

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



Horatio Alger Jr.

1832 - 1899



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

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Last month Newsboy printed some of the fascinating clippings about nineteenth century newsboys that are in the collection of HAS member Peter Eckel. Newsboy is pleased this month to offer again some of Pete's memorabilia (pp. 3-6).

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, 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 "Capitol Caucus" — will soon be here!! Don't forget the dates, Thursday, May 14 through Saturday, May 16, 1981, near Washington, D. C.

MATTHEW PENDLETON'S WAGER
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Evelyn Grebel. It originally appeared in Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battle Ship, November 13, 1858).

"Every man," says some philosopher, "has his idiosyncrasy. No one is without some individual trait whereby he is distinguished from others."

Accepting this theory, it was very easy to tell what Matthew Pendleton's idiosyncrasy was. He professed to be self-reliant--entirely independent of, and indifferent to, what the world might say or think. For public opinion he entertained a profound contempt, and regarded it as only another name for public prejudice. This feeling, which he carried to an excess, probably arose from an overweening self-conceit, which led him to regard with supercilious contempt the judgment of others when opposed to his own.

It was upon this point that he was conversing one evening with a friend. The two were slowly walking up the Tremont Street mall.

"It is easier to talk, than to act," said his friend, whom we will call Warburton.

"Do you mean that my actions are not consistent with my words," inquired Pendleton, somewhat haughtily.

"I mean this, that though you are, no doubt, sincere, you would find it a more serious thing than you imagine to stand out against the world's prejudices.

You are mistaken," was the decided reply.

"Prove to me that I am so, and I will concede it."

"In what manner do you wish to have me prove it?"

"I will tell you. You are a man of wealth; I would have you do something outré - something unexpected - and persevere in it for one week."

"I agree, provided, of course, that it involves nothing wrongful."

"Certainly. This is understood."

"Name your proposal, then."

"Mr. Warburton stopped to consider. They were at that moment passing a stand belonging to one of those vendors of fruits, nuts, and so forth, which may be found at brief intervals upon the Common. As Warburton's eye fell upon one of these, a thought dawned upon him.

"I have it!" said he, his face lighting up with a quizzical smile. "Here is a fine opportunity for you to convince me of your courage."

"Explain yourself."

"Take charge of this apple vendor's stand for one week, remaining at your post ten hours every day, and I will confess that your courage is greater than I now believe it to be."

"I will do so," cried Pendleton, promptly.

"But mark. I must make one condition: your object in doing so must remain a profound secret between us two. It must not even be revealed to your wife."

"I agree to this condition."

"Suppose we ratify it by a wager. I will bet one hundred dollars that you abandon the undertaking before the week is out."

"Accepted; and you may as well count the money lost from this moment."

"That depends on circumstances. If lost, it will be promptly paid."

One point only remains to be settled: when shall I commence?"

"I leave that point to you, as most interested."

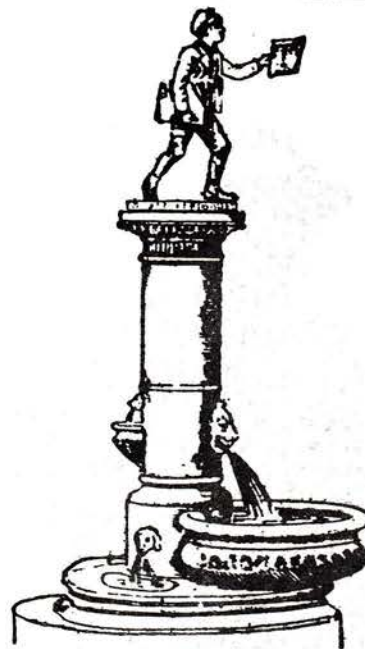
"Next Monday morning, then; that will make an even week. I will also make a condition of my own - that I absent myself one hour for dinner."

(cont. on p. 7)

GREAT BARRINGTON'S FOUNTAIN

Presented to the Town Yesterday by Col.
William L. Brown of New-York City
—A Beautiful Gift.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., Oct. 10.—A magnificent drinking fountain was presented to the Town of Great Barrington today by Col. William L. Brown of New-York, who has a country mansion here. The fountain is about fifteen feet high, and is surmounted by a life-size bronze figure



Presented to Great Barrington.
The Drinking Fountain Given by Col. William L.
Brown.

of a newsboy selling a paper. The main shaft is of polished Quincy granite, and the remainder of Dolomite granite.

The fountain was received on behalf of the town by the President of the Board of Selectmen and a committee of citizens. The cornerstone contained coins and copies of the New-York daily papers.

The fountain is situated in a small park, which has been given in perpetuity to the town by Col. Brown. The statue was designed and executed by David Richards of New-York City. The casting was done at the bronze factory of Maurice J. Power, New-York. Mr. Richards designed the Confederate Monument at Savannah, Ga.; the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, at Augusta, Me.; a group of children which has been placed in the Chicago Museum of Art, and many other notable works.

The presentation exercises were held at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon. After music and prayer, the large American flag concealing the fountain was drawn away by Miss Minnieta Brown, daughter of Col. Brown. A brief presentation speech was then made by the donor, and H. C. Joyner accepted the gift on behalf of the town. The fountain stands in a beautiful location. The fountain is in the Berkshire Hills, and overlooking a broad valley. After the exercises a luncheon was served to Col. Brown's guests at his home. Among the notable persons present were Austin Corbin, Charles A. Dana, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, and Admiral Erben.

In the September Newsboy, Brad Chase asked for details concerning the newsboy statue he came upon. Pete Eckel provided the answer - from the Oct. 11, 1895 New York Times.

THE NEWSBOY

(Copyright, 1898, by the Press Publishing Company.)

In the interest of all Newsboys who sell the New York Evening World.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1898.

No. 2.



James K. McGuire, Mayor,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1898.

Dear Editor:

I greet the newsboy of New York with all my heart because I was born in New York, withintwo blocks of The World Building, onthe Bowery.

I came to Syracuse when I was a little boy, and when I was nine years of age I sold newspapers for a living on the streets of Syracuse. Fifteen years after I stopped selling newspapers I was elected Mayor of Syracuse, and have been Mayor ever since.

With regards and feelings of affection for the brave newsboys of New York, I am,
Yours very truly,

James K McGuire

THE NEWSBOY

Published by the Circulation Department of the New York Evening World.

Edited by Louis Feinberg and Samuel Cantor, the Boy Prize-Winners of The Evening World.

Delivered free to all Newsboys who sell the New York Evening World every day anywhere in the civilized world.

Address all communications to the Editor of THE NEWSBOY, Circulation Department, The World, New York City.

Due to the generosity of HAS member Pete Eckel, Newsboy is pleased to present this material from the 19th century publication that bore the name now on our masthead. The memorabilia is from the personal scrapbook of Rudolph Heig, who was the Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House from 1875-1910. The Scrapbook is now one of Pete's prized possessions.

WHAT BIG PAPERS SAY OF THE NEWSBOY.

New York Newsboys Are Hustlers.

(From the Providence Journal.)

Some of the New York newsboys are "hustlers." The World offered a chance to learn the newspaper business to the one who should sell the greatest number of copies in a month, and a fourteen-year-old lad won the prize, with a total sale of 12,400, or an average of 400 a day. The energy required to do such a thriving business ought to make him successful in almost any kind of commercial activity.

The Newsboys Own It.

(Philadelphia Ledger, New York Letter.)

The Evening World is now publishing a little monthly paper devoted to the interests of the newsboys. The editors are Louis Feinberg and Samuel Cantor, aged fourteen and sixteen years. The pages of the little paper are open to communications from the newsboys on any subject they choose to write about, and, moreover, those who sell The Evening World get the publication free.

Something New for Newsboys.

(From the Buffalo News.)

Something quite new is a newspaper for newsboys. It is an invention of the New York Evening World, bears the name of The Newsboy and is printed monthly and furnished free to all newsboys selling The Evening World. Four pages of bright reading, with a smuck of the Bowery and the top gallery, some pictures, a card of advice from two more or less great men named Corbett and McCoy, and a little Chimmie Fadden yorse for relish make up Vol. I, No. 1 of "The Newsboy." Of course, there's a war story, in which a newsboy does heroic things, and it is well illustrated.

Devoted to the Newsboys.

(From the Staten Island Star.)

The newsboys of New York who sell The Evening World are getting out a

newspaper called The Newsboy, devoted to the interests of the young "News Johnny" who circulate with vim and acute ability The Evening World. The first number received at the office of the Star is full of original articles. The paper is printed solely in the interests and advancement of the newsboys, and is given to them free of charge by The Evening World.

The Newsboy's Chance.

(Bangor (Me.) Commercial.)

The Commercial has received a copy of The Newsboy, edited by Louis Feinberg and Samuel Cantor, two youngsters who have been selling Evening Worlds on New York street corners. The World offered a business education to the boys selling the most Evening Worlds, and these lads won the prizes. They have been given positions on The World and a chance to work their way to the top there. The Newsboy is a bright four-page monthly newspaper and is issued free to all boys selling The Evening World.

The Newsboys of Park Row.

Out in weather, fair or stormy.

Nothing daunts their pushing way;

Yelling out the latest extra

From early morn till close of day.

Hustle, bustle, rattle, tussel,

Always on the jump and go;

Quicker than a streak of lightning—

Park row newsboys never slow.

On the row prepared for business.

With your favorite sheet at hand,

Crutchy Quinn and Goosey Isaacs

Day by day together stand;

Loud and clear they yell the extras,

While the crowd is surging on,

Keeping up an endless hustle

Till their papers are all gone.

WHAT PRIZE-WINNER SAYS.

Young Feinberg, on the Road to Success, Tells the Newsboys All About It.

New York, Oct. 16, 1898.

To My Fellow-Newsboys:

When I first sold newspapers I was only but seven years old. I sold my first day's papers at the corner of Broadway and Mall streets. I made seventeen cents the first day, which was very good for the start. About a month after I sold at the corner of Broadway and Lafayette place. I made more money on this corner than on the other.

Every man that bought a paper from me I asked him if they would be my customers and they all said yes. After a while as I got acquainted with the people around that neighborhood I went into stores and asked the people if they wanted a paper every day and they all said yes. I counted up and saw I had a good many customers.

In a year or two I hired a boy to help me. About two months from to-day I read a large sign in the basement of The Evening World which stated: "The newsboy selling the largest number of Worlds in a month would get a position with a chance to learn the trade from the cellar to the dome."

Thinking this would be a very good idea I started in and asked my customers if they would rather take Worlds, because there was a contest and I would like to win it.

There was another boy in the lead with me and he had his brother to help him and I got two boys to help me, which I beat him every day. Both of us got the position because The Evening World saw both of us trying very hard. He got in the circulation department and I got in the editorial rooms.

LOUIS FEINBERG.

RAGGED NEWSBOY NOW A LAWYER.

Clement S. Edwards, Graduate of
the Newsboys' Lodging House,
Sends Words of Gratitude to
Old Friends Who Started
Him in Life.

WHAT THE OLD DUANE STREET HOME DOES.

The day was drawing to a close. The shadows of the trees were lengthening on the greensward in Central Park, and the English sparrows, fluttering in the dust of the driveways, were growing fewer and fewer as one by one they retired to rest among the thick leaves.

A boy came along one of the glades. His face was dirty. His clothes were ragged. He had a weary and dejected air. He walked slowly with that aimless movement that leads nowhere in particular.

Suddenly he stopped, and flinging himself down on the grass burst into tears. The tears over, he rested his chin on the palms of both hands, and in his childish way tried to think. He was an outcast—hungry, homeless and friendless. For days he had walked the streets of the great city. He had looked into thousands of faces without seeing a single eye of pity. In his feeble way he

tried to reason the why and wherefore of it all.

But the task proved too much for his boyish philosophy, and, clenching his hand, he shook it in anger at the city that loomed up over the trees, and in his young heart cursed it, its people and mankind in general. Then he got up, left the park and, footsore, started to walk downtown.

On the way down the boy got hold of a newspaper. He could read, and an advertisement caught his eye. It was that of the Children's Aid Society. It invited him to call. He did so next day.

That was the turning point in the career of Clement S. Edwards—for that was the boy's name. He was sent to the Newsboys' Home, Duane and Chambers streets, and there he learned that he had friends after all. There, too, he learned that a boy who is manly and upright will always have friends and he heeded the lesson.

A short time afterward the new-found friends of Clement S. Edwards put him aboard a train with a ticket for Albert Lea, Minn. They were sending him to begin life on the western plains.

On a May day four years ago a young lawyer sat in a court-room in Albert Lea. He was associate counsel in a big railroad case and he was waiting for the case to be called. As he waited he mused and his thoughts went back to an old red and gray building on Duane street, New York, where he had met his first friends and got his first start in life. In his gratitude he resolved to write to those friends. He did so a few days later and the name that he signed to the letter was Clement S. Edwards.

And the letter was written on the notepaper of Lovely & Edwards, for the once homeless and ragged boy who had cursed humanity while lying on the grass in Central Park was the junior partner of one of the best legal firms in that far-off Minnesota town, was engaged to be married to a highly respected girl and had every prospect of a brilliant career.

And the old red and gray building? It stands as it has stood for twenty-nine years and will probably stand for twenty-nine years more. All downtown newsboys know it. Any one of them could tell you off-hand the number of steps in the old stone stairway. He could point unerringly to the corner of the hallway in which "Slats" and "China Mock" were surprised by the superintendent shooting craps; the spot where "Jerry the Oyster" met his fate at the hands of "Jack the Slugger" and the exact chink in the school room floor in which the hard-earned dime of "Blink O'Neil" met, on last Christmas eve, the fate of an Alpine guide.

Any genuine newsboy would be ashamed if he could not with his eyes shut find the bed that got wrecked in the pillow fight last winter when the forces of "Stump" and "Sam Smutch" triumphed over those of "Washtub" and "Beefsteak Joe."

These are some of the memories that make the old place dear to the boys who sell papers on the street, and to whom it is all they have ever known of home. And everything is done to make them feel that it is a home in reality. The

founder, Charles L. Brace, knew the boys of the street as few men know them. He made a special study of them, then put his knowledge to practical use by starting the Children's Aid Society, by which the institution is carried on.

This was forty-five years ago.

In a little room on Fulton street the home had its humble beginning. It grew gradually until twenty-nine years ago the present big building was erected. It is known as the "Brace Memorial," and a fitting memorial it is. At present about one hundred and thirty boys, nearly all orphans, from ten to eighteen years old, find a home there.

They are paying their several ways, too, for it is an independent institution,

and the home encourages independence. Each boy is charged five cents for his bed, five cents for his breakfast and five cents for his supper. Besides this he has all the privileges of the library, the school, the gymnasium and the baths.

The boys are registered as at a hotel when they enter the home. After they come in from the streets in the evening they go to the second floor, where the wash room and shower baths are located. Each gets a clean towel and a cake of soap. After they are cleaned up each boy gets three checks—one for supper, one for a bed and one for breakfast next morning. In addition each gets a key to a locker. Then all go to the dining-room on the first floor, where a good substantial supper is served.

Supper over the boys are free to do as they please. Many at once go back to the street to resume their work of selling "extras." Others who have sold out remain indoors and amuse themselves by reading books from the library or taking exercise in the gymnasium on the top floor. This gymnasium is not fitted up just as completely as a college "gym," but there are parallel bars, swings, and climbing ladders

and there is constant competition to secure a place therein.

A feature of the house is the savings bank. This stands in the school-room and looks like an old-fashioned table piano, with a lot of small brass squares embedded in the mahogany top, and numbered from 1 to 140. Each square has a slot in it. Beneath it is a tin box. Into one of these slots "Panhandle Bill" drops his pennies or dimes each evening. "Tapco" drops his coin in another and "Fat" and "Blind Stitch Mac" and the others drop theirs into the slots whose numbers they possess. Rudolph Heig, the genial superintendent and "father" of the home, holds a key to the bank. At the end of every month he opens the boxes and pays the boys 6 per cent. interest on their savings.

Just now the little lads are beginning to save for Christmas. At that time they will buy new clothes or shoes or whatever they can afford.

It is wonderful how the coins dropped in the slots mount up. It is still an awe-inspiring legend of the home how "Al" Stillman in a few months last year dropped pennies, dimes and quarters into his particular slot to the extent of \$30, and then bought four shares in a Brooklyn building and loan association. Stillman is an object of veneration in the home. He is now twenty

Unfortunately, the last part of this article - from the New York Evening World "Newsboy" - is missing from Pete Eckel's scrapbook.

"That is only reasonable. Agreed."

The two friends separated, each confident of winning the strange wager which had just been made.

"If he don't get sick of his job," soliloquized Warburton, "I am very greatly mistaken. It will be a good lesson for him, however. His independence - which is his great hobby - will be a little less loudly asserted after the signal failure to make it good, which I foresee."

Pendleton, on the contrary, reflected complacently, "Warburton's a good fellow, or would be, but for his cowardly fear of what the world will say. Because he hasn't the manliness to stand up, relying upon his own manhood, and bid defiance to the world and its opinions, he imagines that I must be as weak as himself. No doubt there are others who share his opinion. I am glad to have an opportunity to convince them all - as I shall do in this instance - that I claim nothing in words which I am not ready and willing to back up by my actions. The only thing I regret is that the test which he has chosen should be of so insignificant a character. No doubt it seems a terrible thing to him to stand behind a table and vend nuts and apples in the face of the world's surprise, and perhaps derision. For me, it is the simplest thing conceivable."

So ran the current of Matthew Pendleton's reflection. In this complacent mood he awaited the eventful Monday morning which was to be the beginning of his week's trial.

Monday morning dawned auspiciously. Matthew Pendleton, after discussing his coffee and rolls, left his house and walked composedly to the Common, which he entered, and walked down the Tremont Street mall, examining with his eye the various stands which he passed. At length he paused in front of one which was kept by Miss Bridget O'Grady, an enterprising Hibernian lady of about forty, who, with a due regard to her

personal comfort, had been at the expense of a chair, in which her portly form was established. Observing that Matthew paused in front of her stand, she rose with alacrity, dusted her fruit with a rag of questionable appearance, and inquired, in a peculiarly insinuating manner, "Will the gentleman buy some fruit? It's chape, and the bist in the market."

"What's your name?" asked Pendleton, in an abrupt tone.

"My name, is it?" inquired the slightly surprised woman. "My name is Bridget O'Grady, at your honor's service."

"And what's the value of your stock, here?"

"The fruit, do you mane?"

"All you have here."

This question set Bridget to thinking. She finally announced as the result of her calculations, that she would take five dollars.

"I will take them," said Pendleton; "but I must first explain on what conditions. I wish to take your place here, and sell them to customers."

"What!" exclaimed Miss O'Grady, in unbounded astonishment. "Would your honor take my place?"

"Yes."

"Faix, an' you're jokin', now."

"Not at all. I am perfectly in earnest. I shall also want to secure your services as long as I remain here. I want you to get me a new supply of fruit every morning, or whenever this is exhausted, and I shall also want to have you take my place between three and four o'clock, while I am at dinner. Are you willing to do this?"

"If your honor is in earnest. And how much will you give me?"

"I will give you a dollar a day for attending to these two things. For the rest of the time you can go where you please."

"And you'll pay me five dollars for the nuts and the apples?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll do it, just as soon as your honor pleases."

A five dollar piece was placed in Bridget's hand, which she carefully, very carefully scrutinized, not feeling entirely certain, so strange the occurrence seemed to her, but that it might be fairy gold, and turn to something less valuable in her hands.

"Don't forget to come back at three o'clock," ejaculated Matthew, as he took the seat vacated by Bridget. "And, by the way, I don't know much about such matters. You must tell me how to sell these things."

"Them small apples come at a cent a piece, and big ones at two cints; and for the nuts you must give so many for a cent."

"That will do, my good woman. You can go, now."

"Faix, and he gave more than he'll get," chuckled Bridget to herself. "He's a quare 'un intirely; and it's a lucky morning for you, Bridget O'Grady, that sent him to you. It's a dollar a day I'll be earning for doing most nothing at all."

Matthew Pendleton did not long lack customers. The spectacle of a richly dressed gentleman sitting beside a humble apple stand, and to all appearance it's proprietor, soon attracted attention. Several who passed by gave him a prolonged stare, and then, returning, favored him again in a similar way. At length one person, desirous of satisfying himself, advanced and inquired, hesitatingly, "Who keeps this stand?"

"I do," answered Matthew, calmly. "Do you wish to buy?"

"How do you sell your apples?"

"The small ones come to a cent, the larger are two cents."

"I will take one of the small ones."

This was gravely given, and the money dropped into the vendor's pocket.

"My first sale," thought Matthew. "Nothing very difficult or embarrassing about that." And he resumed his seat.

The next customer was a boy. Matthew, forgetting Bridget's directions, gave him such an incredible number of peanuts for a cent, that he spread the fame of the cheap stand among his companions, so that in a short time Pendleton was busily engaged in ministering to the wants of half a dozen Irish boys, ragged and barefooted, who opened their eyes wide with astonishment, first at the quantity given, and secondly at being waited upon by such a fine looking gentleman.

Meanwhile two ladies, passing along the walk, had their attention drawn to the spectacle. They simultaneously gave a start of astonishment.

"Good heavens! if it isn't Matthew Pendleton!"

"It can't be!"

"But it is. Look closer. He can't be mistaken."

"I believe you are right. Keeping an apple stand! The man must be insane, though I have heard nothing of it."

"Suppose we call on Mrs. Pendleton, and see if she knows anything about it."

This was agreed upon.

Giving the ladies time to get there, we will continue our account of Matthew

in his new vocation. There was a lull in his business, his stock of peanuts having entirely disappeared. He accordingly resumed his seat. Just then a gentleman passing by first looked a little uncertain whether to credit his eyes, then, apparently convinced, walked up to the stand and said, "Good morning, Mr. Pendleton."

"Good morning, Mr. Hughes."

"A fine morning."

"Very."

"You - ahem - have chosen rather a singular seat."

"In what respect? Chairs are generally used for that purpose," said Pendleton, imperturbably.

"But I mean the location."

"What is there amiss about that?"

"So near this apple stand. One would think - ha, ha! - that you were the proprietor of it."

"So I am."

"What! You don't mean to say," exclaimed Mr. Hughes, starting back in amazement, "that you sell apples at this stand? That would be decidedly too good."

"Not too good to be true. What will you have, my little girl?" addressing a young miss, who, with a cent ostentatiously displayed, was looking wistfully at the apples.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hughes looked on in silent amazement.

"How do you sell them apples?" inquired the youthful customer, looking at the two cent specimens.

Benevolently desirous of bringing them within the means of the young lady, Matthew mentioned "one cent." Instantly the little girl, with the glad, conscious

view of making a good bargain, extended the highly treasured coin, and received in return the apple.

"Well, this is astonishing!" thought Hughes, quite mystified. "How long is it, Pendleton," he inquired, "since you have taken up this business?"

"I entered upon it this morning."

"It's a good joke - ha, ha!"

"A joke!" repeated Pendleton, looking as if he could not see where it lay.

"I really don't comprehend you."

"You don't mean that this is seriously taken up?"

"Why not? Every man should have a business. No one has a right to remain idle, and so useless to his fellow men. This is the sphere I have chosen."

Here another customer advanced, and Hughes departed, thoroughly mystified.

Meanwhile Pendleton's course was exciting a commotion among his competitors in trade. The low prices at which he sold his stock necessarily affected their sales, and while he was doing an extensive business (albeit not very profitable) those engaged in the same trade in the immediate vicinity waited in vain for a customer.

Alarmed and indignant, they discharged enraged glances at the interloper; but of these Pendleton was happily unconscious. At length, one high-spirited Hibernian lady, his nearest neighbor, her patience being utterly exhausted, adopted a desperate resolution, and with angry steps, strode over to his stand, where, after poising herself finely, with one foot planted before the other, she glowered wrathfully at Matthew, and broke into the following mild remonstrance:

"It's a purty business ye're in, now ain't it, takin' the bread out of poor people's mouths - you, that's dressed
(continued on page 17)

Luck, pluck, expertise

by Alice M. Stengren

MT. PLEASANT — The Alger Society, home-based in Lansing, several years ago, awarded Bob Bennett, of Mt. Pleasant, a plaque for being "the first to achieve 100 first editions of Horatio Alger, Jr., books."

The achievement is still unique, unduplicated . . .

"... No-one else has yet," says Bennett, smiling.

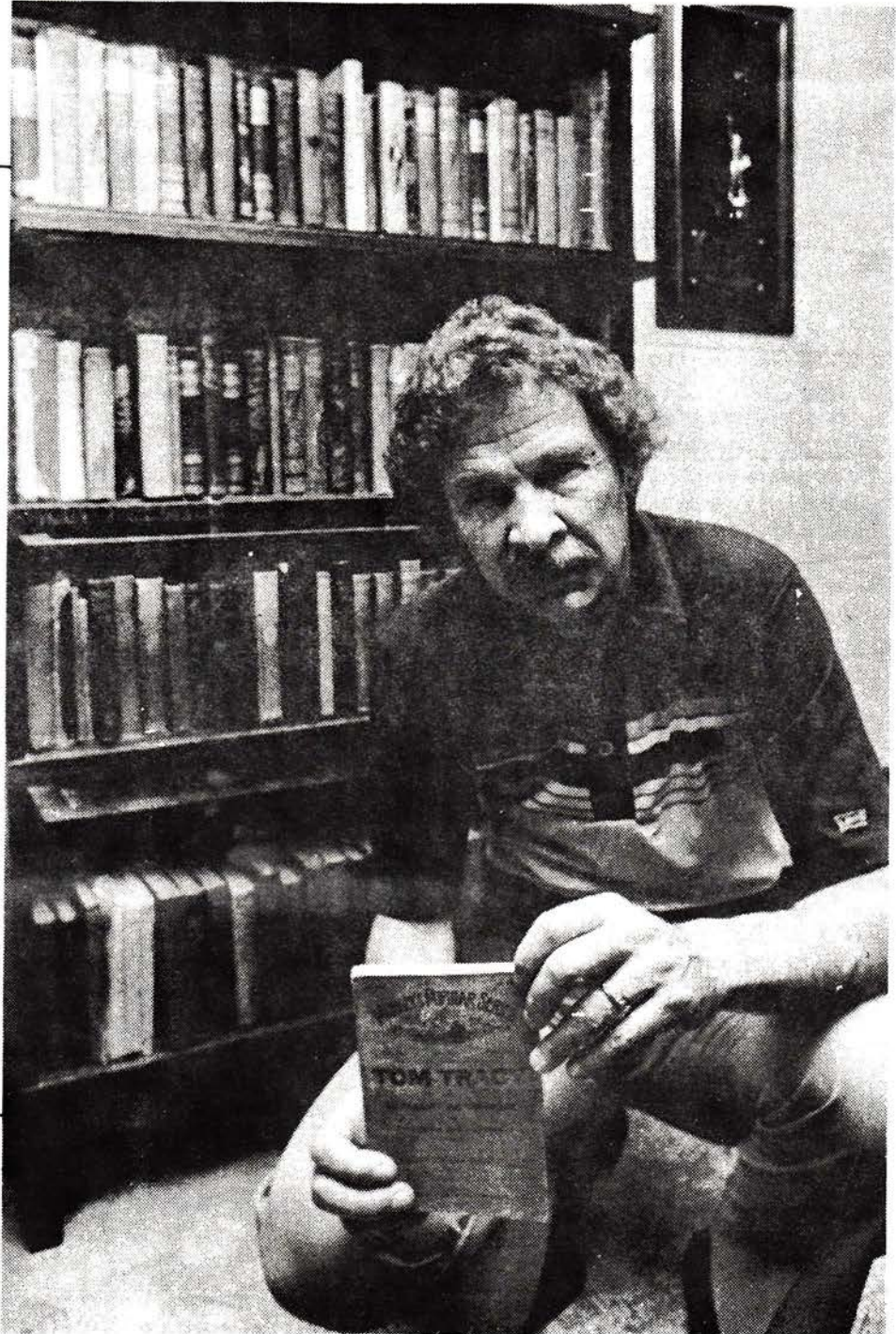
Bob Bennett is a rangy, good-humored man, garrulous about his unique collection.

"My rarest of the rare is "Timothy Crump's Ward" written anonymously by Alger in 1875. It's actually a poorly written piece of adult fiction," adds Bennett.

Another rarity is "The Disagreeable Woman" written by Alger under the nom de plume of 'Julian Starr.'

*The Buyer's Guide, 7-28-80
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.*

Bob Bennett shows one of his "rarest of the rare" paperbacks by Horatio Alger. Behind Bennett stand his collection of over 100 First Editions. On the right his "Newsboy" Award.



nets rare books

"The only other copy of this book is in the Library of Congress," says Bennett.

Generations of Americans grew up with the Alger heroes — Tom the Bootblack, Ragged Dick, Frank Fowler, and dozens of others. Alger preached that any spunky lad can whup the neighborhood bully and can rise from newsboy to banker, farmboy to senator.

Although Alger's stories were enormously popular even before Alger's death in 1899, letters owned by Bob Bennett showed that Alger needed to resort to rather pitiful pleading for money from his publishers during his later life. Bennett's vast library holdings contain not only hardbound first and later editions, but rare paperback reprints.

"Horatio Alger wrote 'hokey' poetry, too"

"Here's a rarity," says Bob, displaying a first edition paperback, published in 1888 by A.L. Burt, one of Alger's publishers. It was entitled "Tom Tracy, the Errand Boy."

Bennett displayed a huge stack of periodicals.

"Alger's work was serialized in magazines and newspapers — mostly short stories and poetry," he informs. "I bought them at conventions and from people I know in the Alger Society."

Most of his books he acquired by sending postcards to booksellers and scouring second-hand bookstores during vacations (Bennett is CMU's director of Continuing Education).

Besides the loose bound journals, Bennett has dozens of handsome bound volumes of periodicals with Alger's work — "Harper's Weekly," "Ladies' Home Journal," and others.

Bennett has been studying and collecting Horatio Alger material for 15 years.

"I've gotten a glimmer of his working procedure," Bennett says. "Alger wrote potboilers. Most of his stories follow a basic plot. His writing wasn't great; in fact, was rather stilted."

"Horatio Alger wrote 'hokey' poetry, too," says Bennett with a grin.

He showed an autographed copy of "Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving," published in 1875. One poem in this collection, "John Maynard," became very popular. It's an epic of a ship's captain who sailed Lake Erie.

Alger was born in Revere, MA in 1834, and, in due course, was graduated from the Harvard Divinity School. (Bennett owns a copy of his dissertation on Socrates.)

Alger became a Unitarian minister in 1864, but resigned after two years to go to New York City and write. There his association with penniless street boys gave him the inspiration for his books.

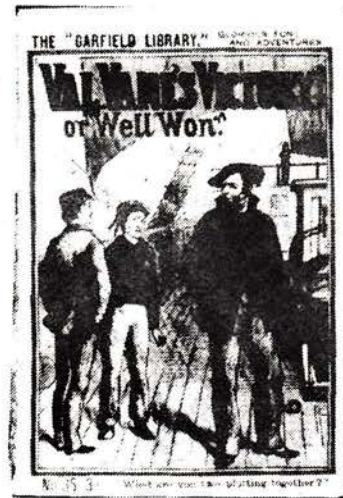
In Bennett's collection are many related books — often signed by the authors in tribute to Bennett's work.

In progress, to be brought out in August this year, is a 300 page hardbound book, published by "The Flying Eagle Publishing Co.," Bennett's name for his own self-published efforts. The book is titled, "Horatio Alger, Jr. — A Com-

prehensive Bibliography."

The book will not be a mere listing of titles by publisher and date, but will be fully annotated by Bennett with regard to all extant editions. It also lists serializations and their sources, short stories in the various boys' magazines, plus other miscellaneous articles Alger wrote, including travel pieces.

On Bennett's wall hangs a gleaming Award — the "Luck and Pluck Award", given to Bob Bennett in 1976. On it is featured a golden statue of a newsboy, symbol of the typical Alger boy hero. There were more than 100 of them from Alger's pen — and they all strived and succeeded.



Samples of rare paperbound editions of Horatio Alger's work.



F. M. LUPTON, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase, President

"The play is in the barn courtyard," said a bright looking young man. "It's about ready to start so I'd hurry on up there if I were you!"

Ann, our daughter Kristi and I nodded and walked faster toward the big red barn. I had a slight feeling of adventure and growing anticipation. It was a beautiful warm summer Saturday afternoon and the three of us were in historic Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a classic little New England town in the western portion of the state that Norman Rockwell has made so famous. Rockwell, however, was not our main interest that day.

We trundled up a gravel driveway in back of a large old white building called the Berkshire Theatre and came upon an authentic big red New England type barn. There were two small sets of bleacher seats outside the barn facing a worn area in the grass which I later learned was the stage for this small outside theatre. The bleachers were filled with about 25 people (capacity) who were talking in soft tones of mildly excited anticipation of the play about to start. We bought our tickets at the barn in a booth which I'm sure sometime way back had served as home for somebody's Nellie. We then joined the bleacherites and waited excitedly to witness the presentation of "Horatio Alger's Treasure Chest."

As I sat waiting, I thought to myself that this was just one more potentially interesting experience we've had as a result of my collecting Alger. This time it had brought us into the beautiful Berkshire Hills where now the wealthy play and the tourist marvels over New England charm and the Rockwell talent.

The play was marvelous. It was about an hour long and was performed by six young actors who are part of the Young People's Company, an acting group made up of graduates of Syracuse University's Drama Department who are training to become professionals as part of the Berkshire Theatre's intern program. The

play was a musical (voices but no instruments) recreating the struggles and joys of street urchins at the turn of the century. It was classic Alger in mode and theme. Essentially the story is about six urchins who decide to celebrate Christmas in a "big way." They try several schemes to "find" food and money in order to have a "stupendous" Christmas dinner. As a central theme, Ned, who thinks he's an orphan, "finds" a wallet which eventually he and his friends return to its wealthy owner only to find out (alas!) that said owners are his parents. The theme song, "Rags to Riches," sung in harmony by the urchins provided a marvelous finale. From the ill-fitting ragged and dirty clothes they wore to their trash can homes, the Mark the Matchboy, Phil the Fiddler, and Ragged Dick types came to life for us there in Stockbridge that day.

Buoyed by the play, we then went down into Stockbridge center to the Corner House and viewed over 100 original works by Norman Rockwell. What an exhilarating experience it was to see the works of a man who understood so well key things about the American people. He showed life as it is - its dignity and humor but somehow always touched with sad nostalgia.

As we drove home, I thought about parallels between Alger and Rockwell. Even though as adults they lived in different times, I could see how both created and left us a slices of American life - one through his writing and the other visually. Each gave us snapshots of times past whether it's the ragged bootblack in New York City or the startled recruit getting his first GI haircut. Each evoked feelings of sympathy, humor and self-identity and each had significant impact on the American scene.

The trip to Stockbridge that day was another in a long line of interesting experiences we've had as I've pursued my Alger collecting interest over the years. To me, seeing Alger characters come alive in a barnyard and seeing
(continued on bottom of page 16)

ATTENDANCE AT HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTIONS

LOCATION	MEMBERS ATTENDING	HOST
1965 - Mendota, Illinois	14	PF 006 Ken Butler
1966 - Milwaukee, Wisconsin	19	PF 093 Les Langlois
1967 - Des Moines, Iowa	22	PF 101 Jack Row
1968 - New Haven, Connecticut	24	PF 004 Ed Levy
1969 - Kalamazoo, Michigan	9	PF 000 Forrest Campbell
1970 - Revere, Massachusetts	13	PF 264 George Clark
1971 - Sioux Falls, South Dakota	14	PF 014 Judson Berry
1972 - Mt. Pleasant, Michigan	20	PF 265 Bob Bennett
1973 - Indianapolis, Indiana	30	PF 099 Paul House
1974 - New Philadelphia, Ohio	27	PF 142 Dan Fuller
1975 - Geneseo, New York	35	PF 334 Les Poste
1976 - Rosemont, Illinois	34	PF 024 Gil Westgard
1977 - Waltham, Massachusetts	50	PF 324 Dick Seddon
1978 - Jacksonville, Illinois	38	PF 258 Jack Bales
1979 - Cleveland, Ohio	30	PF 315 Dale Thomas
1980 - Windsor, Connecticut	35	PF 412 Brad Chase

SIXTEEN CONVENTIONS

PF 102 - Carl Hartman, Lansing, Michigan (65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80)

FIFTEEN CONVENTIONS

None

FOURTEEN CONVENTIONS

PF 006 - Ken Butler, Mendota, Illinois (65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80)

THIRTEEN CONVENTIONS

PF 053 - Ralph Gardner, New York, New York (65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79)
 PF 093 - Les Langlois, Brookfield, Wisconsin (65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-78)

TWELVE CONVENTIONS

None

ELEVEN CONVENTIONS

PF 101 - Jack Row, Clarion, Iowa (65-66-67-69-71-72-73-74-76-78-79)
 PF 265 - Bob Bennett, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan (70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80)

TEN CONVENTIONS

PF 024 - Gilbert Westgard, Des Plaines, Illinois (65-66-67-68-74-75-76-77-78-79)
 PF 099 - Paul House, Indianapolis, Indiana (65-66-67-68-69-70-71-73-74-75)
 PF 315 - Dale Thomas, Garfield Heights, Ohio (71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80)

NINE CONVENTIONS

None

EIGHT CONVENTIONS

PF 258 - Jack Bales, Jacksonville, Illinois (69-71-72-73-75-76-77-78)

SEVEN CONVENTIONS

- PF OA1 - Irene Gurman, Sunrise, Florida (69-72-73-74-75-76-77)
 PF 318 - Evelyn Grebel, Abilene, Texas (72-73-74-75-76-77-78)
 PF 334 - Les Poste, Geneseo, New York (72-73-74-75-76-77-79)
 PF 348 - Keith Barnes, Wyoming, Michigan (72-73-74-75-76-77-78)
 PF 351 - Paul Miller, Vienna, Ohio (73-74-75-77-78-79-80)
 PF 376 - Jerry Friedland, Monsey, New York (74-75-76-77-78-79-80)
 PF 412 - Brad Chase, Enfield, Connecticut (74-75-76-77-78-79-80)

SIX CONVENTIONS

- PF 000 - Forrest Campbell, Kalamazoo, Michigan (65-66-67-68-69-78)
 PF 142 - Dan Fuller, New Philadelphia, Ohio (66-67-68-72-73-74)
 PF 175 - Eugene Hafner, Timonium, Maryland (73-75-76-77-79-80)
 PF 274 - Carl Thieme, Milwaukee, Wisconsin (72-73-74-76-78-79)
 PF 324 - Dick Seddon, Andover, Massachusetts (74-75-76-77-78-79) - Deceased
 PF 360 - Bill McCord, Wurtsboro, New York (73-75-76-77-79-80)

FIVE CONVENTIONS

- PF 015 - Eddie LeBlanc, Fall River, Massachusetts (68-77-78-79-80)
 PF 104 - Herb Risteen, Baraboo, Wisconsin (65-66-69-76-78)
 PF 160 - Rohima Walter, Lafayette, Indiana (73-74-76-78-79)
 PF 326 - Amos Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana (73-74-75-76-78)
 PF 339 - Glenn Corcoran, Wilmette, Illinois (75-76-77-78-79)
 PF 362 - Marilyn Saurer, Big Prairie, Ohio (73-74-75-77-79)
 PF 394 - Alex Shaner, San Jose, California (74-77-78-79-80)
 PF 455 - Bob Sawyer, Gahanna, Ohio (76-77-78-79-80)
 PF 461 - Brad Alexander, Clarkson, New York (75-77-78-79-80)

FOUR CONVENTIONS

- PF 008 - Max Goldberg, Natick, Massachusetts (65-68-75-77)
 PF 014 - Judson Berry, Howard, South Dakota (67-71-72-73) - Deceased
 PF 020 - Milton Salls, Little Falls, New York (68-72-75-77)
 PF 144 - Ralph Anderson, Grundy Center, Iowa (66-67-68-76)
 PF 266 - Ralph Brandt, Bridgeton, New Jersey (70-73-77-80)
 PF 325 - Ann Sharrard, Chelmsford, Massachusetts (75-77-78-80)
 PF 381 - Bill Leitner, Tenafly, New Jersey (77-78-79-80)
 PF 487 - Pauline Westgard, Boynton Beach, Florida (76-77-78-79)

THREE CONVENTIONS

- PF 004 - Ed Levy, Woodbridge, Connecticut (68-70-77)
 PF 034 - Blanche Lloyd, Nashville, Tennessee (65-66-73)
 PF 135 - Irving Poznan, Ballwin, Missouri (66-67-73)
 PF 156 - Bette Bogue Archer, Saugus, California (66-67-71)
 PF 344 - Florence Ogilvie Schnell, Seaford, Delaware (76-77-80)
 PF 506 - Neil McCormick, Madison, Wisconsin (78-79-80)
 PF 537 - John Juvinal, Hinsdale, Illinois (78-79-80)

TWO CONVENTIONS

- PF 001 - Max Friedman, Kalamazoo, Michigan (66-69)
 PF 106 - Morris Olsen, Mattapan, Massachusetts (77-80)
 PF 153 - Darel Leipold, Long Lake, Minnesota (66-67)
 PF 166 - George Miller, Westchester, Illinois (66-78)

TWO CONVENTIONS (Con't)

- PF 167 - Cecilia Wild, Mequon, Wisconsin (66-67)
 PF 168 - Joseph Wild, Mequon, Wisconsin (66-67)
 PF 205 - Eddie Westgard, Des Plaines, Illinois (67-68)
 PF 227 - Norman Hanson, Winona, Minnesota (72-73)
 PF 229 - Frank Eisenberg, Minneapolis, Minnesota (68-71) - Deceased
 PF 368 - Gary Scharnhorst, Richardson, Texas (73-76)
 PF 428 - Harry Lane, Mobile, Alabama (74-76)
 PF 453 - Mark Preston, Cannon AFB, New Mexico (75-77)
 PF 454 - Dick Bowerman, Piqua, Ohio (75-77)
 PF 473 - Owen Cobb, Cherry Hill, New Jersey (76-77)
 PF 475 - Helen Gray, New York, New York (76-77)
 PF 494 - Delbert Brandt, Vineland, New Jersey (77-80)
 PF 500 - Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, Maplewood, New Jersey (76-78)
 PF 501 - Nancy Axelrad, Maplewood, New Jersey (76-78)
 PF 502 - David Barton, Lowell, Massachusetts (77-80)
 PF 544 - Gil Kapelman, Weston, Connecticut (79-80)
 PF 549 - William Russell, Hatboro, Pennsylvania (79-80)
 PF 569 - Bob Williman, Bowie, Maryland (79-80)

ONE CONVENTION

- PF 035 - Keith Thompson, Bellport, New York (77)
 PF 051 - Ed Reynolds, Thorndike, Massachusetts (70) - Deceased
 PF 063 - Gladys Judson, Montague, Massachusetts (70)
 PF 074 - John Sullivan, Ottawa, Illinois (65)
 PF 090 - Roy Wendell, Medford, Massachusetts (77)
 PF 096 - Hal McCuen, Mansfield, Ohio (68)
 PF 120 - Frances Henry, Cambridge, Illinois (65)
 PF 121 - George May, Metropolis, Illinois (65)
 PF 122 - Pauline Millen, Des Moines, Iowa (67)
 PF 125 - Paul Alger, Bridgeton, New Jersey (68)
 PF 127 - William Murrell, Dallas, Texas (76)
 PF 131 - Walter Moore, Urbana, Illinois (78)
 PF 148 - Paul Fisher, Green Valley, Arizona (75)
 PF 164 - Steve Press, Poughquag, New York (68)
 PF 169 - Don Shinner, Missouri Valley, Iowa (67)
 PF 170 - Harlan Miller, Des Moines, Iowa (67) - Deceased
 PF 171 - Philip Neufeld, New York, New York (68)
 PF 176 - L.F. Hartsock, Clarion, Iowa (67)
 PF 184 - Norman Peterson, Big Rapids, Michigan (72)
 PF 186 - Jack Barker, Dunwoody, Georgia (77)
 PF 193 - Max Sheldon, Clarion, Iowa (67)
 PF 199 - Jacqueline Steele, Rockport, Maine (68)
 PF 206 - Robert Birkheimer, Burlington, Iowa (67)
 PF 217 - Bill Sausaman, Springfield, Illinois (78)
 PF 220 - Karl Weber, Warsaw, New York (75)
 PF 223 - Sylvester Mangini, Somers, Connecticut (68)
 PF 231 - Stewart McLeish, Everett, Massachusetts (68)
 PF 235 - Russell Dock, Arlington, Virginia (68)
 PF 237 - J. Yale Rubin, Hamden, Connecticut (68)
 PF 253 - Robert Banks, Framingham, Massachusetts (70)
 PF 264 - George Clarke, Pawtucket, Rhode Island (70) - Deceased
 PF 270 - George Blackburn, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan (72)
 PF 271 - William DiCarlo, Revere, Massachusetts (70)
 PF 278 - Donald Dowling, New Hampton, New York (80)
 PF 290 - Edna Banks, Framingham, Massachusetts (70)
 PF 297 - Joseph Festa, Revere, Massachusetts (70)

ONE CONVENTION (Con't)

- PF 300 - Maurice Royar, Fort Worth, Texas (78)
 PF 313 - Gary Lemon, Bellingham, Washington (73)
 PF 320 - Keith Allen, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan (72)
 PF 321 - Al Sukut, Sioux Falls, South Dakota (71)
 PF 328 - Bill Henderson, Yonkers, New York (73)
 PF 337 - Donald Erickson, Glen Rock, New Jersey (77)
 PF 345 - Wallace Robinson, Meadville, Pennsylvania (74)
 PF 347 - Benjamin McAdoo, Seattle, Washington (77)
 PF 350 - Joseph Kellas, West Seneca, New York (75)
 PF 352 - Alan Quick, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan (72)
 PF 369 - Donald Elder, Chelsea, Massachusetts (77)
 PF 372 - Robert Anstey, Natick, Massachusetts (77)
 PF 374 - Bob Fertig, Canandaigua, New York (75)
 PF 380 - Carroll Holt, Mansfield, Massachusetts (77)
 PF 383 - J. Boyd Mullan, Rochester, New York (75)
 PF 387 - Alta Bonk, Des Moines, Iowa (73)
 PF 404 - Philip Atkins, Calvert, Texas (74)
 PF 407 - Ira Marshall, Greenville, Ohio (74)
 PF 408 - Robert Camp, East Hampton, Connecticut (77)
 PF 427 - Lloyd Merrill, Rochester, New York (75)
 PF 438 - Ada Chase, Taunton, Massachusetts (80)
 PF 445 - Bob Bickel, Geneseo, New York (75)
 PF 463 - Dick Bales, Aurora, Illinois (78)
 PF 469 - Herbert Mayes, New York, New York (77)
 PF 474 - David Mills, Silver Spring, Maryland (80)
 PF 492 - William Baach, Minneapolis, Minnesota (78)
 PF 499 - Robert Jennings, Dudley, Massachusetts (77)
 PF 509 - John Beirne, Jacksonville, Florida (77)
 PF 525 - Nancy Schmidt, La Mesa, California (79)
 PF 531 - Thomas Noonan, West Boylston, Massachusetts (80)
 PF 565 - Beatrice Fortner, Olympia Fields, Illinois (80)
 PF 566 - Philip Block, Newington, Connecticut (80)
 PF 574 - Jim Thorp, Nashua, New Hampshire (80)
 PF 584 - Hank Gravbelle, Acton, Massachusetts (80)
 PF 586 - George Owens, Crozet, Virginia (80)
 PF 589 - Robert Linguiti, Wilton, Connecticut (80)

This list is prepared annually by Bob Bennett.

 ("Odds and Ends," continued from p. 12)

Americans come alive in Rockwell paintings are bonus rewards that make Alger

collecting so much more than accumulating volumes to occupy bookcases.

(Alger short story, cont. from p. 9)
up so fine, and ought to be a gintleman,
if you ain't!"

"Really, my good woman," commenced
Matthew, deprecatingly.

"Don't you call me a good woman!
You can't come over me wid yer blarney!"

"What is the cause of your dissatis-
faction?" inquired Pendleton.

"Ain't ye gettin' all the trade away
from us by selling so chape?"

"I am not much used to the business,"
said Matthew, extenuatingly. "I thought
I was selling at the regular price."

"Selling two cint apples for one cint!"
continued the woman, a little mollified
by the mildness of her rival. "Niver a
blessed apple have I sold the day, bar-
rin' one that was stole by a thafe of a
boy. I wish I could catch him!"

"If I have done you so much injury,"
said Pendleton, "I am willing to repair
it. My stock is getting low; just bring
me over twenty apples, and I will pay
you the regular price for them."

"What, two cints apiece?" exclaimed
Mrs. O'Rourke, in delighted surprise.

Matthew nodded affirmatively.

"Faix, an' I'll do that same."

The now complacent trader speedily
brought over the stipulated amount of
fruit in her apron, and received the
price promised.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE)

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Quality Inn Colony 7

For reservations and further information, write or
phone:

Quality Inn Colony 7
P.O. Box 7
Annapolis Junction, Maryland 20701

Local numbers:

From Washington, D.C. phone
725-5100

From Northern Virginia
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From the Baltimore area
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TRANSPORTATION

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The Baltimore-Washington Metropolitan area is serviced by
three airports, Baltimore-Washington International Airport,
Dulles International Airport, and Washington National Airport.
All three airports are serviced by all major airlines. Baltimore-
Washington International Airport is within 20 minutes of
Quality Inn—Colony 7. Cab and limousine service to the hotel
is available. If you arrive at Dulles or Washington National
please call Quality Inn—Colony 7 for transportation
information.

By Automobile:

Quality Inn—Colony 7 is centrally located midway between
metropolitan Washington and Baltimore. It is conveniently
located just off the Baltimore-Washington Parkway at Exit
Route 32. From the Baltimore Harbor Tunnel (I-95 South), take
Exit 15 Baltimore-Washington Parkway to Route 32 Exit. From
I-95, South or North, Take Route 32 Exit East to Quality Inn—
Colony 7 on your left. From the Washington Beltway I-495,
take Baltimore-Washington Parkway Exit North to Route 32
Exit, East to Quality Inn entrance on your left. From the Balti-
more Beltway I-695 take Baltimore-Washington Parkway Exit
South to Route 32 Exit, east to Quality Inn—Colony 7
entrance on your left.

By Train:

The Baltimore-Washington Metropolitan areas are serviced by
all major railroads. Amtrak offers connections to and from most
major areas in the country. For transportation information to
the Quality Inn—Colony 7, please call Quality Inn—Colony 7
at one of the above numbers.

Plan on attending the coming Horatio Alger Society Convention,
the "Capitol Caucus," hosted by Bob Williman. It will be held
at the Quality Inn Colony 7 Motel in Annapolis Junction, Mary-
land, and pertinent information concerning it is above.

(Editor's note: The following article was sent in by HAS member Roy Wendell. It is from the July 3, 1980 issue of The Boston Globe, and is reprinted here courtesy of The Boston Globe).

The saga of a mysterious author

By Judy Foreman
Globe Staff

About 2½ years ago in Richfield, Minn., police were astounded by an 11-year-old, 80-pound girl who escaped from the trunk of her kidnaper's car by removing the taillight and wiggling out.

The girl, who had read 45 Nancy Drew books, had been abducted, sexually molested and locked in the trunk of a 1970 Ford for more than 10 hours when she figured out her escape.

She unscrewed several bolts, squirmed through the 12-inch by 6-inch taillight hole and, wearing only a blouse with a blanket wrapped around her, flagged down a car and was taken to Richfield authorities.

An amazed police officer, marveling at her presence of mind, said the Nancy Drew books seemed to have "prepared her mind to deal with the situation and to escape."

□

Nancy Drew, who was 16 when she was created in 1930 and who has aged only two years since, is to generations of American girls what the Hardy Boys are to their brothers: The essence of adventure and competence, a fictional hero with whom to stretch, at least in the imagination, the boundaries of a hungry teenage identity.

But what enthralled readers did not realize until a recent publishers' battle is that the 70 million Nancy Drew books published to date, the millions more Hardy Boys mysteries, Bobbsey Twins adventures, Honey Bunch and Tom Swift books were, and still are, all written by one very successful father-daughter syndicate — founded by the late Edward Stratemeyer and continued by his daughter.

It all began about 100 years ago when Edward Stratemeyer, Horatio Alger's editor and a writer of dime-store novels, started cranking out the first of his successful series, the Rover Boys.

By 1904, Stratemeyer had added the Bobbsey Twins and in 1906 had founded the Stratemeyer Syndicate which would eventually produce 125 series, including the Hardy Boys, Honey Bunch, Tom Swift and many others.

In the course of his career, Stratemeyer took no less than 88 pseudonyms, the most famous being Laura Lee Hope for the Bobbsey Twins and Francis W. Dixon for the Hardy Boys.

As his young readers gobbled up stories as fast as he could make them up, Stratemeyer hired out more and more of the writing to other authors who joined his syndicate and, like its founder, wrote under assumed names.

Writing for children and teenagers was a business which fascinated Stratemeyer's daughter, Harriet, a Wellesley College student (Class of '14) who happily wrote articles for The Boston Globe in her spare time, despite her father's opinion that writing was not women's work.

In the year between college and her marriage to Russell V. Adams, an investment banker, Harriet Stratemeyer asked for the chance to work in her father's office, helping him write books. Stratemeyer budged, but only a little. She could edit manuscripts — at home, not in his office — but not actually write.

"My father had the idea that a woman's place was in the home," the 87-year-old Harriet Stratemeyer Adams said this week, the voice firm and bouncy throughout a 45-minute telephone interview from her home in Maplewood, N.J.

After her marriage and birth of four children, Harriet Adams contented herself with "writing for women's clubs, Sunday school and various things. I didn't agree with my

father's view and I asked him several times if I could work for him, bringing home manuscripts and proofs, but he said no. I think he would be amazed that I carried on his work."

Shortly before Stratemeyer died in 1930, he provided, probably unwittingly, just the entree his daughter needed. He created the character of Nancy Drew under the pseudonym of Carolyn Keene — "I think he felt that for children's books, a woman's name would be better" — and wrote three mysteries about her.

"I was 38 when he died and my youngest child was still a baby. But my husband and I talked it over and he agreed with me. I would write. I had very good help for the children and instead of going to New York as my father had, I got an office nearby, 15 minutes away by car, in East Orange.

"Oh, it was a radical thing to do all right, and some of my friends didn't think I should work. But my children have all turned out all right, so I guess I was right."

Exactly 50 years ago Adams launched her career by rewriting the first three Nancy Drew mysteries, and she has been at it ever since. She has continued her father's pseudonym tradition, writing under the name Carolyn Keene for Nancy Drew and the Dana Girls series, and using 11 other names for lesser-known books.

Currently working at home — she has a

housekeeping couple and a woman to help her with chores — Adams is writing the outline for the 60th Nancy Drew book. She spends two hours every morning and two to three every afternoon at her desk. "Provided I don't have anything else to do."

But for most of the last few weeks, there has been much else to do, what with giving depositions, testifying in a US District Court in New York and conferring endlessly with lawyers on "what I should say and what I should not say."

Eighty-seven years old or not, Adams took the witness stand for 5½ days in hopes of getting what she, and the Stratemeyer Syndicate, wanted.

For most of the almost 80-year life of profitable Stratemeyer Syndicate, the steady stream of adventure books has been published by Grosset and Dunlap.

More than 70 million Nancy Drew books have been sold in this country, plus thousands more translated into French, Swedish, German and other languages.

According to published reports from the late '60s, some 50 million Bobbsey Twins books and 26 million Hardy Boys mysteries have been sold.

But for reasons Adams refuses to discuss, she and the syndicate wanted to have all new books, including paperbacks, published by Simon & Schuster. Royalties, format and terms of a new contract reportedly were the source of disagreements.

Two weeks ago, Adams and the syndicate won.

Though the victory has its financial ad-

vantages, it is getting back to work that most pleases Adams. "The whole thing took about a month of my writing time!" she says, outraged at the thought.

"I think people who are mentally and physically able, should work. Believe it or not, I have always lived the Wellesley (College) motto, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'

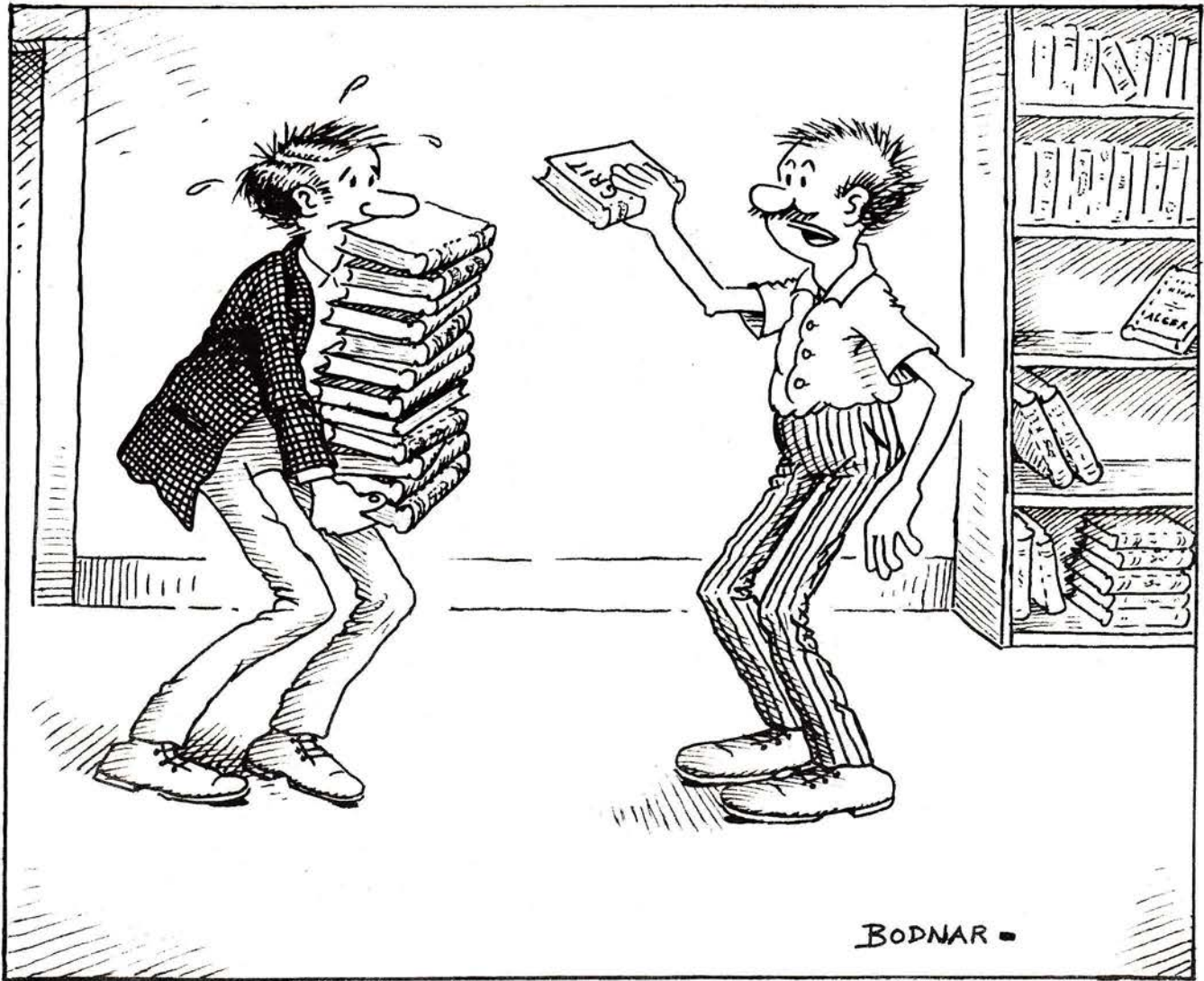
A widow for 12 years, Adams has acted out her belief in self-sufficiency. "I feel that children shouldn't support their parents and that when the children are grown up, they shouldn't expect their parents to support them.

"I'm a great believer in work. It's just a healthy way to live, physically and mentally." She is also a believer in feminism, "to a point. "I think women are just as bright as men, though I don't think they are physically as strong. I'm all for women so long as they are old-fashioned in their family lives, which means having children and bringing them up strictly.

"I think many of the feminists overdo it, though I do think women have a place in this world and that mentally, they are equal to men."

Pausing only once in her train of thought — to get a drink of water — she sounds tireless, this 87-year-old woman who has helped raise four children, 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, while writing 165 books.

"It has really been a wonderful life. I have many fond memories."



"I think that these Algers will be enough to last me for awhile."

"All right, but just be sure and return them before May 14, 1981, as I want to take them to the book sale at the "Capitol Caucus" Convention!"

(Cartoon created and drawn for Newsboy by Louis Bodnar, Jr., amateur cartoonist, 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325).