

Newsboy



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.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



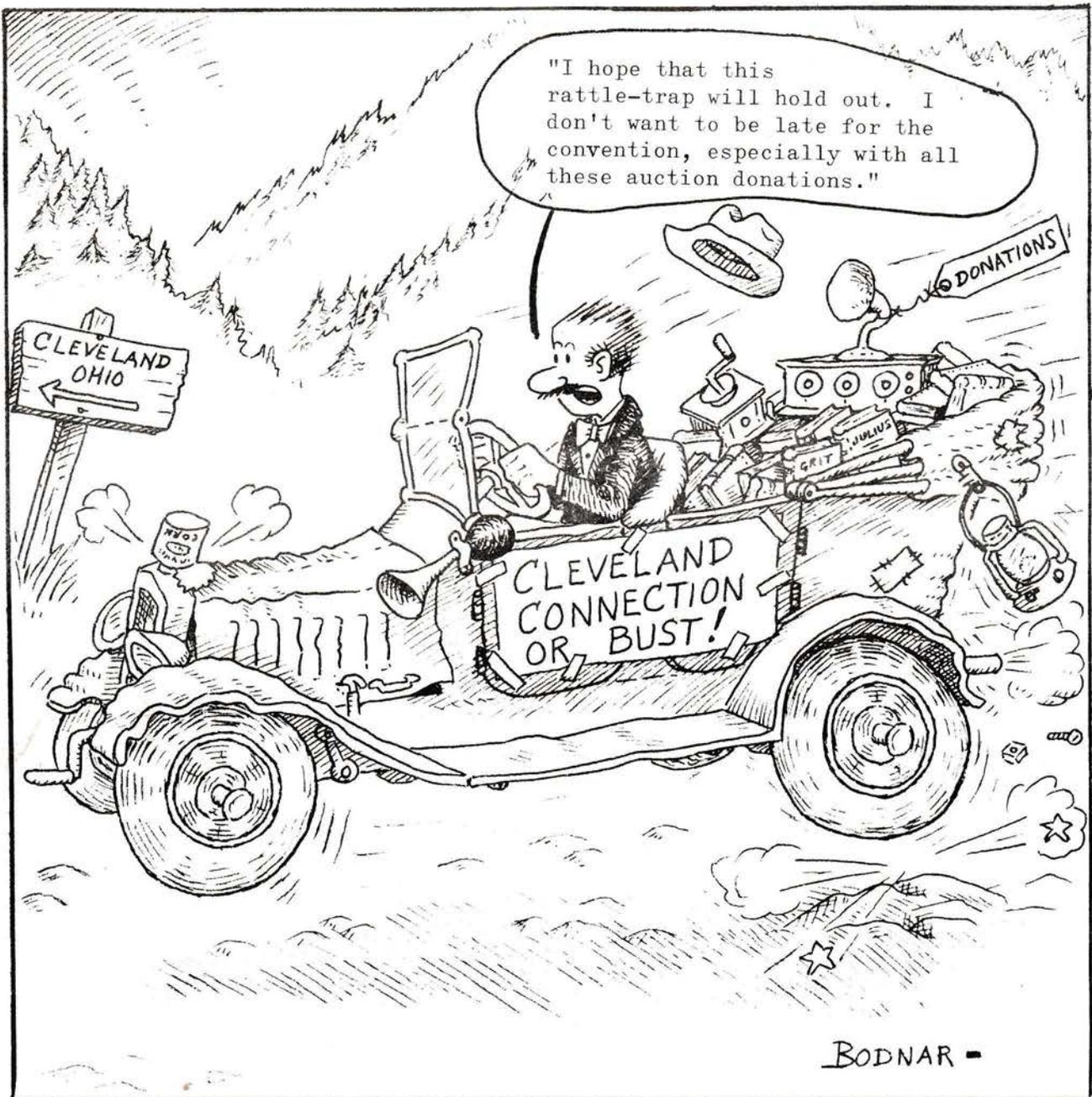
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HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

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.

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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, 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!!

* * *

MY FIRST SCHOOL

by Caroline F. Preston

(Editor's note: The following short story is by Alger's sister, Olive Augusta Cheney [who wrote under the above pseudonym]. The story is from the collection of Morris Olsen and originally appeared in the August, 1884 issue of Gleason's Monthly Companion. Thanks go to Morris for letting us reprint it in Newsboy).

I received from my uncle, Elias Hopkins, a invitation to teach school in Pumpkin Hollow.

Like many other girls who had just left school, I felt as if nothing would be pleasanter than to be my own mistress, and to go and come when and where I wished. And, as teaching school would give me these privileges, I decided to accept the invitation.

I commenced school with forty-nine pupils. Many of them were foreigners. The scholars varied in age from five years to sixteen. Ellen Durant, the eldest girl, was sixteen, a few months older than I. However, as her early education had been neglected, I had no fears as to being able to teach her; but the next question was, would she submit to my authority?

My oldest boy, William Mulligan, had reached the mature age of ten. He was a wild, mischief-loving lad, who caused me much trouble and anxiety.

I had taught school three weeks, when one day I received a visit from one of the School Committee, a short and stout man, who rejoiced in the name of Worthington. He was a pleasant-looking person, and seemed the embodiment of ease and good-nature.

I had just called up the class in history as he came in. There were but three scholars in it, Ellen Durant and two smaller girls. I had some doubts as to how well the lesson was prepared. They seldom recited well on the first trial. Still, as they had been called

out, I felt obliged to ask a few questions.

"Maria," said I, "can you tell me what is the subject of to-day's lesson?"

"St. Helena," she replied, in a hesitating tone.

"For what is it celebrated, Alice?"

"For being the place to which Napoleon was exiled."

"What became of him?" I asked, encouraged.

"He died there."

"Right. What happened afterwards, Ellen?"

"His remains were carried back to France, and buried at Paris with some other great man—I forget his name."

"Ellen, you don't recollect his name?" said Mr. Worthington, smiling.

"Yes sir, I do now," said Ellen. "It was Pomp."

"Can anyone give the correct answer?" I asked, amused as well as mortified.

"His remains were carried back to France, and buried at Paris with great pomp," answered Maria, triumphantly.

I asked a few more questions, and gave out the same lesson for the next day.

Not long afterward, Gracie Travis, a little girl of five, came to me one day and asked me if she couldn't bring her doll to school to play with after she had recited her lesson. Thinking it would keep her quiet, I told her she might do so. The next day she brought it; but I found it attracted too much attention from the other scholars, and had made up my mind to tell her she must not bring it again, when I heard a noise like the mewing of a kitten. I glanced around the schoolroom, and found that George Symonds, a boy of eight, had got

a kitten dressed up in a small shawl, and was in the act of putting one of the boys caps on it. This caused a disturbance.

I immediately called him to account.

"Why did you bring that kitten here, George?"

"You told Gracie Travers she might bring her doll to play with, so I thought I'd bring my kitten."

"I cannot have it here," said I, "you must carry it out at once."

Immediately afterwards I rang the bell for recess, and took up my pen to set copies in the writing-books for the afternoon, but was interrupted by cries of, "Teacher, teacher, William Mulligan's thrown Charlie Snow's cap down the well!"

The well here referred to was one formerly used, but there being a scant supply of water in it, another was dug. The scholars frequently amused themselves by throwing stones in the old one, so that it was now but about ten feet deep. It had originally been covered with boards, but by some means they had been spirited away, till there was but one left.

As I went out to see what could be done, I saw George Symonds leaning over the well, and drawing up a rope.

"He's got it. George Symonds has got it!" shouted a chorus of voices.

On approaching, I discovered that George Symonds had tied a rope around his kitten, and let her down the well. Of course she naturally struggled to find a footing, and when her claws came in contact with the cap, they immediately adhered to it, and it was brought to the surface by George, who passed it with triumph to Charlie Snow.

"That was quite an ingenious contrivance for recovering the cap, George," said I, in a tone of commendation.

"Yes, but if I hadn't brought the kit-ten to school," added he roguishly, "I couldn't have got it."

"And if William Mulligan hadn't done wrong there wouldn't have been any occasion," returned I, "and that reminds me to ask where is William Mulligan?"

"He ran around the other side of the schoolhouse when you came out," said Charlie Snow.

I went around and found the delinquent, took him into the schoolhouse with me, and told him I should have an account to settle with him after school.

He threw himself down into his seat with such force that a slate lying on a desk near by fell with a great clatter to the floor.

I repeated my remark as to a time of reckoning, and called the other scholars in.

In company with them came a little old lady, who made low courtesy as she came in.

"I came," said she, as she took the chair that I offered her, "to see if you would teach Mary Jane to make patchwork. I want her to learn what they call the star pattern, and it is too hard for her to find out herself."

"I am not expected to teach sewing here," interrupted I, "besides I never made any patchwork myself, and I daresay I should make out no better than the child."

"You don't mean to say you never learned to make patchwork?"

"Never."

"My stars! I should as soon think of not learning to knit."

"I don't know how to knit either."

"Not know how to make patchwork or knit, and you a teacher! I think it

would be a good plan for you to go to school yourself."

The next day Mary Jane left school. I expect she is taking private lessons in patchwork and knitting of her grandmother.

After school I gave William Mulligan the promised whipping. He screamed as if he was being murdered, and although I endeavored to lay all the blows on the place which Nature intended for that purpose, he struggled so that he received one blow on the back of his head.

"I'll never stop till I tell my mother of ye," he screamed, as he ran out of the schoolhouse.

"You better ask your mother why she didn't teach you to be a better boy, instead of being in all sorts of mischief as you are," returned I, as he disappeared around the corner of the building.

The next morning I opened school at nine o'clock, as usual. I had scarcely called the scholars to order, when a loud knock was heard, and before I had a chance to unclose the door, it was opened from the other side, and a brawny Irish woman appeared.

"I'm William Mulligan's mother," said she, as she came towards me with her arms akimbo, "and I've come to see what you gave him such a lick side of the head for?"

"William is continually in some mischief or other, and is constantly disobeying my orders. I was forced to punish him, and, if he had kept quiet, his head would not have got hurt."

"Well, I ain't going to have my boy licked for every little thing he does, and now I'm going to try it on you, to see how you like a bating."

With these words she drew out a long stick which she had concealed under her shawl, and brandished it over my head.

The desk drawer happened to be open, and I involuntarily grasped a popgun which I had confiscated from one of the scholars, and pointed it at her. She took it for a pistol, and rushed from the house exclaiming: "Bloody murder! Bloody murder! Sure I'm kilt intirely, that I am!"

The children were quite amused at the termination of the affair, and I saw no more of Mrs. Mulligan that day.

The next afternoon, however, I received another call from Mr. Worthington. I thought he didn't look quite as smiling as on his former visit.

"Mrs. Mulligan called on me this morning with a complaint against you," said he, as he took the proffered chair.

"Ah!" said I carelessly, "I'm sorry to hear it."

"So was I sorry to hear it," said he gravely.

"She said she came here to inquire of you why her boy was struck on the head, and that you immediately drew a pistol from the desk and pointed at her. I was astonished to hear that you used deadly weapons."

"No wonder you were alarmed at such a report, said I smiling. "But do you call that a pistol?" I added, as I again drew forth the popgun.

"Well, really, I shouldn't call it a pistol, although it might be mistaken for one by such a woman as Mrs. Milligan when excited."

"William Mulligan's head got hurt in his struggles to avoid the punishment which I was inflicting for mischief which he had done. His mother came the next day with a stick, threatening to bate me. In my desire to protect myself, I took up the first thing that offered, and pointed at her, and I am happy to say, it had the desired effect. She ran out of the schoolroom at once.

"Is that the way it happened?" exclaimed he, laughing heartily. "Well, I give you perfect liberty to use it in all such emergencies, and I trust it will always prove as efficacious."

William Mulligan was not seen in school again, during the term, for which I was truly thankful.

* * *

ANOTHER NEW TITLE TO SEARCH FOR
by Dick Seddon

Subscribers to the Dime Novel Round-Up (and if you don't receive this informative little publication you should) were surprised to see a new Alger story title mentioned in the October, 1978 issue.

An article by Denis R. Rogers entitled "The Aldine Life and Adventure Library" in this issue lists "Paul Prescott the Runaway" as a reprint title of Paul Prescott's Charge, and it features an illustration which the dime novel type publication used as a cover picture. They also used the same picture and title for another publication entitled "The Boy's 'One at a Time' Library" which is also illustrated.

So we now have pictorial evidence that these two publications existed and that they used this reprint title. Mr. Rogers in his notes claims that no story comparison can be made so we can assume that he has not seen an actual copy. HAS member Edward LeBlanc, publisher of DNRU writes me that this entire Aldine Library is very rare. Although his dime novel library is very extensive, he has only one title of the twenty published. The two illustrations used in the article are from material in the British Museum.

Our published title list shows 202 possible titles, including reprints. Now with the additions of The New Schoolma'am, discovered I believe by Gary Scharnhorst in 1976 and later reprinted by Gilbert K. Westgard II, and also Paul Prescott the Runaway,

(continued on page 8)

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY 15TH ANNUAL MEETING



SHERATON HOPKINS
AIRPORT HOTEL
CLEVELAND HOPKINS AIRPORT
MAY 10, 11, 12, 1979





The above cartoon was created and drawn by HAS member Louis Bodnar, Jr., an amateur cartoonist. Louis lives at 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Va. 23325

Help keep "Ragged Dick" from going broke. Horatio Alger Society dues barely cover operating costs. Donations of all sorts of items to our annual auction — held at the convention in May — bring in needed money. We raised over \$1400 last year; help us beat that mark in Cleveland!!!! Remember — the money that each donation brings is tax deductible!

discovered by Denis R. Rogers and documented in the Dime Novel Round-Up, we have 204.

Who said we will have run out of items to search for?

* * *

The following article and pictures are from the October 22, 1978 issue of Newsday, and is reprinted here by permission.

Newsday

Still a Success



Newsday Photo by Jim Pepler

Helen Gray of the 'Horatio' awards and Alger biographer Ralph D. Gardner.

NEWSDAY, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1978

By Maureen Early

Who was Horatio Alger?
The question, posed to passersby in Roosevelt Field recently, brought these answers:

"Wasn't he that spy?"

"An explorer."

"He was a fictitious character in boys' books a long time ago. He could do anything. Before Superman they had Horatio Alger."

Most people said the name was familiar, but they couldn't say why. Invariably, young people hadn't even heard of him. But a 73-year-old gentleman from East Meadow replied promptly: "He was a story writer for boys' books and magazines when I was a kid. His characters were my boyhood heroes. I guess younger people wouldn't remember. Today, all the kids know is John Travolta."

And a 61-year-old university professor from Great Neck pinpointed it further: "That was Horatio Alger Jr.," he corrected the inquirer. "He was a novelist who featured poor boys making good. The Marxists would probably consider his books an attempt to give hope to the masses—just like the New York State lottery does today."

* * *

It can happen to anybody. The office boy becomes chairman of the board. The immigrant with but a few pennies in his pocket becomes a successful banker. A pushcart vendor eventually operates his own chain of stores. That's the American ideal that Horatio Alger Jr. so prolifically popularized.

But even the most avid Alger addict admits that the rags-to-riches concept did not originate with Alger. It was just that he extolled it, and retold it over and over again in more than 100 cliff-hanging yarns that had a generation of American youths gasping with delight. So much so that his name became synonymous with the ideals that he fostered and it even entered our lexicons. You'll find the word "Algerish" in Webster's, for instance, with this definition: "Of, relating to, or resembling, the works of Horatio Alger in which success is achieved through self-reliance and hard work."

Alger's influence was enormous. Even today, nearly 80 years after his death, Alger is one of America's all-time best-selling authors. Book experts have estimated that of Alger's 121 works, a phenomenal 250 million to 400 million copies have been sold. Then consider that these were not only bought, but borrowed and swapped.

Such heady achievers as automaker Henry Ford; RCA's David Sarnoff; tobacco man and philanthropist James B. Duke; writer James A. Farrell; insurance magnate Darwin Kingsley; George Eastman of Kodak fame; inventor Thomas A. Edison; Benjamin Fairless, the former head of United States Steel Corp.; Gen. George Goethals, the Panama canal builder; oil tycoon John D. Rockefeller; poet Joyce Kilmer, and actor John Drew all claimed to be Horatio Alger fans.



Horatio Alger
 at the age of 60, top,
 and two of his books.

How valid are his principles today, particularly to the TV generation, a generation that hardly recognizes his name? What's more, could a youngster today strive and succeed like the Alger archetype?

Those questions were put to two experts—Ralph Gardner, who has written Alger's biography and a bibliography of his works, "Horatio Alger or The American Hero Era" (Arco, \$10), and Helen Gray, executive director of the Horatio Alger Awards committee.

"Yes, we see it constantly," says Gray of the incidence of Alger-style successes. For 30 years, her group has presented "Horatios"—small bronzed busts of the author—to outstanding Americans who have overcome dire poverty and succeeded—like true Alger heroes—by pulling themselves up by their bootstraps.

"Absolutely, but differently," says Gardner emphatically. "They may start in the mailroom and wind up the chairman of the board, but along the way they would pick up a couple of college degrees." And, adds Helen Gray, "they would probably move from corporation to corporation as well." Both agree: The opportunity is still here.

Yet Gardner wonders if today's youth are quite so ambitious as to labor long hours at low pay to

Old New York

Extra, extra — the newsboys' tough life

AMONG the colorful characters that once filled the city's streets none were so conspicuous as the newsboys.

Penny and two-penny papers just getting started in the 1830s first used them to gain a competitive edge over the city's older, more expensive subscription journals. The new distribution technique proved a success and soon all of New York's papers were being hawked by ragged little boys.

"Orrible haccident 'n lossor life,"



Newsboy making rounds, 1854.

By DAVID KAHN

"Nuther murder" and "Orful shootin scrape" they yelped, pushing their wares by embroidering on the day's actual events.

And who could blame them? Most were homeless and depended on their earnings to survive. On good days they made about 30 cents; bad days they went hungry.

Mornings and afternoons the boys picked up their papers at the pressrooms right across from City Hall. They then made their way to clearly defined and jealously guarded territories.

By mutual agreement the youngest and the handicapped were permitted to work the ferryboat crowds within a few blocks of the pressrooms. Next the toughest boys reserved for themselves the lucrative downtown business trade, while the rest were forced uptown to cover the retail and residential districts.

The newboys learned to be aggressive, literally thrusting papers under the nose of every passerby. They ran through railcars, bars and restaurants, and they stood on their toes waving papers in through first floor windows at prospective buyers.

Between editions some made a few extra pennies by selling pencils, matches and cheap paperback novels. Others simply begged.

After a grueling day's work, the boys would seek out empty barrels, carts and areaways to curl up in for the night. Just before dawn they had to be up again to start on their rounds.

The article on this page was sent to your editor by HAS President Jerry Friedland and is from the December 9, 1978 issue of the New York Post.

Jerry pointed out to me that the illustration is from the frontispiece of The Newsboy, which was published anonymously by J. C. Derby and Company of New York in 1854. The author, who later admitted her identity, was Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Thanks go to Jerry for sending me this article. See the May, 1976 Newsboy for a review of Smith's book.

get ahead. And, he adds, "assuming a boy as eager as the Alger hero *should* come along, would he be able—indeed, would he be permitted—to strive and succeed along Alger's lines?" Undoubtedly, Gardner says, he would be hindered by dozens of ordinances from earning his living as Alger's boys did. "In addition to minimum wage and hour legislation, he would have to contend with compulsory education statutes, city, state and federal labor acts, workmen's compensation, a variety of income taxes, Social Security, medical and other insurance deductions, prerequisites for union membership, full-time and vacation working permits, street trade and licensing fees, indoor and outdoor employment regulations, business zoning restrictions, public contracts laws and probably a number of other laws as well.

"Thus Paul the Peddler would be handed a summons at his street corner and, most likely, Tom the Bootblack, Dan the Newsboy and Ben the Luggage Boy would, at very least, be told to keep moving if a policeman happened along."

Many of Alger's heroes were patterned on very real people—the enterprising urchins of New York whom Alger befriended. When Alger first arrived in Manhattan in 1863, he became aware of the hordes of children, orphaned and made homeless by the Civil War, who lived on its streets. These youngsters existed by their wits, earning uncertain livings as newsboys, bootblacks, peddlers, street musicians, baggage carriers.

If they made 6 cents by the day's end, they could purchase a warm meal and a bed at the Newsboy's Lodging House. If not, they'd curl up on a doorstep, or find a box to sleep in. Those who survived had the stuff of which heroes could be made. They were resilient, intrepid, ambitious, bright and ready to react to any situation.

Alger's fertile imagination placed them in daring situations. They foiled pickpockets and kidnapers, stopped trains hurtling to destruction, saved their employers from swindlers, rescued drowning children. Although rascals at the start, his heroes eventually longed for respectability and became paragons of industry, thrift and an honesty that defies belief. Inevitably, they impressed a rich benefactor who gave them the opportunity to climb upward.

That was Alger's formula. And if his heroes' virtues seem just too unreal, it may be because the author, coming from 13 generations of clergymen and himself ordained as a Unitarian minister, couldn't resist getting in a little preaching. Actually, Alger, born and brought up in Massachusetts, preferred writing to his liturgical duties and, after a single year as a parson in Brewster, took off for the big city to make his mark as a writer.

Alger's stories came at a point in history when magazines for boys and girls were first being published. Until then the only current literature permitted to youngsters was stuffy religious tracts. More often kids sneaked dime novels into the barn and risked a hickory switch for reading those adult-only frontier tales. The high moral tone of Alger's adventures made them not only acceptable in the parlor but approved by parents. Even their titles were inspiring: "Strive and Succeed," "Do and Dare," "Brave and Bold," "Strong and Steady," "Try and Trust," "Work and Win," "Luck and Pluck," "From Farm Boy to Senator," "From Canal Boy to President."

"You hear people say this is junk or outmoded," says Gardner, who is also a member of the literary Horatio Alger Society. "Of course it is outmoded. It was written 100 years ago, a lot of it. But they are judging Alger's works by today's standards. When he wrote, this was very exciting stuff. Generations of young Americans adored these stories. He motivated young people to strive harder, to believe that under our free enterprise system, any heights were attainable. If a 'Ragged Dick' could succeed, so could they." ■



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Up by the Bootstraps

The Horatio Alger Awards program was launched 31 years ago by the American Schools and Colleges Association, a nonprofit educational guidance service. Each year it honors 10 to 15 Americans who have risen from humble beginnings to positions of leadership.

Some celebrities are among them: George Shearing, the blind pianist, arranger and composer; baseball player Hank Aaron; singer Johnny Cash; jockey Willie Shoemaker; comedian Danny Thomas; television personality Art Linkletter; former U.S. Treasurer Francine Neff, and poet, author and composer Rod McKuen. But there are many others, known only in their fields, who have left their mark on society with more pluck than luck. For instance, there's:

Rose Cook Small—At 12 she peddled produce on street corners to help support her family. At 21, she and her husband, Harry Cook, a butcher, opened their own small meat shop and finally expanded it into two. Four years later, in 1937, a fire wiped out their second market. Flat broke, Rose walked 14 miles to clean up the debris, then applied to a bank for a loan to start all over again. The bank denied it to her, but relented when she offered her wedding and engagement rings as collateral. Today, she is vice president of Bluebird Inc., a major meat processing firm.

Clarence C. Finley—When Clarence was 11, his father abandoned his mother and their six children, leaving the family struggling just to stay together. Finley had to sacrifice two out-of-state college scholarships because the money he made from local jobs was so desperately

needed by his family. Instead, he paid for his own education at Chicago's Woodrow Wilson Junior College by delivering newspapers, cutting lawns, cleaning basements and doing any other odd job he could get. After graduation, his diligence as a \$12 a week file clerk with a carpet manufacturer brought him to the attention of its president, Ben Greenberg. Greenberg promised Finley—a black—that he would progress as he became qualified. Working by day, Finley attended night school for 8 years, picking up degrees in both accounting and law. Greenberg kept his word. In 1951, Finley was named controller of the firm, which was acquired by Burlington in 1959. Today, Finley is corporate group vice president of the multimillion-dollar Burlington Industries.

Joseph Solomon—The son of poverty-stricken Russian immigrants, he and his seven brothers and sisters spent most of their younger years in a four-room cold-water tenement in East Harlem. While in elementary school, Solomon made deliveries for stores, struggled from 6 AM to 10 PM with a fruit and vegetable cart, and sold newspapers. He was too poor to continue grade school. Yet, without finishing or ever attending high school or college, he became a prominent attorney. Just by studying alone at nights, he was able to pass qualifying examinations which allowed him to attend law school by night, graduating in 1927 at the age of 22. During the days, he was working as a messenger for a law firm, the same firm of which he is now a senior partner—Lehman, Rohrllich & Solomon. —Early

WHAT IS AN ALGER FIRST EDITION?

by Bob Sawyer

What is an Alger first edition? This has long been a subject of controversy among the members of our organization. Alger's novels and other works appeared in many and various formats. One, Mabel Parker, was never published in any form although it has been presented very convincingly by Gilbert Westgard in the January, 1975 Newsboy that this is the same story as Jerry, The Backwoods Boy. The original manuscript is preserved but not for sale. Some were published as complete stories in periodicals, and

some were serializations. Others were issued only as paperbacks, such as United States Book's Leather Clad Tales. Finally, most were either primarily or eventually issued as hard cover books.

Of course, some were put out in several or all of the above mentioned forms. Now the question - which is the true first edition? A story issued in periodical or paperback format - from the standpoint of the average collector - are 1. scarce and hard to come by and nearly always very expensive; 2. fragile and seldom in prime or mint condition; 3. difficult to collect,

display, read and handle; 4. often changed in the final hard cover issue as to contents, title, author by-line, and even the names of characters, story situations, locations, etc.

Hard cover editions are the final and completed and polished work. Alger was known as a fast writer and often worked on several stories at one time. It is small wonder that errors crept into his original efforts. To me - as a book collector - I collect books, hard cover books that are the author's finished products. A story, article, or poem can be easily and quickly worked up and published. As such, anyone who has ever written an original piece for a newspaper is an author and can be credited with a first edition. To a lesser extent a paperback is also a quick, temporary, semipermanent record of a literary creation. Fragile, easily mutilated and destroyed, inexpensive, it cannot really be called a completed work. On the other hand, if this were the only form of publication, it is all there is to collect. Often, however, the periodical printing or even the paperback was a test to check reader approval before going all out and issuing the more expensive hard cover edition.

A comparison might be made between the works of a sculptor and an author which might progress as follows:

SCULPTOR

1. Original idea
2. Sketches
3. Clay mock-up
4. Final mock-up

AUTHOR

1. Original story line
2. Outline, rough draft
3. Manuscript
4. First printing, periodical or paperback
5. Hard cover edition

A sculptor's sketches and mock-ups are never considered to be more than a stage of progression to the final ultimate work of art. As such they are

frequently destroyed and the creation of the stone or metal is the sculptor's accepted goal. A hard cover book is the finished product of any author, and to him, the ultimate in publication effort.

I would like to see consideration of some sort of definite lines by the Horatio Alger Society as to what they consider a true Alger first edition. I think clarification is in order at least within our own ranks. This should in no way affect the values of the collections of advanced Alger buffs, who have over the years been fortunate enough to gather together a fine run of Leather Clad Tales, Argosy's, Street and Smith Brave and Bolds, Westbrook's Boy's Home Weekly's, Aldines, and others. It would merely set up a guideline for all Alger collectors and make it possible to collect a respectable number of books accepted by the Society as first editions. It would make an interesting subject for discussion at the Cleveland Convention.

(Editor's note: As Bob says, this subject is always one that arouses controversy. I myself disagree with some of the statements that Bob makes, and lively discussion always ensues when mention is made of the definition of a first edition. (Bob Bennett, Carl Hartmann, Gil Westgard, and I never could agree on which is the first of Adrift in New York - the story in Comfort Magazine, the Brave and Bold #45, or the Medal Library #243.)

Bob recently wrote to say that "I have just typed up a master copy of Marie Bertrand and have had some xerox copies made and am having them bound by a professional bindery. Would you put a notice in Newsboy that anyone who wants a bound copy of it can have one for \$30? It has twenty chapters and has seventy typed single spaced pages on 8½ x 11 inch sheets."

Thanks go to Bob for making this available. His address is 204 Mill Street, Gahanna, Ohio 43230).

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September 25, 1978

Mr. Gilbert K. Westgard
 9561 North Dee Street
 DesPlaines, Illinois 60016

Dear Mr. Westgard:

I have belatedly obtained your street address from Dr. Umsted at the Illinois School. Prior to this time I had only a telephone number.

The purpose of this letter is to express our very great appreciation for the very lovely plaque awarded to us by the Horatio Alger Society. I have presented this plaque to our recording people and they have it prominently displayed. They greatly appreciate the recognition given to their efforts.

The description Dick Umsted gave of your meeting made me very regretful that I was not able to attend. His description of the whole affair was very impressive.

Once more let me express our great thanks for the recognition given to us by the Horatio Alger Society.

Sincerely yours,



Carson Y. Nolan, Ph.D.
 Vice President and
 General Manager

CYN/sdm

(Note from Newsboy editor - as mentioned in the August-September, 1978 Newsboy, the American Printing House for the Blind was given the HAS "Newsboy" Award for excellence of presentation and high level of technical quality in their Talking Book Recordings of Alger novels).

MORE FACTS ABOUT CLEVELAND . . .

THE PEOPLE

About 90 percent of Cleveland's people were born in the United States. Negroes make up approximately 40 percent of the population, and almost all the blacks live on the East Side.

Other groups include people of German, Hungarian, Italian, or Slavic ancestry. These people live on both sides of Cleveland. The city also has about 5,000 American Indians, most of whom live on the East Side. Roman Catholics form Cleveland's largest religious group, followed by Baptists, Lutherans, and Methodists.

High unemployment among blacks is a major problem in Cleveland. Most of this jobless group have little education and few work skills. In 1966, a riot in the all-Negro Hough ghetto increased racial tension. Race relations improved in 1967 after Carl B. Stokes, a black state legislator, was elected mayor. Since then, city programs have done much to ease the tension.

ECONOMY

INDUSTRY. Cleveland has more World Corporation Headquarters than Boston, Atlanta, and Philadelphia combined and rates third in the United States. The Cleveland area's 10,000 factories produce about \$7 billion worth of goods yearly. About 45 percent of the city's workers are employed in manufacturing. The production of transportation equipment is Cleveland's chief industrial activity and the city ranks high in the manufacture of motor-vehicle bodies and parts. Cleveland is also a chief producer of machine tools. Other goods include clothing, chemicals, electrical equipment, paint, petroleum

products, steel and fasteners, bolts and screws.

Manufacturing has brought prosperity to Cleveland, but the city's many factories have also created problems. During nationwide economic slumps, for example, Cleveland usually has a higher percentage of unemployed workers than do some other major urban centers. Industrial wastes dumped into Lake Erie in past years made swimming unsafe at Cleveland's beaches. The Cuyahoga River was so polluted at one time it was declared a fire hazard. The river actually caught fire in 1969 because it contained so many burnable fluids from the industries along its banks. Both the river and Lake Erie have improved in cleanliness in recent years.

SHIPPING. Cleveland's harbor, one of the busiest on the Great Lakes, handles about 25 million short tons (23 million metric tons) of cargo annually. It receives more ore than any other U.S. port. Between 1940 and 1959, the city spent over \$20 million to widen, deepen, and straighten the Cuyahoga River. Today ore and coal vessels can travel more than 5 miles (8 kilometers) inland to steel mills. The opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1959 made Cleveland an international seaport. Ocean-going ships sail via the seaway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes.

TRANSPORTATION. Cleveland Hopkins International Airport lies in the southwestern section of the city, and Burke Lakefront Airport is near downtown Cleveland. Four major railroads serve Cleveland. The publicly owned RTA provides the chief means of local transportation. Its buses and rapid-transit lines serve the city and many suburbs. In 1968, Cleveland opened a rapid-transit line between the downtown area and Hopkins Airport. It was the first city in the United States to offer downtown-to-airport train service.

DONATIONS ARE GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED FOR THE ANNUAL AUCTION.

START 1979 WITH TWO VOLUMES FROM WESTGARD
 WAIT AND WIN
 MAKING HIS MARK

Titles more often found on want lists of long-time Alger collectors, than on their shelves, are *Making His Mark*, and *Wait and Win*. Both will be available soon from the foremost publisher of rare Alger books, Gilbert K. Westgard II.

Wait and Win will be reproduced from a fine first edition, "the last Alger first edition," states Ralph D. Gardner, "to be issued by Burt - is among the rarest of Burt's hard-cover books." Later editions were shortened and appeared in cheaper bindings, often with the title changed to *Work and Win*, under which the story first was serialized in *Golden Argosy* in 1884. It was changed to *Wait and Win* when published in the *Boston Weekly Globe* in 1885.

Making His Mark was published by The Penn Publishing Company in 1901 - MCM I on the title page - after appearing as a serialization starting in *Pleasant Hours*, and continued in *Leslie's Popular Monthly* from early 1896, to October, 1897. It is from a Penn edition that this extremely rare title will be reproduced.

Two other Alger volumes with similar titles, *Wait and Hope*, and *Making His Way*, should not be confused with these volumes offered by Westgard. They are entirely different stories.

Until February 28, 1979, the price of *Wait and Win* is \$18.50, and *Making His Mark* is \$20.00. After this prepublication period the prices will be \$27.75 and \$30.00. You'll save an additional 10% by ordering both volumes for only \$34.65 before the end of February.

Those who have any of the ten Westgard Alger volumes, published thus far, know they can expect only the finest materials and workmanship from this dedicated Alger publisher, collector and enthusiast.

To save both time and money use the enclosed order form to order both titles before February 28, 1979.



COVER ILLUSTRATION FOR WAIT AND WIN.



COVER ILLUSTRATION FOR MAKING HIS MARK.