



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

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

VOLUME XXIV

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1991

NUMBER 1

[University of Michigan Collection]

November 10, 1898
Natick, Mass.

Dear General Alger,

I have instructed my publisher to send you copies of my last two books, and presume you have received them. I have not communicated with you for a good while judging that you had very little time for outside matters. I have felt provoked at the senseless and unreasonable criticisms on your official course, but the public will do you justice in the end.

I have felt interested in what I have heard of your son Fred, both as a member of Harvard [my own college] and in the army, and will write him when I learn his address.

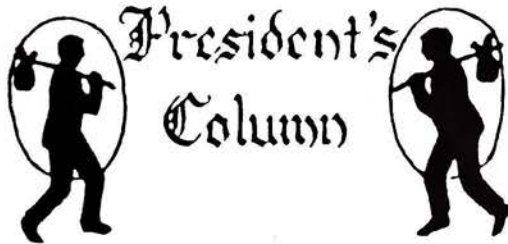
As to myself, it is more than two years since I broke down in New York from over-work and removed to Natick, Mass. I have been able to do very little since then, and it has been somewhat discouraging, particularly as it has cut down my income considerably. However, I had some stories on hand, and kept

on issuing books. I have an adopted son - a boy of 18 - whom I am just sending to a commercial school, in order to prepare him to earn his own living. I took Tommy four and a half years since. He was an orphan and utterly destitute. I have looked after him since then, and he has been at work for a periodical dealer. Now, however, I think it best to give him a business education. I took a boy in this May fifteen years since, who three years since passed the civil service examination and became one of Roosevelt's reform police. 250 were examined at the same time with him, and only 30 passed, he being one. He is now nearly thirty and has a wife and two bright little boys. With such means as I had I have been able to do a good deal of charitable work, but I doubt if I shall be able to very much more. I think what has interested me more in your career has been your kindness to the poor boys of Detroit. I am sure you will never regret your outlay for them. I wonder how many of those who criticize you would have done the same thing. I am glad that Fred is likely to do credit to yourself and the family. If you will let me have his address I shall write to him.

Yours Sincerely

Horatio Alger, Jr.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
ANNUAL CONVENTION
1991
May 2, 3, 4 & 5
Indianapolis, Indiana



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 Alger's undaunted heroes--lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and Flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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| | |
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Just a couple of months until our next convention. Send your reservations in early. I know what it is like to have an idea of who and how many are planning to attend. It helps the host to plan the activities, especially for the registration, food, and hospitality services.

No one has volunteered for the position of Editor for the Newsboy to date. Don't be bashful, maybe even co-editors? How about you retirees, indulging in your hobby and at the same time sharing your pleasures.

We can always use articles for future issues. Let the rest of us know what is going on in your neck of the woods. Until we have an Editor, send your letters, news, happenings etc. to our secretary:

Carl Hartmann
4907 Allison Drive
Lansing, Michigan 48910

Back to the convention. Articles are needed for the annual auction. Proceeds from the auction go a long way toward the expenses of the Society. Dues would probably double without this source. In addition to Alger items, anything can be donated. Some of the things in the past have been pictures, piggy banks with money, canes, tablecloths, games, stamps, dishes, hams, statues, cassette and video tapes, coins, paintings, books, etc.

Bring something for the auction with you to the convention. For those of you who will be unable to be in Indianapolis, you can send auction material to the convention host:

Bernard Biberdorf
5739 Winston Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana 46226

Sherlock Holmes/Conan Doyle Symposium, March 9/10, Dayton, Ohio, call Al Rodin, [513] 429-2904 for details; Phantom Friends convention, July 19/21, Oakland, California, call Nancy Roberts, [415] 521-7729 for details; and of course, The Horatio Alger Society Annual Convention, May 2/4, call Bernard Biberdorf, [317] 546-7393 for details.

I'm looking forward to meeting with the friends from previous conventions and meeting many new friends in Indianapolis May 2nd.

Will Wright, PF-639
President, Horatio Alger Society

NEWSBOY the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bimonthly [six issues per year]. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, change of address, and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann-4907 Allison Drive-Lansing, MI 48910.

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY THE H.A.S.

The Society recognizes Bob Bennett's Horatio Alger, Jr: A Comprehensive Bibliography, as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works.

PUBLICATION FORMATS OF THE FIFTY-NINE STORIES BY HORATIO ALGER Jr. as reprinted by the John C. Winston Co. COMPILED BY Bob Sawyer, PF-455 and Jim Thorp, PF-574.

HORATIO ALGER BOOKS, Published by A.L. BURT by Bradford S. Chase.

HORATIO ALGER OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA by Ralph Gardner.

THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, Jr. by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales.

Newsboy ad rates: 1 page, \$32.00; 1/2 page \$17.00; 1/4 page, \$9.00; per column [1"x3-3/4"] \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to the Horatio Alger Society, to Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive-Lansing, MI 48910.



"INDIANA BOUND, HOOSIER EDITION?"

1991 Convention Preview

This is a personal invitation to each Society member and guest to come to the 27th Annual Convention in Indianapolis.

The convention dates are May 2, 3, & 4 [Thursday, Friday & Saturday]. Hoosier Hospitality awaits you.

Included with this issue of **THE NEWSBOY** are registration forms for both the convention and motel. As many of you who have hosted past conventions know early registrations are a great help to the planning committees. Before you put **THE NEWSBOY** aside, take a few moments to fill out and send the registration forms. Make your room reservations directly with the **INDIANA MOTOR LODGE** as noted on the motel registration forms.

Also don't forget the auctionable items for the oral and silent auctions. You can send the items ahead or bring them with you. In either case, give us a hint on what is on the way. The annual auction is one of the major income sources for the Society. This helps provide services to members [NEWSBOY, postage, directories, etc.] and keep a cap on the \$15.00 annual membership fee. Your **'AUCTION-ACTION'** team members [Bob Sawyer, Jerry Friedland, Ann & George Shannard, Carl Hartmann, Dale Thomas and future volunteers] want to be put to the test at Indianapolis.

Another reminder: as noted in the NOV-DEC. '90 **NEWSBOY**, the '91 gathering is dedicated to those H.A.S. members who have authored or published in their own right. Do you fit into this category? Did you fill out the **H.A.S. AUTHOR SEARCH** form and send it to Judy Roobian-Mohn? We are waiting to hear from you--

During the business meeting of the '90 Convention in Catskill [hosted by Bill McCond], we accepted the task of hosting this year's convention. At that time George Shannard suggested a talk on book binding. We are happy to report that there will be a Friday afternoon seminar on book care, shelf storage and restoration [if needed]. Nancy Missbach, a family friend & hand bookbinder/designer, is coming from Denver to spend the afternoon with us.

We'll see you in the next issue of **THE NEWSBOY**; watch for the convention agenda. If you have any question, please give us a call.

Bennie & Marcy Bibendorf
'91 Convention Hosts
[317] 546-7393

Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you've done a permanent job.

* * *

Feelings are everywhere - be gentle.

* * *

When theological students graduate. they are put out to pastor.

* * *

MY COLLECTION/HOBBIES.

Answers to the inquiry in the last Issue, With our thanks.

William A. Sausaman, PF-217
1525 N. 3rd Street
Springfield, IL 62702

Since joining the Boy Scouts 71 years ago, and becoming a Scoutmaster in later years, I have always been interested in the Boy Scout organization. While a Scout I became interested in bird lore, flowers, and tree identification and those interests have stayed with me ever since. For the past 30 years, particularly since retirement in 1968, my consuming interest has been genealogy-leading to the writing of 12 family histories. I have been a stamp collector since grammar school days. Other interests include collecting Abraham Lincoln books and memorabilia and books on mathematical recreations, puzzles, and natural history.

* * * *

Irving Leif PF-395
503 Park Ave.
Hoboken, NJ 07030

My collecting interests are; Alger firsts, 19th and 20th English and American Literature, early American Childrens Books, and History of Computing. My Alger collection has 66 First Editions and 10 other significant editions Included are 2 firsts in original dust jackets, 3 presentation copies with PC Black Stripe on spine. Many serials and periodical appearances also.

* * * *

Gil O'Gara, PF-627
811 Boulder
Des Moines, IA 50315

My Collecting interests: 19th and early 20th Century Juvenile Literature.

About my Collection: I'm afraid I haven't much of an Alger "collection". I don't imagine I ever have more than a dozen Alger books on my shelves at any one time. I mainly pick up his books for the purpose of reading them. When I'm finished with a volume I tend to trade it off; sell it, or, sometimes, give it away to someone starting out on Algers. I've seldom had much in the way of "rare" editions. In fact, the only time I really had any Algers of value in my house was last year when I was storing the Webb collection prior to its auctioning. Since I didn't own any of those volumes, however, I don't suppose they should count.

Additional information: I have three children- Matt [10] and Scott [8] who are book lovers, as well as their two-year old sister Molly -- and my wife, Anita, is particularly fond of the works of Joseph Lincoln. I publish a magazine for series book collectors, Yellowback Library, which has been going for ten years now and has a circulation of about 500. In my spare time I also collect silent film and shoot animation.

* * * *

Fred A. Goulden, PF-730
108 Stafford St.
Palmyra, NY 145522-1207

My collecting interests: Algers, Old School Books, Canes [I don't use one] Hats [derbys, top hats, cowboy hats and just hats] Lincoln pennies 1909 to date, we are the same age.

My Alger collection: I have 100 titles that I have collected over many years from, flea markets, book stores and Ed Mattson.

Additional information: The reason I like Algers is because I was a "Street Kid" I sold papers on the street and on the trains. I was a paper agent at 16 years old. I also run a shoe shine stand, so you see I was one of the boys. For thirty years I gave shows with trained dogs, ducks, chickens, geese and parakeets,

* * * *

From The New York Times, Saturday, December 1, 1990.

ALGER DESCENDANT WEDS.

Helen Alexandra Salichs, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Orlando Salichs of Ponce, P.R. was wed yesterday to Warren A James, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Alger James of Arecibo, P.R.

Mr. James, 30, heads the architectural concern of James & Associates in Manhattan. Mr. James is a graduate of Cornell University with a MA in building design from Columbia University. His mother, Dr. Magdalena Bernat de James, is an attending Psychiatrist at the Arecibo Regional Hospital. His father is an industrial engineer and the administrator of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico in Arecibo. The bridegroom is a descendant of Horatio Alger and William James.

Tis a small world isn't it....



To handle yourself use your head. To handle others, use your heart.

* * *

FOR SALE*FOR SALE*FOR SALE*FOR SALE*FOR SALE*FOR SA

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY HAS THE FOLLOWING BOOKS
FOR SALE:

A FANCY OF HERS - THE DISAGREEABLE WOMAN

2 stories by Horatio Alger, Jr., with an
introduction by Ralph Gardner. We have 12 copies,
autographed by Ralph, left. **\$12.95 pp.**
[Ralph's autograph alone ought to be worth \$12.95]

* * * *

MABEL PARKER: or, The Hidden Treasure

By Horatio Alger, Jr., with a preface by Gary
Scharnhorst. We have 9 copies left.
\$16.50 pp.

* * * *

THE LOST TALES OF HORATIO ALGER

With a introduction by Gary Scharnhorst.
We have 14 copies left.
\$20.95 pp

* * * *

HORATIO ALGER, JR.,: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

By Bob Bennett. We have ONLY 3 Copies left.

\$20.00 pp

* * * *

*ROAD TO SUCCESS - BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF
HORATIO ALGER, JR., [1971]*

By Ralph Gardner.
\$ 5.00 pp.

* * * *

We also have for sale 3 Pictures suitable for
framing: Dan, Phil & Four Alger Boys - numbered and
signed, limited to 100 copies.

\$ 5.00 pp.

* * * *

All of the above books are sold below retail with a
small profit for H.A.S. Once they are gone you will
have to buy them on the secondary market at
inflated prices. **FIRST COME - FIRST SERVED** - Send
your order today to:

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
% Carl T. Hartmann
4907 Allison Dr.
Lansing, MI 48910

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The Lawrence Times
Indianapolis, IN

AT 91, THERE'S NO RETIREMENT FOR T.E. GRINSLADE

By Heidi Heisler
Topics Suburban Staff

While many people can't wait for retirement, 91-year-old northside resident T. E. Grinslade, who "hates to go to sleep" and "hates to wake up" can be found working everyday at Grinslade & Grinslade.



Mind you, the man is not a life-long workaholic. He bowls twice a week, in fact he bowled 218 last year, on the Kiwanis & Indiana Insurance Co leagues. He plays golf once a week; and doesn't need glasses to drive.

For Grinslade, born September 15, 1896, achievement awards are not a nostalgic memory. He was recently named the 1988 realtor-of-the-year by the metropolitan Indianapolis Board of Realtors. In fact, many plaques line the walls of his office.

Grinslade's life story - as expected - reads like a good novel. His working career began as a 16-year-old in 1913, collecting rent for American National Bank.

Years of memorizing house numbers sharpened an already quick mind. Even today, Grinslade can repeat in a matter of seconds every address he's ever lived in since he was six - and that's no small feat.

During World War I, Grinslade and a friend tried to enlist in the Navy. The underweight [107 pound] 21-year-old was promptly turned down. The following year he was accepted in the Army.

Because Grinslade worked in the office he was able to write his own discharge, January of 1918. He also reached a decision; "If I had to sell pencils or apples on the corner - I was never going to work for anyone else again."

He was a man of his word.

After the war because of the large demand for housing, Grinslade and a partner began buying, refurbishing and selling old homes. Soon they were building small, low-priced houses for around \$800 - \$1,000. His brother joined Grinslade Construction Company in 1926.

Then came 1929, the beginning of the depression, and building ceased. In 1931, no longer having a steady income, Grinslade decided to trade his Central Avenue home for a 25-acre apple orchard with a house in Morristown. Both Grinslade families lived there until the situation improved.

In 1935, the brothers began building again. A five-room bungalow with a basement and one car garage could be bought for only \$3,350. with a 10% down payment.

After his son graduated college in 1955 and joined the business, Grinslade decided to devote his time to managing real estate and investments - which included the purchase of the interurban right-of-way in the 1930's.

The 3 1/2 miles extended from Keystone Avenue to the Arlington overhead. He traded the apple orchard for the southwest corner of 38th and Sherman and bought surrounding land to build retail stores on Keystone Avenue, Sherman Drive and Emerson Ave.

This high-powered real estate man's other business interest is oil wells. His best well so far was in Illinois. It brought in 600 barrels a day at approximately \$32. a barrel. Present prices are around \$16. or \$17. a barrel.

Asked about the highlights in his career, Grinslade quickly mentioned being elected to the Indiana Legislature in 1941. The salary then was \$10 a day for the 61 days of work

A life-long Indianapolis resident, Grinslade discussed today's politics. "I think our economy right now is very good," he said, adding "I hope our future government restricts its spending to the point where they don't make too many giveaways and increase the indebtedness of the United States to the point where we have panic."

An avid reader, as a 12-year-old Grinslade read Horatio Alger "poor boy becomes successful" books. "I think that gave me a lot of ambition for my life," He said.

Reading biographies about successful men and their lives has inspired Grinslade as an adult.

People who light up your life usually know where the switch is.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Asked if he had any regrets. Grinslade said, "While I've been financially successful without an education, [he attended Shortridge High School] there have been times when I would have been much happier if I had it."

Grinslade mentioned that he has always associated with people who were better educated than himself. Also, both of his children and wife are college graduates.

With over 90 years of living experience under his belt, the grandfather of five advises young people to have definite plans for their education.

This friendly, kind man has done a good job of following his advice, "Work hard, be honest and make friends."

Submitted by Bernie & Marcy Biberdorf, PF-524
[Bernie sez: "There may be a possibility that Mr. Grinslade would visit our convention next spring; nothing is definite on that though."]

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455

NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE NEWS RELEASE

The Hess Collection of Dime Novels, Series Books and Pulps will host a Hess Symposium at the University of Minnesota on Saturday, June 15, 1991.

Topics for presentation and discussion will include "Trends in Dime Novel and Series Book Research," "Library Collecting Patterns and Networking for the Future," "Editing Publications," and "Scholars Using Special Collections."

Speakers tentatively scheduled include Professor Anne MacLeod, Librarians J. Randolph Cox and Paul Eugene Camp, and Editors Edward LeBlanc and Gil O'Gara.

The goals for the symposium are to share ideas about the future of dime novel and series book research and discuss ways libraries can build on strength and network in the future.

Participants may make your own reservations at the University Radisson Hotel, which gives special rates for University-related events ([612] 379-8888 or [800] 333-3333). Also within walking distance is the Days Inn ([612] 623-3999).

For more information, write the Hess Collection, 109 Walter Library, 117 Pleasant St. S.E.; Minneapolis, MN 55455.

Dear Carl,

I have enclosed a money order for membership for 1991.

Sorry I don't have an article for the Newsboy, but I will get one to you before the convention which, we plan to attend this year.

Trust you are both well and will see you there.

All the best
Ivan & Marg McClymont
PF-722

* * *

Carl:

For the first time I am coming to the convention in Indianapolis.

In addition to a few first's, I collect Federal, GSD., and Winston.

Have about 190 other Alger's different publishers. Will sell or trade.

Regards,
Floyd M. Hunt
PF-785

P.S. Hoping to meet a lot of new friends.

* * *

Dear Carl, am sending you my new address, also a check to help with expenses. I hope you have a good year.

Thank You,
Mrs. Edna B. Banks
PF-290

Dear Edna: Thank you for the donation - hope to see you at a convention in the future.

* * *

Dear Carl,

Hope the Holiday season finds you and yours in good health and with peace.

Kitty and I have moved from CA to Nevada. This move follows my retirement with the Chemical Corp after 28 years.

Once settled we plan on some travel - really hope to make the 1991 HAS convention in May. I also plan to continue Alger book collecting and to pursue a main hobby of mine - genealogy.

Hope to see you in May,
Rolfe B. Chase
PF-602

* * *

Why is it that most of the people who have all the answers to the teenage problem don't have any children?

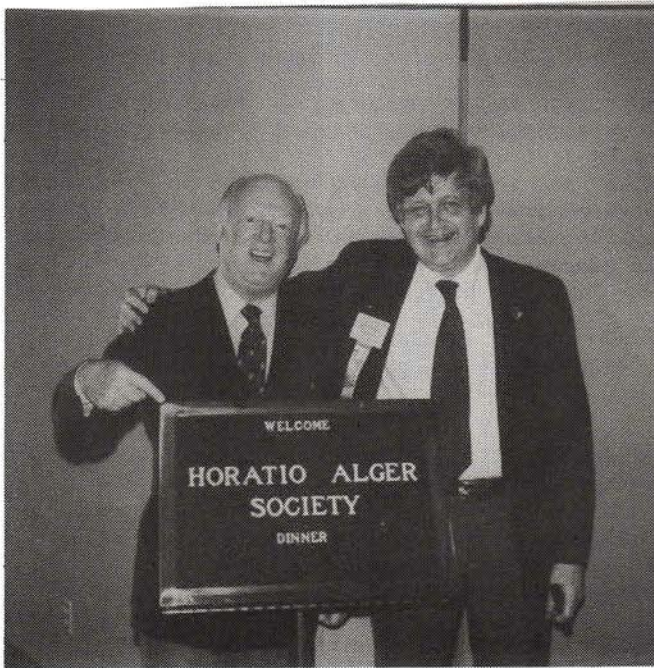
* * *

A person wrapped up in himself, makes a very small bundle.

* * *



GOOD FRIENDS...NEW FRIENDS...OLD FRIENDS.



DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?
DO YOU WANT TO?
OF COURSE YOU DO.

COME TO THE 1991 ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTION
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA MAY 2, 3, 4, 1991.

MEET THE PEOPLE ON THIS PAGE AND MANY OTHERS WHO
SHARE YOUR INTERESTS..

ADVICE FROM HORATIO ALGER, JR.

NOTES...

Many young literary aspirants ask what they must read to become "a writer." Horatio Alger, Jr., who is always willing to give a word of encouragement to young authors, in reply to a short note which I wrote him some time ago, sent me the following letter, which he has given me permission to publish:-

Natick, Mass., Aug. 11, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter has been forwarded to me at my summer home.

Your question is rather difficult to answer. I think, perhaps, it may be well for you to read carefully and critically the books of successful juvenile authors. This will enable you to learn what has contributed to their success. When I commenced writing for young people my publisher recommended me to read "Optic's" books [he had been in the field ten or a dozen years] and judge for myself what made the boys like his books. I did so, but retained my own individuality, so that there are marked differences between my books and his. My present taste inclines me to prefer the juvenile books of J.T.Trowbridge to any other. Let me add that I have always made a close study of boys in order that my characters might seem to be drawn from life. I have a natural liking for boys, which has made it easy for me to win their confidence and become intimately acquainted with them. It would be well, I think, for you to write short juvenile stories first. I did so, and it was the success of one in particular that led me to think I had found my vocation. It was copied in hundreds of papers. I don't know whether you will find these suggestions of any service. I hope you may, and wish you success in any work you may undertake.

Yours Truly,
Horatio Alger, Jr.

The success of Mr. Alger's books make his suggestions valuable to all writers of books for boys.

Edgar G. Alcorn.
Gallipolis, Ohio.

"The Writer" - See bib in Tebbel
Jan. 1892

Louis Bodnar, Jr. - Now 77 1/2 years old still reads Alger. He just finished "Joe the Hotel Boy" and "Phil the Fiddler".

Louis is in a nursing home and is confined to a wheel chair. Drop him a note if you have time. He may not reply because it is hard for him to write. His address is:

Louis Bodnar, Jr.
% Sam Heath
3111 Hilburn Drive
Chesapeake, VA 23323

* * * *

Our past President George Owens has retired and now lives in Arkansas. His new Address is:

HCR 72
Box 166A
Glenwood, AR 71943

George has been in the hospital. The Doctor told him he had a series of mini-strokes, no damage except he is still a little shaky. Hope you are feeling better George - we expect to see you in Indianapolis.

* * * *

NEW ADDRESS:

Mark A. Preston
3 Jordan Place
Bar Harbor ME 04609
* * * *

This letter to the Editor is reprinted in full from a local paper:

We are pleased to announce the formation of the National Book Collectors Society, and hope that you will share this information with your readers. The Society, which is based in New York City, seeks to attract both book collectors and dealers as members. Our aim is to encourage interest in book collecting, and to provide an informational resource for our members. Further information about the Society may be obtained by writing:
National Book Collectors Society
P.O. BOX 67
Radio City Station
New York, NY 10101

* * *

The best medicine is a good laugh and a long sleep.

* * *

A good example is a great gift to give others.

* * *

Count your age by friends - not years. Count your life by smiles - not tears.

* * *

CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER-DECEMBER ISSUE.

Horatio could see the two Southerners-still sitting, talking between themselves-from his new vantage point just inside the door to the periodical room. Once again he appeared to be totally engrossed in a magazine, but in fact he was secretly spying on the men. His eyes wandered to the rear entrance, where he noticed a poorly dressed street arab amble in, a worn fiddle tucked under his right arm. Taking up a place near the middle of the room, he began to play the instrument, and at once its sweet, low music became the only audible sound in the chamber. Zeb and Homer-the only other occupants-looked up in annoyance. Horatio could hear the angrily whispered words that Homer directed toward young Phil the Fiddler.

"Don't ya know this here's a lib'ary? there ain't s'posed to be no noise in here. Can't ya read the signs?"

"No cappice, signore," Phil replied in his native Italian.

"Stupid greaseball don't unnerstan' English," Zeb translated correctly.

"Maybe a cuff or two would help 'im!" Homer replied snarling.

"Now we don't wanna draw no attention to ourselves, Zeb, me boyo. You jes' mind your taters an' I'll go hunt up the lib'arian."

"Another Yankee!" Zeb spat.

Can't be helped, Homer. Now you stay put. I'm sure the 'thorities got some way o'dealing with ragamuffins like this 'un."

"I still think a good lickin'd be best."

"Yeah, but, I repeat: We don't wanna draw no attention to ourselves."

"If you say so, Zeb."

"I say so, Homer!"

as Zeb got up and began weaving his way through the tables to the door, Horatio nodded with satisfaction. The first part of their plan succeeded. One of the thugs was out of the way, albeit temporarily. The remaining hoodlum could be dealt with more easily now.

Phil was still playing his soft, sweet music, graceful arpeggios calling up memories of his Italian birthplace; however, as soon as Zeb was out of sight and earshot, the young musician changed his tune. The low, soft notes began rising in pitch and volume to a screaming stridency of sound. As if in a trance, with eyes closed, Phil began bobbing and weaving, circling and spinning like a dervish as the banshee wail of the fiddle filled every corner of the room.

As the cacophonous crescendo rose in timbre and intensity, Phil began to advance on Homer, who was looking around in confusion, eyes wide with panic.

Conclusion

Perhaps it was the result of a guilty conscience, but Homer's terrified reaction was all out of proportion to the less-than-menacing figure of the thin fourteen-year-old boy advancing on him. True, the screech of the fiddle was painful to the ears-but, terror?

Horatio smiled."The wicked flee when no man pursueth,"He thought to himself. This was an unexpected bonus. All he had hoped to accomplish was to create enough of a disturbance so that one of them-Zeb, it turned out-would be forced to leave the room. Homer's, panicstricken condition would make him easier to-handle. It was certainly a stroke of good fortune that the head librarian was a fan of his, and when Horatio had explained that he wished to play a joke on two Southern friends, the official agreed to go along.

* * *

The Southerner was almost at his wit's end. "Get out o' here, ya little-!" Phil's answer was to play louder, and advance more rapidly, more threateningly. Horatio could see every aspect of the scenario playing itself in his author's imagination. Dick, who was standing next to him, whispered, "Isn't it about time for Jane to make her entrance, Mr Alger?" Without a word, Horatio nodded toward the door through which Phil had entered a moment before. At first Dick didn't seem to realize that the floppishly dressed young man moving toward the newspaper rack was actually Jane; but then he remembered that for many years she had lived on the streets of New York disguised as young Tattered Tom. The attractive 15-year-old girl had played-and again was playing-the part of a boy to perfection!

"Watch this, Dick," said Horatio.

Jane had been surreptitiously watching the older man, and at an unspoken signal, walked over to where Homer was sitting. Dick and Horatio strained to hear her words over the din created by Phil's fiddle.

"Pawdon me ever so much, but may I sit here? The City streets are so unkind to one possessing a delicate constitution, don't y'know?"

Homer looked incredulously at the apparition that confronted him. Jane had pulled out all the stops in disguising herself. Her frilled, whit shirt with lace cuffs and collar was setoff by a plaid waistcoat and velvet jacket. A wide brimmed straw hat, broad-checked trousers, black boots with white uppers, and a cravat of the brightest orange completed the costume.

Homer grunted an affirmation to Jane's request, too intent upon Phil's fiddling to take much notice of anything else.

Just then, Horatio's attention was drawn back to the door through which Zeb had exited. The man was rushing back into the room, obviously distraught.

"Homer-these doggone Yankees don't know from- first the fellow in the cage up front sent me upstairs t'see the administrator. Then the administrator sent me t'see the guard. The guard told me only the head librarian could help me. But he told me that it was out o' his jurisdiction, and that I had to see the man in the cage! I don't know how the Yankees won the war! Why-"

"Jes' take it easy, Zeb," Homer said, "It ain't- Hey! Where's the kid with the fiddle?" It was true! While he'd been listening to Zeb rant and rave, Phil had taken the opportunity to slip out of the room. The chamber was silent once again.

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"Darn lucky fer him, too," Zeb muttered. Then he noticed Jane sitting in his seat. "Say- Who's the sissy, Homer? Where did he come from?"

"I dunno, Zeb. He jes' sorta wandered in whilst the other kid was screechin' away on his noisy box."

Jane spoke. "Well, I certainly didn't think you'd mind. After all, the public library's for the public, don't y'know." She tittered slightly, as if amused by her little play on words. "The seat was empty, and your kind friend here"-indicating Homer-"allowed that I might rest my weary feet here." With a look of some distaste, she continued, "Had I known that such an uncivilized brute as you had occupied it so recently, I might have made other arrangements."

Zeb's face reddened, his brow wrinkling in anger. Then he let out a contemptuous snort. "Ha! I guess I won't whup ye, Yankee. You can't do us much harm, not being good fer much more than readin' poetry and sniffin' flowers."

"Certainly I read poetry, for it enriches the soul. And flowers are God's loveliest creations, don't-y'know," Jane retorted. Zeb stuck up for his friend, digging him in the ribs with an elbow. "I always thought that God's loveliest creations was women." He laughed coarsely. Jane blushed. "It's no wonder that the South lost the war with such uncouth fellows as you fighting the battles," she said.

"-or that the North won, with such as you manning the cannon," Zeb replied in anger.

"Oh, no, Jane protested. "I didn't fight. They wouldn't take me, don't-y'know. They said I possessed too sensitive a nature to take up arms." This set the two Southerners into a fit of laughter.

"Anyway," Jane continued, "the North did win, so there's nothing more to debate. It's over and done with," she finished.

"Maybe not," Homer said meaningfully.

"Homer-now watch what you say, boy," Zeb warned.

"Hmmm-maybe yer right, Zeb."

"What do you mean, 'maybe not'?" Jane asked.

"Er-nothing" Homer answered.

"Then you must admit that the South is well and truly beaten?" Jane taunted, directing the question to Homer, whom she apparently considered the weaker of the pair. "then, the North must have been right? Like 'might makes right'?"

"Er-"

"A simple yes or no will suffice, Mr. Southern Gentleman," Jane said contemptuously. "Or perhaps you'd prefer to stomp your hoof: once for 'yes, two for 'no' your great leader, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy-he was finally shown up for the fraud and weakling that he was, wasn't he?"

"You can't talk like-"

"Oh yes I can, you Southern baggage. You are in the North now. A civilized region. Not in the swamps and shanty-towns of the South, with a score of white trash hooligans like yourselves to protect you." Jane spat out these last words so vehemently that Horatio, who could hear each word with utmost clarity, wondered if she had gone too far. It was one thing to rile the conspirators into making incriminating statements, another to provoke them to violence!

In a moment he saw that the threshold had, indeed, been passed. Homer, the less levelheaded of the two, snapped under the taunting tongue of the young girl. He reached out and grabbed her jacket, yanking her from her chair.

"Why you damn Yankee, I'll-!" He stopped, and stared incredulously at the girl. "Zeb, lookee here! This ain't no dude, it's a girl."

And, indeed, Jane's hat had fallen off and her hair had come tumbling out from where it had been hidden. She clutched her jacket-which had been torn when Homer grabbed her-tightly around her. Fear replaced the derision that had been in her eyes, and she was unable to utter a word. She attempted to rise to her feet.

"Oh no, little girl. You ain't goin' nowhere. Me and my friend here want some answers, an' we want 'em now!"

Jane's eyes, like those of a frightened doe, darted frantically around the room. "I-I was just playing a joke, fellows," she said in a quavering voice. "I didn't mean no harm."

"Didn't mean no harm. eh? Well maybe me an' Zeb'll jes see about that. We don't cotton to no Yankee talk, no sirree!"

"Nosirree!" Zeb parroted his friend. "Now, how are we gonna get you-all to tell the truth, little girl." He thought for a moment, then he said to his fellow Southerner, "Homer-check the front door. If there's someone out there, send 'em away. If the hallway's empty, then lock it. We'll get Little Miss Who-ever-she-is to talk!"

* * *

It was all Dick and Horatio could do to remain out of sight as Homer made for the doorway in which the two were hidden. But they were able to conceal themselves behind a magazine rack just to the left of the entrance without the man spotting them.

"Mr. Alger," Dick whispered, "I'm afraid for Jane's safety. What can we do? I'm only a boy, and in any event, they seem too mean for the two of us. Even if the men you sent for arrive, there's no way they'll be able to get in here. They've locked the door!"

"Don't worry, Dick," Horatio said. He tried to impart an assurance he himself did not feel. "There's always the other entrance, through which I am sure Phil is keeping track of events in here. Help can get in that way if necessary. I just hope they don't arrive too late-or too early, if you get my meaning. Anyway, I'm sure Jane can handle herself."

* * *

At that point, however, Jane didn't appear to be handling anything.

She'd heard what stories about how Southerner's treated their Yankee prisoners, and the thought of being in their control filled her heart with dread. She was almost in tears as she tried to reassure the two ruffians of her innocent intentions.

"It was o-o-only a joke, sirs. I sometimes dress myself up like a boy to-to-"

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"To what, little miss? To spy on law-abiding grown-ups in the public lib'ary? No, I think not!" "B-but you're not from New York. Things are different here. We play jokes and tricks all the time."

"It won't wash, girlee," said Homer, who had been silent during this exchange. "Coñtrary to what you might think, Zeb an' me, we've spent plenty o'time up here in the North. Longer than we like, in fact."

"Where, at Barnum's?" Jane taunted. "That's not really New-" Then she stopped suddenly, her eyes opening wide in the horror of what she'd revealed. "Barnum!" cried Zeb.

"Now, how did you know we've been spending time in the ol' humbug's place?" He grabbed her hair, rapped his hand around with it, and made a threatening gesture, as if to strike her.

* * *

Dick turned to Horatio in panic. "Mr. Alger! We've got to do something to help her! All the kidnapped midgets in the world won't count for one Jane!"

"I fear you're right, Dick," Horatio said. He was more worried than was Dick, his years giving him greater insight into the evil that some men are capable of. "Give me a moment to come with a suitable plan. If we just rush in, they might hurt Jane out of hand." He silently indicated the large pistols strapped around each man's waist. There was a grim but determined look on his face.

* * *

"W-wait! I'll tell you what you want to know," Jane pleaded. "Just don't hurt me!" The 15 year old girls was in tears.

"Well hurry it up then, girl," Zeb growled, giving her hair another painful tug. "We ain't got all day.

"Nòw how did you know we was spendin' time at Barnum's?"

* * *

Dick and Horatio looked at each other in dismay. If Jane revealed their plan, her life would surely be forfeit, as the conspirators would not allow her to live if their game were known.

"Mr. Alger, we've got to rush them, attack them. Create a disturbance during which Jane can escape!"

"I think you're right, Dick. Ah-if only my young readers could see me now. I feel as if I were a character in one of my own novels; but then, at least I know the ending! But, as you implied, now is the time to take action!" A resolute smile pread grimly over his face.

* * *

"...And that is the way it was, sirs, It was my own idea. I heard the two of you talking in the theater that night-about kidnapping Tom Thumb-and so tracked you here. I know you must think me foolish to believe that a girl alone could thwart the two of you. but I am young and still inclined to make mistakes."

"How come we never see'd you at the museum?" Homer asked suspiciously.

"I was only there the one time, and it was dark," she answered.

"Hmmm-she might be tellin' the truth after all, Homer," Zeb said, Then, turning and addressing the girl: "But you only heard part of our plan for the South to rise again!" he said triumphantly.

"Zeb-do you think it's a good idea to-?" Homer asked quickly.

Turning back to his fellow conspirator, Zeb replied, "Why sure, Homer. I been wantin t'tell somebody, an' why not this little ol' Yankee gal?"

"Do you think it's safe, though?"

"Safe as houses, boy. She won't never tell nobody." Jane looked at Zeb, the light of hope beginning to glow in her red-rimmed eyes. Then her hopes fell, as he continued.

"Soon's it gets dark, we'll take 'er out an' kill her!"

* * *

Dick had formulated the plan by which it was hoped he and Horatio would effect Jane's escape. As he bunched up his leg muscles to spring into the center of the room-distracting the potential killers-he noticed that Horatio was staring at the doorway just opposite them. Dick became momentarily angry at his mentor's seeming lack of concern for his young friend's life.

"Mr. Alger-" he began heatedly, "Why aren't you ready? We can't wait a moment longer. As soon as those hooligans finish telling Jane their plans, they will kill her. Didn't you hear-?"

His attention was suddenly drawn to a slight movement at the far side of the room, within the doorway to which Horatio's attention had been drawn. It was Paul, who had finally returned from his errand. But, had he brought help?

* * *

"...An' when we finally got the ransom, we're gonna-You tell 'er the rest, Homer."

"It was mostly my idea," Homer continued, a bit proudly. "Jes think o'what three hundred pounds of black powder would do to that lovely Northern Congress o' yours. that'd show 'em-The Reconstructors an' Carpetbaggers an' all you damn Yankees who think that the South's over and done with. We ain't the easy pickins y'all think we are!"

"Did you say 'black powder?' Ex-explosives...?" Jane repeated. "You plan to b-blow up our nations Capital?"

"Not our Nation's Capital," Zeb retorted. Jes the .Yankees'!"

"Why that's horrible! You two have the souls of murderers."

"Better a few Yankees die than a way of life perish!" replied Homer. "WE got a hun'ed men staked out jes outside o' Atlanta. When we give the signal The Jefferson Davis Brigade will begin its march North, picking up volunteers along the way. The sight and sound of the capital Dome goin' up like a Roman Candle will be a signal that the South is on the march again.

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"With our twenty-five thousand dollar bankroll, an' the Northern gov'ment in disarray, we stand a better chance o'winnin' this time 'round. An' we won't make the same mistakes, that I can assure you!

"The South shall rise again!" Carried away by his rhetoric, he almost yelled this last. As it was the sound ricocheted off the walls of the periodical room.

Jane was crying openly now, unable to say a word. Zeb directed his attention toward the young girl. Then he spoke in a voice that held just a touch of sadness "Too bad y'all won't be aroun't t'see it, little girl. I hope you unnerstan' why we cain't let you reveal our plans to the 'thorities."

"Should we do it now, Zeb?" Homer asked.

"Naw, later" replied Zeb. Then, Hmmm-I jes had an idea. If we kill 'er now, an don't make much o' a fuss, then we can pretend that she jes fainted, and carry her out o' here. I don't thinkshe'd go willin'-like; an' she might give us a heap o' trouble.

"Think you can kill 'er without makin' a mess?"

"Sure. I weren't brought up on a farm fer nothin'.

Slaughterin' animals is second nature t' me"

"Okay, then I'll hold 'er while you slit her throat. The doors are thick, so no one should hear if'n she lets out a squeal or two." Then, in a soothing voice, he whispered to Jane, "Now don't worry, little girl. This won't hurt a'tall, an it'll be over in a minute. You won't feel a thing..."

With his left hand, he grabbed both of her wrists and pulled them painfully behind her back, while his other hand grasped a tangle of her long, brown hair, pulling her head back and exposing her throat. BY this time, Homer had taken a razor-sharp butcher knife from his waistband and was moving toward Zeb and his prisoner.

* * *

Suddenly the back doors of the room splintered open, and an authoritative voice commanded, "Hold it! We'll have no murder or slaughter here!"

Zeb, in a reflex action, released his hold on Jane and reached for the pistol holstered on his waist. As he began to raise the weapon, a shot rang out. Zeb uttered a cry of pain mingled with disbelief as he jerked back. the pistol flew from his grasp, and red blood spattered from his ruined hand. "Bastard spawn of the North!" he cried.

Homer, still holding the knife with which he had planned to murder Jane, looked up, counted up the odds against him, then dropped the knife and raised his hands in surrender,

At once, uniformed men rushed into the room, surrounding the Southerners and offering them no hope of escape. All in all, there were six rescuers, and-counting Horatio, Dick, Paul, Phil, Jane and the two captives-the periodical room was filled almost to overflowing.

* * *

Several hours later, after Horatio and his friends had been questioned, the group sat in a small restaurant in the Bowery, eating oyster stew. As they ate, Horatio eyed Paul questioningly.

"I still don't understand why it took so long to get back. Dick and I and-especially!-Jane were frightened out of our wits. We thought we'd have to fight these scum alone."

"You have to remember, Mr. Alger," Paul explained, "That it's not the easiest thing in the world, bein' a boy. People don't often take you seriously, and, as the man at the U.S. Secret Service Bureau explained, since the President's assassination, the Bureau has been swamped by tales and rumors, usually from well-intentioned citizens with over-active imaginations."

"How did you finally get them to believe you."

Paul looked sheepishly at his friends. "Well-I admitted that I was Paul the Peddler-"

"Uh-oh!"

"-and that I was trying to get help for Ragged Dick, and Tattered Tom, and the rest of you... Well, it appears that Mr. Mason of the Bureau has a young son, and, er--"

"Go on, Paul."

"Well, he sorta considers us, well, heroes..."

"Heroes!"

"Heroes, indeed!"

"And Mr. Mason considers you tops, Mr. Alger."

"Hurrumph-'tops,' indeed!" Horatio objected.

"Anyway," Paul finished up, "he believed me enough to lead two of his best agents here, if just to see what a lunatic I was."

"A fitting end to a lunatic story, I suppose," Horatio declared. He thought for a moment, then asked, "Now, whyo's for dessert?" as he poured himself another bowlful of piping hot stew.

* * *

Darkness shadowed the street outside the small window of Horatio Alger's apartment. As he pressed the tips of his fingers to his eyelids, he reflected that if he didn't take better care of his eyes, he would soon need spectacles. Sighing, he raised the light of the small gas-lamp on his desk. His latest novel was due at the publisher's by the end of the week, but the events of two days past had shattered his concentration. He was still nervous over the close call he and his friends had with the Southerners,

One good thing, though. That afternoon, Mr. Mason from the Secret Service had informed him that Zeb and Homer were currently guests of the government in a Washington, D.C., penitentiary, and it was likely that, when brought to trial, they would receive maximum sentences for conspiracy, attempted kidnapping, attempted murder, and treason.

That reminded him. He still had to answer letters from both General Tom Thumb and P.T. Barnum, thanking him for his contribution to foiling the rebels' plot.

"Migod," he sighed aloud. "Will I never get caught up?" He raised the lamplight even higher and bent once again to his writing.

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He'd scarcely begun, when there came the sound of a timid knock at the door. Grateful for any distraction, Horatio rushed to the door and threw it open. There, cap in hand, stood Dick, whom Horatio welcomed warmly into the room.

"Dick lad. It's good to see you!"

"Thanks Mr. Alger. It's swell seein' you, too."

"How's Jane?" Is she over her fright yet? She was still rather nervous the last time I saw the both of you."

"Jane's fine now, Mr. Alger. She sends you her love." Horatio blushed.

"Everybody says, 'Hi!'"

"Good, good," Horatio said. "And what brings you here tonight?" I do hope this is a social visit. I don't think I'm ready for another adventure just yet!"

"No," Dick said, laughing.

"It's not for adventure. Or, not quite."

"Then what, Dick?" Horatio asked with some forboding.

"Well-this afternoon when I was down at the Secret Service Bureau-"

"What-!"

"-to fill out a statement. I ran into Mr. Mason there. Remember him, the head of the New York Bureau?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, he still hadn't gotten over the fact that Ragged Dick and Tattered Tom and the rest of us were real. But he did promis to keep our secret-"

"Good-"

"-and he is a Secret Service Agebt-"

"And-?"

"Well-" The words rushed out of the excited young boy. "Well, he called us "The Horatio Alger Gang!-"

"-oh no!"

"-and said that we were crackerjack agents-"

"-oh no, no!"

"-and he suggested that we might, some other time, be able to serve our Government again!" he finished up with a burst of pride.

In atrembling voice, Horatio asked, "Did he indicate when this might be?"

"No," Dick replied. "He said it might be never-" Horatio sighed, relieved. "-or, it might be tomorrow!" Dick concluded.

Horatio was silent for a moment. Then he finally asked in a small voice, "And what do the others think of this?"

"Oh, Paul and Jane and Phil are all in favor, of course. Even though it may be dangerous, it's still adventure. But, we wouldn't do it if you were opposed to it.

Horatio was silent for a minute, a minute that stretched into two, three, five. The prospect bothered him. A one-time Episcopalian minister and schoolteacher, violence and "adventure" were unwelcome intruders into his normally pacific routine. Still, he couldn't help but be affected by the look of boyish hope on Dick's young face.

"You say it might be 'never', Dick?" he asked finally.

"That's what Mr. Mason said," Dick replied, his eyes beginning to brighten.

"Then-oh, I suppose it's all right with me."

Dick, jubilant, jumped up. "Right on!" he cried. He picked up his hat and started from the room.

"Just one minuet, Dick!" Horatio suddenly commanded. Dick's face fell. "Wh-what is it? He asked ina tremulous voice.

"Your speech has been queer for the last week now. First it was-er-'far out!'; then "something about 'going for it', I believe; and now, whats this 'right on'? Before I let you go, I demand an answer!"

"Why-er-everybody is using those expressions nowa-days," Dick began weekly.

"Sorry, Dick I'm quite conversant with the slang of the City.-perhaps more so than you, now that you're respectable, and no longer Ragged Dick. It's part of my job as an author to maintain close contact with the subjects of my stories. And, besides, I spoke with Mr. O'Connor about it, and he'd never heard any of those expressions, either. Now, what's the truth?" I'll tell you, but you won't believe me."

"Try me and see," Horatio said.

* * *

As Horatio closed the door behind his young friend, he hoped that his disbelief hadn't manifested itself too obviously. He like his young friend, and hadn't wanted to appear too disbelieving. Dick's story had undoubtedly sprung from an overactive imagination, possibly brought on by last week's events.

Boys will be boys, he thought to himself. I can't, after all, expect them to read only my novels, can I? Young Ed Stratemeyer has plans to begin a series of boy's books featuring the scientific adventures of one Tom Swift, and I predict that he'll be counting my young friend one of his most ardent fans! Then he remembered the room at Barnum's with the sign:

T. Edison-Inventions

from which he'd extracted his young friends and reflected that this was indeed the age of overwhelming scientific progress.

But a machine to travel through time! he exasperatedly thought. That's beyond the range of all human ken. It's just the boy's imagination!

A thought occured to him. He made a note on a pad placed there expressly for that purpose. That writer in London- Walsh?-Watts?-Wells that's it! Herbert George Wells. He writes scientific adventures. Perhaps I'll write him a letter relating Dick's fantastic tale. Maybe he can make some use of the idea. Then he went cold for just a moment:

T. Edison-Inventions

He shook his head to clear it. A time machine indeed! He mentally chided himself for even for a moment entertaining so ridiculous a thought as to the existence of such a device.

Then, forcing all such vagrant thoughts from his mind, he turned once again to his desk, his pen, and the story which lay-for the moment-within his author's imagination.

* * *THE END* * *

MY COLLECTION/HOBBIES.

Ben Nelson, PF-823
P.O. BOX 61
E. Swanzey, NH 03446

My Collecting interests include 100 Steelyards, 100 Blowtorches [All different] and 100+ Czechoslovakian Creamers.

My Alger collection: I had a copy of Jed The Poor House Boy, when I was a child. A few years ago, I saw a copy in an antique shop, purchased it, then started looking for others. I now have 104 Titles, 17 First Editions, 387 Volumes. I recently started collecting Tom Swift and have 35 with 20 Titles. Also have about 75 childrens books of World War I, and earlier dealing with Aviation [I'm a pilot] they are fun to read as the authors in the early teens knew virtually nothing about Aviation.

I forgot to mention I also have a 1923 Fordson Tractor and two one lung engines-A 1916 Novo and a 1924 Domestic.

* * * *

Peter C. Walther, PF-548
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
16 West Fulton Street
Gloversville, NY 12078

My collecting interests: Alger, Optic, Stratemeyer and late 19th. Century.

My Alger Collection: I don't necessarily go for the first editions. My needs are to collect Alger Editions of early mainline publishers, [Coates, Loring, S&S, etc.] and affordable copies of select titles. I think of the later reprints as being non-representative of the age in which Alger lived and worked. I am proud of my Algers and, yes, I have read a lot of them. My very first ? a N.Y. Book ed. copy of "Try and Trust" which I still treasure. I'm pleased with all the good solid Alger research to come out of the 1980's. My dream is to see a full scale publishing outfit, jointly sponsored by Newsboy, Yellowback Dime Novel Round-Up, to

**MEMBERSHIP****NEW MEMBERS**

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| Carolyn Farkas | PF-872 |
| 71 Northsimpers | Jan |
| Elton, MD 21921-3240 | |
| Henry | |

Carolyn is a professor of English and collects various types of literature including Martha Finley She is also interested in Computers as a hobby.

* * *

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1. Volunteer to be NewsBoy Editor.
2. MAKE RESERVATIONS for the 1991 CONVENTION IN INDIANA.
3. PICK OUT ITEMS FOR AUCTION
4. Fill out MY COLLECTION/HOBBIES FORM & MAIL to NEWSBOY.
5. WRITE AN ARTICLE FOR THE NEWS BOY.