



# 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.

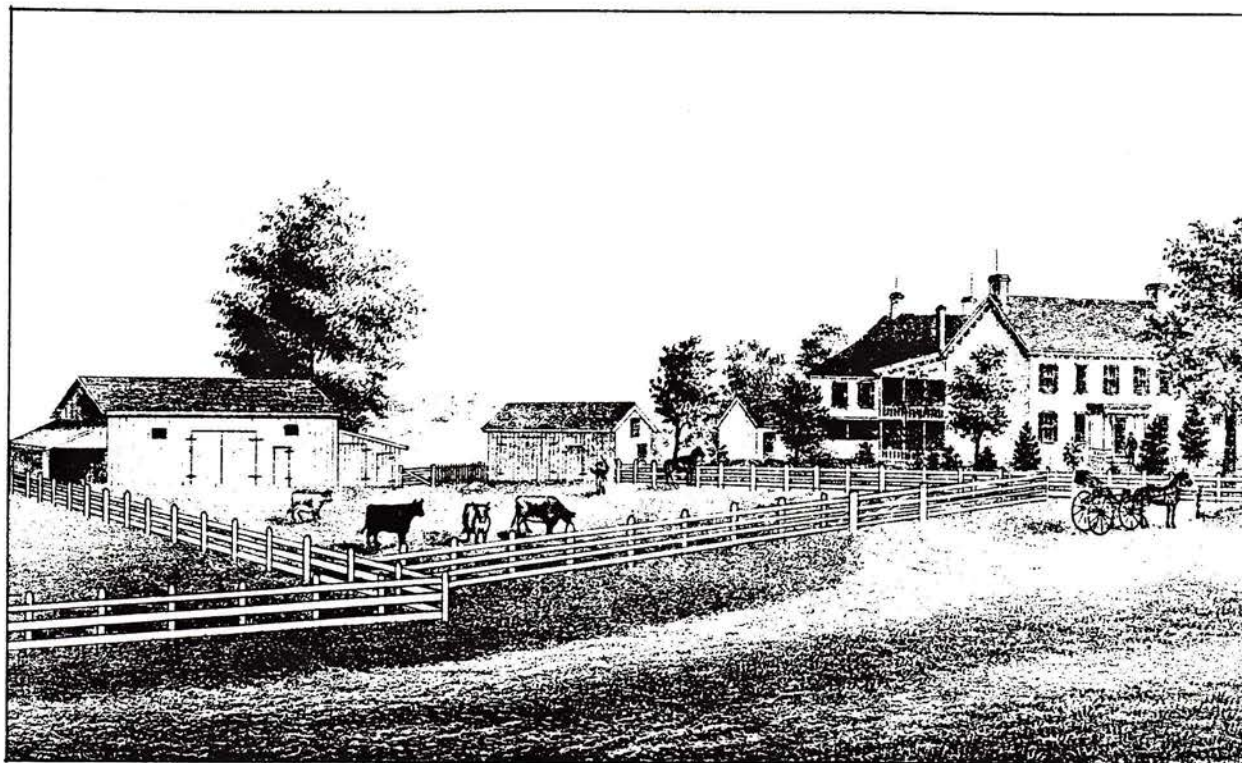
VOLUME XXVII

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1989

NUMBER 2



Site of 1989 Convention Open House,  
May 5, 1989



*Twin Township, Oct. 14, 1874.*

Residence of Will and Nell Wright - 16826 U.S. 50, - Chillicothe, Ohio 45601



## From the Editor

As I pull together the information for this issue. I realize just how supportive the Newsboy readers have been to keep the membership informed and supplied with interesting Alger material.

My agreement with President George Owens was to serve as an interim editor until a permanent editor was found - that was one year ago.

Despite the fact that I am gainfully employed in what seems to be two full-time jobs - teaching in a secondary school for substance abuse and at-risk young people aged 18-21, as well as managing an antiquarian and rare bookstore here in Houston. I have enjoyed hearing from [and in those rare minutes when I have time] responding to you. Thank you all for your help and continuing contributions.

I hope you like the new format. Executive Secretary Carl Hartmann found a layout/printing person who will serve the society well. Let us know how you like it ... Your input is so very important.

As my time as editor grows short, think about your wishes for the Society and for the NEWSBOY.

Best Wishes,  
Jim Ryberg

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Thanks to the following for Donations to the Society:

BERNIE BIBERDORF PF-524  
JAMES LOWE PF-668  
WALLACE PALMER PF-612  
JIM THORP PF-574

Thank you again for your continued support of the Horatio Alger Society.



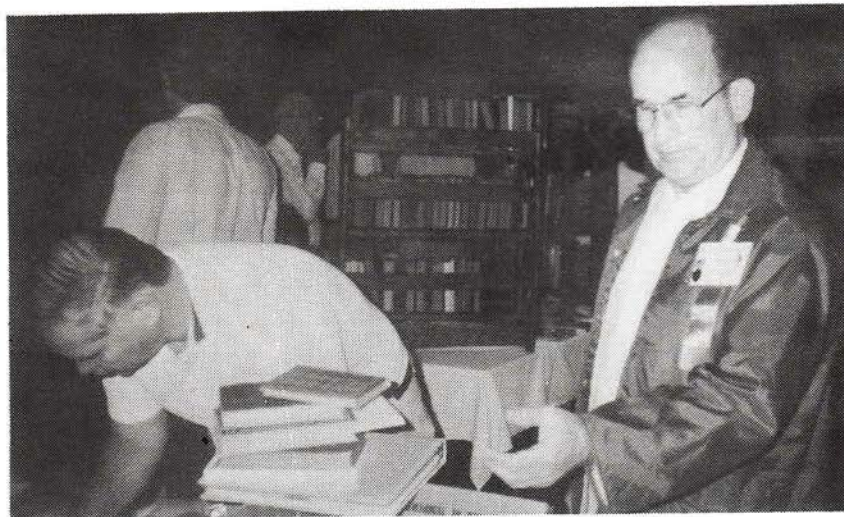
Rohima Walter

### MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Floyd M. Hunt PF-785  
220 Welcome Way, Apt. 110D  
Indianapolis, IN 46214  
T-16  
[Happy to have you back Floyd]

### NEW MEMBERSHIP

Clyde R. Ross, Jr. PF-845  
71-10 Chiyosaki-Cho  
2-Chome  
Naka-ku, Yokohama  
Kanagawa, JAPAN 231



Brad Chase, Tracy Catledge

### THE 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. Founded by Forrest Campbell and Kenneth B. Butler.

OFFICERS: President, George Owens; Vice-President Frank Jaques; Executive Secretary Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner

Newsboy, the Official Organ is Published six times a year at Lansing, MI. and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL Bibliography. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership Applications, renewals, changes of address, and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Secretary,

Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, MI 48910. Manuscripts, Letters to the Editor, and correspondence for the general Membership should be directed to: Editor NEWSBOY, Jim Ryberg, 930 Bayland, Houston, Texas 77009-6505.

#### NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES:

One Page, \$32.00; Half-Page \$17.00;  
Quarter-Page, \$9.00; Column-inch, \$2.00.  
Send ads with check payable to the Horatio Alger Society, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, MI 48910.

THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales. Is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current definitive authority on Alger's works. Letters and manuscripts are welcomed but will not be returned unless a self-addressed stamped envelope is included with each submission.



# HORATIO IN OHIO

CONTINUED FROM JULY-AUGUST ISSUE:

ANNUAL BOOK SALE, reported by Bill McCord, PF-360.

For many years, the Horatio Alger Society convention has featured a book sale and 1989 was no exception; however, most of the visitors agreed that this one was the most outstanding sales to date.

There were at least twenty book stalls. Some were manned by non-members who had been invited to the convention. Although there were a number of Algers, there were many, many other boys books on sale: Fitzhugh, Appleton, Dixon, Optics and a number of other authors were well represented on the tables.

Sales appeared to be brisk despite the fact that there had been considerable horsetrading prior to the formal trade, and most buyers seemed satisfied with their finds.

This member picked up two Fitzhughs and two Websters as well as Ralph Gardner's latest production. Owen Cobb found some American Boys vintage of the twenties - and generously [as always] gave me one containing an Ellis Parker Butler story within its tattered covers.

Bill Gowen, still on the trail of Stratmeyers, seemed happy with his acquisitions. Bob Sawyer parted with more SUN series to the delight of a number of buyers. Tracy Catledge [a 1990 Presidential candidate] was busily amassing a little bit of everything. He ended up with four large boxes to be shipped to the Sunshine State, courtesy of Bob Sawyer.

Regrettably, Paul Miller kept turning down an excellent buy on the "LIVES OF OUR REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTS".

The formal sale began at 8 A.M. and lasted a good three hours. In addition to the buying, socializing, renewing old acquaintances, and friendships, and of course, swapping tales, tall and otherwise.

ADENA, AND MOUND CITY TOUR, reported by Dick Durnbaugh, PF-530

Under threatening skies at 1 P.M., on Saturday, May 6th., 23 hardy conventioners boarded our Convention Bureau bus, piloted again by Jerry Detty. Soon we were winding our way up the steep driveway of Adena Plantation, now a State Memorial, on top of Fruit Hill about two miles due west of the Holiday Inn. Adena was the home of Thomas Worthington, Ohio's first U. S. Senator and it's sixth Governor.

After getting our bus stuck in the mud trying to turn around, we deserted Jerry Detty, the bus driver, and entered the house where we were greeted by Mary Ann Brown, our most gracious and knowledgeable guide. She informed us that Adena was an ancient Hebrew word meaning Paradise, that its first name had been Mt. Prospect Hall, that it was started in 1802 and completed in 1807. Mr Worthington wore many hats in his brief 54 year lifetime, but claimed to be a farmer as he owned some 22,000 acres in the Chillicothe area.

The house has been restored as close as possible to its original condition using identical colors and hand-made wallpapers duplicated by using surviving detailed notes and comments left by Mr. Worthington. Efforts have been made to obtain original furniture at least furnishings of 1820 vintage. We toured the many interesting rooms upstairs and down and enjoyed such unusual features as the door-windows and revolving cupboards.

Many of the more energetic inspected the huge reconstructed barn and other out buildings. Several of us had our pictures taken with Mt. Logan, and the same scene that inspired the Great Seal of Ohio, as our background. As our bus had been retrieved from the mud, we boarded and were transported the mile or two to the Mound City Group National Monument.

This is a 13 acre Indian Burial ground dating from the period of 200 BC to 500 AD. It originally consisted probably of 23 or 24 mounds, most of which have been damaged or destroyed over the years. Several have been reconstructed. Ranger Elizabeth Houserman, gave us an informative introduction to the modest museum, answered our questions, and conducted a walking tour of several of the mounds.

The museum has only a few original relics in it because our Smithsonian showed no interest, so most of them were sold to a British museum. One mound, the "Mica Grave Mound" has been cut away and the opening covered with glass so you can see what the interior originally looked like. Southern Ohio has many of these mound burial areas, each one with its own unique characteristics.

We reboarded our bus for the last time, were returned the short distance to our motel, where we debussed, tired, but with a greater appreciation for and an increased knowledge of those who have gone before.

ANNUAL BANQUET, reported by Will Wright, PF-639.

Saturday evening, May 6th., the Hospitality Room remained open until the Kentucky Derby Race was over. The race was late starting, so the entire evenings program was rescheduled about one-half hour late.

Following the Kentucky Derby, our conventioners assembled in the Holiday Inn Mt. Logan Banquet Room for a social period. Background music was played by Dallas and Dee [Wright] Warner on the organ and piano. Chad Morris, a grandson of Will Wright, made his first public appearance by playing the drums accompanying the Warner's.

Our hostess, Nell Wright presented each lady with a Red Carnation, which is the State Flower of Ohio.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



# HORATIO IN OHIO

FROM PAGE 3

The invocation was given at 6:30 P.M. by Brad Chase. Following which we enjoyed a bountiful buffet. Following the main course, while some were finishing eating and during desert, small booklets were passed out to each person. The title of the booklet was "Books That Almost Were", by Dee Warner. Dee had made cartoon drawings illustrating "Bogus Titles" which sound like or had the appearance of real Alger Titles. The fun was trying to guess the real titles. It was interesting to hear chuckles from different parts of the dining room as the pages were turned. The answers were given by "Dee" later in the program.

Following the meal, President George Owens introduced the Head Table. Awards were presented as follows:

The "Newsboy" Award was presented to Bob Royar, and was presented by Gene Hafner.

The "President's" Award was presented to Bob Williman, and was presented by George Owens.

The "Luck and Pluck" Award was presented to George Owens, and was presented by Bill McCord.

The "Richard Seddon" Award was presented to Bob Sawyer, and was presented by Ralph Gardner.

The "Old Slow But Sure" Award was presented to George Owens, and was presented by Tracy Catledge.

Tracy Catledge gave a rousing speech for his candidacy for the Presidency of the Horatio Alger Society in 1990.

George Owens then introduced a surprise guest, "Sara Jane Stillwell", [Played by Nell Wright]. Sara Jane, dressed in an old fashioned bonnet and a black and white checkered apron, told about growin' up with her Willie, and Willie's Alger Books. She told of Willie ride'n his mule, Silver, to the Horatio Alger Convention in Ada, Oklahoma, last year, and how Jerry Friedland and Silver tried to see which one could bray the loudest. George Owens had to settle both of them down. Sara Jane told how she 'lernt' her Willie to read by using Horatio Alger Books after Willie was seventy years old. When Sara Jane saw Willie coming toward her, she ran to him to introduce him to everyone. Willie presented Sara Jane with a bouquet of roses.

The banquet part of the convention then adjourned and seating was rearranged for the Annual Auction.

ANNUAL AUCTION, Saturday, May 6, 8:00 P.M.

## POSTSCRIPTS

Nell and I enjoyed being your Hosts for "Horatio in Ohio, '89", and hope to see everyone next year in Catskill, New York - Will Wright.

If there had been a vote taken, it would have been unanimous in expressing appreciation to Will Wright for an AI Convention in '89. It will be a hard act to follow, but I intend to make every effort for Catskill in '90 - Bill McCord.

## REGISTRATION "HORATIO IN OHIO" '89

### MEMBERS Registered, Paid and present.

1. Hubert B. Alley, Jr.	PF-835	Huntington WV
2. Bernard A. Biberdorf	PF-524	Indianapolis IN
3. Thomas F. Brady, Jr.	PF-836	Gearhart, OR
4. Tracy M. Catledge	PF-507	Casselberry, L
5. Bradford S. Chase	PF-438	Enfield, CT
6. Mary Elizabeth Cobb	PF-819	Cherry Hill, NJ
7. Owen R. Cobb	PF-473	Cherry Hill, NJ
8. Glen S. Corcoran	PF-339	Wilmette, IL
9. Christine DeHaan	PF-773	Wayland, MI
10. Richard E. Durnbaugh	PF-530	Holly, MI
11. Milton F. Ehler	PF-702	Grand Rapids, MI
12. Jerry B. Friedland	PF-376	Monsey, NY
13. Ralph D. Gardner	PF-053	New York, NY
14. William R. Gowan	PF-706	Mundelin, IL
15. Hank Gravbelle	PF-584	Redondo Beach, CA
16. Eugene H. Hafner	PF-175	Timonium, MD
17. John R. Juvinall	PF-537	Hinsdale, IL
18. Gilbert M. Kapelman	PF-544	New Canaan, CT
19. Robert E. Kasper	PF-327	Media, PA
20. James A. Lantz	PF-824	Lancaster, Ohio
21. Edward T. LeBlanc	PF-015	Fall River, MA
22. William A. Leitner	PF-381	Coconut Creek, FL
23. Edward C. Mattson	PF-067	Towson, MD
24. Ivan J. McCormick	PF-506	Varna, Ont., Canada
25. William J. McCord	PF-360	Catskill, NY
26. Neil J. McCormick	PF-506	Madison, WI
27. Paul F. Miller	PF-351	Vienna, Ohio
28. Gilbert O'Gara	PF-627	Des Moines, IA
29. George W. Owens	PF-586	Palmyra, VA
30. Wallace Palmer	PF-612	Independence, MO
31. Richard L. Pope	PF-740	Corning, NY
32. Jack W. Row	PF101	Tampa, FL
33. William D. Russell	PF-549	Hatboro, PA
34. Robert E. Sawyer	PF-455	Columbus, OH
35. Florence O. Schnell	PF-344	Seaford, DE
36. John B. Schnell	PF-629	Silver Spring, MD
37. Percy H. Seamans	PF-405	Lake Delton, WI
38. Ann Sharrard	PF-325	Gainsville, FL
39. Nina J. Tegarden	PF-821	Glendale, Ohio
40. Dale E. Thomas	PF-315	Garfield Heights, Ohio
41. David W. Thornton	PF-470	Concord, CA
42. David K. Vaughn	PF-831	Beavercreek, Ohio
43. Rohima Walter	PF-160	LaFayette, IN
44. Gilbert K. Westgard, III	PF-024	Boynton Beach, FL
45. Clyde E. Willis	PF-119	Westerville, Ohio
46. William R. Wright	PF-639	Chillicothe, Ohio

### MEMBERS Registered, paid, unable to attend.

1. Robert S. Brooks	PF-829	Evanston, IL
2. Evelyn M. Grebel	PF-318	Abilene, TX
3. D. James Ryberg	PF-533	Houston, TX

CONTINUED PAGE 5



FROM PAGE 4

FAMILY OF MEMBERS Registered, paid and present.

- |                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Marcene M. Biberdorf | Spouse of Bernie Biberdorf     |
| 2. Mike Conklin         | Friend of Will Wright          |
| 3. Lorraine Corcoran    | Spouse of Glenn Cocran         |
| 4. Marie Dehaan         | Daughter of Chris DeHaan       |
| 5. Shirley A. Durnbaugh | Spouse of Dick Durnbaugh       |
| 6. Carol Ehlert         | Spouse of Milt Ehlert          |
| 7. Elaine R. Gravbelle  | Spouse of Hank Gravbelle       |
| 8. E. Wynone Hafner     | Spouse of Gene Hafner          |
| 9. Kathy Keller         | Friend of Will Wright          |
| 10. Eileen W. Lantz     | Spouse of Jim Lantz            |
| 11. Florence A. LeBlanc | Spouse of Eddie LeBlanc        |
| 12. Sarah Lynch         | Grandaughter of Will Wright    |
| 13. Margaret McClymont  | Spouse of Ivan McClymont       |
| 14. Ruth W. Miller      | Spouse of Paul Miller          |
| 15. Chad E. Morris      | Grandson of Will Wright        |
| 16. Jackie Pope         | Spouse of Dick Pope            |
| 17. Judy C. Queen       | Daughter of Will Wright        |
| 18. Beth W. Row         | Spouse of Jack Row             |
| 19. George F. Sharrard  | Spouse of Ann Sharrard         |
| 20. Barb Sprik          | Mother of Chris DeHaan         |
| 21. Fred W. Tegarden    | Spouse of Nina Tegarden        |
| 22. Mary Ellen Thomas   | Spouse of Dale Thomas          |
| 23. Charles Tschetter   | Son-in-law of Glen Corcoran    |
| 24. Jill L. Tschetter   | Grandaughter of Glenn Corcoran |
| 25. Mary Jo Tschetter   | Daughter of Glenn Corcoran     |
| 26. John Walter         | Spouse of Rohima Walter        |
| 27. Dallas J. Warner    | Son-in-law of Will Wright      |
| 28. Dolores A. Warner   | Daughter of Will Wright        |
| 29. Jeanne Willis       | Spouse of Clyde Willis         |
| 30. Nell M. Wright      | Spouse of Will Wright          |
| 31. Stephen E. Wright   | Son of Will Wright             |
| 32. Susan Wright        | Daughter-in-law of Will Wright |

GUESTS [Not member related] Registered, Paid and present.

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Walter E. Albert   | Pittsburg, PA        |
| 2. David Farah        | Harper Woods, MI     |
| 3. Bonnie J. Flanagan | Mainsburg, PA        |
| 4. Gordon W. Huber    | Cuyahoga Falls, OHIO |
| 5. Jeanne M. Huber    | Cuyahoga Falls, OHIO |
| 6. Robert G. Huber    | Indianapolis, IN     |
| 7. Doris E. Piccus    | Mainsburg, PA        |
| 8. Valdo E. Piccus    | Mainsburg, PA        |

SUMMARY

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| 3 from California;  | Concord and Redondo Beach.                                      |
| 2 from Connecticut; | Endfield and New Canaan.  |
| 1 from Delaware;    | Seaford.  |
| 7 from Florida;     | Boyton Beach, Caselberry, Coconut Creek, Gainesville and Tampa. |
| 5 from Illinois;    | Hinsdale, Mundelin and Wilmette.                                |
| 5 from Indiana;     | Evanston, Indianapolis and LaFayette.                           |
| 1 from Iowa;        | Des Moines.   |
| 2 from Kentucky;    | Louisville.   |
| 4 from Maryland;    | Silver Springs, Timonium and Towson.                            |

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| 2 from Massachusetts; | Fall River.   |
| 8 from Michigan;      | Grand Rapids, Harper, Holly, Moline and Wayland.  |
| 1 from Missouri;      | Independence.   |
| 2 from New Jersey;    | Cherry Hill.  |
| 5 from New York;      | Catskill, Corning, Monsey, and New York.  |
| 26 from Ohio;         | Beaver Creek, Chillicothe, Columbus, Cuyahoga Falls, Garfield Heights, Glendale, Lancaster, Mayfield Village, Vienna and Westerville. |
| 1 from Oregon;        | Gearhart.   |
| 6 from Pennsylvania;  | Hatboro, Mainesburg, Media and Pittsburg.   |
| 2 from Texas;         | Abilene and Houston.  |
| 1 from Virginia;      | Palmyra.  |
| 1 from West Virginia  | Huntington.   |
| 2 from Wisconsin;     | Lake Delton and Madison.  |
| 2 from Canada;        | Varna, Ontario.   |

TOTAL REGISTERED

89 from 21 States of the U.S.A. and from 1 Province of Canada.

NOT REGISTERED

Sara Jane Stillwell, a walk-in from Knockemstiff, Spouse of Willie. [Sara Jane learn't Willie to read using Horatio Alger Books.] Sara Jane was portrayed by Nell Wright.



Bill McCord, Bill Gowen, Ed LeBlanc



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Jim,

I want you to know how delighted I am with the NEWSBOY since you have taken over. Even my wife has started to read it again! Everyone I've talked to feels the same way. congratulations on an excellent job!

I thought you might want to be kept up to date on preparations for the 1990 Convention.

Dates: May 3,4, and 5, 1990.

Location: Catskill Motor Lodge at Exit 21, New York State Thruway, Catskill, N.Y. Phone [518] 943-5800

Forty rooms will be held until April 15, 1990 for the use of H.A.S. members.

Prices: Double [2 persons] \$41.00 per night  
Double [4 persons] \$51.00 per night  
Single [1 person] \$39.00 per night

Convention receptionist will be there at 2 P.M. on Thursday, May 3rd.

Reservations: will be made directly with the motel. Motel will expect one nights prepayment with the reservation.

Reservation fee: \$40.00 per person.

There is much of interest in the Catskills for the book lover, antique buff and history enthusiast. Within 45 minutes is Hyde Park and the FDR Estate and Library [Paul Miller, take note!]. The Vanderbilt Mansion is about a mile from the FDR site.

Just across the Hudson River from the Catskill is the home of Frederick Church, Hudson Valley School Artist "Olana" Church's home, is open to the public and affords a magnificent view of the Hudson and the Catskills. Another artist Thomas Cole, lived just across the street from our home in Catskill. Also within a short drive is Martin Van Buren's home, Montgomery Place [mansion built by Janet Livingston Montgomery, widow of the Revolutionary War hero, General Richard Montgomery, as well as Clermont, Robert Fulton's home

For book lovers, Fitzhugh fans no doubt know that Catskill, Temple Camp, Black Lake and Leeds are the locales for many escapades of Tom Slade, Roy Blackely and PeeWee Harris.

Some of James Fenimore Cooper's scenes took place in the area, and Rip Van Winkle's famous sleep is a local tradition. More will follow.

Regards,  
Bill McCord PF-360

Dear Jim:

Below is a list of the results of Annual Auctions since 1974 and I hope you and the members might be interested. I'm still enjoying the reading in the Newsboy!! Keep up the good work.

Sincerely  
Dale Thomas PF-31

1974	Dan Fuller	New Philadelphia	\$ 207.00
1975	Les Poste	Genesee	450.00 Apprx.
1976	Gil Westgard	Chicago, IL	652.00
1977	Dick Seddon	Boston, MA	1400.00
1978	Jack Bales	Jacksonville, IL	1526.00
1979	Dale Thomas	Cleveland, Ohio	1919.00
1980	Brad Chase	Enfield, CT	2306.00
1981	Bob Williman	Bowie, MD	2899.00
1982	Bill Russell	Willow Grove, PA	2688.00
1983	Bob Sawyer	Columbus, Ohio	2864.00
1984	Jim Thorpe	Nashua, NH	2782.00 Apprx.
1985	Gil Westgard	Boynton Beach, FL	1200.00
1986	Jim Ryberg	Houston, TX	2240.00
1987	George Owens	Charlottesville, VA	1900.00
1988	Frank Jaques	Ada, OK	1078.00
1989	Will Wright	Chillicothe, Ohio	1284.00
			\$27,427.00

Dear Jim,

Short note to say Hello and enclose a short article on "Alger", Hope you enjoy it.

Just finished reading Newsboy and find it Terrific. Will go over it again on another day as I'm heading off for work. Glad you mentioned new member in it from Mass. as I must look them up seeing they are only a few miles from me. Again Well Done!

As Always,  
Don Choate, PF-608

[Editor:

Thank you for the clipping from the Middlesex News, Sunday, October 22, 1989. The leading paragraph in an article entitled, "Long Hours Pay Off", by John Cuniff of the Associated Press starts off:

"Those whose youthful ambitions were nourished by Horatio Alger might not find much news in this story...."

Horatio Alger is still remembered by some, but an article in the Houston Chronicle, March 20, 1989, carries a statement by Dallas City Councilman Al Lipscomb which says:

"If there was ever anyone in the world Who went with the Booker T. Washington idea of picking yourself up by your bootstraps...."





Brad Chase [Hello Rolfe! Sorry but I was unable to buy the book]



Marcy and Bernie Biberdorf

## BOOK MART

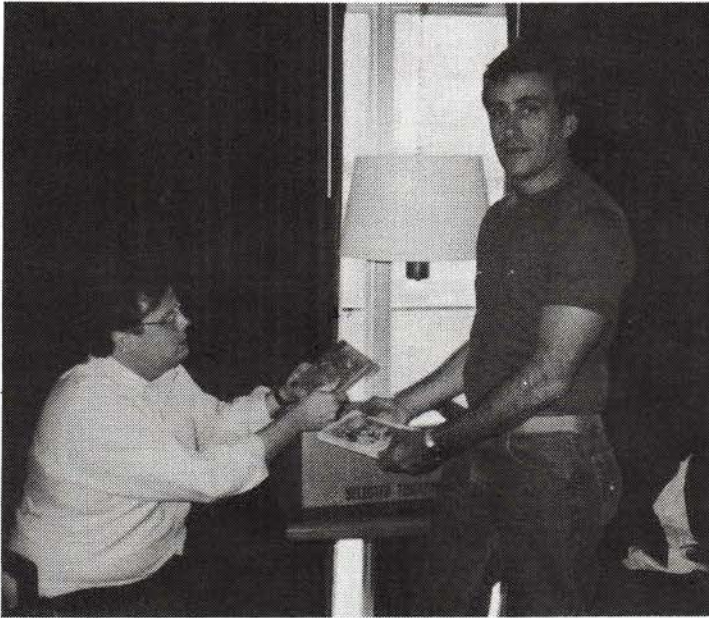
Bob Bennett PF-265  
14 Tremont Ave.  
Congers, NY 10920

"Please help with postage"

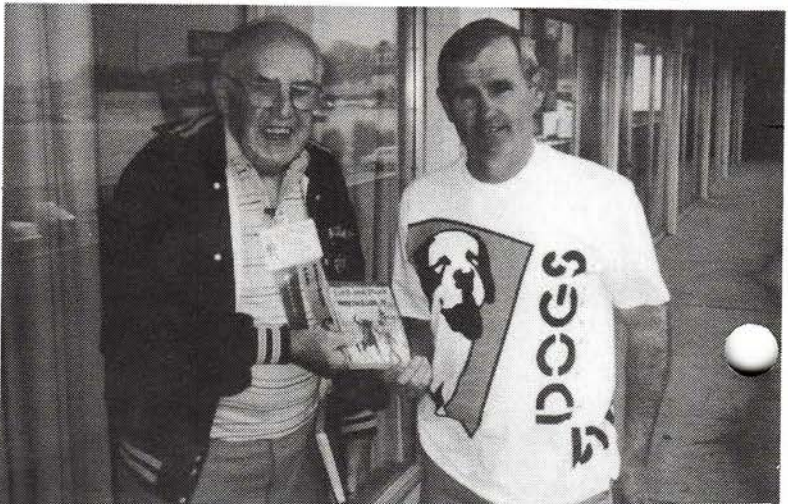
Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy-Anderson & Allen-1st Ed.-	
	G/VG - \$95.00
Falling in with Fortune-Mershon-3rd. state-F/G-	20.00
Frank's Campaign-Loring-Pebbled Cloth-1st Ed.-G/VG-	225.00
From Canal Boy to President-[W'out Erratum]-Anderson & Allen	
	1st Ed.- G/VG - 25.00
Mark Mason's Victory-Burt-1st Ed.- Poor only -	5.00
Out for Business-Mershon-[No flyleaf-Faded cover] -G-	30.00
Shifting for Himself-P&C-Sunburst on spine-VG-	25.00
Try and Trust-P&C-Sunburst on spine-Hinge repaired-G-	20.00
Mark the Match Boy-HT Coates-Ragged Dick Series-VG-	20.00
The Store Boy-HT Coates-Roundabout Library-VG-	15.00
The Young Miner-HT Coates-Roundabout Library-VG-	15.00
From Canal Boy to President-Cadwell-VG in FDJ-	15.00
Rough and Ready-HT Coates-Ragged Dick Series-VG-	20.00
Ragged Dick-HT Coates-Ragged Dick Series-G/VG-	15.00
Ben, the Luggage Boy-P&C-Ragged Dick Series-G/VG-	15.00
Falling in with Fortune-G&D-VG-	20.00
From Farm to Fortune-G&D-VG-	20.00
Jerry, the Backwood's Boy-G&D-G/VG-	20.00
Joe, the Hotel Boy-G&D-G-	15.00
Lost at Sea-G&D-VG-	20.00
Nelson the Newsboy-G&D-G/VG-	15.00
Randy of the River-G&D-VG-	20.00
The Young Book Agent-G&D-G-	10.00
Young Captain Jack-G&D-F/G-	5.00
Luck and Pluck-Winston-Library Ed.-VG-	15.00
Ragged Dick-Winston-Library Ed.-VG-	15.00
Mark the Match Boy-Winston-Library Ed.-G/VG-	10.00
Rough and Ready-Winston-Library Ed. [Flyleaf torn]-G/VG-	7.00
Ben the Luggage Boy-Winston-Library Ed. [Hinge Cracked]-G-	7.00
Ragged Dick-Winston-Ragged Dick Series-VG-	10.00
Fame and Fortune-Winston-Ragged Dick Series-G/VG-	7.00
Frank Fowler, the Cash Boy-Burt Deluxe-VG-	15.00
Joe's Luck-Burt Deluxe-VG-	15.00
Tom Temple's Career-Burt Deluxe-VG-	15.00
Tom Thacher's Fortune-Burt Delux-VG-	15.00
From Farm to Fortune-Chatterton-Peck-Rise in Life Series-	
	VG- 20.00
Slow and Sure-Thompson & Thomas-G/VG-	10.00
Struggling Upward; Ragged Dick; Phil, the Fiddler; Jed, the	
Poorhouse Boy-Bonanza- 4 in 1 Edition- VG in VGDJ -	12.00
Julius & The Store Boy-Holt, Rinehart & Winston-2 in 1	
	Edition-VG in VGDJ- 10.00
Alger a Biography without a Hero by Herbert Mayes-Macy-Masius	
	1928-VG- 25.00
From Rags to Riches by John Tebbel - MacMillan, 1963 - VG in	
	VGDJ- 15.00



# Photos by Bill Russell



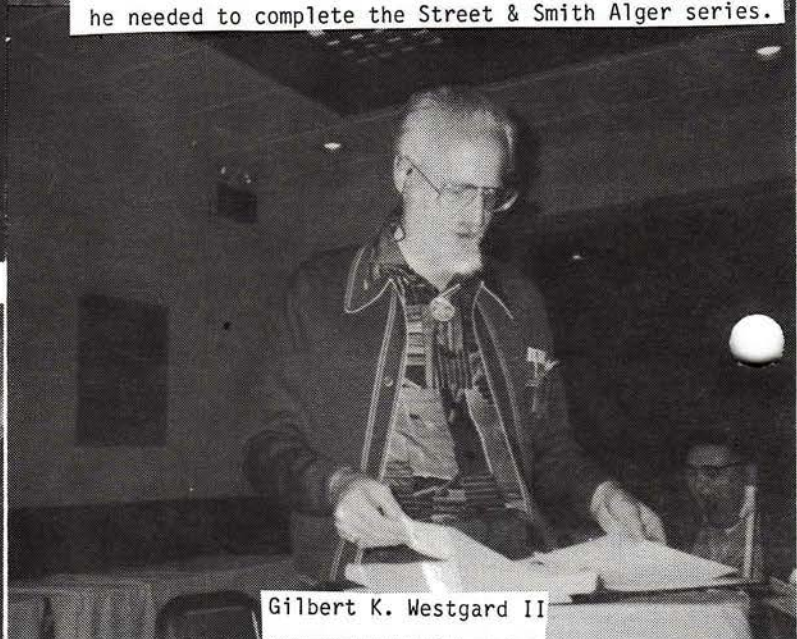
Robert Kasper, Ed Mattson



Bob Sawyer receives from Bill Russell the last title he needed to complete the Street & Smith Alger series.



Mary Ellen Thomas, Ann Sharrard, Ed LeBlanc, George Sharrard



Gilbert K. Westgard II



Bill McCord [at business meeting]



Ed Mattson, Gene Hafner fishing in Will's lake

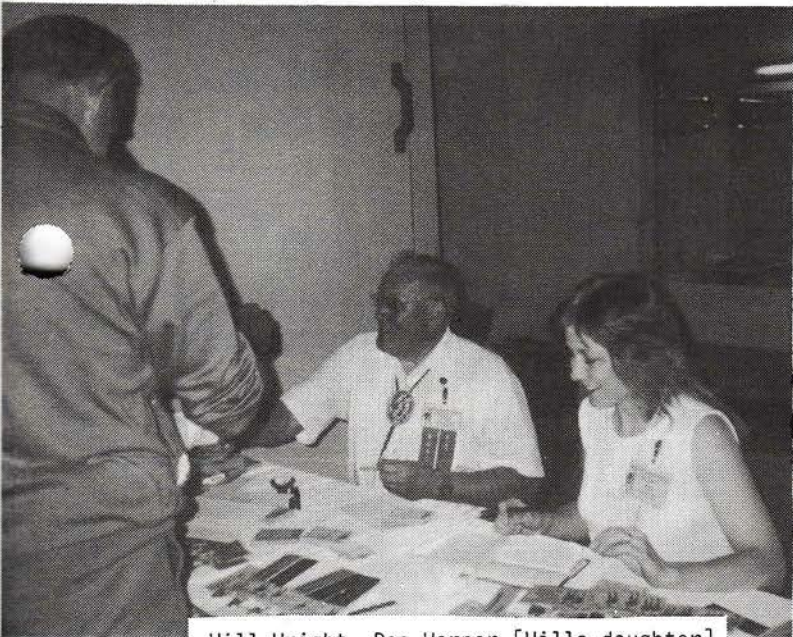




Owen Cobb, Bill Gowen, Bob Sawyer, Ralph Gardner,  
Bill McCord, Tracy Catledge



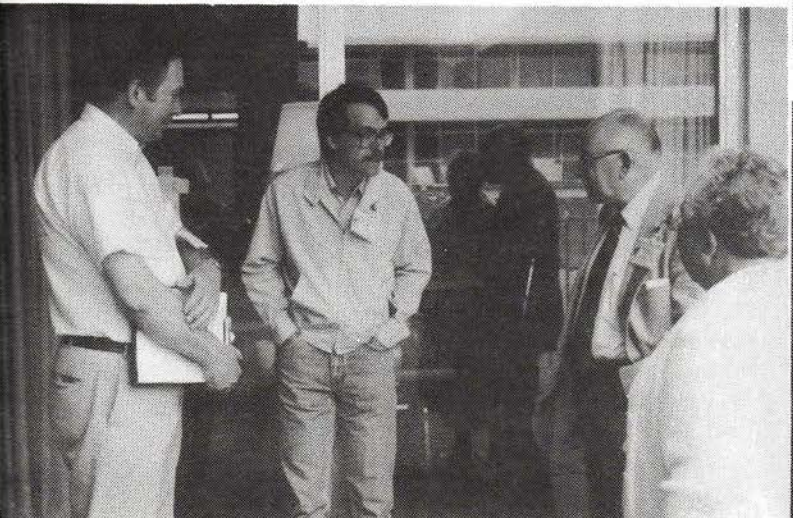
Owen Cobb, Dale Thomas, Ralph Gardner



Will Wright, Dee Warner [Wills daughter]



Friday night at Will Wright's



Gil O'Gara, Ed & Florence LeBlanc



Rohima Walter, Florence LeBlanc, Ruth Miller,  
Dale Thomas



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM PAGE 6

Dear Jim:

A note for the Newsboy to congratulate Will Wright and his family on a great program at this years convention "Horatio in Ohio". We did miss seeing you and hope this will be remedied next year at Catskill, New York.

I just finished viewing a video cassette of the convention taken by my son-in-law Charles Tschetter of Cleveland and sent to me by my daughter Mary Jo as a father's day gift. It brought back so clearly the good time we all had that I thought others might like to have a copy. Almost everyone there is shown on the tape at one time or another. I checked with a local lab about reproducing the tape and including postage and packaging I could furnish any of our members with a copy for \$27.50.

The tape runs for one hour and forty minutes. Included on the tape are [1] Party at Will Wright's home Friday, [2] Book Sale, [3] Bus ride and visit to Adena House, [4] Banquet and presentation of awards, [5] Nell Wright's recitation of Life with Willie, [6] Answers to cartoon book pictures, [7] Scenes around the motel and [8] Annual Auction with genial auctioneer Jerry Friedland.

If anyone would like a copy write me at 2045 Certral Ave. Wilmette, IL 60091 [phone 312-251-4593] and I will have copies made up for all who are interested. I would guess about two weeks for delivery. My best regards to all.

Cordially,  
Glenn S. Corcoran PF-339

Dear Mr. Hartmann:

Greetings from Japan!

I hope this letter finds you in good health and spirits. I received your address from Jerry Friedman of Monsey, New York. I am enclosing \$15.00 for membership into the Alger Society. I hope this will cover the postage for the "Newsboy."

And, if there is an application to be filled out, please send it to me here at my home in Yokohama, Japan.

I am currently trying to find the publisher that has published the Japanese version of Ragged Dick. I believe it was Taiyousha.

Thank you very much for your help and time, Mr. Hartmann. I look forward to receiving the "Newsboy" soon.

Sincerely,  
Clyd R. Ross, Jr. PF-845  
71-10 Chiyosaki-Cho  
2-Chome  
Naka-ku, Yokohama  
Kanagawa, JAPAN 231

Dear Jim:

Enjoyed the Newsboy, keep up the good work. I have a post card that was found inside a Alger book. It is from Ralph Gardner and dated December 19, 1963. Written to someone with regards to Algers. Enclosed a photo-copy of both front and back. Take care.

Best Wishes,  
Bill Russell PF-549

*Here's my list - Please  
let me know if  
you Algers - I look  
forward to your  
reply.  
Cordially,  
R. Gardner*



*Mr. Geo. M. Schumm Jr.  
50 Sherwood Ave.  
Trenton 9,  
N.J.*

[Note: photo reduced to fit format]

Wanted titles by HORATIO ALGER, Jr. List is incomplete, so advise of any you have (hard-cover books, paperbacks, poems, letters; items with Alger's pen-names, ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM and ARTHUR HAMILTON). When replying, always indicate name of publisher and condition. If you haven't any now, PLEASE FILE THIS AND NOTIFY ME WHEN YOU DO.

Frank's Campaign - Loring, publisher  
Herbert Carter's Legacy - Loring  
Mark the Match Boy - Loring  
Paul Prescott's Charge - Loring  
Paul the Peddler - Loring  
Seeking His Fortune - Loring  
Timothy Crump's Ward (anonymous) - Loring  
Young Adventurer - Loring  
A Boy's Fortune - Coates  
Wren Winter's Triumph - Thompson, Thomas  
Randy of the River - Chatterton-Peck  
Ralph Raymond's Heir (Hamilton) - Gleason  
Walter Griffith - Any edition  
THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL PAPERBACKS:  
Burt's Boys' Home Library:  
Joe's Luck - #1  
Tom Thatcher's Fortune - #11  
Errand Boy - #14

Munsey's Popular Series for Boys & Girls:  
Number 91 - #5  
Tom Tracy - #10 (Putnam)  
Street & Smith, Medal Library:  
Both Sides of the Continent - #78  
Tom Brace - #122  
Adrift in New York - #243  
Robert Coverdale's Struggle - #555  
U.S. Bk. Co., Leather-Clad Tales:  
\$500 - #23  
Ned Newton - #24 (Putnam)  
Mark Stanton - #25 (Putnam)  
Erie Train Boy - #26  
New York Boy - #30 (Putnam)  
Dean Dunham - #32  
Oglvie, Sunset Series:  
Silas Snobden's Office Boy

RALPH GARDNER

135 Central Park West

New York 23, N.Y.

THE NEWSBOY is your publication. ANY information that you have and you think would be interesting or of value to our members, please send to James Ryberg or Carl Hartmann. We will make sure it is published. We would like to hear about your collection.



"AN AFFAIR OF HONOR" Who was the Author?

By Jim Ryberg

The following short story "An Affair of Honor", was published anonymously in Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Volume 18, December, 1858. Although the story was published without an author's name, Horatio Alger, Jr. has been identified as the writer. How, one asks, can an anonymous story be attributed to a particular author?

The records of the publisher or the author himself serve as the primary source of information. However, if those records do not provide the information needed, the researcher examines the work itself for clues. "An Affair of Honor" contains certain patterns or motifs which are so typical of Alger that there is little room for doubt as to who the author really is.

First, we have the frequently used boarding house settings. The one in this story is not unlike the one in The Disagreeable Woman written by Alger in 1895. Second, we find a newsboy who sells our narrator the newspaper which advertises the boat departing for Havana. Alger's writing and newsboys are almost universally paired. Third, we see Alger's traditional use of sarcasm when describing Sophronia and Mrs. Jones.

A researcher attempting to prove authorship could cite numerous examples of devices often used by an author, of descriptive patterns and of linguistic structures found in many works by the same writer. Such are the methods used in attempting to determine authorship of certain anonymously published works. As you read "An Affair of Honor", do some detective work yourself.



Mary Jo Tschetter, Lorraine Corcoran

## An Affair of Honor

"Honor is the subject of my story"

For five-and-forty years I have borne the name of Peter Smith. Though you have never heard of me I flatter myself that my family name will be familiar to you. I am quiet in my habits, and, I believe, not disposed to interfere with the rights of other men; yet even this did not avail to save me some ten years since from becoming involved in an affair of honor. Let me tell you how it happened.

At the time of which I speak I was an inmate of Mrs. Jones's family. I use the word inmate advisedly, since it was well known that Mrs. Jones never took boarders. In fact she expressly gave me to understand that her only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society—that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment thus insinuated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged a higher rate for board than I had ever before paid. Still I did not demur, feeling certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess. Physically speaking, I should say that she came of a great family her proportions being most aristocratic. In her demeanor toward me she was always very gracious and condescending, for which I felt properly grateful. She always came to the table arrayed in a stiff satin, the very rustle of which betrayed her consequence, and impressed me with a sense of my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones had a daughter, by name Sophronia. In external appearance she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the latter was short and dumpy. In a copy of verses which she was kind enough to show me some enthusiastic young man had the temerity to call her sylph. I do not know much about sylphs never having seen one to my knowledge; but I question very much whether sylphs have red hair or noses with an upward tendency. I have my doubts also as to whether sylphs squint. Still I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones was a sylph, since that belief evidently afforded her satisfaction.

Mrs. Jones's table was admirably adapted for a valetudinarian. There he would find no dishes of unwholesome richness—nothing, indeed, that was calculated to induce excess in eating. If, as some physicians have declared, health is best preserved by always rising from the table with an appetite, I was never in a fairer way to secure its blessing than when enjoying the genteel insufficiency of Mrs. Jones's hospitality.

About a month after my arrival, conversation turned, at the dinner-table, upon a concert which was to be given the same evening by Signora Filfalini. I have a poor memory for Italian names, but that is the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, Ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, "If you had a gentleman protector."

CONTINUED PAGE 12



## An Affair of Honor

FROM PAGE 11

Thereupon she began to disclaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had, on this account, been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not, in politeness, refrain from offering my escort, although I should thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I am a member.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not; but her mother quietly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly girl [thirty-five if she's a day], and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no further objections, and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed on me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the raptures of my companion, who pronounced Signora Falfalini's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions. The Signora being built after the same model as Sophronia, I quite agreed with her in this last bit of criticism.

"Do you know," simpered my companion, confidently, "I have myself thought at times that I was designed by Nature for a prima donna or an opera singer like Signora Falfalini?"

"Then why did you not become one?" I inquired.

"Because ma had such an objection to any thing of a public character. She felt that I should be demeaned by so doing, and advised me to content myself with contributing to the gratification of my friends at home. You have never heard me sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which had struck me as far from agreeable. I thought it best, however, without mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia, "my voice is wild and uncultivated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sing except when the inspiration seizes me. If you will come in to-morrow evening I will sing for you if you would like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and, as the concert was now finished, proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were making our way through the crowd, it chanced that some one, accidentally or otherwise, jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I, for I confess my courage is not of the highest order.

In reply Sophronia pointed out a tall gentleman with a very fierce mustache, who was standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to have an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it must have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, "to treat him with silent contempt?"

Sophronia was no means of this opinion.

Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked-in what was intended to be a resolute tone-"what he ment by insulting the lady under my charge."

"Sir-r-r," he ejaculated, wheeling sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on his part.

Stroking his mustache very fiercely he informed me that he had no explanations to make -that if I wished to hear from him at any time I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented me his card.

Without stopping to look at it I slunk away in the crowd and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly--I am not sure exactly what -and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber, I examined the card which had been placed in my hand, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown, Astor House. Very probably he was distinguished by the same qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would at least take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by frightful dreams, in which I fancied myself shot through the heart by the terrible Achilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in the momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast-bell, I was startled by a knock on the door. Immediately afterward entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard." He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as my second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said that I had not, as yet, decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided!" repeated my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me thereby to recede two paces, in some personal apprehension; "not yet decided! But perhaps I do not understand you."

I intimated, rather uncomfortably, that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duello.

"Conscientious fiddlesticks!" interrupted my visitor. "Sir, you must fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. That lady is my cousin. Unless you take notice of it, I must."

"I shall be very glad to have you," said I, eagerly, thinking to shift the duel upon him.

"You misunderstand me," said he, gravely. "Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect to my cousin, and shall challenge you. Choose which of us you will fight."

CONTINUED PAGE 13



## An Affair of Honor

FROM PAGE 12

This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eustace.

"Yes said I, faintly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"Sir,—You grossly insulted a young lady, while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor, I call upon you either for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eustace, who is authorized to act as my friend. Yours, etc., Peter Smith. "Captain Achilles Brown."

Having signed this, with some misgivings, I inquired as to the character of this Captain Brown.

"I don't know much about him," said my friend; "But I presume he is a regular fireeater."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider any apology sufficient."

"But I shall not," was the Lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. He departed with his missive; and I was left in no very enviable frame of mind.

Two hours after, the Lieutenant returned in high spirits.

"Has he apologized?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "He vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be!" was my internal reflection.

"The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise," resumed the Lieutenant. "It is to take place at Hoboken: weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces."

"Isn't that rather near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course, you want it near. You will be more likely to hit your man."

"And he will be more likely to hit me," I rejoined.

"Of course," was the careless reply. "You must take your chance of that."

I could not help wondering whether he would be so cool about it if he were the principal, and I the second. In fact, I have always observed that seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be about their own. I suppose it is human nature. I think it altogether likely that I should make a very fierce second.

"I supposed you are used to pistols?" remarked my friend.

Used to pistols! I remember once having fired one as a boy to the imminent danger of my little sister's life. Since then I have not had one in my hands.

As I strolled out into the streets in an unhappy frame of mind, a newsboy thrust into my hand a daily paper which I mechanically bought. Glancing over the columns I observed that a boat was advertised as about to start that day for Havana.

The hour of departure was four in the afternoon. A sudden thought struck me. Would it not be much better to embark for Cuba than remain behind to be shot—a result which the state of my nerves and my want of practice with the pistol rendered altogether probable.

With new-born alacrity I immediately repaired to the boat and demanded to see the agent. He informed me that the boat would positively start at the hour indicated.

I asked to see the list of passengers.

Running my eyes casually down the list my heart beat quickly as they fell upon the last name. Could it be possible that my dreaded opponent Captain Achilles Brown had secured passage! What could be his motive?

"When did this gentleman book his name as a passenger?" I inquired.

"Not half an hour since."

"Did he understand that the boat started today?"

"Yes; he made particular inquiries on that point."

"Will you describe him to me? Is he tall?"

"Yes, quite so."

"And has a black mustache?"

"Yes."

"A dark complexion, and wears a large cloak?"

"Precisely. You know him, then?"

"Very slightly," said I, carelessly. "By-the-way, I don't think I shall be able to get away for a week. I won't engage to-day."

"We would give you good accommodations."

"No doubt of that. On the whole, you needn't mention to Captain Brown that any body inquired for him."

My heart bounded with exultation as with some difficulty I realized that my opponent, whom I dreaded so much, was about to leave the country from fear of encountering me.

What a joke that was! I laughed all the way home, though I endeavored to preserve my gravity. On the way I purchased a brace of pistols, which I ostentatiously displayed on reaching my boarding-place.

"To think you should risk your life for me," simpered the fair Sophronia.

"Miss Sophronia," said I, with suitable fierceness "no one shall with impunity insult a lady while under my protection."

During a portion of the afternoon I practiced shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the tea-table. Lieutenant Eustace, who was present, seemed considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and was evidently puzzled to account for it.

After tea I invited the company to witness my will, which I had drawn up for the sake of producing and impression. It proved quite a master-stroke. I noticed that Lieutenant Eustace treated me with increasing respect, while Sophronia repeated several times under her breath, but loud enough for me to hear, "Brave man!"

All this I enjoyed, and took the opportunity to discourse severely upon the sacredness of honor, in defense of which I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

CONTINUED PAGE 14



## An Affair of Honor

FROM PAGE 13

In the course of the afternoon I had had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the Ariel, with Captain Brown on board. Whether this circumstance had any thing to do with inspiring in me these elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning at an early hour I proceeded to the field with my second.

Captain Achilles Brown was nowhere to be seen!

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow him ample time to appear. Of course it was in vain. All, however, testified to the remarkable courage I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered their congratulations. The affair even found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being furtively pointed out as the celebrated duelist. Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attention--a circumstance that may well excite surprise when it is considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community professes to condemn.

Soon afterward I left my boarding-place to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterward learned that, had I shown a white feather, it was arranged that Lieutenant Eustace should force me into marriage with his cousin on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alternative, least I should accept the duel.

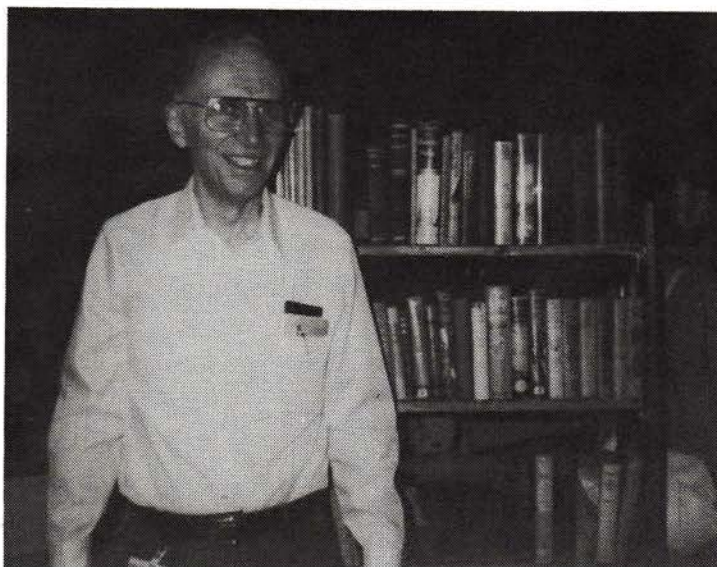
I have heard nothing of Captain Achilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba. Had he possessed a little more courage, I shudder to think what might have been the result.



Mary Elizabeth and Owen Cobb



Ed Mattson, Wallace Palmer



Milt Ehlert [at H.A.S. booksale]

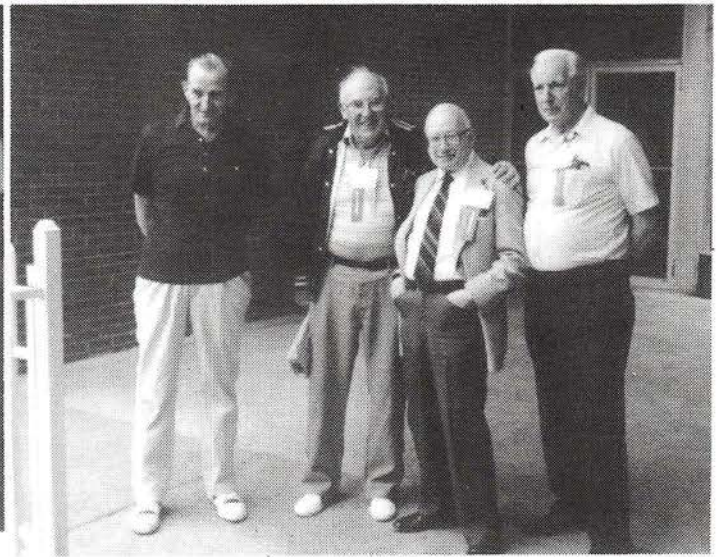


Jerry Freidland, Dale Thomas





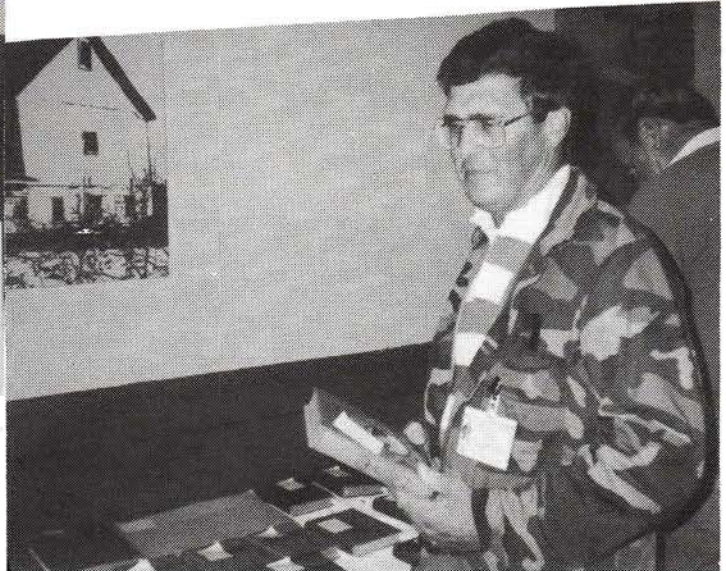
Jack Row, Jerry Friedland, Bill Leitner



Owen Cobb, Bob Sawyer, Ed LeBlanc, Bill McCord



Ruth Miller, Florence Schnell, Ralph Gardner



Neil McCormick [Looking over Pachon Auction books]

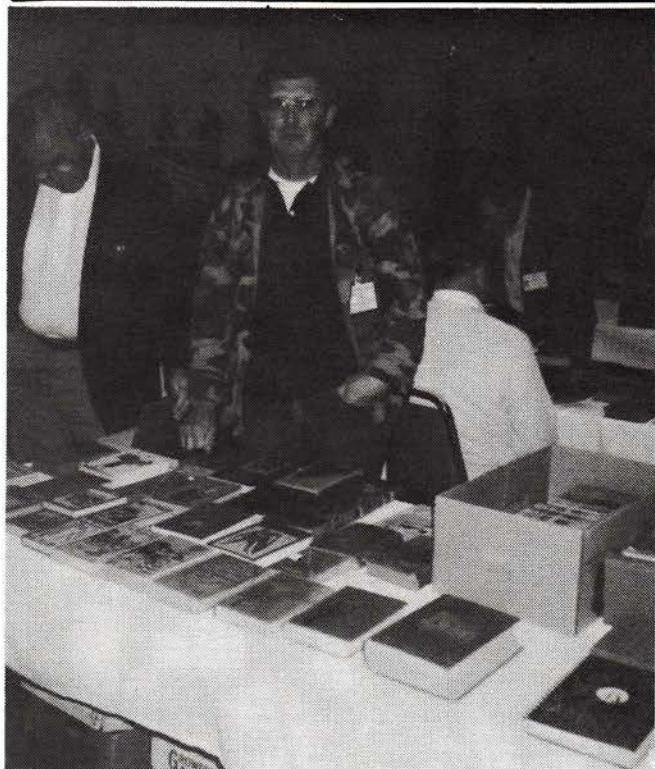


Glenn Corcoran with Granddaughter  
Jill Lorraine Tschetter

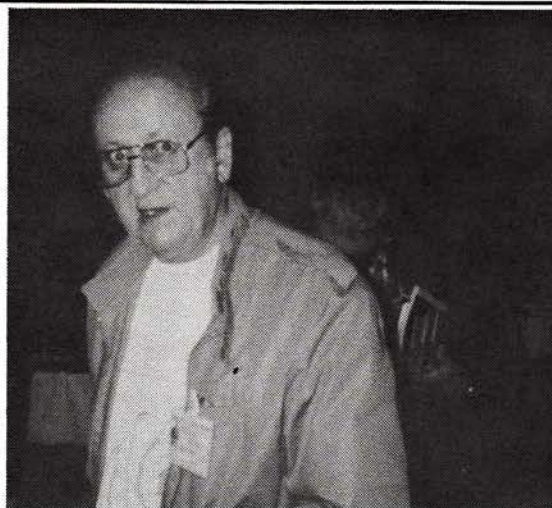


Val Piccus, Gil Kappleman, Beth Row

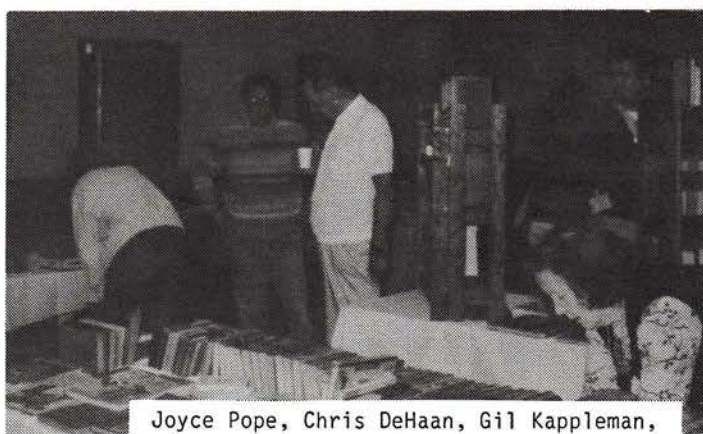




Neil McCormick, Dave Thornton,



Hank Gravebelle



Joyce Pope, Chris DeHaan, Gil Kappleman,  
Owen Cobb, Lorraine Corcoran



Ruth Miller



Brad Chase, Val Piccus [H.A.S. Booksale]



Florence Schnell, Bill McCord,