

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

Newsboy

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



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Volume XVI

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Number 6

THE "JACKSONVILLE JAMBOREE"



ILLINOIS COLLEGE as it looked 100 years ago when William Jennings Bryan was a student. The three buildings—Sturtevant Hall, Beecher Hall and the dormitory, Crampton Hall, have all been renovated and are still used by the College today.

In this issue you'll find information concerning the "Jacksonville Jamboree" — the fourteenth annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society. Jacksonville, Illinois is the home of Illinois College, at which your editor will have a display of some of his rarest Alger books. Also, it is possible that the college may sponsor on May 5, 1978, a special convocation for the entire community in honor of our convention. Details inside.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

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BRADFORD S. CHASE	VICE-PRESIDENT
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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 each.

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

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

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

* * *

REMEMBER: The HAS Convention — the "Jacksonville Jamboree" — will soon be here!! Don't forget the dates, Thursday, May 4 through Sunday, May 7, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-428 Harry L. Lane
2560 B. Florida Ave. South
Mobile, Alabama 36606

PF-476 James L. Bush
2520 Lay St., Des Moines, Ia. 50317
NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-521 Marion A. Brown
6556 Kenview Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45243

Marion learned of the Horatio Alger Society through member Dick Bowerman. She owns eighteen Alger books, enjoys playing golf, and is a teacher.

PF-522 Laurence R. Hipp
RR 1
Grover Hill, Ohio 45849

Besides collecting Algers (of which he owns seventy), Laurence collects both coins and stamps. HAS member Bill McNitt told him of the society.

PF-523 Rose Anna Lefferts
700 S. Washington
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858

A newspaper article featuring former HAS President Bob Bennett and his collection was where Rose heard of HAS. A retired teacher, she is interested in antiques, arts and crafts, and painting and sketching pictures. She owns twenty Alger titles.

PF-524 Bernard Biberdorf
5739 Winston Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana 46226

Bernard — owner of sixty-five Alger books — is also interested in tape recording, civic and church activities, and square dancing. He heard of the society through members Rohima Walter and Amos Smith. He is an engineer.

PF-525 Nancy Jane Schmidt
4579 Avocado Blvd.
La Mesa, Calif. 92041

Nancy is a teacher and learned of

the society from Mrs. Lorraine Corcoran of Wilmette, Illinois. Her other hobbies include music and law.

* * *

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 Jack R. Schorr, 853 South Lemon St., Anaheim, Calif. 92805.

The following three books were published by Henry T. Coates. They are olive green. A boy's head, a wreath, newspapers, and a shoe shine box are on the covers.

Rough and Ready	Vg	\$5.00
Mark, The Match Boy	Vg	5.00
Fame and Fortune	G+	4.50

The following three books were published by Henry T. Coates Co. They are tan, and a boy at a desk and a boy with a shoe box are on the covers.

The Young Outlaw	Vg	\$5.00
Paul, The Peddler	Vg	4.00
Slow and Sure	Vg	5.00
In Search of Treasure Burt (Chimney Corner edition)	Vg	3.50
Strive and Succeed JCW (book in HTC format, winged wheel on cover)	Vg+	5.00
Canal Boy to Pres. McKay	Vg	3.50
Dean Dunham McKay	G+	5.00
In a New World Mershon	Vg	3.00
Bob Burton HTC (school cap and books on spine)	Vg	4.50
Bob Burton (same as above)	G	3.50
A Debt of Honor Burt (copyright 1900 - deluxe edition)	Vg	7.00
A Debt of Honor (same as above)		7.00
Digging for Gold JCW (cheap edition)	G+	3.00
Facing the World Hurst	Vg+	3.00
H. Carter's Legacy Hurst	Vg+	3.00
The Young Outlaw HTC (Corner of the bottom spine torn, shook and worn)	F-G	3.00
Driven from Home Hurst (Part of top spine off)	Vg	2.50
The Young Musician Hurst	Vg+	3.00

Tattered Tom JCW G \$3.50
(In Coates format, no frontispiece, some wear)

Include \$0.40 for first book, plus \$0.15 for each additional volume.

Donald Erickson, 40 Ridge Road, Glen Rock, N. J. 07452 needs the following Algers: Frank and Fearless, Forging Ahead, Luck and Pluck, Making His Mark, Rough and Ready, Seeking His Fortune, and Work and Win. He has many dozens of Alger titles and will trade for the above on a five for one basis (ten for one if first editions). His telephone number is (201) 445-1245.

* * *

WESTGARD PUBLICATIONS

Timothy Crump's Ward, published by Gilbert K. Westgard II, experienced several delays before it reached those who waited impatiently for this long sought title.

Two times within a two month period Gil moved from apartment to apartment to still another apartment! Each time he had to pack everything himself, including his 6,000 volume library.

As soon as it was possible, Timothy went to the printer and binder. Within a week of receiving the finished volumes Gil had them packed and in the mail.

Although the delay was frustrating, the resulting volume was well worth the wait. It is nicely bound in a reddish-brown cloth, with the title, author, and publisher neatly stamped in gold on the spine.

Westgard informs the Newsboy that more of Horatio's rarest books will soon be available. And, some of them will be actual first editions.

Our best wishes to Gil on his publication plans. Everyone who has any of the "Westgard Algers" knows of their high quality and beautiful appearance. Good luck, Gil!

* * *

14th Annual HAS Convention
 "Jacksonville Jamboree"
 Jacksonville, Ill.
 May 4-7, 1978

Host - Jack Bales

Convention plans for the Horatio Alger Society Convention are coming along very well, and your editor is looking forward to seeing a good crowd of members at this annual event.

The maps included in this issue show how to get to Jacksonville (Illinois, not Florida)!! It's a pleasant community of about 25,000 people, and is one of the oldest cities in Illinois. It is the home of two colleges (Illinois College - the oldest college in Illinois - founded in 1829, and MacMurray College). Also, there are two book binderies, a ferris wheel manufacturing company, and state schools for the blind, the deaf, and the mentally retarded.

Personally, I think one of the best aspects of the city is Illinois College (of course, I'm prejudiced, as I'm a faculty member at the institution), and I hope that convention goers will take the opportunity of wandering around this extremely beautiful campus. I hope to have an exhibit of some of my choice Algiers at the college's library during convention week.

Convention headquarters will be at the local Holiday Inn on Route 36 (Morton Avenue). Note the maps in this issue of Newsboy. As usual, I'll have a hospitality suite set up in the motel with beer, soft drinks, and assorted foods. Of course, donations of money or food are always welcome. However, the manager of the Holiday Inn told me that all alcohol must be purchased through the motel, so please - don't show up with cases of beer. Believe me, there will be plenty on hand for you.

ONE IMPORTANT NOTE - - - The Holiday Inn can only reserve for me twenty rooms on Thursday night and twenty-five additional rooms for the remaining two

nights. I debated whether I should have the convention in Springfield, Illinois (thirty-five miles away), but decided against it, mainly because Springfield is a fairly large city and out-of-towners would be unfamiliar with it. After discussion with HAS officers, I decided that I would still have the convention in Jacksonville, since there is one other smaller motel across the street, another a block away, and a third one a couple miles down the road - these could take care of an overflow of conventioners.



Thus, it's first come, first served in terms of registration. Convention dues are \$15 per person. Please make checks payable to me, Jack Bales - I'll confirm your registration by return mail and will give to the Holiday Inn your name. (If you're the forty-sixth person, I'll refer you to one of the other motels. But don't worry - you will only need the place to sleep in anyway).

A particularly appealing aspect of this convention is the fact that nearby Springfield is the home of Abraham Lincoln. I'll have maps to all of the Lincoln shrines and monuments available for HAS members.

Speaking of maps, I'll also have them to the antique and book stores in the area. You may be able to pick up some really good finds at these places, for I haven't been to them in a long time.

Most of these maps will show the easiest routes from Jacksonville to Springfield. I recommend Monroe

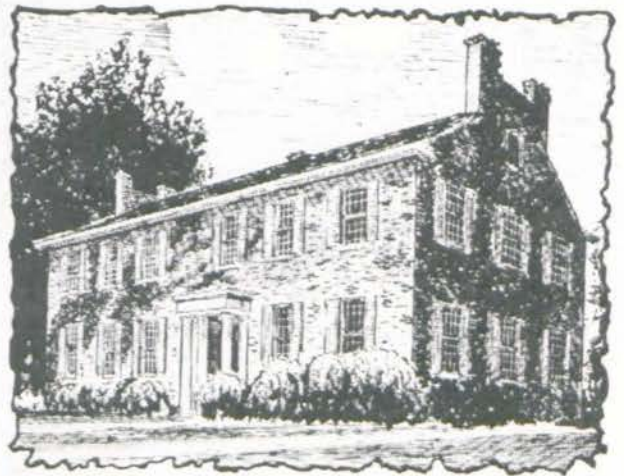
Street. Note College Avenue on the Jacksonville map - this turns into Monroe Street in Springfield.

For people flying to the convention, you can go to O'Hare Airport in Chicago and rent a car and drive to Jacksonville. Unfortunately, there is no local transportation from Springfield to Jacksonville. You can fly from Chicago to Springfield or from St. Louis to Springfield. If you get stuck in the airport, just give me a call and we'll get you here somehow. My phone number is (217) 245-4674 [business phone is 245-7126 ext. 260].

If you're driving from the Springfield Airport, it's very easy to get to Jacksonville. The airport is on Walnut Street. Take that south to Monroe Street (also known as the Old Jacksonville Road - see map on page 6). You can't miss this intersection. You'll be at a light, and on the left side of the street you'll see a second hand book store. Turn right (west) on Monroe Street, and this will turn into College Avenue in Jacksonville. See map on page 7 to get to Holiday Inn.

The motel rates are not too expensive. Two people in two beds costs \$23.10 per night, two persons in one bed is \$22.05 a night, and one person in one bed is \$17.85. Naturally, rates are subject to change. A REGISTRATION FORM IS INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE OF NEWSBOY.

As during past conventions, the Thursday night of "convention week" will feature a get together at the host's home, or in this case, my apartment. The map on page 7 shows you the route from the Holiday Inn to my place - 1214 W. College Ave. NOTE: I live in a very large white house - 1212 is on the front of it - a separate door to 1214 is on the left side of the house. You can't miss the building. Across the street is a large bush, and nearby is a sign with an arrow pointing south on it. It reads: "Beecher Hall: First College Building in Illinois." There is plenty of parking in the street.

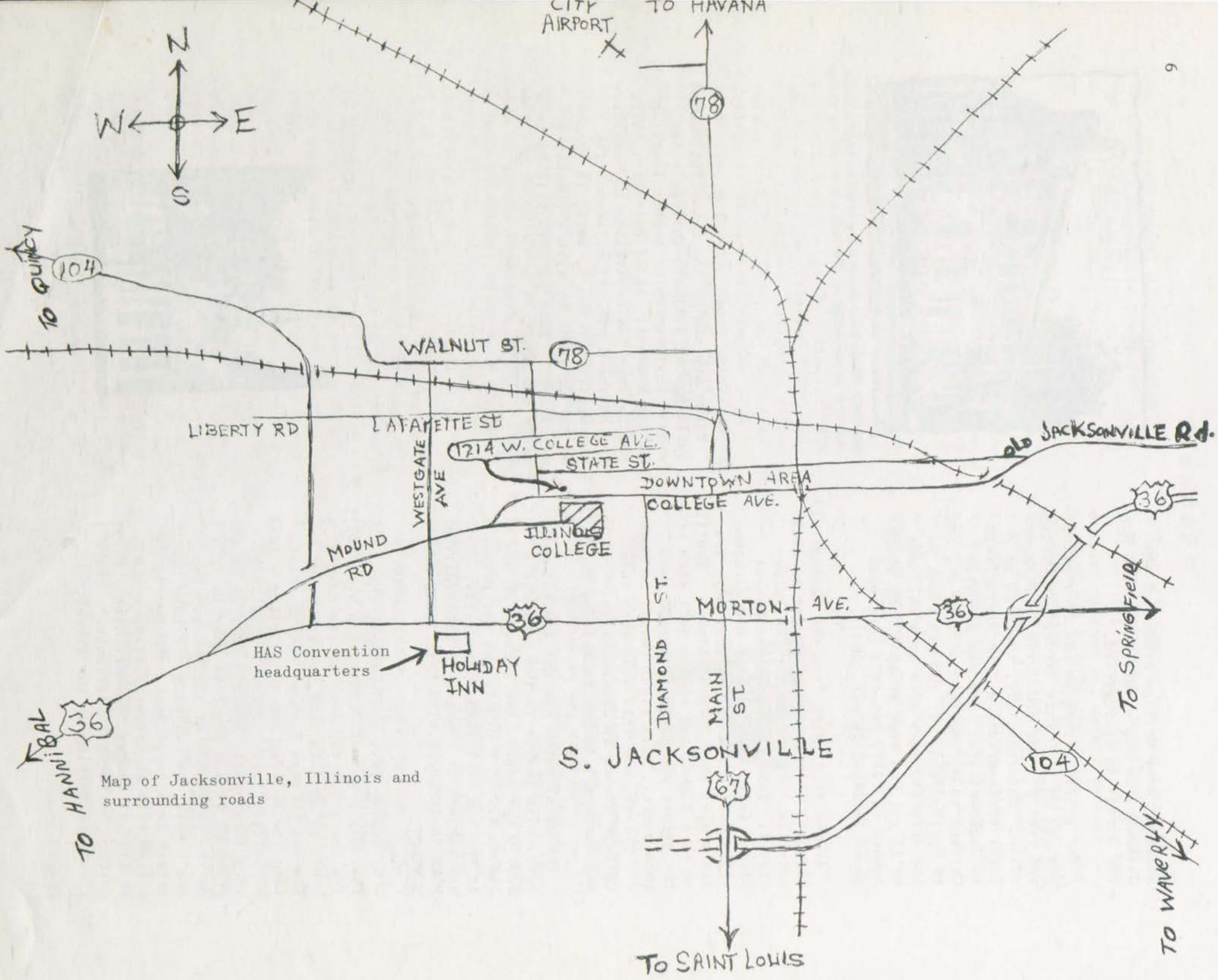


BEECHER HALL, first college building in Illinois. Used as library, 1830-1897. It was rebuilt in 1950 and still is used for College purposes.

These are two of the beautiful campus buildings at Illinois College - the oldest institution of higher learning in the Midwest. As of December, 1977, the college administration is considering having a special all-community convocation on May 5, 1978, in honor of our convention, with a speaker of my choice. More on this will be in a later Newsboy.



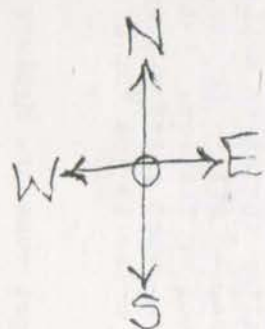
Rammelkamp Chapel 1962



Map of Jacksonville, Illinois and surrounding roads

LIBERTY RD

LAFAYETTE ST



Home of Jack Bales

STATE ST

1214 W. COLLEGE

COLLEGE AVE

COLLEGE AVE.

ILLINOIS

GROVE ST.

MOUND RD

MOUND RD

MOUND RD

4-WAY
STOP

WESTGATE
AVE

STOPLIGHT

36

MORTON RD

SHOPPING
PLAZA

HOLIDAY
INN

Site of 1978 Horatio
Alger Society Convention

STOPLIGHT

LINCOLN AVE

PARK ST

GLADSTONE ST.

DIAMOND ST.

LINCOLN
SQ
SHOPPING
CTR

STOPLIGHT

For your convenience I have printed in this Newsboy a road map showing the different routes to Jacksonville. You can't get lost — all roads lead to Jacksonville for the HAS Convention. If you're on Interstate 55 from either the North or the South, signs will show you the way to Jacksonville via Route 36 (Morton Avenue in town).

HAS AUCTION

Donations are already coming in for our annual auction. (I hope we can get as many items as are pictured in Louis Bodnar's cartoon in this issue)!! Harry Lane has sent a beautiful framed picture of a nineteenth century sailing ship. And for the book collector he gave me some very fine copies of Tip Top Semi-Monthly and some issues of Twice-a-Month Top Notch Magazine. These have old western and Frank Merriwell stories in them, and they will enhance any HAS member's bookshelf.

Gil Westgard has given me one of his "Alger plates" — these were the souvenirs from his 1976 Convention — ceramic plates with Alger's head on them. Also, he has donated a bottle with a picture of Horatio inside.

Both auctioneer Ralph Gardner and I want to remind you that people who cannot come to the convention can still participate in this yearly event. Please feel free to either submit things by mail or send in bids. In each issue of Newsboy I'll have a list of all items sent in.

REMEMBER — — — it's for a good cause. Last year we took in \$1400 — money that helps HAS stay in the black. Thus, the more donations, the better. (And high bids on all items doesn't hurt either).

RALPH GARDNER'S "NEW" BOOK

In 1964, Ralph Gardner's Alger biography, Horatio Alger: Or, The American Hero Era, was published by Wayside Press in Mendota, Illinois. Though it's long been out-of-print (much to the dismay of the Alger collector), Ralph is pleased

to announce that it will be reissued by Arco Press this March in both cloth covers and paperback. The price hasn't been set yet — I'll keep you informed of this — but Ralph is going to donate a hardbound copy to the auction and will autograph it for the lucky purchaser.

AN INVITATION

To all conventioners who are in town on Wednesday, May 3, I extend an invitation to dinner at my apartment that night. It will give us an early start in all the carousing and partying that is sure to go on during the "Jacksonville Jamboree." Just let me know if you plan on being there.

* * *

"THE SMITHSONIAN STORY"

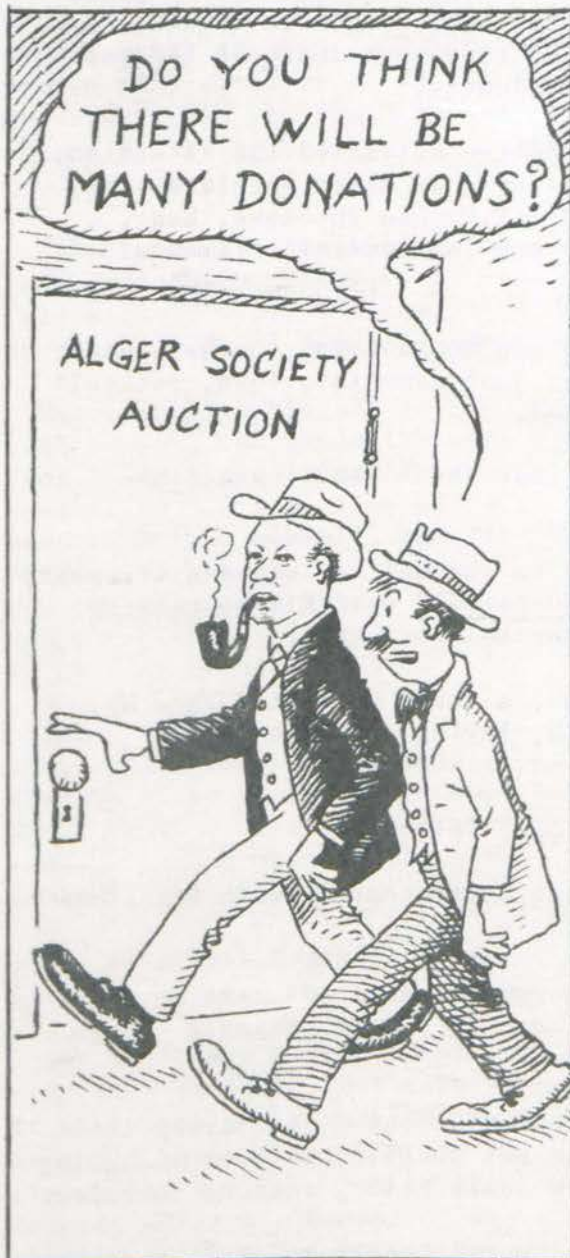
by Jack Bales

Probably many of you saw the Alger article in the November, 1977 issue of Smithsonian. Written by Bill Blackbeard, "Novels That Boys of a Century Ago Couldn't Put Down" was not too well received when it appeared. In fact, the people at Smithsonian were the recipients of many critical letters, as Blackbeard relied heavily on Herbert R. Mayes' fictitious work, Alger: A Biography Without a Hero [see January-February, 1974 Newsboy]. HAS Secretary Carl Hartmann was phoned about it, and the magazine people asked if a "letter to the editor" could be written concerning the piece. Carl asked me if I would do it, and the resulting letter (which was greatly cut — also, my address is incorrect) appeared in the January, 1978 issue of Smithsonian.

Both Ralph Gardner and Herb Mayes were also called by Smithsonian. As Herb wrote to me recently: "A woman from Smithsonian phoned several weeks ago — obviously after the Alger article was on the press, or off — to ask if my book was fact or fiction. I told her the latter — what else? —, and suggested she write to you for a copy of Newsboy."

Hope we get some new members from all this.

January-February



"RALPH GARDNER'S LUCK"

The above cartoon was drawn by HAS member Louis Bodnar, Jr., 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325. Here's hoping that auctioneer Ralph does have this kind of luck!!

WHAT HAPPENED TO SINK OR SWIM
by Ralph A. Brandt

All Alger devotees have read Sink or Swim, but did they know it took one boy fifty years to read it?

When he was a student in grammar school, he started to read the Alger in the classroom, placing it inside his textbook. His sharp eyed teacher saw the deception and seized the offending book. She never did return it.

All of these fifty years, Grover Jones, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, never knew how Sink or Swim finished or how Harry Raymond got the best of Squire Turner. Then he remembered that I was an Alger collector and that I had mentioned Alger books frequently in my daily newspaper column.

He called and asked me if I had the book and if I would loan it to him so he could finish the story.

"I'll give you a copy," I told him.

So the pleased Mr. Jones picked up the book, read it, and said he enjoyed it thoroughly.

Maybe the teacher read it herself. Who knows? After all, she kept it.

* * *

THE FIRST PATIENT

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Evelyn Grebel. It originally appeared in the April 7, 1860 issue of Gleason's Literary Companion).

The following advertisement in the Hornby Gazette was the first intimation the worthy residents received of the advent of a new physician in the place.

"NOTICE. Henry Rodgers, M. D. begs to announce to the people of Hornby and the surrounding towns that he has secured an office in Commercial Block, where he will be in attendance, when not

absent on business. Having a diploma from a celebrated medical school, he trusts to receive a share of the public confidence."

This notice attracted the attention, among others, of Ellen Wheelock, the daughter of Nathan Wheelock, Esq., a wealthy and influential citizen of Hornby.

"Have you heard about the new doctor that has just come into town, father?" she asked.

"No, what about him?" asked her father.

"Here is the notice, or advertisement, in the Gazette," said Ellen, passing the paper to her father.

"Humph, a young upstart," said Mr. Wheelock, laying down the paper. "He'll never succeed."

"Why not, father?"

"He can never compete with Dr. Humphries."

"I presume he does not care to rival him. There is surely business enough for two."

Her father repeated positively that he would not succeed, without assigning any very satisfactory reasons therefor.

Ellen, on the contrary, felt a strong desire to see the young man. She had a presentiment that she should become interested in him. Now let us inquire a little about the young man himself.

His father had died just as he was commencing his medical studies, leaving about two thousand dollars to his widow and son. Henry proposed to his mother to take the whole, as even this would scarcely suffice for her support, and he would leave his studies and seek some employment by which he might accumulate sufficient to defray the expenses of his medical education.

This, however, his mother would not permit. She advised him strongly to continue his studies, spending from the common fund whatever should be found necessary, and she would increase her income by sewing or any light work she could procure.

"When you get into the practice of your profession, Henry," she continued, "all will be well, and then if I need any assistance, I can call upon you."

Henry applied himself to his studies with energy, and graduated with distinction. After receiving his diploma, he considered for some time where he had best establish himself, and finally fixed upon the town of Hornby. There was one physician there, it was true, but the town was large, and there seemed to be room enough for two.

Henry did not expect to secure a very large practice to begin with. He thought if he could make enough the first year to defray his expenses, the same being cut down to the lowest possible figure, he should do well.

But even this estimate proved too large.

Day after day he sat in his office expecting practice, but receiving none. It was certainly disheartening to think he could have no opportunity of exercising the skill, which he knew he possessed, while Dr. Humphries was constantly driving out to see his patients.

"If they would only try me once," he said to himself, sorrowfully, "but they don't give me a chance to show whether I have any skill."

If the young doctor's means had been sufficient to support him in comfort while he was waiting, that would have been a great relief. But to feel that he was wasting the little money that he had, and to no purpose, with ultimate destitution staring him in the face—this was something which was very hard to bear.

When he first came to the village, some of the young men made his acquaintance. But when they found that he did not indulge in cigars, and never had any extra money to spend on ice-cream or cigars, they pronounced him a "shabby fellow," and one by one left him to himself.

He had first engaged board at the house of a widow, contracting to pay the moderate sum of two dollars and a half per week. This included his meals only as he lodged in his office. But he found that as week after week passed and brought no additions to his scanty stock of money, that even this was too expensive for him, and he made an arrangement by which he only took dinners out, and took breakfast and tea in his office. It was a dreary sort of life, and there seemed to be little to cheer him. He looked with apprehension to the future, which seemed to have more clouds than sunshine in store for him.

Yet fearing to dishearten his mother, he wrote to her letters as cheerful as he could make them. He told her that he had not met with much success as yet, but of course he must expect to wait—that Rome was not built in a day, neither was a medical reputation established in a short time. She must not trouble herself about him; he would do well enough.

Meanwhile the stock of clothing which he brought with him was becoming shabby. He saw it with dismay, not knowing where the money was to come from that was required to supply their place.

Ellen Wheelock whose interest in our hero has been mentioned, guessed the state of his affairs. She observed his despondence, his shabby clothes, and knew that he could have little or no practice. Perhaps—I am not sure—whether she would have felt so great an interest in him if he had been pitted with the small pox or irredeemably ugly. But the fact was that our hero was not only very intelligent and well educated, but very good looking. If he had been in good circumstances, half

the girls in town would have been in love with him, but circumstances alter cases, and his own retiring manners, which were principally due to his sense of poverty, prevented his becoming the popular favorite he might have been.

Winter was coming, and the young doctor was unprovided with an overcoat. How he should compass one was a matter of serious thought. He had money enough to support him until spring in the same economical way that he had been living, but if he took from it an amount large enough to pay for an overcoat, his funds would give out before it was two thirds through.

Ellen guessed his perplexity. She did more. She relieved it.

Shall I tell you how it happened?

She possessed in her own right a small property, bequeathed her by an aunt, which being profitably invested yielded her an income of two hundred dollars a year. As her father was wealthy, she had this for pin-money, and he never troubled himself to inquire about its disposal, feeling quite indifferent upon the subject. Ellen had just received her quarterly revenue—fifty dollars—in one bill. She took it carelessly, having no immediate wants to gratify, and having some of her last quarterly allowance still on hand, she did not think much about it.

It was just after this that she chanced to be looking out of the window when she saw young Dr. Rodgers go by. His coat was buttoned up tight to his throat, for it was a cold day and he had no overcoat.

Her attention was called to him by one of the young girls of the village, who was not altogether unfeeling, but liked to hear herself talk.

"There goes that Dr. Rodgers. He must be either 'poor as poverty' or else loves his money too well to part with it. He hasn't got any overcoat on, cold as it is, and see how threadbare his

frock coat is."

"He has probably very little practice," said Ellen.

"None at all, I guess," was the reply.

This set Ellen to thinking. The fifty dollar bill which she had no special use for would be of the greatest service to the young doctor. It would not only provide him with an overcoat, but an undercoat also. Why shouldn't she send it? Perhaps it might not be in accordance with maidenly delicacy. But after all, he would never know who it was. She could send it in a note. Why not?

Really there seemed to be no good reason. So Ellen, acting on the impulse of the moment, sat down to her desk, and wrote first in pencil, and afterwards copied with ink, the following note:

"Will Dr. Rodgers accept the enclosed bill from a friend who is well aware that his practice cannot yet be very remunerative? He need feel no hesitation in applying it in whatever way it may be most serviceable, since the writer is abundantly able to part with it."

This note, unsigned, she slipped into the post office of a neighboring village.

In due time it reached our hero.

His surprise may be left to the imagination of the reader. He could not form any guess, however distant, as to the personality of the one that sent it. He accepted it gratefully, however, and felt no hesitation in devoting it to what he needed most. The village tailor received an order for an overcoat, and also for a suit of broadcloth. Both of these he succeeded in getting for the sum which so providentially, as he thought, had been sent to him.

A week afterwards, Ellen Wheelock had an attack of toothache. The pain was

such that she felt it necessary to have the offending molar extracted. Dr. Humphries was not at home, as she knew, and therefore she had no resource except to go to Dr. Rodgers.

"Better wait till Dr. Humphries returns," said her father.

"The pain is too great," said Ellen, and this statement was true.

Henry Rodgers started from his books in some confusion when Ellen appeared. He waited for her to announce her errand.

"Dr. Rodgers," said she, demurely, "I am troubled with a horrid toothache. The tooth is an old offender, and it is time that it were out. Will you extract it?"

"Please take a seat," said the young physician, bashfully.

He procured his instruments, and proceeded to the task. It seemed to him almost desecration to extract one of the beautiful pearls that were displayed, and it was with an unsteady hand that he essayed to the task. However, this branch of his medical education had not been neglected, and he acquitted himself creditably.

"Thank you," said his fair patient, slipping a gold dollar into his hand. "I feel indebted to you for your skill."

"Is the pain quite gone?" asked Henry.

"Quite, thank you. Good morning, Dr. Rodgers."

"Good morning, Miss Wheelock."

He knew her name, though he had never been introduced to her.

"Such a patient as that is worth waiting months for," thought the young doctor, who had been quite captivated by her beauty. "I only wish she would have the toothache again—no, I don't; what a



STURTEVANT HALL, ILLINOIS COLLEGE

brute I am—but I wish she would have the headache or something that would not pain her much, and send for me."

He turned from the window, from which he had been watching her, and espied a piece of paper on the floor.

"She must have dropped it," he thought. "That will give me an excuse for calling on her to return it."

Picking it up, he glanced carelessly at it. But what was it that sent the blood tingling to his cheeks? I will tell you, my curious reader. This piece of paper contained the first draft in pencil of the note which had accompanied the gift he had received.

And did she send it? There seemed to be no doubt of it. Instead of feeling humiliated the young doctor was delighted at the discovery. Then she took an interest in him. Perhaps in course of time—but then she was rich, and he had, as yet, but one patient. But good fortune was in store for our hero. A week afterwards, Dr. Humphries was taken sick, and his patients were obliged to have recourse to our hero's services. These proved so satisfactory that when Dr. Humphries recovered, he proposed a

partnership, which, of course, Henry accepted thankfully. Now that he was assured of a good income, there seemed to be no reason why he should not marry, and to make a long story short, he did marry—and it was a very remarkable coincidence that his wife and his first patient proved to be one and the same person.

* * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Editor's note: Beginning this month I intend to print some of the interesting letters that I receive every day from HAS members. Other publications have a "letter to the editor" column—why not Newsboy)?

January 1, 1978

Dear Jack,

Read with interest the article in the December Newsboy about Alger's New York addresses.

I just picked up a letter of his dated January 9, 1895 and at that time he was apparently living at 223 W. 34th. Enclosed is a photocopy of the letter.

The letter is tipped into a really nice Loring Ragged Dick, unfortunately not a first. It would be interesting to know who Mr. Mead was, and if the article ever appeared in Mr. Mead's publication. Perhaps you or someone else could answer these questions.

We hope to see you in May.

Yours truly,

Keith Barnes
PF-348
4346 18th St.
Dorr, Mich. 49323

Here is the Alger letter:

"223 West 34th St. New York
Jan. 9, 1895

Dear Mr. Mead,

At your invitation I wrote and sent

you some six weeks since a short comic juvenile story to appear in Truth. Did you receive it and when will it be used?"

If any HAS member knows of this "short comic juvenile story," please let Keith or me know.

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND
by Jack Bales

HAS member Lucile Coleman announces that her new book of poetry has been published. It is The Lyric Return and is available for \$3.45 from Valknrie Press, 2135 1st Ave. South, St. Petersburg, Florida 33712. Lucile has published much in her literary career—including plays, poems, novels, and short stories. She also runs the A-Z Book Service, P. O. Box 610813, North Miami, Florida 33161.

Bill McCord sent some pictures taken at last year's HAS convention. These are beautiful color shots which will look great in the society scrapbook. Thanks a lot, Bill.

Zella Fry announces that after forty-seven years of teaching she retired last year as the drama professor at the Kean College of New Jersey in Union, New Jersey. She has been involved in the theater for sixty-one years and estimates that she has acted in or directed some two hundred productions. Last October, the Kean College Studio Theater and the Theater Laboratory were dedicated in her name.

Journalist and good friend Dave Soibelman sent me a xerox copy of the first couple pages of the souvenir book connected with the "33rd Annual Grand National Rodeo, Horse Show, and Livestock Exposition" held last year. Dave had loaned the people connected with the show one of his Tip Top Weeklys that showed on the cover Frank Merriwell wrestling a steer to the ground. The picture was reproduced on the souvenir book, a chapter from the Frank Merriwell story was also printed, and some information on both Dave and

January-February

Frank was given. Thanks go to Dave for his continued interest in boys' books.

Both Robert Banks and Brad Alexander have given substantial contributions of money to HAS. I thank them very much for their generosity - with rising costs all extra money definitely is useful.

For those people interested in the author James Willard Schultz, did you know that there was a society in his honor that publishes a regular newsletter? Write David C. Andrews, Box 53, Andes, New York 13731.

Dave Soibelman sent me a photo from the January 15, 1977 issue of the Buffalo [N. Y.] Evening News. The caption reads: "S. Robert Scheur, President of Empire State News Corp. in Cheektowaga, displays some of the newsboy figures he has collected as a hobby during the past 15 years. Included are artistic depictions from throughout the world." But...I bet he doesn't have a statue like the one I got at last year's auction, donated by Ann Sharrard - it's a real beauty!!

Sometime ago a "people" or "human interest" article about PF-001, Max Friedman, appeared in a Kalamazoo newspaper. It is a fascinating article. One part of it tells how his place of business was burned down:

"When the firemen took quick breaks, they were handed coffee by Max Friedman. The flames glowed in the sky and, within two hours, his business was in ashes and, with no insurance, the loss was complete.

"Give up? No, I wasn't going to give up. I had my workers to think of, you know,' Max was saying this week.

"I was doing business with the Upjohn Company, hauling away barrels and scrap. The next morning, I got a call from Upjohn. They told me that my materials were waiting for me. I knew they were with me. I was back in business before the embers were cold,' he said.

"All of life is a challenge. And, against this challenge, there is simply no way to defeat Max Friedman. He is 68 and slightly deaf now. Despite this and borderline diabetes, Max looks to overcome all obstacles."

A newspaper journalist named Jim Bishop wrote an article last November entitled, "Horatio Alger Got Off to a Rocky Beginning." It was printed in quite a few newspapers; unfortunately, the piece is complete trash. Following is a portion of it: "The boy went off to Harvard Divinity School. While trying to save the soul of a jezebel, he tried to marry her. Pop saved him from himself.

"Horatio dropped out of school and into bad company. The sight of women set him into a frenzy. . . . He was 26. Whatever it takes, he had. He prowled the Left Bank [in Paris] in the gaslit nights hunting his prey while, of course, the prey was hunting Horatio. He sinned all night and punched his chest hallow all day."

What a bunch of tripe!! It's too bad that we'll probably be fighting this type of drivel for years to come. (Incidentally, HAS Secretary Carl Hartmann wrote Bishop and straightened him out).

Rohima Walter sent a clipping from The Sunday News Magazine, dated November 20, 1977. It's about the fictional character in children's books, Billy Whiskers (a goat). Billy starred in thirty-two books, written from 1902 through the '30's by Mrs. Frances Trego Montgomery. While reading the article, I was surprised to find a reference to HAS member Paul Miller: "Another ambitious collector is Paul Miller of Vienna, Ohio. He and his wife, Ruth, bring home a variety of antiques from their travels, books included. In addition to the full run, they own duplicates of some, the rare Painting and Drawing Book, plus many other books written by Montgomery. The Millers have loaned some to the Rogers City museum." Thanks, Rohima, for sending this to me!

1857 was an important year for Horatio Alger, Jr. It marked the beginning of his career as a novelist, for that was when his full-length stories began to appear. Previous output had been limited to short stories and isolated poems in the ephemeral publications of his era.

He began 1857 with *Hugo, the Deformed* in the *New York Sun*, commencing January 27. However, it appeared under the pseudonym Charles F. Preston. Next came the anonymously written volume, *Nothing to Do*, which was deposited for copyright on August 7. By coincidence, *Madeline, the Temptress*, the first novel written under his own name, commenced in the *Sun* the same day.

Only a few people beyond the members of his immediate family could have known the secret extent of his literary output. One may speculate that when Horatio's parents had *Nothing to Do*, they read *Hugo, the Deformed*, or, *Madeline the Temptress* in the pages of the *New York Sun*.

NOTHING TO DO:

A TILT AT OUR BEST SOCIETY.

To do nothing is to be a great part of your title.
SHAKESPEARE.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES FRENCH & CO.

1857.

HUGO, THE DEFORMED

BY
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

GILBERT K. WESTGARD II
9561 N. DEE RD.
DES PLAINES, IL 60016
1978

Soon, you too, can have *Nothing to Do*, and read the FIRST EDITION of *Hugo, the Deformed*, since both volumes will be published prior to the Jacksonville Jamboree by Gilbert K. Westgard II.

Your Editor has already seen the pages of the newly typeset *Hugo, the Deformed*. Having quite a few well chosen Alger era illustrations which fit the action of the story, it is a worthy production that belongs on the shelves of every Alger collector who knows his stuff.

Westgard's *Nothing to Do* will be a reproduction of the original (and only) edition published by James French & Co.

Those who have any of the Westgard Algers know the fine quality they can expect in these two forthcoming volumes.

Just one question: "Gil, when can we expect *Madeline, the Temptress*?"