

SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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A newsletter

(Non--profit)

Organized 1962
588 Heath
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Published monthly for the benefit of partic'lar friends of Horatio Alger Jr. Chairman, Edward G. Levy; Trustees, Kenneth B. Butler and Ralph D. Gardner; Representatives, Eastern States - Max Golberg; Northern States - Carl T. Hartmann; Western States - W.P. (Park) Larson; Editor, Forrest Campbell; Projects: NEWSBOY AWARD; RAGGED DICK FUND and BOOKS FOR REVERE. Projects financed by membership donations only.

WE ADD A NEW STATE

We now have membership representation in Alabama. We have registered members in 35 states, however, we disqualify in 7 states due to inactive members. Currently we have active and interested registered members in 28 states. Occasionally there is a rebirth of old interest, and there is still hope to reclaim these 7 inactive states. Our goal is to have registered members in all 50 states. This is a job for you and your States Representative. You find them, and we will serve them.

ALGER COMMEMORATIVE POSTAGE STAMP

There is still hope and time for an Horatio Alger Commemorative Postage Stamp and I think our own illustration of a NEWSBOY would be acceptable and recognized as the leading hero character that won Horatio Alger his fame. This should be an item of business that we should consider at our Mendota Affair. If we endorse it, we could work toward having it presented in the year 1967, the 100th Anniversary of Horatio's fame as the author of RAGGED DICK which our nation took to its heart.

THE 1965 RAGGED DICK AWARD

Ralph Gardner, with my approval, has named Ed Bridges, Editor of the Marlboro Enterprise & Sun to head a three man committee of Marlboro residents to name a recipient for the award for our approval at the Mendota Affair. Although there may be some publicity on the subject in Marlboro, the recipient will not be informed of his award until after our Mendota Affair. There will be no contest. The award will be based on character and worthiness.

RANDOM NOTES

Robert Johnson, PF-080, Bisbee, Arizona has now started collecting Alger in earnest. At the last report he had 10 titles. Judson Berry, PF-014, Sioux Falls, S.D. professes a renewed interest, and in the market for juvenile fiction. Oscar E. Chambers, PF-075 announces a change in his mailing address - P.O. Box No. 3607, Station A. Fort Smith, Arkansas. Gilbert Gardner is now working on the Atlantic City Press, and residing at 203 West Commerce St., Bridgeton, New Jersey. (Gilbert, PF-108, formerly worked with Martin Gately, PF-009, on the Jersey Journal.

THE MENDOTA AFFAIR - MAY 21-22ND

It will include an organizational meeting; our very first; Officers will be elected, and the fate and future of our society will be determined. Many of our members have expressed an interest and their intentions to attend. Included in this group is: our temporary chairman, Ed Levy, Ralph Gardner, recipient of our NEWSBOY award, The Goldbergs (Eastern States Rep.), The Hartmanns (Northern States Rep.), The Larsons (Western States Rep.), The Westgards, (Author of ALGER STREET), The Rows from Iowa, The Langlois and Risteens from Wisconsin, The Winterrose and Henrys of Illinois, Plus Ken Butler, general chairman of the affair, and the Campbells.

The Kakusha Motel with 17 units will be our headquarters and is in the general area of WAYSIDE PRESS and Ken's home, all of which will be the center of our activities. Suggested arrival time at the Kakusha Motel is not later than 2 P.M., Friday, however, some of us are planning a Thursday P.M. arrival time.

Ken will be mailing out soon a detailed program of our activities to all who have expressed an interest and intentions to attend. It is not too late for you to inform Ken of your arrival plans. He has made several reservations at the motel in our name.

Upon arrival, you will be furnished with a Partic'lar Friend lapel button which will identify you with our group, and before you leave, you will be provided with our newly designed society membership card.

You are especially invited to bring rare books and other Alger items for display and items for sale or trade. Your Alger birthday anniversary post cards will be on display, plus my Alger newspaper clipping scrapbook, and my Alger quilt. Bring your Gardner book for autographing.

On July 17-18th you will have another opportunity to meet in South Natick at our 1965 Alger Memorial Service. Max Goldberg, general chairman, and further details announced at the Mendota meeting. Advise Ken of your Mendota plans now!

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

- PF-117 Dr. Herman Van Ark T- 54
410 Blake Street,
Eaton Rapids, Michigan 48827
- PF-118 John A. Manning, T- 40
618 Hoadley Drive,
Birmingham, Alabama 35213
- PF-119 Clyde E. Willis, Jr. T- 59
3721 Maxtown Road, R1
Westerville, Ohio 43081
- PF-120 Mrs. Wm (Frances) Henry, Jr. T- 12
R2
Cambridge, Illinois

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

- PF-031 Mrs. Mildred Van Ry T- unknown
Star Route Box No. 176
Aberdeen, Washington 98520
- PF-032 Ernest P. Sanford T- 73
9724 Admiralty Drive,
Silver Spring, Maryland 20910
- PF-033 (inactive)
- PF-034 (inactive)
- PF-035 Keith H. Thompson *T-118
21 Otis Lane,
Bellport, (L.I.) N.Y. 11713
- PF-036 (inactive)
- PF-037 (inactive)
- PF-038 (inactive)
- PF-039 (inactive)
- PF-040 Harold C. Farmer **T-61
123 East Elm Street,
Lansing, Michigan 48910

Will Partic'lar Friends -041 through -051 please furnish me with your title totals before May 1st.

*Keith H. Thompson, PF-035 reports 118 titles, though I am sure he must have more. It is a generally accepted fact that he has all except a few rare titles, including SEEKING HIS FORTUNE.

**Harold C. Farmer, PF-040 at last report had 61 titles but was unreported during the previous month.

RAGGED DICK FUND

Contributions

Previous balance reported	\$183.81
Item #76 \$2.00	Item #79 \$2.00
77 3.00	80 2.00
78 2.00	<u>11.00</u>
New balance:	\$194.81

ALGER MEMORIAL SERVICE 1965

- Item #5 Ernest P. Sanford, PF-032 \$2.00

BOOKS FOR REVFRE (none)

NOTICE Don't forget to bring your camera to Mendota. There will be plenty of action. You'll be sorry if you don't.

Dr. Van Ark, a physician, hereafter known as Herman, PF-117, heard of us by way of Carl Hartmann, Northern States Rep. Herman says he has about 10 Winston and Hurst editions in dust jackets. This fact makes them unique in my humble estimation. It is reported that Herman has been bitten bad by the Alger bug. There is no known cure, doctor, but if you will attend the Mendota "Clinic" we will assist you in building up an immunity to the cheaper and less desirable editions. Herman wishes to be of assistance in promoting our welfare but he says "the only thing I have too little of, is time."

John, PF-118 comes to us by way of Ernest Sanford, PF-032. John is a well pump salesman in Alabama, Mississippi and parts of Florida. He became interested in Alger when - Robert Solinsky (a friend of his father's) - won the Horatio Alger Award a few years ago, and has been an avid fan ever since. John is 28 years old, he received the Gardner book as a Christmas gift from his wife. A copy could not be found in Birmingham bookstores but WAYSIDE PRESS came to the rescue. John too, professes to have little time for his hobby. (he was offered the post of temporary Southern States Rep.) He would like suitable material for publication in the Birmingham Post Herald. I suggest John, material gleaned from the current and past issues of our NEWSBOY, especially our Mendota Affair.

Clyde, PF-119 comes to us by way of Mr. Setman. Clyde is 41, read the Alger books as a boy at home, but only recently did he renew his interest in them. He works for "North American" and also collects the old kerosene type railroad lanterns. He has over 70 different lines represented. His wife, Jeanne --(in her 30's)--teaches in Otterbein College and is head of the Biology Department. With only Indiana between Westerville and Mendota, they are possible attenders of our Mendota Affair.

Mrs. Wm. Henry, Jr., PF-120, hereafter known (to us) as Frances, heard of our newsletter in Robert Cromie's Chicago Tribune article last October, when he plugged Westgard's ALGER STREET. Not having our street address, she inquired of our local C. of C. Frances is anxious to learn all she can about Alger, and build her collection. She is anxious to get all past newsletters. I cannot furnish 1962-1963, (can you help her?). She is active in the Illinois State Historical Society. She seems to be a dedicated person in all her endeavors and will be a valuable addition to our membership. She plans to attend our Mendota Affair.

Nothing to report on our Equatorial prospective member, except that by coincidence, we learn that he hails from Springvale, Maine.

We'll be disappointed if we don't see you in Mendota. Remember, the uninterested husband or wife are welcome and invited.

MRS. CORDNER'S REFORMATION

--By Rev. Horatio Alger, Jr.
(continued from the March Issue)

Entering the house he at once saw the improved state of things. Not even Mrs. Furbush's rooms were neater.

"Are you expecting company, Ellen?" he asked in a little surprise.

"Only my husband," she answered with a smile.

"This looks pleasant," he exclaimed, heartily, "it seems to me you are looking unusually well this afternoon, Ellen."

Again Mrs. Cordner smiled with secret gratification.

The table was spread, and the family sat down to supper. When it was over, Mrs. Cordner said, "I suppose you are going out as usual this evening, James?"

"No, I think I shall enjoy myself better at home."

Mrs. Cordner said nothing, but was determined that if a neat and well-ordered house would keep her husband at home, he should in future have no good reason for spending his evenings out. I am happy to state that she adhered to her determination, and at this day no one has a pleasanter home than James Cordner, and certainly no one prizes it more.

(Reprinted from GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION Vol. 3 No. 5, May, 1874)

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Gilbert Westgard, PF-024.

KATHLEEN'S TRIALS By Horatio Alger Jr.

"Kathleen!"

The speaker was a stout man, well dressed, but not well looking. His forehead was low and receding, his eyes overhung with shaggy eyebrows, and his whole expression forbidding. The girl whom he addressed was a comely country maiden of eighteen, who had been trudging along quietly until she heard herself called by name. With the sole remark that our story lies in one of the midland counties of Ireland, we proceed.

"And how do you do this morning, my pretty Kathleen?" said the man, familiarly, as he reached her side.

An expression of aversion swept over the girl's face, but she controlled herself to answer, quietly; "I am as well as usual, Mr. Martin."

"You may well say that. I never saw you looking better."

"I don't like compliments, Mr. Martin," said the girl, gravely.

"That will do to say," said he, in the same familiar tone, and with a condescending air, as of a superior speaking to an inferior.

"I say what I mean, at all events."

"Tut, tut. Well, for all that you say, I am going to pay you a greater compliment than any yet. To be frank with you, pretty Kathleen, I love you."

"O, you're joking, I'm sure," said the girl, looking more frightened than

pleased.

"Joking? I was never more serious in my life."

"Indeed, I'm very sorry, Mr. Martin, but --"

"But what? You don't understand me, Kathleen. I not only love you, but I want you to be my wife."

"Indeed, I couldn't, sir," said Kathleen, looking distressed.

"Couldn't! Why not, I should like to know? Do you remember who I am that makes you this offer?"

"Yes, sir," said Kathleen, "I know you're Lord Ellenborough's steward."

"And that isn't all, Kathleen. I haven't been steward all these years for nothing. I've got money -- I won't say how many thousand pounds, but enough to keep you as a lady, and supply you with all the luxuries of life. Is that nothing?"

"It might be something to others," said Kathleen, "but it isn't to me."

"That's because you don't understand what money'll do. Why, Kathleen, it will do everything. It will make men respect and fear you."

"I don't want to be feared; and as to respect, I hope I'll be respected for something besides money."

"And would you rather live in the little cabin where you live now, than live in a fine new home with splendid furniture?"

"I've always been happy in the little cabin, and that's what I wouldn't be in the new home, as your wife."

Martin's eyes flashed.

"Then you're in love with somebody else!" said he, angrily.

Kathleen blushed consciously.

"Tell me who it is, at once, unless you are ashamed of him."

"I am not ashamed of him," said Kathleen, proudly. "You are right, Mr. Martin; I am in love -- and, God willing, I shall give my hand to William Donovan, next Michaelmas."

"William Donovan!" repeated Martin, contemptuously.

"And why not?" said Kathleen, ready to repel any slur on her lover. "There isn't a better lad in the country than William Donovan."

"William Donovan isn't worth the shirt to his back; and you prefer him to me, the steward of the estate, with thousands of pounds of his own."

"William isn't worth much, I know," said Kathleen, in a heat, "but what he has got he got honestly."

"Ha!" said the steward, "and what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said Kathleen, whose anger outran her prudence, "that it would be well if we all could say as much."

"Do you mean," said Martin, an angry flush deepening on his swarthy features, "that my money is improperly acquired?"

"I don't say anything," answered Kathleen, "I leave it to your own conscience; if that acquits you, well and good."

"Look here, Mistress Kathleen," said Martin, angrily, "you are growing pert. Don't you know that I have the power to

Alger short story continued from page -3-

turn your father out of his farm?"

Kathleen turned pale.

"You wouldn't do that, Mr. Martin," said she, faintly.

"Wouldn't I? You'll find whether I would. Again I ask you -- and take heed how you answer -- will you be my wife?"

"I have already answered."

"Then I'll put it in another shape. Shall I turn your father out of his farm, or not?"

"Be merciful, Mr. Martin! Don't break my heart, as you will, if you do this thing."

"Then you consent?"

"I can't, indeed."

"Then look out for my vengeance."

So saying, the steward strode away, while Kathleen, in great distress of mind, and fearing the worst, hastened home.

The day after this conversation took place, a young man, plainly dressed, was sauntering through the village. He paused near a hedge, on the other side of which a young man of about his own age was laboring. The latter, who wore a bright and intelligent look, was William Donovan, the accepted lover of Kathleen.

"Good morning, my friend," said the stranger.

"Good morning," courteously replied William.

"Your village is looking prosperous. It is so, is it not?"

"I am afraid," said young Donovan, "it's more in the looks than in the reality."

"How can that be?" interrogated the stranger. "Your land is fertile, and your crops appear to be good."

"That is true, sir; but it doesn't benefit us much."

"And why not?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, the rents are so heavy, that when we have paid them there isn't much left for ourselves."

"Indeed," returned the stranger, with interest, "is Lord Ellenborough, then, so hard a master?"

"I don't think Lord Ellenborough knows much about it."

"Who then?"

"It's Mr. Martin, the steward. He manages it all; and he manages, I'm thinking, to take considerable toll of the money that passes through his hands."

"Indeed, is that possible?"

"That's what everybody thinks around here, sir. O, he's a cunning old fellow, that Martin is. He's got the grip of a vise and the heart of a nether millstone."

"Is he oppressive in his acts, then?"

"Oppressive, do you say? It's I that ought to know, for his hand is heavy enough upon me just at this time."

"Have you any objection to telling me the story?"

"Not at all, sir; maybe it'll relieve my heart to do so. You must know, then, that three months ago I gained a promise of Kathleen Clare, the prettiest girl in

the village, that she would marry me the next Michaelmas. You ought to see Kathleen, sir. (The young man's face flushed proudly.) You'd say, I am sure, that you had never seen a brighter, prettier girl than she is. Well, the steward found out the same thing, for he has been trying for some time to get into her good graces --"

"And that made you jealous."

"Not at all, sir; for I knew well enough that Kathleen wouldn't have anything to say to him, even if he were as handsome as he is rich -- which isn't the case, by a good deal. In the first place, he's twice as old as Kathleen and more, and his soul is worse looking than his face. But, as Kathleen was walking along yesterday, the steward overtook her, and had the impudence to offer himself to her. Kathleen told him right out that she couldn't have anything to say to him, by token she had promised to be my wife. Hereupon he began to berate me, and tried to persuade her that I was of no account; but Kathleen was too good and true to believe any such blarney, so she sent him packing, notwithstanding he threatened to turn her father and mother out of house and home if she didn't agree to his proposal."

"Did he do that?" asked the young man, thoughtfully.

"Yes, he said it -- and what's more, he will do it."

"Perhaps not," returned the other, quietly.

"There's no help for it," said William, shaking his head.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that tomorrow's quarter day, and he's sent notice to Mr. Clare, Kathleen's father, that out he must turn, bag and baggage, as he wants the farm for somebody else."

"Why don't you let Lord Ellenborough know this?" asked the young man. "He would see justice done."

William shook his head.

"It wouldn't be any use, sir," said he, "Lord Ellenborough's busy with all the grand folks up in London. He leaves all such matters to the steward. That was the case with the old lord, and the young lord, his son, that has just succeeded him, will be the same, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps not."

"It's the nature of young people, sir. No doubt the new lord may have a good heart, but he doesn't know how things are going here. He leaves it all to the steward, and he'll employ him as long as he sends him in a good income."

"My good friend, I have reason to think you are mistaken," said his companion, quietly.

"And what reason?" asked William, looking at him in surprise.

"Simply this, that I who speak to you am Lord Ellenborough."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE MAY ISSUE)

I have no more short stories to reprint. Continuation depends upon them being made available to me. Suggestions for usage of pages 3 & 4 will be welcomed.