hope that HAS members will enjoy this play that Steve wrote. As he recently noted in a letter to me: "The important thing about that production, presented by and to contemporary 'slum' children, was that it proved to me that the concepts of Horatio Alger still live on in these children. They had never heard of Alger but they still believed in the American Dream and the philosophy of Strive and Succeed."

Steve says that copies of the music can be obtained by writing him (Davida Lane, Poughquag, New York 12570), and that he, Bonnie Arditti, and Mary Ann Joyce would be very willing to work with any school or theatre group that is interested in producing the play).

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Peddler
Elsworth Pitkin
Mickey Maguire
Jimmy Clinton
Tom Cooper
Mr. Greyson
Policeman

(text continued on page 4)



Director Steve Press

The Spider and the Bee

By Stanley A. Johnson

"The Spider and the Bee" a play written by Steve Press and featuring a cast of DCC students, will open at Grossinger's resort May 29.

The play, adapted from Jonathan Swift's "The Battle of the Books" is being directed by Roberta Mills.

The cast includes Howard Lewis as the spider, Bruce Jennings as the bee, Vern Lazaroff as the termite, Beth Mederas as the butterfly, Ann Griener as the Lady Bug and Maria Palmara as stage manager.

Ms. Mills said the group, under the name of Rainbow Productions, will tour several catskill

resorts this summer, including the Nevele, Villagio Italian and Villa Vosilla. Rainbow Productions is being sponsored by the Ulster Center for Performing Arts.

Play Written By Stephen Press

A one-act play, "True Friends," by Mr. Stephen Press, member of the English Department, has been added to the required reading list for graduate students in theatre arts at Penn State.

The play, which has had several performances in the New York area, has been incorporated into the study program in Penn State's Theatre 416, a course in children's theatre. The play is concerned with the social adjustments of young teenagers.

Mr. Press came to the College in 1969 from New York City where he had been an actor, playwright and director.

We Need Another Man

We Need Another Man, a play by Stephen Press, Head of the Department of Performing Arts and Communications at Dutchess Community College, premiered December 1 in an Equity Showcase production at the Isidore Strauss Theatre in New York City.

Winner of the first State University of New York Committee on the Arts playwriting competition, *We Need Another Man* was written under the terms of a grant from the Sam S. Shubert Foundation. Set during the second World War in an American suburb, it is about a warrior who never leaves home.

The play and two subsequent plays, *Huzza for the Fox* and *Seig, Seig, Seig* make up a trilogy called *Warriors*. The completion of the trilogy is currently being supported by two grants from the Research Foundation of the State University of New York.

Before joining the DCC faculty in 1970, Professor Press was involved for more than 15 years in professional theatre and television. He played Peter in the original Broadway production of *The Diary of Anne Frank* and appeared in several television shows including the soap opera *Valiant Lady*. In his capacity as co-director of theatre at Dutchess, he has directed *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Dark of the Moon*, *Dead End*, *Bernardine* and his own musical adaptation of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*.

We Need Another Man was chosen as one of the outstanding new manuscripts of 1971-72 by the Office of Advanced Drama Research and is published in *Modern International Drama*. Several of Professor Press' other plays, including a children's production entitled *The Other Side of the Stars* have also been produced off-Broadway.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. Wanna Buy. . . . Peddler
2. Fill your pockets,
Jimmy Mickey Maguire,
Jimmy Clinton,
Peddler
3. It is none of My
Concern Elsworth Pitkin
4. Captain of Industry,
Me! Tom Cooper
5. Shine, Mister . . Tom Cooper
6. There's No Limit . Mr. Greyson
7. Reprise: Captain of Industry,
Me! Tom Cooper

(It is a bleak, windy November day on the streets of New York. The few people on the street are rushing to their destinations; they ignore the old PEDDLER, who enters with his heavily laden pushcart).

PEDDLER

Song: "Wanna Buy"

Wanna Buy? Open Up your windows and hear my cry - - - Wanna buy? Wanna Bu-u-u-u-y?

Picture yourself a winter sky
The snow is piled a mile high on the window sill - - -

The kerosene lamp is burning low
Well, I got a candle here ya know,
And I got a book for you to read
And I got most things that you might need - - -

Wanna buy? - - -

Open up your windows and hear my cry
Wanna buy? Wanna Bu- u-u-u-y?

Picture yourself a summer sky
The heat has never been so high that you can recall - - -
The iceboxes all but melt away
Well, I got a fan here to save the day
And a summer shirt that's nice and cool
Now, gad, ain't I a selling fool.

Wanna buy? Open up your windows and hear my cry - - - Wanna buy? Wanna bu-u-u-u-y?

Gotta pot, a broom and I do believe
Got some yarn you just might wanna weave - - -

Wanna buy? - - - Gotta dish, a spoon,
if I look real hard gotta rhyme that's fit for a birthday card - - - wanna buy?

Wanna buy? Open up your windows and hear my cry - - - Wanna buy? Wanna bu-u-u-u-y? Wanna buy!

OFF-STAGE VOICE

My hat! Peddler. . .you there, stop my hat! That's my hat the wind blew off!

(A hat comes tumbling down the street)

PEDDLER

I'll get it! Whoop! Hah!

(Enter ELSWORTH PITKIN. He is a very finely dressed young dandy of fifteen)

ELSWORTH

Hurry, Peddler, hurry!

PEDDLER

Got it!!

ELSWORTH

Good.

PEDDLER

Never saw the wind I couldn't outchase.

ELSORTH

But look at my hat! It's scuffed!
Ruined!

PEDDLER

Not at all, young fellow. I can fix it for you. Got a little brush here in my cart that is terrific for hats!

(As the PEDDLER starts to vigorously clean the hat, two roughly dressed boys enter sneakily. They are MICKEY MAGUIRE and JIMMY CLINTON)

MICKEY (aside to Jimmy)

Look, Jimmy. That old peddler. . .

I've discover'd that in my mode of being, riff-raff is not worth my seeing; So I've form'd a steadfast rule which I shall state, to wit:

It is none of my concern; Really none of my concern. Let them kill themselves - I shouldn't mind it. In fact, I'm sure that I would find it difficult to suppress a

(yawn)

. . .rather fearful yawn.

It is none of my concern; Simply none of my concern. Let them steal you blind - I couldn't care less. In fact, it's all your fault that this fair mess started in the first place - and now I must be gone.

But here's a farewell thought for your low-class minds to chew: If I ever get involv'd, I will never get involv'd with ruffians . . . such as you!!

(Exit ELSWORTH PITKIN)

PEDDLER

(Out of breath from chasing the boys)

If he won't help me, I'd better go and get a policeman.

MICKEY

Go ahead, peddler. And don't worry; Me, Mickey Maguire, will watch your cart while you're gone.

(He laughs)

(Enter TOM COOPER. He is a poor shoeshine boy, but in spite of his dirt and rags, there is something attractive about him).

TOM

No, Mickey! Me, Tom Cooper, will watch his cart while he's gone!

JIMMY

Oh! It's Tom Cooper!

TOM

Unload your pockets, Jimmy.

MICKEY

Don't listen to him!

(He turns to TOM)

You don't scare me, shoeshine boy! And here's for you for buttin' in!

(He lunges and swings wildly at TOM)

TOM (laughing)

Quite a swing, Mick! Hope you didn't mind my ducking.

MICKEY

Ow!! Leggo my arm!

TOM

I will. . .after you've used the other to empty your pockets.

MICKEY

Okay, okay.

(MICKEY and JIMMY put back the goods)

There. Now, leggo!

(TOM lets him loose)

Why do you always come stickin' your nose in where you're not wanted?

TOM

I do it for you and Jim, Mickey. I'm tryin' t'keep you from goin' t'jail.

MICKEY (very angry)

Well, I won't forget this!

TOM

Thank you.

MICKEY

Aw! Come on, Jimmy. Let's get outa here! Come on!

(Exit MICKEY and JIMMY)

PEDDLER (to TOM)

I was in real trouble. Thanks.

TOM

Us businessmen gotta stick together.

PEDDLER

talkin' to that fancy kid. Let's go steal a few things from his cart while he's busy.

JIMMY
Should we, Mickey? I don't need anything.

MICKEY
Well, I do! Come on!

JIMMY
But. . .

MICKEY
Come on, I said!

JIMMY (meekly)
All right.

PEDDLER (to Elsworth)
There's your hat - Good as new.

ELSWORTH
Yes. . .not bad.

PEDDLER
This is just the best brush. A handsome, well-dressed young gentleman like yourself should have a brush like this.

ELSWORTH
That's true. I should.

PEDDLER
It's only fifty cents.

ELSWORTH
You don't expect me to buy it from you, do you?

PEDDLER
Well, I thought. . .

ELSWORTH
I, Elsworth Pitkin, buy only from reputable dealers!

PEDDLER
But. . .

ELSWORTH
And furthermore, as you can see, this brush is used!

(ELSWORTH haughtily turns his back on

the PEDDLER and begins to slowly and carefully put on his hat. The PEDDLER, dismayed at ELSWORTH'S manner, stares bemused at him. . . as MICKEY and JIMMY sneak up behind the cart and start filling their pockets with the wares. They are, as yet, unseen and unheard by the PEDDLER and ELSWORTH).

SONGS: "Fill your pockets, Jimmy"
"It is none of my concern"

MICKEY
Fill your pockets, Jimmy! There's things here I can use. When a real soft touch like this comes along, it's vulgar to refuse!

JIMMY
I don't know, Mickey. . .

MICKEY
Ah, fill your pockets, Jimmy! Pretend it's all been bought. There's nothin' wrong with stealin', boy, providin' ya don't get caught!

JIMMY
Gee, Mickey. . .are ya sure it's all right t'steal? All I ever heard's that it ain't such a good idea. . .

MICKEY
Aw, come on. . . Fill your pockets, Jimmy! It's charity - Believe! Remember what you learn'd in church: It's more bless-ed to receive.

(Suddenly the PEDDLER sees the young thieves)

PEDDLER
Now boys! (Boys!!) You both must stop this here and now! What kind of work is this for two strong lads the likes of you? Here, boys! Boys!! I'm gonna have to call a cop; I'm much too old to argue with two lads the likes of you! Mr. Pitkin, help me!

PITKIN
I don't get involv'd in a situation which I find beneath my station. Ev'rything about this scene appalls me quite a bit.

As a reward, take anything, anything at all from my cart.

TOM

Naw. . . You're as poor as me; it wouldn't be right. Hey, but if you was rich, just see how fast I'd take your reward.

PEDDLER

Isn't there anything I could give you?

TOM

Well, you could sell me some shoe polish. I'm out, and it's sure tough tryin' to give shines with no polish.

PEDDLER

I have the best polish there is! Here!

TOM

How much?

PEDDLER

No. . .

TOM

How much?!!

PEDDLER

Oh, well, ten cents.

TOM

Oh. Maybe next time, peddler. S'long!

(He starts to exit)

PEDDLER (calling after him)

Don't you like this polish? It's real-ly very fine; well worth the price. . .

TOM

I'm sure it is. But I only got a nickel.

PEDDLER

Well, I made a mistake. That's what it costs--a nickel.

TOM

No. It's a dime.

PEDDLER

Well, say, your credit is good with me, young man. You pay me a nickel now, and another tomorrow. That's the way

real businessmen do business!

TOM

Is it?

PEDDLER

Sure! When a rich man buys a railroad for a couple of million, do you think he has the whole sum right there in his pocket?

TOM

I don't know.

PEDDLER

He pays a little down and the rest later. You're a businessman, aren't you?

TOM

You bet! I give the best shine on Wall Street!

PEDDLER

Well, then---give me a nickel down and another some other time.

TOM

Tomorrow!

PEDDLER

Tomorrow.

(The transaction takes place)

You're a real businessman now, Tom. G'bye!

TOM

S'long!

(Exit PEDDLER. TOM is now alone)

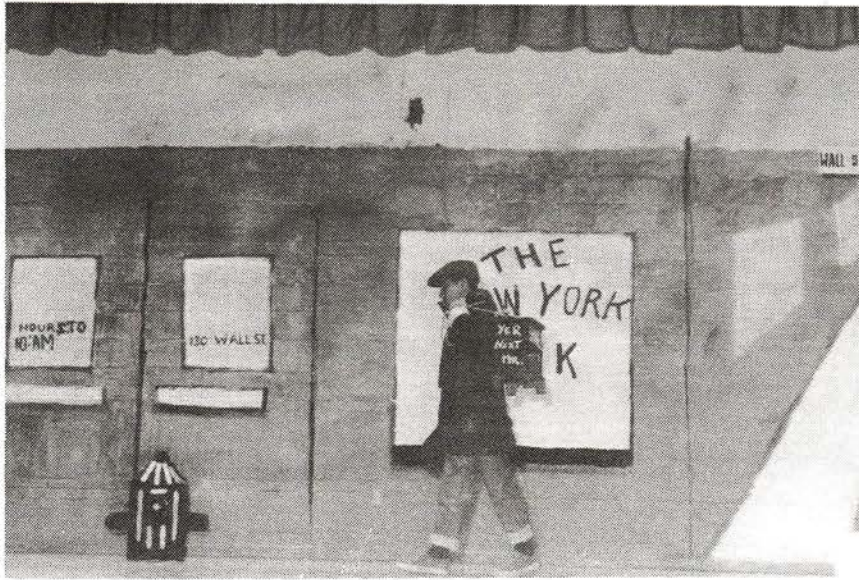
A real businessman! Don't I wish I was. Gee, imagine what it'd be like to buy railroads and own factories and trade in stocks and bonds!

(He is serious. Then he smiles and laughs and shakes his head).

Oh, sure! I can just see it now. . .

SONG: "Captain of Industry, Me!"

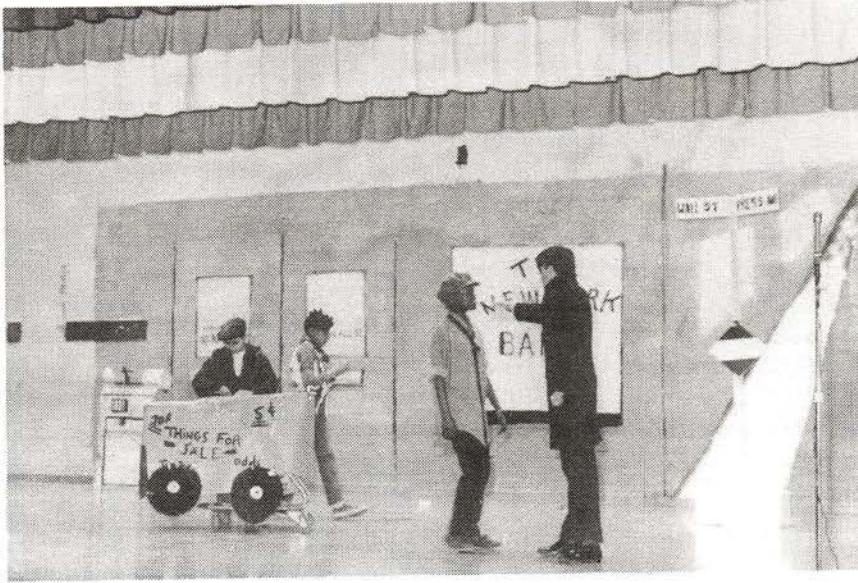
I'll have the Astors up to dine at a quarter after nine; Meet the



Tom Cooper on Wall Street, looking for shins.



Elsworth Pitkin refuses to buy a brush from the Peddler because it is "used".



The photographs on these two pages are scenes from a production of HAS member Steve Press' "Tom Cooper." The above picture shows Jimmy Clinton and Mickey Maguire stealing from the Peddler's cart while the Peddler talks to Elsworth Pitkin. Below is a picture of Tom Cooper (left) trying to reason with Mickey as the latter gets ready to fight.



Vanderbilts a quarter after ten! I may be late, but they will wait just to keep their private date. . . with the Captain of Industry, Me!

My busy schedule will be bent to include the President, when I get his des'prate call for my advice. And then he'll rave- as banners wave- that the country has been sav'd. . . by the Captain of Industry, Me!

I'll have a mansion on the Avenue, and a stable of white stallions that my butler will tend. I'll have a red plush op'ra box or two; And Madame Butterfly . . . will be my personal friend!

When Wall Street beckons, I shall go boost the market when it's low, and give lectures on a sound financial state. The folks will cheer when they all hear who was nam'd "Man of the Year" . . . 'Twas the Captain of Industry, Me!

No more worryin' 'bout pennies. . . and nickels. . . 'cause someday you will see a photograph of me - and under it will be. . . the caption: Tom Cooper! Captain of Industry!

I'll have a great strong fleet of winning yachts; A reg'lar table at Delmonico's for my morning tea. I will invest some funds in real estate lots, and ev'ry pidgeon will perch. . . on all those statues of me!

When problems in the world increase, I will plead the cause of peace as ambassador to ev'ry single land; Will I convince? Well, here's some hints: Guess who they'll knight "Sir Merchant Prince"!!

Tom Cooper! That captivatin' Captain . . . of In-dus-try. . .ME!!

(TOM continues to dream about wealth, sitting on his shoeshine box. Enter MR. GREYSON, a very prosperous Wall Street broker).

MR. GREYSON
Here, young fellow - do you give

shoeshines with that box, or do you just use it for dreaming?

TOM
Mainly for dreamin', Mister, to tell you the truth. But for you I'll make an exception and give you the best shine in New York!

MR. GREYSON
All right, go ahead. And be quick about it!

TOM
Yes, sir!

(TOM sets about his work)

MR. GREYSON
Hmmm. . .you do work well. How much is this best shine in New York going to cost me?

TOM
Only ten cents.

MR. GREYSON
Ten cents? Isn't that a little steep?

TOM
Well, it's not all clear profit. There's the cost of polish. . .and I have to get a new brush pretty often. . .and I have to pay a big rent for my mansion on 5th Avenue!

MR. GREYSON (laughing)
So you have a mansion on 5th Avenue.

TOM
It isn't anywhere else!

MR. GREYSON
And what tailor do you patronize?

TOM
Would you like to go to the same one?

MR. GREYSON
Well, no. . . It strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit.

TOM
This coat once belonged to General George Washington. He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got torn

some 'cause he fought so hard. When he died, he said in his will to wait until some smart feller come along before you give it to anyone - and that's how I got it! But if you'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable.

MR. GREYSON (laughing again)
Thank you, but no. It's a singular coat. . .to be worn only by a very singular young man! Now, I suppose you would like your money?

TOM
I shouldn't have any objections.

MR. GREYSON
Hmmm. . .I believe I haven't got anything short of a five dollar bill. Have you any change?

TOM
Not a cent. All my money's invested in the New Haven Railroad.

MR. GREYSON
That's unfortunate.

TOM
Shall I get the money changed for you, sir?

MR. GREYSON
I can't wait. I've got to meet an appointment immediately. I'll hand you the five dollar bill, and you can leave the change at my office any time during the day.

TOM
All right, sir. Where is it?

MR. GREYSON
Number 125 Wall Street. Shall you remember?

TOM
Yes, sir. What name?

MR. GREYSON
Greyson - office on the second floor.

TOM
All right, sir; I'll bring it.

(Off-stage voice)
Hey! Boy! Shine!

TOM
Yes, sir! Right away, sir! G'bye, Mr. Greyson. I'll leave your change sure.

(TOM exits. MR. GREYSON muses quietly to himself)

MR. GREYSON
I wonder whether the little scamp will prove honest. If he does, I'll give him a place in my office. I could use a bright boy like that. If he doesn't - as is most likely - I can well afford the loss of the five dollar's change.

(Exit MR. GREYSON)

(Enter ELSWORTH PITKIN, who was standing nearby as TOM gave the shine)

ELSWORTH (To himself)
How do you like that! That man gave that shoeshine boy a five dollar bill for shining his shoes! I didn't hear what they said, but I sure saw that the boy didn't give the man any change. Imagine! Five dollars for shining shoes! Now what can a common shoeshine boy do with five dollars!? While I - a rich man's son - would certainly know how to spend it well. And I think I know how to get it; and there's the police officer who will help me! Officer! Come quick!

(Enter POLICEMAN)

POLICEMAN
Yes, me young gentleman; what's the trouble?

ELSWORTH
That boy over there just gave me a shine and when I handed him a five dollar bill, he refused to give me my change. Said his shines cost five dollars!

POLICEMAN
Did he, now! Well, we'll see about this.

(To TOM)

You! Boy! Come here!

TOM

Yes, sir. Shine, sir?

POLICEMAN

No! Do you have a five dollar bill?

TOM

Why. . .yes, I do.

POLICEMAN

Where'd you get it?

TOM

A man didn't have change so he gave me the five and I'm to bring it to him later.

ELSWORTH

A likely story.

POLICEMAN

This young man says he gave you that bill for a shine, and you refused to give him the change.

TOM

Is this some kind of joke? If it is, it isn't very funny!

ELSWORTH

This is no joke! Just give me my five dollars' change, and I'll be on my way.

POLICEMAN

If you don't, I'll take you off to jail!

TOM

Now wait a second! Wait a second!

(He turns to ELSWORTH)

Let's say this bill is yours--why'd you give it to me?

ELSWORTH

Huh? Well. . .because I had no change, of course.

TOM

Then if you turned out your pockets, we'd see who's telling the truth.

ELSWORTH

Ridiculous!

POLICEMAN

That seems fair. Will you turn out your pockets, lad?

ELSWORTH

Are you insulting me? A person of my class?! My father is. . .

POLICEMAN

I don't care who your father is! All are the same before the law. Turn out your pockets!

ELSWORTH (intimidated)

All right. Well, look at this! Change! Heh, heh, I didn't know I had it.

POLICEMAN (to TOM)

Where'd you say you got that five, son?

TOM

From Mr. Greyson of 125 Wall Street.

POLICEMAN

Why, I know Mr. Greyson very well. We'll just all go over and ask him personal.

ELSWORTH

Well, I won't go! No! Not when a policeman takes the side of a common shoeshine boy over a gentleman's son! Good day!!

(He exits)

POLICEMAN

I oughtta arrest him for tryin' to swindle you, young fella.

TOM

I think he learned his lesson.

POLICEMAN

I'm glad you turned out to be honest. I was a shoeshine boy myself when I was younger. Say, how'd you know he had change in his pockets?

TOM

While I was shining Mr. Greyson's shoes, I saw him watching and he was flipping a coin in the air!

POLICEMAN

That's keen! Very observant! You'd make a fine detective! Well. . . I'll be on my way. Good luck t'ya.

TOM

Thank you, officer. G'bye!

(Exit POLICEMAN)

A detective! Say, I'll just bet that would be an exciting way of life!

(He laughs)

First I'm gonna be a big businessman, and now I'm gonna be a great detective. That's sure swell! But while I'm waitin' for these things to happen, I'd better shine some shoes!

(The sound of someone crying is heard)

What's that? Why, there's Jimmy! And he's cryin'! I wonder if Mickey McGuire lit into him or somethin'. Hey, Jimmy! What's the matter?

JIMMY

Oh, it's you. Leave me alone. Just leave me alone!

TOM

I ain't gonna hurtcha. Gee, if you're so unhappy. . . I. . . I'd like to help you. Are you hurt? Do you need a doctor?

JIMMY

No, no! It's worse than that. Much worse!

TOM

Why don't you tell me what it is? I'm just a poor fella like yourself, but maybe I can help.

JIMMY

Oh, could you?

TOM

Try me.

JIMMY

My poor old ma and my baby sister an' me is gonna be throwed out of our rooms 'cause we don't have five dollars for

the rent. Oh, I know I'm no good and deserve it, but I love my mother and sister, and I can't stand to see them hurt and sad. I need money! And I'll do anything to get it. . . even. . .

TOM

No, Jimmy. Don't think of stealin'; it's wrong.

JIMMY

What else can I do? I'm desperate!

TOM

I'll give you the five dollars.

JIMMY

You!

TOM

Yes.

JIMMY

After I've been so mean, you'd do that?

TOM

I know you ain't really mean and have just got in with bad company. And if people don't stick together. . . Gee, what's the use of anythin'? Take the five.

JIMMY

I don't know when I'll be able to pay it back.

TOM

You don't see me worryin', do you? Now get goin' . . . and good luck!

JIMMY

Thank you, Tom. No one ever did nothin' like this for me before. I . . . I'd like you as my friend. . . if you'd have me.

TOM

Sure. . . friend.

JIMMY

I'll pay you back. I will! So long!

TOM

So long!

(JIMMY exits. TOM is deeply concerned with what he did).

Well! What'd I do now?! That was Mr. Greyson's money I gave Jimmy, and I promised to bring the change to his office today! But I couldn't refuse him. I couldn't! I'll just have to make the five dollars by shining shoes.

(A clock sounds the hour of 1:00)

It's one o'clock. I have five hours to do it. I've never made that much at one time before, but I'll do it today!

(He spots a man on the street)

Shine, Mister, shine? The best shine in New York!!

SONG: "Shine, Mister"

(In the song, we see TOM desperately trying to get shines, and we hear the time running madly by)

Shine, mister? Shine, mister? . . .
Come 'n' get your shine, mister. See your image in your shoe; see what a bit of spit and polish will do for you!

Shine, mister? Shine, mister? . . .
Take a look at my sign, mister: Honor'd by royalty for my shine - ain't that just fine, mister?

Shine, mister? Shine, mister? Come 'n' get your shine!

(Music continues under all dialogue)

You, sir? Then you, sir! Great day for a shine!

(He gets a customer and whistles through the shine)

Yes, sir! That'll be ten cents!

Shine, mister? Shine, mister? Gee. . . not many people out today. . . and seems most of them that are, already had their shoes shined.

(The clock strikes 2:00)

Two o'clock! This'll never do! Come'n' get your shine, mister! You're next,

mister. . . How 'bout you, friend? I'll please you sure! Shines!! Regular ten cents - for you, five! See your image in your shoe. See what a bit of spit and polish will do for you!

(The clock strikes three)

Three! The time's flyin' by. . . and now it's starting to rain! People don't get shines in the rain! Shine, mister? Shine, mister? I'm nowheres near through! Hey! Mister! You? Wax'll keep the water off! Take a look at my sign, mister. . . Great shines. . . beautiful shines . . . perfect shines!

(The clock strikes four)

The best shines. . . Honor'd by royalty for my shine. . . Only two cents, mister. . .

(Silence as TOM seems to be losing his drive. The clock strikes 5:00)

Ain't that just fine, mister? I can do it! I can do it. . . Shine, mister? Shine, mister?

(The clock strikes 6:00)

Come 'n' get your shine. . .

(The music trails off, as TOM is alone in the drizzling rain. He is disappointed at his failure)

Six o'clock, and all I've made is two dollars. Not enough to pay Mr. Greyson like I promised. Guess that shows what kinda businessman I am! At least I'll be able to pay the old peddler his nickel. . .

(Off-stage voice)

Tom! Tom Cooper!

Wha'. . .? It's Jimmy! And he's excited about somethin'.

(JIMMY enters, running)

Tom! Oh, Tom! You'll never guess! You'll just never guess! I paid the

landlord just as he was about to throw us onto the street and then this afternoon, my mother's long-lost brother came by - he was on his way back to Australia where he has made his fortune! He'd been looking for us and was about to give it up! If we hadn't o' been home, he would never have found us! And now we are all going to Australia where we will never have to worry again!

TOM
That's wonderful, Jim.

JIMMY
And what's in this envelope is for you.

TOM (Excited)
The five dollars?

JIMMY
Look inside.

TOM
There's a hundred dollars here!!

JIMMY
My uncle said to give it to you for what you did. If you hadn't of loaned me that five, our family would never've been united.

TOM
Can your uncle really afford this?

JIMMY
Yes.

TOM
Then I accept!

JIMMY
I hope some day you'll come to Australia to visit. I put our address on the envelope.

TOM
Oh, I will, Jim. I will.

JIMMY
Good. We'll have fun in Australia!
So long!

TOM
So long!

(JIMMY exits. TOM is very happy)

Now I can pay Mr. Greyson! I just hope it's not too late!

(Enter MR. GREYSON)

MR. GREYSON
Hello, Tom.

TOM
Mr. Greyson! Gee, am I ever glad to see you!

MR. GREYSON
Are you?

TOM
I was just settin' out to bring you your money!

MR. GREYSON
Oh? I thought you had . . . forgotten.

TOM
Oh, no, sir! Just that things got a little complicated. Havin' a lotta money ain't as easy as I thought.

(MR. GREYSON laughs)

Anyway, here's your five dollars.

MR. GREYSON
But I wanted the change from the shoe-shine, not the whole thing.

TOM
Well, yes, I know. . .but you see, I . . .uh. . .sorta used your money to speculate on a kinda investment and it paid off. See. . .I got a hundred dollars! So I figure I owe you a commission for the use of your money. So please take the whole thing.

MR. GREYSON (laughing)
All right. I accept it.

TOM (pleased)
Good!

MR. GREYSON
I wish I could do as well on my investments. Son, you've made a two thousand percent return on this five dollars.

TOM
Is that good?

MR. GREYSON
It's so good that I want you to give up your shoeshine business and come to work in my office. I will show you how to use your good sense to real benefit. For a boy as clever and as bright as you, there is no limit to how far you can go!

SONG: "There's No Limit"

In America, there's no limit to how far a lad can go - once he sets his sights on a passing dream, he can make it his, you know. . . Just by settling down and working hard, being thrifty and clean of deed.

TOM (thoughtfully)

Clean of deed. . .

MR. GREYSON
In America, my boy, there's no limit, my boy, to the ways a young, industrious, honest lad can succeed!

Be at the office tomorrow at seven o'clock sharp! Good night!

TOM
Yes, sir! Seven sharp! Good night!

(MR. GREYSON exits and TOM is alone. He wears the aura of this wonderful promise)

REPRISE: "Captain of Industry, Me!"

I'll have a great strong fleet of winning yachts! A reg'lar table at Delmonico's for my morning tea! I will invest some funds in real estate lots, and ev'ry pidgeon will perch on all those statues of me! When problems in the world increase, I will plead the cause of peace as ambassador to ev'ry single land. Will I convince? Well, here's some hints: Guess who they'll knight "Sir Merchant Price"?!

Tom Coop-er! That Captivatin' Captain of In-dus-try, M E !!

The End

*

*

*



Elsworth Pitkin (left) accuses Tom Cooper of stealing his money. A policeman (right (right) looks on.