

Newsboy



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Vol. 10, No. 9
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Monthly Newsletter of
the HORATIO ALGER
SOCIETY. The World's
Only Publication Devot-
ed to That Wonderful
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler

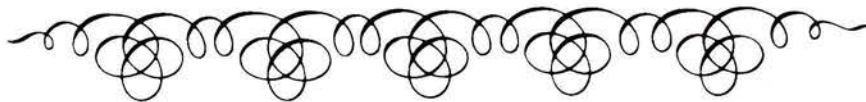
Eternal God, whose mighty power
Controls the slowly circling spheres
And yet whose all-pervading love
E'en in the humblest life appears,
Thy people, shielded by Thy care,
Have walked in peace these fifty years.

In other lands, Thy worshipers
Have reared, with toil, vast, stately piles
And unto Thee their reverent eyes
Uplift in dim cathedral aisles;
We, in this humbler temple met,
Have shared the sunshine of Thy smiles.

Beneath this roof the song of praise
Hath blended with the voice of prayer,
As, week by week, Thy children met
To thank thee for the guardian care
That guides our steps and keeps us safe,
Not only here, but everywhere.

Our Father, in the years to come,
Be with us as in days gone by!
O, fill us with a sacred joy
When the last summons comes - to die,
And from this lowly temple lift
Our spirits to thy home on high!

Horatio Alger Jr.



HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

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

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The NEWSBOY, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society is published monthly except January & July and is distributed free to Society members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$5.

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Please use membership roster for mailing address of our officers.

The Register-Star, Hudson, N. Y., Monday, April 24, 1972

HORATIO ALGER EXPERT TO TALK AT YWCA
Ralph D. Gardner, author of two books on Horatio Alger, will discuss the famed author and his works during sessions at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., April 27, at the 516 Warren St. YWCA Center. He is planning the program with Y director Beverly Fenn. It is estimated that 400 million copies of the poverty-to-riches adventure tales were sold in the late 19th century. Some are now collector's items worth up to \$1,000. Gardner, who was lectured at colleges and universities on the subject, will advise owners how much their Alger books are worth if they bring them to the Y. (Register-Star photo by Evhen)

We still need listings for THE BOOK MART. Send you lists now. Make a buck to buy more and better ALGERS.

OUR COVER

Written by Horatio Alger, Jr. (original hymn) for the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Dedication of the First Unitarian Church, South Natick, Mass. November 20, 1878.

Miss Mable Parmenter who knew the Algers, comments on the above as follows:

"For the occasion the younger Horatio Alger was invited to South Natick to write the 50th. year hymn. It was a difficult task for the novelist.

The response that greeted the first singing of the Alger hymn is unprecedented in the annals of the First Unitarian Church. The worshippers could not contain themselves. They arose to their feet and cheered the author."

(The above is from the files of Forrest Campbell and Max Goldberg)

NEW ALGERS

On June 1, 1972, MEDIA BOOKS, a Division of Profit Press Inc., 400 East 89th. Street, New York, N.Y. 10028, will be offering for sale three of Alger's works. These will be the first Alger works in many years to be set in type, rather than merely offset from an earlier edition, that will appear in hard-cover.

The three books are "Strive and Succeed", "Risen from the Ranks" and "In a New World". The price has been set a \$4.50 per copy, with the set of three for only \$12.50; 50¢ per copy additional for postage and handling for mail orders.

We are happy to see Alger in print and wish Media Books ever success in this venture.

Notes From Dave

Here is a tip about what to do with those "reading copy" Algers; New York Book Co, Donohue and the like. Repair them to the point they won't fall apart during one more reading; masking tape will usually serve.

Then affix a note to the inside such as:

"ATTENTION Alger Fans, for information on how to contact other admirers of Mr. Alger and where to find more of his books, please write to:

Horatio Alger Society
4907 Allison Dr.
Lansing, Mi. 48910

Then donate the book to the Salvation Army. I "sneak" the books on to the shelves and then check back some days later to replace them if necessary.

(ed. note: Great idea - lets all get behind Dave.)

I haven't been able to add to my Alger-mania items this past month other than this item I bought at a Flea Market sale:

Hobbies Magazine for August 1947 which has the following ad under "Wanted to Buy"

"HORATIO ALGIER First Editions. Write for list of 100 titles wanted, etc. etc."
(Note: The "HORATIO ALGIER" is all in capital letters and in bold type)

I have come up with another - copy of Mayes' biography of Alger that I would like to trade for title I need. Drop me a line if you are interested.

Oh yes, in the Hobbies Magazine our fellow member, Mr. Charles Bragin, had an ad on the same page as the "HORATIO ALGIER" ad. But Charles was not looking (?) for Alger books 25 years ago. He was giving away a "Free fascinating catalog old time boyhood favorites, Liberty Boys of '76, Nick Carter; Buffalo Bill; Diamond Dick; etc."

Maybe he was keeping the Algers for himself?

That's it from the NW corner

Dave Kanarr - PF-314

Old Alger Story Never Forgotten

By **MARY REAM**
American Staff Writer

Sunday School teachers have been known to leave everlasting impressions on their students.

Take Arthur J. Durst of 1014 South Rosina Ave., Somerset. The teacher who taught his Sunday School class at Christ Lutheran Church in Grantsville, Md., many years ago left him with an unforgettable impression—and a gift to save over the years.

The teacher was Sara Roberta Getty of 115 North Rosina Ave., Somerset. The gift was a book entitled "Chester Rand" by Horatio Alger Jr., given by Sara Roberta to each of the pupils in her class that year.

Monday afternoon at the annual birthday observance of Trinity Fellowship, which has a membership of 106 persons from 7 different churches and 4 different denominations around the county, Arthur Durst honored his former Sunday School teacher.

As he presented her a pink corsage of four carnations, Durst thanked Sara Roberta for the memorable Alger book, which was every good boy's success story. He also told the 75 members of Trinity Fellowship that the lessons taught by his former teacher have served as an example throughout his life.

For Sara Roberta, the occasion was doubly rewarding. Monday marked the annual observance of Trinity Fellowship's beginning—and Sara Roberta Getty's birthday.

Above sent to us by Otto Wilt

HAS tiles will be available after June 1st. from your Secretary.
\$2.50 post paid.

OUR HERO'S MOTHER

By PF-318 - Evelyn M. Grebel

If you are a true, dedicated, dyed-in-the-wool Alger fan you have read his books scores of times, and over and over again. And what a thrill to find a new one (to you). As you sit down and open the cover you are back again in another world, but one with characters and situations you know as well as your own home surroundings, and with the certainty that here everything is going to turn out "all right" after a certain amount of trials and tribulations.

One of Alger's recurring characters (in the better sense of the word) is in at least 41 books (just a casual census.) You have met her not as a particularly memorable person, but a very essential part of the story. She is seldom a dominant person. She is a widow, with some variations. She is often the breadwinner for the usually small indigent family. She is our hero's mother. Patient, timid, placable, hardworking, but always a lady. She sews vests and shirts with tiny neat stitches, hardly taking time to prepare tea and a piece of toast for herself during her long day's labor. She braids straw for hats or sews covers for baseballs, or makes over clothes for the townfolks and often for her own son, making a suit or coat out of an uncle's legacy of outmoded garments.

When need is at its greatest she has a string of pearls, a diamond ring she has found; her wedding ring. Things of value that could be pawned or sold and which she is willing to sacrifice.

Even though the years of her married life have been spent in want or actual poverty, her favorite expression is "I am rich in having a good son." She is at times hopeful that "better times" are coming, although some times she becomes quite despondent until our hero cheers her up with he promises of finding work,

ch-erfully confident. They attend church on Sunday, laying away their cares for the time being in the belief that "Providence will provide."

Her cooking is done on a range, her son chopping enough wood to last her the day if she lives in a village. In the big city an Irish washerwoman is one of their few extravagances.

She is left alone when he goes to the city to find work, but accepts the fact that it is for his good, that he must "get ahead" in life, even though it leaves her alone and lonely, unless fortunately the child of a rich widower has been placed in her care, with the board money covering all expenses.

She is often reduced to tears when threatened with the foreclosure of her little cottage, or is about to be put out into the street with the household's meager amount of furniture and other belongings because there isn't enough money to meet the weekly rent, or the interest on the mortgage. (Our hero usually has come home with enough money at the last moment to pay it, but leaves his mother in suspense for several hours or days, so that he can surprise her as well as the landlord, the squire, the lawyer or the storekeeper.)

But good times are coming - when our hero starts up the ladder of success she is presented with the gift of an elegant dress pattern (the material to make a long needed best dress) - she is always the last to buy anything for herself. (How like our own mothers.)

I should like to quote a few excerpts from several Algiers, showing the fineness of character of the mother and how she hopes to have her son grow into manhood by being modest honest, working hard, telling the truth and helping others. But in my few available hours for research I (waylaid - in looking up certain passages I found myself going into the next paragraph, the next chapter..the

OUR HERO'S MOTHER - FROM PAGE #4
the same old fascination taking over...

How could I lay down PAUL THE PEDDLER? The story of Paul Hoffman, his mother, and his little brother Jimmy. After his father's death Paul had been vending matches, but there was too much competition. He finally hit upon the idea of Prize Packages, with about 1/2 penny's worth of candy and a square piece of paper on which was written 1¢ to 10¢. These were put into envelopes and sold from a basket he carried for 5¢ each. But here again he met competition after several successful days. His rival was selling packages with 50¢ tokens in them. He says to his family...

"I begin to think that the prize package business will soon be played out."

"Why," asked Jimmy.

"Theres too many that'll go into it."

Here Paul related his experience of the morning, explaining how it was that Eddy had managed to distance him.

"Can't you do the same, Paul?" asked Jimmy. "Mother's got a gold dollar she could lend you." (Mother always has something in reserve.)

"That might do," Paul said, "but I don't know any boy I could trust to draw it except you, and some of them would know we were brothers."

"I think, Paul, that would be dishonest," said Mrs. Hoffman. "I would rather make less, if I were you, and do it honestly."

Poor but honest always helped our hero to rise and succeed, as instilled by his parent at an early age.

In DO AND DARE the first chapter opens with a conversation between the boy and his mother..

"If we could only keep the post office, mother, we should be all right," said Herbert Carr, as he and his mother sat together in the little sitting room of the plain cottage which the two had

occupied ever since he was a boy of five. "Yes Herbert, but I am afraid there won't be much chance of it." "But who would want to take it from you, mother?"

"Men are selfish, Herbert," (ed. Here there may be some disagreement among our readers according to gender.)

"and there is no office, however small, that is not sought after." (Even then But the office was given to Eben Holden the Storekeeper, He called on Mrs. Carr at her home. Meanness was stamped upon his features in unmistakable characters.

"Good evening, ma'am," said the storekeeper, "I've called to see you, Mrs. Carr, I presume you have heard-" "I have heard that you are to be my successor." "Why, you see ma'am, it stands to reason that a man is better fitted for business than a woman. Woman, you know, was made to adorn the domestic circle, et cetera." "Adorning the domestic circle won't give me a living." said Mrs. Carr, with some bitterness.

We suffer along with them, with nothing in prospect except the poorhouse. No Mothers Aid, no help to Dependent Children, no welfare in those days.

In BOB BURTON there is a description of the mother. Mary Burton had reached the age of thirty-six, and was no longer in her first youth, but her face seemed even more lovely than when he married her, so Richard Burton thought. A few days later her husband had been killed in an accident After his death Mr. Wolverton, the real estate agent, came to call on her. This was a different situation from any of the other stories; his purpose was other than to claim the ranch. "I will tell you, if you won't be offended. Mrs. Burton - - Mary -- you can't have forgotten the early days in which I declared my love for you. I - I love you still. If you will only promise to marry me after a while -- all shall be easy with you. I am a rich man -- richer than people think, and can surround you with luxuries. I will

OUR HERO'S MOTHER - FROM PAGE #5

be a father to that boy of yours, and try to like him for your sake. Only tell me that you will be mine."

"I would rather live in a log house on a crust than to marry you, Mr. Wolverton," she said impetuously. "If you were the only man in the world, I would go unmarried to my grave rather than wed you."
Wolverton rose, white with wrath.

"You are tolerably explicit, Madam," he said. "I can't charge you with beating about the bush. But let me tell you, ma'am, that you have done the unwise act of your life in making me your enemy. You had better mention to your son about the interest."

How mother and son work things out is told in the concluding twelve chapters.

GRIT, THE YOUNG BOATMAN was not so fortunate. His mother married Mr. Brandon, who drank and was later jailed. On release he caused much trouble for the young boatman, who had been making a living for his mother and himself by rowing passengers across the river. But that is another Alger.

Remember in ONLY AN IRISH BOY Andy Burke's fight with the young aristocrat Godfrey Preston, in defense of his mother's good name? Andy had asked him as he came into the village if he knew where his mother lived and if she was well. Godfrey replied "What should I know of your mother, you beggar?" he said with a sneer. "I don't associate with such low people." "Do you mane my mother?" asked Andy, quickly, and he too looked angry and threatening. "Yes, I do. What are you going to do about it?" demanded Godfrey.

This resulted in Andy dropping his stick and bundle and squaring off --- leaving the young bully on his back. Col. Preston came up as Godfrey was getting the worst of it, and inquired, being a fair and just man, the cause of it. "Well, Andy, how is it that I catch you fighting

with my son? That is not very creditable, unless you have good cause." "He called my mother a low woman," said Andy, "and then he run up and hit me." Did you do that, Godfrey? "He was putting on too many airs. He talked as if he was my equal." "He appears to be more than your equal in strength. Is that all?" "It was about all." "Then I think Andy did perfectly right, and I hope you'll profit by the lesson you have received." "He is a gentleman," thought Andy. "He ain't hard on a boy because he's poor."

Later, after Andy found his mother and sister, who vied with each other in hugging the returned prodgal. After preparing him some eggs and toast they asked to hear of his experiences. After hearing of his clash with the Colonel's son, Mrs. Burke said... "I wish this hadn't happened. I go there to work one day every week, and the money is so important."

"I wish you could stay at home, and not go out to work, mother," said Andy, soberly. "You don't look strong, mother, dear. I'm afraid you're not well." "Oh, yes, Andy, I am quite well. I shall be better, too, now that you are at home. I missed you very much. It seemed lonely without you." "I must find out some way to earn money, mother," said Andy. "I'm young and strong, and I ought to support you." "You are helping me, Andy," said Mrs. Burke cheerfully.

This scene has occurred in several other stories, with only the names and situations changed. But who can become bored with hearing a boy assert that he loves and wants to help his mother, and the mother's cheerful reply that she has faith in him.

There is pathos and tragedy in the story of PHIL THE FIDDLER. Filippo and Giacomo were from the same town in Calabria. They were the sons of Italian peasants who had been unable

OUR HERO'S MOTHER - FROM PAGE #6

to resist the offers of the padrone, and for less than a hundred dollars each had sold his son into the cruelest slavery. The boys were torn from their native hills, from their families, and in a foreign land were doomed to walk the streets from fourteen to sixteen hours in every twenty-four, gathering money from which they received small benefit. Many times as they trudged through the streets, weary and hungry sometimes cold, they thought with homesick sadness of the sunny fields in which their earliest years had been passed, but the hard realities of the life they were now leading soon demanded their attention. Giacomo said...

"Don't you get tired, Filippo?"

"Yes, often, but I don't care so much for that. But I don't like the winter."

"I thought I should die with cold sometimes last winter," said Giacomo, shuddering. "Do you ever expect to go back to Italy, Filippo?" "Sometime."

"I wish I could go now. I should like to see my dear mother and my sisters." "And your father?"

"I don't want to see him," said Giacomo, bitterly. "My mother wept when I went away, but my father only thought of the money."

Poor Giacomo. He was not to live to see the mother who mourned his going, but things turned out well for Phil, who was adopted into a rich family, and therefore could help his own family in Italy.

In BRAVE AND BOLD, Mrs. Rushton and her son Robert occupied a little cottage not far from the factory where Robert worked. Behind it were a few square rods of garden, in which Robert raised a few vegetables, working generally before or after his labor in the factory. They lived in a very plain way, but Mrs. Rushton was an excellent manager, and they had never lacked the common comforts of life. The husband and father had followed the sea. Two years before, he left the port of Boston as Captain of the ship Norman, bound for Calcutta. Not a word had reached his wife and

son since then, and it was generally believed that it had gone to the bottom of the sea.

Robert got up at six, spent half an hour in sawing and splitting wood enough to last his mother through the day, and then entered the kitchen, where breakfast was ready.

"I am a little late this morning, mother," he said. "I must hurry down my breakfast, or I shall be late at the factory, and that will bring twenty-five cents fine."

"It would be a pity to get fined, but you mustn't eat too fast. It is not healthful."

"I've got a pretty good digestion, Mother," said Robert, laughing.

"Nothing troubles me."

...in further discussion it is learned that the husband and father had left no money or property. The mother said,

"He was not in the habit of speaking of his business; but just before he went away, I remember him telling me that he had some money invested, and hoped to add more to it during the voyage which proved so fatal. Since his death, I have looked everywhere in the house for some papers which would throw light upon it; but I have been able to find nothing. I do not care so much for myself, but I should be glad if you did not have to work so hard."

"Never mind me, mother; I'm young and strong. I can stand work--but it's hard on you."

"I am rich in having a good son, Robert."

"And I in a good mother," said Robert affectionately.

These are just a few of the conversations between mother and son from a few of the many. But they are significant in that they show the mother's influence on her son in his way up to success.

Not great literature, is it? Horatio Alger himself realized it. He had had dreams of writing the great American novel. But always the writing came out repetitive - as we see in the above quoted passages.

OUR HERO'S MOTHER - FROM PAGE # 7

It is perhaps a good thing he never attained that goal. How many millions would have read a "classic" as they have his "uplifting" adventure stories for boys. Who would be reading him now?

But there will always be an Alger audience. Haven't you found that his stories are homey, heart-warming, historical and hypnotic? Perhaps he has accomplished more than he ever realized he would.

 THE BOYS' BOOK COLLECTOR

In the Summer, 1971 issue of THE BOYS' BOOK COLLECTOR, which was dedicated to Alger, our own Jack Bales wrote "Horatio Alger, or The Man Behind The Great American Dream". This is an excellent article and we recommend it to all. You may obtain a copy by sending \$1.00 to T.E. Dikty, 1105 Edgewater Drive, Naperville, Ill. 60540.

 NEW GUEST EDITOR FOR
 JULY & AUGUST

Please send all material for the July and August issues of NEWSBOY TO: Jack Bales, our historian.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
 4907 ALLISON DRIVE
 LANSING, MICHIGAN 48910

H.A.S. THE BOOK MART



The following are available from:

FOR SALE; C/W/O - Returnable

Bound Volume of Student & Schoolmate for 1869. Contains ROUGH AND READY, complete. The first edition in book form was issued in November of '69. Also contains the short story "George Conant's Terrible Adventure" in the March, April and May issues. All issues, binding and covers in VG to Fine condition.

\$30.00

Bob Burroughs
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OOPS

Please correct the volumn # and date on the March and April issues of NEWSBOY. March should be Vol. 10, No. 7 and April should be Vol. 10, No. 8.

THINK!!! YOU COULD BE READING THIS
 AT THE HAS CONVENTION N. MT. PLEASANT.
 PLAN NOW FOR NEXT YEAR. ALWAYS USE
 ON YOUR CALENDAR NOW!!!

ALPOT MAY 1973
 ZIP CODE



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