



Newsboy CLUB

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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. *****

This September morn, heralds the ending of summer and the beginning of school; The days are pleasant but the nights are cool! The much heralded Air-Show which was held (up) here last month, got off the ground under cloudy skies and cool, cool weather. The show, such as it was, seemed to be restricted to a closed circuit by airing it only over the grandstand. The only aerial activity seen from my back yard was a couple of pigeons. I think the rest must have been in the grandstands. A couple of balloons did show above the tree-tops, but I have heard of men being higher on a Saturday-night. Don Piccard, a world renowned balloonist, did experience unfortunate difficulties and has requested a return engagement soon. Oh well, I guess you can't keep a good man down!

This has been an eventful month on the local front with three new subscribers, a tremendous boost to the RAGGED DICK FUND, New ideas and exciting finds in bits of yesterday and -- a bit of sorrow, but best of all, your interesting letters.

RAGGED DICK FUND

Donation No. 12	\$ 1.00
Donation No. 13	25.00
Donation No. 14	<u>1.00</u>
Total on deposit	\$41.00

As usual, the contributions are recorded without fanfare or embarrassment to anyone. If you wish to contribute to the welfare of some under-privileged boy of the Alger hero type, of our choice, you may do so, as other subscribers have done.

Kenneth Butler reports that he has purchased a 'high-wheeler bicycle. I think it is the one-high-wheel variety, although I am not sure. Ken reports difficulty in mastering it. I have suggested seat belts and start now, Ken, and grow a handle-bar mustache to hide those missing two front teeth! The newest thing around here in bicycles is those high-fashioned handle-bars, but the most unpredictable things on bicycles now-a-days are the riders! Ken further reports that his Ford Depot Hack "took a third prize" at the meet at Dearborn, Michigan. Those of you in the Finger Lakes Region of New York State, remember Ken will be there with his 1917 Roamer! Please enroll now, to help push!

Just in case you have forgotten the date, it's the week of Sept. 22-28th.

One of my local sources of obtaining Alger books as well as other interesting items which help me piece together the memories of yesterday is the Antique Establishment of Eugehe and Emma Duffy, locally known as DUFFY'S. Their place of business is easily recognized along the highway by tourists by the visible acre-lot hillside which is dotted with yesterday's vehicles, including a horse drawn hearse. I was recently happily surprised to learn that they had in stock, several pairs of boys button shoes, still new and unworn, however a bit shop-worn as could be expected--after these years. I now am the proud owner of a pair which is the same size which our beloved RAGGED DICK might have worn, after he decided to spruce up a bit. The unhappy note about these new friends is that Mr. Duffy has just passed away after a lingering illness. We extend our sympathy, Mrs Duffy!

With all due respect to the Mr. Duffy mentioned above, I wish to mention another Mr. Duffy, who is perhaps a little better known on a national scale.

"Duffy, the owner, speakin', Archie, the manager, ain't here-- no more!"

Ed Gardner, nationally known as "Archie" to his radio and television fans, passed away recently at the age of 62.

Guess who is also writing an Alger-type story? Gilbert Westgard, of course! Without a doubt and without fear of contradiction, I say that Gilbert, at the age of 20 on Sept. 4, 1963 (too old to be a hero, but young enough to be a big brother to our future heroes) is the most enthusiastic Alger Fan on my mailing list, and someday when my penmanship becomes illegible, or stilled, Gilbert is the most eligible at this time to take-over. Gilbert has kept me well-supplied with material and new ideas. Due to his present location in Cambridge, Mass. he has already contacted out very good friend, Max Goldberg of Natick. (Max is not well, and is currently recuperating from an operation on his right hand) Max suggests and Gilbert approves that all the short stories and poems written by Horatio Alger, Jr. should be compiled together and published by and for the exclusive benefit of the NEWSBOY! A terrific idea!

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE LAST ISSUE

Mr. George F. Raviler, (S-77)
RURAL BOOK EXCHANGE,
230 East Burr Oak Street,
Athens, Michigan

Mr. John B. Doukas, Atty. (S-78)
133 West Cedar Street (office)
3531 Bronson Blvd., (residence)
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mr. Louis C. Foley, (S-79)
THE USUAL AND THE UNUSUAL IN BOOKS
1215 - 26th Street,
San Diego 2, California 92102

BY STATES - continued from last month

Mr. Judson S. Berry, (S-14)
714 West 5th Street,
Canton, South Dakota

Miss Martha Harris, (S-05)

Cunningham, Tennessee

Mrs. Kathryn Z. Walson, (S-49)
6017 Ashland Drive,
Nashville 12, Tennessee

Mrs. Ethel Walbridge, (S-18)
RFD
Cambridge, Vermont

George (S-77) who was mentioned last month in having exposed himself to the Alger bug is now a subscriber. George is a book collector of long standing and has a library which would be the envy of many of us. When turned loose in a bookshop, he seems to have a sixth sense, and seasoned with a bit of beginners luck -- as far as Algers go. George is especially interested in Michigan--his second love, his first being his currently invalid wife, of course. Our prayers are with you George and Oleta!

John (S-78) learned of the NEWSBOY by way of (S-77) and lost no time in getting on our mailing list. John is the one mentioned last month as interested in real old volumes. He can read four languages, good enough to get by and does not object to the language barrier. I found two volumes for him which were published in 1797 and recently while he was vacationing in the state of Maine, he found for me what turned out to be a first edition of BEN BRUCE. So you see, there are Alger books in your neighborhood and if you don't get them, the tourists will!

Louis (S-79) learned of the NEWSBOY by way of Mrs. Shirley Conlon (S-21) and after reading only one sample copy, sent in his subscription. Louis and I both thank you, Shirley. We are both pleased. Louis has just found some Alger books since becoming interested in the newsletter. He says he will sell-- after reading. He also claims to be the exclusive dealer for THE SAILORETTE by Fran Westfall, a do-it-yourself book for small boat owners. Also says his good wife collects everything, disposes of nothing! Then you're safe, Louis!

I have not heard from Judson (S-14) currently. He is a dealer and I know from past experiences that he buys books for resale.

Martha, (S-05) is the Librarian in the Cunningham High School, has an invalid mother and is devoting her life to her care. Martha has been a big help to me with her loyalty and support. She has 47 Alger titles. Regardless of our politics, Tennessee has lost a favorite son in Estes Kefauver and we all extend our sympathy to the state of Tennessee.

I have not heard from Kathryn (S-49) currently therefore I have no remarks. My sympathy however to you and other Tennesseans in your loss of Estes Kefauver. We have been in Nashville and we love it!

I have not heard from Ethel (S-18) currently either. I wish I would hear more from these outlying states. There must be interesting things happening in your states which we would like to hear about.

If I can't talk about you, then I am forced to talk about myself and that may get to be a bit boresome and I am sure that the readers would rather hear about you too! I want to remind you all to keep your local library in mind. People who do not know of our interest in Alger may turn in to the local Library, their unwanted and discarded books, thinking perhaps the Library can use them. Perhaps in many cases they can find a home for such books, but seldom on their own shelves. I have been very fortunate in my own local area to acquire many worthwhile books in this manner, seldom are they Algers, but good exchange material and surely of interest to someone.

I have also just acquired a dozen old magazines from the 1890 Era including a sampling of Harper's, Munsey, Leslie's Argosy, Pearson's and Vol. 1, No. 2 of THE SCRAP BOOK published by Munsey. I had hoped to find some Alger writings in them, but no luck. The advertisements are interesting and I was excited when I found a poem entitled NOTHING TO WEAR but does not seem to be written by Alger. Gilbert says he knows where he can buy a copy of NOTHING TO DO for \$150.00 and speaking of that kind of money reminds me that in our local area, one dollar bills of United States currency has turned up with pictures of President Kennedy and the First Lady pasted over the picture of George Washington. Did this make the news in your area?

The trail in our search for books, led us to Prairieville recently. We found no books but made new friends, (always sign the guest book and mention your hobby, as the next person to sign may be interested in your hobby) Ed and Alice Engel are experts in old-time music making equipment and also have a prized collection of horse-drawn fire equipment and accessories. In Hastings, we made new friends of Harold and Helen Houk who have traveled the length and breadth of our great nation before settling down in their VICTORIAN HOUSE, Helen, a bundle of energy, paints and is active in the LITTLE THEATRE.

HORATIO ALGER BOOK TITLES - continued from last month:

KIT WATSON'S TRIUMPH (a reprint)
 Hero - Kit Watson Same story as:
 The Young Acrobat

LESTER'S LUCK 1901
 Hero - Lester Gray Same story as:
 (none reported)

LOST AT SEA 1904
 Hero - Robert Roscoe Same story as:
 (none reported)

LUCK AND PLUCK 1869
 Hero - John Oakley Same story as:
 (See remarks)

LUKE WALTON 1889
 Hero - Luke Walton Same story as:
 (none reported)

MAKING HIS MARK 1901
 Hero - (unknown)
 Same story as: (none reported)

MAKING HIS WAY (a reprint)
 Hero - Frank Courtney Same story as:
 The World Before Him (

MARK MANNING'S MISSION 1905
 Hero - Mark Manning Same story as:
 (none reported)

MARK MASON (a reprint)
 Hero - Mark Mason Same story as:
 Mark Mason's Victory & Mark Mason's
 Triumph

MARK MASON'S VICTORY 1899
 Hero - Mark Mason Same story as:
 Mark Mason & Mark Mason's Triumph

MARK STANTON (Putnam) (paper-back) 1890
 Hero - Mark Stanton Same story as:
 (none reported)

MARK, THE MATCH BOY 1869
 Hero - Mark Manton, alias Mark Talbot,
 alias John Talbot. Same story as:
 (none reported)

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME (a reprint)
 Hero - Robert Raymond Same story as:
 Ralph Raymond's Heir

CORRECTION - The hero of the story, FROM FARM BOY TO SENATOR which was listed last month is: Daniel Webster. This information was supplied by Francis Lavender, Dr. Enslin, Milton Salls and Ed Mattson; Thank you, please continue to correct me when necessary.

Note: In my copy of Luck and Pluck, I note in the preface under dateline: New York, Nov. 8, 1869 quote: "Luck and Pluck" appeared as a serial story in the juvenile department of Ballou's Magazine for the year 1869--" unquote.

While in Hastings, Rachel, (my wife) and I found new friends in Marie Morgan and her husband when visiting their shop in looking for light-catchers. Mr. Morgan has a fine collection of colorful cruets.

Our search also led us to Paw Paw, where we met Mrs. Lita Petrie who has a fabulous collection of dolls. Mrs. Petrie is 73 and had no children of her own, however her husband was (deceased) equally famous in his own right as a music composer. His favorite subject was the sea. Two songs which were familiar to me were: Davey Jones Locker and Asleep in the Deep. Mrs. Petrie modestly says that her collection of 1000 dolls is not the largest in our United States, but she admits being an authority and has been asked to write a book. Her hobby began in 1918 when visiting the Barbara Frietchie Museum in Frederick-town Maryland. Since then, she just couldn't live without them. In the hour that we listened to her lecture and viewed with amazement, we learned a lot about dolls and their history. Perhaps the oldest which we were shown was a model of the head of St Sevra which dates back to bible-times. We saw dolls from miniature size to perhaps two feet in height. Many dolls represented an Era. We saw the Jenny Lind Doll; We saw the wooden doll which dates from the Eli Whitney Era and one fashioned after the likeness of Charlotte Corday who became well known for her notoriety during the French Revolution, when she was beheaded, in fact almost everyone was beheaded. (this one sent us to, our reference books). Whereby we are reminded that Dr. Guillotin himself was beheaded by his own invention. We learned of china, bisque, wax and papier mache dolls-- and before you inquire, I will say now that I did not see any Shirley Temple dolls. However, in my opinion, Lita (Mrs. Petrie) herself is a living doll!

So you see, you do not have to leave home to find adventure and interesting people. Being neighborly is an art. Are we losing it? Perhaps your own neighbor deserves your attention. We were surprised recently to read in our local paper that Betsy Palmer was home on a visit in Gobles! Only a couple of stone throws away.

To our new friends and readers of this newsletter, the story supplement goes out only to subscribers. The story supplement, is called "The Young Postmaster" and is an Alger-type story written by myself and is scheduled for 36 monthly installments. I have chosen to name the villain after myself, hence the reference to Squire Campbell occasionally. Subscribers on record as of December 31, 1963 will be sure to receive all chapters.

In the current chapter, the Squire has been defeated for the office of postmaster, but he was forced to plan it that way or be exposed for what he really is. What he did not plan on was losing the loyalty of the local people who are obligated to him and they may suffer dire consequences if they become too careless with his affections. Our hero, Carey, also has been forced to step aside in favor of a complete stranger, and although Carey has friends, he does not choose to accept charity and prefers to earn enough to provide for his family. Can Carey do this? Things are supposed to get worse before they get better. A mortgage held by the Squire will soon be due. Do you have a solution to assist Carey?

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

PART 7

Instances of this class of newsboys could be multiplied indefinitely. These are the absolute Bohemians of their kind, who prefer a doorway to a warm bed, and the sights of the streets any time and all the time to the simple restraints imposed by the lodging-houses.

The newsboy's life is filled with the hardest sort of work. His gains are not always in proportion, for he must begin often before light, huddling over the steam gratings at the printing-offices, and waiting for his share of the morning papers. He scurries to work these off before the hour for taking the evening editions, and sometimes cannot with his utmost diligence take in more than fifty cents a day, though it ranges from this to a dollar and a quarter. The period of elections is the harvest-time. A boy has been known to sell six hundred papers in two hours, at a profit of between eleven and twelve dollars.

Among over twenty-one thousand children who in the early years of the work were sent West, but twelve became criminals, and not more than six annually return to New York. No work done for children compares with this in importance, and whoever studies the record of the Children's Aid Society will be amazed at the good already accomplished. Twenty-one industrial schools, twelve night-schools, two free reading-rooms, six lodging houses for girls and boys, four summer homes, and the Crippled Boys' Brush Shop, are the record plain to all; but who shall count the good that no man has recorded, but which has rescued thousands from the streets and given them the chance which is the right of every human soul.

End of chapter four.

EXCERPS FROM "THE SECRETS OF THE GREAT CITY" by Edward Winslow Martin (1868)

The Bootblacks of New York City

The bootblacks form a peculiar feature of New York life. They are the boys from ten to sixteen years of age. A few are older, and there are some men following this avocation on the street. The boys, however, are always meant when this class is referred to. Some of them are newsboys early in the morning, and bootblacks for the rest of the day. They provide themselves with a box, with a sliding lid and a rest for the feet of their customers, a box of blacking, and a pair of good brushes. All the articles are kept in the box when not in use, and the owner carries this receptacle by means of a leather strap fastened to it. This he slings across his shoulder, and trudges on with his box on his back. The Headquarters of this class are in or near the Five Points District.

They form a regular confraternity, and have their own laws or customs. They are generally sharp, shrewd lads, with any number of bad habits, and little or no principle. They are averse to giving much information with respect to themselves or their society, admission into which requires a payment of two dollars. To what purpose the money thus obtained is devoted, it is hard to say, but the object of the association seems to be mutual protection. The "Order" establishes a fixed price for labor, and takes care to protect its members against the competition of irregular intruders. The established price, for blacking a pair of boots or shoes is ten cents. When it is known to a member that an outsider is blacking for a less sum, the fact is reported to the society, which appoints a delegation to look after the presumptuous individual. He is promptly warned that he must work for the regular price, or "quit work." If he declines to do either, his head, in the elegant language of the society, is "punched," and he is driven from the street. The affairs of the society are managed by a "Captain of the bootblacks," whose word is supreme, and who wields his power as all arbitrary rulers do.

The price of a new outfit, or "kit," such as we have described, is from two to three dollars. Second-hand outfits can be bought of the junk-dealers for much less. When asked how much they earn, the boys give evasive answers, and it has been said that their society does not permit them to tell the truth upon this subject. One dollar is supposed to be the average daily earnings of an industrious boy. The writer was once much amused by a little fellow telling him, with an air of great importance, that he was going that night to attend the trial of Bill Simpson, a recreant bootblack, who was to be "brought afore the s'ciety for blacking boots for five cents." The trial must have been edifying. Where and when the society meets, and what is the nature of its transactions, are secrets known only to the initiated.

A large part of the earnings of the bootblacks is spent for tobacco and drink. They are patrons of the Bowery theatres and concert halls, and their criticisms of the performances are frequently worth hearing. The "Children's Aid Society" makes them objects of its especial care, its great end and aim being "to induce the boys to emigrate to the west." The course of life which they pursue leads to miserable results. When a bootblack gets to be seventeen, he finds that his career is at an end -- it does not produce money enough -- and he has acquired lazy listless habits, which totally unfit him for any kind of work. He becomes a loafer, a vagrant, and perhaps worse. To save the boys from this fate, the society labors most earnestly to induce them to go to the West; and it is stated that the desire of the boys to secure western homes increases year by year. Up to the present time about seven hundred have been sent out, and many of them are now filling respectable positions in society. END.

CHAPTER IX A LANDSLIDE VOTE FOR A DARK HORSE

BY FORREST CAMPBELL

The Squire took the opportunity to rise of the office--and the compensation which goes with it--with our young Postmaster, Carey Churchill, who--"

"May I? he inquired.

"Squire Campbell is recognized and has the floor," stated Miss Fisher.

"Knowing what to do, Mr. Domer, and taking the proper steps can easily be worked out. The issue of course is, whom shall we choose? I too, think we should have at least one more nomination for a fair representation of our choice--"

"What is the majority to elect, Squire?" said an unidentified voice.

The Squire looked at Miss Fisher and asked, "Two thirds?"

Miss Fisher nodded in the affirmative.

"The customary two thirds majority will elect," responded the Squire. "Now I was going to say that since none of our villagers are going to volunteer, there is a man present here tonight who is not a villager, yet he is desirous of making this his home and he needs employment, and the best part of it is, that he has had previous postal experience--"

A murmur of voices began to grow. Miss Fisher rose to her feet and began wielding her gavel. It was by the choice of the stranger himself, that he had seated himself in front of our hero Carey, Mr. Jamieson and the Judge. The people in the auditorium by the process of elimination were directing their attention to the only unidentified person in their midst, Dirk Bledsoe, alias Carl Harris.

"Madam Chairman," asked the Squire, will you kindly ask for Carl Harris to stand and be recognized, please?"

"Will Carl Harris please stand and be recognized?" she asked.

Carl rose, realizing that he was now on exhibition and that his fate would be decided according to the impression he made upon them at this time. The hall was quiet and Carl knew that a favorable impression could not be made on appearance alone; He knew that he was expected to speak out in his own defense. He knew that the remarks of the Squire were not quite enough to sway the opinions of those present. It was well that he was expected and being permitted to speak, for he had a suspicion that the Squire would say no more in his defense and that it would be up to him to convince the people of his ability to serve them. The silence was enchanting but needed to be garnished with choice words which would show his humility, ability, and a willingness to cooperate and an acknowledgement of the needs of others.

"Madam Chairman, Squire Campbell, Judge Dixon, Ladies and Gentlemen, I fully realize that not only am I a stranger to you, a non-resident, and a non-patron, but also a dark horse; however with my past experience, I am able to offer my services, at least in accepting the responsibility, and as Judge Dixon has so aptly put it, 'in order that justice might be served', I shall share the duties

These remarks were acceptable to a majority of the people and were pleasing to their ears, however Carl's remarks were interrupted with the jubilant voices of listeners who could no longer withhold their pleasure. Many were on their feet, calling, WE WANT HARRIS! WE WANT HARRIS! The outburst was acceptable of course to the Squire, who now felt assured that he had delivered the people into the hands of Carl Harris and at the same time had bought his silence on the subject of his past. Carl also was pleased with the outburst, since it gave evidence of his approval. He desired however, to make one more statement which he felt necessary to settle the matter. Miss Fisher was rapping for order and the Squire, desiring to share his emotions in the victory that was now being won, turned to Miss Fisher, who misinterpreted his glance as a cue to end the demonstration and she rapped her gavel even more forcefully than ever and pleaded with the people to restore order. The Squire, realizing that he had been misunderstood, shook his head at Miss Fisher and joined in the applause. Miss Fisher, now completely frustrated, sat down in confusion. Carl however, feeling that the demonstration had gone far enough, raised both hands, indicating that he had not finished and had more to say. He knew that he was about to gain his objective, only the voting, a mere detail to make it official, remained on the agenda. Carl beamed his good pleasure and continued to speak,

"Thank you, good people, I have but a few short remarks to make and then I will sit down. I was about to say that perhaps no one deserves the compensation of the office more than our young postmaster, Carey Churchill, and I am without a doubt, the least deserving in our midst, however, with your approval and the assistance of Carey, which I shall require to the extent of a necessity, I seek your favor, your tolerance and your support that Carey and I might serve you in the manner in which you have been accustomed during the tenure of your former postmaster, Carey's father, Thornton Churchill. Thank you."

A tumult far exceeding any previous demonstration, shook the walls. Carey, being the center of attraction at the moment, remained frozen in his seat. He could feel the blood racing rapidly in his body. The Squire beamed approvingly, but with a selfish motive, for he was concerned only with the retaining of the secret of his past, and least of all, with the future of our hero, Carey. Miss Fisher wore a blank stare, for she did not know what to think. She had felt that it was her duty to use her influence to promote the interests of the Squire, and secretly, she coveted a personal desire to do so, for he was now eligible for remarriage and she made every effort to please him in order that she might gain his attentions.

"I am sorry," said Miss Fisher to the Squire, "for this turn of events. I must have lost control--"

"It is quite all right, Miss Fisher, I am confident that the better man will win out in the end. Let me add that I shall try to be a gallant loser and try not to reveal my disappointment openly."

"Is he married?" inquired Miss Fisher.

The Squire sensed that a revelation of too much information regarding the past of Carl Harris would be dangerous to his own security and he made a feeble attempt to divert any further interest in his direction.

"I believe that he is, Miss Fisher, why do you ask? Shall I ask him for you?"

"Oh, good heavens, no!" replied Miss Fisher, turning her head to conceal a blush.

There had been no attempt to restore order from the Chair and the people in the auditorium were calling for the vote to be taken. Miss Fisher, under the circumstances, was glad of the opportunity to change the subject.

"Are there any further nominations?" asked Miss Fisher. "Are there any further nominations?"

"No!" called an unidentified voice from the auditorium. "Let us vote!"

"Hearing no further nominations, I declare the nominations closed," said Miss Fisher. "We shall now have the vote, and the candidates shall be called in the order of their nominations."

"All in favor of Squire Campbell for postmaster, say aye!"

There was a small token response from those who felt that it was their obligated duty to record their loyalty to the Squire.

"All in favor of little Carey Churchill for postmaster, say aye!"

There was a much larger token vote from those who wished to record their loyalty to our young hero, Carey.

"All in favor of--of--what's his name?" she inquired of the Squire, somewhat embarrassed.

The Squire attempted to advise her in a whisper, but a response from a hundred voices from the auditorium called out, "HARRIS! CARL HARRIS!"

"All in favor of Carl Harris," she repeated, a bit flustered, "please say aye!"

The response was terrific. If anyone remained seated, it was not in evidence and if anyone were opposed, they stood up to conceal their embarrassment. Many voices were calling, "SPEECH! SPEECH!"

Miss Fisher rapped for order and surprisingly, she got it as the people were anxious to terminate the meeting with a concluding speech.

"Is there any question regarding the outcome of the vote?" she asked.

"SPEECH! SPEECH!"

"Does anyone wish to contest the result of the voting?" she asked.

"SPEECH! SPEECH!"

"Then I declare ah-- Carl Harris chosen as your choice to succeed Thornton Churchill as postmaster of Algerton. Is

there any further business or requests?"

"SPEECH! SPEECH!"

"Mr. Harris," said Miss Fisher, "You are being called upon to make an acceptance speech. Do you have anything to say?"

"Not much, Madam Chairman," said Carl, "It has been a long meeting and these people are weary and want to get home, I am sure. I do want to say that I accept the honor which you have bestowed upon me and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Now I want to relinquish the rest of my time, in order that our young postmaster might be allowed to express his personal views in the matter at hand. Carey, will you favor us with a few words?"

"SPEECH! SPEECH!"

Carey rose to his feet unprepared, however. The tingling sensation of the blood surging through his body was now replaced with a lump in his throat and a pounding heart.

"I have never before in my entire life, been called upon to make a speech. It is quite an honor, however unfortunately I must disappoint you, since the largest group that I have ever addressed is my class in school and I am sure that you have all heard Lincoln's Gettysburg address before. I am glad to be able to continue to serve you to some extent. I assure you that I do not seek your charity. I hope to be able to earn every penny that it takes to support my mother and my brother and sister. If I were the worrying kind, perhaps I would worry about finding enough work to do. However, I trust in the Lord---I am sure that he will provide for me in his own way. I shall acknowledge the authority of Mr. Harris as my superior and you can depend upon my loyalty and cooperation to the best of my ability. Thank you, one and all."

This concluded the agenda and the orderly routine of the meeting was adjourned. There was a large rush to be the first to shake the hand of our young hero and meet the newly chosen postmaster and to acknowledge the presence of such a celebrity and dignitary as was Judge Dixon. The platform, except for Miss Fisher and the Squire, was deserted. Not even any of the Squire's obligated supporters came to renew their pledge of loyalty in the light of this turn of events. This, the Squire resented most of all. It was true that he had seemingly rejected their attempts of loyalty and had confused them with appeals to support another, yet in spite of this, he expected and even demanded their continued support and loyalty. The Squire and Miss Fisher left the platform and the building, by a rear exit.

Those in the auditorium had gathered around Carey and his supporters, however, Carl Harris and Judge Dixon had managed to escape from the group and were conversing quietly together in the rear of the hall. Since they seemed to prefer to be left alone, it would be unethical to listen in or even record what was being discussed. However, it is presumed that the Judge is making it clear to Carl Harris that he intends to continue to concern himself with the welfare of Carey and his family. The Judge's face registered emphatic concern.