



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.



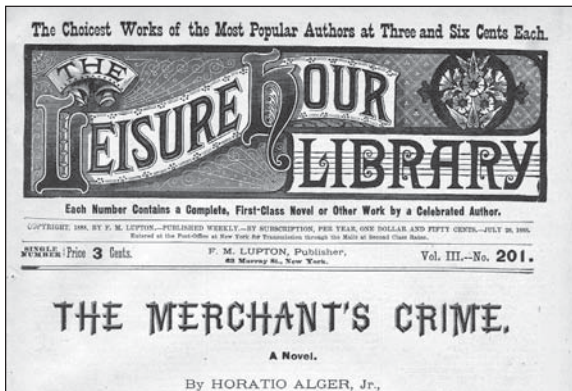
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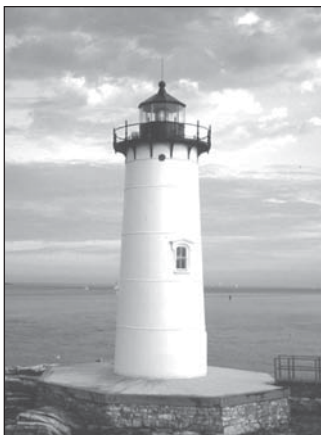
NUMBER 1

Ralph Raymond's Heir

Gleason's Pictorial Novelettes
or, clues to an Alger first edition



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‘In a New Hampshire World’
Places to visit ... things to do

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President's column

Spring is here! The sun is shining, the weather is warm, and most of us have set our clocks forward. I enjoy Winter with its cold temperatures and snow, but am always ready for Spring. Of course, after mowing the yard all Summer long, I am always ready for Winter. Oh, the joy of living in Indiana, where seasons change and basketball reigns supreme. I hope your favorite teams win their NCAA Championship basketball games, except when they play Purdue!

I hope this finds everyone well and looking forward to our 2010 convention "In a New Hampshire World." Art and Pat Young have a superb convention planned, but it will not be complete without each of you. I hope to see you all there.

I have been asked the following question by two different people this week. "Why don't you consider a serial printing of a story as the first edition?" My answer is that I consider the serial printing the first printing, but not the first edition in book form. The definition of "First Edition" according to *ABC For Book Collectors* by John Carter is "...the first appearance of the work in question, independently, between its own covers..." Maybe it is semantics; however, by this definition, which is commonly accepted, serials and bound serials do not constitute a first edition.

One of the individuals followed up the question with another question. "Then why collect periodicals containing the serial stories?" My response is that many collectors are focused on first-edition books; however, the die-hard collector, the completist who strives but may never reach his goal, desires the periodicals not only for the serial stories, but for the additional content and context.

The serial story contained in a single periodical read by itself is incomplete, and to read a serial story straight through requires a more dedicated approach as it is easy to become distracted and sidetracked by other stories, poems, humorous sketches, letters, advertisements, etc. That said, I thoroughly enjoy collecting and reading periodicals containing material written by authors of interest. For instance, the first time I read *Silas Snobden's Office Boy*, I read it in parts as I did not own a bound version of *Argosy* containing the story, nor did I own the book published by Doubleday or Polyglot.

I have found that reading a story as a serial provides insight into how the readers of yesteryear felt when they read the story in parts. Serials are written to leave

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

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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

Ralph Raymond's Heir

Gleason's Pictorial Novelettes; or, clues to an Alger first edition

By Bob Sipes (PF-1067)

Horatio Alger, Jr. used many pseudonyms; however, one most interesting is "Arthur Hamilton." This pseudonym was used for just two serialized novels, *Helen Ford* and *Ralph Raymond's Heir; or, The Merchant's Crime*. It is accepted that the Arthur Hamilton pseudonym was used for the *Helen Ford* serialization, since it was a novel for young girls and was published at the same time as two other Alger novels in Golden Argosy.

However, it is not known why *Ralph Raymond's Heir; or, The Merchant's Crime* was published under the Arthur Hamilton pseudonym.

Ralph Raymond's Heir was first published as a serial in Gleason's *Literary Companion* and ran for four issues from 9 June 1869 to 10 July 1869. Interestingly, the subtitle *The Merchant's Crime* was printed in larger font than the title *Ralph Raymond's Heir*. I believe the prominence of the font and the appealing subtitle influenced the later printings into carrying the title *The Merchant's Crime*. The Gleason's *Literary Companion* was a family journal devoted to polite literature, wit, humor, prose, and poetry. Each issue was 11½ by 15¾ inches and 16 pages in length, with four columns to a page. Horatio Alger, Jr. published, by my count, 190 short stories, two poems, and one serialization, *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, in Gleason's *Literary Companion*.

For over 50 years, it has been understood within the Alger community that the first edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir* was a 25-cent large pamphlet advertised as available in Gleason's Pictorial Novelettes series. *Ralph Raymond's Heir* has never been located in this format, and until recently no examples of Gleason's Pictorial Novelettes have been available for review. An

advertisement for the Gleason's Pictorial Novelettes in the 8 April 1865 issue of Gleason's *Literary Companion* provides a list of 12 titles and the following description.

We have just published the following highly entertaining Novelettes in large pamphlet form; each book contains, besides a complete novel and short stories, over Fifty large, fine engravings, and is complete in itself.

Views are given in the books of every Populous City in the World; of Buildings of note; of all the principal Ships in the Navy and Merchant Service; accurate Portraits of every noted character in the World, both male and female; Sketches of Beautiful Scenery; with numerous specimens from the Animal Kingdom, the Birds of the air, and the Fish of the sea; with Humorous engravings, etc.

It is apparent from the above description that these "books" contained much more than the title story, and the description provided little detail regarding their format. By 1867, the advertisements listed the series as Gleason's Pictorial Novel-

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Alger's *Ralph Raymond's Heir* first appeared as a serial in Gleason's *Literary Companion*, June 9-July 10, 1869.

Editor's notebook

The 2010 convention is just a few weeks away, and I hope you have made plans to attend. Just in case you misplaced the registration form sent with the last issue, another is enclosed, along with our schedule of events. More information on the convention can be found on Pages 9-11, basically a quick guide of things to see and do during your free time while visiting Portsmouth. These suggestions just skim the surface, because hosts Pat and Art Young will have plenty of visitors' information included with our registration materials.

I should mention that the Holiday Inn of Portsmouth is now taking registrations. The best way is to phone the hotel directly at (603) 431-8000 and mention you are with the Horatio Alger Society to receive the special \$99 (plus tax) group rate, which will be honored for early arrivals as well as those who want to stay a day or two after the convention. The cutoff date is May 1, after which the hotel will release our remaining rooms to the general public. Although the rate may seem high, remember that Portsmouth, one of the most beautiful colonial-era seaport cities in New England, is a destination for vacationers or those traveling from Boston or Portland for a weekend getaway. Two airports serve Portsmouth: Logan International in Boston and Manchester-Boston Regional Airport, each less than an hour's drive from the Holiday Inn.

If you're driving, the Holiday Inn is at 300 Woodbury Ave. at I-95 Exit 6 (near the intersection of Route 1 and the Spaulding Turnpike). Turn right at the end of the northbound exit ramp and the hotel is just ahead.

Larry Rice update: Executive director Rob Kasper recently received a phone call from Larry's daughter, Debbie Rice, who informed him that Larry is finally home following many months' rehabilitation in a nursing home. Debbie said her father can walk with the aid of a walker and a brace on one of his legs. Although he cannot read, he enjoys having Vivian read to him. He still has difficulty speaking, but is working with a speech therapist. Also, nursing aides visit the house daily to provide assistance in various activities. Since most of Larry's family (children and grandchildren) live in the immediate area, Vivian is hopeful this supportive environment will be productive in Larry's progress.

Larry enjoys hearing from his Horatio Alger Society friends, and Vivian will read to him every card or letter received. **Write:** Larry Rice, 36 Church St., Box 181, Maine NY 13802.

President's column

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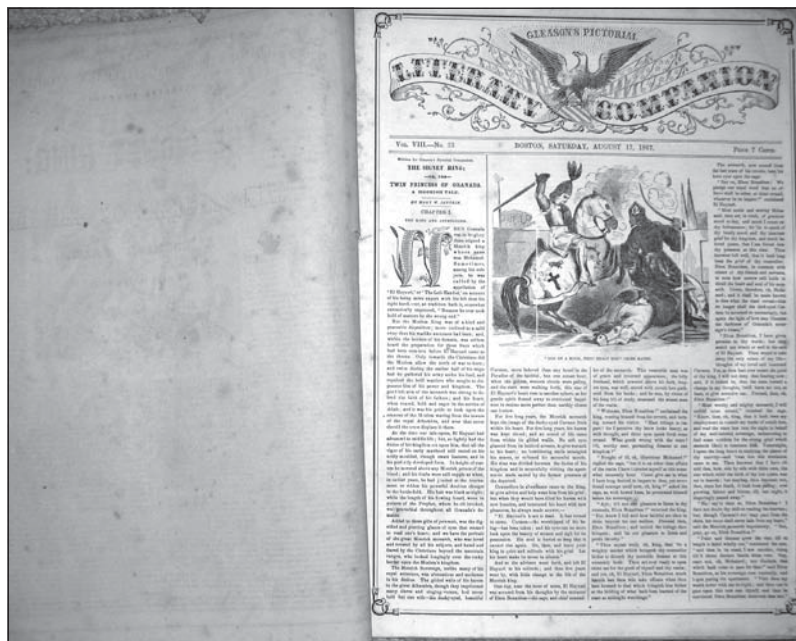
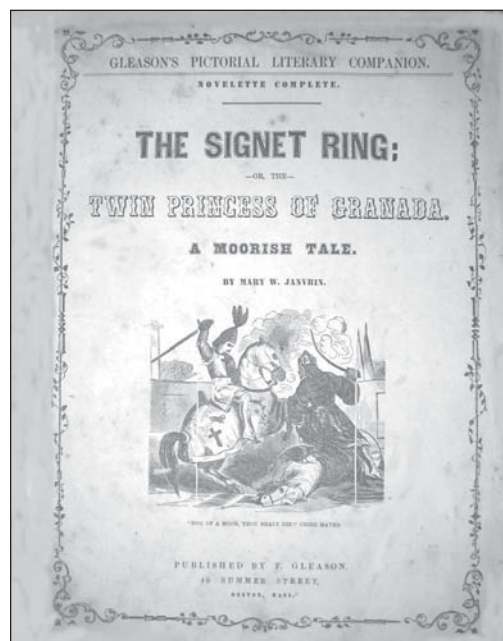
you hanging in anticipation, waiting impatiently for the next issue to arrive. They are surrounded by other pieces of literature that catch your attention, draw you in, and beg you to read them. While reading *Silas Snobden's Office Boy*, I read another story serialized over nearly the same issues. *The Conquest of the Moon* by Andre Laurie is vintage science fiction and is interesting, yet not believable. Today, that is. Many readers of 1889 may have found it believable that man could pull the moon toward the earth by powerful magnets and that an entire earthly mountain would be transplanted to the moon by the magnets. I had not heard of Andre Laurie at that time, but I now own most of his books, including a beautiful First English Edition (First Edition is in French) of *The Conquest of the Moon*; all because I read a story as a serial rather than a book.

Have you ever really looked through a vintage single or bound periodical? Have you noticed the illustrations? The illustrations in *Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battle Ship*, *Gleason's Literary Companion*, *Golden Argosy*, *Golden Days for Boys and Girls*, and *New York Weekly*, to name a few, are excellent and provide input for the imagination of the reader. I have a complete run of bound *St. Nicholas* periodicals and marvel at the full-page color or black and white images. Many famous illustrators started their careers illustrating periodicals. Many if not most of these images are not replicated in the book editions, and when they are they are not rendered to the same standard.

Periodicals, along with serial stories, provide readers with many other opportunities to stimulate learning. Much of the non-serial content contained with the periodicals mentioned above provides near encyclopedic knowledge of geography, famous places and cities, famous people, scientific processes, engineering, ships, plant and animal life, etc. This additional information placed the serial story within an environment containing knowledge waiting to be absorbed by the unsuspecting reader who purchased the periodical for the serial novel.

Should the serial versions of the stories we collect be considered "First Editions"? I do not believe so; however, I believe that serial stories and the periodicals in which they were first printed should be provided the respect they deserve. What do you think?

Your Partic'lar Friend,
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At left, the cover of a typical Gleason's Pictorial Novelette, and at right, the front page of the first of four issues of Gleason's Literary Companion assembled within the soft covers.

Ralph Raymond's Heir ...Clues to an Alger first edition

(Continued from Page 3)

ettes and that name remained for the 24 July 1869 advertisement for *Ralph Raymond's Heir* in *Gleason's Literary Companion*, merely two weeks after the serialization ended.

Nearly two years ago, I purchased an example of *Gleason's Pictorial Novelette* series. It was one of five available, none of which was *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, and I was unable to acquire the other four examples. My copy is titled *The Signet Ring; or, The Twin Princess of Granada. A Moorish Tale*. It was authored by Mary W. Janvrin (Mary Wolcott Ellsworth 1830-1870) and was published following the completion of the serialization in the 7 September 1867 issue of *Gleason's Literary Companion*. The cover states at the top "Gleason's Pictorial Literary Companion," with "Novelette Complete" on the next line, followed by the title, author, and image. At the bottom of the page it states "Published by F. Gleason."

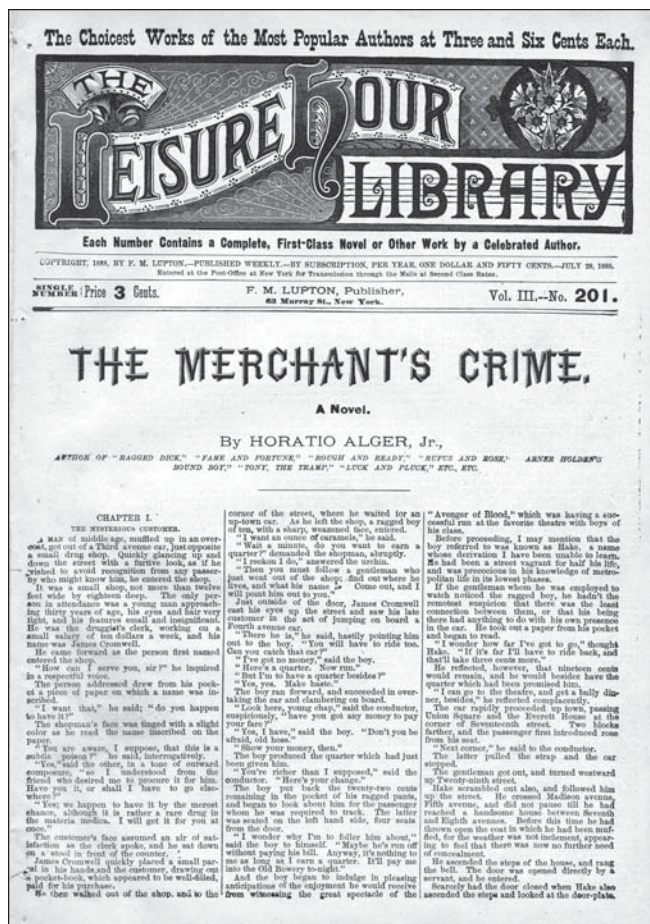
To my surprise, I found that a *Gleason Pictorial Novelette* is nothing more than four weekly issues of *Gleason's Literary Companion* bound together with a cover. The image on the cover replicates the image on the first page of the serialization of the title story. *The Signet Ring* ran from 17 August 1867 to 7 September

1867 in *Gleason's Literary Companion*, and these four issues are bound in the novelette just as they were published as a weekly periodical. Interestingly, *Tom Sandford's Escape* by Caroline F. Preston is included in the 17 August 1869 issue contained within the novelette. After inspecting a novelette, *Gleason's* advertisement description makes sense, for it is basically describing content found within *Gleason's Literary Companion*.

My experience shows that copies, bound or unbound, of *Gleason's Literary Companion* are not readily available on the open market, nor are large holdings contained within libraries. The novelettes must have continued to sell at least marginally well, since they were advertised throughout the life of *Gleason's Literary Companion*; and they would have a decent profit margin since they consisted of unsold copies of the weekly and sold for 25 cents, 3 cents less than cover price for four issues. I believe that the scarcity of the novelettes could be attributed to the thin cheap covers falling off the novelette, leaving the owner with four consecutive copies of a weekly periodical. Without the cover, no would realize that the four weeklies were part of a novelette.

While the *Gleason's Pictorial Novelette* version of *Ralph Raymond's Heir* states the title on the cover (based on extant examples), I do not believe that binding four weekly periodicals into a pamphlet constitutes a first edition any more than an 1869 bound volume of *Gleason's Literary Companion* constitutes a first edition. I agree with many that proper respect is not given

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containing a serial novel of interest. That said, it is a very rare item, and I would love to own a copy, but I believe that we can safely agree that it is not the first edition.

So, which printing is the first edition? I believe the first edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*; or, *The Merchant's Crime* published in Gleason's *Literary Companion* is the 28 July 1888 printing of *The Merchant's Crime* in F. M. Lupton's *Leisure Hour Library*. I have checked various *Leisure Hour Library* printings, including some newspaper supplement reprints, and they contain an unabridged copy of the original serial story. The *Leisure Hour Library* issue (shown at left) is 8 by 12 inches and 16 pages in length with three columns to a page. As this issue contains the work in question, independently, between its own covers, it complies with the definition for a "First Edition" as stated above.

The following list presents in publication sequence some reprints of the first edition:

- *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, F. M. Lupton, *The Idle Hour Series*, No. 11 — 30 March 1892 (1st paperback).
- *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, F. M. Lupton, *The Bijou Series*, No. 65 — 18 July 1892.
- *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, F. M. Lupton, *Stratford Series*, August 1892 (1st hardback).
- *The Merchant's Crime*, *The Star-Sayings Novel Supplement*, Vol. 2, No. 28 — 25 March 1894.
- *The Merchant's Crime*, *Grit Story Supplement*, Vol. 13, No. 12 — 3 March 1895.

- *The Merchant's Crime*, F. M. Lupton, *Leisure Hour Library*, No. 76 — 29 July 1896.
- *The Merchant's Crime*, F. M. Lupton, *Leisure Hour Library*, No. 281 — 5 May 1900.
- *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, F. M. Lupton, *The Golden Rod Series*, No. 152 — 18 July, 1904.
- *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, Butler Brothers, (similar format to *The Bijou Series*).

There were a few other F.M. Lupton hardback editions (I have three), and after 1905 many publishing houses began reprinting *Ralph Raymond's Heir* in a variety of formats. The two known copies of *The Merchant's Crime* that were printed as supplements to a newspaper are in the same format as the *Leisure Hour Library* and were probably directly copied with a different masthead. The existence of two newspaper supplement copies provides basis for the existence of other supplement printings of this title.

Adding to the mystic surrounding *Ralph Raymond's Heir* is the distinction of being the only Alger novel to figure prominently in a modern fiction novel. The plot of *Murder '97 A Simon Lash Mystery* by Frank Gruber, a well-known Alger collector, surrounds an inscribed

The July 28, 1888 issue of F.M. Lupton's *Leisure Hour Library*, in 8x12 format, is the presumed first edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*. It uses the title *The Merchant's Crime*, and it is the first time the story was published under Alger's own name.

Ralph Raymond's Heir

...Clues to an Alger first edition

(Continued from Page 5)

to serial printings and that they do hold the distinction of being the first printing. However, most collectors focus on the first complete, consecutive appearance in print between two covers.

The definition of "First Edition," according to *ABC For Book Collectors* by John Carter is "...the first appearance of the work in question, independently, between its own covers..."

By this definition, which is commonly accepted, serials and bound serials do not constitute a first edition. This applies to the *Gleason Pictorial Novelette*, as it is nothing more than four bound issues of a weekly publication

The Choicest Works of the Most Popular Authors at Three and Six Cents Each.



Each Number Contains a Complete, First-Class Novel or Other Work by a Celebrated Author.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY F. M. LUPTON.—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.—BY SUBSCRIPTION, PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.—JULY 28, 1888. Entered at the Post-Office at New York for Transmission through the Mails at Second Class Rate.

SINGLE PAGES 3 CENTS.

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 612 Broadway St., New York.

Vol. III.—No. 201.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

A Novel.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

AUTHOR OF "RAAGED BUCK," "FARM AND FORTUNE," "HOUSE AND HEARTH," "DEFT AND DEED," "ARTER HOLLOWAY," "DICKENS BOY," "TINY, THE TRAMP," "LUCK AND FLUCK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANCE.

A MAN of middle age, dressed up in an overcoat, got out of a third-story window, and stepped down the street with a hurried look, as if he wished to avoid observation from any passer-by who might know him, he entered the door of a small shop, and stepped into a room.

It was a small shop, not more than twelve feet wide by eighteen deep. The only person in attendance was a young man, apparently thirty years of age, his eyes and hair very light, and his features small and insignificant. He was the druggist's clerk, working on a small salary of ten dollars a week, and his name was James Cromwell.

He came forward as the person first named entered the shop.

"How can I serve you, sir?" he inquired in a respectful tone.

The person addressed drew from his pocket a piece of paper on which a name was inscribed.

"I want that," he said; "do you happen to have it?"

The druggist's face was tinged with a slight blush as he read the name inscribed on the paper.

"You are aware, I suppose, that this is a stolen piece?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes," said the other, in a tone of outward composure, "so I understand from friends who desired me to procure it for him. Have you it, or shall I have to go elsewhere?"

"You may happen to have it by the merest chance, although it is rather a rare drug in the market, indeed, I will get it for you at once."

The customer's face assumed an air of satisfaction as the clerk spoke, and he sat down on a stool in front of the counter.

James Cromwell quickly placed a small parcel in his hands, and the customer, drawing a pocket-book, which appeared to be well-filled, paid for his purchase.

He then walked out of the shop, and so the

corner of the street, where he waited for an opportunity to get away. As he left the shop, a ragged boy of ten, with a shaggy, swarthy face, entered.

"I want an ounce of opium," he said.

"Was a minute, do you want to earn a quarter of a dollar?" asked the clerk.

"I reckon I do," answered the boy.

"Then just follow me a moment, and I will point you out the place."

"Come out, and I will point you out the place."

"There he is," he said, hastily pointing him out to the boy. "You will have to ride on. Can you catch that car?"

"I've got to money," said the boy.

"Here's a quarter. Now run."

"But I'm to have a quarter besides?"

"Yes, yes. Make haste."

The boy ran forward, and succeeded in overtaking the car and clambering on board.

"Look here, young chap," said the conductor, suspiciously, "have you got any money to pay your fare?"

"Yes, I have," said the boy. "Don't you be afraid, old man."

"Now your money then."

The boy produced the quarter which had just been given him.

"Here's your change."

"You're better than I supposed," said the conductor. "Here's your change."

The boy put back the twenty-two cents remaining in the pocket of his ragged pants, and began to look about him for the passenger whom he was required to track. The latter was seated on the left hand side, four seats from the door.

"I wonder why I'm to follow him about," said the boy to himself. "Maybe he's run off without paying his bill. Anyway, it's nothing to me as long as I earn a quarter. I'll pay me out the old money tonight."

And the boy began to indulge in pleasing anticipations of the payment he would receive from witnessing the great spectacle of the

"Avenger of Blood," which was having a successful run at the favorite theatre with boys of his class.

Before proceeding, it may mention that the boy referred to was known as Hake, a name whose derivation I have been unable to learn. He had been a street vagrant for half his life, and was possessed in his knowledge of metropolitan life in its lowest phases.

If the gentleman whom he was employed to watch noticed the ragged boy, he had the remotest suspicion that there was the least connection between them, or that his being there had anything to do with his own presence in the car.

He took out a paper from his pocket and began to read.

"I wonder how far I've got to go," thought Hake. "If it's far I'll have to ride back, and that'll mean five cents more."

He reflected, however, that nineteen cents would require, and he would loathely leave the quarter which had been promised him.

"I can go to the theatre, and get a holly berry, besides," he reflected complacently.

The car rapidly proceeded up town, passing Union Square and the Everett House at the corner of Seventeenth street. Two blocks farther, and the passenger first introduced rose from his seat.

Next corner," he said to the conductor.

The latter pulled the strap and the car stopped.

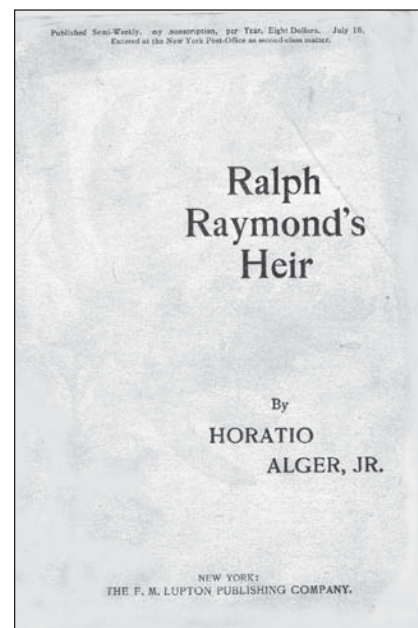
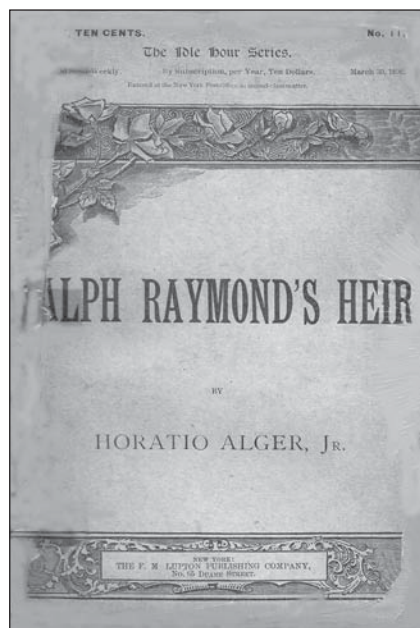
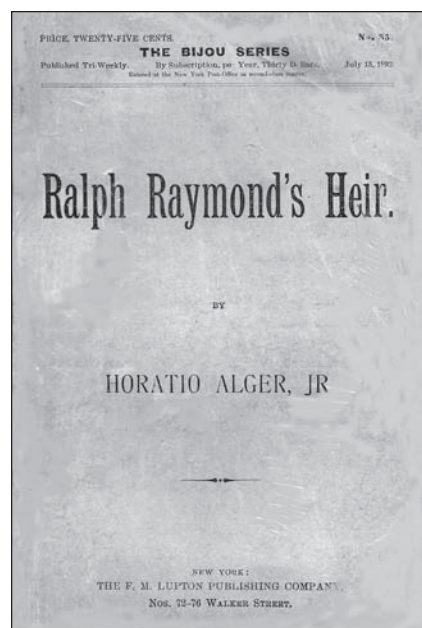
The gentleman got out, and turned westward up Twenty-ninth street.

Hake scrambled out also, and followed him up the street. He crossed Madison avenue, Fifth avenue, and did not pause till he had reached a handsome house between Seventh and Eighth avenues.

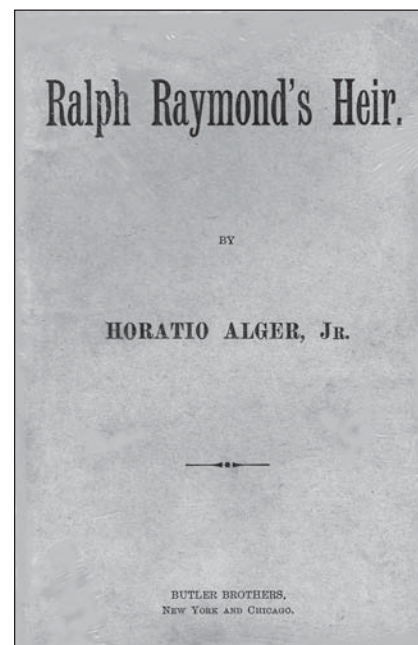
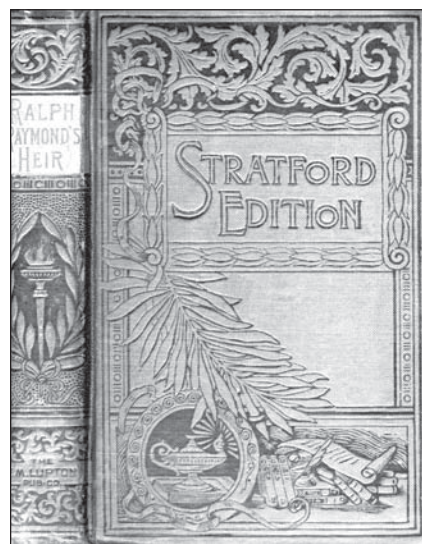
Before this time he had thrown open the coat in which he had been muffled, for the weather was not inclement, appearing to feel that there was now no further need of his aid.

He ascended the steps of the house, and rang the bell. The door was opened directly by a servant, and he entered.

He ascended the door, closed when Hake also ascended the steps and looked at the door-plate.



Later editions of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, from left: F.M. Lupton Idle Hour Series (March 1892), Lupton Bijou Series (July 1892), Lupton Golden Rod Series (1904) and, below right, Butler Brothers.



The Lupton Stratford Edition (August 1892) was the first hard-cover edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*. The story appeared under its alternate title, *The Merchant's Crime*, in the Grit Story Supplement in March 1895.

copy of *Ralph Raymond's Heir* that leads to murder and the answer to a 45-year-old crime. No Alger collection is complete without copies of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*, and copies of Gruber's *Murder '97* (reprinted as *The Long Arm of Murder*).

The first edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir* has long been a mystery that I believe we can safely consider solved. The Gleason Pictorial Novelettes do exist and I expect that at least one person bought a copy of *Ralph Raymond's Heir*. However, first-edition status should

be bestowed upon the 28 July 1888 printing of *The Merchant's Crime* in F. M. Lupton's *Leisure Hour Library*. Of one thing I am certain: the search for the Gleason Pictorial Novelette edition of *Ralph Raymond's Heir* is still on, and what a prized possession it will be for the one who acquires a copy!

The author gratefully acknowledges Robert E. Kasper (PF-327) and Arthur P. Young (PF-941) for providing many of the illustrations used with this article.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

I enjoy old-time radio shows, and one of my favorite programs is the mystery drama "The Whistler," a popular show that aired from 1942 to 1955. One of the episodes, "Wedding Gift," features the ambitious but unscrupulous Christine, who stepped on more than a few toes as she made a name for herself in the business world. As the Whistler — the omniscient narrator — relates: "It's been a long time coming, Chris. An uphill fight against poverty and squalor and the commonplace. A fight to turn a nobody into a somebody in a few short years. A battle that took you to the topmost rung of the ladder and made your name a synonym for 'career girl.'"

Christine is about to get married, and she awaits the arrival of the dressmaker of her wedding dress. When the seamstress appears, however, Christine is startled to see Nora, the daughter of a man whom Christine had married years earlier for his money and who later died under suspicious circumstances. Says Nora: "You've come a long way since Denver, haven't you? Up and forward, the Horatio Alger girl ... The girl secretary

who wants to go places and wouldn't let anything stand in her way."

This episode aired on December 10, 1947, just two years after the publication of the widely reviewed Alger omnibus, *Struggling Upward and Other Works*. Although one naturally cannot assume a connection between the two, Russel Crouse's essay in the beginning of the book marked the first introduction to a reprinted Alger (1945 also saw the publication of Malcolm Cowley's "Alger Story" in *The New Republic*, in which were raised the first public doubts as to the veracity of Herbert R. Mayes' book and the so-called Alger diary).

Alger's name in the popular press, however, probably did not make much of an impression on children. As reported in *The New York Times* (article reproduced below) on Alger's birthday in 1947, a poll taken among the members of boys' and girls' clubs sponsored by the Childrens' Aid Society revealed that 92 percent of them had "never heard of Alger."

Sincerely,
Jack Bales (PF-258)
422 Greenbrier Court
Fredericksburg, VA 22401

The New York Times — Jan. 13, 1947

Horatio Alger Is an Unknown to 92% Of Boys and Girls in Seven Clubs in City

Alas, poor Horatio! On the 115th birthday yesterday of the man whose name symbolized an era in American history, a poll taken among boys and girls from the ages of 8 to 14 revealed that Horatio Alger Jr. was almost an unknown to them.

Ninety-two per cent of the members of the seven boys and girls clubs sponsored in New York by The Children's Aid Society, which has a membership of 20,000 children, reported they had never heard of Alger. Less than one per cent had read any of his books.

The society claims a relationship with Alger, for he lived for years at its Newsboys Lodging House, the first boys' club of the society founded in 1853. Many of the "rags to riches" characters that moved through the pages of his books were inspired by boys who had lived at the house.

The unfamiliarity of the younger generation with Alger's work is attributed to the fact that the trend among today's children is toward magazines and radio stories rather than books. Only 60 per cent of the children read books, whereas 95 per cent said they read magazines and listened to radio stories. And most of those who read listed comic books as their favorite type.

Asked to pick an "ideal" from among celebrities today, the boys choose Joe Louis as favorite, with Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio and Mayor O'Dwyer also ranking well. The girls divided their favor evenly between Ingrid Bergman and Sister Kenny.

Even though the children were unfamiliar with Alger, they said they would read his stories willingly if the books were made available to them.

MEMBERSHIP

New member

William Thieme (PF-1109)
9013 Sautelle Lane
Austin, TX 78749
(512) 288-9870
E-mail: susiethieme@asurfer.com

William, who is retired, currently owns 125-plus Alger titles, and his other interests are fishing and hiking. He is interested in learning of other Alger collectors in his area.

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.

2010 convention — 'In a New Hampshire World'

Places to visit ... things to do

By William R. Gowen (PF-706)

The city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, offers all kinds of opportunities for visitors to enjoy their free time. Of course, at the annual H.A.S. convention, free time is at a premium because of all of our scheduled activities.

With that in mind, of the dozens of places to see or visit, we'll offer just a few here, with emphasis on proximity to downtown Portsmouth, and the ability (other than the two cruises listed) to make these relatively brief stops in order to fit them into our schedule. In the same vein, on Page 10 we offer a brief companion article on two places to grab an award-winning hamburger for one of our "on our own" meals.

Upon arrival at the Holiday Inn on May 13, Partic'lar Friends will receive plenty of Chamber of Commerce-type information, with the Portsmouth C of C visitors' center located at the Market Street exit (Exit 7) from Interstate 95, one exit up from our hotel (Exit 6).

Strawberry Banke Museum — Highly recommended by convention host Art Young in the previous issue of *Newsboy*, this is one of the classiest "living history" places in New England, located in the South End of Portsmouth's historic district. The title "Strawberry Banke" was named by Portsmouth's first settlers in 1630. This "living museum," similar to Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, is a collection of 42 restored houses and other buildings amid scenic gardens, staffed by helpful Colonial period-dressed re-enactors. The museum includes a Family Discovery Center that offers hands-on displays, games and other activities.

The Strawberry Banke Museum's Tyco Visitors Center is located at 14 Hancock St., and includes a gift shop. Daily hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. May 1-Oct. 31. Admission is \$15 for adults and \$10 for children ages 5-17. www.strawberrybanke.org

Albacore Park — Located about five minutes' drive from the hotel, this National Historic Landmark displays the *U.S.S. Albacore*, a diesel-powered prototype for today's nuclear-powered submarines.

The *Albacore*, based on a design conceptualized by the legendary Admiral Charles "Swede" Momsen, was launched in Portsmouth in 1953, and the streamlined, teardrop-shaped hull was eventually adapted by the Navy's "father of nuclear propulsion," Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, as the design basis for all nuclear subs starting in the early 1960s. Actually, the first nuclear submarine, the *U.S.S. Nautilus*, was a modernized

World War II-era design, whose nuclear reactor was very successful in sea trials. The *U.S.S. Nautilus* circled the world submerged and supplanted the diesel engine as a viable propulsion system. Diesel subs spent 85 percent of their time on the surface traveling at 15 to 20 knots and only 15 percent of the time submerged (with battery power) at 3 to 5 knots.



The *U.S.S. Albacore* hits the water during its 1953 launching at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard. Decommissioned by the U.S. Navy in 1972, she rests today "back home" on permanent display in Albacore Park, one of the top attractions in downtown Portsmouth.

Momsen, along with Rickover, knew this meant the nuclear submarine could now be the Navy's ultimate first-strike stealth weapon. "Forget about surface performance," Momsen said. "Think only about submerged capability, which will provide the utmost speed with a minimum of power. When in doubt, think speed!"

Shortly after the *Albacore* design was adopted for American attack and strategic guided missile submarines, the Soviet Union did likewise for its Alfa-class attack subs. The Soviet Alfas attained a reported top underwater speed of 40 miles per hour (just under 37 knots), while the U.S. Navy's underwater top speed is higher and remains highly classified.

If the name "Swede" Momsen (who died in 1967) sounds familiar, he invented the portable "Momsen Lung" and he led the Navy diving team that rescued

(Continued on Page 10)

'In a New Hampshire World'

Places to visit ...

(Continued from Page 9)

33 sailors and officers from the *U.S.S. Squalus*, a new sub built at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard that sank in some 300 feet of water during sea trials in May 1939. Twenty-six submariners died instantly when a main induction valve accidentally was opened during a test dive, flooding the engine and torpedo rooms and sending the sub to the bottom. Using the bell-shaped, cable-lowered McCann Rescue Chamber, the daring rescue made national headlines.

The *U.S.S. Squalus* was soon salvaged (again, under Momsen's direction), towed back to Portsmouth, refitted and renamed the *U.S.S. Sailfish*. It went on to serve in World War II in the Pacific.

The *Albacore's* mission as a prototype and training boat became outdated by the late 1960s, and it was decommissioned in 1972 and stricken from the Navy's records in 1980. Spurred by the Portsmouth Marine Society, the *Albacore* was rescued from the scrapyards and towed from Philadelphia "back home" to serve as a permanent display and memorial on dry land. *Albacore Park* is at 600 Market St., at the intersection of the U.S. Route 1 bypass in downtown Portsmouth.

The park is open Thursday-Sunday, 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission is \$5 for adults, \$3 for children 7-17 and free for children under 7. www.ussalbacore.org

Isles of Shoals Cruise — Another recommendation from host Art Young, this tour takes two to three hours. The multiple-deck MV Thomas Lighton offers scenic views of this historic archipelago of nine islands, six miles offshore. You are taken through Portsmouth Harbor, a unique working port with tugboats, tankers and the nation's oldest active naval yard. You will also see the closed castle-like prison — "the Alcatraz of the East" — along with the grand resort hotel, five historic forts and three lighthouses. For schedules, rates and reservation information, call 1-800 441-4620. www.islesofshoals.com.

Portsmouth Harbor Cruises — Another company offers various cruises, including the shorter, narrated Portsmouth Harbor Cruise of one hour, 15 minutes. Refreshments are on sale, or you can "brown bag" it. Harbor cruises are \$16 for adults and \$14 for retirees, with the ticket booth near the dock at 64 Ceres St. The May-June schedule has cruises leaving at noon and 3 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays only. For additional information, call 1-800 776-0915. www.portsmouthharbor.com



Gilley's PM Lunch in downtown Portsmouth offers \$2 hamburgers and 90-cent soft drinks.

Finding a great burger!

The easiest way to have a quick meal on your free time during the H.A.S. convention is to visit a fast-food joint. At most conventions, that means walking across the hotel parking lot to the nearest McDonald's, Burger King or Wendy's. But why go somewhere in the Portsmouth area that you can do any day at home?

Here are two places to find a critically acclaimed hamburger during convention weekend May 13-16:

Gilley's PM Lunch, 175 Fleet Street, Portsmouth.

Featured as one of the "100 great burger joints in the nation" by traveling food critic George Motz in his *Hamburger America* book (2008), Gilley's PM Lunch is a restored 1930s Worcester Lunch Car right in downtown Portsmouth, minutes from the Holiday Inn.

The burgers are \$2 and cheeseburgers are \$2.25 for a single and \$3.75 for a double. Hot dogs are only \$1.25, ham and egg sandwich \$2, with soft drinks 90 cents and coffee, tea or milk just 60 cents. Hours are 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. most days. www.gilleyspmlunch.com

Wild Willy's Burgers, 765 U.S. Rt. 1, York, Maine, and 12 Gonic Road (Rt. 125), Rochester, NH. (also four other Maine and Massachusetts locations).

Highly recommended by convention host Art Young, Willy's offers a wide range of burgers and other sandwiches. The York location is the closest to Portsmouth.

The menu features more than a dozen varieties of gourmet angus beef burgers, each for \$6.15, plus many condiments for 50 cents to a dollar. Also on the menu are chicken and steak sandwiches, angus steak chili, salads, side dishes and beverages. Wild Willy's is a larger restaurant compared to Gilley's limited counter-style seating. www.wildwillysburgers.com

— William R. Gowen (PF-706)

Portsmouth sights

The John Paul Jones House, located at the corner of Middle and State Streets, tells the story of Portsmouth through its collection of period furniture, paintings and other artifacts. It is a National Historic Landmark.



The brick and cast iron Portsmouth Harbor Lighthouse was constructed in 1878 on the same location as an 1804 wooden lighthouse. The Piscataqua River Bridge, built in 1972, carries north-bound traffic on Interstate 95 to nearby Kittery, Maine, and to Boston and points south,

Portsmouth's scenic downtown is home to numerous shops, fine restaurants and pubs, housed in historic architecture. There are also scenic parks along with the city's active waterfront. The Chamber of Commerce also offers Portsmouth Harbour Trail walking tours.



A GLIMPSE OF VENICE

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

Historic places are apt, when first seen, to produce in the mind a vague feeling of disappointment, probably because the imagination has painted them with richer tints than reality will justify. But as to all rules there are exceptions, so Venice justifies all that has been said or imagined about her. At the moment of arrival, the visitor feels that he is in a peculiar city. On reaching the station, if he has taken the precaution to telegraph for rooms, he will meet the porter of the hotel, who will conduct him, not to a vulgar hack or fiacre, but to a gondola, and in five minutes he will be moving rapidly through the canal-like streets of the City of the Sea, gazing admiringly as the boat bears him smoothly onward at rich churches, stately palaces, with balconies jutting out over the water. The gondolier will perhaps take the trouble to point out the very palace occupied by Othello, the house of Cassio near the Rialto, and other notable buildings, which can hardly be regarded without interest, however skeptical he may be of his guide's accuracy.

And what is a gondola? It is a long, narrow boat, perhaps, thirty feet in length, painted a sombre black — all the gondolas are of this funeral hue — with a little cabin in the middle with seats for six or eight passengers. In summer this cabin is removed, and replaced by an awning. The gondolier stands, and is quite ready to talk as he impels his craft along the watery streets; but it is not always easy to understand him, as his French is poor, if he speaks it at all, and Italian is not often familiar to strangers.

Just before turning a corner, he utters a cry of warning, and strikes his oar sharply on the edge of the boat, that the sound may be heard by any approaching gondolier, and a collision avoided. I have heard that at times he sings for the edification of his passengers, but as his voice is hoarse and dissonant he seldom receives an *encore*.

"Yonder is the Rialto," said the gondolier and at the right we saw a marble bridge spanning the Grand Canal, which we were now crossing. Some names are fortunate in their sound. There is a charm and an interest in this name independent of its associations. But the Rialto forms a striking picture, with its single arch spanning the great watery thoroughfare of this strange city. It is utilized also, and now as in former days is a place of traffic, being lined with shops and booths. But it is no longer the meeting-place of merchants, as Shakespeare represents it, but the haunt of petty traders. On one side is a fish market, not very clean or savory, and the odor suggests the poet's reference to "an ancient and fish-like smell."

Half an hour — perhaps less — and we touch the pier of the

Hotel San Marco, fronting on the famous square of the same name. One of the numberless beggars is in attendance, and makes himself officious with imaginary services, for which he expects a small gratuity. It is best to pay it, or you will be followed with importunate appeals to your generosity, of which you are well rid at the expense of a soldo, a small copper coin. It is fortunate that the Venetian beggar is so moderate in his expectations. You can buy his blessing for a penny, while an Irish beggar would not think of blessing you under a shilling. On the whole, if I were a beggar, I should choose to be a beggar in Venice. His wants are few, and easily satisfied. A little polenta and cheese are for him a feast. His picturesque costume, which is fashioned on the most approved principles of ventilation, may at some remote period have come from a tailor's shop, but it looks like an heirloom transmitted from some illustrious ancestral mendicant who flourished in the bloody days of the Council of Ten.

Where do these people live and sleep? Their days are passed on the borders of the canals, lying in wait for travelers, but where they repair when night comes I know not. Probably in some narrow alley-way they wrap their drapery around them, and lie down to pleasant dreams of verdant *Inglese* (in which they include Americans) who are moved to bestow upon them unlimited *buono mano*.

The Hotel San Marco to which I had been recommended by an inn-keeper in Verona, faces the grand square. There were not many guests, but it is a favorite resort for mosquitoes, who are unremitting in their attentions, but no more so than in other Venetian hotels. The landlord and attendants, however, are courteous and obliging, and the situation is a good one. The Piazza San Marco is the largest open space in Venice, being 576 feet in length, and from 185 to 269 in breadth. On one side of the piazza is the Cathedral of San Marco, which has a striking exterior, and a handsome interior. Though not consecrated till A.D. 1111, its construction commenced a hundred and fifty years earlier, which gives it a very respectable antiquity. The most conspicuous feature of the cathedral is, the five domes which surmount it, the central one ninety feet in height, the others ten feet lower. Not far away is the campanile, or bell tower, built of brick, 323 feet in height. I ascended to the tower, and heard the bells strike the hour. From this point, as may be imagined, there is a beautiful and extended view of the city and its environs, with the numerous islands of the Adriatic.

Probably the most interesting building in Venice is the Palace of the old Doges, which joins the cathedral. It was in the year 820 that a palace was first built on this site, but not this palace. In the civil commotions of Venice, it has been twice demolished by the mob, and three times partly destroyed by fire. I did not learn the antiquity of the present palace, nor do I propose to describe the magnificent halls, adorned with splendid paintings. However interesting to the visitor, description must necessarily be tedious, and it would utterly fail to

This article, originally published in the January 1874 issue of Young Israel, is making its first appearance in Newsboy.

convey an impression of the superb reality. But I must not omit to mention the subterranean dungeons beneath the palace, formerly used for the incarceration of political offenders. We descended, our guide preceding us with candles. The first cells we visited admitted a feeble ray of light, but farther on he ushered us into one, which was perfectly dark. To give us a realizing sense of the utter darkness, he withdrew to a distance, leaving us inside. We could see absolutely nothing. What a horrible fate to be immured for years in impenetrable darkness! We sat down on the low, narrow bed in the corner of the cell, and tried to fancy the feelings of the unhappy wretches who had languished here centuries since in solitary and hopeless confinement. It was a relief to come up once more into the broad light of day, and feel that we at least were not shut out from the cheerful sunlight.

Probably most of my readers have heard of the Bridge of Sighs. It is a short, covered passage connecting the second story of the palace with the prison nearly adjacent. I suppose it is twenty feet in length. Over this bridge criminals condemned by the Council of Ten passed to their doom in the prison, and hence its name. It consists of two parallel passages, one for the judges and persons in authority, the other for the condemned.

Some of the principal shops in Venice are to be found lining the Square of St. Mark. Handsome jewelry and mosaics, manufactured in Venice, may be found here in great profusion, and few visitors fail to purchase some as souvenirs. The "one price" system does not prevail in Venice. Shop-keepers ask at the outset an extravagant price, and expect to be beaten down. They will often in the end take one half of their original demand, but inexperienced purchasers are sometimes beguiled into paying the price first asked. Even then, however, he pays less than he would be obliged to do in London or New York.

In the evening the Piazza looks brilliant with its four lines of lights, and its shops put on their gayest appearance. Strangers and citizens sit in front of the cafes, sipping coffee and chocolate, while listening to the band which plays on pleasant evenings. At such a time it is hard to realize that the Piazza has in days gone by witnessed such sanguinary scenes. The ancient Venetians must have differed, one is forced to think, from their idle and ease-loving descendants, who lounge about, contented with the present and careless of the future. Once the mistress of the seas, sending ships to all parts of the world, Venice has become a third-rate port, and her commerce is insignificant in amount. Her opposite neighbor, Trieste, has wrested from her the control of the Adriatic, and is busy and animated while her ancient rival sleeps.

Before closing this brief glimpse of Venice, I must not omit to mention a sharp, wide-awake *gamin* who greeted me on my first walk through the Square. His experienced eye at once detected that we were Americans, and he opened conversation in classic American:

"How are you? How do you do? Bully for you!"

As a further mark of polite attention he executed a somerset, and pulled off his cap as a gentle hint that a small contribution would be thankfully received.

"I see you are an American," I said.

"No; Italiano," he answered.

My brother supplied him with a few other English phrases, which he repeated like a parrot, copying even the accent. Of course we showed our appreciation of his polite attentions by a few small coins, which he pocketed with evident satisfaction.

We saw him again the next day with a small stock of cheap mosaics, which he was probably selling on commission. He was evidently a youth of enterprise, and with fair advantages would doubtless attain success and prosperity. But there is little chance for such a boy to rise in Venice. In New York he might become a merchant prince, since early poverty here is no bar to success.

Here I close my brief reminiscences of a brief visit to a most wonderful city. If any of my young readers feel a desire to know more about it, I refer them to an admirable, and most agreeable volume, "Venetian Life," by W. D. Howells, now I believe editor of the Atlantic Monthly. The author lived in Venice three years, and came to love it, and writes of it with thorough understanding and appreciation. I quote from his pages, as likely to interest my readers, a passage touching the social status of the Hebrew residents of Venice:

"The present social relations of Jew and Christian in the city render the 'Merchant of Venice' quite impossible. The Catholic Venetian certainly understands that his Jewish fellow citizen is destined to some very unpleasant experiences in the world to come, but, *Corpo di Bacco* that is no reason why he should not be friend with him in this. He meets him daily on Exchange and at the Casino, and he partakes of the hospitality of his *conversazioni*. The Jew is gathering into his own hands a great part of the trade of the city, and has the power which belongs to wealth. He is educated, liberal, and enlightened, and the last great name in Venetian literature is that of the Jewish historian of the Republic, Roumanin. His political sympathies are invariably patriotic, and he calls himself, not *Ebreo*, but *Veneziano*. He lives when rich in a palace or a fine house on the Grand Canal, and he furnishes and lets many others. The famous and beautiful Ca'Doro now belongs to a Jewish family; and an Israelite, the most distinguished physician in Venice, occupies the *appartamento signorile* in the palace of the famous Cardinal Bembo. The Jew is a physician, a banker, a manufacturer, a merchant; and he makes himself respected for his intelligence and his probity — which perhaps does not infringe more than that of Italian Catholics."

It is gratifying to find that the religious intolerance, which in former days disgraced the nations of Europe, is fast yielding to an enlightened liberality. Let us hope that, at no distant day, there shall be no persecution for religion's sake, but all forms of faith shall be accorded equal privileges.

BOOK REVIEW

John T. Dizer, Edward S. Lauterbach and J. Randolph Cox: *The Secret of Hidden Island; or, The Dyer Boys of Ludlow*. Copyright 2010 by John T. Dizer. 228 pages, hardcover, with frontispiece. W. Granby, CT: The Adventure Continues, \$25 postpaid. For ordering information, see advertisement on Page 16.

Reviewed by William R. Gowen (PF-706)

If this were a Hollywood promotion, it would go something like this:

"Forty years in the making! High adventure on land and water, as our heroes confront and overcome their enemies in search of 200-year-old treasure!"

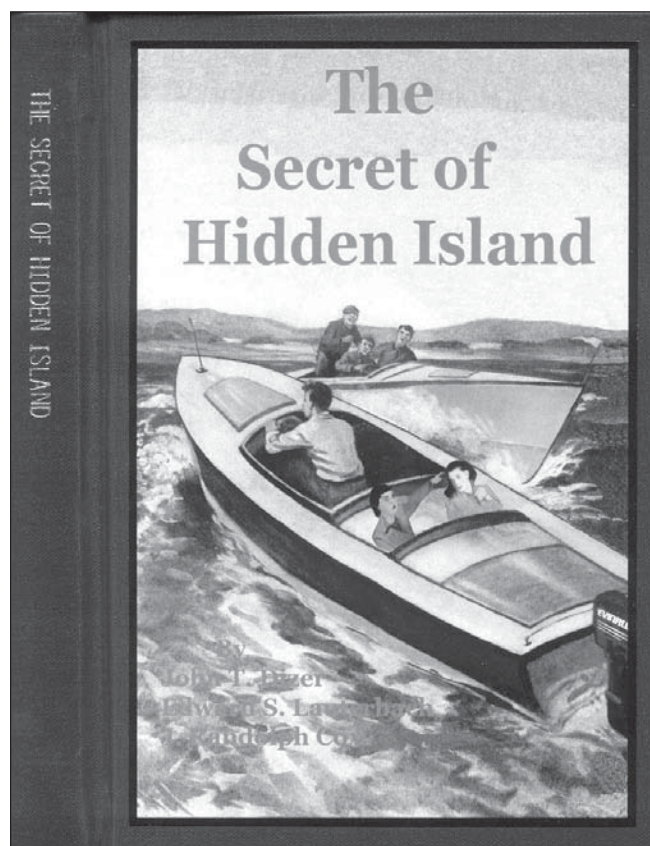
Of course, *The Secret of Hidden Island; or, The Dyer Boys of Ludlow*, doesn't need that kind of Hollywood hype. It's simply a boys' adventure patterned after the best of the Stratemeyer Syndicate's books — Tom Swift, The Motor Boys, Hardy Boys, Outdoor Chums, etc. And its creator is none other than one of the Syndicate's best-known researchers and scholars, John T. Dizer, with able collaboration from two of his longtime friends and colleagues — Edward S. Lauterbach and J. Randolph Cox. The three are listed as co-authors. The creative force behind the project was Dizer's, dating back to 1968 when he was doing research for his Ph. D. in engineering at Purdue University.

The Secret of Hidden Island is a rousing tale of adventure set several decades ago in and near the town of Ludlow, a name taken from an actual village in Vermont, about 30 miles from Dizer's hometown of Bellows Falls, on the Connecticut River. However, the unnamed actual locale is based on upstate Utica, New York area, where Dizer eventually settled and raised his family.

The story is a classic *roman à clef*, which Webster's defines as "a novel in which real characters and events appear under disguise." In addition to the Ludlow-Utica relationship, the main characters are drawn from real life. The two Dyer Boys, Tom and Bill, are named for Dizer's own sons, and their fictional chum, Don Shaw, was also based on real life. In the book, Don Shaw is reminiscent of the Hardy Boys' close friend, Chet Morton.

"Actually, Don was one of my sons' real chums," Dizer said. "He was active in Boy Scouts with Tom and Bill, and he's still a good friend of mine. That's a fictional last name, of course. Shaw was one of my family names, and that's where it came from."

The story relates the desire of Tom and Bill Dyer, who live near fictional Haven Lake, to obtain a motor boat in order to better enjoy their summer vacation from school. Of course, that was easier said than done with their



limited monetary resources. Finally, they find a decrepit boat at a farm in the nearby town of Sandcreek. The boat is still filled with ice from the just-ended winter season, since it had been left outdoors on top of a pile of old lumber. Mr. Bodley, owner of the farm, was considering burning the old boat to get rid of it.

Tom did the talking for all three. "We are looking for a boat, Mr. Bodley, and we don't have much money. This is a size and style we like, but it will take a lot of work and a good deal of money to fix it up."

A deal was struck for 10 dollars, a sum which Bodley based on the value of the boat's brass fittings. Bodley agreed to haul the boat the following day in his one-ton pickup truck to the boys' home in Ludlow.

The following day was also when a fund-raising auction took place in town, at which up for bids was a beat-up, 25-horsepower Evinrude outboard motor. Tom won it with a winning bid of 25 dollars, much to the consternation of town bully Bud Smalley.

Bud was furious. He had only twenty-four dollars cash with him and he was forbidden to write checks. He looked at the people around him, hoping to find a friend to lend him some money. But while he was doing this,

the auctioneer called. "Going once, going twice, sold to Tom Dyer for twenty-five dollars."

Tom pushed his way to the front and paid twenty-five dollars of his and his brother's hard-earned savings into the hand of the auction clerk.

"Just you wait, I'll get even with you. Try and buy my motor, would you," cried Bud as Tom dragged the motor to one side.

Shortly thereafter, a snarling Bud Smalley stomped out of the auction hall, acting not unlike various notorious Stratemeyer Syndicate bullies. Why he needed the motor was anyone's guess. He already had a sleek new 16-foot runabout with a 40-horse motor, which he used to speed about the lake and show off to the town's girls.

A question arises: Why give a bully such a seemingly pleasant name as Bud Smalley ("son of the town's richest lawyer") as compared with surly-sounding names like those given Tom Swift's rival, Andy Foger, or the Motor Boys' nemesis, Noddy Nixon?

"I don't know what my motivation was, it's been too many years," Dizer said. "The character was based on an actual kid I knew here in Utica, and as far as the name goes, I really don't know why I even picked it."

The boat, described in the book as a Penn Yan, is based on Dizer's own restored white cedar motor boat manufactured in the real town of Penn Yan, at the northern end of Keuka Lake in New York's Finger Lakes region. The book's detailed descriptions of the Dyer Boys' restoration of the boat and motor are based on actual events. Like Dizer with his own boat, the boys named it the *Arrow*, in tribute to the title craft in *Tom Swift and his Motor Boat*.

"We got the boat, a real Penn Yan, over at Holland Patent (near Utica), and that part of the book is pretty accurate and is the boat pictured in the book's frontispiece," Dizer recalled. "The time-line on restoring the boat and motor as described in the book is quite accurate in its timing and the technical description."

Without spoiling the plot, *The Secret of Hidden Island* follows the adventures of the Dyer Boys as they search for a possible treasure many miles away on the title island. The quest is based on information gleaned from an old parchment will written by a Dyer ancestor. The document had been discovered in the basement of the old hardware store, formerly the town clerk's office. The will included a crude map.

"In a story like this you have to have a treasure to build up the plot," Dizer said. "I did know this kid in school back in Vermont who had a collection of old coins from the pre-Revolutionary War period. So that part of the story I plotted out."

As is the case of the requisite bully, Stratemeyer Syndicate stories logically place their focus on the activi-

ties of the youths, not the parents. For example, Barton Swift, Tom's father and also an inventor, usually stays in the background, remaining in Shopton while Tom and his friends travel far and wide. The same goes for detective Fenton Hardy, always on hand to help but willing to let Frank and Joe do their own thing. And, of course, there's the case of Don Sturdy, whose parents and sister were presumably lost when their ship was sunk during a storm while rounding Cape Horn. Don's hope of finding them alive is a recurring theme during that long-running series.

In this case, Christopher Dyer III, the boys' father, shows up in the nick of time at the story's climax. An engineering professor at the state university, he had just returned from a leave of absence in Europe.

So how did *The Secret of Hidden Island* come to be after 40-plus years? Dizer explains:

"Actually, I did the majority of it. In 1968 I was doing grad work at Purdue, and just to kill time — I was into kids' books at that time — in my free time I started writing the thing," he said. "Then, they put on a book-collecting contest at Purdue. I didn't know it at the time, but Ed Lauterbach, a professor, was running the show."

"I entered my book collection, and I won the contest. And Ed became a pretty good friend; we would go book-hunting down in Indianapolis and around the area. I kept in touch with him over the years. He died just last year. He was born in 1927, the week that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic."

"What happened was, Ed liked the manuscript; I had plotted it, he had ideas, too, and I said 'Let's go ahead and collaborate,' and we did, for a couple of years off and on. But we were both pretty tied up in other things, and the project just kind of petered out."

"Ed Lauterbach was Randy Cox's best friend, and somewhere along the line, Randy saw the manuscript and borrowed it and liked it," Dizer said. "He did some editing and finished fleshing out the last several chapters. About ten or more years ago he sent copies to Ed and me, and I liked it pretty much but didn't think that much about it. Then, Jim Towey read it and we both agreed that we ought to get the thing in print."

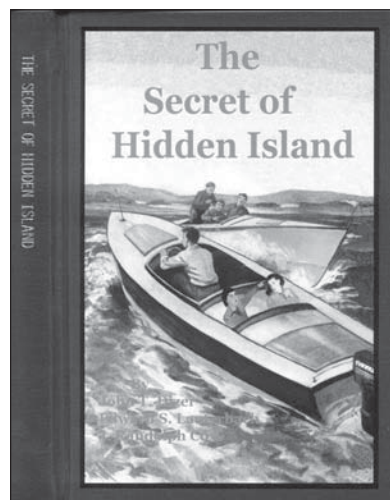
So that's how the book came about. After Dizer last year did some final smoothing and fixing errors of continuity, Towey has just produced it in a beautiful hard-cover edition with full-color cover appliqué and dust jacket. At \$25 (including postage), it's a bargain, and it nostalgically takes us back to the times we enjoyed reading Tom Swift, The Hardy Boys and the other Stratemeyer Syndicate classics.

The Secret of Hidden Island has been published in a limited print run, so if you desire a copy, act quickly. Complete details are available in Jim Towey's advertisement on Page 16.

The Adventure Continues . . .

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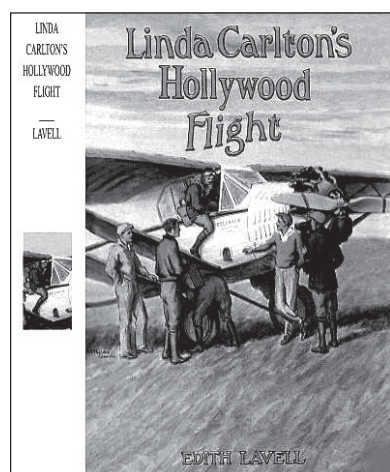
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Thanks for the continued collector support, which makes more reprints possible. My current approach is to reprint ultra-rare titles in very small print runs of 25 copies.