

SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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A newsletter

(Non--profit)

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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 Goldberg; 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.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY ACCEPTED

This Issue marks the end of an experimental project to unite Friends of Horatio Alger, Jr. The idea of such an organization dates back to 1961 with George Setman of Quakertown, Pa. and his Horatio Alger Club. Illness prevented George from expanding the idea that he created. With an enthusiastic urge to serve such a group, Kenneth B. Butler and Forrest Campbell, members of the Horatio Alger Club, co-founded the Horatio Alger NEWSBOY Club with a newsletter in July of 1962. With the invitation of George, members of his Club were transferred to our Club. After three full years of operation with temporary officers, we emerge as an official organization known as The Horatio Alger Society.

THE MENDOTA AFFAIR - MAY 21-22ND

After considerable preparation for this meeting an executive session was scheduled for Thursday Evening. Unfortunately our chairman, Ed Levy could not be present due to doctor's orders. Butler presided as temporary chairman with Gardner, Hartmann, Goldberg, Row and Campbell in attendance in room #9 at the Kakusha Motel. We agreed to propose a recommendation to the members in attendance at the Saturday session that we form such an organization with elected officers. Meeting adjourned. Friday morning, Jack and Beth Row played golf at the Mendota Country Club as guests of Kenneth Butler. Hartmann, Max & Ida Goldberg, Forrest & Rachel Campbell visited some neighboring antique shops and viewed the covered bridge near Princeton. Gardner had an appointment with the staff at Wayside Press. Other guests arriving during the morning were Paul House & son, Paul Jr., Leslie & Bertha Langlois, Mrs. Blanche Lloyd, Herbert & Esther Risteen, and Gilbert & Helen Westgard.

At 3 P.M. we were conducted on a tour of the operations at WAYSIDE PRESS, and also viewed 26 of Mr. Butler's oil paintings. At 5:30 we all boarded a bus which took us to Starved Rock Park and Lodge. On the way we stopped along the river to see a coal barge go through the locks. At the Lodge John & Mary Jo Sullivan joined our party. We were guests of Mr. Butler at the dinner prepared for us in the Lodge. On the return trip we all joined in a song fest led by Ida Goldberg.

Old favorite and familiar songs made our return trip a jovial one. We found out it was Bertha's birthday, so we serenaded her. We ended the ride by serenading Ken Butler with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." A tour of rooms followed where duplicate books were displayed and offered for sale or exchange. The women, during this session congregated in room #10, guests of Rachel Campbell. Gardner, and several of the men enjoyed a late nightcap; a malted milk.

On Saturday morning, new arrivals included Mrs. William (Frances) Henry and daughter Sue, and George May of Peoria, who joined our society during our business meeting. Some Gardner books were sold and many were autographed. The same was true with Westgard's ALGER STREET.

THE BUSINESS SESSION

Fourteen members were present at the business session, plus wives and children. After exhibits, including Gardner's NEWSBOY AWARD, were viewed, Mr. Butler opened and conducted the business session. Our proposal to officially organize the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY as a non profit Corporation, was unanimously accepted. A nominating committee consisting of Risteen (chairman) Goldberg and Campbell was named to report after consultation. A committee was named with Paul House as chairman to recommend the amount of membership dues for each fiscal year, July 1, to June 30th. Committee instructed to report at the Saturday Evening Banquet. Other committies, including By-Laws were named, and ordered to report at their discretion. Gilbert Westgard read an unpublished manuscript written by Horatio Alger entitled: "Nothing so Difficult as the Beginning." The Nominating Committee reported the following slate of officers: Kenneth Butler, Pres., Leslie Langlois, Vice Pres, Mrs. Blanche G. Lloyd, Sec'y-Treas. There were no other nominations. The Nominating Committee's slate was unanimously elected. Other offices are to be filled by appointment. None were announced. Meeting adjourned. A group picture of all present was taken in front of WAYSIDE PRESS. Prints will be available upon request. The group dispersed to meet again at Lake Mendota, opposite the Kakusha Motel, for a cook-out, guests of Kenneth Butler. I'm afraid we all made pigs of ourselves. The food was delicious.

The food was served by Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Kordek, Staff members of VAYSIDE PRESS. We were then directed to Ken's Carriage House where we viewed a variety of over 20 old and antique automobiles. Everyone was offered a ride, with Ken and Stanley as our chauffeurs. We were escorted about town in grand style, catching the eye of all pedestrians, and an occasional scoff (Git a horse!) from the small fry.

THE HIGH WHEELER CONTEST

While waiting the return of the last motorcade, some of the younger contestants for the High Wheeler contest, Row, Gardner and Hartmann attempted, failed to stay on, and disqualified. Others consisting of Campbell only, refused help, but quickly conceded defeat and also disqualified. Paul House Jr. was able to ride it down the slope of the lawn, but when Gilbert Westgard returned from the motorcade, he showed us all up. He not only rode down hill but up hill as well.

THE RADIO BROADCAST WGLC 1090

Coffee was served in Ken's beautiful home with Mrs. Kordek as hostess; we viewed Ken's 132 book Alger collection with envy. Later, with Gilbert reluctant to dismount, Ken, Gardner and Campbell left without him to be interviewed on Station WGLC. We were on the air for 15 minutes, and the program was also taped. Before returning, Ken presented an autographed copy of ALGER STREET to the Mendota Public Library. Upon returning, we learned that Gilbert had dismounted with honor, and he was declared the winner. Tired, worn, happy, but not yet hungry, we returned to our motel rooms to freshen up for the evening banquet.

BANQUET & EVENING BUSINESS SESSION

The banquet at Leonard's Victorian Manor was attended by 28 Friends of Horatio Alger. The host was complimented for a wonderful meal. Among other priceless antiques, one of our eagle-eyed Alger collectors spied an Alger book on the shelves at 10 paces. At the business session, the committee on membership dues recommended a \$5.00 annual membership fee for adults, and \$3.00 for those under 21. The recommendation was unanimously accepted. Leslie and Bertha Langlois extended an invitation to hold our 1966 Annual Meeting in Milwaukee. Invitation accepted. The actual location of their home is in suburban Brookfield. Gilbert Westgard read to us the popular Alger poem "John Maynard." At the discretion of President Butler, the report on the RAGGED DICK AWARD was withheld until this time as a climax. Campbell read the report of a Marlboro committee headed by Ed Bridges, Editor of the ENTERPRISE PRESS. They recommended one Warren J. Heath III, age 17, birthday, July 7th, 1947, son of Mr. & Mrs. Warren J. Heath, 143 Winter Street, Marlboro, Mass. He is the oldest of two children. He is a senior in High School, ranking 4th in a class of 230 seniors. He is a member of the National Honor Society, and has been

accepted at Northeastern University. He expects to become a mechanical engineer. He has supplemented the family income since an early age by a number of ways: A paper route; Worked in Grocery Store; Works in Shoe Shop; Operated Miniature golf course; Operates printing business in basement; Master carpenter for Youth Theatre Workshop. Janitorial duties at his church; Buys own clothes; Pays own dental bills, and saved the life of a drowning child.

The members voted unanimously to accept the recommendation of the committee. Our check for \$100.00 is to be presented to Warren by Ed Bridges who will represent the Horatio Alger Society.

President Butler presented to each member present, with a memento of the occasion—a small metal statue of a boot-black mounted on a wooden base. An inscription reads: CHARTER MEMBER * HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY * MENDOTA, ILLINOIS -- 1965

Members attending the farewell breakfast Sunday morning at the Mendota Country Club clubhouse were received with a special welcome in the form of a menu consisting of a choice of six breakfasts, all identified by an Alger book title. Suddenly it was all over. Final parting came with reluctance, but we left with pleasant memories of the Mendota Affair.

Members and friends were provided with Particular Friend buttons which were displayed with pride. Those who paid membership dues in advance received our new membership card.

The membership fee of \$5.00 includes annual subscription to the NEWSBOY, and covers all other expense. Further donations are not solicited. Send your membership fee to:

Mrs. Blanche G. Lloyd, PF-034
Secretary-Treasurer
47½ North Grant,
West Lafayette, Indiana 47906

Previous arrangements to receive the newsletter by complimentary copies, or on an exchange basis are hereby cancelled. One sample copy to prospective members will be allowed. Only active members in good standing will be served. Inactive members requesting reinstatement will be honored at any time. A list of Alger book titles has been prepared for distribution to all members by Jack Row. It will be in the mail soon. Each title has been numbered, thereby simplifying lengthy want lists by using numbers instead of titles.

Our Memorial Service in South Natick, July 17-18th will be announced in the July Issue. Max Goldberg is preparing an interesting program. Max suggests this Motto: "We come not to bury Alger, but to praise him."

WANTED; Number of titles for membership roster from PF-052 through PF-063.
MAKE PLANS NOW FOR OUR MILWAUKEE EVENT!!

HOW JOHNNY BOUGHT A SEWING-MACHINE

By Horatio Alger Jr.

(continued from the May Issue)

"Certainly," said his mother. "You shall keep this, and all you earn. I am very sure you will not wish to spend it unwisely."

"No, mother, you may be sure of that."

On Monday it so happened that the teacher was sick, and school was suspended. Johnny found no difficulty in obtaining a chance to pick cranberries for another neighbor. He was determined to do a little better than on Saturday. When evening came, he was paid for fifty-three quarts,—one dollar and six cents.

"I wish there were cranberries to be picked all the year round," thought Johnny. "I should soon get a hundred dollars."

But this was about the last of his picking. School kept the next day, and though he got a little time after school, he could only pick a few quarts. When the cranberry season was over, Johnny found himself the possessor of four dollars. After that his gains were small. Occasionally he ran on an errand for a neighbor. Once he turned the grindstone for about half an hour, and received the small compensation of one cent from a rather parsimonious farmer. Johnny was about to throw it away, when the thought came to him, that, small as it was, it would help a little.

So the autumn slipped away, and winter came and went. In the spring Johnny found more to do. On the first day of June he counted his money, and found he had fifteen dollars.

"It'll take a long time to get a hundred dollars," sighed Johnny. "If mother would only let me go to work in a shoe-shop! But she thinks I had better go to school. But by and by there'll be a chance to pick cranberries again. I wish there'd be a vacation then."

One morning Johnny had occasion to cross the fields near a small pond about half a mile from his mother's house. He was busily thinking about his little fund, and what he could do to increase it, when his attention was all at once attracted by a sharp cry of distress. Looking up, he saw a gentleman in a row-boat on the pond, who appeared to be in the greatest trouble.

"Boy," he called out, "can you swim?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Then save my little daughter, if you can. She has just fallen out of the boat. There she is."

The little girl just appeared above the surface of the water. Luckily it was very near the shore, yet too deep for any one to venture who was unable to swim. Our young hero had plenty of courage. Moreover, he was an expert swimmer, having been taught by his father before he went to the war. Without a minute's hesitation he stripped off his jacket and plunged in.

A few vigorous strokes brought him to the little girl. He seized her, just as she was about sinking for the third time. He held her till her father could receive her from his arms into the boat.

"Let me lift you in, too," he said.

"No, sir; I'll swim to shore," said Johnny.

"Come up to the hotel this afternoon. I want to see you."

The father applied himself to the restoration of his daughter, and Johnny went home and changed his wet clothes. He had recognized the gentleman as a merchant from the city who had been boarding at the hotel for a week or two. He felt a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had been instrumental in saving a human life; for it was very evident that, her father being unable to swim, the little girl would but for him have been drowned.

In the afternoon he went to the hotel, and inquired for Mr. Barclay, for he had heard the gentleman's name. He was conducted up stairs into a private parlor. Mr. Barclay advanced towards him with a smile of welcome.

"I am glad to see you, my brave boy," he said.

"Is your little girl quite recovered?" asked Johnny, modestly.

"Yes, nearly so. I thought it best to let her lie in bed the remainder of the day, as she might have got chilled. And now, my dear boy, how shall I express my gratitude to you for your noble conduct? Under God, you have been the means of saving my dear child's life. I am quite unable to swim, and I shudder to think what would have happened but for your timely presence and courage."

"I am very glad I was able to be of service," said Johnny.

"I cannot allow such a service to go unrewarded," said Mr. Barclay. "Adequate compensation I cannot offer, for money will not pay for the saving of life; but you will allow me to give you this as a first installment of my gratitude." He pressed into the hands of the astonished boy a one-hundred-dollar bill.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Johnny in bewilderment. "Do you really mean to give me so much?"

"It is little enough, I am sure."

"O, I am so glad!" said Johnny, delighted. "Now I can buy mother a sewing-machine."

"But don't you want to buy something for yourself?" asked Mr. Barclay, with interest.

"No, sir; I would rather have a sewing-machine than anything."

Then Johnny, encouraged by Mr. Barclay's evident interest, proceeded to tell him how for nearly a year he had been saving up money, without his mother's knowledge, to buy her a machine, in order that she need not work so hard in future. But thus far he had only succeeded in saving up fifteen dollars. Now, thanks to this unexpected gift, he would be able to buy it at once. "And it'll come just right, too," he said, with sparkling eyes; "for it will be mother's birthday in a week

Alger short story continued from page -3-

from to-day, and I can give it to her then. Only," he said doubtfully, "I don't know whom I can get to buy it."

"I can help you there," said Mr. Barclay. "I am going to the city in a day or two. I will select the machine, and arrange to have it sent down by express on your mother's birthday."

"That'll be just the thing," said Johnny. "Won't she be astonished? I sha'n't say anything to her about it beforehand. Here's the money, sir; I thank you very much for that, and for your kind offer."

"I ought to be kind to you, my dear boy, when I think how much you have done for me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. Call again to-morrow, and you shall see the little girl you have saved."

Johnny did call the next day, and made acquaintance with little Annie Barclay, whom he found a sprightly little girl of four years of age. She took quite a fancy to our young hero, with whom she had a fine game of romps.

Mrs. Cooper knew that Johnny had saved a little girl from drowning, but never inquired what reward he had received, feeling sure that he would tell her some time. As for Johnny, he had his reasons for keeping silent, as we know. At length Mrs. Cooper's birthday came. Johnny was full of impatience for evening, for then the express-wagon would arrive from Boston with the present for his mother. As soon as he heard the rumble of the wheels, he ran to the door. To his delight, the wagon stopped at the gate.

"Come here, youngster, and give us a lift," called the express-man. "I've got something heavy for you."

It was a large article, looking something like a table; but what it was Mrs. Cooper could not tell, on account of its many wrappings. "There must be some mistake," she said, going to the door. "I am not expecting anything."

"No, there isn't," said Johnny; "It's all right, directed in large letters to Mrs. Mary Cooper, Benton."

"I shall want fifty cents," said the express-man.

"I've got it here," said Johnny, seeing that his mother was searching for her pocket-book.

"O, by the way, here's something else, ---a letter directed to you. That will be fifteen cents more."

"Indeed!" said Johnny surprised. "Well, here's the money." He took the letter, but did not open it at once. He wanted to enjoy his mother's surprise. Mrs. Cooper was unwrapping the machine. "What is this?" she exclaimed, in delighted surprise. "A sewing-machine! Who could have sent it? Do you know anything about it, Johnny?"

"Yes, mother. It's a birthday present for you from me."

"My dear boy! How could you ever have earned money enough to pay for it?"

Then Johnny told his mother all about it. And her eyes glistened with pride and joy as she heard, for the first time, how he had worked for months with this end in view, and she could not help giving him a grateful kiss, which I am sure paid Johnny for all he had done.

It was really a beautiful machine, and, though Johnny did not know it, cost considerably more than the hundred dollars he had sent. Mrs. Cooper found that it worked admirably, and would lighten her labors more even than she had hoped.

"But you haven't opened your letter," she said with a sudden recollection.

"So I haven't," said Johnny.

What was his surprise on opening it to discover the same hundred-dollar bill which Mr. Barclay had originally given him, accompanied by the following note.

"My dear young friend:-- I have bought your mother a sewing-machine, which I sent by express to-day. I hope it will please you both, and prove very useful. I also send you a hundred dollars, which I wish you to use for yourself. The sewing-machine will be none the less your present to your mother, since both that and the money are a very insufficient recompense for the service you have rendered me. Continue to love and help your mother, and when you are old enough to go into a store I will receive you into mine." Your friend, "Henry Barclay."

There was great joy in the little cottage that evening. Johnny felt as rich as a millionaire, (*) and could not take his eyes from the corner where the handsome new sewing-machine had been placed. And his mother, happy as she was in her present, was happier in thought that it had come to her through the good conduct of her son.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

 Editor's note:-- Reprinted from OUR YOUNG FOLKS magazine, No. 20 August, 1866. (*) French spelling. The manuscript quoted was not without typographical errors. Minor errors were corrected. If any grammatical errors--by author or publisher--are noted, they were reproduced as printed, and may be questionable according to present day usage. Next month's Alger short story, THE YOUNG HERO; or, The Fallen Bridge, is contributed from the files of Gilbert K. Westgard, II.

It is by pure coincidence, and not premeditated, that the young hero in the above story received one hundred dollars for saving the life of a child from drowning, should be mentioned in the same issue of our newsletter with the announcement of the recipient of our RAGGED DICK AWARD, who also received one hundred dollars as our choice of a typical Alger hero. Among other qualifications considered, our recipient also saved the life of a drowning child, which, in the make-up of Alger stories is one of the "musts" to portray heroism.