

Newsboy

EDITOR

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Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devoted
to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



THE BOYS: "HANG WOMAN'S RIGHTS, ANYWAY"

This illustration was drawn by J. R. Shaver for Jacob Riis's article, "The New York Newsboy," which appeared in the December, 1912, issue of The Century Magazine. The caption beneath the drawing touches upon a subject that is as controversial today as it was sixty-four

years ago.

As many Alger Society members know, Jacob Riis was one of the country's most notable muckrakers of all time. His 1890 best seller, How The Other Half Lives, was a searing expose of living conditions in New York City tenements.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

NOTE ON 1976 HAS CONVENTION

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.

OFFICERS

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, claims for missing issues, and orders for single copies of current or back numbers of Newsboy should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 - June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

Newsboy recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's Horatio Alger Or, The American Hero Era, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

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The twelfth annual meeting of the Horatio Alger Society was held in Rosemont, Illinois, May 6-7-8-9, 1976. A full report of the convention activities, including the names of the new officers, will appear in the next issue of Newsboy.

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IN MEMORIAM

HAS member G. Daniel Schindler, PF-429, Clinton, Michigan, died Wednesday, March 3, 1976, at his home. Besides belonging to the Alger Society, Dan was a member of the Clinton Rotary Club for fourteen years, where he had served as Past President and Sergeant of Arms. We express our condolences to his family.

PF-264, George C. Clarke, died Wednesday, March 17, 1976, at the home of a daughter in Cromwell, Connecticut. A long admirer of Alger and his works, George hosted the 1970 Society convention in Revere, Massachusetts, the birthplace of Horatio Alger, Jr. He also spoke frequently on Alger, particularly promoting the author to groups of young people. Our sincere condolences to his family.

Leo Frank Moore, of Huntington Beach, California, died several weeks ago. One of the top collectors of Alger in the country, Frank, PF-137, corresponded frequently with many HAS members. Our sorrow at the news of his death is expressed to his family.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-000 Forrest Campbell
R7b1553
Ocala, Florida 32670

PF-258 Jack Bales
1214 W. College Ave.
Jacksonville, Ill. 62650

I will be at this address beginning August 1, 1976, and I am pleased to announce that I will be moving to Jacksonville to accept the position of

June-July

Public Service Librarian at Illinois College. During the months of June and July, 1976, my address will be 440 Palace St., Aurora, Illinois 60506.

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NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-263 M. M. Davison
14 Boxwood Dr.
Stamford, Conn. 06906

As Mr. Davison joined the Horatio Alger Society in 1969, he should be referred to as a "reinstated" member rather than as a "new" one. He owns 150 Alger books and is a designer of graphics. His other hobbies include the collecting of rare books and rare antique toys. Welcome back!!

PF-477 John R. Ruckel
1355 Roanoke Ave.
Apt. 7-C
Riverhead, N. Y. 11901

John learned of HAS in Eddie LeBlanc's Dime Novel Round-Up. He has read twenty Algers in the past several years, and has given them to his nephews. He also enjoys music, reading, and visiting historic sites.

PF-478 Robert L. Hendrickson
810 Morrison St.
Fort Atkinson, Wis. 53538

Robert is a professor of education at the University of Wisconsin at White-water. Owner of eighty-one Alger titles, his daughter-in-law, a librarian, found the address of the Society in the Encyclopedia of Associations. His main interest in Alger is "the enjoyment of reading Alger's books that describe the high moral standards of American youth."

PF-479 Robert A. Mazurowski
26 Autumn Lea Road
Depew, N. Y. 14043

At this writing, I know of nothing to write for an introduction except to note that Robert is an auditor.

PF-480 O. B. Augustson
% West Central Daily Tribune
Willmar, Minn. 56201

Mr. Augustson owns thirty-five Alger books, and learned of the Society through HAS member Ralph D. Gardner. He is editor and publisher of the Daily Tribune and is a local history author. He recalls on his membership application that he "came out of a very poor home, but was able to get a copy of an Alger book. Believe it was The Erie Train Boy. In later manhood, I remembered that book and declared that I would become a librarian of as many books as I could lay my hands on!"

PF-481 Dr. N. C. Johnson
1505 Country Club Drive
High Point, North Carolina 27262

Dr. Johnson, a dentist, read of the Horatio Alger Society in an article that appeared last summer in the National Enquirer. Besides collecting Algers, he enjoys playing golf and gardening.

PF-482 Charles Veitengruber
9890 W. Tuscola Rd.
Frankenmuth, Mich. 48734

Charles is a letter carrier and book dealer, and is interested in learning more about the collectibility and market for Algers. Owner of about twenty titles, HAS Secretary Carl Hartmann told him of the Society.

PF-483 James Osterhout
155 Niagara Way
Manchester, N. Y. 14504

James owns forty-four Algers, and enjoys collecting Edison cylinder machines, United States coins, stamps, American Revolution relics, tintypes, and daguerreotypes. He read of the Horatio Alger Society in The Boys' Book Collector.

* * *
B O O K M A R T

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members.

Please list title, publisher, condition, and price.

Offered by Courtland "Babe" Swift,
28 Colin St., Yonkers, N. Y. 10701.
Telephone: (914) 423-3237

Telegraph Boy (first edition)	Loring	Vg	\$40.00	Joe's Luck (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt	G	\$10.00
Helen Ford (first edition)	Loring	G	35.00	Facing the World (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt	G	10.00
Mark Mason's Victory (first edition)	Burt	G	20.00	Dan, The Newsboy (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt	G	10.00
Ben's Nugget (first edition)	P&C	G	25.00	The Errand Boy (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt		10.00
From Canal Boy to President	And.	Ex	15.00	A Debt of Honor (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt		10.00
The Odds Against Him	Penn	G	25.00	Joe's Luck (deluxe ed., pageboy head in diamond cover)	Burt	G	10.00
The World Before Him (first six pages xeroxed)	Penn		20.00	Helen Ford (newsboy on cover)	Winston	Vg	7.00
Western Boy	T&T		20.00	Five Hundred Dollars	Donohue	Vg	5.00
Young Captain Jack	Mer.	Ex	25.00	Frank Fowler (deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)	Burt	Vg	10.00
From Farm Boy to Senator	Ogilvie	Ex	30.00	Grit, The Young Boatman	Donohue	G	4.00
A Rolling Stone	T&T	G	15.00	Grit	Hurst	G	4.00
Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy	De Wolfe	G	20.00	Nothing to Do, Wiley & Halstead, 1857, First Edition, Good — see Ralph D. Gardner's <u>Road to Success</u> , p. 96			\$10
Falling in With Fortune	C-P	Vg	10.00	Frank Hunter's Peril, paperback, S&S New Medal Library #547			10.00
Digging for Gold	P&C	G	15.00	Bernard Brook's Adventures, paperback, S&S Alger Series, #71			8.00
Luck and Pluck	Loring	F-G	8.00	Lester's Luck, paperback, S&S Alger Series, #68			8.00
Walter Sherwood's Probation	HTC		20.00	Ned Newton, paperback, S&S Medal Library, #118			10.00
Risen from the Ranks	Loring		15.00	Reuben Stone's Discovery, paperback, by Edward Stratemeyer, S&S Alger Series, #99			10.00
Sink or Swim	Loring	G	10.00	Alger: A Biography Without a Hero, by Herbert R. Mayes, Macy-Masius, 1928, includes <u>Newsboy</u> , January-February, 1974, that has Mayes-Henderson letters			20.00
Mark, The Matchboy (one inch torn off top & bottom spine)	Loring		5.00	From Rags to Riches, by John Tebbel, with dust jacket, Macmillan, 1963, excellent			10.00
Rufus and Rose (contents in recovered covers)	Loring		5.00	Horatio's Boys, by Edwin Hoyt, Chilton Book Co., 1974, mint			4.00
Strive and Succeed (lacks ads)	Loring		10.00	In a New World	HTC	mint	10.00
Fame and Fortune	Loring	G	15.00	Sink or Swim	HTC	mint	10.00
Ragged Dick	Loring		25.00	Try and Trust	P&C	G	8.00
Lost at Sea	G&D	Vg	10.00	Young Explorer	P&C	G	8.00
Randy of the River	G&D	Vg	10.00	Shifting for Himself	P&C	Vg	10.00
Jerry, The Backwoods Boy	G&D	Vg	10.00	Tony the Tramp	Hurst	G	4.00
From Farm to Fortune	G&D	Vg	10.00	The Tin Box	Hurst	G	4.00
Mark, The Matchboy	P&C	G	8.00	Strong and Steady (blue cover with oval illustration)	Winston	G	8.00
Sam's Chance	P&C	Ex	10.00	The Young Outlaw (blue cover with oval illustration)	Winston	Ex	8.00
Frank's Campaign	P&C	F	8.00				
Paul Prescott's Charge	P&C	Vg	10.00				
Hector's Inheritance	HTC	Vg	5.00				
The Store Boy	HTC	Vg	10.00				
Young Explorer (Winston on spine)		Vg	10.00				

Following four books are Burt deluxe editions, with pageboy head in diamond cover. Each is in good condition, \$10.00 apiece: Tom, The Boot-black, Tom Thatcher's Fortune, The Train Boy, Tom Temple's Career.

Tony, The Hero	Burt	Ex	\$10.00
deluxe ed., tri-panel cover)			
Victor Vane	HTC		8.00
(faded cover)			

All refunds cheerfully made if not satisfied. If you think the price is not right, make an offer. Selling out everything.

Offered by Rohima Walter, 1307 Greenbush, Lafayette, Indiana 47904.

Strong and Steady	Hurst	G	\$8.00
Herbert Carter's Legacy	Hurst	G	8.00
Erie Train Boy	Hurst	G	8.00
Ragged Dick	Winston	G	25.00
Five Hundred Dollars	Hurst	G	8.00
Slow and Sure	Hurst	G	8.00
(cover is soiled)			

Abbreviations used in this month's BOOK MART: Ex = Excellent, G = Good, Vg = Very good, F-G = Fair to good, P&C = Porter and Coates, And. = Anderson, T&T = Thompson and Thomas, Mer. = Mershon, HTC = Henry T. Coates, G&D = Grosset and Dunlap, S&S = Street and Smith, C-P = Chatterton-Peck, F = Fair, and ed. = edition.

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NEWS BUTCHERS

by Stewart H. Holbrook

(Editor's note: The following, taken from the April, 1947, issue of The American Mercury, is from the collection of Jack Bales. Holbrook is also author of Lost Men of American History, New York: Macmillan, 1946, in which there is the chapter, "Laissez Faire and Mr. Alger").

Most Americans of middle age can recall a time when the news agent on the steam cars was a somewhat dazzling character. He was not as glamorous as the brass-bound conductor, nor was he comparable to the grimy yet godlike personage who had his hand on the

throttle of the locomotive and put her through on time. But the news agent did have an appeal to the adolescent that was not to be denied.

A writer who never missed an opportunity to glorify American boys in all walks of life, namely Horatio Alger, Jr., early recognized the news agent as a fit subject for one of his interminable stories, and put him forthwith into The Erie Train Boy, a lad who, so it turned out, by hard work and attention to his customers, became wealthy and wound up in his middle years with a fortune and a gold-headed cane. How many boys of the late nineteenth century Alger's deathless work sent seeking news agent jobs isn't known, but at least two train boys, William A. Brady and Thomas Alva Edison, made good and went on from there to success in other lines.

I cannot learn who was the first peddler of newspapers, magazines, fruit and tobacco on an American railway train. Not even William A. Eichhorn, secretary of the American News Company, the colossus of news agencies, can tell me. Perhaps he was one Billy Skelly who sold his wares on the cars of the New York & Erie at an early date, later controlled all sales on Erie trains and finally sold out at a thumping good profit to the Union News Company, thus proving beyond doubt that Horatio Alger was right. In any case, the news butchers themselves have been singularly backward in discussing their art in print, perhaps they are like magicians who prefer their public to remain in the dark.

The train newsboy was commonly a worldly character, at least after he had made a run or two on the cars. In the early period he was anywhere from twelve to eighteen years of age. He worked pretty much on his own, or rather his job was a concession and all he made from it was his own; or else he worked on commission for some individual capitalist. (Edison had four or five boys working for him.) Working on commission has a tendency to make a lad hustle, as the phrase has it, and no

young Americans of late last century were better known for their hustling qualities than the train newsboys. The most successful of them were good showmen, alert for every chance to turn an honest or even a partly honest dollar, or dime.

A trainboy had to be quick-witted. Every day he met from one to one thousand people, many of whom would trim him if they could. He quickly grew in shrewdness, and often turned the tables by trimming the would-be trimmers, and many an honest man as well. No few newsboys were brash and cocky, imitating the manners of the more vulgar drummers who were their steadiest customers. With their blue uniforms and brass buttons, and a cap that said "News Agent" on it, the boys felt quite important and looked down with much condescension on all other boys of their age, whom they considered bucolics. By around 1850 at the earliest, the newsboy on the train was a figure of the American railroad world, almost as conventionalized as the brave engineer, the jaunty brakeman, the dignified conductor, or the president with the plug hat and sideburns.

In my own youth the train news butcher was something of a character, at least in Boston & Maine territory. He had the blue suit and the cap with a brass name plate. He smoked cigarettes before the rest of us had got through the cubeb period. He read the Police Gazette, which he also sold, and was believed to know about Sex. His voice was commonly of high pitch and great power, and his enunciation so swift that words were scarcely distinguishable. He waved at farm girls who stood beside barns and wellsweeps, and winked at female passengers of all ages. These things set him apart from other boys, and so did his ability to make change quickly — and not always accurately.

It was firmly believed by my group of boys that news butchers could drink all the soda pop they wanted, free of charge; and eat all the candy and crackerjacks they could hold. This of course was not true, but we believed it

and it added to the newsboy's glamor. As if these things were not enough, the butch sometimes helped the conductor to pick up the ticket markers from the clips above the seats; and he was permitted to get off and on the train when it was moving into or out of a station. This he did nonchalantly, as if he were bored slightly at having to get off a train operating at less than forty miles an hour.

II

Collecting first-hand material about the early train butchers proved a difficult task, and it was only with the help of Railroad Magazine, an old reliable in its field, that I managed to get in touch with old-time members of the craft. Perhaps the most representative of the group, because of his wide experience, was Forrest O. Hayes, now of Purdy, Mo., who retired on a conductor's pension in 1937, but started his long career on the rails as a news butcher. Hayes lived in Punxsutawney, Pa., southern terminus of the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, now a part of the B. & O., and known locally in its day as the Bums, Robbers & Pickpockets. For his first run in the early nineties, trainboy Hayes put on a brass-bound cap that said "News Agent" on it, and mounted the train that ran between Punxsutawney and Bradford, a distance of some 104 miles.

"At that period," Mr. Hayes recalls, "our stock consisted of newspapers, periodicals, books, candy, chewing gum, tobacco and cigars. I never handled cigarettes, or had a call for them. My leading numbers in the literary field were the paper-backs at twenty-five and fifty cents. Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay were far and away the best sellers at twenty-five cents. I found it almost impossible to keep in stock such numbers as A Mad Betrothal and Parted by Fate. The leading fifty-cent author was Archibald Clavering Gunter and the favorites were Mr. Barnes of New York and Mr. Potter of Texas.

"The magazines we handled at that time were really good ones — no such trash

as clutters the trains and the stands today. We sold Century, Harper's, Lippincott's, McClure's, Everybody's, and Argosy. The humorous weeklies were very popular — Puck, Judge, and Life. We did not get the Police Gazette in my territory."

All experienced butchers of the time had a sideline or two, the profits of which went to the butcher alone. Mr. Hayes' under-the-counter department held several books written by one Albert Ross, all with seductive titles, such as Stolen Sweets, Thou Shalt Not, and His Private Character; and The Decameron, even then an old standby. All of these numbers were contraband, and to be caught with them meant dismissal. Mr. Hayes also recalls that for a period butchers handled an alleged Fanny Hill, an out-and-out fake, not so much as a suggestive line in it.

"For these supposedly off-color books," says Mr. Hayes, "we charged \$2.50 or \$3.00 and all butchers were pretty good at holding to market prices. We unloaded the pseudo-erotic stuff largely on lumberjacks around Mount Jewett, who would readily pay the prices we asked. I remember that at Bradford there was a woman, known simply as Madame Stoddard, who operated places of entertainment and relaxation for loggers at Bradford and at Johnsonburg, a paper mill and tannery town. Her business required Madame to make a trip once a week. She was quite a source of revenue to me, but she never purchased any of the offcolor books. She wouldn't even look at them. But how she did love Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay. Often she bought ten or twelve of those titles."

Mr. Hayes recalls the cigars supplied him by the news company as quite dreadful, real stinkers. He refused to sell them to railroadmen, or station agents along the line, or to drummers. For these friends he carried a good line of cigars, selling them at cost as a goodwill gesture. He had several lines of chewing tobacco, both plug and fine-cut, for the numerous ruminants of the day. His candy line included glass

pistols filled with gum drops. All candy was packaged, and a little box of lemon drops contained, says Hayes, more paper than candy.

Hayes had a pretty good run. "Between Bradford and Punxsutawney we tapped a rich and virgin territory. The south end was busy with coke and coal, then began the timber region that finally terminated in the oil fields around Bradford. Tanneries, papermills, pulpmills, sawmills, and glass works dotted the district. The Swedes who worked in the tanneries bought almost nothing from the butchers. Nor did the miners. But the native-born lumberjack was a real spender, perhaps the best of them all, especially when he had taken aboard a load of Bradford liquor. But he had to be handled with care or he'd start a riot.

"Pennsylvania farmers, whether 'Dutch' or otherwise, were poor spenders. The York state farmers were also notoriously thrifty. I had a run for a while on the New York Central from Rochester to Syracuse and many a round-trip grossed less than one dollar in sales. I got a transfer from the Central as quick as I could."

Over the years, news butchers developed, like any other trade, a number of methods to increase profits. A favorite stunt was to have on hand a big supply of pennies and the large two-cent pieces then current; and then, while selling a newspaper to a passenger who had passed out a quarter or a fifty-cent piece, to start doling out the coppers. When the customer saw what was going on, likely as not he'd say to keep the change. But it was on the excursions that the lads planned for a killing.

A popular excursion place was the Kinzu Viaduct, near Mount Jewett, said to have been the highest bridge in the United States. Ten-car excursion trains were run there in summer and were so lucrative that the senior news butchers always bid them in. In addition to the

usual wares supplied by the news company, the butchers always had some of their own stuff along, including a few barrels of alleged lemonade, set up in the baggage car. This was a concoction made of plenty of water, a sizable dose of tartaric acid, and a few lemons for looks. Just before the long train pulled out, says Mr. Hayes, the butcher would make certain that all the water coolers were drained dry. Then he would break out the salted peanuts and take them through the train, gloating to see the kids, and often their parents, going all out for the throat-parching stuff. By the time Hayes was on the way back to the baggage car from the salted-peanuts trip, the youngsters would be yelling for water. The water coolers gave out not one drop, but Hayes and his buddies were right on the job with their dilution of tartaric acid, and it went down the hatch by the gallon. One such excursion netted Hayes a private profit of \$79.

Butch Hayes thoroughly enjoyed the life, but it was getting him nowhere. In 1898 he entered train service and spent the next forty years on the rails. He has wondered, as have I, why no news butcher has ever set down his life and times in a book.

Nor is there anything even approaching a satisfactory account of the inception and rise of what is now the American News Company, which "Covers a Continent." In a fat, handsome brochure the company published in 1944, for its eightieth birthday, a mere nineteen lines of text serves to relate the concern's long history. Today it has nearly four hundred branches in the United States and Canada and supplies ninety thousand retailers, many of them train butchers, with wares. The brochure displays portraits of The Founders, seven in number, who were George Dexter, Henry Dexter, Solomon W. Johnson, John E. Tousey, John Hamilton, Sinclair Tousey, and Patrick Farrelly.

From various sources, including Secretary Eichhorn of American News, I learned that the company was organized

in 1864 by a merger of the three largest news agencies then in business. Only one of The Founders, Farrelly, had served as a train butcher. Farrelly did this on the Philadelphia & Reading, and with such success that he quickly saved enough cash to set himself up as a wholesaler. He was a stripling of twenty-three when he sold out to — and became an official of — American News. Incidentally, it appears to have been an Englishman, a Mr. Whitmore, who first had the idea of supplying all newspapers and magazines in one package to retailers. He started such a business in New York in 1842. Two years later the idea had spread, and at least a dozen similar agencies were active.

III

Doubtless a lot of the stuff supplied to news butchers in times past was shoddy — cheap imitations of standard products. But I recall a kind of checkerberry wafer sold by agents on the Maine Central and the Boston & Maine that was the finest ever made, or so it seemed to boys of my time. They came rolled in brilliant purple paper and were so strong as to bite the tongue, pleasantly, especially when consumed along with the smoke and car gas common to steam trains of the era. Glass revolvers filled with candies, mentioned by ex-butcher Hayes, were apparently a standard item of American News. I don't seem to recall seeing them elsewhere than on trains or in depots. Another popular number never seen outside news-butcher territory was a glass switchman's lantern filled with a tasteless hard candy.

My own memory of the extracurricular items handled by butchers — items unsponsored and unknown to the company — was of a plain, sealed package which the butch said was "The Paris Package," which contained matter described as "snappy." This package cost one dollar, a tremendous sum, and it was not to be opened until one got off the train, for, the butch said, if he were caught selling such lascivious material he would be sent to the state

prison for life. On opening the package, the gull would find six post-cards depicting scenes of a partially disrobed woman who was patently going to bed alone.

Yet some of the butchers must have handled real "hot stuff" — on the side, of course — for I knew a hired man on a farm who returned to northern Vermont from a trip to Boston with a copy of Only a Boy, which he had purchased on the train and which, in no mealy-mouthed fashion, described the love life of an amorous young man whose abilities compared favorably with those of Frank Harris and One-Eyed Riley.

There was nothing lewd in the paperbacks of Thomas W. Jackson, the man who "libeled the great states of Arkansas and Missouri," to quote a favorite charge against him. Since around 1903 Jackson's books have probably been the most consistent sellers in the literature peddled by train butchers. How many copies of his On a Slow Train through Arkansas and Through Missouri on a Mule have been sold in the steam cars is beyond knowing. Jackson collected all the old minstrel gags about slow trains and hung them one and all on lines in Arkansas. To term his humor broad is a ridiculous understatement; present-day radio comics would find it perfect for their purposes, since it was about as subtle as what Mr. Bones said to Mr. Interlocutor.

For more than forty years, butchers have peddled the Jackson books on trains all over the country. Arkansas, at least, finally felt the need to combat their influence. In August 1946, Mr. Glenn A. Green, publicity director of the Development Commission of the state, sent a letter to newspaper editors throughout the United States calling attention to an article about Arkansas in a current magazine, which Mr. Green said was "a fair exposition of Arkansas." He added that "For more than a century Arkansas has been the victim of adverse publicity" because of "such writers as Opie Read and Thomas W. Jackson. Even today, laughing at Arkansas is a

popular, national pastime."

Of late years the news agents on trains, though not as numerous as they were thirty and forty years ago, still handle Jackson's books and also carry much the same standard fare that has proved solid merchandise for almost a century — newspapers, periodicals, cigars, candy, and of course cigarettes. They also carry a few numbers not seen in the old days, among them a truly ghastly line of pillow tops, the gaudiest things ever beheld, depicting vivid scenes of mountains, rivers, flags, entwined hearts, and Mother, Good Old Mom; and legends and poems of profuse sentimentality. I hope these atrocities will sell well and long, as I believe they will. I trust the butchers themselves will continue to flourish, both on the branch lines and the main runs. A passenger train without a butcher lacks the last connection with the trains of the great days. The gas and cinders have gone from the cars, the red plush is going fast, even the locomotive whistle is dying in the obscene mutterings of the Diesel engine. Let the butchers remain. May they ride the steam cars until the last steam engine has gone to the boneyard and the last rail has been pulled up.

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SCHARNHORST NEEDS ALGER LETTERS

For some months, Gary Scharnhorst, PF-368, has been intensely studying the voluminous amount of significant material contained in the letters of Horatio Alger, Jr. He presently has copies of over 100 Alger letters, and as a direct result of his research has unearthed the existence of a heretofore unknown Alger novel, the story of which will appear in the next issue of Newsboy.

But Gary's study of Alger's letters is far from being completed, and if members have any Alger letters he would greatly appreciate having copies of them. They do not have to be photo-reproduced facsimiles — handwritten or typed copies will be satisfactory. Gary's address is 425 Harrison St., Apt. 1, West LaFayette, Indiana 47906.

ALGER GENEALOGY AVAILABLE

In 1876, D. Clapp and Son of Boston published Arthur Martineau Alger's A Genealogical History of That Branch of the Alger Family Which Springs from Thomas Alger of Taunton and Bridgewater, Massachusetts, 1665-1875.

For those interested in the genealogy of Horatio and his family, this volume is available in xero-graphic form from Xerox University Microfilm, Books and Collections Order Entry Department, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. The order number is OP 62885, the book is seventy-two pages long, and the cost is \$8.50 for a hard bound copy. If you do not desire the cloth binding, the price is \$6.00. However, these amounts do not include state sales tax, which must be added.

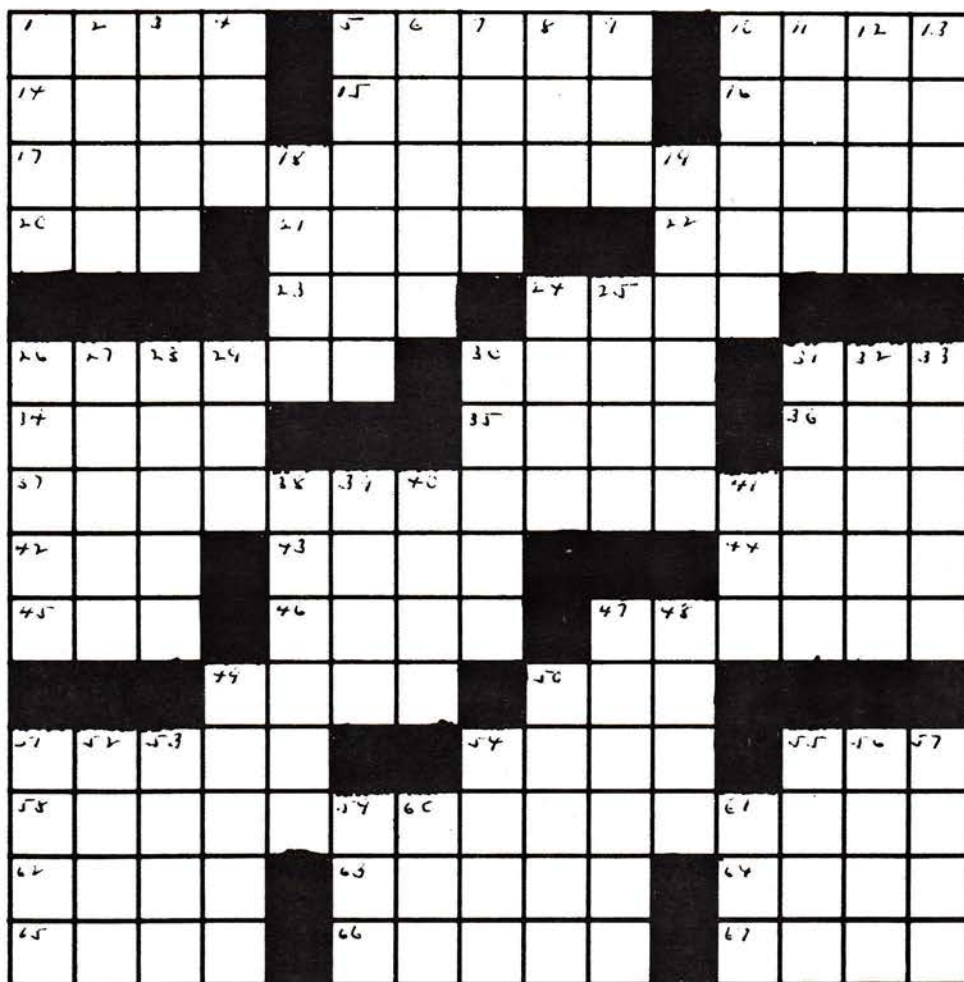
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HORATIO ALGER CROSSWORD

by Herb L. Risteen

ACROSS

1. "---- Walton"
5. "Tom ----"
10. "---- Nugget"
14. Melody
15. Severity
16. Nanking nurse
17. Horatio Alger title: 3 words
20. Lodge man
21. Iowa college town
22. Ventilated
23. Gaelic sea god
24. "---- Mason"



26. "----- the Newsboy"
30. Spurt of wind
31. Ginger
34. Mixture
35. Have a hurt
36. Miss Gardner
37. Horatio Alger title: 4 words
42. Writing fluid
43. ---- Ben Adhem
44. Dreadful
45. Displays
46. Threadbare
47. Nautical response
49. Went swiftly
50. Army men: abbreviation
51. "Ben ----"
54. ---- noir
55. Stadium sound
58. Horatio Alger hero: 2 words
62. Prayer word
63. Horatio Alger title (with 40 down)
64. Refrigerator
65. "Do and ----"
66. Terminated

67. Mexican money

DOWN

1. Take on cargo
2. Russian range
3. Mental twist
4. Corrode
5. German port
6. "The Young Circus -----"
7. Grows older
8. Humble abode
9. Sooner than
10. Textile design
11. Oriental prince
12. Church section
13. Storage structure
18. Light ring
19. Herbert ----- (Alger hero)
24. Great amount
25. Tennis star
26. Persian wheel
27. Antelope
28. Connections
29. Turf
30. Canal Zone lake
31. City in Italy
32. Each and all
33. Gay city
38. Shouter
39. Hautboy
40. See 63 across
41. Cyprinoid fish
47. Be present
48. Belgian river
49. Picture
50. Flood bulwark
51. Thin nail
52. Ancient city
53. "Deutschland ---- Alles"
54. "Brave and ----"
55. Track meet event
56. Tavern stock
57. "Tony the ----"
59. "---- Young Salesman"
60. Middle: abbreviation
61. Immerse

The solution to this month's "Horatio Alger Crossword" will appear in the August issue of Newsboy. I wish to thank Horatio Alger Society member Herb Risteen, a professional crossword puzzle maker, for his kindness in preparing puzzles especially for the readers of this publication.

1976

THE MEETING OF TWO PARTIC'LAR FRIENDS
by Forrest Campbell
Co-founder
Horatio Alger Soc.

Today, March 5, in Mobile, Alabama, which is only some twenty-five miles from my retirement home in Fairhope, I had the time and the opportunity to stop in at a St. Vincent DePaul store to look for possible Alger books. I have never found any yet anywhere in Alabama, so it must have been fate that took me there at this particular time. I had just arrived, and was standing in front of the old book section with little hope of finding anything of interest when I heard another person enter the shop. I heard a man ask for the old phonograph record department which was next to the old books. Seeing me at arm's length of him, he struck up a conversation.

"Have you found any juvenile books on the shelves? I collect Horatio Alger books. I am a member of the Horatio Alger Society," he continued, as he reached for his membership card. I could hardly believe what I was hearing.

"You are?" I exclaimed with enthusiasm, and I think he was as much surprised with my reply as I was with his introduction. By this time he had produced his membership card, and was proudly displaying it for my examination. Here was a situation which probably doesn't happen very often. The membership card was signed by Carl Hartmann and issued to Harry L. Lane, and it showed his PF number to be 428. Now this might have happened in any city in Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, or any other state above the Mason-Dixon Line, but in Alabama? Unbelievable!! Yet, it was happening.

As soon as I could regain my composure from a mild shock, I reached for my own membership card which introduced me as a co-founder and life member of the Society, and I gave utterance to some poorly assembled reply such as, "Brother, are you going to be surprised when you read this!"

Then I proudly displayed my own card before his equally disbelieving eyes. He was shocked for a moment, I'm sure, for he exclaimed in disbelief, "You're not the Forrest Campbell of ---?"

Knowing what he was trying to say, I interrupted and assisted him. "Yes, I am; imagine meeting me here!"

Well, what followed was like a two man convention. It developed that Harry is a retired employee of the Detroit News, and had just traveled here from Michigan to attend a relative's wedding, and having a little unscheduled time, he was doing what any other normal Alger collector might have done in a strange city. After inviting him to our home to examine my Alger collection, reluctantly, we parted.

I found that Harry, at this writing, is 78 years old, and I revealed that upon reaching 70 years myself, I have been compiling records of all members who have reached that milestone. So far, I have recorded thirteen members. There are perhaps many others; so I invite you to register with me. Give me your name and birth date, and I will send you a list of all the others on record.

* * *

FROM THE ALGER FOXHOLE

by Irene Gurman
PF-OA1

Condolences and Compassion
Announcements to Our Members

Philip Atkins, PF-404, called to tell me of his dear mother's passing on Mother's Day, 1976. Earlier he said he could not come to the twelfth Horatio Alger Society Convention in Rosemont, due to an infection. "Tex" delighted many members at the Ohio Convention several years ago. Also, Jerry Friedland mourned the death of his father in April.

On the sicklist is Norman E. Hanson. (He is omitted from the 1976 HAS Roster, but is still a member. Address is 529 Lincoln St., Winona, Minn. 55987).

Norman suffered a broken leg and he sent a "proxy" book buyer to the Rosemont Convention.

Many will recognize the name of Ernest P. Sanford, PF-032, a long time member of HAS. He was hospitalized the end of March, but details are unknown.

We wish them a speedy recovery and a good trip home. It isn't the things we do, but the things we leave undone, that give us a bit of heartache at the setting of the sun. So send a note to console the families.

* * *

HENRY, THE BOOT-BLACK

(Editor's note: The following narrative was sent me by HAS member Robert H. Hunt of Corvallis, Oregon. It is from Robert's recently acquired McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader, revised edition, published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York, 1879. The index gives no author, but it does say that the story was illustrated by W. L. Sheppard. Thanks go to Robert for sharing this Alger-like essay with the readers of Newsboy).

1. Henry was a kind, good boy. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. He had a little sister about two years old.

2. He wanted to help his mother, for she could not always earn enough to buy food for her little family.

3. One day, a man gave him a dollar for finding a pocket-book which he had lost.

4. Henry might have kept all the money, for no one saw him when he found it. But his mother had taught him to be honest, and never to keep what did not belong to him.

5. With the dollar he bought a box, three brushes, and some blacking. He then went to the corner of the street, and said to every one whose boots did not look nice, "Black your boots, sir, please?"

6. He was so polite that gentlemen soon began to notice him, and to let him black their boots. The first day he brought home fifty cents, which he gave to his mother to buy food with.

7. When he gave her the money, she said, as she dropped a tear of joy, "You are a dear, good boy, Henry. I did not know how I could earn enough to buy bread with, but now I think we can manage to get along quite well."

8. Henry worked all the day, and went to school in the evening. He earned almost enough to support his mother and his little sister.

* * *

WRITING STORIES FOR BOYS.—IV.
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following essay is from the collection of Gary Scharnhorst. It originally appeared in The Writer, vol. IX, February, 1896. The first article in this series, by William O. Stoddard, appeared in The Writer for September, 1895; the second article, by James Otis, in The Writer for October, 1895; and the third article, by Harry Castlemon, was printed in the January, 1896, issue of the magazine. I thank Gary very much for sending me this intriguing Alger work).

When I began to write for publication it was far from my expectation that I should devote my life to writing stories for boys. I was ambitious, rather, to write for adults, and for a few years I contributed to such periodicals as Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Putnam's Magazine, and a variety of literary weeklies. I achieved fair success, but I could see that I had so many competitors that it would take a long time to acquire a reputation. One day I selected a plot for a two-column sketch for the Harpers. It was during the war. Thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that it would be a good plot for a juvenile book. I sat down at once and wrote to A. K. Loring, of Boston, at that time a publisher in only a small way, detailing the plot and asking if he

would encourage me to write a juvenile book. He answered: "Go ahead, and if I don't publish it, some other publisher will." In three months I put in his hands the manuscript of "Frank's Campaign." This story was well received, but it was not till I removed to New York and wrote "Ragged Dick" that I scored a decided success.

I don't intend to weary the reader with a detailed account of my books and the circumstances under which they were written. It is enough to say that I soon found reason to believe that I was much more likely to achieve success as a writer for boys than as a writer for adults. I therefore confined myself to juvenile writing, and am at present the author of more than sixty boys' stories, besides a considerable number of serials, which may eventually appear in book form.

As may be supposed, I have some idea in regard to the qualifications that are needed in an author who would succeed in this line of work, and will set them down briefly, at the request of the editor of The Writer.

A writer for boys should have an abundant sympathy with them. He should be able to enter into their plans, hopes, and aspirations. He should learn to look upon life as they do. Such books as "Sandford and Merton" would no longer achieve success. Boys object to be written down to. Even the Rollo books, popular as they were in their time, do not suit the boys of to-day. A boy's heart opens to the man or writer who understands him. There are teachers and writers who delight to lecture the young. They are provided with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a school-boy's heart, if I may adapt a well-known line of Tennyson's. Those parents who understand and sympathize with their boys have the strongest hold upon them. I call to mind one writer for boys (he wrote but a single book) whose hero talked like a preacher and was a perfect prig. He seemed to have none of the imperfections of boyhood, and none of the qualities that make boys

attractive. Boys soon learn whether a writer understands and sympathizes with them. I have sometimes wondered whether there ever was a boy like Jonas in the Rollo books. If so, I think that while probably an instructive, he must have been a very unpleasant companion for a young boy like Rollo.

A writer for boys should remember his responsibility and exert a wholesome influence on his young readers. Honesty, industry, frugality, and a worthy ambition he can preach through the medium of a story much more effectively than a lecturer or a preacher. I have tried to make my heroes manly boys, bright, cheerful, hopeful, and plucky. Goody-goody boys never win life's prizes. Strong and yet gentle, ready to defend those that are weak, willing to work for their families if called upon to do so, ready to ease the burden that may have fallen upon a widowed mother, or dependent brothers and sisters, such boys are sure to succeed, and deserve success.

It should not be forgotten that boys like adventure. There is no objection to healthy excitement. Sensational stories, such as are found in the dime and half-dime libraries, do much harm, and are very objectionable. Many a boy has been tempted to crime by them. Such stories as "The Boy Highwayman," "The Boy Pirate," and books of that class, do incalculable mischief. Better that a boy's life should be humdrum than filled with such dangerous excitement.

Some writers have the art of blending instruction with an interesting story. One of the best known — perhaps the best known of juvenile writers — excels in this department. Carrying his boy heroes to foreign lands, he manages to impart a large amount of information respecting them without detracting from the interest of the story. I have never attempted this, because it requires a special gift, which I do not possess.

One thing more, and the last I shall mention — a story should be interesting. A young reader will not tolerate

dullness. If there are dull passages which he is tempted to skip, he is likely to throw the book aside. The interest should never flag. If a writer finds his own interest in the story he is writing failing, he may be sure that the same effect will be produced on the mind of the reader. It seems to me that no writer should undertake to write for boys who does not feel that he has been called to that particular work. If he finds himself able to entertain and influence boys, he should realize that upon him rests a great responsibility. In the formation period of youth he is able to exert a powerful and salutary influence. The influence of no writer for adults can compare with his. If, as the years pass, he is permitted to see that he has helped even a few of his boy readers to grow into a wealthy and noble manhood, he can ask no better reward.

* * *

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

by Paul W. Schmidtchen

(Editor's note: The following article — long a favorite of mine — was originally published in the July, 1965, issue of Hobbies. It is reprinted here by permission of Hobbies and Paul W. Schmidtchen. The essay bears testimony of Mr. Schmidtchen's high regard of "our hero," and further evidence is noted in a letter to me. He writes: ". . . Hobbies forwarded your request to run my July, 1965, article. Do so, with my warm appreciation of your organization's continuing attempt to promote and hold fast to that American Dream").

He had absolutely nothing going for him—except success. He followed no perceptible plot to speak of. His dialogue was full of banalities. His humor by today's standards was pitifully frantic. He kept to a format that scarcely ever changed. Only the names of his teen-agers varied. And even here alliteration stereotyped them. Yet, this formula sold over 20,000,000 copies of his books.

You see, some 119 book-length stories came from his diligence. And everywhere

contemporary boys invariably thrilled to each new title. Fame and good fortune apparently had a pronouncedly single-track approach, and if perseverance against poverty and temptation was somehow personally managed, the pot at the end of the rainbow unfailingly was ready for a tapping.

It could be mentioned, I suppose, that fortuity also played a primary role, but let's not cavil. Luck and pluck, were, after all, companions.

Moreover, it isn't always what one says that counts; rather how the admonition is received by others. And our author got his message across! For 35 years, he preached his stairway-to-the-stars mission with a minimum of troubled philosophy. Stark, simple, and serene, the tales fashionably took hold.

The author's continuing dedicated conformity to an idealized formula cannot help but be autobiographical, albeit vicariously. The pattern was too committed to an eternal truth, never to be doubted.

The man, therefore, mentally struggled, as did each of his "boys." It was mandated that they use his doctrine. In any case, the amenities advanced found fertile soil; each purchaser of each novel, in turn, became the central character!

Long tenure in a sanctimonious upbringing, and a shy personality, probably helped to have him identify with the comforting conviction that virtue was bound to be rewarded with wealth and prestige.

We all compensate in one way or another, and when our fledgling novelist was Johnnie on the spot to save a Chinese foundling from certain death under the pounding feet of a runaway horse, the germ of an idea and its consequent development took hold.

Once a hero always a hero—just alter the circumstances and relive the part. Change the horse to a thundering train,

to a house in flames, to a maiden in distress, to any exorbitantly endangering travail, and a sentimentalized respectability could be adroitly lodged with each succeeding valiant male. There was hardly any hesitation in complying, either—one book took just two weeks to finish!

Juvenile literature gained an impress through a misplaced minister's fervency which was to follow closely for several decades to come. Yes, the subject of this month's article was an 1852 Harvard graduate, Harvard Divinity School. And in 1864 he was pastor of the Brewster, Mass. Unitarian church.

"Misplaced" actually does not apply, since he reached and captured more of an audience than any pulpit alone could have provided.

The yen to relate adolescent ideals had him leave his New England attachments to learn at first-hand the condition of poverty-stricken youth in the streets of New York City.

Informally identified with the management of the Newsboys' Lodging House, he manifestly found his niche, and articles to improve the sad lot of the boys there poured forth in newspaper, periodical, and book form.

A veritable fountain of youth having been thus secured, from it an inimitably American, clean-living, honest, steadfast hero was born. Only a later Edgar Rice Burroughs came up with the same optimistic naiveté and only the earlier McGuffey a comparable consistency.

Now, no one is going to argue with this exemplary boyhood conduct and the opportune struggles against terrific odds, but it would seem to me that the same fanciful dose incessantly propounded would ultimately blunt the most rabid advocate.

Not so! The repeated, unerring "on target" did not perceptibly pall until after the author's death. He was invulnerable. Once a romantic appeal had

been established, whether it was a Ragged Dick or a Launcelot du Lac, the inherent errors in any dissertation were easily overlooked.

Nothing indeed, succeeds like success.

Rags to riches, also was the Victorian pie-in-the-sky. It had a flavor all of its own. Interestingly enough, today, 100 years later, a diametrically opposite view is decidedly upon us. We have come a half-circle!

I might suggest for a doctoral dissertation that someone thoroughly analyze the literary bent of the abiding adolescent population. What the juveniles read is quite indicative of the values they hold—or those which adults foist upon them. Compare, if you will, "Tattered Tom's" concern about honesty with a modern Tom's "hip" response.

The old-fashioned virtues of "early to bed," a "stitch in time," etc., find short shrift in today's century-removed youths currently spoiling for a fight because we leave them with perilously little else to do. The hard work, formerly so big a part in every boy's growing-up stages, now is channelled off into a heightened academic artificiality.

And who is the author we have been dissecting?

Horatio Alger, Jr., who directed more constructive accomplishment than a host of latter-day psychiatrists!

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND
by Jack Bales

One of the subscribers to Newsboy is the John F. Kennedy-Institut für Amerikastudien in Berlin, Germany. Horatio Alger Society Secretary Carl T. Hartmann recently wrote the library, inquiring whether the staff knew of any Algers published in German. A paragraph of the reply is as follows: "So far, no German translation of an Alger book could be detected in leading bibliographies and archives. If we should be

successful in further inquiry and research, we'll let you know and try to have you sent any Alger book available in German."

Tracy Catledge, P. O. Box 583, Fern Park, Florida 32730, periodically sends out a book list entitled, "Scouting for Boys' Books." The cover letter of the April, 1976 list contains a tremendous plug for the Alger Society and for Newsboy. One section reads: "Have you ever heard of the Horatio Alger Society? It's a great group of bibliomaniacs who've joined forces in pursuit of Alger's many titles by the various publishers." Many thanks, Tracy, for the favorable publicity!!

HAS Vice-President Evelyn Grebel writes in a recent letter: "We have a radio program here called "Sellorama," where folks advertise what they have to sell or buy. A woman called in and said she had a lot of old books — Camp Fire Girls, Algers, and so on. Naturally I had visions of a Timothy Crump's Ward, or at least some Lorings. I asked her to hold them until I could get there. Alas, there was one Alger, a tattered and brittle copy of Jack's Ward. She gave me the lot of about twelve books."

From April 24-26, 1976, the Popular Culture Association, which publishes the Journal of Popular Culture, held in Chicago, Illinois its Sixth National Convention. One of the papers presented was "The Newsboys' Lodging House: Impetus for an Immortal," delivered by your editor. (I hope I do not have to mention who the "immortal" was! If in doubt, see the November, 1975, or the May, 1976, issues of Newsboy).

The meeting, which attracted hundreds of people from across the country, was also a mini Horatio Alger Society Convention, for in attendance at the presentation of my paper April 25th were HAS members Gary Scharnhorst and Gilbert K. Westgard II. After the business at hand was disposed of, the three of us talked Alger (and other assorted subjects) until six o'clock the following morning.