

Vol. 3 No. 03

Sept. 1964

A newsletter

Published monthly for the benefit of people interested in Horatio Alger, Jr. Edited and published by Forrest Campbell. Chm. Edward G. Levy, New Haven, Conn; Eastern Rep., Max Goldberg, Natick, Mass; Research, Gilbert Westgard II, Park Ridge, Ill; Ragged Dick Fund Trustee, Kenneth Butler, Mendota, Ill; Organized 1962. A non-profit Organ.

BOOK REVIEW

ALGER STREET: The Poetry of Horatio Alger, Jr. Arranged and edited by Gilbert K. Westgard II. Published by J.S. Canner & Company, Boston. 1964. 112 pp. Price: \$10.00 & \$25.00

Our own Gilbert Westgard, (S-24), 1433 N. Hoffman, Park Ridge, Ill., after diligent search, brings to us, this treasury of Horatio Alger's poems. From the introduction in ALGER STREET, I quote Gilbert's own words: "A complete collection has never before been published. This volume, which began as a personal collection for the compiler, contains all of Alger's known poetry, and will therefore bring to the public a collection which has hitherto been unavailable in such a convenient form."

The book that I have has a red hard bound cover, approx. 5 1/2" by 7 3/4" and 1/2" thick. The title, etc., is printed in gold on the spine. The end-papers consist of a network of Horatio's initials, H.A. Jr., interlocked together on a blue background. The contents include three illustrations, an actual autographed photograph of Horatio, and an original manuscript in Horatio's handwriting. The poems include the complete text of NOTHING TO DO, and all the poetry contained in Bertha's Christmas Vision, and Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving. The first editions of these are scarce, and even reprints are very difficult to find. There are many additional poems which were never published in book form.

The Alger collector who wishes to add Alger's poetry to his collection, will save the time of search and the expense thereof, in the purchase of this volume. The regular edition sells for \$10.00 and there will be a limited edition of 125 copies of the deluxe edition, bound in full morocco, and signed by Gilbert, and sells for \$25.00

Orders and requests for information should be directed to J.S. CANNER & COMPANY, INC., 618 Parker Street, Boston, Mass. 02120

When ordering, please mention this publication. This is not a paid advertisement, we are pleased to add our support to the promotion of this book. The Editor.

OBITUARY

ROSS S. BUTLER: We pause momentarily to honor the memory of Kenneth's father who passed away on August 17th in Kalamazoo, at the age of 88 years. (it is a co-incidence that Max Goldberg's mother also passed away just a month previous, on July 17th in the Boston Area). Kenneth's mother is still living, and residing in Kalamazoo. Kenneth, and his WAYSIDE PRESS did the actual printing of ALGER STREET, and I compliment them on the fine workmanship.

Gilbert will celebrate his 21st birthday on September 4th and his achievement on having ALGER STREET published is something of a record. He also has plans to publish perhaps three volumes of Alger's short stories. Gilbert has in his possession an original portrait of Horatio and he says that if enough subscribers are interested in a 12X16 steel engraving, he will supply them postpaid at \$2.00 or less, depending upon the total number requested. Send your inquiries or orders direct to him.

The original text of Max Goldberg's remarks at Alger's graveside ceremony on July 18th at South Natick was, in my opinion, a masterpiece. All that I have now are newspaper clippings which have been cut, and edited, but if I can get the original text, I shall reprint the complete text in the newsletter. If I can get the negative of the photograph taken at the graveside by the local press, I would also make it available to our subscribers at some additional cost. Max spent plenty of time & money on this project, and although some of you contributed to the expense of the wreath, Max footed the bill for the balance. I personally notified those subscribers in the immediate area, but none were present and accounted for.

Bates Clarke, (S-76) and his wife Mary, were injured in an auto collision early in August and were hospitalized for a short time. Bates leg is in a cast with some broken bones in his foot. Mary received several fractured ribs and a flesh wound on her knee. They are resting comfortably at home, but somewhat handicapped. Their address is: 3623 Douglas Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

THE RAGGED DICK FUND

Corrected balance:	Total	\$100.50
Donation No. 41 \$5.00	Total	105.50
Donation No. 42 2.00	Total	107.50

NEW SUBSCRIBERS SINCE THE LAST ISSUE:

Carl T. Hartmann, (S-102)
4907 Allison Drive,
Lansing, Michigan

Carl and his wife Jean, heard of my wife and I and my interest in Alger through another publication. Jean called by phone, announced her husband's interest in Alger, and asked if they might drop in to see the collection of another collector. When they came, Kenneth Butler was also here. It was a pleasant evening of surprises for all of us. Carl came in with the Gardner book in one hand and a first edition of NOTHING TO DO in the other. After a round of introductions, Carl proudly presented his Gardner book and asked if either of us had seen a copy yet? I replied, "Meet the publisher." (surprise #1). Then upon examining his copy of NOTHING TO DO, it was Ken's and my turn to be surprised (2). Upon learning of the NEWSBOY publication, it was Carl's turn again (3) and the final surprise for Carl was when he learned of our story supplement "The Young Postmaster" written by myself. Carl and Jean have four boys, and now that the middle name of Hubert H. Humphrey has been revealed, there is a 50-50 chance that a fifth boy might be named Hubert Horatio Hartmann. Jean is also a book collector, but in other fields of interest. Carl has 59 Alger titles and very anxious to break into the 100 group. Carl's NOTHING TO DO was purchased in Michigan since he purchased the Gardner book. Incidentally, Carl claims his NOTHING TO DO is not for sale. Many of us no doubt envy his beginner's luck. Like many of us, he has many duplicate titles that he will share.

George Raviler, (S-77) who recently found a first edition of Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, has just announced that he has sold it at a price comparable to the suggested Gardner evaluations.

Edward Mattson, (S-67) P.O. Box #5002, Baltimore, Maryland, writes that he has just bought 250 books from the Pollard (Alger) collection in California. Pollard is well known by old-time collectors. Ed says that after gleaning many first editions from this purchase, he is willing to share the rest of the books with our subscribers. Currently he has over 500 books on hand but perhaps less than 100 titles. He may be reached by phone at MU7-7714 and the books may be seen at his residence, 700 Platinum Avenue, Essex, Maryland. Essex may be reached by going east on Eastern Avenue. (This is not a paid advertisement, but a public service to our subscribers).

My wife and I will be looking up subscriber-friends in Illinois, September 8-11th. Please stay at home if convenient.

Gilbert's entire collection of Alger items will be on display at the Park Ridge Public Library during the balance of this month.

Carl W. Dahlberg, (S-100) heard of us through Ralph Gardner. Carl says he had been a food broker for 40 years, but is now retired and just returned from a trip around the world. He also collects old toys and mechanical banks and also Civil War and Lincoln photographs. With the exception of the title "Ragged Dick" he has the complete RAGGED DICK SERIES and the TATTERED TOM SERIES in first editions. He is very anxious to obtain the title RAGGED DICK to complete the series. In a more recent letter he informs me that he now has the first LUCK AND PLUCK SERIES and anxious to get the second series.

Jack W. Row, (S-101) also heard of us through Gardner correspondence. Jack writes: "I am now 43 years old, was born and raised in and near Cleveland, Ohio; I am married and have four children, two boys, and two girls, from 6 years of age to 18. I have lived in Iowa since 1947, and have worked for the U.S. Treasury Dept., since 1951. I am area manager for the U.S. Savings Bond Division and travel N.E. Iowa--with an office in Des Moines. I have collected books for about 30 years, and have about 3,000 in my home. My wife and I belong to a "Great Books Club" in Clarion, along with 8 other couples..... ..The number will be easy to remember--101 is also my P.O. Box number." (but where? Des Moines, or Clarion?). Jack has 68 Alger titles according to his last report, perhaps more by now. He also has a collection of books written by Optic, Henty, Castlemon, Winfield, Stratemeyer. He also has some duplicate Alger titles.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN- I have no subscribers from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, or Texas. Surely there is an Alger collector or two in this wide expanse. Does anyone know of an interested person? I need your help!---And please remember our Chairman's (Ed Levy) appeal in the August newsletter, for the loan of genuine Alger items, or rare first editions for display purposes at Brandeis University on Oct. 28th. Mr. Levy will be leaving for Europe on the 22nd of this month and will not be back until the middle of October. Ralph Gardner is now in Europe and is due to return on September 20th. There is a possibility that Ken Butler and myself will meet with Ed Levy in Chicago on Oct. 25th.

Leslie Langlois, (S-93) Milwaukee, Wisc., Operates two health food stores and hopes a District meeting at least, of Alger collectors can meet next summer in his vicinity. District meetings are an excellent idea.

I am trying desperately to think of an appropriate name for my play and so far, I like THE BOY FROM THE BOVERY, or something similar to suggest a typical Alger story. The story, THE YOUNG POSTMASTER, is on the home stretch. Carey will be in Kalamazoo in another chapter or two.

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Edward G. Levy, (S-04)

A DUKE IN DISGUISE by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was in the habit of throwing off his court costume at times, and in various disguises going forth to seek such adventures as might present themselves. On one occasion, being overtaken by a sudden storm, he took refuge in a small house just on the outskirts of the city of Bruges. The house was neatly furnished, but still in a plain, inexpensive manner. The door was opened by a matronly looking woman, to whom the duke addressed his petition:

"My good dame, I have been suddenly overtaken by the storm--will you, in your kindness, allow me to tarry with you until it is over?"

"With pleasure," was the reply. "Yet as there are those who go about with evil designs, I should feel the more willing if I knew your name and condition."

"You may judge from my dress," said the duke, evasively, "that I am a merchant, and for my name you may call me Philip Frenndrau."

"Do you do business here in Bruges? Methinks I have never heard of that name."

"Here and elsewhere. My business calls me to different parts of the kingdom."

"You should carry on an extensive business, then?"

"So, so," said the duke. "At any rate I manage to gain a comfortable support. You are a widow?"

"Alas! yes, sir. My husband died a year or more since."

"Have you any children?"

"One--a son of twenty one."

"What business does he follow?"

"I fear me he will never follow any."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because, sir, he is at this moment violently in love, and his suit does not prosper."

"The lady does not smile upon him, then?"

"Not so," said the widow, a little proudly. "She must indeed be blind not to love my Henry, but it is the father who objects."

"And what is the ground of his objection?"

"He is wealthy and we are not."

"Perhaps he thinks your son a fortune hunter."

"He knows better; but the worst of it is that but for his evil practices my son would be as rich as himself."

"Ha!" said the duke, growing more attentive. "Let me hear how that is if you have no objection."

"You must know then, fair sir, that M. Gaspar and my husband were partners up to the time when my husband died. They were engaged in a prosperous trade, and were both thought to be rich--equally so, for both began with the same capital, and he had expended as much for living as we. But when my poor husband died suddenly, and left M. Gaspar to settle up his affairs, it, was found that only one-tenth of the

whole establishment belonged to him, while M. Gaspar claimed the rest."

"And did he give no explanation of this great difference?"

"None."

"Humph! this must be looked into. And now he declines your son's suit?"

"Yes."

"On the score of his poverty?"

"That is what he says."

"And is the daughter really worthy of his love?"

"Richly, sir."

"Then she cannot take after her father?"

"She is in all respects like her mother, who was a lovely woman, but M. Gaspar treated her harshly, so it is said, and she died at length of neglect."

"Do you know whether M. Gaspar has any particular alliance in prospect for his daughter?"

"I do not know, but I hear he has sworn--in fact he told my son so the other day--that he meant to secure one of the young lords of the court for her."

"Ha! he is ambitious; and yet there is more than one that would prove but unworthy of her, if she is really as beautiful and attractive as you say."

"Doubt it not, sir, she is all that I have told you."

"And your son--where is he? I should like to see him, and if I take fancy to him who knows but I may advance his suit."

"He is even now coming up the road. He will be here in a moment."

The duke kept his eye fixed on the door through which there presently entered a young man of fine form and handsome features, but the last were overcast by a gloomy expression. He entered the room with a downcast air, and did not even glance at the stranger, but threw himself wearily upon a settle in one corner and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry," said his mother, "you do not see our guest."

He looked up slightly and nodded, saying:

"He would find me but poor company, mother. I had best leave him to you."

"But he is interested in you, and thinks he might help you in your suit."

"Have you told him the story?"

"Yes."

"Then he will see that it is hopeless unless he shows me how I can multiply our present wealth by ten."

"Perhaps M. Gaspar can be brought to terms otherwise," suggested the duke, composedly.

"There is no hope of that," said Henry.

"Possibly I may bring some argument to bear upon him that you know not of."

"You do not know him as I do. He is a hard man and cares only for money. He has cheated me out of my right, and because I am poor he would reject my suit."

"Yes, I understand all that, but still I am not discouraged. I have thought of a plan which I could wish to discuss with you in private. My good lady," he continued, turning to the mother, "could you furnish me with a private apartment for an interview with your son. It may be that we can devise a plan."

"Willingly, and may Heaven bless your good wishes even if you do not succeed."

Alger short story continued from page -3-

Ushered into a private room, the duke changed his manner and said in a dignified tone:

"My good friend, it is well that we should at the outset understand each other. Would you know who I am?"

"A merchant I judge from your attire."

"It suits me to be considered such, but I am not what I seem."

"Who then?" inquired the youth in wonderment.

"I am your sovereign," said the duke in a dignified tone.

"What! Philip of Burgundy?" exclaimed Henry, dropping upon one knee.

"Even so, but arise. I call for no homage while in disguise, and you must still address me as if I were a merchant. Tell me, do you now consider your case as so hopeless?"

"I do not doubt your power, my lord duke."

"Spare titles. Call me only sir. Without detailing my plan I will merely say that it will require you to go back with me to court, and as soon as the storm is over we will start. You can render some excuse to your mother, but take care not to tell her the truth."

"You shall be obeyed," said the youth, bowing.

The merchant Gaspar was seated in his warehouse, his mind intent upon a contemplated venture which promised to be lucrative, when his attention was attracted by the entrance of a page richly dressed in the court livery, who advanced towards him and said inquiringly:

"Is this M. Gaspar?"

"It is," replied the merchant.

"Then I have a missive for you," said the page.

"From whom do you come?"

"From the court."

"And your missive?" said the merchant, surprised.

"Is from the duke."

Herewith he presented a missive directing the merchant to accompany the messenger, as the duke desired an interview with him. Gaspar was surprised and perplexed, hardly knowing whether to feel gratified or apprehensive at the sudden summons.

"Know you why I am summoned?" he asked of the page.

"My master is not in the habit of communicating to me his secrets," was the brief and unsatisfactory reply.

At length they reached the audience chamber of the duke, and the merchant was announced. Philip was seated upon a throne at one end of the apartment. Gaspar bent his knee.

"I suppose you were surprised at my summons," said Philip, abruptly.

Gaspar acknowledged that such was the case.

"I am told that you have a beautiful daughter," said the duke, after a brief pause.

"I am willing to leave you to decide upon that point," said the proud and ambitious father, in whose breast a wild hope arose that the duke might seek her for himself.

"I am willing to trust to testimony," responded Philip. "I have to tell you, then, Gaspar, that a young man in whom I am interested has conceived a passion for your daughter, and would fain receive her hand in marriage."

"A court gallant," thought Gaspar, proudly. "It is the very thing that I have been longing for."

"Have you any objection to the alliance?" queried the duke, "or are her affections engaged?"

"Nay, my lord."

"But methinks I have heard of an attachment between herself and a certain young man."

"It is quite broken up," said Gaspar, hastily. "He was unworthy of her."

"Then you have nothing to object to the alliance I propose?"

"May I inquire who is the young gentleman?"

"Is it not enough," said the duke, haughtily, "that it is one in whom I take an interest?"

"Yes, certainly," responded Gaspar, hastily, fearing to offend the duke.

"How much are you willing to give your daughter as a dowry?" asked Philip.

"One half of all that I possess," said Gaspar, who, though covetous, was also ambitious for his daughter.

"It is enough. I wish the marriage to take place to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon?" repeated Gaspar. "I fear me--you know young girls are full of whims--that my daughter may object. She may fancy that she loves the other young man."

"Send her immediately to the palace and the ladies of the court shall so present unto her the advantages of this union, that I warrant me all her scruples will vanish as the morning dew."

"It shall be done," said Gaspar, bowing.

"And mind you breathe no word to her of the purpose for which she is called to the court."

"I will obey your lordship in all respects," said Gaspar, glad to have the task of persuasion which he foresaw would be troublesome taken off his hands.

"Do then as you are bidden. Send your daughter to me forthwith, and be in attendance yourself to-morrow at twelve to witness the marriage."

Gaspar bowed profoundly, and hastened home, his heart swelling with exultation at what he considered the prospective greatness of his family.

"For who knows," he thought, "but that the duke will ennoble me when my daughter is wedded to a noble of the court," and he privately decided to urge upon his daughter at a proper season to use what influence she might be able to bring to bear upon Philip for the attainment of this highly desirable result.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)