



## Another



## Autobiography of The Scribe

He was born in Westfield, N. J., in the days of chin whiskers, petticoats, bustles, boardwalks and that great American masterpiece, the Dime Novel.

The Dime Novel was sold at the Side-Door Book Shop to careful members of the Inner Literary Circle, who voted it The Best Book of Every Week. It was the best seller in private circulation from the late eighties to the late Eleanor Glynn. After Three Weeks full of asterisks, even Grandma said Nick Carter was a sissy. Eleanor took the privacy out of nearly everything.

He remembers when kids walked back and forth to school and climbed two flights of stairs at least three times a day without the special permission of the B. of H., the M. D.'s, the P.-T. A.'s and the S P C C.'s.

These were the days when kids had to do chores to get a little spending money, and if they earned a dollar running errands, pumping the church organ, or chopping kindling wood, they didn't have to consult a Board of Experts to find out how much of it they could spend without violating the provisions of Article X, Division 2, Nos. 3, 4, or 5, of the Income Tax Complications on page 4, paragraph 2, line 27b.

He received his education in public and private schools and New York University. His pet aversion was mathematics and now he wonders why he worked so hard to learn so little about a subject that is no longer of service to a taxpayer in the lower brackets. Figures are mounting at

such an incalculable speed and cover so much territory that the adding machines are breaking down under the impact. And there is no algebraic formula to determine the unknown quantity. If you want to know what X stands for consult an astrologer. Or ask Einstein. He doesn't know what the score is, either.

After college, he chose writing as a profession because he liked it. He was a cub reporter on the Plainfield Courier-News, edited a weekly in West Hudson County, then joined the city staff of the New York Tribune. He was on the scene when T. R. was waving the Big Stick at the Malefactors of Great Wealth; when Jay Gould was making news by walking down Wall St. with his hands in his own pockets, and the Big Town's glamour girl, Anna Held, was captivating the old boys in the front row with a seductive ditty entitled, "O won't you come and play wiz me?"

With this background, the young scribe returned to Westfield to become editor and owner of the Union County Standard. One bleak winter, when there was little news and the typesetters were hungry for copy, he was aroused from his midnight slumbers by the incessant jangling of the telephone. He scrambled out of bed to learn the news—the big news! It was the story of the year. Charlie Affleck informed him that the Standard plant was on fire and added the cheerful prediction that most of the equipment would be destroyed. That, also, was news. The printing press alone was salvaged, and moved to