THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
NEWSBOY

Horatio Alger Jr.
1832 – 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr., his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

VOLUME LVII | SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2019 | NUMBER 5

Convention guest speakers announced

-- See Page 5

Special report:

Newscarriers then and now

The paperboy who was: A reminiscence

-- Page 3

The paperboys who never were

-- Page 11

'Newsies' musical revival is reviewed

-- Page 12

An article by Horatio Alger, Jr.:

The Newsboys' Lodging-House

-- Page 13

President's column

Good afternoon from Houston, where the temperature today actually dropped below 80 for a couple of hours. We have no complaints, though, since no major storms have blown our way during this year's hurricane season.

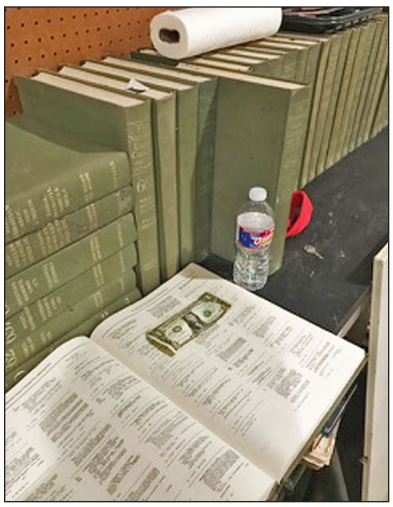
The internet really has been a marvelous aid for us bibliographers. On the other hand (for at least me personally) it has created an unforeseen dilemma.

In the mid-1990s I purchased the complete 754-volume set of the **National Union Catalogue** from a dealer in Indiana. For those not familiar with these books, they purport to list every title published in the United States up to 1956. Please appreciate that it is nowhere near complete, but it is a great reference. These are no little pamphlets listed, however. The books arrived on three giant pallets and were promptly placed on shelves in the garage. This photo (below) gives you an idea of the size of one of these books.

Well, the entire set is now available digitally online. So, what do I do with the books? I have an issue with just tossing them into a dumpster, and yet no library on this planet would take them as a donation. I have the same problem with my run of **Publishers' Weekly** volumes, etc. I await the sage advice of my fellow members.

This morning I thought I would organize my collection of *Tom Brown* books (http://henryaltemus.com/TomBrown/).

More than 80 publishers printed the two-book series between the 1860s and early 1900s. The most interesting of all the copies (to me) is the serialized first edition of *Tom Brown at Oxford*. Between 1859 and 1861, Ticknor and Fields published 17 monthly serialized parts (see Example 1 on Page 6). There are ads on the back, but none are inserted before or after the text.



These serialized books can make for a very interesting collecting area. Quite a number of other books for juveniles were serialized, but

(Continued on Page 6)

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive & Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes. Our members conduct research and provide scholarship on the life of Horatio Alger, Jr., his works and influence on the culture of America. The Horatio Alger Society embraces collectors and enthusiasts of all juvenile literature, including boys' and girls' series books, pulps and dime novels.

Newsboy, the official newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any 12-month period is $25 ($20 for seniors), with single issues of **Newsboy** $4.00. Please make remittance payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, 1004 School St., Shelbyville, IN 46176.**

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography. You are invited to visit the Horatio Alger Society's official Internet site at **www.horatioalgersociety.net.**

Newsboy ad rates: Full page, $32.00; one-half page, $17.00; one-quarter page, $9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), $2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, 1004 School St., Shelbyville, IN 46176.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send advertisements or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047. E-mail: **hasnewsboy@aol.com**

The paperboy who was: A reminiscence

Editor's note: The following article is the result of a recent exchange of emails with Keith Thompson, the first of which he enclosed the guest editorial from the Sept. 1, 2019 issue of the **New York Daily News**, which we have reproduced on Page 11.

This editorial fascinated me because I am a retired newspaper editor/writer, who also had a "paper route" as a teen-ager in the late 1950s, just a half-generation later than Keith's reminiscences described below. I was fortunate in that I delivered an afternoon paper, the Hudson (N.Y.) **Register-Star**, so I did not have to arise at 4:30 a.m.! However, a couple of my high school classmates delivered the morning edition of the Albany **Times-Union**, and though they made more money than me, I did not envy their pedaling around town in the pre-dawn hours while I slept.

A major point John Ficarra, writer of the **Daily News** editorial, makes is that — like many newspapers themselves — the teen-aged paper boy is nearly extinct today. I still get my daily paper delivered, but by adults. This person (often a parent earning a little extra income), is responsible for delivering at least four papers, that of my former employer, the Arlington Heights (Ill.) **Daily Herald**, along with the two Chicago papers and **The Wall Street Journal**. I only receive the **Daily Herald**, a so-called retirement "benefit." By the way, the **Daily Herald**, whose legacy dates to 1872**,** began phasing out paperboys several decades ago.

Thompson agreed to expand his initial letter into a reminiscence of a topic we all should relate to as members of the Horatio Alger Society. Newsboys were a major component of Alger's "strive and succeed" spirit (after all, **Newsboy** *is* the name of this publication), and although Keith and I plied our youthful trade in the more residential, leafy suburbs rather than on the hardscrabble streets of New York, the lessons learned were just as valuable.

— William R. Gowen (PF-706)

By Keith H. Thompson (PF-035)

I chanced across the attached **New York Daily News** editorial[1] last month and thought the topic an unusual subject for the **News'** suburban Sunday morning readers, but at the same time entirely relevant to the economics of newspaper stands and newsboys ever since the news has been printed for public sale.

The author, John Ficarra, started delivering an early morning edition of the **News** in the Bronx in 1966 at the age of 12. He says it took him 30 minutes for a customer list of 46, and that he made two cents on a daily and five cents on a Sunday paper, *plus tips*. After building his route up to 75 daily and 120 Sunday customers through his own considerable initiative and effort, he says: "I cleared $50-60 a week … this was not shabby money."

Not shabby, indeed, for by my calculations he cleared only nine dollars a week on the dailies plus six dollars a week on the Sundays on a delivery cost to each customer of 91 cents. If the average customer proffered one dollar and tipped the difference, it would bring his weekly profits with tips to approximately $24. Tipping appears to have been typical and expected. No mention is made of a savings bank account, only that "while the money was great, much was spent as quickly as it came in." What did last was learning the basics of running a small business, including the handling of money and dealing with all sorts of people. "Most importantly," John writes, "I learned about commitment and responsibility and I developed a strong work ethic."

* * *

Rough and Ready[2], the fourth volume of Horatio Alger's Ragged Dick Series, has very detailed descriptions of the role of the paperboy in selling newspapers on the streets of New York in the mid-19th Century. Although *Ragged Dick*[3] was published by Loring in 1868, Alger describes the buildings, scenes, wages and the costs "as they were before the war."

The character of Rufus Rushton, known to his fellow newsboys as "Rough and Ready," is introduced on the first page, standing "… on the sidewalk in front of the Times office, facing Printing-House Square" with a pile of morning papers under his arm, *vociferating* "'Herald,' 'Times,' 'Tribune,' 'World!'"

To a passing boy he says, "I've sold sixty papers and made sixty cents." At 15 years of age, Rufus was a street veteran and had honed his craft to near perfection. He had a skill of drawing out his customers and could recommend a particular paper tailored to their political sensibilities. His seven-year-old sister, Rose, describes his technique: "Rufie can sell papers as fast as anything … he knows just what paper everybody wants and makes them buy, whether they want to or not."

Headlines were frequently embellished and even made

(Continued on Page 7)

Editor's notebook

Earlier this month, the nation observed National Newspaper Week, "… in recognition of the service of newspapers and their employees across North America," according to the NNW official website.

Just a few days earlier, Partic'lar Friend Keith Thompson emailed the Sept. 1 guest editorial from the **New York Daily News** that we have reproduced on Page 11. In his covering email, Keith gave a brief overview of his experiences delivering **the Detroit Free Press** in Rochester, Michigan, starting at age 12 during World War II.

As a former newspaperman myself (who also delivered the local afternoon paper as a teen-ager), I hit upon an idea: Why not devote a good portion of this issue of **Newsboy** to the subject of the vanishing newsboy in America? Actually, delivering papers was not strictly a male avocation. As Carol Nackenoff points out in her article in the September-October 2012 **Newsboy**, there were also newsgirls plying their trade on the streets of New York and other cities in the early 20th century, though newsboys remained in the great majority. Two pictures of newsgirls by renowned photographer Alice Austen accompany Carol's article.

I asked Keith if he could expand his thoughts into an article, and he quickly responded with the detailed reminiscence beginning on Page 3, which I would use as a lead-in to the **Daily News** editorial.

At about the same time, my former employer, the Arlington Heights (Illinois) **Daily Herald**, ran a rave review of a fully-professional revival of the Broadway musical "Newsies," which coincidentally was the inspiration for Nackenoff's article detailing the great newsboys' strike of 1899. The show ran in September-October at the nearby Paramount Theatre in Aurora, Illinois, which gave me another idea: Why not contact former **Newsboy** editor Jack Bales, who grew up with his twin brother, Dick, in Aurora? Did they deliver papers as teen-agers? Within a day, Jack responded in the affirmative, and his thoughtful letter can be read on Page 15.

As editor, Jack had also run Horatio Alger's story "The Newsboys' Lodging-House," in the December 1981 issue. That article, uncovered by researcher Gary Scharnhorst, documented the author's first visit to that facility in late 1866, shortly after his move to New York. So, I decided to re-run it here for the first time since then, and it appears on Page 13.

The historic bronze newsboy statue in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, which was restored and rededicated in 1985 on the occasion of its 90th birthday.

I decided in this column to mention a couple additional pertinent articles published in **Newsboy** in the past. One of the most significant was the report in the January-February 1986 issue of the restoration and rededication the previous August of the bronze newsboy statue and fountain in the western Massachusetts community of Great Barrington, on the occasion of its 90th birthday. It is the oldest known newsboy statue in the world (see photo).

Former H.A.S. President Brad Chase represented the Society as a guest speaker at the event, which drew a large crowd (including this Partic'lar Friend in only his third year as an H.A.S. member). Brad's speech included his belief that the statue "… is a permanent symbol of those principles of hard work, honesty, etc. for all of to follow today."

The cover of that 1986 issue of **Newsboy** reproduces a letter of recognition to Great Barrington from President Ronald Reagan, in which he states:

"The lone figure of the newspaper carrier has been a source of inspiration to artists, writers and the man

(Continued on Page 6)

'Gettysburg Campaign' — Preview II

Convention guest speakers announced

By Robert D. Eastlack (PF-557)

Anticipation can be the sugar that lures you to "Gettysburg Campaign," on June 4-7, 2020.

With that in mind, here is information on the background of those volunteers sharing their knowledge and expertise with attendees, along with the title of each presentation. Times and details will be listed in the schedule of events, to be included with upcoming issues of **Newsboy**:

Friday, June 5: Following breakfast in the nearby College Union Building, the convention will open in the Rare Books Room at Musselman Library with official greetings, followed by the first three guest presentations:

MARLENA E. BREMSETH: *"Gettysburg: The Most Significant Yet Least Addressed Battle Within the Dime Novel Universe"*

Gettysburg College's Musselman Library, site of guest presentations and other Friday events during the 2020 H.A.S. convention.

The publisher and editor of **Dime Novel Round-Up** since December 2012, Professor Marlena E. Bremseth is an American Popular Culture literature scholar whose areas of expertise include 19th century dime novels and story papers, detective fiction literature, and other popular culture literature genres. A veteran English professor, she has taught undergraduate and graduate courses at Howard University, Old Dominion University, Hawaii Pacific University and The College of William & Mary, among other higher education institutions.

The author of *Who Was Guilty? Two Dime Novels by Philip S. Warne and Howard W. Macy*, which chronicles the first person of African-American descent to publish a mystery story in the United States (and numerous articles about popular culture literature authors and their works), Marlena has also been a member of the Popular Culture Association since 1997; she is an active member of Mystery Writers of America since 2005, and has served on the H.A.S. Board of Directors since 2014.

A native of southern California, Marlena currently resides in Round Hill, Virginia, with her husband, a retired naval officer and consultant.

DEIDRE A. JOHNSON: *"19th Century Children's Reading."*

Deidre has taught children's literature in the English Department at West Chester (Pa.) University for 25 years. Her early research and publications were focused on Edward Stratemeyer and the Stratemeyer Syndicate and as such, she compiled and edited *Stratemeyer Pseudonyms and Series Books; An Annotated Checklist of Stratemeyer Syndicate Publications* (Greenwood Press, 1982), and authored *Edward Stratemeyer and The Stratemeyer Syndicate* (1993, Twayne Publishers).

Johnson's current research interests include 19th century women who wrote girls' series or story paper fiction. A long-time member of the Horatio Alger Society, Deidre is also associate editor of **Dime Novel Round-Up**. In addition to her books, she has written numerous published articles on children's fiction and on women authors, and maintains a research website at www.readseries.com.

CAROLYN SAUTTER: "*Cataloging the Alger Collection."*

Carolyn Huber Sautter is Director of Special Collections and College Archives for Musselman Library at Gettysburg College. She received her MLS degree from Rutgers University and her Bachelor of Arts in History from the University of Notre Dame. She was originally hired as the Cataloging and Metadata Librarian in 2005 and was promoted to her current role in Special Collections in 2011. Her duties include donor relations, collection development, digital projects, research assistance, rare book cataloging, and archival instruction. Her favorite aspect of her work is connect-

(Continued on Page 6)

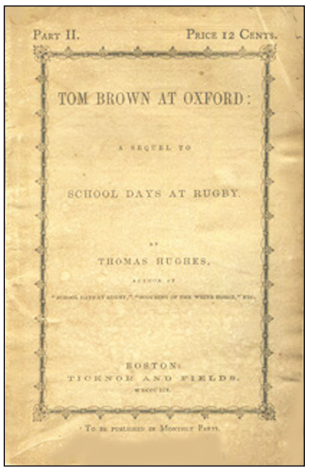
President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

this was generally in magazines or newspapers and not in stand-alone parts (installments). An example is *Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa*, which was published in **Peck's Sun**, a newspaper, over the course of a couple of years before Belford, Clarke and Co. collated the columns and put them into book form in 1883.

In looking around, it appears that there were many adult novels that were serialized in parts (outside of periodicals). This included H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, Dumas' *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Virginians* and more. Of course, the most widely collected are the novels of Charles Dickens. *The Pickwick Papers* was the first novel to be published in parts, way back in 1836.

The American serialized Dickens novels were rather plain, like the Tom Brown covers, and had no inserted advertisements, like this copy of *Dombey and Son* (Example 2, Page 16).


PART II. PRICE 12 CENTS.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD:

A SEQUEL TO

SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY.

BY

THOMAS HUGHES,

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

Ex. 1

In England, many of Dickens' works were written in 19 monthly numbers with parts 19 and 20 being sold in one volume. Each number had two illustrations. As opposed to the American Charles Dickens' covers, the English covers were well illustrated with scenes from the book.

The most studied and interesting of these Dickens'

(Continued on Page 16)

Convention guest speakers

(Continued from Page 5)

ing students with primary sources.

Saturday, June 6: After the 8:30 a.m. annual book sale (those books offered by members), there will be two additional presentations on Saturday morning, these events all held in the College Union Building:

JOSEPH STRANG: *"Life and Works of Dillon Wallace."*

Joseph resides in Huntington, New York, with his wife (Amy) and three children (Emma, Holly and Luke); he practices law in Smithtown, N.Y., and is a graduate of St. John's University with a B.A. in Government, and from its law school (J.D.), He serves as a head soccer coach (Cold Spring Harbor-Huntington Soccer Club); head baseball coach (Huntington Sports League); scout leader (Pack 178); and a school board secretary (St. Patrick's School).

An H.A.S. board member, Joe's research interests include Dillon Wallace, St. George Rathborne, Howard Pease, the Hardy Boys, the Stratemeyer Syndicate, and scouting literature with Canadian settings.

MARY WOOTTON: *"Care and Repair of Ye Olde Books."*

Mary's presentation will be a "hands on" workshop for this topic of great interest to book collectors as well as librarians and literary researchers. She is the Conservator for Special Collections and College Archives at Musselman Library, Gettysburg College, since 2013.

Mary has worked in the field of hand bookbinding and conservation for more than 40 years. She spent 12 years as a Senior Rare Book Conservator at the Library of Congress, and for four years on the restoration team of the Gettysburg Cyclorama painting at Gettysburg National Military Park. Her publications for the Book and Paper Group of the American Institute for Conservation include research on the use of handmade paper for book conservation and the repair of 19th- century stiff-board photograph albums.

Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 4)

on the street since the nineteenth century. The fact that Horatio Alger, perhaps the greatest exponent of Free Enterprise and the American way, was himself so often inspired to write of newsboys and their struggles, is a tribute to their significant impact on our way of life."

I am certain the decline of the role of paperboys (and girls) would sadden Reagan if he were alive today.

And, referring again to the Newsboys' Lodging House, you are encouraged to re-read Bob Sipes' review of Jon Boorstin's 2003 book of that title, published in the July-August 2004 **Newsboy**. This is a novelized account of actual persons and events, and it offers insights beyond the historical record.

The vast majority of today's teen-agers do not read newspapers, let alone deliver them to your house. The smartphone and its role in social media have seen to that. So, if this **Newsboy** issue is a trip down nostalgia lane, so be it. Still, it should bring a touch of sadness to all of us.

The paperboy who was

(Continued from Page 3)

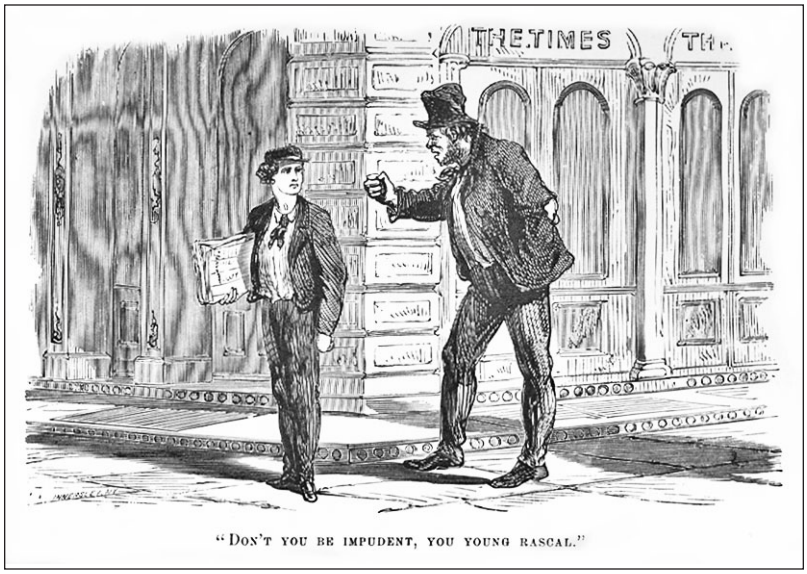
up out of the whole cloth like: "Steamboat Explodes on the Mississippi!" When confronted with the exaggeration, Rufus would say "… well, if it isn't true now, it will be some other day. Explosions is a permanent institution. Anyway, it isn't any worse for us to cry news that ain't true, than for the papers to print it when they know it's false."

Afternoons, when the **Evening Post** and **Express** appeared, Rufus would acquire a stock of each to sell until supper time. Alger tells us that the **Mail**, **Telegram**, and **News** were not then in existence.

Rufus and Rose lived with their intemperate and indolent stepfather Martin on Leonard Street between Centre and Baxter streets on the fifth floor of a dilapidated brick building. Rufus's earnings were necessary to help support the family and to ensure that Rose could appear in public with "bonnet, shoes and stockings." Upon learning that a dress he had purchased for Rose with pennies saved for months has been sold to an "old-clothes shop" on Baxter Street, Rufus confronts Martin. Martin defends his actions by saying "What business has she got with new clothes, when we haven't got enough to eat, I'd like to know?"

Rufus reminds him "… that isn't my fault … you spend all your money for rum, and some of mine too." At which bold speech Martin loses his temper, and shouting "You're an impudent young rascal," attempts to rise from his chair but falls senseless to the floor in the "stupor of intoxication." Taking advantage of the opportunity, Rufus decides to leave Leonard Street and assume for himself the responsibility of providing for his sister, recalling that he had promised to do so at his mother's deathbed.

The children were walking up Broadway, Rufus puzzling "where he should try to find a home for his sister" when Rose recognizes an old acquaintance and cries out to a pale young woman emerging from a large clothing-house with a large bundle, "O Miss Manning, how do you do?" Not very well, it turns out. Miss Manning is a poor seamstress and confides to Rufus, "… when I work steadily I earn about three shillings (thirty-seven and a half cents) for fourteen hours work." Her rent is one dollar a week, and she estimates it cost about a dollar and a quarter a week for food, the daily staple of which was a small loaf of bread costing six cents. "When eggs are cheap I boil one for my breakfast. … I don't often get butter, but I try to keep a little on hand." Supper might be "dry bread with a spoonful or two of tea."



Rough and Ready; or, Life Among the New York Newsboys, frontispiece

Rufus asks "if there might be a chance for us" in the house Miss Manning lives, and she replies "no rooms are vacant, but if Rose were alone she could live with me." This would be the ideal situation that Alger heroes typically encounter, so they accompany Miss Manning to her five-floor building in Franklin Street "… on the west side near the river." Alger describes the fourth floor room as "about twelve feet square with a strip of carpeting about eight feet square."

> "Why, you've got a carpet, Miss Manning!" said Rose with pleasure.
>
> "Yes," said the seamstress: "I bought it at an auction store one day, for only a dollar and a half."
>
> "It seems more respectable to have a carpet," said the newsboy.
>
> "It's more comfortable," said Miss Manning, "and it seems as if the room is warmer, although it doesn't cover the whole floor." (56)

An agreement is reached. Rufus will pay four dollars a week to Miss Manning for Rose's board and his supper; an amount judged sufficient to provide a fire when cold, meat for supper and a "cup of tea in the evening." He will sleep and take breakfast at the Newsboys' Lodging House at an expense of 72 cents a week. Altogether, with clothes and ferryboat excursions, Rufus estimates that he will need to earn about seven dollars a week, and with energy and "great satisfaction at having the

(Continued on Page 8)

The paperboy who was

(Continued from Page 7)

unexpected good fortune in finding a home for his little sister," he earns 15 dollars in the first fortnight. After paying all his expenses he is able to put four dollars and a half into a savings-bank.

Alger says in the preface: "If Rough and Ready has more virtues and fewer faults than most of his class, his history will at least teach the valuable lesson that honesty and good principles are not incompatible even with the greatest social disadvantages." The principal virtue attributed to Rufus in *Rough and Ready* is that he is willing and independently able to support his sister in as respectable a manner as he can through his industry and integrity.

* * *

I have always been interested in the subject of newsboys because of my own boyhood experience in delivering the early morning edition of the **Detroit Free Press** in Rochester, Michigan, in the war years. My circumstances were similar to those of John Ficarro, except that I had a residential route of about 55 customers, some daily only, some Sunday only, many both.

No matter rain, sleet or snow, I was up at 4:15 a.m. every weekday, including Saturday (with no alarm clock), got dressed in knickers and high-top laced boots ordered from the Sears Roebuck catalogue, got my bike out of the garage and pedaled downtown to a well-lit and warm storefront on the corner of Main and Fifth Streets. My papers, with an accounting slip as to number, would be stacked neatly on a bench in a customary place. The first chore was to fold the papers in the paperboy's traditional three-fold cylindrical style and place them in a large canvas bag upside down for easy grasping en route. I affixed my bag to the handlebars, but the bag was provided with a long shoulder strap, and some boys would carry the bag that way, but only toward the end of a route when it became lighter.

I had a loop route of about five miles that started with an apartment above the news store. I folded a flat paper once in order to fit it through a mail slot in the stairway door. My next delivery was also a flat paper that the customer required to be placed under a mat. I always had at least one other flat paper for an early riser and near-regular customer I frequently encountered on his way to work. Most papers were thrown onto porches while I was in motion, but others had to be carried to a rear door or to a special place on the porch. I was usually home by 6:20 a.m. for breakfast. Sunday deliveries were later in the morning and more leisurely but took much

Keith Thompson at age 12, when be began delivering the Detroit Free Press in Rochester, Michigan.

longer. Each bulkier Sunday paper was hand carried to the door and delivered flat.

One occupational hazard was a car-chasing dog who lived on the back porch of a customer's house. My delivery took place in darkness, so when I heard the screen door slam and rapid paw-steps on the gravel, I knew I was in for a race. The dog was black-haired and silent, but if he caught me he would try to grab my leg and pull me off the bicycle. I prepared specially for this delivery every morning by stopping a few houses before and making sure I had the paper in hand for an across-the-chest throw while pedaling past the house at top speed.

I started working in 1943 at age 12 when **Detroit Free Press** delivery was initiated in Rochester. I remember Charlie Gray, the **Free Press** local manager, coming to our home on Woodward Avenue for an interview with my parents. Dailies sold for four cents, of which I kept a cent and a half. The **Detroit News** paperboys with afternoon routes got a cent and one third. There was competition with the **Tribune** also, but I believe the **Free Press** was the only early morning paper sold in Rochester. When the dailies went to five cents, I got to keep two. I did not

understand about advertising revenues when I started and mistakenly imagined myself to be one of the most important cogs in the business since I received 40 percent of the gross price. This was not altogether a bad thing for a youth, and I did take pride in my job.

I even imagined that I was a significant part of the "War Effort," with the **Free Press** and all the other papers covering the war's progress each day with bold headlines. The war news was an important factor in newspaper sales. The headline first, but I always looked for the maps, usually on the front page, with jagged lines depicting the battlefront, which changed day to week, not always in the Allies' favor.

Detroit was a vibrant city during the war. The automobile plants converted almost overnight in 1942 to the production of trucks, jeeps, tanks, planes and other military armament. I have a vivid memory as a boy sightseeing with my parents past miles of factories belching smoke and noise and hundreds of vehicles standing in the yards. Today, sightseers can take organized bus tours along Front Street and Fort Street to see the abandoned and rusty sheds

I started my career with a used bicycle that my father bought for nine dollars from an ad in the **Rochester Clarion**. We painted it bright red to cover the rust and to be more visible on dark and rainy mornings. Patching tires, repairing the chain and brakes required constant attention. These chores quickly became so burdensome that we were forced to go shopping for a new bike. I remember staring through store windows in Pontiac at Schwinns, the paperboy's gold standard, but these were very scarce, and more importantly very expensive.

The Detroit Free Press

WEATHER Eighty Warmer with Possible Thunderstorms Monday

METRO FINAL Calendar Map Shows Course of Allied Mediterranean Drive. See Page 18.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1944 On Guard for Over a Century Vol. 114—No. 32 Five Cents

ALLIES CAPTURE ROME

Radio and Wirephoto Bring First News Pictures of Triumphant Allied Troops Entering Rome

LIBERATED ITALIANS WELCOME ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN ROME

ALLIED TROOPS ENTER FIRST OF THE NAZI-HELD EUROPEAN CAPITALS

Got $2,500 Bribe, Murphy Confesses

Ex-Official Tells FP Reporter He Accepted Graft from Distiller

BY KENNETH McCORMICK

Tearful Italians Cheer Allied Liberation Troops

Strew Flowers as Bullets Fly; Battle Outside City Described

BY DANIEL DE LUCE

Blast Fleeing Foe; City Suffers Little

Yanks Win Fierce Battle in Suburbs; Sweep Through Capital After Nazis

BY ROBERT VERMILLION

Allies Ready for Task of Feeding Hungry Rome

BY HAROLD CALLENDER

Pope Remains in Seclusion

Slack-Shy Judge Is Fashion Faddist

Slavs Report Big Nazi Kill

Lumber Blaze

This issue of the Detroit Free Press was published on June 5, 1944. Newspapers throughut the country covered the progress of World War II on a daily basis.

One store in Rochester sold a "Victory Model," which was available to qualified applicants through the OPA. These bikes, made to wartime specifications, were slimmed down versions with thin tires that looked very much like the modern racing bike. My occupation as a newsboy qualified me, but from the moment I picked it up I was embarrassed by the design and seldom took it out in daylight. I was the only kid I knew who ever owned one. I immediately fitted it with the wide, flaring handlebars favored by paperboys that could be grasped easily in one hand while throwing the paper on a porch with the other while in motion. I eventually adapted and became proud of my "Victory Bike" and the role it played in winning the war. I took it with me when we moved to Idaho in 1944 and Cal-Davis, where I reluctantly abandoned it in 1952 when I went into the Army.

Collecting the paper bill was a unique opportunity for paperboys to observe and read character in adults. We were instructed how to knock on the door politely, how to say "collect for the B" in a polite tone of voice and to say "thank you" upon receiving payment. Some customers would hand me the exact change and close the door before I could utter a word. Most had a pleasant "thank you" of their own. One of my customers kept 24 pennies in a little bowl on the radiator just inside the door so that "they would be warm for me." It was a ritual that I count them out in her presence. Another customer always paid me with a shiny "four-bit" piece.

Saturday was collection day. Most of my customers worked on Saturday. I never saw men or boys of

(Continued on Page 10)

The paperboy who was

(Continued from Page 9)

draft age and dealt almost entirely with wives and children at their homes. A few worked in businesses, and I started my collecting route on Main Street. One customer was a teller in the Rochester National Bank and encouraged me to open a savings account. I did so and made monthly deposits thereafter. A very friendly woman, she never failed to point out the balance and praise me for my "thrift." Deposits, withdrawals and balance were entered in my statement book with pen and ink. This personal touch with an adult created a sense of trust and was my introduction to the function of banks, although my family practiced frugality and saving to an unusual degree.

My father and mother grew up on farms about a mile apart on the Old Lebanon Road north of Danville, Indiana, and were young schoolteachers in Mooresville when I was born in 1930. As the Great Depression deepened they found themselves jobless and my father finding occasional work for one dollar a day.

Although they had farm-friendly family security and support, we moved to Rochester in 1934 when my father heard of a job at manual labor with the Ferry-Morse Seed Co. of Detroit paying 19 cents an hour. A house next to the Woodward Street Elementary School in Rochester was rented at 15 dollars a month.

My mother made our clothes from patterns and bolts of cloth. My father rented a nearby half-acre plot and grew corn, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, turnips and tomatoes, working until dark in the summer evenings after work. Fully half of our small rented property was turned in to a garden with peas and pole beans. I remember helping shell bushels of peas, snapping bushels of beans and picking wild raspberries in the woods around our neighborhood for canning. We ate out of Mason jars all winter. We bought cheap whiting from a street vendor who pushed his cart down the middle of Woodward in the early morning crying: "fresh fish, fresh fish." I'm not sure if my father ever really trusted banks. He had lost his modest schoolteacher's savings to a Danville bank that "closed."

An important "life lesson" for paperboys was account keeping. If I couldn't collect, not only was there no profit but a serious loss. I had to pay for every paper I took out of the news building. I kept an account book with a loose-leaf page for every customer and recorded each payment in the presence of the customer or later at home. In the case of dispute (and there were a few) I could show my record. Most disputes were innocent: "Oh, I think my daughter paid you last week," but paperboys do have occasional deadbeats who find it convenient not to pay their bills. We were encouraged to report such cases, and I could count on Charlie Gray's intervention to track them down before they could move out of town.

Charlie Gray's home was on Ludlow Street at the end of my collecting route, so I always stopped there late Saturday afternoon to settle my account. Customers usually paid their bills with loose change, so that we had to count out and verify the total (about 20 dollars) in nickels, dimes, "two-bit" and the occasional "four-bit" piece. That kind of change wears holes in pockets and did so on one memorable occasion to the extent that I did not have sufficient cash in pocket to meet my obligation. When I did, it was a source of satisfaction to have my invoice marked "paid." On average, I cleared about $5 to $6 a week, *without tips*.

Tips were not a significant source of income for paper boys in Rochester. Unlike John Ficarra, who was miffed when a "prickly guy" had the nerve to ask him for change, I was expected to make exact change to the penny and did so without a thought. At Christmas, many customers would give me an extra dime or quarter, and I was both surprised and grateful.

In the war years, many households had Blue Star scrolls hanging in a front porch window. When a star turned to Gold, I did not know what to do or say and would be struck mute. One woman, normally very cheerful with a pleasant remark when I collected, thereafter could not look me in the eye when her star turned to Gold and never was able to speak to me again. Perhaps I reminded her of a son. Her aggrieved visage stays with me to this day.

In 1944, we left Rochester when my father was transferred to Ferry-Morse's plant-breeding station in Hazelton, Idaho. Still not trusting banks, he bought a small house for $1,900, paying cash. So far as I know he never bought *anything* on credit in his life.

My career as a paperboy was thus ended. My Bank Statement Book #5793 reveals that I withdrew $220 on July 1, 1944, almost entirely my savings as a paper boy. This would not have included the $25 War Bond that Charlie Gray gave me as a departing gift. I, of course, called him "Mister Gray," and he was a good man. As a role model for our youthful newsboy cadre, his caring, honesty and integrity were exemplary.

NOTES

1. **New York Daily News**, Sept. 1, 2019

2. Alger, Horatio, Jr., *Rough and Ready; or, Life Among the New York Newsboys.* Boston, Mass.: A. K. Loring, 1869.

3. Alger, Horatio, Jr., *Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Boot-Blacks*. Boston Mass.: A. K. Loring, 1868.

Guest editorial

Sunday, Sept. 1, 2019

The paperboys who never were

BY JOHN FICARRA

DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER

Since 2004, more than 2,000 newspapers have ceased publication in the United States. Much has been written about the impact these closures have had on journalism and the journalists caught up in the revolution from print to digital.

One affected group that has not been written about are the nation's youth — specifically, the boys and girls who will never get the opportunity to become newspaper carriers and learn the valuable lessons having a paper route can teach.

I started delivering the New York Daily News in 1966 when I was 12 years old. I bought the route for the hefty sum of $3 from J.B., who was giving it up because he said he wasn't making any money. Within a week, I discovered why. J.B. had a list of 46 paying customers, yet he had a delivery order for 53 papers. I didn't know the term for it at the time, but I had just figured out the law of supply and demand. By week two, I was in the black.

It was an easy, sweet route. I began delivery at 6 a.m. and was finished by 6:30. I made two cents for each daily paper I delivered and a nickel for each Sunday paper, plus tips.

Being a young entrepreneur, I realized that if I got more customers, I could make more money.

Usually, the delivery guy threw in one or two extra papers every day by accident. I would mark these papers "Free Sample" and leave them at a potential customer's door for three days in a row. Then I'd skip a day and let them see what life was like without the morning news waiting for them. I'd drop by that night and try to sign them up.

Within six months, I built the route up to 75 daily customers and 120 on Sunday. I cleared $50-60 a week. For a middle-grade kid in the 1960s, this was not shabby money.

Most of my customers were honest, decent folks, but I had my share of deadbeats. Some would string me along for weeks without paying, then cancel. Others would pretend not to be home when I came to collect.

One customer, an especially prickly guy, never tipped. When delivery cost rose to 91 cents a week, I made the mistake of saying thank you and walking away after he handed me a dollar.

"Hey," he called after me, "aren't you forgetting something?"

"Sorry," I said, handing him back a dime. "You keep the penny." (Though every week after that I made sure to have nine pennies in my hand).

My favorite customers were the Millers, a lovely, elderly couple. Mrs. Miller waited for me every morning, so I could hand her the paper. I remember thinking at the time that she was so thin and frail, she might snap in two if she had to bend over to pick it up. One morning she told me that Mr. Miller had died and she had to stop delivery because she could no longer afford it.

With the loss of newspapers, so too go life lessons for young entrepreneurs.

I told her, in my own, awkward kid way, how sorry I was, but I could never bring myself to put in a stop order on Mrs. Miller's paper. She found one waiting for her, gratis, every morning till the day I gave up the route.

There were unexpected perks, too. One day, Scott Towels announced a new promotion: send in 30 proofs of purchase and get a free camera. I asked my customers for help. They flooded me with proofs of purchase. In the end I got three cameras; kept one and gave away two as Christmas presents.

While the money was great, much of it was spent as quickly as it came in. What lasted was what I learned: the basics of running a small business; how to handle money and all sorts of people. Most importantly, I learned about commitment and responsibility and I developed a strong work ethic.

Pretty good lessons that, sadly, fewer of today's 12-year-olds are having the chance to learn.

John Ficarra is former editor of MAD Magazine.

Major league talent makes for Paramount's winning 'Newsies'

BY BARBARA VITELLO

It's getting a bit late in the season for a baseball reference, but it applies in the case of Paramount Theatre's "Newsies," the ever-timely tuner that pairs Jack Feldman's lyrics and Harvey Fierstein's book with Alan Menken's irresistible, foot-tapping score.

The well-loved musical about the New York City newsboy strike of 1899, which triumphed on Broadway after it flopped on film, marks another home run for the Aurora theater known for attracting major league talent.

Underscored by the same authenticity artistic director Jim Corti brought to his boldly re-imagined "West Side Story" in 2016, Paramount's is a splendidly gritty revival where the smudged faces and tatty clothes reflect the hardscrabble lives of the child workers who sleep on the street. Or, in the case of Jack Kelly (Alex Prakken, self-confident and charming) and his best friend Crutchie (a sweetly vulnerable Michael Kurowski), on a roof.

Paramount Theatre in Aurora, Illinois, opened its 9th season in September with a rousing revival of "Newsies," inspired by the New York City newsboy strike of 1899 and directed by artistic director Jim Corti with choreography by Joshua Blake Carter.

That authenticity extends to Joshua Blake Carter's snappy, athletic choreography. Not always perfectly synced or entirely uniform, Carter's leaps, pirouettes and flips are perfectly distinct and entirely real, revealing each newsie's individuality.

Menken's score — comprised mostly of gung-ho anthems extolling brotherhood, courage, loyalty and social justice — is more homogeneous. His tunes are infectious, from the clarion calls for social justice expressed in "The World Will Know" and "Once and For All," to the boundless enthusiasm reflected in "Carrying the Banner" and the taptastic "King of New York," all of them played by an 11-piece orchestra conducted by Tom Vendafreddo.

Back to Jack and Crutchie. We meet them in a building dwarfed by neighboring skyscrapers that nearly obscure the sky. There, Jack dreams of escaping to the clean air and wide-open spaces of his imagined Santa Fe. Instead, he's consigned to the crowded, gray-tinged metropolis (by set designer William Boles and lighting designer Victoria Bain) where he leads a ragamuffin group of poor, mostly orphaned boys who hawk papers for publishing tycoons Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst. When Pulitzer and other publishers raise the price they charge the newsboys for the "papes," the newsies revolt.

At the urging of Davey (Koray Tarhan), they form a union — with Prakken as its leader and beating heart. The boys organize a citywide strike covered by Katherine Plumber (an auspicious professional debut from Justine Cameron), a reporter who catches Jack's eye and heart as she encourages the strikers to expand their efforts beyond ensuring fair treatment for newsies to improving conditions for all child workers. If Tarhan's Davey is the movement's brains and Kurowski's Crutchie is its conscience, Cameron's Katherine is its fighting spirit.

That's what makes this underdog tale so appealing, in particular the enthusiasm and grit in the case of Paramount's winning revival.

---

*Barbara Vitello is a senior staff writer and theater critic for the **Daily Herald** of Arlington Heights, Illinois.*

The Newsboys' Lodging-House

Introduction by Gary Scharnhorst: During a period of 18 months in the mid-1860s, a weekly Unitarian newspaper published in New York under the title **Christian Inquirer**, renamed the **Liberal Christian** in 1867, received a total of five contributions from the pen of Horatio Alger, Jr. Three of these stories were reprinted from other sources, but two of them, a juvenile story and an autobiographical essay, are new items. The essay is particularly interesting, for in it Alger described what must have been one of his first visits to the Newsboys' Lodging House after his arrival in the city in 1866.

In chronological order, then, these are the items Alger contributed to the paper:

1. "Squire Pitman's Peaches," **Christian Inquirer**, 29 July 1865, p. 4. Reprinted from **Student and Schoolmate**.

2. "How Johnny Bought a Sewing-Machine," **Christian Inquirer**, 2 August 1866, p. 7. Reprinted from **Our Young Folks**.

3. "Harry's New Skates," **Liberal Christian**, 16 February, 1867, p. 6.

4. "The Newsboys' Lodging-House," **Liberal Christian**, 20 April 1867, p. 6.

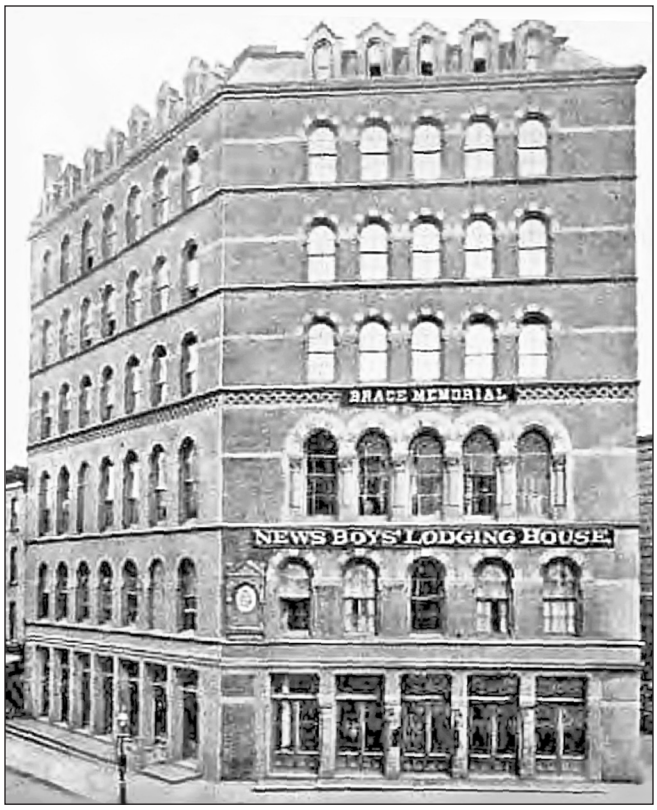
5. "A Christmas Dinner," **Liberal Christian**, 7 December 1867, p. 6. Reprinted from **Student and Schoolmate**, where it appeared under the title "Little Phil's Christmas Dinner."

Because it is the most significant of these items, Alger's memoir of his visit to the Newsboys' Lodge is reprinted below.

* * *

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

At the corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets stands a building of six stories, the lower part occupied by the daily *Sun*, while the two upper stories are devoted to the Newsboys' Lodging House. One evening I climbed the narrow winding staircase until I found myself at the door of the school-room. Upon entering, I found a broad, low room, with about one hundred and fifty newsboys and boot-blacks. They were arranged on benches facing a raised platform surrounded by a railing, and were listening with every appearance of attention to an exposition



The Charles Loring Brace Memorial Newsboys' Lodging-House in lower Manhattan.

of Scripture. This was the Sunday evening exercise. On other evenings instruction is given in the ordinary English branches,

The boys differed largely in personal appearance. Some were apparently seventeen or eighteen; others no more than six or seven. Their faces were not all that clean, nor, as may be imagined, was the toilet irreproachable. The garments of many presented a curious mosaic of many-colored patching. Some were clad merely in shirts and pants, with the addition of a fragmentary vest, while in other cases the shirt was wanting. A few were quite decently dressed.

But, generally speaking, they were ill and insufficiently clad. But in spite of this external disadvantage, the boys looked bright and intelligent; their faces were marked by a certain sharpness produced by the circumstances of their condition. Thrown upon the world almost in infancy, compelled to depend on their own energy for a living, there was about them an air of self-reliance and calculation, which usually comes much later. But this advantage had been gained at the expense of exposure to temptations of various

(Continued on Page 14)

This article by Horatio Alger detailing his 1866 visit to the Newsboys' Lodging-House in New York made its only previous ***Newsboy*** *appearance in the December 1981 issue (Vol. XX, No. 5). Writer/researcher Gary Scharnhorst, a longtime contributor to this publication, received the 2018 H.A.S* ***Newsboy Award*** *in recognition for his many years of Alger scholarship.*

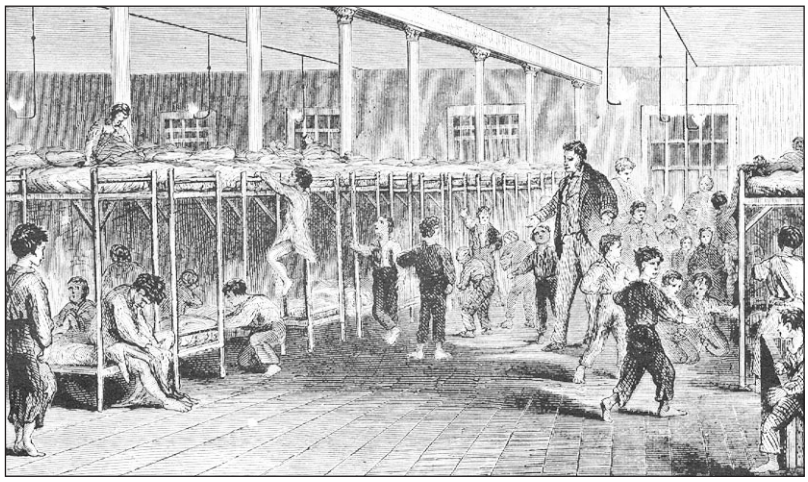
The Newsboys' Lodging-House

(Continued from Page 13)

kinds, and more or less ignorance of books.

After the exercises I was shown the dormitory by the obliging superintendent, Mr. O'Connor. This occupies the fifth story. Here are one hundred and forty neat beds, which must be luxurious to the weary newsboy, who not unfrequently finds a less comfortable bed in an empty box or old wagon, or on the hard pavement in some arched passage. Indeed, I could sleep upon one of the beds myself without any diminuation of my usual comfort. For a night's lodging the charge is but five cents, and the same for a plain meal of coffee and bread, sometimes with soup. But one meal daily is furnished, and that at night.

During the day, the young patrons of this establishment can be provided for elsewhere. The charges, of course, are much below what would be required if it was the design to make the institution self-supporting. But for its existence the least sum at which a newsboy could procure a lodging outside, would be twenty-five cents, and that probably in some miserable locality.



The Newsboys' Lodging-House 140-bed dormitory, on the fifth floor.

There is a newsboys' savings-bank in the schoolroom, or a table with over a hundred closed boxes appropriated to different boys; through slits in the top they drop such sums as they can spare. In the course of a month this amounts in the aggregate to several hundred dollars. Comparts are assigned for the custody of such spare clothing as boys may possess, though this is seldom used. Few own a change of underclothing, and the possessor two suits is regarded as a patrician among these young plebeians.

Opposite the school-room is a room fitted up with a few simple appliances, and used as a gymnasium. This the boys enjoy greatly. "Are they fond of reading?" I asked the superintendent. "Some of them very much so," he answered; "but we have no library to speak of. Some time since Mrs. Aster gave a dozen volumes of the *London Illustrated News*, and one gentleman gave some *Patent Office Reports*, but besides these we have little or nothing. Good boys' books they would gladly receive, and read eagerly."

I could not help thinking that some of our Sunday schools might afford to make up a parcel of books that had been read, no matter if they were worn, and do more good than they imagined, by sending them to the Newsboys' Lodging-House. Will not some of our public-spirited superintendents and teachers take the hint?

The expense of this institution for the last year was $11,000. This year it will probably be more, as the rent has been raised from $1,500 to $5,300. But the present accommodations are insufficient. Sometimes two hundfred boys are crowded into the hundred and forty single beds, and sometimes even more are provided for somehow.

The doors are kept open until twelve at night. From nine o'clock until that time boys straggle in. Some have invested a portion of their scanty earnings in a ticket to the Old Bowery Theatre or Tony Pastor's Minstrels, and that has kept them out till a late hour. Some perhaps have been less innocently engaged in low gambling-houses on Baxter Street, where they have staked small sums, and perhaps imbibed a villainous mixture of gin, which is sold at these places at two cents a glass. One evening a descent was made upon one of these establishments by the police, and over a hundred boys were arrested. That these friendless boys, left very much to their own guidance, should yield to such temptations is not strange.

But for the instruction and advice received at the lodging-house more would doubtless go astray and be ruined. We do not wonder that lodging-houses and similar institutions do not save all, but that with their present means they save and help so many. How cheap is virtue; how costly is crime. For one, a little money and care discreetly bestowed at the outset; for the other, untold suffering, and losses, and expenses for courts and jails, and a ruined man at the end.

Once a fortnight a company of boys start for the West under the auspices of the Society, and of these young emigrants an excellent report is brought back. Doubtless, many street-boys, through the instrumentality of the newsboys' home and the society that maintains it, will grow up intelligent and useful citizens instead of as

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill,

I am fascinated that you have decided to dedicate a good portion of this issue to the vanishing newsboy (and newsgirl!) in America. This awakens quite a few old memories, as my twin brother, Dick, and I both delivered the daily **Beacon-News** during grade school and junior high in our hometown of Aurora, Illinois (about 40 miles west of Chicago). I still get a daily paper, but the whole process has changed! Now, the papers are delivered by adults in their cars, and payment is through automatic billing. I have no idea who my carrier is.

Back then it was different. Dick and I had route number 401 in Aurora, and it was roughly in our neighborhood. We knew the boy who had it before us, and when we were in fifth grade he asked us if we wanted the route. So we went on deliveries with him to get the hang of everything, and we went door-to-door with him on a Friday night to collect the money and pick up a few tips in dealing with customers.

Admittedly, the automatic billing now has really improved the newspaper distribution process. Dick and I quickly learned that we always needed to carry change with us (we had one of those metal coin dispensers that vendors sometimes use), and since the paper was 50 cents a week, we were always sure to carry plenty of quarters. But the problem was getting ahold of people. If they weren't at home on Friday nights we'd sometimes go back on Saturday afternoons or even Sunday afternoons. Sometimes, weeks would go by without us being able to reach someone, and of course that meant money out of our pockets. Eventually, though, we'd get everything taken care of.

We divided the route in half. Dick took one half and I took the other ... it was spread out over several blocks. We collected together, though.

We got to know some of the persons on our route quite well. One of them was Harry C. Murphy, former president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. He and his wife were quite kind to us and always asked about school, our interests, etc. They and others would tip us every week and would give us candy, baked goods, etc. when we stopped by to collect the paper money. A few months ago, I went back to visit my family. I asked Dick to drive around our old route on Oak Street, and we both started rattling off names of the people who lived in those houses. "Wasn't that Mrs. Kleinschmidt's house?" "No, she was in the house next door." "Oh, yes ... and that house over there always smelled kind of funny inside." "Yes, it did, but she and her sister were really nice."

This 3-cent commemorative stamp was issued in 1952, honoring the newspaper carriers of America.

As I said, the drive brought back a lot of old memories of more than 50 years ago, and primarily pleasant memories, too. We were young kids, and a lot of our customers — middle-aged and up — took a friendly interest in us. Dick and I have seven brothers and sisters, and our route was passed down to succeeding family members. It stayed in our family for quite a few years.

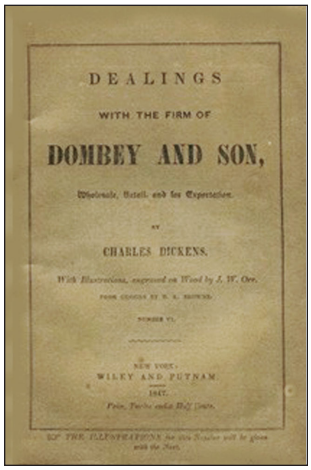
Thanks again, Bill, for your tribute to the old newspaper carriers. By the way, some years ago the **Free Lance-Star** here in Fredericksburg dedicated a newspaper boy statue in front of its building and invited all former carriers to attend the ceremony. Of course I was there!

Sincerely,
Jack Bales (PF-258)
422 Greenbrier Court
Fredericksburg, VA 22401
Email: jbales@umw.edu

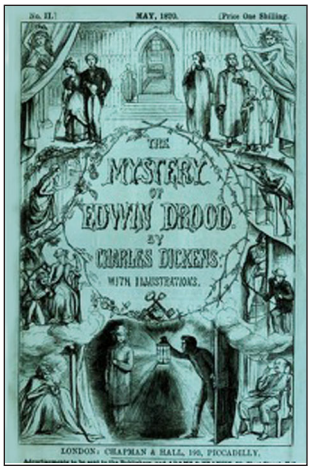
---

outcasts and criminals. Let me add that gifts of cast-off boys' clothing of any kind are always acceptable and useful. Perhaps some of the boys who, I hope, will read this article, have an old cap or other garments which they would like to bestow on some of these poor boys in the lodging-house, each of whom without parents, is sturdily fighting the battle of life on his own account.

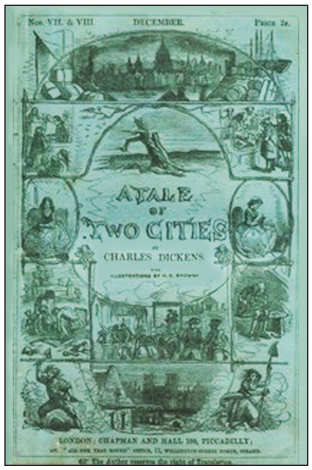
The success of this establishment should be encouragement to the charitable everywhere to engage in the same great Christian enterprise. Just think what it is to pluck a boy out of the perils and pitfalls of a great city and save him from a career of vice and crime to one of usefulness and honesty, and you will not hesitate to engage in a great work of practical beneficence.



Ex. 2



Ex. 3



Ex. 4

Ex. 5

President's column

(Continued from Page 6)

parts covers with illustrated scenes is from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (Example 3).

Dickens died before the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* was completed, and he left no notes that definitively determined what happened to Drood. Numerous scholarly works have been written by "experts" attempting to complete the book and bring the mystery to its conclusion. Many of these geniuses have used the cover illustrations to help explain their idea of how the story was supposed to unfold. The picture of the man with the lantern at the bottom of the cover does not reflect a scene from the book. So what does it indicate? Only Dickens' knows!

Another example of a Dickens novel first published in parts is *A Tale of Two Cities* (Example 4).

Each pamphlet also had a number of tipped in advertisements. Apparently, when the monthly part was being put together, workers would be on an assembly line of sorts, and a person would be responsible for placing certain ads into the booklet. Each month, the new pamphlet would be published and the previous ones reprinted. The new part would have different ads placed into it and the reprinted parts would generally have the ads that were previously in the booklet. After all the parts were published, they would be collated into a book (sans ads).

An example of an inserted ad placed by Chapman & Co. is shown in Example 5.

For a number of years I collected first editions of Charles Dickens, and it can be very frustrating. In 1933, Hatton and Cleaver wrote a bibliography indicating which ads must be present in a part for it to be a first edition. Of course, as you can imagine, there are several problems. What if the person responsible for the "Orlando Jones & Co." ad in Example 5 went to the bathroom during the collation process? Well, the booklets completed during that time-frame would lack that ad and thus would not be considered first editions (even though they were).

Of course, Hatton and Cleaver looked through numerous copies to determine which ads were in the first editions. But not all is as definitive as one would hope. I have correspondence that Hatton wrote to another bibliographer after his reference book was published that indicated there were numerous uncertainties about ads and their placement. Oh, well …

And even the true first edition of a Dickens' book can be problematic.

Of further interest is that a first-edition book has to be made up of the first edition of each part. This means that all the little errors, typos, pictures, etc. have to be from the earliest part published. In some books, like *The Pickwick Papers*, this can be a difficult chore. For virtually every illustration in the book, there is at least one variant. For example, I own an example of an early and a late illustration of the same *Pickwick Papers* scene, which contains subtle differences.

Well, for those northerners who are getting ready to embrace the winter, I am enclosing this little biographical tidbit from **The Universalist Register**:

> MRS. SARAH MARIA CLINTON PERKINS, was killed Dec. 2 1905., by a coal wagon while crossing Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O. For many years she was an active temperance

So, when crossing the street, look both ways and watch out for those coal wagons!

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Cary S. Sternick (PF-933)
26 Chestnut Hill Ct.
The Woodlands, TX 77380
Email: css3@mac.com