

THE HORATIO ALGER

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A newsletter



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Published monthly for the benefit of our Subscribers, Readers, Collectors and Dealers of books written by Horatio Alger Jr.

Prepared and distributed at the expense of Forrest Campbell, Editor and the support of paid subscribers. Upon request, the newsletter will be sent to our new friends, three months free. A non-profit Organization.

One new member and one new state added since the last issue. If I am to achieve my goal of 100 subscribers and all fifty states represented by December 31 of this year, it appears that I will need your help. If you know of a friend, especially from another state, who might be interested in our newsletter, please ask him or her to request our free offer. I am willing to serve 100 readers free of charge as a hobby, however, no more free readers after the this offer expires.

One donation has been added to the RAGGED DICK FUND since last month:

DONATION No. 15 \$ 5.00

Total on deposit \$46.00

When the total deposits reach fifty dollars, I will announce a Trustee to assist me in the administration of this fund.

Looking forward to operating the newsletter from my own hobby financing, I am already cutting corners. This newsletter is being reproduced on my own mimeographing equipment which incidentally was donated some time ago by John Sullivan, (S-74). This saves me two dollars each month. Currently my expenses are Postage on 80 newsletters \$4.80; Paper \$1.00; Stencils .90¢ plus the expense of additional reserve copies for requests and the potential 100 subscribers.

There is good news about the possible publishing of Alger's poems and short stories. First, Gilbert, who offered the suggestion after consulting with Max Goldberg, feels that he will be permanently stationed where he is at present and will help with the preparation of material which you will send in. Second, Edward S. Levy (S-04) who is now retired, but formerly in the publishing business, is interested and he believes that he can arrange for publication in book form with a small profit for the NEWSBOY expenses or for the RAGGED DICK FUND. The success of this venture depends upon your co-operation. If you have access to a poem or short story and can send us a copy or loan us the material, please advise. Gilbert's original idea was to reproduce the material on loose-leaf paper by the same manner in which we reproduce this newsletter.

The details of reproduction or publishing can be arranged later, but first there will be a long period of preparation.

On mailing day of the September issue, we had a drop-in visitor from the state of Iowa. Mr. & Mrs. Leo Moore, Leo is well known in the juvenile book collecting field and especially among Alger Fans.

My own collection of Alger titles has been increased to 103 with the addition of DEAN DUNHAM from Ernest Sanford, (S-32). He also sent along a hard-bound copy of THE BOY BROKER by Frank A. Munsey and also published by his company in 1889. This was an unexpected bonus and knowing of the interest in Munsey, I treasure this bonus very much. It is profusely illustrated and in the one page advertisement in the back, Mr. Munsey announces another title from his own pen. AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY. I was not aware that Mr. Munsey also wrote as well as publish other Writer's material. It is definitely of the Alger style and I am naturally wondering if he might have bought the rights of ownership.

This practice of ours of collecting only Alger, can sometimes become very discouraging. At least one of our group has gone on record as being discouraged with the prices asked for the cheapest editions. I know this to be true, for I have given away free, cheap editions which I have been fortunate in replacing with better copies, only to learn of similar titles and the same cheap editions on shelves listed at \$2.50. The thrill and sport in collecting comes only with patience and sooner or later this patience is rewarded. If I bought today all the books that I needed to complete my collection, at the highest prices, What would I do tomorrow? High prices is a result of misinformation and a lack of knowledge of the merchandise. A good merchandiser adjusts prices for a healthy turn-over which of course goes hand in hand with the law of supply and demand.

While you are waiting for the next Alger book to show up, turn your attention to your second interest. I have gone hunting for old items to large to bring home, with our movie camera. The subjects have been: Old Structures, Windmills, Open wells, Rail fences and yes, the little house in the rear.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE

Mr. Robert L. Johnson, (S-80)
P.O. Box No. 1732
Bisbee, Arizona 85603

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Elder Gilbert K. Westgard, II (S-24)
1000 Naragansett Pkwy.
Warwick, Rhode Island 02888

Mrs. Kathryn Z. Walson, (S-49)
201 East 79th Street, Apt. 3E
New York 21, New York

BY STATES - continued from last month

Mrs. Anton (Mildred) Van Ry, (S-31)
2617 R Avenue,
Anacortes, Washington

Mrs. Ellis A. (Jean) Steiner, (S-03)
R2
Berkeley Springs, West Virginia 25411

Mr. Gardner F. Dalton, (S-45)

Fish Creek, Wisconsin

Mrs. Clarence (Eleanore) Wiese, (S-19)
R1
Bonduel, Wisconsin

This completes the listing of subscribers by states. Keep these records for your future reference. Changes of address and new subscriber listings will be continued. When you write to me again, please furnish Zip Code number and the number of titles you have in your Alger collection

Gilbert feels that he will be stationed at his current address for the duration of his mission. If you have any questions or suggestions regarding the Alger poems and short story project, feel free to contact him. There will be many details to be worked out before press-time. Gilbert has also suggested that we place a wreath on Alger's grave next Memorial Day. He and others are available in the area to make arrangements. Gilbert suggests a small donation of from 10 to 15 cents each.

The only one of the four remaining subscribers mentioned by states which wrote about their collection was faithful Jean (S-03). Herewith are some of her views: "I do not read your story. I have them all clipped and ready to read when finished. I forget from month to month and it spoils it for me, that is why I have never commented...unquote (Hmmm)... quote ...I believe you'll find it hard to get folks to be very enthused about this Club and all-- what I mean is, some people want to collect, others to read and others to find and sell high--but too few actually imbued with your interest. I read the paper and enjoy it, but all the members are just names to me...it gets to be plain work...and so little rewarding with no finds."unquote.

Here is despondency at work. You too can be despondent if you will just work at it. Cheer up Jean! Tell those Dealers off and tell them that "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD. If that doesn't work, then Ji'n 'em. Offer to sell out at their own prices. Start a book war! Undersell!... Seriously, Ellis & Jean have their problems. With the dry spell and all, it's been all work and no pay!

Good news from the Southwest! The state of Arizona has come into the fold. We now have a total of twenty eight states. Robert read one free newsletter and then subscribed. Robert's first interest is to complete his collection of the Leo Edwards books. He has some Algers and any others he may be able to find, he will trade for the Edwards books that he needs. He is a linotype operator by trade and he has done a little writing and publishing on his own. He sent me an autographed first edition copy of his latest book entitled THE ROAD RUNNER THIEF, copyrighted 1957 and oh yes he also illustrated it too! The book cover is finished in copper tone in honor of the copper mining industry of Bisbee, Arizona. Quote..... "Bisbee is located only eight miles from the Mexican border... and just twenty five miles north is Tombstone, 'The Town Too Tough To Die'. Tombstone was at one time a big mining town, wide open for outlaws under the control of the Clantons. The ten percent ring, an outlaw syndicate located in Tucson in the early territorial days, in turn were the bosses of the Clanton. When Wyatt Earp became a deputy U.S. Marshall in Tombstone, they decided to form a new county. What was then Pima County was divided in half and the new half formed Cochise County. Of course the tale of the famous Earp-Clanton fight at the OK Corral has been told and retold. And even today the Clanton faction and the Earp faction in Tombstone haven't settled whether it was lawmen acting in performance of their duty, or whether the McLowerys and Clantons were murdered. In Boothill Cemetery, on the headstones of the McLowerys, it states they were murdered in the streets of Tombstone. Any tourist looking for a fight can always find one if he is foolhardy enough to go one way or another to the wrong people. When the mines in Tombstone began to give out and the water started pouring into mines making the operation unprofitable, the fate of the town seemed doomed, but the only thing that kept it going was the fact that the Cochise County courthouse was there. In 1927, Tombstone lost the county seat to Bisbee. Then things seemed black and for the ensuing years... almost became a ghost town. Now the town is booming back to life as a big tourist attraction (trap, I think is more like it) and the town is growing and fast becoming a town full of museums. There is the famous Bird Cage Theater, The OK Corral, The Old Wells Fargo Stage Depot and even the old Court House has been put back into use as such. The Nellie Cashman Hotel is just a hotel, the historical part having been lost two years ago in a fire which gutted the building and destroying the museum articles. CONCLUDED ON PAGE THREE, COLUMN TWO BISBEE

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued
from last month:

NED NEWTON (Arthur L. Putnam) 1890
Hero - Ned Newton same story as:
(none reported)

NELSON THE NEWSBOY 1901
Hero - Nelson Pepper or David Horton
Same story as: (none reported)

NEW YORK BOY, A (Arthur L. Putnam) 1891
Hero -
Same story as: (none reported)

NOTHING TO DO (Anonymous) 1857
Hero -
(See remarks)

(a reprint)
NUGGET FINDERS, THE (a reprint)
Hero - Harry Vane Same story as Harry Vane
and In A New World (See remarks)

NUMBER 91 (Arthur L. Putnam) 1887
Hero -
Same story as: Adv. of a N.Y. Tel. Boy

ODDS AGAINST HIM 1890
Hero - Carl Crawford
Same story as: Driven from Home

ONLY AN IRISH BOY 1894
Hero - Andy Burke
Same story as: (none reported)

OUT FOR BUSINESS 1900
Hero - Robert Frost (This story has a
sequel - Falling in with Fortune).
Same story as: (none reported)

PAUL PRESCOTT'S CHARGE 1865
Hero - Paul Prescott
Same story as: (none reported)

PAUL THE PEDDLER 1871
Hero - Paul Hoffman (see remarks)
Same story as: (none reported)

PHIL THE FIDDLER 1872
Hero - Phil (adopted by Dr. Drayton)
Same story as: (see remarks)

RAGGED DICK 1868
Hero - Richard Hunter (This story has a
sequel) Same story as: (none reported)

RALPH RAYMOND'S HEIR (Arthur Hamilton) 1869
Hero - Robert Raymond
Same story as: (none reported)

RANDY OF THE RIVER 1906
Hero - Randy Thompson
Same story as: (none reported)

RISEN FROM THE RANKS 1874
Hero - Harry Walton
Same story as: (none reported)

ROBERT COVERDALE'S STRUGGLES (?)
Hero - Robert Coverdale
Same story as: (none reported)

Continued next month. additions and cor-
rections solicited and appreciated.

NOTHING TO DO is a poem and not a story.
If there is a hero mentioned, I do not
have the information...NUGGETT FINDERS is
an English reissue of IN A NEW WORLD.....
...PAUL THE PEDDLER, Paul is mentioned in
three titles, or rather stories. PHIL THE
FIDDLER is a sequel and SLOW AND SURE is a
second sequel.

BISBEE continued -

Bisbee was founded in the late 1880's when
two soldiers from Ft. Huachuca (Wa-shu-ca)
discovered copper. They were silent until
they were discharged from the Army and
then came back and made their claim. They
later sold their claims to a mining com-
pany, which in turn was later absorbed by
the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, who now owns
the Copper Queen Branch (Bisbee). The
Bisbee Daily Review is owned also by
Phelps-Dodge Corporation, so we have no
editorial policy--- just a company owned
newspaper....." Many thanks, Robert!

I AVERAGE ABOUT TWO LETTERS A WEEK from
Gilbert. He has been going to Harvard---
in his spare time and compiling facts
about Horatio Alger's activities in and
out of classes. Next month we shall re-
produce Gilbert's notes. Gilbert also
keeps in touch with Max Goldberg. Max is
suffering from skin cancer on his hand,
but fortunately, it can be controlled and
perhaps eventually cured. Max has been
very good to us all in doing the research
on Horatio's Birth date and he deserves
some consideration from us all. Max has
been my right-hand-man and his assignment
on research has not yet been completed.
An assignment which cannot be done with
one hand tied up. Let's all give him a
hand! Skip that next letter to me and send
it to Max instead.

KENNETH BUTLER IS BACK ON THE JOB from
the Glidden tour held in New York State.
Ken has been busy preparing for this one
for a year and perhaps weary from his re-
sponsibilities and travels, he has sent
me a tour guide and registration booklet,
printed by Wayside Press, of course, and
without any details of the final results.
I can well imagine the weary traveler wen-
ding his way homeward, dragging his trailer
behind him, loaded with prizes and spare
parts for the 1917 Roamer Sports Touring
Car. I am anxious to learn if he had to
get out and get under.

IN THE CURRENT CHAPTER OF The Young Post-
master, we are about to learn how Algerton
got its name. This man Alger once owned
all of Algerton by homesteading a claim.
We will learn more of him in the next issue.

There really is a Linda Lacey and her birth
day is really on October 22nd and she really
will be nine years old and she really did
get the card from Michael as told in the
current chapter. Why don't you send her a car-
d also in care of her mother; Betty
Lacey, (S-41) 14349 Landale, Midlothian,
Illinois. DO IT TODAY. YOU JUST HAVE TIME!

In my humble opinion, these juvenile stories got started way back in 1838 when Charles Dickens (1812-1870) wrote the story about Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress. Of course Charles Dickens' subject interests were varied, but to me, Dickens is best known for his story of Oliver Twist. Now my wife is a pure undiluted Dickens Fan. Her current literary goal is to read all of his works and she has read just enough, that now she is full of it. She is slowly trying to convert me, but I stubbornly remain true to our own Horatio.

Next on the juvenile scene of any importance was William Taylor Adams (1822-1897) better known by his pen-name of Oliver Optic. Since he was only ten years younger than Dickens it is only natural to assume that he was a great fan of Dickens and no doubt became inspired to write about juvenile subjects himself, having perhaps read Oliver Twist at the age of sixteen or seventeen. There is perhaps no significance in the fact that he adopted the pen-name of Oliver Optic. He did write many stories with very little variation in his subject matter. At one time in my early childhood I was an Optic Fan and his books shared equal space on my bookshelves. In the near past I had been fortunate enough to accumulate again most of his published books, but not being able to find anyone with a similar interest, I abandoned my own interest in favor of Alger.

Horatio was only ten years younger than Adams, since we know for a fact now that his life span was (1832-1899) and from historical references and biographical sketches, I have learned that he was an admirer of both Dickens and Adams. All three of these famous men lived in the same Era and it can be reasonably assumed that they were personally acquainted. Many of the story titles used by Adams and Alger were so similar that only the well informed could identify the author without additional information. In fact each author is credited with a title which is identical and that is WORK AND WIN. I have no information which story was actually written first. I do know that Alger's story by this title was first published by GOLDEN ARGOSY in 1884.

Of course Alger succeeded in turning the heads and interests of many publishers to the juvenile field. He continued to hold their interests beyond his death and well into the next century. There was an Era when the reading of his stories were discouraged and withheld as undesirable material. Fragments of this Era still exists, for I hear evidence almost each day, yet their crusade was unsuccessful for the sparks of supposedly dying embers have come to life. It may be true that publishers have lost interest in the financial aspect and allowed all copy-

rights to expire. It is reasonable to assume that while Alger lived, no other juvenile writer was foolish enough to attempt competition.

Edward Stratemeyer (1862-1930) being thirty seven years of age at Alger's death, made the attempt and eventually became successful with pen-names galore, some of the better known names being: Arthur M. Winfield (Rover Boys Series); Victor Appleton, (Tom Swift Series); Allen Chapman, (Railroad Series); Clarence Young, (Motor Boys) and Frank V. Webster, with an assortment of interesting titles. I have had and still have a sampling of these well known juvenile stories.

Howard R. Garis (1873-1962) also became well known in the juvenile stories, perhaps better known for his UNCLE WIGGLY Series. He also enlisted the aid of his wife Lillian and his children Roger and Cleo.

These five well known juvenile writers are now deceased and with the exception of their heirs, there is no one on the horizon today to reclaim the juvenile interests..

Occasionally the name of Horatio Alger gets into newsprint. Feature writers who have rediscovered Horatio Alger's fame are assisting us to keep his memory alive by quoting reference material and acknowledging their childhood interests but rarely will they openly acknowledge a current interest when contacted.

Once in a while, Alger's name will appear in support of an advertisement. Recently I was sent a full page ad which appeared on page five of Advertising Age in the September 9th issue wherein Alger was credited with the book-title of FOUND TO SUCCEED. This was an honest mistake and could be expected from the uninformed with a lack of proper reference material. I was sure that the credit was in error, but I could not identify the author without use of reference material. At first I thought of Optic but found the title is credited to Allen Chapman.

Like the above, most of the oddities come to me from you readers and makes interesting reading material and I urge you to continue to do so.

There is a wide variety of desirable publishers of reprints and reissues of Alger titles. Most all reprints and reissues of the later vintage are of the same size however the early editions are easily recognized by their size which is smaller than the later vintage. Loring and the Porter & Cortes are easily recognized due to their size.

I have found too, that the printed portion of a page in either the early or later vintage can easily be covered with a common postal card. The kind that you buy from the post office and the size is three and a quarter by five and one half.

CHAPTER X THE POSTOFFICE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

It is Monday morning, October 22, 1894 and a week has passed since the meeting which decided who would be the new postmaster of Algerton. The Squire having submitted the name of Carl Harris to the Postal Officials in Washington, received an acknowledgement and approval of his request. He was instructed to prepare for the arrival by train on Saturday afternoon of a representative of the Department. He was advised that President Cleveland, Postmaster General Bissell and other department officials including the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, who usually attended to such matters, were attending a political rally in Buffalo, the President's home town, due to the coming State elections on November 6th, and that George Cortelyou, private secretary to the Fourth Assistant PMG had been assigned to administer the oath of office.

Carl took the oath of office as given by this department official in the presence of the Squire, Mr. Jamieson and our hero Carey. Carl had previously told the Squire that he was known in Washington, but if he was recognized, there was no evidence of it, however, Mr. Cortelyou had only been on his present assignment for a little over a year. Carl instructed Carey to attend to the security and preparation of the mail as he had done previously. Carl was to handle all sales and be accountable for all money and stamps. Carl came in just as Carey was preparing to open the service window for the distribution of mail to the waiting patrons. Carl opened the stamp window and they were ready for business. After the morning rush was over, Judge Dixon appeared. Although he was courteous to Carl, he seemed to Carey to be a bit reserved and turned his attention to Carey.

"I will be leaving Algerton on the next train going east and before leaving I did want to assure you again that I wish to be considered a friend on whom you may call when necessary. Quite naturally I hope that it will never be necessary because of your finances, for I hope that you will prosper; but there may be times when you will need advise or counsel."

Although his remarks were meant for Carey, he made no attempt to conceal his words from Carl. Carey thought he detected a quick glance in Carl's direction while he was talking.

"Thank you Judge Dixon," said Carey, "I have a wealth of friends, but I hope it will never be necessary to use them. I hope that I shall be able to take my father's place in providing for my family. At least I shall welcome the chance."

"Good bye then and remember, if you are ever in Albany, I shall want you to call upon me."

"Good bye, I will promise that."

After Judge Dixon departed, Mr. Jamieson

entered and greeted Carl and Carey very cordially, but Carey again detected a reserved atmosphere when speaking in the presence of Carl. Perhaps it was only because Carl was new and his sincerity must be tried before being trusted. He tried to speak confidentially and with a low voice.

"Carey, I wish to see your mother when convenient. Would it be possible to see her this morning?"

"Yes, I am sure that she will be glad to see you. Ethel and Michael will soon be on their way to school and then she will be able to talk with you."

"You knew Carey, that your father left most of his legal affairs in my care, didn't you?"

"Yes, I have heard him mention it. I have not pressed you for information for I knew that you would consult with us when the proper time came."

"Your father's life insurance will only take care of his burial expenses. It was designed to do this and nothing more."

"Father was very considerate to provide for us in this manner. I am thankful for a thoughtful father."

"But you have an unpaid mortgage on your home?" he inquired.

"Yes, I know."

"The Squire holds the mortgage?"

"Yes."

"I shall want to see it. I shall try and obtain it and the title of your property from the Squire today."

"The Squire offered to provide us with the shelter of his roof when we default in payment."

"How kind!" he remarked, "When is the next payment due?"

"On November fifteenth."

"How much is due?"

"One hundred dollars plus the interest."

"Do you have any savings to meet this payment?"

"Father was allowed to compensate himself from the sales of stamps every three months and he laid aside twenty five dollars each time for this purpose."

"Then you have the necessary amount to meet the next payment?"

"Not enough. The expense of the doctor, medicine and a new outfit for him was paid from this fund."

"I see, and with your earnings cut here, it will be difficult, won't it?"

"It will be difficult, but I am hopeful that a way will be provided for us."

"With your courage I am sure that your family need not worry. Well, I will visit your mother now," he said as he departed.

Linda Lacey was the next person to enter.

"Well, good morning, Linda, what can I do for you?" asked Carey.

"Mother sent me to buy some stamps," she said as she laid a knotted handkerchief upon the window ledge.

"And I suppose your money is tied up in this handkerchief," said Carey as he opened the knots.

"Yes, mother was afraid that I would lose it."

"Well, it's a good idea; It would be much easier to find a handkerchief with coins wrapped up inside, than find the loose coins, wouldn't it?" asked Carey.

"I guess so, I never thought of it that way before," said Linda.

"You have twelve cents here, Linda, what kind of stamps do you want?"

"I want six one-cent stamps and three two-cent stamps please," she replied.

"Do you want the pretty ones or the plain ones, Linda?"

"I don't know, mother didn't say."

"Then I'll give you the pretty ones, they have pictures of Columbus discovering America, you know."

"Oh."

Carey turned the money over to Carl in exchange for the necessary stamps and tied them loosely in Linda's handkerchief.

"Carey?"

"Yes, Linda?"

"Would there be a letter for me?"

"Why? Are you expecting a letter today?" said Carey, teasing her.

"It's my birthday today," she replied, blushing a little.

"Your birthday? How old are you today, Linda?"

"Nine."

"Congratulations Linda, I'll see if anyone has written to you. Yes, here is a letter addressed to you and postmarked from Algerton and I think I recognize the handwriting. Do you recognize it Linda?"

"I think it's from Michael," she said, blushing again.

"That's what I think too. Well, happy birthday Linda. Now you had better hurry back home or you will be late for school."

"Thank you," she said as she left, proudly displaying the letter which had her own name upon it.

With Carl present, Carey no longer had to close the office when school-time came as Carl took charge. Although his earnings would be reduced, he would be able to continue at school at least for the present. Carey was among the last to enter the school building but Flint had also timed his arrival to meet up with Carey when he came.

"Well," said Flint, "Have you swept out the office and dusted off all the mail, already this morning?"

"The labourer is worthy of his hire," said Carey, deciding that the question did not deserve a direct answer.

"Then come over to my house this evening and I will hire you to do some labouring for me," sneered Flint.

"Thank you," said Carey, biting his lip, "Perhaps I could help you with your manners."

The school day was routine, even to the sneering remarks of Flint, but seasoned with kind words from his many friends. With the school day over and the office closed for the night, Carey spent a little while at the wood-pile in the early

darkness of the evening before his home study period.

"Well mother, did Mr. Jamieson call on you today?"

"Yes, Carey, he said he had talked with you. I am thankful that you are familiar with such matters."

"But Mr. Jamieson has promised to counsel us. Did he mention the mortgage and a way to meet the payment?"

"Yes, and he says that his wife could use some help around the house especially with her sewing. He says she can hardly thread a needle, and as long as my eyes hold out, sewing is something I enjoy doing."

"But mother, I dread the thought of you having to do extra work to provide for us."

"It will be for only three hours each afternoon during school days. It will help to pass the time especially now that your father is gone."

"Then is it all settled? Are you determined to do this?"

"Yes, it is all settled. I am to receive five dollars a week."

"How much will you receive, Carey?" asked Ethel who had been listening.

"Carl has not discussed this with me yet, however, I am sure that he will be fair, as he promised at the election to share our earnings."

"Have you no idea?" asked Ethel curiously.

"It will depend upon the sales of stamps. In the last year, stamp sales were above normal because of the Columbus stamps. People are buying them to save. Father's compensation amounted to about two hundred and fifty dollars for each quarter of a year, or almost twenty dollars for each week and Mr. Harris will no doubt share this amount equally with me."

"Then our income has been reduced by about twenty five percent," said Michael, looking up from his studies.

"That is right, Michael," said Carey, "You are very good in numbers."

"We are learning about percentages in our numbers class now," said Michael.

"By the way Michael, Belinda Lacey was in the post office this morning. It's her birthday today," said Carey.

"Is it?" said Michael, blushing and lowering his head to hide his embarrassment.

"Yes, and she is the same age as you, only a few weeks younger." Said Ethel, desiring to add to the teasing.

"Carey?" asked Michael, trying to change the subject

"Yes, Michael?"

"How did Algerton get it's name?"

"Better ask your sister. She's the history scholar around here."

"Do you know, Ethel?" asked her mother who was as interested as her son.

"I think I do. I didn't read it in any history book, but there is a story being told that a man named Alger settled here along the creek which was necessary for his cattle and other live stock." said Ethel proudly.

"Where was he from?" asked Carey who was getting interested.