



# Newsboy CLUB

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A newsletter

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5868 PILGRIM KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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. \*\*\*\*\*

Before we discard the June calendar, let us not forget the June brides. May all their troubles be little ones; and let us remember also, that our hero, Horatio, died July 18, 1899 at the age of 67 years. The interest in his books has survived him an almost equal length of time. Not only because of their monetary value, but because of their wide-spread appeal.

Gilbert Westgard, II who is stationed in Switzerland, is on a mission for his church. His current address was given in the May issue under changes of address. Gilbert's last letter was mailed from Chur, which is one of the oldest towns in Switzerland and he is presently living in a building which is over 200 years old. Gilbert has asked for the assignment as our foreign correspondent and has submitted his first editorial which not only is timely but expresses his allegiance to his native land while under the current circumstances.

### THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY by Gilbert Westgard, II

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign land?  
---Scott

To read these words while living in a foreign country, away from family and friends, makes one really think about the great privilege it is to be a citizen of the United States of America. I came across the above quote in a book by Edward Everett Hale entitled "The Man Without a Country." To anyone who has ever read this story, I am sure they put the book down with a much increased feeling of patriotism.

As Americans, we take many of our freedoms and opportunities for granted, merely because they are so numerous. Just live in another country for a couple of months and you will know how truly blessed you are to be able to proudly say, "I am an American!"

187 years ago, in Philadelphia, a group of men put their signatures to a document known as "The Declaration of Independ-

ence." Since that day, July 4, 1776, the ideals of freedom, and of opportunity, have been synonymous with America, and our American way of life.

Horatio Alger, Jr. wrote about the "freedom of opportunity," that distinguishes our nation from all others. Where else but in the free land of America, could a newsboy, or a boot-black, even dream of someday becoming a rich and influential citizen of his community? Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster and James A. Garfield were subjects of Horatio's pen. He portrayed them in his typical "rags to riches" style. Mr. Alger has been dead for 64 years, but his dream of America, Land of Opportunity lives on. It is our responsibility to see that the ideals that inspired him to write, will continue to inspire the youth of America with the "rags to riches" tradition, the saga of America; "Land of Opportunity!"

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Do you like Gilbert's style of writing? If so, write and tell him. A little praise may inspire him to contribute more material.

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The RAGGED DICK fund grew a little this month:

DONATION NO. 10	\$ 1.00
DONATION NO. 11	1.00
TOTAL ON DEPOSIT	\$14.00

This fund was designed to assist some unfortunate youth of our choice, to be a friend in need to some deserving boy, as was the case in most of the Alger stories. Donations are accepted and recorded in this manner to avoid embarrassment and without fanfare.

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I am still running into caches (large and small) of Alger books in my local area and I firmly believe that you can do the same if you work at it. I am going out on a limb and make an estimate that there are over 2,000 Alger books in Michigan, and if each state has that amount, that is a lot of books and you and I should be able to complete our collection without any trouble. I know that this figure is dwindling every day and many of them are in such poor condition that they have no market or trading value whatsoever!

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE

No. 72 Mr. Harold Morrison  
5110 Keyes Drive,  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

## BY STATES - continued from last month

Mr. George B. Clark  
P.O. Box 835  
Asbury Park, New Jersey

Mr. Martin Gately  
472 Palisade Avenue,  
Bogota, New Jersey

Mrs. Thelma Romanik  
Shewchanko Street,  
Millville, New Jersey

Mr. Henry G. Dammeyer  
3512 65th Street,  
Woodside 77, New York

Dr. Morton S. Enslin  
16 Prospect Street,  
Canton, New York (Sept. 15 to June 15)

Mr. Ralph Gardner  
135 Central Park West  
New York 23, New York

Mildred & Harry Newell  
ATWOOD TREASURE COVE,  
Box 315  
Stone Ridge, New York

Mr. Milton R. Salls  
Herkimer Home, R3  
Little Falls, New York

Mr. Leonard A. Sharrott  
1039 Grassmere Terrace,  
Far Rockaway 91, New York

Mr. Edwin Sommers  
RFD #1  
Prattsville, New York

Mr. Morris Teicher  
169 Blake Avenue,  
Brooklyn 12, New York

Mr. Keith H. Thompson  
164 South Country Road,  
Bellport, Long Island, New York

NOTES: I have had only a scattered response from the subscribers from the states mentioned above. PLEASE REMEMBER that the quality and success of this newsletter is dependent upon your responses. Your attitude in this matter only reflects your interest in the news letter and your failure to accept the benefits it has to offer.

Next month, Subscribers from the states of Ohio, Oregon and Pennsylvania will be listed. Please, may we hear of your successes and your adventures in the search for books to build your collection. Please share your interesting experiences with our readers and perhaps you can interest a friend in subscribing. Please note the postal code in my return address.

Mr. Morrison was in the process of moving when I made his acquaintance. His new address will be listed next month. Harold has wide interests in book collecting. He had accumulated some two dozen Alger books when the time came to pack their household goods and not being able to locate any interested person, sold them for waste among other surplus books, (it was then, that I made his acquaintance) and our local subscriber Max Friedman, who caters to Hobbyists and Collectors, is the new owner,--if he has not sold them with other old books. Harold's misfortune (in acting hastily) is Max's good fortune,--we hope. This points up the need of a newsletter to be shared by you and your local friends. It may be your neighbor that has the very book you need to complete your collection or at least close one of the gaps. Who knows?

Mr. Clark operates the Clark Cinema Service and is also interested in building up a film library of 8 & 16mm silent and sound films and would especially like to learn of any films pertaining to Alger titles.

Please note that Dr. Enslin is at his summer address now. Although he is one of the few that has most all titles in first editions, he is as anxious as you or I to add to his collection.

Ralph Gardner without a doubt is the name best known in the Alger collecting field, yet he too wants and needs more books, especially in the first editions.

Milton Salls keeps in touch with me regularly and faithfully keeps me advised as to how many titles he has currently (at present he has 113 titles) and informs me of clippings of Alger in the news and a critic of the story supplement. Milton also has some duplicate titles which make me drool with envy and inspires me to go out there and hunt, hunt, hunt!"

Morris Teicher is another faithful correspondent and this month, he tells us a bit about himself: First, he is not enjoying good health, is single and in his forties. Has been collecting Alger for about five years. Forced to sell to keep up with his medical expenses. He has lived in Brooklyn and New York all his life and at the age of 17, he was a 'Wall Street Runner', and he says he knew the street like a book. He got interested in Wall street stories, like the Horatio Alger variety. Wall street was in the news lately with a human interest story--The last building which could be classified as a residence is being torn down. It was an 18th century building which must step aside for 20th century progress. Wall street is short and narrow and perhaps a bit crooked, but I do not mean dishonest, I mean, not straight. Wall Street begins at Broadway, opposite Trinity Church and perhaps extends as far east as East River. The New York Street numbering system is quite different from other city street numbering systems since only ten digits are assigned to one city block and gets quite complicated without a formula. To find Ralph Gardner's location; drop last digit, add 60 (for Central Park) and you come up with a location of somewhere near Seventy Third street. Right? Ralph!

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued  
from last month:

- DEAN DUNHAM 1891  
Hero - Dean Dunham; Same story as:  
(none reported) And remember that Kenneth Butler's GLIDDEN TOUR of antique automobiles will be held in the Finger Lakes region of New York state during the week of September 22-28th. Ken expects to drive his 1917 Roamer from Mendota, Illinois all the way to the finish line! We're pulling for you Ken, and will push a little, --if necessary.
- DEBT OF HONOR, A 1900  
Hero - Gerald Lane; Same story as:  
(none reported) I just received a long letter from Gilbert, who is in Switzerland; He praises the results of the research done by Max Goldberg and thinks we should set the various encyclopaedia publishers straight regarding the correct birth of Horatio Alger Jr. He asks, "How did the 1834 date get started?" Max says, "Birth records were kept as early as 1832 but not by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The original records were kept by the Town of City Clerk. Vital statistics have only been required by the Commonwealth (Mass.) since 1841." Max has furnished much detail and spared no expense for which we thank him very much! My guess regarding the 1834 date stems from early illegible handwritten records.
- DIGGING FOR GOLD 1892  
Hero - Grant Colburn; Same story as:  
(none reported) Just a few lines about Horatio's early publishers: The available records show that starting with FRANK'S CAMPAIGN, which was published in 1864 by A.K. Loring, he published 36 of Alger's books almost without interruption. There are a few possible exceptions to this statement, for we know that Horatio wrote for Periodicals and also under a pen-name. Max Goldberg mentions three titles (1) The Veiled Mirror, (2) Three Games at Chess, and (3) Double Elopement. I have found in a John W. Lovell publication, 1887, evidence that they could furnish NUMBER 91 and TOM TRACY, written by Arthur Lee Putnam. The Lovell Concern was succeeded by the United States Book Company in 1890 and was preceded by 20 Publishing Firms who formed the Lovell Company in 1878. Loring's last Alger book was published in 1880. In your search for books published by Lovell, do not look for the familiar Alger spine. My copy of Lovell's publication is an Oxford Edition and is tan in color with an unidentified animal in the center.
- DO AND DARE 1884  
Hero - Herbert Carr; Same story as:  
(none reported) (a reprint)
- DRIVEN FROM HOME (a reprint)  
Hero - Carl Crawford; Same story as:  
The Odds Against Him
- ERIE TRAIN BOY, THE 1891  
Hero - Fred Fenton; Same story as:  
(none reported)
- ERRAND BOY, THE 1888  
Hero - Philip Brent; Same story as:  
(none reported)
- FACING THE WORLD 1893  
Hero - Harry Vane; This story has a sequel:  
Harry Vane, or In A New World
- FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE 1900  
Hero - Robert Frost; This story is a sequel  
to: Out For Business
- FAME AND FORTUNE 1868  
Hero - Richard Hunter; This story is a  
sequel to: Ragged Dick
- FINDING A FORTUNE 1904  
Hero - Harry Gilbert; Same story as:  
The Tin Box
- FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS 1890  
Hero - Bert Barton; Same story as:  
Jacob Marlowe's Secret (and) \$500.00 Check
- FORGING AHEAD 1903  
Hero - Andy Gordon; Same story as:  
Andy Gordon (which is a reprint)
- FRANK AND FEARLESS 1897  
Hero - Jasper Kent; Same story as:  
(none reported)
- FRANK FOWLER 1887  
Hero - Frank Fowler; Same story as:  
The Cash Boy
- FRANK HUNTER'S PERIL 1896  
Hero - Frank Hunter; Same story as:  
(none reported)
- FRANK'S CAMPAIGN 1864  
Hero - Frank Frost; Same story as:  
(none reported)
- FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT 1881  
Hero - James A. Garfield; Same story as:  
(none reported)

Continued next month - Please notify me if you know of any additions or corrections that should be made.

I have just heard a flash on television that the Big Air-Show to be held in Kalamazoo on August 17 & 18th will be the biggest to be held in the United States this year!

And remember that Kenneth Butler's GLIDDEN TOUR of antique automobiles will be held in the Finger Lakes region of New York state during the week of September 22-28th. Ken expects to drive his 1917 Roamer from Mendota, Illinois all the way to the finish line! We're pulling for you Ken, and will push a little, --if necessary.

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COMMENTS ON THE STORY SUPPLEMENT - The Young Postmaster. Squire Campbell is experiencing a bit of opposition which he knew existed in choosing a new postmaster. His nomination does not seem to be 'in the bag' or a push over to get Dirk Bledsoe in the good graces of the people of Alger-ton. The Squire and Alfred Jamieson took up so much space with their speeches that I am forced to extend the recording of this meeting into another chapter. The Squire has promised the title to Dirk and the Squire even has me over a barrell and I must use what little influence I have to assist the Squire to sway the good people over to the selection of Dirk, alias Carl Harris. READ HOW IT ALL COMES ABOUT IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT by Mrs. Helen Campbell, (Published 1892) Chapter IV NEW YORK NEWSBOYS, continued (quote).

## PART 5

He must be well made, of good stock, never disposed to steal apples or pelt cattle, using language of perfect propriety, fond of making fires at daylight, and delighting in family-worship and prayer-meetings more than in fishing or skating.

The defects of the first plan of emigration were speedily developed, and another and more practicable one inaugurated which has since been followed. Companies of boys are formed, and after thoroughly cleaning and clothing them, they are put under a competent agent and distributed among the farmers, the utmost care being taken to select good homes for all. The parties are usually made up from the brightest and most deserving, though often one picked up in the street tells a story so pitiful and so true that he is included. Once a dirty little fellow presented himself to the Superintendent. "Please, sir, I'm an orphan, an' I want a home!" The Superintendent eyed him carefully; He saw, amid his rags, a neatly-sewed patch, and noted that his naked feet were too white for a "bummer." He took him to the inner office.

"My boy! Where do you live? Where's your father?"

"Please, sir, I don't live nowhere, an' I hain't got no father, an' me mither's dead!"

Then followed a long and touching story of his orphanage, the tears flowing down his cheeks. The bystanders were almost melted themselves. Not so the Superintendent. Grasping the boy by the shoulder,

"Where's your mother, I say?"

"Oh, dear, I'm a poor orphan, an' I hain't got no mother."

"Where is your mother, I say? Where do you live? I give you just three minutes to tell, and then if you do not, I shall hand you over to the police."

The Lad yeilded, his true story was told, and a runaway restored to his family. An average of three thousand a year is sent to the West, many of whom are formally adopted. A volume would not suffice for the letters that come back, or the strange experiences of many a boy who under the new influences grows into an honored citizen.

The stranger in New York can hardly find a more interesting sight than the gymnasium or schoolroom through the week, or the crowded Sunday night meeting, where the singing is always a fascinating part of the programme. Thanksgiving Day, with its dinner, is no less amusing and suggestive. The boys watch all visitors and know by instinct how far they are in sympathy with them. They call loudly for talk from anyone whose face appeals to them. Often they make speeches on their own account. Here is a specimen taken down by a stenographer who had been

given a dark corner at the end of the room and thus was not suspected by the boys.

Mr. Brace, whose appearance always called out applause, had brought down some friends, and after one or two of them had spoken, he said,

"Boys, I want my friends to see that you have some talkers amongst yourselves. Whom do you choose for your speaker?"

"Paddy, Paddy!" they shouted. "Come out, Paddy, an' show yerself."

Paddy came forward and mounted a stool; A youngster not more than twelve, with little round eyes, a short nose profusely freckled, and a lithe form full of fun.

"Bummers," he began, "Snoozers, and citizens, I've come down here among yer to talk to yer a little. Me an' me friend Brace have come to see how ye're gittin' along an' to advise yer. You fellers w'at stands at the shops with yer noses over the railin', a smellin' of the roast beef an' hash, --you fellers who's got no home, --think of it, how are we to encourage yer. (Derisive laughter, and various kinds of applause,) I say bummers, for ye're all bummers, (in a tone of kind patronage,) I was a bummer once meself. (Great laughter.) I hate to see yer spending yer money for penny icecreams an' bad cigars. Why don't yer save yer money? You feller without no boots over there, How would you like a new pair, eh? (Laughter from all the boys but the one addressed.) Well, I hope you may get 'em. Rayther think you won't. I have hopes for yer all. I want yer to grow up to be rich men, --citizens, gover'ment men, lawyers, ginerals, an' infloence men. Well, boys, I'll tell yer a story. Me dad was a hard un. One beautiful day he went on a spree, an' he come home an' told me, where's yer mother? an' I axed him I didn't know, an' he clipped me over the head with an iron pot an' knocked me down, an' me mother drapped in on him an' at it they wint. (hi-hi's and demonstrative applause.) An' at it they wint agin, an' at it they kept; ye should have seen 'em, an' whilst they were a fightin' I slipped meself out o' the back dure an' away I wint like a scart dog. Well, boys, I wint on till I come to a Home; (great laughter among the boys) an' they tuk me in, (renewed laughter) an' thin I ran away, an' here I am. Now, boys, be good, mind yer mammers, copy me, an' see what ye'll become."

A boy who wished to advocate the claims of the West, to which he was soon to go with a party sent out from the Children's Aid Society, made a long speech, a paragraph of which will show the sense of humor which seems to be the common property of all.

"Do ye want to be newsboys always, an' shoeblacks, an, timber merchants in a small way sellin' matches? If ye do, ye'll stay in New York; but if ye don't, ye'll go out west an' begin to be farmers, for the beginning of a farmer, me boys, is the makin' of a Congressman an' a President. Do ye want to be rowdies an' loafers an' shoulder-hitters? If ye do, why, thin, ye can keep around these diggins. Do ye want to be gintlemin an' independent citizens? Ye do? Thin make tracks for the West.

CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

## CHAPTER VII THE SQUIRE CALLS A MEETING

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

At this point, the reader has learned very little of the past life of Squire Cambell. In the first chapter, it was revealed that he might be from New York City about the time of the Wall Street Panic in 1884. Since his arrival in Algerton, the villagers have learned nothing and only because of the arrival of Dirk Bledsoe, alias Carl Harris, has the Squire been disturbed. The reader knows that because of Dirk's connection with his past, the Squire has been forced to yield to his demands or be exposed; This revelation to the reader has not yet been made public in Algerton. The Squire has offered the title of Postmaster to Dirk in payment for his silence regarding his past.

The Squire had made arrangements for the use of the opera house to hold the meeting in which a new postmaster would be nominated. The Squire having already sent in Dirk's name, is obligated to use his influence upon the good people of Algerton and cause them to select a stranger to them as their choice and agreeable to all the residents of Algerton.

The residents of the village and of the rural areas began to gather in front of the opera house at an early hour. Darkness had fallen and the evening was warm; The early-comers formed two groups in the fringe of light furnished by the illuminated entranceway. The two groups were isolated from each other because of their different viewpoints and according to their degree of allegiance to the Squire. One such group could be identified as being obligated and indebted to the Squire and dared not question his commands. The other group although obligated to some degree, dared to demand justice which set them apart and identified them as a group to be reckoned with.

As the hour of the meeting approached, the two groups broke up and moved inside. The Squire had not yet arrived, which was his custom since he had learned that early arrivals meant advanced opinions and requests for favoritism from his puppets and only with the protection provided with an assemblage of people did he feel secure from such solicitation. Actually, the Squire was detained at home by the arrival of Dirk Bledsoe under the cover of darkness. The Squire and Dirk were in conference as Dirk wished last minute assurance and instruction as to what was expected of him. The Squire assured him that he had a plan of action and requested only that Dirk be present at the meeting but remain silent until he was introduced and called upon to speak. The Squire then urged Dirk to proceed to the meeting place alone that no one might suspect in advance as to the connection between them. Dirk then left with this last minute word of warning, "I'll see you, Skin."

The auditorium of the opera house was of sufficient size to seat over 300 people. Most seats were already taken.

N. Y. Several people were standing in the aisles and looking for empty seats. Outside, the crowd had been orderly and had spoken softly and in a serious vein but due to the atmosphere of gayety in the decorations of the auditorium, their conversation quickly changed to a 'devil-may-care' mood. The walls resounded with a mumble of voices, yet no single word was distinct and understandable. Carey, our hero came in with Judge Dixon and they had found seats near the center aisle. Several people had stopped to pay their respects to Carey and to acknowledge the dignified gentleman who sat beside him.

The stage had been cleared of unnecessary props and advertising back-drops and was furnished only with a speaker's table and two chairs. The stage was well lighted from the foot-lights but the auditorium was in a soft semi-darkness. The Squire came on stage from the wings following his co-chairman and manager of the opera house, Miss Fisher, who was introduced in the last chapter. Miss Fisher seated herself and the Squire stood before the speaker's table and rapped for order. The room became silent and orderly. The Squire clears his throat, surveys the room with a glance, smiles and begins to speak.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and loyal Citizens of our fair village, we are here tonight for one purpose and that is to select a replacement for the office of postmaster which is vacated because of the untimely death of our beloved and honored citizen of Algerton, Mr. Thornton Churchill, who was a faithful servant to the good people of our community and he shall surely be missed by one and all as well as his widow and little children who are now dependent upon our mercy and care. Naturally, you good people will see to it that they receive adequate food and shelter." There was a murmur of voices heard which might have generated into remarks of objection from the audience, if the Squire had not rapped for silence. The Squire continued, "I know that you will brand me as a heartless person who would ask a destitute person to share with us, their crust of bread, but we have a job to do and we should not let our hearts over-rule our heads in this matter. I will now turn the gavel of authority over to Miss Fisher who will ask for nominations. I reserve the right to speak and be heard. Ladies and Gentlemen, your co-chairman, Miss Fisher."

The Squire bowed to Miss Fisher and handed her the gavel. Miss Fisher took the gavel with the agility of one who held in her hand, a deadly weapon and dared anyone to speak out of turn. She stepped to the table and laid the gavel down softly but kept her hand within easy reach, just in case she needed it in a hurry.

"I shall act as my own parliamentarian," she began, "and a two-thirds majority vote will be necessary to elect the man of your choice, only men of legal age may vote of course, and I shall have no voice nor vote."

"I now declare the nominations open for the office of postmaster. Supporting nominations and remarks will be permitted but will not be mandatory."

"Madam Chairman, I nominate—"

"State your name and be recognized," interrupted Miss Fisher.

"Simpson, Jacob Simpson—"

"The Chair recognizes Jacob Simpson."

"Madam Chairman, it is my pleasure to nominate Algerton's leading citizen, Mortimer S. Campbell, Senior and Esquire!"

"The Chair recognizes the nomination of Mortimer S. Campbell, Senior. Do you wish to accept the nomination? Squire Campbell."

"Speech! Speech!"

The Squire beamed his approval and was about to rise, but was interrupted.

"Madam Chairman, may I address the Chair?"

"You are out of order; The Squire is about to make a statement."

"But I wish to support the nomination! State your name and be recognized."

"Hall, Stephen Hall—"

"The Chair recognizes Stephen Hall for the purpose of supporting the nomination."

"Madam Chairman, it gives me great pleasure to support the nomination of our leading citizen. A born leader, and a man who came to us in a year when most of us did not know which way to turn. He shared with us, his knowledge of economics, he pulled us out of the mire, freed us from our difficulties and set us on our feet. Madam Chairman, I support the nomination of my good friend and yours, Squire Campbell!" After sitting down, there was an awkward silence, the Squire seemed to be waiting for a response or further support. Mr. Hall was also embarrassed with the silence and hearing no request to address the Chair, he sheepishly supplied the necessary cue of faintly clapping his hands to arouse the Campbell supporters into action. The cue was followed by a tremendous ovation and as the tumult died down, the Squire arose from his chair, proudly stepped to the table, bowed to Miss Fisher, who then sat down. The Squire took a sip of water and with an approving smile, began to speak.

"It is an honor indeed to be your first named choice for the office of postmaster. It makes me very happy to be the recipient of such a tremendous ovation. It confirms my belief, that I have made many friends. Although I am receptive to become your chosen servant as postmaster, and I hold you all in high esteem, I feel assured that any one of you are deserving of the honor and I sincerely hope that you too, will be nominated. There is no one that I would rather step aside for, than you. Madam Chairman, please do not allow the nominations to be closed until my friends have been given a chance to become nominated. Thank you."

There was another tremendous ovation, and Miss Fisher allowed the tumult to continue until it showed signs of weakening, then quickly rapped for order.

"Do I hear any further nominations?, Are there any further nominations?"

"Madam Chairman, I wish to make a nomination."

"State your name and be recognized."

"Alfred Jamieson."

"The Chair recognizes Alfred Jamieson for the purpose of making a nomination."

"Now that we have honored Squire Campbell with the first nomination as our choice for postmaster, which of course was expected of us, to register our respect for our leading citizen—"

The Squire looked at Miss Fisher and the slightest turning of his head in her direction, was cue enough for her to interrupt the remarks of Mr. Jamieson.

"Are you going to make a speech? Mr. Jamieson, or do you wish to make a nomination?"

"I assure you that I intend to make a nomination, but I prefer to make it in my own way. Now if I may be allowed to continue—"

The Squire had anticipated attempts to deflate the degree of his importance to the Villagers and had requested Miss Fisher to stop any such attempts. Miss Fisher, although being obligated to the Squire, was unsure of her ability to prevent Mr. Jamieson from speaking in the face of his experience in the practice of law. She registered evidence of her uncertainty as she spoke.

"Very well, Mr. Jamieson, proceed."

"I think," continued Mr. Jamieson, "that we should also honor the person who is most capable of serving us as postmaster and perhaps the least capable of providing food and shelter for—"

Mr. Jamieson's remarks were interrupted by a spontaneous ovation, equally as large as the Squire had received at its peak. The ovation grew in magnitude as it extended in length far beyond the ovation for the Squire. The Squire again turned his head toward Miss Fisher. Miss Fisher rapped the table with her gavel.

"Order! Order!" She commanded in a pleading voice which showed evidence of having lost control of the situation. The tumult finally receded and Mr. Jamieson continued, "I am not overlooking the financial condition of any of you, for these have been and are trying times for most of us including the family of our former postmaster who was a credit to our community and is deserving of our consideration. Many of you may secretly covet the title and additional income from this opening, yet you would step aside for one who needs the additional income the least of any of us and provide charity for the most deserving. Not one of you would prefer charity to making your own livelihood. Each of us could use more compensation in order that we might live more comfortably. Who among you would be more comfortable with the increased income, knowing that you have contributed not to the welfare, but to the discomfort of the rightful heirs to the title of Postmaster. Madam Chairman, I place in nomination, the name of one who is deserving of the office, our own and capable Carey Churchill!"