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January 1965

A newsletter

(Non--profit)

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Kalamazoo, Michigan
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HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY "NEWSBOY" AWARD
This award is one of our newest projects, and an attempt has been made to conceal it from the members until an appropriate date. No better date of course, than an anniversary of Horatio Alger's birthday, January 13th, could be selected. It is designed to be an annual award, if a recipient can be found. The unnamed committee, acting in behalf of the entire Society membership financed the project with personal funds. The description of the award is a plaque of bronze lettering on a hardwood base. The committee, after due consideration of other published work of similar nature in the year of 1964, had little difficulty in arriving at their final conclusion as follows:

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
1964 NEWSBOY AWARD

is presented to
RALPH D. GARDNER
for his published work in the
Hero Fiction Field
entitled:

HORATIO ALGER, OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA
PUBLISHED BY VAYSIDE PRESS

The presentation was made by our National Chairman, Edward G. Levy, before he left for a winter tour of the sunny southland. We are most happy with the selection the committee has made in our behalf. Our congratulations are hereby extended to the recipient, and our thanks to the committee for a job well done! While Ralph's book was still in the book-binding stage, many of our subscribers placing orders up to that time, received specially autographed copies. Such copies are no longer available, however, Ralph is scheduled at our Mendota Affair of Partic'lar Friends, and if you will bring your book with you, he will do the honors. May 21-22nd. He will have the plaque with him, and it will be on display. Your editor is seriously considering issuing newly designed Society membership cards and Partic'lar Friends lapel pins to those in attendance. Mr. Butler would like definite commitments from those planning to attend for banquet reservation purposes. This will be an entire family affair. Overnight accommodations at the KAKUSHA MOTEL is recommended. Make your own reservations and choice of rooms. Don't be satisfied to read about it..PLEASE see about it! COME!

HORATIO ALGER'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY
Few people will little note, observe, or place special emphasis on January 13th, except for Partic'lar Friends of Horatio Alger Jr. Though his name is mentioned in the news occasionally, and sometimes in a complimentary tone---too often it is mentioned by critics who take a dim view of his principles. It is high time that we adopt some principles and a creed of our own. I recommend the following creed for our adoption:

1. Preserve the good name of Horatio Alger.
2. Promote the welfare of our Society.
3. Create good will among Society members.

Our Society is growing slowly, but steadily. The enthusiastic interest shown in our Society is heartening. On the strength of such displayed interest I have made two new appointments effective immediately.

Carl T. Hartmann, PF-102 Northern States
4907 Allison Drive, (Representative.
Lansing, Michigan 48910

Walter P. Larson, PF-111 Western States
3033 Craig Drive, (Representative.
Salt Lake City, Utah

You will note that we have added a new State and that I have converted (S-000) numbers to PF-000 numbers.

On the local scene, my Alger exhibit at the Kalamazoo Public Museum has been delayed to coincide with the anniversary of Alger's birthday. Through the courtesy of Alexis Praus, PF-081, 38 of my Alger books will be artistically displayed for an indefinite period. In support of this I have arranged local news releases, and Kenneth Butler and myself will appear on WKZO-TV at 1:00 P.M. Monday, January 11th. We shall also announce for local viewers, the "NEWSBOY" Award to Ralph D. Gardner. Enclosed with this newsletter is a specially prepared postal card (two cards may be enclosed in some cases. Please write a congratulatory message on the front side on the occasion of Alger's birthday anniversary, and mail on January 13th. IT MUST BEAR A JANUARY 13TH POSTMARK from your city or town. If you plan to be out of town, have someone mail it for you. These cards, when received, will be added to my museum exhibit. OVER 100 CARDS WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION!

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

Mr. Max Friedman, PF-001 T-62
732 Douglas Avenue,
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Mrs. Irene Gurman, PF-001A T-100 plus
23498 Parklawn,
Oak Park, Michigan 48237

Mr. Harry M. Boniece, PF-002 T-70 plus
8340 Marlowe Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan 48228

Mrs. Jean Steiner, PF-003 T-55
R2
Berkeley Springs, West Va. 25411

Mr. Edward G. Levy, PF-004 T-unknown
Pleasant Hill, Woodbridge,
New Haven, Conn. 06725

Miss Martha Harris, PF-005 T-unknown
Cunningham, Tennessee 37052

Mr. Kenneth B. Butler, PF-006 T-132
1325 Burlington Road,
Mendota, Illinois 61342

Mr. George L. Setman, PF-007 T-unknown
364 Milford Square Road,
Quakertown, Pa.

Mr. Max Goldberg, PF-008 T-unknown
728 Worcester Street,
Natick, Massachusetts 01762

Mr. Martin Gately, PF-009 T-unknown
472 Palisade Avenue,
Bogota, New Jersey.

Will Partic'lar Friends-011 through -020
please furnish me with title totals be-
fore February 1st.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Gilbert Gardner, PF-108
920 Castle Point Terrace,
Hoboken, New Jersey

Mr. Eli L. Levinsohn, PF-109
1051 Sherburne Avenue,
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55104

Mr. Paul E. Stone, PF-110 T-35 plus
R2
Bristol, Tennessee

Mr. Walter P. Larson, PF-111 T-23 plus
3033 Craig Drive,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Morris Olsen, PF-106 reports that he has
over 100 titles, and a wonderful story to
tell. To my knowledge he has the largest
collection in Massachusetts. Write to him
and he will be glad to hear from you. I
do not have available space for more.

Gilbert Gardner, no relation to Ralph, is
currently on the staff of the JERSEY JOUR-
NAL. He says Horatio was a friend of his
late paternal grandfather. He furnished

me with a complete and extensive run-down
of his background. He added that one of
Alger's many heroes (Bert) was named after
his Grandfather Herbert Lawson Gardner,
(1882-1947). Gilbert works with or for ?
Martin Gately, PF-009 who claims to have
over 300 Alger books.

Eli, PF-109 adds his support to our cause,
we will hear more from him later on.

Paul, PF-110 has about 35 Alger books and
is Principal of Vance Junior High in
Bristol. I hope to hear more from him
eventually.

Walter, PF-111 is a Ford Dealer in Salt
Lake City. He heard of us through Ralph
Gardner. He became inspired about Alger
just recently in a Sunday School Class
lesson. Wish I had the available space to
reprint his entire letter. His enthusiastic
interest inspired me to appoint him as our
Western States Representative.

Gilbert, PF-108 heard of us through Ralph
Gardner. Eli, PF-109 through William
Loomis, and Paul, PF-110 through Collectors
News. All are interested in building or
upgrading their Alger collections.

BOOKS FOR REVEREDonations

| | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| 28 Driven From Home | PF-104 |
| 29 Jed, The Poorhouse Boy | PF-104 |
| 30 The Store Boy | PF-104 |
| 31 The Young Musician | PF-104 |
| 32 Ben's Nugget | PF-106 |
| 33 Frank Fowler | PF-106 |
| 34 Joe's Luck | PF-106 |
| 35 Slow and Sure | PF-106 |
| 36 The Young Acrobat | PF-106 |

Morris Olsen, PF-106 delivered his books
in person and was very impressed with our
Alger book display. If you have an Alger
book to donate, check with me first. Avoid
duplication.

Contributions in lieu of membership and
subscription fees coming from the Eastern
States will be earmarked for the 1965
South Natick Alger Memorial Observance
expense of a wreath. We have one so far:

Item #1 Richard Lundsted, PF-097 \$2.00

RAGGED DICK FUNDContributions

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Previous balance reported | \$137.00 |
| Item #54 \$ 2.00 #61 \$ 2.00 | |
| 55 2.00 62 2.00 | |
| 56 2.00 63 2.00 | |
| 57 2.00 64 2.00 | |
| 58 2.00 65 2.00 | |
| 59 2.00 66 2.00 | |
| 60 4.00 | 28.00 |
| New balance: | \$165.00 |

My wife and I wish to acknowledge the many
cards and special remembrances we received
during the Christmas Season from our
Partic'lar Friends. We appreciate your
thoughtfulness. We thank you, and extend
our warmest regards for a prosperous and
Happy New Year and hope we shall be in-
vited to serve you throughout the year.

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Forrest Campbell, Editor.

A SNOWBALL FIGHT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.
--by Horatio Alger Jr.

The snow had fallen to the depth of six inches during the night, filling in the yards and covering the doorsteps throughout the town of Conway. Among those who hailed the arrival of the snow with joy was Frank Taylor, a boy of fourteen, the son of the Widow Taylor, who lived in a little tenement not far from the mill. Why he was glad to see the snow will soon appear.

Early in the morning he shoveled a path to the street, and then putting his shovel over his shoulder, said to his mother, "I'm going over to Squire Ashmead's to see if he doesn't want me to shovel paths in his yard."

"He's got a boy of his own," said Mrs. Taylor, "perhaps he will do it."

Frank laughed

"Sam Ashmead is proud and lazy," he said. "You won't catch him shoveling paths. I think I shall get the job. I want to earn something so that you need not sit all day sewing; it is too hard for you."

"I ought to think myself lucky to get employment at all," said the widow.

"I wish I could get steady work somewhere," said Frank, "but I've tried and tried, and it seems impossible."

"Willing hands will not want work long," said his mother.

"I hope not, mother. But I must be going, or somebody will get the start of me."

While Frank was on his way to Squire Ashmead's, a few words of explanation may be given. His mother had been a widow for two years; her husband had been a man of some education, having at times taught school, but he had never succeeded in laying up any money, and his widow was left almost penniless. Frank, who was a stout boy, and a good boy as well, had earned something by doing odd jobs, but had failed to obtain permanent employment. The burden of their joint support, therefore, was thrown upon his mother, who was very industrious with her needle, but was compelled to labor beyond her strength. All this troubled Frank, who felt that as a stout, strong boy he ought to bear at least half the expense.

In due time he reached Squire Ashmead's, and was glad to see that the snow remained undisturbed. He rang the bell, and asked if he might shovel the paths that were necessary. Squire Ashmead was absent in New York, to which city he had gone the morning previous on business; but his wife agreed to employ Frank.

He went to work with a will, and soon had a path dug from the front door to the gate. A path was also required from the back door to the stable, which was situated in the rear of the house.

This was quite a distance, and as Frank wished to do the work thoroughly, it required considerable time. He was about half through this portion of his task when a snowball whistled by his ear. Looking round quickly he saw Sam Ashmead standing at the corner of the house, engaged in making a fresh snowball.

"Don't fire any more snowballs, Sam Ashmead," said Frank.

"I shall if I please," said Sam.

"I haven't time to fire back now," said Frank. "Wait till I get through, and we'll have a match, if you like."

"But I don't like," said Sam, scornfully. "Do you think I would have a match with a beggar like you?"

"I am no beggar, Sam Ashmead," said Frank, "and if I were, I don't think I would beg of you."

"Oh, you're mighty proud," sneered Sam, "considering that you live in an old hut not half as good as our stable."

"Yes, I am poor, and I live in a poor house," said Frank, calmly; "but that isn't a crime that I know of. Some time I shall live in a better house, I hope."

So saying he went back to work, and began shoveling the snow vigorously. He did not anticipate any further attack from Sam, but in this he soon found himself mistaken. In the course of a minute he felt a pretty hard blow in the centre of his back, and looking round he saw Sam Ashmead laughing insolently.

"How does that feel?" asked Sam.

"That's the second snowball you've fired at me," said Frank, quietly; but there was a light in his eye as he spoke. "I advise you not to fire another, if you know what is good for yourself."

"So you threaten me, do you? Suppose I fire again, what's going to happen?" demanded Sam, with an unpleasant sneer.

"I think you will be sorry for it," said Frank.

Sam hesitated a moment, but only a moment. He was a year older than Frank, and larger of his age; certainly he ought to be a match for him. But he did not believe that Frank would have the audacity to touch him, the son of Squire Ashmead, the richest man in the village. He therefore deliberately made another snowball, and firing it, struck Frank in the back of his head. Frank no sooner felt the blow than he threw down his shovel and ran towards his assailant.

"Keep off, you beggar!" said Sam.

"It's too late," said Frank. "I warned you not to fire again."

Sam placed himself in an attitude of defiance, but found himself seized violently round the waist, and before he fairly knew what was going to happen he was lying in a snowbank with Frank standing over him. He struggled to his feet mad with rage, and "pitched into" Frank, as the boys express it, and endeavored to retaliate in kind. But Frank was watchful and wary, and evading the attack seized him again when his strength was half spent and Sam found himself once more occupying

Alger short story continued from page -3-

an involuntary bed in the snow. A third struggle resulted in the same way. Sam was furious, but he saw that Frank was more than a match for him. Just then a servant called out from the door, "Master Sam, your mother says it's time for you to be going to school."

To tell the truth, Sam was rather glad of the summons, as it gave him an excuse for retiring from the contest.

"I'll be even with you yet," he said, shaking his fist at Frank. "I'll let my father know how you insulted me, you young beggar."

"If anybody has been insulted I have," said Frank. "You must remember that you began it."

Sam scowled vindictively, and brushing the snow from his coat went into the house. Before Frank finished the path at the back of the house he was gone to school. Mrs. Ashmead sent out fifty cents to Frank for his morning's work, with which he went home well satisfied, wishing that he might earn as much every day. He wondered a little whether Sam would tell his father what had occurred between them. He did not speak of it to his mother, for she was nervous and would be troubled by it, as she received considerable work to do from the Ashmead family which she might fear would be taken away. On the afternoon of the next day, however, Frank received a note, which proved to come from Squire Ashmead. It ran as follows:-

"Frank Taylor:- Please call at my office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

"James Ashmead."

This note Frank thought best to show to his mother.

"What does it mean, Frank? have you any idea?" she asked.

Frank thereupon told her the story of his difficulty with Sam.

"It may be about that," he said.

"Oh, dear," said the widow, "I'm afraid he's very angry. I hope you will apologize, Frank."

"No, mother," said Frank, "I don't see why I should. I only defended myself from a bully. I should be ashamed to do anything else. I didn't hurt him and didn't intend to, but I wanted to teach him that he couldn't insult me without having to pay for it."

"I am afraid some harm will come of it," said the widow, anxiously.

"Don't trouble yourself, mother," said Frank soothingly. "If we only do what's right God will take care of us."

Still it was with some anxiety that Frank made his way the next morning to the office of Squire Ashmead. This gentleman was the agent of a large manufactory in the town, of which also he was a considerable owner, so that he received an income of over ten thousand dollars a year, which made him the most prominent and influential citizen in the town.

When Frank entered the office, Squire Ashmead was conversing with a stranger on business.

"Sit down," he said, turning to Frank. "I will be at leisure in a moment."

"Well," he said, after the stranger had departed, "Sam tells me you and he have had a little difficulty."

"Yes, sir," said Frank; "I should like to explain how it occurred."

"Very well; go on."

It will be unnecessary to give the explanation, as it was strictly in accordance with the facts.

"Do you blame me for what I did?" asked Frank, at the end.

"No, I do not," said the Squire. "Sam acted like a bully, and was properly punished. Let that pass. Now let me ask how you and your mother are getting along."

"Poorly, sir," said Frank. "If I could have steady work it would be different, but that I cannot get. It troubles me to see my mother work so hard all day; I think it is too much for her."

"How would you like to come into my office?"

Frank's eyes sparkled.

"I should think myself very lucky, sir, to get so good a chance."

"I want some boy whom I can trust, who can grow up to the business, and after a time relieve me of a portion of my cares. I would take Sam, but I am sorry to say, though he is my own son, that he would not answer my purpose. I have heard good accounts of you from your teacher and the people in the village. I will take you at a salary of six dollars a week, to be increased from time to time if you suit me. Can you come Monday morning?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank; "and I will do my best to give you satisfaction."

"Very well, my lad. Good-morning."

Frank left the office feeling as if his fortune were made. His mother, who was awaiting the result of the interview anxiously at home, was overwhelmed with astonishment at the unexpected good fortune of her son. Sam was disagreeably surprised, and tried to shake his father's resolution; but Squire Ashmead was a sensible man, and not to be moved.

Frank commenced his duties the next Monday. He was so faithful that he was rapidly advanced, and at twenty-one was receiving twelve hundred dollars a year. At twenty-five, on the sudden death of Squire Ashmead, he succeeded to his agency, and now lives with his mother in the mansion at which he once thought himself lucky to be permitted to shovel paths. As for Sam, he squandered the handsome property received from his father, and died at thirty from the effects of intemperate habits. THE END.

(Reproduced from BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, February, 1889. Vol. LXIX - No. 2.)

The short story reproduced next month will be THE KING AND ABBOT from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard, II

HELP! I will need more short stories for reproduction purposes in the April Issue!