

ALGER SESQUICENTENNIAL

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

Newsboy



Jack Bales, Editor
1407A Winchester St.
Fredericksburg, VA
22401

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

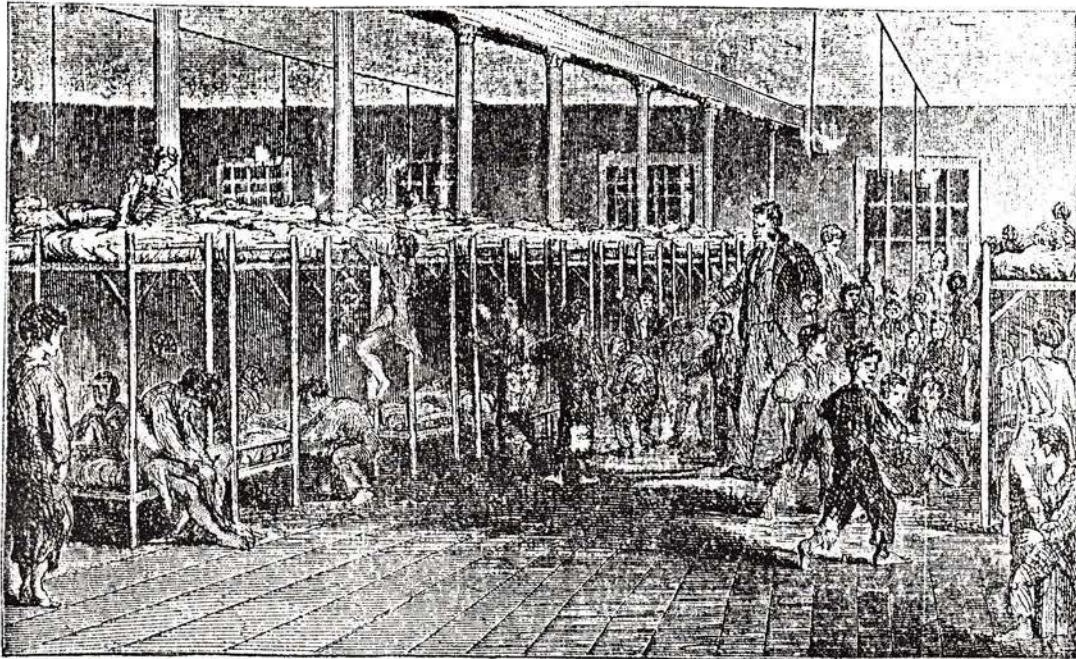


Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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LODGING-HOUSES FOR HOMELESS BOYS — AS THEY ARE.

This rare look at the interior of the first Newsboys' Lodging House (above the New York Sun offices) is from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II. Gil is the owner of literally hundreds of volumes pertaining to Horatio Alger, Jr. and the period during which he wrote his over 100 books for young people.

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 bimonthly (six issues per year) 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.

Make plans now to attend the next Alger convention. Less than a month away, it marks the occasion of the Horatio Alger commemorative stamp!

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase, President, HAS

This President business has been fun as I now look back on these almost two years of tenure. All types of people write to ask or sell something, and I get to participate in significant Society decision making. But as with anything that's really worth doing, there is the frustration side as well.

I've been lucky, though, as the frustrations have been few, the disappointments minimal and the satisfactions extensive. I've learned that one of the key characteristics of the typical (if there is such a thing) Alger Society member is his or her willingness to help out. For the most part, when I've asked for help, it has been answered promptly and well. It seems that the members really and sincerely like each other and are willing to share the load.

And then there are Carl Hartmann and Jack Bales, without whom the Society would be in serious difficulty. Their contribution to the Society is immeasurable; they are the foundation of the Alger community and the mortar that holds it together.

Carl and Jean dropped by in early November and visited with Ann and me. We had a delightful time. . . sort of a mini, mini meeting at which Alger was the predominant topic. They had been to the Cape and visiting in the East and Ann and I were really pleased that they shared some of their time with us. They collect a number of items, and we listened fascinated as they told about their hobbies. They are, of course, postcard collectors, and they excited our interest as they described the many different experiences they've had within the world of postcards.

I've met some marvelous people during my Alger Society membership days, but I think Carl and Jean lead the list. I keep telling everybody how hard Carl works for the Society, and he truly has that image. However, the real truth of the matter is that Jean actually does

Richmond Times-Dispatch, Sun., March 7, 1982 J-5

Alger stamp set for April 30

The U.S. Postal Service will honor American author Horatio Alger with the release of a 20-cent commemorative stamp at Willow Grove, Pa., April 30.

The first day ceremony will take place at the annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society — the group responsible for the emission.

The stamp depicts an illustration from the "Ragged Dick" series of six books published by Alger in 1867. This premiere series in which he wrote about the street boys of New York brought about his national prominence.

The stamp depicts Ben, the luggage boy; Ragged Dick, a bootblack; Rufus, known as "Rough and Ready," a newsboy; and Mark, the match boy.

Titles such as "Fame and Fortune," "Struggling Upward" and "Strive and Succeed" were among Alger's 135 books which dealt primarily with human potential.

The "Horatio Alger hero" became a symbol of success to young boys by showing how a poor boy could become president or a millionaire if he was hard working and honest. The young eagerly sought his books while the elders savored the satisfaction that their children were reading wholesome, motivating literature.

Alger's publication of "Phil the Fiddler, or The Story of a Young Street Musician," in 1872 brought attention to the mistreatment of young boys in the labor force throughout the U.S. This led to legislation making cruelty to children a criminal offense. It was also the foundation of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The vertical stamp will be printed on the intaglio press in red and black on tan paper. First day service for the Alger stamp may be obtained by



purchasing the stamps after April 30 and affixing them to self-addressed envelopes which may be sent in a large envelope addressed to: "Customer Affixed Envelopes, Postmaster, Willow Grove, Pa. 19090."

Full first-day service may be obtained by sending self-addressed envelopes along with a check for the appropriate sum (20 cents for each stamp required) to: "Alger Stamp, Postmaster, Willow Grove, Pa. 19090." Requests must be postmarked by May 30 in both instances.

Article reprinted by permission
of the Richmond (Virginia)
Times-Dispatch

Stamps & Coins

Columnist



Jimmy Packard

all the work and Carl take the credit! [Editor's note: C'mon, Brad, we've all known that for years!] Seriously, I admire them so much because of their dedication, hard work, and obvious delight in their hobbies.

Being President also keeps me on the phone to many of you concerning many different subjects. Just this past month I've talked to seven members, mostly about the stamp, but, of course, we do occasionally drift into the subject of Alger collecting. It's fun to keep in contact and I enjoy hearing about different Alger "finds" by many of you.

So my days as your President will be coming to a close in May, for I am a firm believer that one term presidencies strengthen an organization such as ours because it enables many members to hold office. This fosters greater member participation and therefore member interest. I plan to appoint an officer nominating committee shortly which will be charged with the responsibility of offering a slate to lead us for the next two years. If any of you wish to be a part of that or have suggestions concerning good officer material, please let me know. The torch will be passed this May, and the HAS will enter its 21st year. Thank you for letting me serve as the Society President, and I hope to see you all at the convention.

* * *

MARK HENDERSON'S FAILING
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II. It originally appeared in Gleason's Literary Companion, January 28, 1860).

Nobody doubted that Mark Henderson was a man of integrity. That is, he always intended to pay for every service that was done him, at a fair rate. No one would have felt greater indignation if any charge on this score had been laid against him. But he was far from punctual in making these payments, and many sighs and much inconvenience were the result. Of this Mr. Henderson, doubtless, was not fully aware. If he had been he would probably have been shocked, for he was naturally kind-hearted.

One day as he sat at breakfast, a knock was heard at the door. It proved to be little Pat Burke, an Irish lad whom Mr. Henderson had employed to do a few odd jobs, at various times within the last three months. For these some five dollars were now due him, a sum which, though small to those in good circumstances, was by no means a trifle to Pat. It would have been more convenient to him if Mr. Henderson had paid him a little at a time; but when he had broached the subject, timidly, his employer had declared that he could not be troubled so often.

"Better wait till it amounts to something," he said. "If I pay you a little at a time you will be spending it, and then it will all be gone."

Very probably this would have been the case, but then it would have been expended for articles that he needed. Pat could not afford to buy luxuries or superfluities.

It was now cold weather--the thermometer had several times indicated from four to ten below zero, and Pat was very much in need of an overcoat.

"What could he get for five dollars?" you may ask incredulously.

My dear reader, neither you nor I would be likely to find one that suited us for that sum. Beaver, or broadcloth, or Tricot, would either of them be far more expensive, but then little Pat didn't aspire to either of these. He would as soon have thought of looking for Aladdin's lamp, if he had ever heard of it, which is very doubtful. But in wandering about the city he had seen exposed at the door of a cheap clothing-store an overcoat, the texture of which was coarse, but which looked as if it might prove warm. He was sure, from the appearance, that it would just suit him, and had been emboldened to go in and inquire the price.

The shopman happened to be one of those who are men enough to speak with civility, even to a boy as poorly clad as Pat, and in answer to his inquiry, he said:

"That coat we will sell you for three dollars and a half, my boy."

Three dollars and a half! Pat's eyes sparkled with all the comfort he anticipated. To be sure he had not the money now, and so he told the shopman; but then it was owing to him, and as soon as ever he got it, he should come at once and buy the coat.

"Very well, my lad," was the reply. "We will save it for you, or one as good."

Pat went away in excellent spirits, and although the cold made him shiver more than once, yet he felt warmer, or thought he did, for the hope of the coat which he was to get. Depend upon it, Hope will go a great ways in enabling us to endure what is disagreeable for the moment.

And now I have explained the cause of Pat Burke's appearance at Mr. Henderson's so early in the morning.

He was ushered into the breakfast-table.

"I guess I shan't have a job for you this morning, Pat," said Mr. Henderson, laying down his second cup of coffee.

"Please sir, that wasn't what brought me here, sir."

"What was it, then?" asked his employer, looking up in some surprise.

"I wanted to know," said Pat, rather awkwardly, "if your honor could pay me this morning the five dollars you are owing me."

"Five dollars, is it, Pat? Better wait till Saturday night; I shall have something more for you to do between now and then, and I can pay you all together."

A look of intense disappointment gathered over Pat's face. Poor fellow! there were four bitter cold days between now and Saturday night. He knew that the cold wouldn't overlook him, small as he was, but would pinch and chill him. He knew that from experience.

"I wanted it particular," he faltered out.

"O, I guess you can wait," said Mr. Henderson, carelessly. "Besides, I want to use what money I have this morning. I guess it'll do just as well Saturday."

Mr. Henderson was not altogether wrong. He did want to use the money in his purse at that moment. But for what? He was going to carry his wife and children to a concert that evening. Now, admitting that he must deny them that pleasure in the event of his paying Pat's due, could they not have better dispensed with a luxury than Pat with so needful a comfort, or would their pleasure outweigh his suffering?

That was a question which Mr. Henderson did not consider. He was not even called upon to consider it, since he had

but to call at the bank, and supply himself with the sum he needed; but then this would have taken some trouble, and he found it easier to put off his little creditor.

Pat turned away in sorrow and discouragement, and he couldn't help crying a little to himself as he went out from the warm breakfast-room into the cold streets again.

He hadn't any rich friends that would trust him, even with the small sum he wanted for a few days. None of the banks in the city would have looked with favor upon his proposition for a loan. It wasn't altogether the discomfort, either, that troubled him. It would interfere with his braving the weather to look for jobs, and so of course would tend to diminish his scanty earnings.

Besides the overcoat, he had intended to buy a pair of warm mittens, which would not have cost very much, but would have materially increased his comfort.

He went home to his mother, who was a hard-working washerwoman. She was engaged in rinsing out clothes when Pat entered.

"Well, Pat, where is the overcoat ye was going to bring home?" she asked.

"I couldn't get it, mother," said Pat, sinking upon a three-legged stool, and crouching over the scanty fire in the stove.

"And what for not?" asked his mother in surprise. "Had they gone and sold it after they had promised it to you? It was a shame for them."

"No mother, it wasn't that," answered Pat, "but Mr. Henderson said he couldn't pay me till Saturday."

"Couldn't pay you, and he rowling in riches," said the mother with justifiable indignation. "I'd like to give him a piece of my mind, I would."

"If you did he wouldn't get me to work for him again."

"And shure, I hope he won't, if he can't pay you what he owes you dacint. These rich folks has hard hearts--sorra a bit they feel for the poor that have to live any way they can. I'd like to have 'em try a little themselves and see how they like the cold and the famine."

Mrs. Burke fell energetically to washing again, and Pat got warm as fast as he could.

He determined at length in spite of his scanty protection from the inclement weather to venture down to the wharves, and see if he couldn't find something to do. No doubt it would be uncomfortable, but then he might gain a few cents, and a few cents would be enough to buy a quarter of a pound of tea for his mother.

"Ye'll be cold, Pat, I'm fearin," said Mrs. Burke apprehensively.

"If I am, mother, I'll run into some shop," said Pat. "Anyway, I can't stop in when there's a chance of getting a job."

Accordingly Pat took his way down to one of the wharves. He got there at a lucky time. There was a merchant who wanted a pile of rubbish removed, and hired Pat to do it. The price stipulated was twenty-five cents, which Pat considered very fair pay, as it would not probably occupy him more than an hour and a-half, if he worked briskly.

Accordingly, shutting his teeth firmly together and trying to make believe that he was warm, he began stoutly and courageously the work which was to be done.

For a time, by dint of moving fast, Pat made out to endure the cold, but what can human flesh do when a cold wind is blowing from the water, making more intense the stinging cold that prevails everywhere. What could poor Pat do with his insufficient clothing?

It first seized his hands, unprotected by mittens, and sent stinging pains through them. Now and then he would be obliged to stop and rub them violently together to restore the vital heat. To be sure, Pat could bear it better than some, because he was used to it. Yes, he was used to cold and privation, but still there were degrees of each to which he must succumb.

His employer looked from time to time out of the office-window at the boy, who was toiling on the wharf below.

"He must have a cold time of it," said he compassionately to the clerk. "He has neither overcoat nor mittens."

The clerk answered thoughtlessly--let us hope it was from no natural hardness of heart--"O, they're used to it sir. They can stand it well enough."

"They are flesh and blood like ourselves," said his employer, with something of reproof in his tone, "you mustn't forget that."

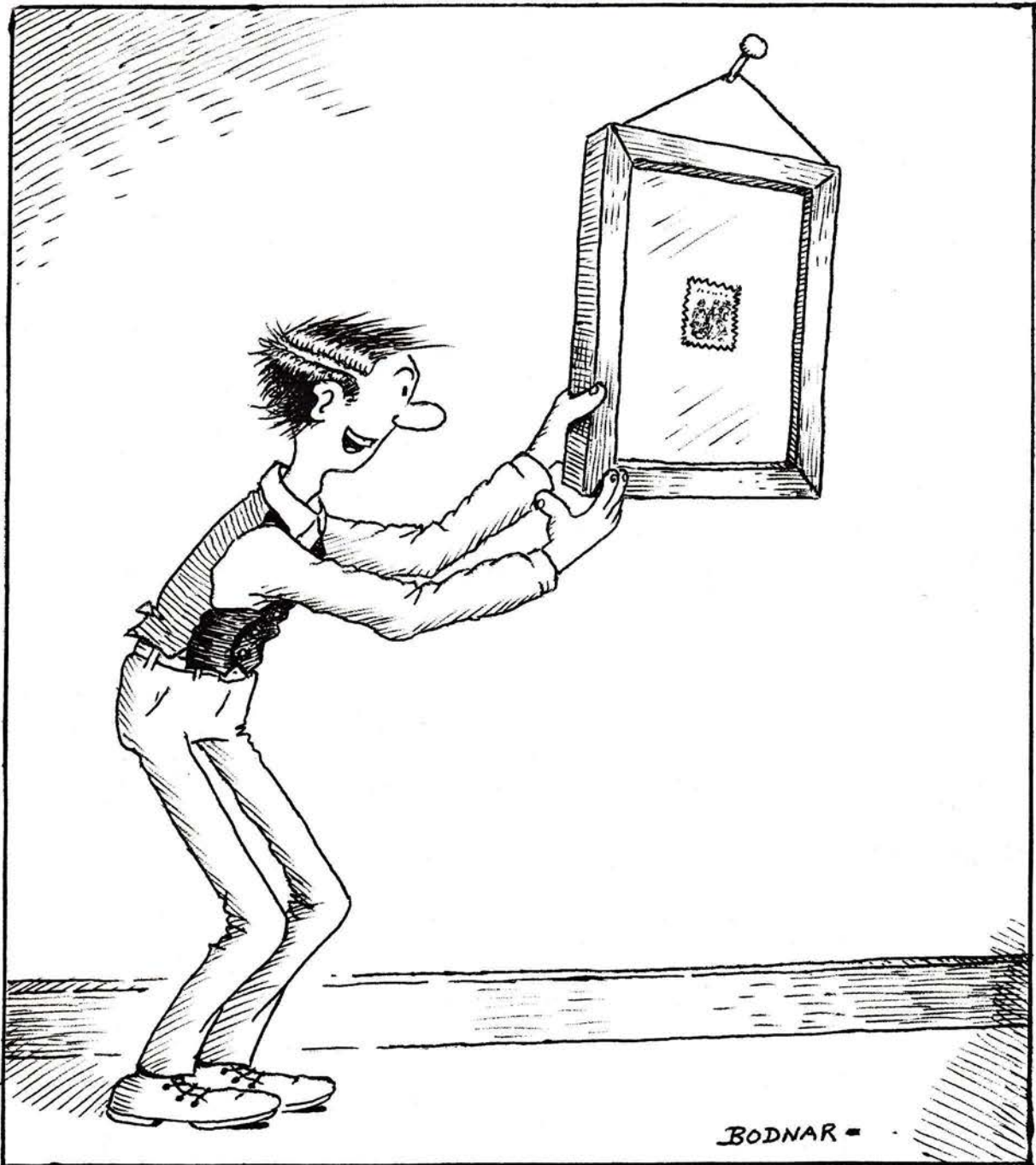
"Pretty tough flesh and blood," answered the clerk, pertly.

His employer was displeased with his tone, but said nothing.

Meanwhile Pat worked on. But the cold was working too. Insidiously it was creeping over him, benumbing him as it advanced, until his head became dizzy, and a sick feeling oppressed him. Finally, overcome by it, the shovel dropped from his hand, and he sank back upon the pile of rubbish.

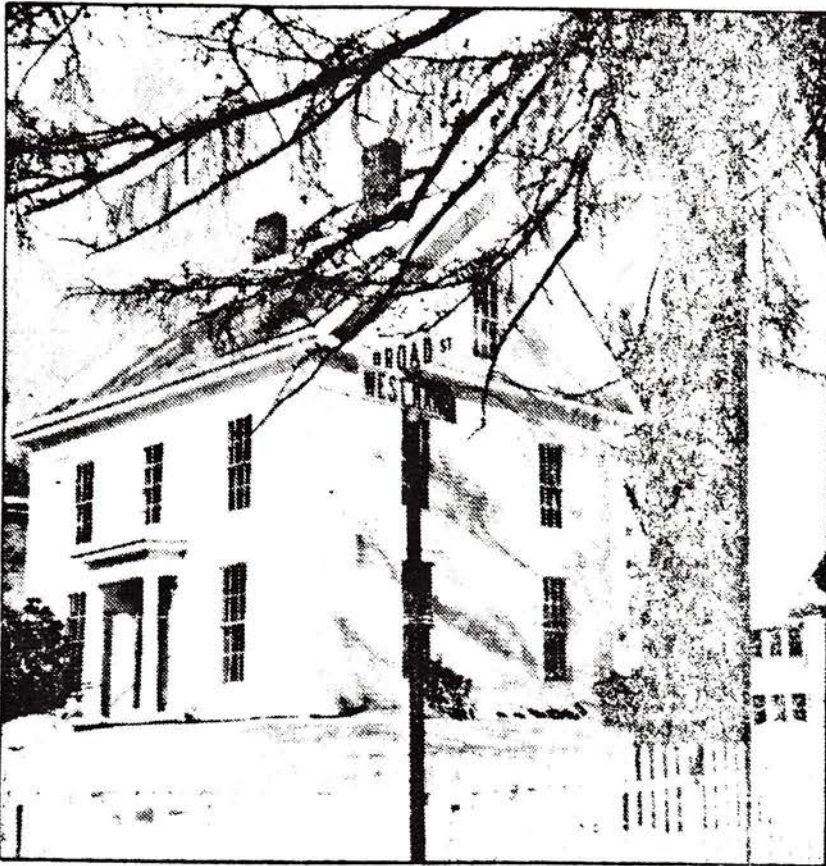
Just then his employer chanced to look out of the window. He saw the boy fall, and instantly grasped his hat and rushed down stairs. Seizing Pat in his strong grasp--never stopping to think that the poor boy's rags might contaminate his own broadcloth--he brought him hastily up stairs, and laying him down upon a sofa, began to chafe him.

(continued on page 9)



He framed the first Alger stamp that he ever bought.

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



Gazette Photo by MARIANNE P. EISMANN

The house at West Main and Broad streets where the Alger family lived from 1844 to 1859.

Spent Teen Years in City

The Horatio Alger Story Had a Marlboro Imprint

By MARIANNE P. EISMANN

Of the Gazette Staff

MARLBORO — The 150th anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger Jr., the prolific 19th century writer of inspirational stories for boys, passed without any formal notice here in the city where he spent his own teens.

Alger was born Jan. 13, 1832 in Revere. His family moved to Marlboro in Dec. 1844 when Horatio Alger Sr. became the minister of the West Parish Unitarian Church, according to documents at the Marlboro Historical Society.

ie, before ill health forced him to go live with his sister, Mrs. O. Augusta Cheney, in 1896 in Natick. Alger died July 18, 1899 and was cremated, according to a contemporary Natick Bulletin account of his death.

A memorial to the Alger family is in Glenwood Cemetery in South Natick.

If Alger's 150th birthday had been celebrated, those involved might have disagreed about whom precisely they were remembering.

For almost 50 years, *Alger: A Biography Without A Hero* by Herbert R. Mayes has been looked on as the definitive work on the writer's life.

The church is no longer in existence, according to John Moran of the Historical Society, but the large clapboard house at the corner of West Main and Broad where the Alger lived is still in use.

In a note in the Harvard College yearbook of 1852, the new graduate Alger characterized Marlboro as a "pleasant town . . . chiefly noted for the numerous hills which on all sides surround the main village, and its abundance of fruit trees."

Gates Academy

Alger wrote that he had attended the Gates Academy in Marlboro, which was near the Washington Street site of the city's first high school. In the yearbook, Alger described Gates "a small academy in successful operation under the supervision of Mr. O.W. Albee, a graduate of Brown, and quite a respectable scholar."

Alger remained at Harvard to earn a degree in the divinity school. He was ordained minister at the First Unitarian Church of Brewster in 1864, but remained there for only two years before unpleasant circumstances forced his dismissal from the post.

Although contemporary church records state that Alger was dismissed after he committed "the abominable and revolting crime of unnatural familiarity with boys," according to Alger scholars Jack Bales and Gary Scharnhorst in their 1981 annotated bibliography of Alger criticism, the charge has never been proven.

Lifetime of Atonement

What is known is that in 1867, Alger wrote a poem titled *Father Anselmo's Sin*, in which a churchman "committed one day a deadly sin" and then began a "ministry of noble deeds" to make amends, according to Bales and Scharnhorst.

Alger then moved to New York City. In 1867, *Ragged Dick* was published, the first of the more than 100 books for which he is remembered.

The books sold more than a million copies and Alger traveled extensively, both in the U.S. and Europe. He adopted two boys, John M. and Edward J. Downie.

At length Pat opened his eyes with a shiver.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are where you will be taken care of, my poor boy," was the compassionate reply. "Mr. Clarke, can you call a physician?"

The clerk did so, though he thought his employer was taking a great deal of trouble about a ragamuffin. He did not dare to say this, however, for he knew that it would not be the best way to win favor with his employer.

The physician looked gravely at the boy, and pronounced it as his opinion that Pat had had a very narrow escape--that the cold had begun to attack the citadel of life, and that five minutes later would have been too late.

At this moment Mark Henderson entered the office on a business errand.

"Ha, what have we here?" he asked curiously. "Why, bless me, it's Pat Burke," he exclaimed in surprise. "How did all this happen?"

"The boy was far too thinly clad for the weather," said the doctor. "He had no overcoat, did he?"

"Why did you not wear your overcoat?" some one asked.

"I had none," said Pat faintly. "I was going to buy one this morning, but I couldn't get the money that was owing me."

"Who was so criminally culpable as to delay paying you?" asked the doctor indignantly.

Mark Henderson turned crimson, and before Pat had a chance to speak, answered, "Doctor, I take shame to myself in confessing that I was the one. Believe me, I did not think how much he needed the money. I ought to have known, I admit, and this shall be a lesson to me for the future. I will make such reparation as I can by presenting a complete suit of thick clothes to our little friend here."

He was as good as his word, and Pat had reason to congratulate himself on the result. More than this, it cured Mark Henderson of a habit which, without benefitting him, had been fruitful of inconvenience to others.

Mayes' book painted a picture of a man whose life was filled with tragedy more devastating than any found in his books.

But the Alger of Mayes' book, a man who lived at the Newsboys' Home in New York City, adopted a young Chinese orphan who was killed by a runaway horse, stuttered and suffered from unrequited love, never existed.

In 1972, Mayes admitted that his biography was not factual. In 1978, in a new introduction to a reprinting of the biography, Mayes wrote that the book was a "deliberate, complete fabrication" written in response to the then-current custom of denigrating once-respected figures and because there was so little information available about Alger.

In addition, Mayes wrote that the diary of Alger's from which he said he based much of the book, never existed.

But subsequent biographers, who perhaps should have paid closer attention to the title of Mayes' book, so often repeated his information as their own that Margaret M. Grassby, assistant librarian at the Marlboro Public Library, said she still gets requests for documentation of the non-existent diary and other Mayes' "sources."

Mrs. Grassby said Alger's stories still circulate regularly. The library has a large, non-circulating collection of Alger books in early editions in its basement storage room.

A "good comparison" could be made, Mrs. Grassby said, between Alger's tales of poor but honest boys who, through virtue and hard work, make better lives for themselves and Luke Skywalker, the modern-day hero of the *Star Wars* films.

It is not hard to imagine Luke, a young man on his own in a large galaxy, thinking the thoughts of Harry Walton, the hero of Alger's 1873 *Bound to Rise*.

As Harry leaves his New Hampshire home to make his way in the world, "he had all at once assumed a man's responsibilities and his face grew serious as he began to realize he must look out for himself," Alger wrote.

"I won't come back until I am better off," Harry promised himself. "If I don't succeed, it won't be for lack of trying."

This article is from the January 27, 1982 Worcester, Mass. *Gazette*, page 22B, and is reprinted by permission.

Alger researcher and writer Gil Westgard writes: There is still Alger material that remains to be located and cataloged. Note the song, "Ties of Old," that I've included. I don't at present know where it came from, but I should know in another week or two. The only thing I know is that it came from a Psi Upsilon Fraternity Song Book, of which there have been twelve editions. I know it did not come from the first or third editions, but that leaves ten different editions. My belief is that it appeared in some form in all but the first edition. It appears in Alger Street on page 78, and I got it from the third edition, published in 1857."

22

TIES OF OLD.

By Horatio Alger, Alpha, '52.

$\text{♩} = 100.$ AIR,—"Fair Harvard."

Andante e sostenuto.

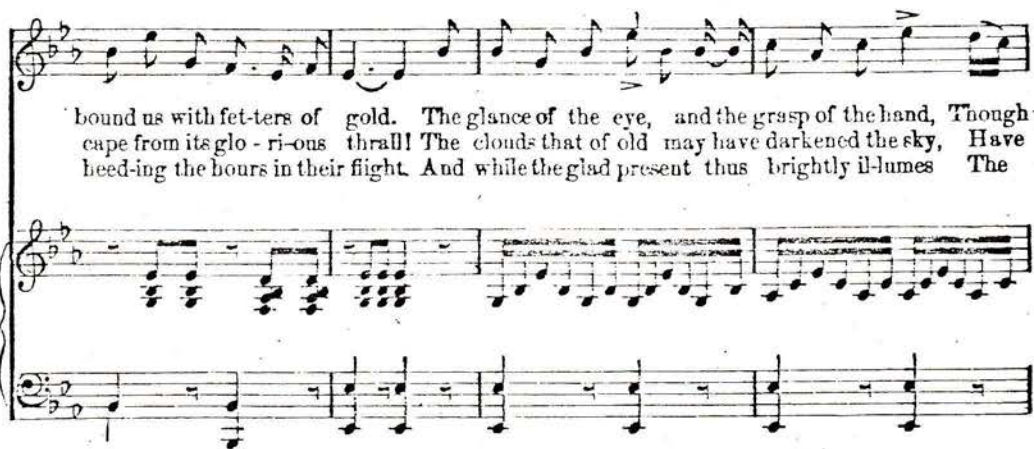
Unison.

1. We have gathered once more in our mys - tic hall, To strengthen the ties that of
 2. O long may that un-ion, unchill'd by dis-dain, Still live in the hearts of us
 3. Then, sor - row, be-gone! let the spir - it of mirth De - scend and be with us to

old, Ce - ment - ed by friend-ship and broth - er - ly love, Have
 all, And ne'er may we seek, while life's jour - ney we tread, To es -
 night; The jest and the song let us glad - ly pro-long, Un -

TIPS OF OLD.—CONCLUDED.

23



bound us with fet-ters of gold. The glance of the eye, and the grasp of the hand, Though
 cape from its glo - ri - ous thrall! The clouds that of old may have darkened the sky, Have
 heed-ing the hours in their fight. And while the glad present thus brightly il-lumes The



si - lent, still loud - ly pro - claim . . . That the u - nion of hearts and the
 fa - ded as quick - ly a - way, And the rain - bow of prom - ise, suc -
 path we are tread - ing to - day, We trust that the light which is



u - nion of hands With us shall be ev - er the same.
 ceed - ing the storm, But her - alds the bright - ness of day.
 beck - ning us on, Un - dimmed may still shine on our way.



FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK



Louis Bodnar reports that "on March 6, 1982 I received a letter from the Good Old Days magazine. They thanked me for submitting my manuscript entitled, 'Winning First Prize in a Drawing Contest,' and are pleased to advise me that they have accepted my manuscript for publication in their magazine." Congratulations, Louis. Remember that you got your start in the pages of Newsboy!

Gil Westgard caught a mistake on page 12 of the January-February, 1982 issue of Newsboy. "The Newsboys' Lodging House" article is from the November 18, 1854 (not 1954) Christian Register.

Gil O'Gara, editor of the Yellowback Library, notes that "the article on Alger in the comic books, coincidentally, bears somewhat on a deal I am running in my column in the coming issue of YL--a comic titled 'Ben Webster's Career' by Edwin Alger. I know very little about Edwin Alger, except that he wrote the Phil Hardy series. This comic strip example that I found appeared in the June 4, 1928 Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. It is Algeresque, in the stereotyped manner in which rags-to-riches and respectful urchins are portrayed. So I am seeking info on this particular strip (and Edwin in general). Know anything about it?

Alger collectors may be interested to know that The Collector's Choice, 1313 South Killian Drive, P.O. Box 12600, West Palm Beach, Florida 33403-9986, is offering a Horatio Alger 150th birthday commemorative thimble in a limited edition of 5,000. Interested persons can get catalog #33 by sending 25¢ to the above address. Thimble is described and depicted on page 19 of the catalog.

Articles about the forthcoming Alger stamp are appearing in a variety of

publications. Roy Wendell sent me one from the Boston Globe, and a color picture of the stamp is in the March 22, 1982 issue of U. S. News and World Report.

Dave Kanarr sent me a few clippings about Alger, and regrets that he will not be present at the convention.

I recently talked with both Bill Russell and Bob Williman, and plans for the convention and stamp presentation are all finished. As reported in the last Newsboy, the issuance of the Alger stamp is a formal affair, with the Postmaster General of the Postal Department presiding. Bill reports that convention registrations continue to come in. Maybe we'll set a new record at this convention!

As some of you may noticed, the first page of this year's issues of Newsboy all have an "Alger Sesquicentennial" label on them. These come to HAS through the courtesy of Gilbert K. Westgard II. Gil has sent me much material relating to Alger that he has researched, and a regular column may be forthcoming.

Brad Chase's next column will concentrate on proving that Alger bargains can still be found. He recently located three first editions, including a first of Wait and Win. The average cost he paid was a whopping \$1.11 each!!

IN MEMORIAM

Harry K. Hudson, former member of the HAS (PF-532), died suddenly on February 14, 1982. He was well known among collectors of hard cover, series-type boys' books, and known for his bibliography that he published in 1977. Our sincere condolences are expressed to his wife and family.