



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 — 1899

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

NEWSBOY



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

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NUMBER 5

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President's column

With lighted lawn ornaments, Christmas trees inside and outside, radios blaring modern Christmas songs (carols are now in the minority), newspapers heavy laden with sales advertisements, an overabundance of radio and TV commercials, stores filled with gimmicks, and people rushing from here to there not taking the time to stop and enjoy the moment, the Holiday season is quickly approaching.

Today's Holiday season is longer and more commercialized than during Alger's time. During his life Horatio Alger, Jr. experienced many changes in how Christmas was celebrated. The Christmas tree was not a common part of Christmas when he was born. Christmas decorations of the first half of the 19th century consisted of evergreens such as holly, ivy, and mistletoe. The Christmas tree was introduced into Victorian England in 1841 by Prince Albert and soon became a household necessity in England. America quickly followed suit. The Christmas stories of Charles Dickens, especially *A Christmas Carol*, considerably enhanced the celebration of Christmas in England and America by popularizing Christmas trees, caroling, mistletoe and more. Manufactured Christmas ornaments were introduced during the 1870's. The typical Christmas of Alger's early life consisted primarily of food and small handmade gifts. The giving of gifts symbolized friendship and wishes of happiness and success for the recipient. The commercialization of Christmas though slight by today's standards began during the 1880s. The Macy's department store in New York, for example, began carrying imported dolls and other toys and prominently displaying them in the storefront windows.

Horatio Alger, Jr. wrote at least 6 short stories and 1 poem regarding Thanksgiving and 14 short stories and 2 poems about Christmas. He included Christmas trees in his short stories as early as 1854. In most Alger stories, however, the Christmas tree was symbolic of a home of wealth albeit with charity included. Today, nearly every home has a Christmas tree and many other Christmas decorations. The area around the tree is filled with an overabundance of gifts, and too often children spend more time playing with the boxes than the toys. Alger's writing of Christmas usually hinged around a poor, destitute boy staring longingly at a festive Christmas party or a Christmas tree filled with gifts. The poor boy would be noticed by the wealthy and charitable family

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HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

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

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

2010 convention: A first glance

'In a New Hampshire World'

By Arthur P. Young (PF-941)

The 2010 Horatio Alger Society convention is scheduled for May 13-16 in the historic seaport city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The convention will be held at the Holiday Inn, junction of Interstate 95 and U.S. Route 1.

The city of Portsmouth has become a tourist destination due to its pleasing combination of historic sites and charming, walkable downtown, with many small shops and restaurants. Portsmouth is served by two airports; Logan International in Boston, Massachusetts, and the Manchester/Boston Regional airport in Manchester, New Hampshire. More travel information will be on the Society Web site in the near future.

The convention room rate is \$99 plus tax for all participants and this rate will be available for up to two additional days to Alger Society members who might wish to extend their visit. Please reserve your room early as the hotels in Portsmouth stay very busy. A quick look at the map will tell you that Portsmouth is on the border of New Hampshire and Maine and central to the northern New England coastline. It takes about one hour of driving time to get to Portland, Maine; and Boston to the south is it just about the same. You may want to cross the Piscataqua Bridge on Route 95 and take Exit 3 to shop at the Tanger outlet malls in Kittery, Maine.

The Friday evening dinner is planned at a seafood restaurant on the banks of the Piscataqua River which empties into the harbor. The restaurant has lovely windows looking out on the water and boats but is very casual and comfortable. The owner and operator for 40 years used to fish in the morning and cooked the dinner himself, but now his sons bring home the fish. (There are many menu items available that are not seafood).

Saturday afternoon, the Youngs will host an open house in nearby Durham. Durham is the home of the University of New Hampshire. In addition to the books, the limited-edition 2008 Porsche Boxster S will



The Holiday Inn of Portsmouth, N.H., will host the 2010 Horatio Alger Society convention, "In a New Hampshire World."



Pat and Art Young will host an open house at their home in Durham, N.H., one of many special events planned for the annual H.A.S. convention on May 13-16, 2010.

be on display! The annual banquet will be back at the Inn that evening and will feature Nicholas Basbanes as guest speaker.

A convention registration form and schedule of events, along with additional information, will be included with the next issue of *Newsboy*.

Editor's notebook

If you read the revised Horatio Alger Society mission statement found on Page 2, one of the key sentences is "Our members conduct research and provide scholarship on the life of Horatio Alger, Jr., his works and influence on the culture of America."

"Culture" in this case is popular culture, or as described by today's younger generation, "pop culture."



Ray B. Browne

Several members of the Horatio Alger Society, including your editor, are members of the Popular Culture Association, which, now aligned with the American Culture Association, holds an annual meeting (usually Easter week) at which academic papers are presented over a wide range of pop culture areas of interest. The 2010 conference will be in St. Louis on March 31-April 3.

But popular culture as a serious academic endeavor would likely not exist today if not for one man: Ray B. Browne, an Alabama native who died Oct. 22 at age 87 at his home in Bowling Green, Ohio. Professor Browne is credited with founding the nation's first academic discipline of popular culture studies at Bowling Green State University in 1973. He was on the BGSU faculty from 1967 until his retirement in 1992.

Browne, described in *The New York Times'* obituary as a "folklorist and literary scholar who specialized in Twain and Melville," ruled his popular culture empire with amazing (some say iron-fisted) determination. That's because he had to spend nearly every waking hour in the early years defending what many of his colleagues called trash. Fellow professors around the United States scoffed at serious academic studies covering movies, television and radio, comic books, science fiction, humor, gender/ethnicity studies, world fairs, sports, and later, our own specialized field of interest — dime novels, pulps and series books.

Browne received a lot of flak in 1978 when Bowling Green offered a two-credit course on roller coasters.

"I've been criticized for three things," Browne said in a 1988 *Chicago Tribune* interview. "Wasting taxpayer money, embarrassing my colleagues and corrupting youth."

His reply? "Popular culture is the voice of democracy; democracy speaking and acting, the seedbed in which democracy grows. It is the everyday world

President's column

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and be invited into the home to share in the festivities. These actions usually resulted in the boy being the recipient not only of charity but of good fortune resulting in a change in the boy's state of life.

While I have been unable to locate any documentation regarding how Alger celebrated Christmas, I imagine that it was rather meager during his childhood, as his family was near poverty most of the time. There was likely an abundance of food as the church members would have provided for their pastor; however, I expect the gifts were few and handmade. Later in life, I expect that Alger participated in some rather festive holidays while tutoring the Seligman children between 1869 and 1877.

In keeping with the spirit of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s Christmas stories, let us each reach out and help someone this holiday season. We can place the decorations of Christmas not only in our homes and on our front lawns, but in our hearts. Experience the joy of caroling with friends. Visit an elderly neighbor or a friend or family member in a nursing home. Donate a gift to a charity. Savor the love of your friends and family by giving them something more valuable than gold; your time. In short, be merry, have fun, and don't let yourself get caught up in the rush of commercialization, but delight yourself in the true spirit of Christmas.

Alger wrote of an angelic Christmas visit in *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, in which young Bertha was given faith, hope, and charity. I close with Alger's closing words "Would that we all might be blessed with Bertha's Christmas Vision!" I hope each of you has a wonderful Holiday season, including but not limited to a happy Thanksgiving, merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Bob Sipes (PF-1067), Acting President
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around us: the mass media, entertainments and diversions. It is our heroes, icons, rituals, everyday actions, psychology and religion — our total life picture. It is the way of living we inherit, practice and modify as we please, and how we do it. It is the dreams we dream while asleep."

The next time you pick up an Alger book, or visit Walt Disney World, think of Ray Browne for helping to legitimize our pastimes and guilty pleasures.

[Written for *The Flag of our Union*.]

MISS FRIZELL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON

Standing on the main street in the little village of L——, is a large building of showy exterior. Bearing upon the front door, in large letters, *MISS FRIZELL'S YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING SCHOOL*.

To those who may wish to know something of the proprietress of the educational establishment aforesaid, we will simply say that she had attained the age of thirty-nine without an offer — that she was tall and rigid in form — stiff and formal in her deportment, and wore green spectacles!

It was the custom with these knights of the Middle Ages who were not fully assured of their wives' fidelity. To place them under the charge of some elderly female ducuna whose office it was to watch over them with vigilance. For such an office Miss Frizell would have been wonderfully well fitted. As, however, it was not her good fortune to live in an age of chivalry when her ducuna-like qualities would have come into play, she did the next best thing — namely, opened a young ladies' boarding school.

For a student while under her care to carry on a flirtation was next to impossible. Such a thing did, however, occur on one occasion, the particulars of I am about to relate.

Richard Hargrave, or Dick, as his familiar friends were wont to call him, is a young law student from one of our large cities, being, as he said, quite worn down with study, threw aside Blackstone one pleasant summer morning, and came down to L——, to ruralize and angle for trout.

He engaged board in the family of a respected farmer, and for a week managed to kill time very agreeably with angling and shooting. Of these, however, there came a satiety, and he looked about him to see what next might serve to occupy his attention. The haying season had just commenced, and during the day nearly all the male population of the little agricultural town were in the meadows busily occupied in converting the green carpet whereof poets discourse, into the less romantic article of food for cattle. Conceiving this to be a most delightful employment, our young student wielded the rake with enthusiasm until he found that it had an unpleasant way of blistering his hands, and began to realize that haying beneath the hot rays of the sun was scarcely conducive to personal comfort.

This resource being at an end, the disciple of Blackstone would have been puzzled to decide what next to hit upon, if very fortunately at that precise time some had not con-

ceived the felicitary idea of a picnic.

This idea Dick at once seized upon with enthusiasm and made himself prominent in carrying out.

One grave question suggested itself — would Miss Frizell permit the young ladies connected with her establishment to be present? Dick, who was appointed one of the managers, prudently forbore to urge the request in person, but succeeded in inducing two elderly gentlemen, one of whom was a deacon, to prefer it. To a request proceeding from such a source Miss Frizell condescended to listen, and the young ladies, much to their gratification, and considerably to their surprise, were informed that if they would promise faithfully that they would preserve that propriety of demeanor which she, Miss Frizell, had taken every opportunity to cultivate, they would be permitted to be presented at the coming picnic.

Of course they gave the required promise, and looked forward with eager anticipation to the day fixed for the excursion. At length it came. Punctual to the minute the young ladies appeared, walking two by two, with their dignified preceptress, Miss Frizell, at their head.

Dick glanced with interest at them as they filed by, and would gladly have joined them, but for the forbidding look and dignified gravity of the lady who headed the procession. He would have been very glad if Miss Frizell had seen fit to stay away. This, however, she had shown no intention of doing. Acting on the well known principle, that "liberty is the reward of eternal vigilance," she was resolved that such would be the case with her scholars, and that the liberty that contrary to her wont she had accorded them, should be qualified by constant vigilance on her part to detect any improprieties of which they might perchance be guilty.

Dick began to despair of an introduction to any of the young ladies, when luckily he fell into a conversation with a gentleman who had a niece connected with Miss Frizell's establishment. This gentleman, becoming acquainted with our young lawyer's desire, immediately stepped forward and introduced him to his niece, who in turn made him acquainted with her companion. It was not long before they were conversing with a gaiety and freedom suited to their years, much to the discomfiture of Miss Frizell, who looked on with a lowering brow, feeling, not withstanding her displeasure, that it was impossible to interfere, as the young man had been introduced by a patron of the school. She inwardly resolved, however, that she would amply make up for her enforced silence when she returned home, and would give Miss Linden (the niece) such an admonition respecting the proper degree of reserve to maintain towards a young gentleman, who was a perfect stranger, that she would not again be in danger of transcending that measure of decorum upon which she justly so congratulated herself.

At length the picnic was at an end, not, however, before Dick had asked permission to call upon Miss Linden, who had made a favorable impression on him. She, who was equally

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This previously unknown Horatio Alger, Jr. short story was written under the pseudonym Charles F. Preston for The Flag of Our Union and first published Sept. 6, 1856.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter was sent by Vivian Rice, wife of H.A.S. President Larry Rice, to Executive Director Rob Kasper, providing an update on Larry's condition following his stroke earlier this year:

Oct. 19, 2009

Rob,

I thought I would update you on Larry's progress. We have come to the conclusion that he can't read or write. This makes it very difficult to pass the time. We have tried to introduce different things to him but haven't been successful, maybe in time. He was interested in the last newsletter and gave me the dues envelope and indicated I should take care of it. Larry is able to walk with a brace on his right leg, a cane in his left hand and someone holding onto a belt around his waist for safety. He transfers himself quite well from his wheelchair to other sitting areas.

About two weeks ago I started talking to him about coming home, which brought tears of joy. Now I am in the process of getting bids to put in a walk-in shower and a chair-height toilet and grab bars. There will be a ramp on the driveway side of the house. I don't have a homecoming date. This will be decided when he has made as much progress as possible.

Sorry this wasn't ready for the last newsletter.

"We are gaining on it."
Vivian Rice
36 Church St., Box 181
Maine, NY 13802

The following letter was sent to Executive Director Rob Kasper informing the Society of the death of longtime member Ann Sharrard (PF-325), who made her extensive Alger collection available by auction to fellow collectors at the past three conventions:

Oct. 22, 2009

Dear Partic'lar Friends,

It is my sad duty to inform you of my wife's passing on July 6th. The end came with a massive heart attack. There was, thankfully, no pain or suffering.

Ann and I celebrated our 66th wedding anniversary in June. We always enjoyed our Horatio Alger friends and the activities of the Society

I miss her very much!
George Sharrard
2431 NW 41st St., Apt. 5312
Gainesville, FL 32606

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*If you are moving, please send your new address and phone number to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255**. Also, please provide any recent e-mail address updates.*

The Milton Bradley Co. – Horatio Alger connection

By Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)

There are many examples of American board games produced during the latter half of the 19th century with a Horatio Alger theme. Some examples include *The Errand Boy*, *The Office Boy*, *The Newsboy* and *Cabin Boy*. The “telegraph theme” was especially popular with numerous titles noted, including *The Messenger*, *The Telegraph Boy*, *The Telegraph Messenger*, *The Telegraph Messenger Boy*, *A.D.T. Messenger Boy* and *The District Messenger Boy*. There are likely other variations issued by multiple companies. But there are only two known examples of board games that follow the plot and characters of an Alger book — *Ragged Dick* and *Ben the Luggage Boy*, both issued by Milton Bradley in 1902.

Milton Bradley was born on November 8, 1836 in Vienna, Maine.¹ After living in several towns and villages in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, he moved to Springfield, Massachusetts in early 1856. Almost immediately, he found work as a draftsman at the Wason Car-Manufacturing Company, a producer of railway cars and locomotives, although he had little formal training in this field.²

In 1860, Bradley developed an interest in lithography — not in an artistic sense but as a commercial enterprise — and formed the Milton Bradley Company in May of that year.³ In an effort to supplement his lithography business, Bradley soon developed a board game called *The Checkered Game of Life*, loosely based upon another game of British origin.⁴

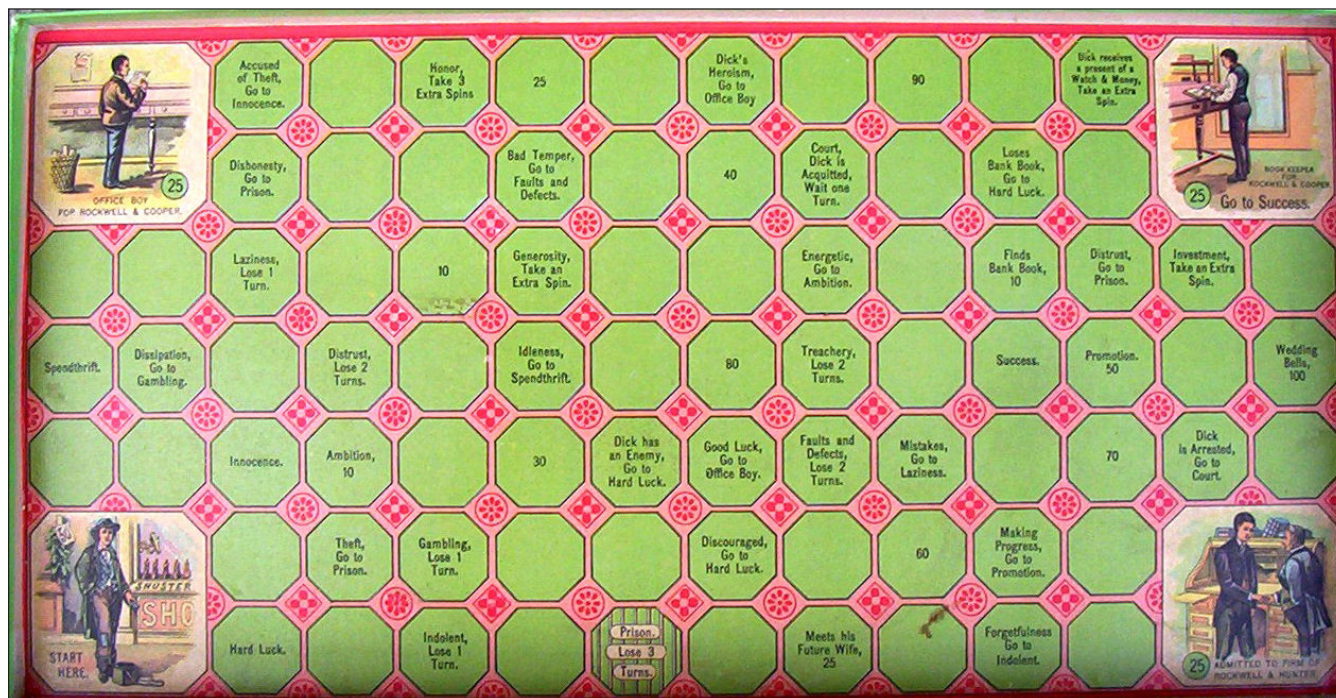
The game, basically a modified checkerboard, was radical in the sense that it promoted the secular aspects of society — wealth, career advancement and education as opposed to moral virtues and traits found in earlier games. He sold 40,000 copies in a relatively short time. The game is still being produced today — known simply as *Life* — by Hasbro, Inc., which absorbed the Milton Bradley Company in 1984.

His next big game was developed during the Civil War. Bradley had noticed the boredom and monotony experienced by soldiers during long periods between battles. He developed a small, flat kit containing nine different games including chess, checkers, backgam-

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The lithographed box cover for Milton Bradley's *Ragged Dick* game, issued in 1902. It is one of two known examples of board games with credited tie-ins to specific Horatio Alger books.



The playing board for *The Game of Ragged Dick*. Players start at the bottom left and advance until one of them reaches 500 points.

The Milton Bradley Co. – Horatio Alger connection

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mon, **The Checkered Game of Life** and five versions of dominoes.⁵ It was lightweight and could easily fit in a soldier's pocket. Called *Games for the Soldiers*, it was a huge success among the military and civilian populations.

In 1869, Bradley became interested in the works and ideas of Friedrich Wilhelm August Fröbel, a German philosopher and pedagogue.⁶ Fröbel was the creator of the kindergarten system and the concept that children develop basic skills through creative playtime and social interaction. Although Bradley was not in the book business at the time, he published a book on the subject by his neighbor, Edward Wiebe, a German immigrant and music teacher. He remained interested in the kindergarten system for the rest of his life, publishing educational pamphlets and magazines on the subject.

During the next three decades the firm flourished and operations were divided into four departments — games, education, lithography and publishing, but the games department continued to produce the flagship products of the firm. Bradley hired salesmen and traveling representatives and opened branch offices

in New York, Kansas City, Atlanta, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Board games can be broadly defined within four categories. The first is opposition games that involve strategy, such as chess or checkers. A second category requires manual dexterity and skill, perhaps utilizing a ball and cup or various target games. A third category comprises educational games that involve spelling or knowledge of certain subjects. The fourth category encompasses track games.

Ben the Luggage Boy and **Ragged Dick** are good examples of race or track games, where players strive to be the first to reach the designated goal. This strategy fits nicely with Alger's ubiquitous rise from "poverty to prosperity" theme. As with many Milton Bradley games, the playing board is actually the interior of the box bottom with the instructions on the inside of the box top. The players advance either with a throw of the dice or a spin of the dial utilizing wooden or metal playing pieces. Two variations of the box bottom have been noted — one with cardboard aprons (sides) and one with wooden aprons, perhaps indicating a deluxe version.

The Game of Ben the Luggage Boy is listed as No. 4319 on the inside of the box top. This number is not meaningful, as Milton Bradley often used the same number for different games.⁷ It goes on to state that "This game as here presented follows in many features the well known book of the same name, and we trust that

The **Game of Ragged Dick** is listed as No. 4321. On the inside of the box top it states that "This game is taken from the well known book that most boys have enjoyed reading. We have tried to follow the story as closely as possible, and trust it will meet the approval of all lovers of Ragged Dick."

[illegible]

Milton Bradley's *Ben the Luggage Boy Game*. The first player to reach the space (above right) marked "Admitted to the Firm of Brandon & Son" by an exact spin wins the game.



The colorful box cover and playing board for *The Errand Boy Game*, issued by McLoughlin Brothers in 1891. Although Alger wrote *The Errand Boy; or, How Brent Won Success*, there is no connection between the story and this game. McLoughlin Brothers produced a similar game — *The Errand Boy or Failure and Success* — around the same time. The Milton Bradley Company purchased McLoughlin Brothers in 1920.

The Milton Bradley Co. – Horatio Alger connection

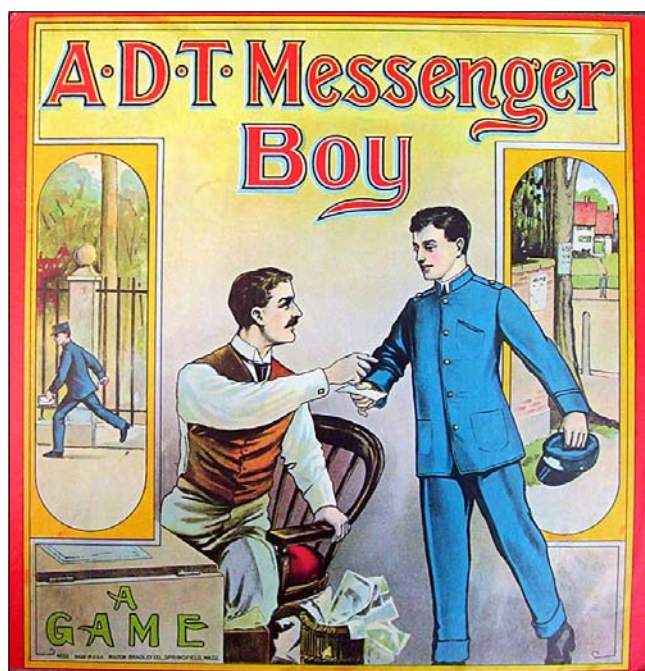
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In the *Ragged Dick Game*, players start on the space depicting Dick Hunter in his boot-blackening Washington coat and Napoleon pants, which play a prominent role in the story. The players advance their pieces by using the cardboard spinner and move up to six places. Although some spaces are blank, most have instructions or points or both.

The first player to accumulate 500 points wins the game. Most of the spaces contain general instructions or comments such as theft, gambling, laziness and dishonesty (which require a loss of turn) but heroism, generosity and honor afford the lucky player who lands on one of these spaces an extra spin.

There are only two references in the game to actual events in the story. In one incident, *Ragged Dick* loses his bank book (actually it is stolen by Jim Travis, a ne'er-do-well fellow lodger in Mrs. Mooney's boarding house where Dick, and his friend Henry Fosdick, reside). You proceed directly to the "Hard Luck" square (adjacent to the starting





Milton Bradley's *A.D.T. Messenger Boy* (Game No. 4033). This unique game was produced as a flat board, issued in a protective paper sleeve. A box version was also available. There is no connection between this game and Alger's *A.D.T. 79; or, The Trials and Triumphs of Mark Mason*.

space) if you land on the "Loses Bank Book" space but acquire 10 points if you land on the "Finds Bank Book" space.

There are three opportunities for 25 points if you land on one of the employment spaces. Here you can become an office boy or book-keeper at Rockwell & Cooper or be admitted to the firm of Rockwell & Hunter. This is another liberty taken by Milton Bradley. In the story, Dick Hunter is offered a clerking position in the Rockwell Counting Room after saving proprietor's James Rockwell's six-year-old son from drowning after he falls from the Brooklyn ferry.

Although his initial ten-dollar-a-week salary is three times his meager boot-blacking income, it's described as a counting-room clerk not as a book-keeper or partner. Dick doesn't become a principal in the firm of Rockwell & Hunter until the conclusion of *Fame & Fortune*, when Rockwell's partner, Mr. Cooper, resigns from the firm because of ill health and Dick is elevated to junior partner because of his diligence and hard work.

Two spaces in the *Ragged Dick Game* are definitely not part of the original story. One space bestows 25 points for "Meeting his Future Wife" and the space with the highest score (100 points) is for "Wedding Bells." Of course, Dick Hunter at age 16 is too young to be married, although he does joke about having a wife when confronting a country bumpkin after returning the \$50 that

had been swindled from him. However, Dick does become engaged three years later in the closing chapters of *Fame & Fortune*.

It is unlikely that there was a direct connection between Horatio Alger, Jr. and the Milton Bradley Company. There was a connection, of course, between Henry Coates and Milton Bradley as it states clearly on the front of each game box that "Title used by permission of Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers of the book."

We know from existing correspondence that Alger was selling his book-length stories to Henry Coates for a flat \$500 starting as early as April 1896. Even if Alger had been alive when these games were issued (1902), it is unlikely that he would have been remunerated because of his arrangement with Coates.

NOTES

¹ James J. Shea as told to Charles Mercer, *It's All in the Game*, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1960, p. 25.

² Shea, p. 20.

³ Shea, p. 42.

⁴ Shea, p. 49.

⁵ Shea, p. 69-70.

⁶ Shea, p. 104.

⁷ Lee Dennis, *Warman's Antique American Games 1840-1940*, Radnor, Pennsylvania: Wallace-Homestead Book Company, 1991, p. 12.

MISS FRIZELL'S BOARDING SCHOOL

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well pleased with him, consented gladly, although with some misgiving as to the reception which he would likely receive at the hands of Miss Frizell.

Dick, who did not believe in delays, availed himself of this permission the very next evening. Attired in a fashionable suit with which he had provided himself just before leaving the city, and which thus far he had despaired of finding an opportunity to use, he boldly strode up the graveled path bordered with rows of flowers planted with mathematical precision, resembling in the upright perpendicularity the mistress of the mansion. He rang the bell with easy confidence, and awaited the result. From an upper window Miss Frizell had observed his approach, and now hastened to the door; this she opened some three inches, and inquired what he desired.

"I should like to see Miss Linden, who is, I believe, one of your pupils," said Dick, with easy assurance.

"Have you any important business to transact with Miss Linden?" inquired Miss Frizell, in a measured voice.

"No, Madam."

"Perhaps you are entrusted with some message from her uncle?"

"No."

"Then what is your object in visiting her?"

Dick was somewhat taken aback.

"The pleasure of conversing with her," he at length replied.

"Then, young man, I have only to say that no young lady while under my charge, is permitted to receive visits from any young gentlemen, unless they are near relatives, or have business of importance to transact with them."

This was something that Dick did not anticipate, and, as the door unceremoniously closed upon him, he was about to turn away in some discomfiture, when his attention was drawn to a note which fell at his feet. Looking up he caught a glimpse of Miss Linden waving a handkerchief from an upper window. Picking up the note, he read as follows:

"I have seen you from the window, and heard what passed between you and the ogress — that's what we call Miss Frizell. I knew from the first she wouldn't let you come in. She's a spiteful old thing, and keeps us girls mewed up as close as can be. If you want to see me you must come round to the garden fence about nine o'clock. I can manage to slip out unobserved, and then we can have a chat without the ogress knowing anything about it. But you must be careful not to make any noise. Her ears are as sharp as her nose, and that is saying a good deal.

Yours in great haste,
Lizzie Linden."

"Here's an adventure," thought Dick, as he read through the note. "I think we shall manage to deceive Miss Frizell, in spite of her sharp ears and watchful eyes."

Miss Frizell's watchful eyes had, however, enabled her to see that the young man was reading something, and conjecturing that it might be a missive dropped by Miss Linden, she immediately summoned her.

"Did you drop a note for that young man to read?" she inquired, abruptly.

"I!" exclaimed the pupil in affected surprise.

"Yes, *you*, I think I speak so as to be understood."

"What should make you think so, madam?"

"Simply because I saw something drop at his feet, which he picked up and commenced reading."

"Oh how sorry I am!" exclaimed the young lady, with an appearance of deep mortification. "I am afraid it was my last French exercise which was lying on the window-sill. It was full of blunders. What will he think of me?"

"It makes no especial difference what he thinks of you," replied Miss Frizell, quite deceived by this adroit assertion, "unless it teaches you to pay more attention to your French in future. It is my duty to tell you that you have done yourself very little credit in that department."

Very glad to get off so well, Miss Linden bore this reproach with surprising meekness — and even heard without a murmur that as the penalty of her carelessness she was to re-write the lost French exercise.

At length nine o'clock came, and punctual to the hour Dick Hargrave presented himself at the garden fence. Miss Linden was already there.

Such is the perverseness of human nature that from the first introduction of man into the world forbidden fruit has been considered the sweetest. For this reason, the stolen interview between Dick and Miss Frizell's disobedient pupil was enjoyed with the greater zest on account of the opposition which that lady had interposed to their meeting, and the full consciousness on the part of both that discovery would be followed by an explosion of wrath on her part.

Whether it was that Miss Frizell was not as watchful as usual, or because she did not dream of the extent to which her pupil would carry her presumption, Miss Frizell reposed in undoubted security, while the former was holding her forbidden interview. So that night passed without leading to a discovery.

This interview was not suffered to close that acquaintance. Many a pleasant evening afterwards the scene at the garden fence was repeated. Dick no longer complained of ennui and want of occupation. As for Miss Frizell, no longer seeing Dick in her neighborhood, she thought no more of him.

Miss Frizell had an only brother living in a neighboring town. One night at dusk she received a hurried message through a boy, intimating that if she wished to see him alive once more she must immediately set out. Alarmed beyond measure at this startling message, she immediately had a carriage procured, and rode off post-haste towards her brother's

residence. It was a distance of eight miles over an uneven road, and the horse's pace by no means equalled her impatience. At length she arrived, and panting with haste presented herself before the astonished servant, inquiring if it was too late.

"Too late, ma'am," exclaimed the astonished Biddy, scratching her head, "is it for supper, ye mean? I'll get you some, though our folks have done two hours ago."

"Supper!" retorted Miss Frizell, scornfully. "What do I want of supper? Is my brother yet alive?"

"Alive! Yes!" replied Biddy, with eyes wide open.

"Where is he? I must see him."

"Hadn't you better sit down, ma'am, and wait till he's done milking!"

"Milking! Why, is he not sick, dying?"

Biddy began to think the visitor crazy in good earnest, but finally succeeded in assuring her that her brother had never been better. Then, for the first time, Miss Frizell began to suspect that she had been the victim of deception. For what purpose she did not dare to think. With the most direful

apprehensions she put her horse to its utmost speed, and hurried home. At a turn in the road she encountered another carriage, containing (could she believe her eyes!) her pupil Miss Linden and Dick Hargrave.

"Miss Linden!" she called out in an authoritative voice. "I am shocked at your imprudence and want of propriety. Return with me at once, misguided girl!"

"You are mistaken, madam," replied Dick, courteously. "This is not Miss Linden."

"Be kind enough, then," said Miss Frizell, scornfully, "to inform me who she is."

"Permit me to introduce you, Miss Frizell. This is my wife, Mrs. Richard Hargrave. Owing to haste, our cards are not yet printed, but when they are so, one shall be despatched to you forthwith."

Miss Frizell by a powerful stroke lashed her steed into a gallop, and without a word departed. It affords us satisfaction to add, though not in general approving runaway matches, that this one brought regret to neither party.

A brief statistical evaluation of Alger's literary output

By Bob Sipes (PF-1067)

I recently wrote an article for July-August 2009 *Newsboy* detailing some new additions to the Horatio Alger, Jr. canon. Peter Walther an avid fan and researcher of Oliver Optic (William T. Adams), a long-time H.A.S. member and friend contacted me to clarify a point on the newly discovered Alger short story *The Little Savoyard* that was printed in the recent *Newsboy*. Peter asked if the phrase "Written for the Flag of Our Union" preceded or succeeded the story.

The Flag of Our Union printing is most likely the first printing if the phrase is present; however, if the phrase is absent, then this version is most likely a reprint from a previous printing. The phrase was present for this printing of *The Little Savoyard*, thus instigating additional discussion surrounding just how many short stories Alger would have been writing in 1869.

Peter's premise was that by 1869, Alger would have slowed considerably or altogether stopped writing for the Boston weeklies. I admitted that I was not sure if Alger was writing many short stories in the late 1860's, but that it was a topic worth investigating. We agreed that **The Flag of Our Union** published the first printing of *The Little Savoyard* in 1869 and I decided to perform a statistical evaluation of Alger's original publishing history.

It must be understood that this analysis only refers to the first known printing and not subsequent reprints. In some cases, the only known printings may not be the original printing and may slightly skew the data. Also,

Alger may have written a short story years before it was finally published. This analysis is based only on the original publish date (year) of the first known printing. In trending the total number of first-edition books, hard-back and paperback, I stopped at 1899 when Alger died. Even though there were many first editions published in the years following Alger's death, they are not relevant to this analysis of Alger's writing volume.

The graph in Figure 1 is a composite view of the number of articles, essays, poems, short stories, and serializations Alger published each year. Also shown is the cumulative sum of books Alger published each year. The idea is to locate the point at which Alger was able to reduce his focus on poems and short stories and increase the focus on serializations and books.

It is clear from this graph that Alger wrote a plethora of short stories through 1872. However, from 1872 until 1899, he wrote 37 more serializations than he wrote short stories and he published 68 books during this time. I have included a few other graphs to better illustrate Alger's writing volume.

These graphs provide a clear delineation of the type of Alger's literary output. In the early years prior to 1872, Alger's output was formatted for the Boston (primarily) weeklies. By the early 1860's Alger knew he would not make a living as a poet, although his most popular poem *John Maynard* did not arrive until 1868. Figure 1 also shows a bubble in the number of essays in 1860 and 1861. This is reflective of the essays Alger

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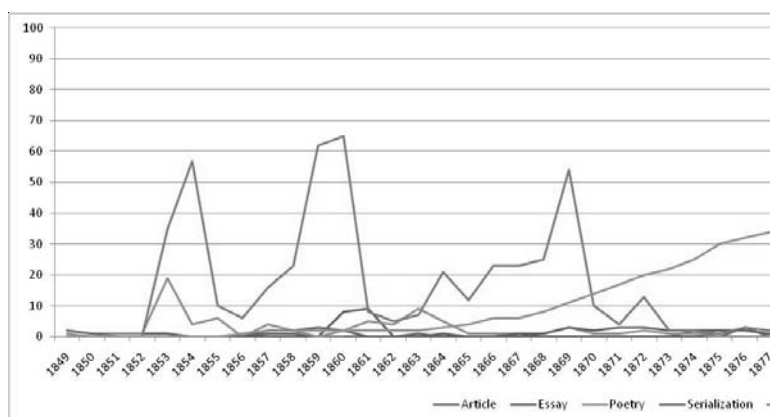


Figure 1: Composite view of Horatio Alger's writing volume.

A brief statistical evaluation of Alger's literary output

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wrote for the *New York Sun* while on his European trip. I believe it is also reflective of Alger's time in Europe that his short story output went from 65 in 1860 to 8 in 1861. After the success of *Ragged Dick* in 1868 Alger's serials and books became his primary focus. By 1871, he had finished the *Ragged Dick Series* and started the first *Luck and Pluck* and first *Tattered Tom Series*. There is a noticeable jump in the number of Alger's serials during the 1880's and early 1890's. As his health declined so did his output, although he continued writing until his death.

There were many Alger first-edition books published after Alger's death in 1899; however, these were serials he had completed prior to his death and the Alger books "completed" by Edward Stratemeyer. From Alger's first known short story, *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, published February 1853 in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, to his last known short story, *Robert Graham's Resolution*, published 13 March 1897 in *Good News*, Alger wrote well over 500 short stories, many of which were reprinted in multiple publications. It was through these short stories that Alger found his voice and then moved on to the more lucrative forms of output, serials and books.

Peter Walther's premise that Alger would not be consistently writing for the weeklies was only off by a couple of years. If a similar study was performed for the writing volume of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), I would expect that the drop in writing for the weeklies would precede Alger's by a few years. Adams started

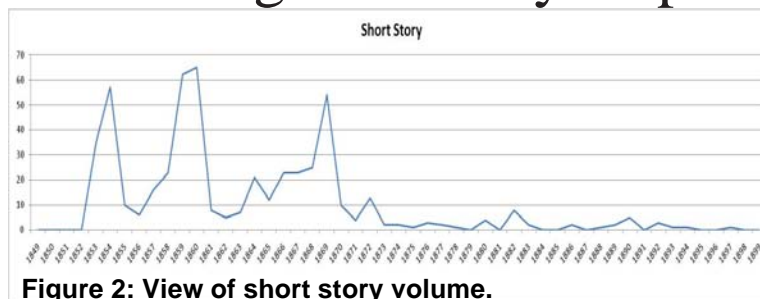


Figure 2: View of short story volume.

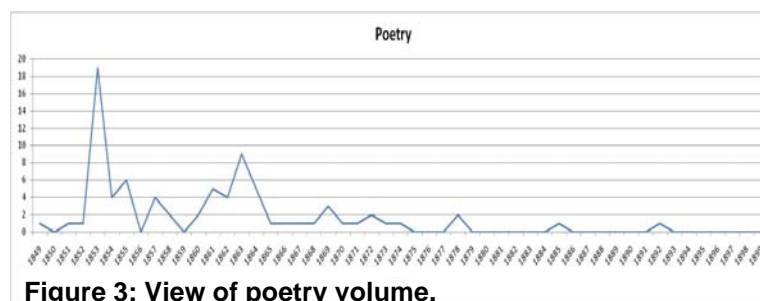


Figure 3: View of poetry volume.

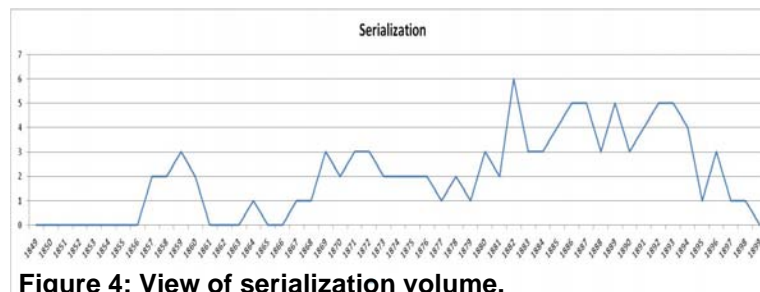


Figure 4: View of serialization volume.

writing prior to Alger and had completed his *Boat Club Series* and other successful series by the early to mid 1860's, thus reducing his reliance on the weeklies.

I want to thank Peter for his thought-provoking correspondence and hope that all of you find this brief analysis as interesting as did I.

Good Scouts

Fitzhugh's 'singles' a joy to read, collect

By William R. Gowen (PF-706)

Percy K. Fitzhugh wrote 81 books for Grosset & Dunlap between 1915 and 1934, of which 68 were Boy Scouts related. Not of specific interest for this article, the other 13 books were mysteries for young people, written under the pseudonym "Hugh Lloyd" — the Hal Keen Series (1931-34) and Skippy Dare Series (all 1934).

Of the 68 Boy Scouts of America-related books, all but nine can be found in the four series that have become most closely associated with Fitzhugh: the Tom Slade Series (1915-30), Roy Blakeley Series (1920-31), Pee-Wee Harris Series (1922-30) and Westy Martin Series (1924-26), plus the lesser-known, three-volume Mark Gilmore Series (1930-31), which were flying adventures.

What about the other six books? These are "singles," or stand-alone stories, all of them following Fitzhugh's tradition of introducing a character, then hopefully spinning him off into his own series. However, in the case of the "wonderful six," none of them were fated to become series. Either they never were intended to be series, or the recent onset of the Great Depression caused Grosset & Dunlap to pull the plug. The latter seems logical, because all 68 of Fitzhugh's Boy Scout-themed books were out of print by 1931, with the Hal Keens and Skippy Dares not produced much beyond 1934. All publishers, including G&D, were cutting back by then.

Fitzhugh's six Boy Scout "singles" make for fun reading, although some of the plot devices seem contrived at various times. When you take into account the often-humorous adventures of Tom, Roy, Pee-Wee and Westy, you can go on just so many hikes, become "Mayor for a Day" or visit our great West, as did Westy Martin. Tom Slade was called into service in World War I for five

volumes before returning home to further Boy Scout adventures, working as a forest ranger and even becoming a parachutist in the final volume in 1930.

The wonderful six, which are among the most highly collectible of Fitzhugh's many Grosset & Dunlap books, are *Hervey Willetts* (1927), *Skinny McCord* (1928), *Wigwag Weigand* (1929), *Spiffy Henshaw* (1929), *Lefty Leighton* (1930) and *The Story of Terrible Terry* (1930). Many of their Boy Scout adventures take place in and around the famed Temple Camp, which was introduced early in the Tom Slade Series.

The character Lefty Leighton was introduced to readers in *Pee-Wee Harris Turns Detective* in 1930; in fact, the first chapter of that book is titled "Lefty Leighton" (his real first name is Lefferts, not likely to be chosen by mom and dad these days). Spiffy Henshaw appears first in a cameo role in *Tom Slade at Bear Mountain* in 1925. Wigwag Weigand was a popular supporting character as a member of the Elk Patrol throughout the early titles of the various series, but was dropped after *Pee-Wee Harris in Camp* (1922).

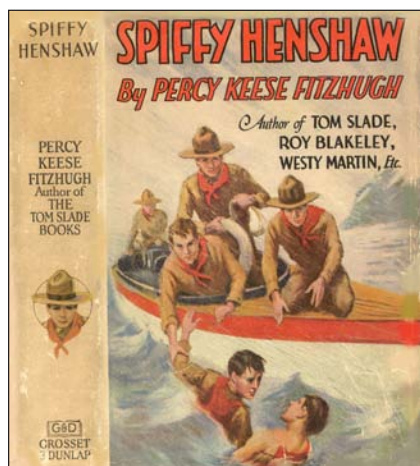
Hervey Willetts steps front and center in *Tom Slade Picks a Winner* in 1924, then pops up in *Roy Blakeley on the Mohawk Trail* (1925), although the character is mentioned in earlier books. Skinny McCord makes his debut in *Roy Blakeley* (1920), while Terrible Terry makes his debut in the latter stages of the Pee-Wee Harris Series.

What makes these books fascinating is that the title characters are described in G&D promotional blurbs as outsiders or misfits before becoming part of the Boy Scout family and true "Good Scouts." For example, Skinny McCord "lives under a cloud, misjudged and misunderstood." Hervey Willetts "is a "wandering min-

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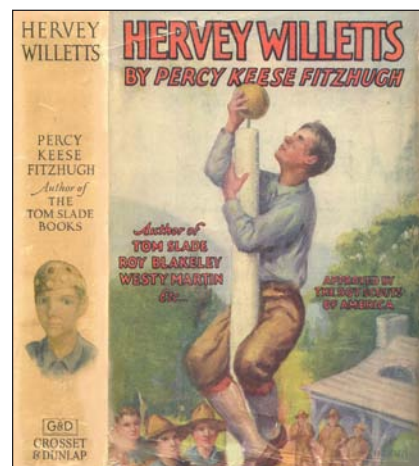
***Skinny McCord* (1928) is one of six non-series, Boy Scouts of America-themed adventure stories written by Percy K. Fitzhugh for Grosset & Dunlap between 1927 and 1930.**



Spiffy Henshaw made his debut in a cameo role in *Tom Slade at Bear Mountain* in 1925.



Wigwag Weigand appears in many books, ending with *Pee Wee Harris in Camp* in 1922.



Hervey Willetts first came on the scene in *Tom Slade Picks a Winner* in 1924.

Fitzhugh's 'singles'

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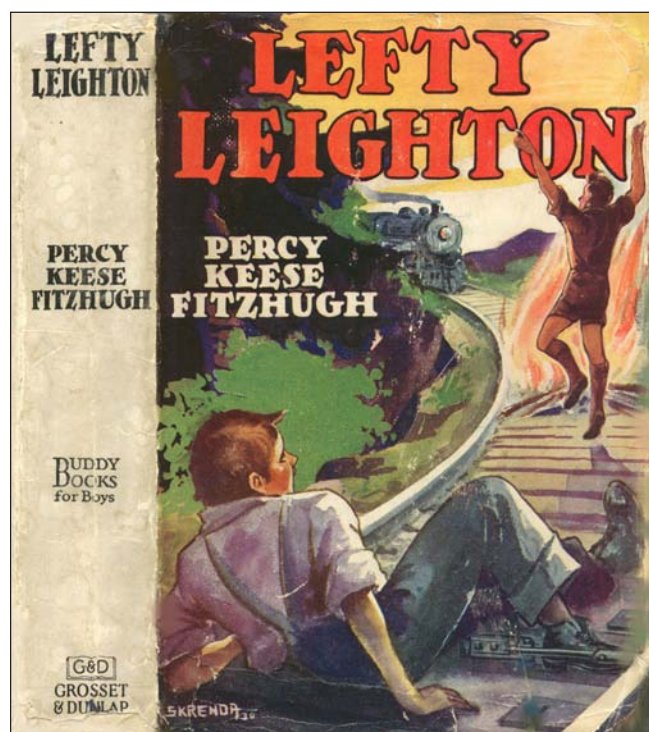
strel" who is goaded into a "mischievous and unlawful act." Spiffy Henshaw is an orphan who lives with an aunt and a domineering uncle, and loses all when the house is destroyed by a storm and his guardians go missing. He eventually finds a happy new home, and again, his experiences with the local Boy Scout troop at Temple Camp help renew his spirit.

Terrible Terry is indeed "terrible." He starts out running with the wrong crowd, becoming a hoodlum. Even when introduced to the Boy Scouts, the young outcast feels he can do better and creates an ill-advised rival organization that quickly fails. An old reprobate guardian named Andy eventually makes a man out of the once-vagabond boy of Bridgeboro.

Although first issued as single titles, these books were quickly reissued by G&D in its **Buddy Books for Boys Series**, a catch-all collection of titles including such additional authors as Irving Crump, Harold M. Sherman and William Heyliger. They have a small "Buddy Books for Boys" logo on the spine of the dust jacket.

Theseso-called "libraries" were common among publishers in their effort to find better ways to market stand-alone books that would otherwise slip between the cracks.

The late Bill McCord (PF-360) was a longtime resident of the Catskills region of upstate New York, living in such towns as Wurtsboro and Catskill (he became mayor of the latter). As we know, Temple Camp is a fictional Catskills location, and Fitzhugh's heroes made plenty of hikes through and over the scenic mountains. McCord



The title character in *Lefty Leighton* (1930) was introduced that year in *Pee Wee Harris Turns Detective*.

became a passionate reader and collector of Fitzhugh's books, telling this writer in the late 1980s he did so not only because of the stories' nearby locales, but because of the title *Skinny McCord*, a nickname Bill also had as a youngster.

Bill's Partic'lar Friends had a chance to experience this scenic area when he hosted our 26th convention, "Land of Rip Van Winkle," in Catskill in 1990.