

November 1964

A newsletter

Organized 1962

(Non--profit)

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 Trustees, Kenneth Butler, Mendota, Ill. & Ralph D. Gardner, New York City.

HORATIO ALGER 100TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBIT sponsored by the Brandeis Bibliophiles in the Treasure Hall of the Library at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. was open to the public throughout October. On display were some 750 Alger items consisting of books, magazines, story papers and memorabilia, excellently indexed and arranged by Miss Amelia Lange, Exhibits Librarian. The Morgan Library of New York loaned to the Exhibit its Alger-written script of 'When Johnny Bought a Sewing Machine', the only known Alger autographed manuscript in existence; similarly, Stanley A. Pachon of Bethlehem, Pa. loaned two bound volumes of YOUNG ISRAEL in which eight of Alger's novels appeared first in serial form.

The material was grouped in 17 display cases, as follows: 1 case labelled THE MAKING OF A BOOK contained presentation copy of Ralph D. Gardner's new book; his original manuscript with author's alterations; printer's corrected covers, galleys, proofs, etc. 1 case for the Morgan Library manuscript and assorted autograph Alger letters. 4 cases of hard-cover novels, many first editions, arranged in series such as Ragged Dick, Brave and Bold, Pluck and Luck, etc. 3 cases of paperback novels, assorted. 2 cases of short stories and poetry. 3 cases of story papers consisting of 22 complete original novels in serial form, etc. 1 case of contemporary competitive publications. 1 case of family pictures and memorabilia. 1 case of Stratemeyer books.

During the month there was good newspaper coverage of the Exhibit, particularly among the Massachusetts newspapers. As a result of this and favorable word-of-mouth comments, large numbers of visitors appeared daily to view this important Alger collection presenting original printings of the various publishers which consist of: 107 novels in books, 22 novels in story papers, and 36 short stories and poems in magazines.

Mr. Goldberg, the Society's Eastern Representative in attendance, displayed with pride Horatio's gold watch on loan to him from the Natick Historical Society for the occasion. It is one of the rare items of Horatio's personal possessions. Max arranged and conducted the recent Alger Memorial Observance in South Natick, Mass.

"ALGER: FACTS AND FANCY" SEMINAR IS HIGHLIGHT OF BRANDEIS ALGER EXHIBIT Waltham, Mass. - The Library at Brandeis University here was the setting, on Wednesday, October 28th, of the seminar, "Horatio Alger: Facts and Fancy," which was conducted by a panel of some of the nation's leading book collectors before an overflow audience.

In a pleasantly informal atmosphere, the discussion was presided over by Edward G. Levy, President of the Brandeis Bibliophiles, who is also Chairman of the Horatio Alger Society. His panel consisted of Ralph D. Gardner, Society member, and author of the Alger book on exhibit; Phil Neufeld, member of the New York Stock Exchange and a prominent collector of Shakespeare; Ben Trustman, a Boston attorney, and Arthur Vershbow, an engineer of Newton, Massachusetts.

Following are some of the topics discussed: Alger as a best-selling author; did he produce literature or trash?; his influence upon generations of readers; his influence on civic reform; Alger compared with his contemporaries; Alger's output: novels, poems, short stories, the Stratemeyer "completions", etc.: the increasing rarity and value of Alger's works; Horatio Alger as an American colloquialism; Alger pseudonyms; a study of the Alger Hero; could the Alger hero succeed today?; the Alger story or plot formula; unfortunate fictions concerning Alger's personal life, and a detailing of the true facts to set the record straight.

After the discussion by Mr. Levy and his panel members, there was time for a number of questions from the audience. The guests in addition to University faculty, student and book collectors who came from points in New York and the New England region, included Max Goldberg, the Society's Eastern Representative; and Edward T. LeBlanc, Editor of the Dime Novel Round-up, the outstanding publication covering the old-time nickel and dime novels, who reported the event for his monthly publication.

The seminar was tape-recorded for broadcast, and news of it was carried by many New England newspapers. The exhibit and discussion was said to be very well received by those in attendance. (published with authorized permission)

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Stanley Matteson, (S-103) (T-60)
486 Parker Street,
Manchester, Conn.

Herbert L. Risteen, (S-104)
P.O. Box - 161 (T-80)
Baraboo, Wisconsin

Stanley heard of us through Ralph Gardner and he is the proud owner of the new Gardner book, plus about 100 Alger books, representing 60 different titles, and very anxious to build and upgrade his collection. He is the proud owner of a first edition of JOE, THE HOTEL BOY. He was born in New York State. He is a supervisor for Pratt-Whitney Division of United Aircraft and has been with them since 1940. He and his wife will celebrate their 26th Anniversary on December 23rd. His wife says he is a nut (and I have heard that before). Mrs. M. collects colored glass antiques and has had a few poems published. They are members of, and active in their local Congregational Church. Stanley has found many of his books in Maine, and has 40 or more duplicates to trade or sell. (born 1914).

Herbert also heard of us through Ralph Gardner and is also the owner of Gardner's book. He has 150 Alger books, representing 80 different titles, and also anxious to build and upgrade his collection. He wants representation of as many publishers as he can get. He hopes to accumulate some 300 books. He is quite familiar with Kalamazoo and also my former home in Wisconsin. He hopes to meet you all in the proposed Mendota meeting. He is the author of several books for boys, and one of the most active of crossword puzzle constructors, (check the puzzle in your local newspaper for his name). One of his prized possessions is a reprint of the difficult title to find, HELEN FORD.

My wife surprised me on my recent birthday with an Alger quilt. It is now one of my most cherished possessions; although not complete, it is about 6X6 in size, with Alger's birthplace as the centerpiece; on the surrounding border are items, some taken from chapter headings from Gardner's book, such as, A Trip Abroad, and, Cape Cod Days. Other items represent "Patience" and "Life With Father" and the "1964 Alger Memorial Observance in South Natick.

The 8X10 glossy finished picture of this observance is now available with a limited supply on hand. The price is \$1.25 post paid. You may send your order to me or direct to Max Goldberg, 728 Worcester Street, Natick, Mass. 01762.

If you are interested in attending the 1965 Observance and District meeting, we must know of your interest in advance, so that appropriate arrangements can be made for suitable accommodations.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RAGGED DICK FUND:

Previous balance:		\$107.50
Earned interest, October 1	.66	
Contribution: Item #43	2.00	
Item #44	2.00	<u>4.66</u>
New Balance:		\$112.16

The Ragged Dick Fund was designed to assist a worthy boy of our choice, who in our opinion qualifies as a typical Alger hero. Contributions are solicited only from our subscribers in lieu of a subscription fee. Repeated contributions are not mandatory, but an occasional response will guarantee the extension of your subscription into the year 1965. Non responsive subscribers will be classified as inactive on December 31st and the newsletter discontinued. Isn't that fair enough?

The Mendota proposed meeting has sparked some interest, but definite commitments are desired before any arrangements will be made. For your consideration, I suggest the date Saturday, May 22nd or 29th. and I want to hear your comments. Some definite actions should be taken in regard to the forming of our Society, as well as its future, and the future of this newsletter, since I hereby announce my retirement with the completion of my story supplement, which will be concluded in December 1965. I am not indispensable; I can be replaced, and it shall be your choice as to who the person shall be. I plan to be present at both meetings. You will enjoy trodding the paths where Horatio himself once walked, in the beautiful and quiet little village of South Natick. July 18, 1965 falls on Sunday. I suggest a two day affair, starting with Saturday.

Those of you who are reading my story supplement, will recall that I foretold of Carey's visit to Kalamazoo brought about by a train-wreck on the C.K. & S. Ry which obstructed the train in which Carey was riding. Well, in the current chapter (23) the date in the story is Saturday, October 27, 1894, and although I did not intend to predict, a derailment actually did happen on Saturday October 24, 1964 in approximately the same location and time of day. The incident was of course purely a co-incidence, but I thought it was worth mentioning since it adds interest to the current chapter.

In January 1965 I plan to list the names and addresses of all active subscribers beginning with (S-01). There will be about 10 listed each month and spread over the entire year. Our project of supplying the Revere Public Library with good reprint copies of Alger books has become dormant; let us revive this worthy project. If you have a book to donate, check with me first as we wish to avoid duplications, and don't forget to add ALGER STREET to your Alger collection. It was arranged and edited by our own Gilbert K. Westgard II, (S-24) and published by J.S. CANNER & CO. 618 Parker Street, Boston, Mass. 02120 Price \$10.00 and \$25.00 for a morocco bound and autographed copy by Gilbert. (printed by WAYSIDE PRESS and a credit to their staff for fine workmanship.)

MR. WILTON'S OFFICE BOY

By Horatio Alger Jr.

(continued from the October Issue)

Both were shivering from their terrible bath. Poor little Clarence was crying with the cold. They got off the ice as quickly as they could. Near the pond was a hack.

"Get in, Clarence," said Robert, "I will take you home."

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Where do you live, Clarence?"

The little boy named the street and number.

"Drive on as fast as you can," said Robert, "you will be well paid."

There was great alarm at the house of Mr. Wilton when the two boys arrived. Mr. Wilton himself admitted them. Robert hurriedly told the story to his employer.

"Now," he said, "I will get Mr. Irwin to take me home."

"No," said the merchant, "it is dangerous for you any longer to keep on your wet clothes. You must come in and go to bed, as well as Clarence, and I will send for the doctor."

"But my mother will be anxious."

"I will send a messenger to tell her where you are."

It was a week before Robert was able to go back to his place. He was moved the next day to his own home, but he had been thoroughly chilled, and a severe cold made it necessary for him to remain indoors. On the day of his return to work, he was summoned to the merchant's counting room.

"How is Clarence?" he asked.

"Getting well rapidly," answered Mr. Wilton, then with a voice full of emotion, he added, "We owe his life to you; how can we repay you?"

"I am sufficiently repaid, Mr. Wilton, by the knowledge that he is doing well."

"That may be enough for you, but not for me. Do you remember asking me to have your salary raised? How much increase did you expect?"

"If you would give me a dollar a week more it would make me very happy."

Mr. Wilton smiled, "You shall have ten," said the merchant.

"Ten dollars! it is much more than my services are worth!" exclaimed Robert.

"Perhaps so; but I propose to pay you at that rate. You must remember that your service of the other day far outweighs all I can do for you."

"How delighted mother will be!" said Robert, his face glowing with happiness.

"That is not all. I shall tomorrow deposit in the savings bank one thousand dollars to your credit, as the gift of Clarence, but I advise you to let it accumulate. When you are of age it may be of service in promoting any business plans you may have."

From that time capricious fortune changed, and all went well with Robert. He was rapidly promoted, and became a trusted and important clerk in the house of Mr.

Wilton. He and Clarence are intimate friends, and the merchant encourages the intimacy. He feels that Robert's influence over the younger boy will be beneficial, and no one in his employ is so much a favorite with him as this one who started as an office boy. *** THE END ***

(Reproduced from typewritten copy; source unknown. Reported published in GOLDEN ARGOSY, August 21, 1886).

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Max Goldberg, (S-08)

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT By Horatio Alger Jr.

Heavily, heavily fell the snow, covering the dark brown earth already hardened by the frost, with a pure white covering. As the rain falls alike upon the just and upon the unjust, so too the snow, God's kindred messenger, knows no distinction of persons, visiting all alike, forgetting none, and passing by none.

In one of the principal streets of New York stood a boy of some twelve years. His clothing was poor, and too scanty to afford a sufficient protection against the inclemency of the season. Through the visor of his cap, which had become detached in the middle, having a connection only at the two extremities, might be seen his rich brown hair. Notwithstanding the drawback of his coarse and ill-fitting attire, it was evident that he possessed a more than ordinary share of boyish beauty. But just at present his brow was overcast with a shade of anxiety, and his frame trembles with the cold, from which he is so insufficiently shielded.

It is a handsome street, that in which he is standing. On either side he beholds the residences of those on whom Fortune has showered her favors. Bright lights gleam from the parlor windows, and shouts of mirth and laughter ring out upon the night. All is joy and brightness and festivity within those palace-homes. The snow flakes fall idly against the window panes. They cannot chill the hearts within, nor place a bar upon their enjoyment, for this is Christmas eve, long awaited, at length arrived Christmas eve, around which so many youthful anticipations cluster, has enjoyments peculiarly its own, over which the elements, however boisterous, have no control. Yet to some, Christmas eve brings more sorrow than enjoyment, serving only to heighten the contrast between present poverty and discomfort and past affluence.

But all this time we have left our little hero shivering in the street. Cold and uncomfortable as he was, as well as anxious in mind, for he had lost his way, and knew not how to find it again, he could not help forgetting his situation for the time in witnessing the scene which met his eye, as for a moment he stood in front of a handsome residence on the south side of the street. The curtains were drawn aside, so that by supporting himself on the

Alger short story continued from page -3-

railing he had an unobstructed view of the scene within. It was a spacious parlor, furnished in a style elegant but not ostentatious. In the centre of the apartment was a Christmas tree, brilliant with tapers, which were gleaming from every branch and twig. Gifts of various kinds were hung upon the tree, around which were gathered a group of three children, respectively of eight, six and four years. The eldest was a winsome fairy, with sparkling eyes and dancing feet. The others were boys, who were making the most of this rare opportunity of sitting up after nine o'clock. At a little distance stood Mr. Dinsmoor and his wife, gazing with unalloyed enjoyment at the happiness of their children. While Lizzie was indulging in expressions of delight at the superb wax doll which St. Nicholas had so generously provided, her attention was for a moment drawn to the window, through which she distinctly saw the figure of our hero, who, as we have said, had in his eagerness raised himself upon the railing outside, in order to obtain a better view. She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, mother, there's a boy looking in at the window. Just look at him."

Mrs. Dinsmoor looked in the direction indicated, and saw the little boy, without his perceiving that attention had been drawn to him.

"Some poor boy," she remarked to her husband, in a compassionate tone, "who loses for a moment the sensation of his own discomfort in witnessing our happiness. See how eagerly he looks at the tree, which no doubt appears like something marvellous to him."

"Why can't you let him come in?" asked Lizzie, eagerly, "he must be very cold out there, with snow-flakes falling upon him. Perhaps he would like to see our tree near to."

"Very well and kindly thought of, my little girl," said Mr. Dinsmoor, placing his hand for a moment upon her clustering locks. "I will follow your suggestion, but I must do it carefully, or he may be frightened and run away before he knows what are our intentions."

So speaking, Mr. Dinsmoor moved cautiously to the front door and opened it suddenly. The boy, startled by the sound, turned towards Mr. Dinsmoor with a frightened air, as if fearing that he would be suspected of some improper motive.

"Indeed, sir," he said, earnestly, "I didn't mean any harm, but it looked so bright and cheerful inside that I couldn't help looking in."

"You have done nothing wrong, my boy," said Mr. Dinsmoor, kindly. "But you must be cold here; come in, and you will have a chance to see more comfortably than you now do."

The boy looked a little doubtful, for to him, neglected as he had been by the

rich and prosperous all his life, it was very difficult to imagine that he was actually invited to enter the imposing mansion before him as a guest. Perhaps Mr. Dinsmoor divined his doubts, for he continued:

"Come, you must not refuse the invitation. There are some little people inside who would be very much disappointed if you should, since it was they who commissioned me to invite you."

"I am sure, sir, I am very much obliged both to them and to you," said the boy, gratefully, advancing towards Mr. Dinsmoor, of whom he had lost whatever little distrust he had at first felt. A moment afterwards and the boy stepped within the spacious parlor. To him, whose home offered no attractions and few comforts, the scene which spread before him might well seem a scene of enchantment.

"Lizzie," said Mr. Dinsmoor, "come forward and welcome your guest. I would introduce him to you, but unluckily I do not know his name."

"My name is Willie--Willie Grant," was the boy's reply.

"Then, Willie Grant, this is Miss Lizzie Dinsmoor, who is, I am sure, glad to see you, since it was at her request that I invited you to enter."

Willie raised his eyes timidly, and bent them for a moment on the singularly beautiful child, who had come forward and frankly placed her hand in his. There is something irresistible in the witchery of beauty, and Willie felt a warm glow crimsoning his cheeks, as, for a moment, forgetful of everything else, he bent his eyes earnestly upon Lizzie. Then another feeling came over him, and with a look of shame at his scanty and ill-fitting garments, he dropped her hand, and involuntarily shrank back, as if seeking to screen them from sight.

Perceiving the movement, and guessing its cause, Mr. Dinsmoor, with a view to dissipate these feelings, led forward Harry and Charlie, the younger boys, and told them to make acquaintance with Willie. With loud shouts of delight they displayed the various gifts which St. Nicholas had brought them, and challenged his admiration. Everything was new to Willie. His childhood had not been smiled upon by fortune, and the costly toys which the boys exhibited elicited quite as much admiration as they could desire. Occupied in this way, his constraint gradually wore off to such a degree that he assisted Charlie and Harry in trying their new toys. Soon, however, the recollection that it was growing late, and that he had yet to find his way home, came to him, and taking his old hat he said to Mr. Dinsmoor, in an embarrassed manner:

"My mother will be expecting me home, and I should already have been there but that I lost my way, and happened to look in at your window, and you were so kind as to let me come in--"

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE)