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"Fork Me Out the Dimes": Newspaper Carriers' Addresses of Salem, Virginia, 1854-1904

John Long

The merry days have come, the days I like to see,
When old as well as young all love to take a glee.
'Tis Merry Christmas now — O what a joyous time!
And if I did know how, I'd perpetrate a rhyme.

Thus did newsboy William Magruder of the *Salem Weekly Register* greet his customers on Christmas morn, 1854. But within a few stanzas, he got down to the real purpose of his poem:

I want a little pocket chink to help me through the times;
If I deserve support, you think, then fork me out the dimes!

The life of the 19th-century newspaper carrier could be a difficult one. Generally, they were teenage boys, perhaps orphans, who were apprenticed in the printing business. They might be paid for their printing work, or receive room and board only, yet they typically received no remuneration for delivering papers — for fifty-one weeks of the year. But between Christmas and New Year's Day, the paper carrier was eligible for holiday tips from subscribers. To remind their clientele of the custom, and to elicit as much in gratuities as possible, carriers would present to their customers a printed poem known as a ***carrier's address***.

Carriers' addresses were an old tradition, appearing first in America about 1720. Benjamin Franklin is thought to have penned some for carriers of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*; poet Philip Freneau and statesman Daniel Webster are known to have composed some.[1] The custom, always most popular in New England, began to die out in the early 20th century, although examples as late as the 1930s can be found. While the addresses were a perennial holiday custom for generations, they are almost forgotten today, mainly because they were a rather

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

CHRISTMAS,

1881.

Greeting :

To every friend
May Heaven send
Its very choicest blessing,
And each one find,
With peace of mind,
His fortune still progressing.

FRANK O. WEBBER, Carrier.

The Salem Register,

SALEM, VIRGINIA.

impermanent document. Most were printed on fragile newsprint, but even those distributed on more expensive watermarked paper (or even silk) rarely survive.[2] These simply were not documents many people preserved — they were typically read and enjoyed, the tip given, and then the address discarded. Even if the local newspapers were archived, the carriers' addresses were not often preserved along with the regular issues.[3] Thus, only the random carrier's address survives by happenstance, especially in the South. Very little research has been done on carriers' addresses, and what little there is tends to concentrate on the early examples, from the 18th and early 19th centuries, and mostly those from larger cities in the North.

A pleasant exception to this rarity is the McCauley collection of carriers' addresses in the archives of the Salem Museum in Salem, Virginia. This collection features twenty-five addresses spanning a half-century (from 1854 to 1904[4]), perhaps the largest collection of carriers' addresses from a single town in Virginia. Not only does it provide a breadth of examples, but it also allows researchers to track changes over time and identify common themes. It should be noted, though, that while the Salem addresses are good *examples* of the phenomenon, they are not necessarily *representative* of those from daily papers in larger cities, since Salem was a small town and her papers always weeklies.

The figure of the 19th-century newsboy usually brings to mind one of two competing images. One was that of the destructive waif. Newsboys in large cities could indeed be a disruptive social element — rowdy, homeless orphans with little education or prospects beyond delivering papers. The Boys Clubs of America and other such groups were founded largely to minister to their needs and keep them from delinquency. H. G. Wells, on a visit to New York in 1904, lamented, "the childish newsboys who sold me the papers [were part of] the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being."[5]

The second image was the Horatio Alger stereotype: the penniless but determined newsie who worked his way up the economic ladder to become a captain of industry. Neither of these characterizations fit the Salem newsboys very well; but of the two, the Alger image comes closest to some. There is no evidence that the Salem paper carriers were considered troublesome, orphaned waifs — several (McClung, Denit, Webber, Grove) came from families who owned

the papers. Nor did they lack social mobility (although the fate of most is not known). One, Glenn Switzer, went on to earn a Doctor of Divinity degree and serve as a Presbyterian pastor. Charles Dice Denit began as a carrier but later edited and co-owned the paper and even served as president of the Virginia Press Association before retiring to serve in local government. Littell McClung, carrier of the *Salem Sentinel*, became a drama critic for the *Baltimore Sun* and wrote for other papers.[6]

Even if these boys were hardly street urchins, going door-to-door to beg dimes of their neighbors was not considered beneath them. Historian Stephen Nissenbaum has identified carriers' addresses as a benign form of wassailing, that age-old tradition of youth wandering door-to-door on Christmas day, begging for gifts, treats, or drink. Akin to modern trick-or-treating, wassailers often sang bawdy songs to "exchange" for a gift, and could be decidedly rowdy and destructive.[7] But carriers' addresses were "a ritual that was largely controlled and regulated from above."[8] They were, after all, approved by the carriers' employers, and on many occasions were even penned by them on behalf of the carriers.[9]

Although it should be noted that there is no explicit evidence that Salemites feared mischief if they stiffed the newsboy, the 1875 address by Charlie Denit of the *Roanoke Times*[10] includes a stanza that seems to agree with Nissenbaum:

> No rudeness of wassail, no strong drink, no oaths,
> No brawls, for all these common decency loathes.

The worst of our rioters shall never offend,
Our revels shall be such as graces attend.

The Salem addresses are highly diverse in style, quality, content, and format. Some were broadsheets, some folded brochures, two had fancy paper covers tied on with ribbon. The poems (a few intermixed with prose passages) range from the very clever to barely tolerable doggerel. Most seem specifically tailored to the local community, and many were no doubt penned by the editor of the paper, a friendly customer, or other ghostwriter (Major R. W. Page, credited with writing an address in 1886 and perhaps 1874, was a local merchant). And certainly some — there is no way of knowing how many — were composed by the carrier himself. Others seem more generic and may have been syndicated to papers around the nation for use by any newsboy.[11] Some may have mixed the two by adding local references or the carrier's name to the syndicated poems. But despite the diversity, certain common themes can be noted.

1) An Appeal for a Tip

If there is one thing universal to all carriers' addresses, it is a request, whether veiled or explicit, for a holiday gratuity. This was, in fact, the very *raison d'être* for the genre. Although various in form and wording, this essential part of the address typically follows an identifiable pattern: I have given you good service through the year ("been as good as the US Mail/ and the telegraph together" [1875, *Salem Times-Register*]); and have provided you with your only source of important news ("All the news that the year has furnished/ has been culled with greatest care ... without moving, you have taken/ many a trip to distant lands" [1899, *Salem Times-Register*]); I have not been paid for this service ("The carrier boy comes once a week/ to bring the news, but does not speak/ of remuneration for his work/ but once a year. ..." [1890, *Salem Times-Register*]); I am in dire financial need ("Make those happy who have been sad/ because they could not earn their daily bread" [1898, *Salem Sentinel*]); even a small tip is a great benefit and will hardly be missed by the patron ("and well his pockets will contain/ what yours will never miss" [1881(?), *Roanoke Times*]); generosity is a virtue ("To-day commence with your deeds of love/ would you win a smile from the heavens above?/ Would you fill a

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

—TO THE—

FRIENDS AND PATRONS

—OF THE—

Roanoke Weekly Times.

By R. W. P.

The old year is past and gone,
The new, kind friend, is coming on;
Be happy now while you may,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Sorrows gone by cannot last,
If we bury them with the past;
Live for the present, be happy to-day,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Forget your cares, let them go;
They make us feel so bad, you know;
Cheer up now, be happy and gay,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Do not, for the love of the dime,
Be stingy and mean—this is a crime—
Prove you are liberal now, to-day,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Indeed, my friend, I know you are good,
And would be better if you could;
This of you I am honest to say,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

You, I would remind of the sad end
Of poor Moulton, the "mutual friend;"
If a man with his wife cannot stay,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

When a man and woman fuss and fight—
Somebody is wrong—both are not right—
Let them settle it just as they may,
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Let the man curse and the woman weep,
But for your own good strict silence keep;
For if you dare take part either way,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

When they are mad they damn each other;
When pleased, put their heads together,
And pour warm lie on all you say,
So don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

To play the part of "mutual friend,"
Is sure to come to some bad end;
Should you try it at some future day,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

This is not the place to give the news,
Or of the nation to give my views;
To you I have but a word to say,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

I know that "devil" is a bad name,
But it was given before I came;
And now they will not take away,
So don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

I am not very broad, nor very long;
I am not very large, nor very strong;
But there is a *great big devil*, they say,
So don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Do not forget, if you cheat, to thrive,
Or this poor old world to own you strive;
If you go to church, or stay away,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

For you we have used paper and ink,
For which you have paid the boss, I think,
But I did not call for that to-day—
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

I am no beggar—this you can see—
To bring the paper is work to me;
It wears out my shoes, keeps me from play,
So don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

If you wish to know what is going on,
Among the poor or among the "ton,"
Take the TIMES—commence to-day—
But don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

Adieu to you, good-bye, old friend,
Through the new year may joy attend;
But in all you do and all you say,
Just don't forget the "devil's" to pay.

1874.

CHARLIE DENNITT.

heart on earth with joy?/ Then kindly remember your Carrier Boy." [1888, *Salem Times-Register*]); and a virtue well suited to the season ("Now that the birthday of Christ is here/ let us do our best our friends to cheer." [1896 *Salem Sentinel*]).

Carrier boys were frequently (perhaps always in Salem) also employed as printing apprentices, colloquially called print devils. Thus a frequently used phrase in holiday addresses plays on the expression "give the devil his due" or some variant ("I know that you are kind and good/ and would be better if you could;/ Cheer up now, be happy and gay/ but don't forget, 'The Devil's to pay.'" [1885, *Salem Times-Register*]). This phrase thus succinctly delivers the desired message: your carrier is a poor but a hard worker, and a holiday tip is obligatory, if not mandatory. And usage of the term devil perhaps reinforced the sub rosa idea that mischief might result from stiffing the poet — a vestige of the wassailing tradition?

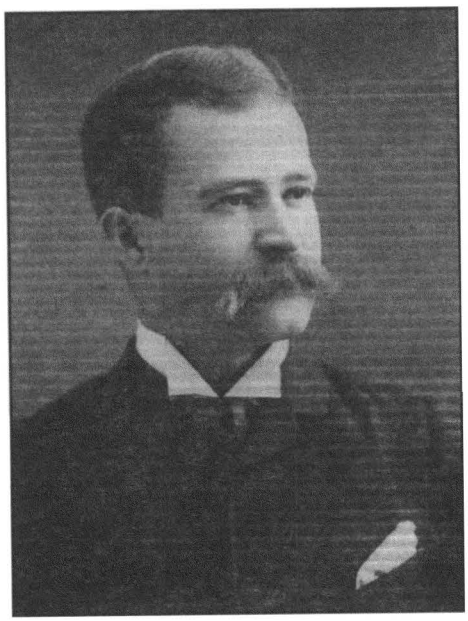
2) Singing the Praises of the Local Paper

A variation of this appeal for funds was a reminder of the benefits of the local press, and a call for the customer to renew his subscription to this fine newspaper for the coming year. The 1877 address of the *Salem Register* even featured a center column advertisement for the job-printing office of the paper (*very highest state of the art, at short notice, on reasonable terms*). In 1903, carriers Collins Grove and Glenn Switzer of the *Salem Times-Register and Sentinel* [12] noted:

> So in this merry mundane show
> The local press fills up a gap.
> For otherwise how would you know
> About the dashing Mrs. Knapp
> Or how the sweet Miss Furbelow
> Led off the dance with Mr. Strauss
> At Miss Delightful Jones' house?

In 1878 Charlie Kizer shrewdly mixed a call for subscriptions with his own hint for a tip:

> And all who would wisely and happily live
> Should quickly subscribe for The Conservative.
> Those who have read it and thus have grown wiser
> Must not forget their friend Charles G. Kizer.



Charles Dice Denit, from newspaper carrier to editor and owner

The next year, Kizer (who has been called the "poet laureate of the [Salem] newsboys[13]) poked fun at the accuracy of the competing paper in town, Charlie Webber's *Salem Weekly Register*:

> Our friend, C. M. Webber,
> a Register keeps
> Of the town and the county in
> which there are heaps
> Of news telling truly just how
> matters go,
> With, mayhaps, an item that
> isn't quite so.

Finally, in an undated address believed to be 1881, Kizer praises the entire newspaper trade:

> Sure printing is a glorious art,
> Strong in its growing might.
> The world had still in darkness been
> But for it's spreading light.

If indeed carriers' addresses were benign forms of wassailing "misrule" approved or even penned by the employers, it is no surprise that they would become a form of advertising as well.

3) Commentary on the News

The relationship between the tipper and the tipped in this case was based on an information exchange: I bring you news, so fork me out the dimes. It should not then be surprising that commentary on the events of the previous year would be included in many carriers' addresses. It was a sort of poetic year-end summary — here are important and interesting happenings about which you read during the past twelve months, and about which you would know nothing if not for my services. Major events far from Salem are referenced in many addresses, including the search for the lost Franklin expedition in the Arctic and the Crimean War (1854); the Russo-Turkish War of 1877;

the Sino-Japanese War of 1894; the Dreyfus Affair in France (1899); the Boer War and death of Queen Victoria (1901); and the eruption of the Caribbean volcano Pelée in 1902, killing 29,000. Closer to home and receiving more attention are such national events as Hayes' inauguration (1877); Coxey's Army's march on Washington and the Pullman Strike of 1894; the Spanish-American War and subsequent Philippine Insurrection (1899); and the assassination of President McKinley in Lyle McClung's 1901 address:

> Then our own land was shadowed in darkness and gloom
> When the head of our nation was borne to the tomb;
> Struck down in the midst of manhood's fair prime
> By the hand of a dastard steeped in hatred and crime.

State and local events receive much attention as well. Unfortunately, these are the events about which the reader may be able to discern the least, since the carrier's reference might be the only historical documentation of an event.[14] The Salem land boom is mentioned in the 1890 address; the town's Centennial celebration in 1902; and tantalizing hints of local gossip are occasionally discerned.

Certainly the ugliest reference to local affairs is found in the 1869 address of the *Roanoke Times*. Virginia had recently concluded a convention to draft a Reconstruction constitution, a meeting dominated by Unionist "scalawags" who had opposed Virginia's participation in the Confederacy. Issues of race turned the debate to bitter rancor — should the recently freed slaves vote? Serve in government? Receive an education? Carrier William McGee felt no qualms about expressing his opinion of the convention and the resulting Underwood Constitution:

> You've heard, too, of the Bones and Banjo Convention
> Where the whites and the blacks met in angry contention;
> There was Holmes, and old Bayne, and Underwood too'
> Who swore they intended to fight the thing through...
>
> Yet the thing that they dubbed a state constitution
> Is of all rights a base prostitution;
> But such was expected of base carpet-baggers,
> Of big buck niggers and white scalawagers.
>
> Now what is the case, if such be the rules,
> The whites and the blacks will mix up in the schools...[15]

We can surmise that McGee's opinion was a dominant one amongst paper subscribers in Salem, for no carrier would jeopardize his chance at a tip by expressing unpopular or controversial opinions.

4) Lists of Local Businesses and Residents

Some carriers' addresses included long lists of local names which provide an invaluable glimpse of social and economic life in Salem. Politicians, professors, civic officers, and business leaders are most often noted. Why certain ones are included but others are not can never be known. Perhaps those listed were subscribers to the paper or advertisers therein; or perhaps the carrier merely assumed them to be good tippers.

Kizer's 1879 address for the *Conservative* is the most extensive example. In it, he pays tribute to the faculty of Roanoke College:

> We've a college of which we can justly be proud;
> Roanoke, we count second to none in the crowd
> Of learned institutions: and never before
> Of professors could she boast a more able corps,
> Dreher, Holland, Yonce, Wells, Crabtree, Painter, Haislip,
> In the waters of wisdom can each deeply dip.[16]

Kizer also pays tribute to county clerk of court William McCauley (who coincidentally was the man who collected the Salem carriers' addresses through the years):

> When his office for license of marriage men seek
> With a pit-pat heart and a hot blushing cheek,
> His kind smile assures them—mid deeds and decrees
> 'Tis an everyday matter, pray, sit at your ease.

Frank Webber of the *Register* in 1882 celebrated dozens of local businesses, including the prominent Brown's general store[17]:

> The store at Brown's Corner at this wintry season
> Has goods that must suit every person of reason.
> 'Tis kept by the senior J. R. C. Brown
> Who is so well known in the country and town,
> That for me to attempt his good points to express
> To thousands might seem only wasteful excess.

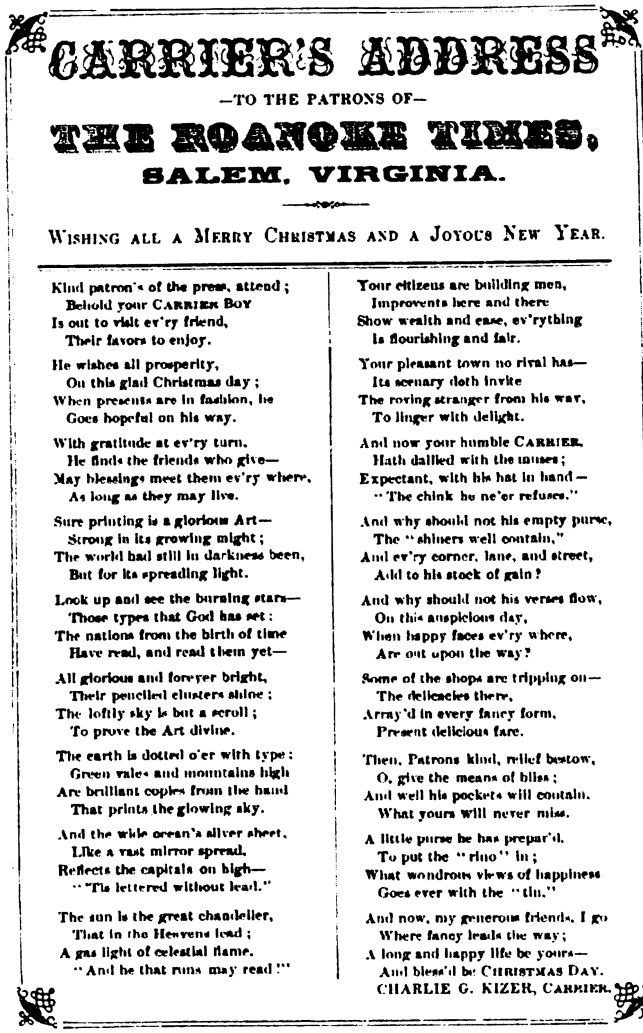
Webber also mentions several businesswomen, mostly milliners or seamstresses:

The *Salem Times-Register* staff

Mrs. Julia Parrish, well versed in her trade,
Can supply all the ladies with buttons and braid
Hats, bonnets and flowers, and ruffles and laces,
To show to advantage their beautiful faces.
All ladies who wish millinery to buy
Can at Mrs. Marks find a charming supply.
Mrs. Alberta Stevens is offering for sale
Hats, ornaments, flowers, a bonnet, a veil,
Or trimmings, all so very pretty and nice,
You've but to examine to buy in a trice.

An interesting variation of this theme were satirical jabs at some professionals. Kizer in 1879 again takes the lead:

We've lawyers with legal acumen as great
As e'er cheated a man out of home or estate;



CARRIER'S ADDRESS

—TO THE PATRONS OF—

THE ROANOKE TIMES,

SALEM, VIRGINIA.

WISHING ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A JOYOUS NEW YEAR.

Kind patron's of the press, attend;
Behold your CARRIER BOY
Is out to visit ev'ry friend,
Their favors to enjoy.

He wishes all prosperity,
On this glad Christmas day;
When presents are in fashion, he
Goes hopeful on his way.

With gratitude at ev'ry turn,
He finds the friends who give—
May blessings meet them ev'ry where,
As long as they may live.

Sure printing is a glorious Art—
Strong in its growing might;
The world had still in darkness been,
But for its spreading light.

Look up and see the burning stars—
Those types that God has set:
The nations from the birth of time
Have read, and read them yet—

All glorious and forever bright,
Their pencilled clusters shine;
The loftly sky is but a scroll;
To prove the Art divine.

The earth is dotted o'er with type:
Green vales and mountains high
Are brilliant copies from the hand
That prints the glowing sky.

And the wide ocean's silver sheet,
Like a vast mirror spread,
Reflects the capitals on high—
"Tis lettered without lead."

The sun is the great chandelier,
That in the Heavens lead;
A gas light of celestial flame.
"And he that runs may read."

Your citizens are building men,
Improvents here and there
Show wealth and ease, ev'rything
Is flourishing and fair.

Your pleasant town no rival has—
Its scenary doth invite
The roving stranger from his way,
To linger with delight.

And now your humble CARRIER,
Hath dallied with the muses;
Expectant, with his hat in hand—
"The chink he ne'er refuses."

And why should not his empty purse,
The "shiners well contain,"
And ev'ry corner, lane, and street,
Add to his stock of gain?

And why should not his verses flow,
On this auspicious day,
When happy faces ev'ry where,
Are out upon the way?

Some of the shops are tripping on—
The delicacies there,
Array'd in every fancy form,
Present delicious fare.

Then, Patrons kind, relief bestow,
O, give the means of bliss;
And well his pockets will contain,
What yours will never miss.

A little purse he has prepar'd,
To put the "rino" in;
What wondrous views of happiness
Goes ever with the "tin."

And now, my generous friends, I go
Where fancy leads the way;
A long and happy life be yours—
And blessed be CHRISTMAS DAY.
CHARLIE G. KIZER, CARRIER.

Blair, Ballard, Strouse, Hansborough, Watts, Logan, Palmer,
Is each for his clients a silver-tongued charmer

He was a bit more generous to local physicians:

Call Griffin, Wiley, Bruffey, Dillard, Terrill,
If your health or your life or your limbs are in peril.

Willie Francis (*Roanoke Times*, 1869) had less regard for doctors:

Next comes the doctor with his lotions and pills,
A nostrum, he says, to cure all your ills;
He never takes it himself, but gives it to you,
For ache, or for pain, or for Tic-Doloreaux.

Politicians get it from Major R. W. Page, a local businessman who penned an address for carrier Joseph Denit of the *Salem Times-Register* in 1885:

> Hell or Hades, 'tis all the same
> The politicians fan the flame
> Nearest the fire, for there they stay
> Don't you forget, 'The Devil's to pay.'

It should be remembered that this satire must have been charitably received by its targets, since as always, the carrier wanted gratuities from the very people he lampooned.

5) Holiday and Religious Themes

Since carriers' addresses were a holiday tradition, it is no surprise that many featured religious imagery and Christmas symbols. The biblical story of Christ's birth is frequently referenced and an obvious choice, such as this from 1888:

> One night, at this season long ages ago,
> The star-spangled heaven smiled in beauty, I know.
> For soft on the plains of Judea fell its light
> As the shepherds were watching their flocks
> through the night. . .
> They thought of their promised Messiah and prayed
> That His coming to earth might not long be delayed.

Other addresses went in unexpected directions. In 1876, R. Watt Parsons of the *Salem Register* composed a clever mix of prose and poetry in which Father Time and the Old Year 1876 address a banquet, recounting the events of the past year before retiring for a well-earned drink:

> I have seen much, and heard much that I well could
> wish forgot;
> But I have held the even tenor of my way, and have
> My duties all discharged. No man
> Could say that I lacked in months or weeks
> Or days. The seasons I have wheeled
> I turn, the year throughout; and now
> My task is done. I have performed
> That wherefore I was sent, and yield
> My place to '77, my next of kin.

In 1881, Frank Webber of the same paper recounted a dream in which he visited heaven and conversed with St. Peter. Lest anyone miss the point of the address, Peter closes the discourse with a condemnation of stingy people and a promise of extra blessings for those who support carrier boys:

> One instance of goodness I must not forget
> On which a peculiar high value is set
> I mean the small trifle which patrons bestow
> On the carrier boy...
> On [generous souls'] appearing before Heaven's gate
> At once their admitted, they're not asked to wait.

In 1900, Clifford Webber of the *Times-Register* had Santa Claus get his pack stuck in the carrier's chimney. Santa comforts himself that Clifford will get his presents anyway — from generous customers.

Probably the most melodramatic poem in the collection was written by Professor F. J. Smith in 1886, and distributed by carrier Willie Francis.[18] In it, an ailing girl, Ethel, wants to give Christ as a Christmas gift to her paper carrier. He is hesitant, but as she lies dying the next day, the carrier confesses his conversion: "*I love your dear Jesus now, Who came to earth and died for me...*" She then passes on in peace.

Such overtly religious carriers' addresses became more common through the years. There can only be one reason — this type of emotional appeal must have elicited good tips during the Holidays.

No carrier's address from Salem survives past New Year's Day, 1904. It is unclear if the tradition continued past that date or for how much longer. McCauley the collector lived until 1908, and we may surmise that had there been addresses distributed in his last years he would have archived them. But nationally the tradition was dying out by the early twentieth century, and it may be that the newly merged Salem weekly retired the carrier's address after that year.

Today, the teenage newspaper carrier is also becoming a thing of the past in the Roanoke Valley. The *Salem Times-Register* is delivered by the U.S. mail, and the *Roanoke Times* daily by adults managing extended, early morning motor routes. But not so long ago, as a teenager, the author was an afternoon carrier for the *Roanoke Times*. Every December I received from my manager a stack of 3x5 greeting cards

stating simply, "Happy Holidays from your paper carrier," with a line to sign my name. Most customers responded with a tip or other gift. I did not know I was participating in the last vestige of an old American tradition. And it never occurred to me to write a poem.

Endnotes

1. Gerald D. McDonald, Stuart C. Sherman, and Mary T. Russo, *A Checklist of American Newspaper Carriers' Addresses, 1720–1820* (Worcester, Mass.: American Antiquarian Society, 2000), ix-x.
2. Ibid.
3. Occasionally, the carrier's address would be reprinted in the body of the paper after the Holidays, and so the text preserved, if not the document. See note 16 below.
4. The final address in the collection is dated "Christmas 1903, New Year's 1904" and so was probably distributed in late 1903.
5. Quoted in J. C. Furnas, *The Americans: A Social History 1587-1914* (New York: Putnam's, 1969), 842.
6. Norwood C. Middleton, *Salem: A Virginia Chronicle* (Salem Va.: The Salem Historical Society, 1986), 182-3.
7. Stephen Nissenbaum, *The Battle for Christmas* (New York: Vintage Books, 1996), 9-11.
8. Ibid., 40-43.
9. Elaine Hoag, "Addressing the New Year" (National Library of Canada, *National Library News*, vol. 29, no. 12, December 1997). Accessed via <http://www.nlc-bnc.ca/bulletin/p2-9712-04-e.html> 11/6/03.
10. This early Salem weekly, founded 1866, is not to be confused with the later and much larger daily still published in the city of Roanoke.
11. McDonald, *Checklist*, ix. See also <http://dl.lib.brown.edu/carriers/essay.html>, page 2.
12. This is the last carrier's address in the collection, and represents an important transition. The two weekly papers in town had merged in 1903. Two decades before, the *Register* and the *Times* (also published as the *Conservative*) had merged. Now the *Sentinel* and the *Times-Register* combined. Salem has been a one-paper town ever since. Today's *Salem Times-Register*, having operated continually in one form or another since 1854 (except during the Civil War), is the oldest business concern in the Roanoke Valley.
13. Lon Savage, "Newsboy Poets Brightened Salem Christmases in 1800s" (*Guide to Historic Salem*, vol. 2, no. 3, Winter 1996-7), 3.
14. In 1928, a fire at the offices of the *Salem Times-Register* destroyed nearly all back issues of the paper. Only occasional examples of nineteenth-century Salem papers survive by happenstance.
15. An effort was made by some Radicals at the Underwood Convention to integrate the newly established public schools. Strident white opposition effectively

prevented this from occurring, however. See Virginius Dabney, *Virginia: The New Dominion* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1971), 367-373.

16. A few addresses would be reprinted in the paper itself, perhaps to elicit tips from anyone not visited by the carrier. This one appeared in *The Conservative* a week later, January 7, 1880.
17. That 1845 store building is now home to the Salem Museum.