

Newsboy

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Belmont
224 Washington Street
Fredericksburg, VA 22405



Official publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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IN SEARCH OF TREASURE 99

two delightful hedge-rows, he looked backward from time to time with nervous apprehension, almost expecting to see the tall, gaunt figure of Dr. Musgrave following him in hot pursuit, or the red head and malicious face of his young tormentor, Simon.

But when a mile away he began to feel less apprehension. He was confident that Rawdon would somehow cover his flight and put the pursuers off his track.

An unwonted sense of freedom came to him.

"Oh, if I could get away entirely from Dr. Musgrave!" he thought. "I would be willing to work hard. Perhaps some farmer would engage me. I would not mind hard work as long as I was well treated."

It is a very serious thing when a teacher who should be the guardian and guide of his pupils inspires dread and abhorrence. It is difficult to estimate how much unhappiness is occasioned by such unprincipled tyrants as Dr. Peter Musgrave, the head master of Milton School.

It seems a pity that they could not for a time change places with some of the pupils they abuse, as is done in the ingenious story, "Vice Versa."

Vivian had walked about two miles when he was overtaken by the carrier in his cart.

VICE VERSA:

A Lesson to Fathers

BY

F. ANSTEY

(THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE)

(England, 1856 - 1934)

(A condensation from *AUTHORS DIGEST*)

This fantastic tale has amused many adult as well as youthful readers, and was successfully dramatized for the English stage.



ON a certain Monday evening late in January, 1881, Paul Bultitude, Esq. (of Mincing Lane, Colonial Produce Merchant), was sitting alone in his dining-room at Westbourne Terrace after dinner.

Mr. Bultitude was a widower; tall, portly, pompous, overbearing; between fifty and sixty; self-important and weak-chinned. Comfortable enough in his lazy armchair, he yet looked troubled. His son Dick was about to return to school that evening, and he dreaded parting from him, not because he hated to lose the boy, but because, being nervous and fidgety, he thought all vacations too long, and the bother of saying good-by a good deal of a bore. He was not entirely lost to paternal affection, but had contrived to stifle his love for Dick in his dislike of any disturbance of established routine. A noisy animal like a boy was better off at school.

Outside the dining-room door, Dick, having bade good-by to

(continued on page 10)

Horatio Alger characterized VICE VERSA (1882), by F. Anstey, as an ingenious story. Read and enjoy this clever condensation provided to *NEWSBOY* from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes--lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

EUGENE H. HAFNER	PRESIDENT
D. JAMES RYBERG	VICE PRESIDENT
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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

The Society recognizes Bob Bennett's Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography, as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works.

Newsboy ad rates: 1 page, \$32.00; one half page, \$17.00; one-fourth page, \$9.00; per column (1" x 3-3/4"), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to the Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill Street, Gahanna, Ohio 43230.

PF-067 Edward C. Mattson
302 E. Joppa Road
Apt. 810
Towson, Maryland 21204

Edward writes: "I am an old member, PF-067 from 1963-64 or thereabouts. My friend Gene Hafner got me to sign up again." Welcome back, Edward!

PF-761 Robert W. Born
199 West Broadway Street
Greenwood, Indiana 46142

Robert, owner of 70 Algers, enjoys fishing, flying, and programming. He is a retired engineer, and learned of the Society through member Kenneth White. In a letter to Carl Hartmann he writes: "Like many others, I was raised on, and developed my philosophy of life from reading Mr. Alger's books. Several years ago I purchased two excellent copies at an auction in Illinois for 25 cents each, and now I am hooked for life!"

PF-762 Rev. Mark G. Mazza
8501 Calumet Avenue
Munster, Indiana 46321

Mark is a Roman Catholic priest, and heard of us through Gil Westgard. He is interested in clean, attractive copies of Alger's books, and also collects Boy Scout memorabilia.

PF-763 Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson
2800 Mount Carmel
Waco, Texas 76710

Few people are as dedicated to HAS as is Ralph Gardner, and he was instrumental in signing up Elizabeth, who is Wallace Palmer's sister.

PF-764 John Heine
4841 Allied Road
San Diego, California 92120

John is a teacher is would like "to collect as many titles as possible." An Alger collector told him of the Society.

PF-765 Robert C. Vitto
3424 E. Circle Drive
Pearland, Texas 77581

Robert is a hospital administrator and collects magazines and old comic books. He enjoys playing the guitar and the banjo, softball, bowling, and tennis. His wife writes the following: "I know a man who deserves to be a member of your organization. Starting with nothing but a loan-ridden education, he has risen through hard work and integrity of character to become the administrator of an investor-owned hospital. (At age 32, he is the youngest man in his company to hold this position.) In addition to his well-deserved success, he is the only person I know who has actually read the Horatio Alger novels. He frequently mentions their influence as a factor in his success.

"I happen to be married to the man I have just described, and I would very much like to surprise him with a membership in the Horatio Alger Society. If this is possible, please send membership information to me at the above address.

Thank you for your help. Sincerely,
Cindy L. Vitto"

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-001 Max Friedman
Nottingham Place
Apt. 07
692 South Drake Road
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49009

PF-101 Jack W. Row
4445 Vieux Carre
Tampa, Florida 33613
* * *

B O O K M A R T

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Thus, it is assumed that all books can be returned if the buyer is not satisfied with them. Please list title, publisher, condition, and price. If book for sale is a first edition, give bibliography used to determine same.

To determine condition of book, see August-September 1982 "Book Mart," and also "Dick Seddon Alger Collection" insert in the March-April 1984 Newsboy.

Offered by Fred Goulden, 154 Gates St.
Palmyra, New York 14522.

Luke Walton	NYB	F	\$2.00
Erie Train Boy	NYB	G	5.00
Risen from Ranks	NYB	F	2.00
The Store Boy	Burt	G	7.50
Bob Burton	NYB	F	2.00
Mark Mason's Triumph	NYB	P	1.00
Facing the World	NYB	G	3.00
Making His Way	NYB	F	2.00
Strong and Steady	Winston	G	4.00
Brave and Bold	World	G	4.00
Wait and Hope	NYB	P	1.00
Slow and Sure	Whitman	F	3.00
Phil the Fiddler	NYB	F	2.00
Strive and Succeed	NYB	G	3.00
C. Codman's Cruise	NYB	F	2.00
Facing the World	World	F	3.00
Try and Trust	NYB	F	2.00
Chester Rand	Dona.	P	2.00
Sink or Swim	NYB	P	1.00
Frank's Campaign	World	P	1.00
Julius, the Street Boy	NYB	P	1.00
H. Carter's Legacy	Dona.	G	3.00
Sam's Chance	NYB	P	1.00
The Tin Box	Burt	F	2.00
Facing the World	Burt	G	3.00

For postage, add \$1.00 for the first book and 50 cents for each book after that.

Offered by Ralph R. Keeney, 214 E. 13th St., The Dalles, Oregon 97058.

Horatio's Boys by Hoyt, 1974, 1st ed., fine condition with d.j., \$12.50.

Alger, A Bio. Without a Hero, by H.R. Mayes, 1928, good., no d.j., also with Jan-Feb 1974 NEWSBOY containing the Mayes' letters, both for \$35.00.

Argosy Magazine, June 1973, includes Alger's Silas Snobden, good, \$5.00

Horizon Magazine, Summer 1970, contains "Horatio Alger: Failure" by Malcolm Cowley, good, \$10.00.

The Boy's Book Buff, 6 issues, 1977 and 1978, \$9.00

Gardner's Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era, 1964, very good with d.j., \$40.

Struggling Upward and Other Works, by Alger, Crown Pub., 1945, good, \$8.00.

Offered by Bill Russell, 240 E. County Line Rd., Hatboro, PA 19040.

Jerry, Backwoods Boy	Stitt	G	\$3.00
Young Musician 1st ed	Penn	Vg	60.00
Bound to Rise 1st ed.	Loring	G	55.00
M. Mason's Triumph	NYB	G	2.00
Five Hundred Dollars	American	F	5.00
Jed, Poorhouse Boy	Burt	G	1.50
Debt of Honor	Burt	F	4.00
F. Hunter's Peril	Winston	Vg	5.00
The \$500 Check	Caldwel	Vg	10.00
Julius, the Street Boy	Loring	Vg	30.00
Mark the Match Boy	P&C	F	8.00
Nelson the Newsboy	Mershon	G	5.00
Tom Tracy	S&S	G	40.00
Young Acrobat	McKay	Vg	5.00
Young Adventurer	P&C	F	8.00
Young Bank Messenger	Winston	Vg	5.00
Young Explorer	P&C	F	8.00
Western Boy	T&T	Vg	30.00
Work and Win	Whitman	Vg	10.00
Adventures Tele. Boy	McKay	G	4.00
The Backwoods Boy	McKay	Vg	15.00
Luke Walton	Mershon	Vg	1.50
Fame and Fortune	Loring	G	20.00
Paul the Peddler	Loring	G	20.00
Phil the Fiddler	Loring	G	20.00
Phil the Fiddler	Loring	G	20.00
Struggling Upward and Other Works,			
Crown, Vg, \$5.00			
Alger, A Biography Without a Hero, by			
Herbert R. Mayes, Macy-Masius, Vg,			
\$20.00.			

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS MONTH'S

"BOOK MART": P = Poor, F = Fair, G = Good, Vg = Very good, S&S = Street and Smith, NYB = New York Book, Dona. = Donahue.

* * *

MORE ABOUT THE CONVENTION

by Ralph D. Gardner

Except that it's a bit out-of-the-way for many HAS members, I'd call Florida an ideal location for our Convention, especially when we have Gilbert Westgard expertly handling all the arrangements.

There was ample variety of activities for everyone: book hunting, visiting

famed tourist attractions and all those fine eating places (at a surprisingly low cost). Me (when there were no planned events), I just sat at the swimming pool with HAS pals, smoking cigars and swapping tall tales about the many Alger treasures that we narrowly missed-out on, and those few big ones we did manage to land.

The weather was perfect and, as "the season" ended the day I arrived (several days early to make a real vacation of it), I got a \$54 room for only \$30.

And it was worth the cost of the whole trip to enjoy watching Jerry (Tarzan) Friedland climbing to the top of the Motel's big sign that said "Welcome Horatio Alger Society"--to pose for the photographer from the local newspaper, The Palm Beach Post!

* * *

21-IN-THE-SUN AQ (ALGER QUOTIENT) QUIZ
FOR AEs (ALGER EXPERTS)!

by Ralph Gardner

(Editor's note: Some years ago, Ralph would periodically write-up an Alger Quiz for our conventions--it was always a highlight, and I remember that the competition was always keen. I recall that Gil Westgard and Bob Bennett and myself would particularly try to outdo each other. Gil asked Ralph to rejuvenate his quiz, and following is what Ralph presented at the convention):

1. In which year was the Alger Commemorative Stamp issued? Where? (2 points)
2. How many Alger books were published before Ragged Dick? (1 point)
3. How many short stories are included in Bertha's Christmas Vision? (1 point)
(continued on page 6)

[Page 5: The First Unitarian Church of Palm Beach County presented a special Alger Service in honor of our convention. This is a copy of the church bulletin--Ragged Dick was on the cover!]

ORDER OF SERVICE
Sunday, May 5, 1985 at 11 a.m.

PRELUDE "Chanson Triste" Arthur Nevin

OPENING WORDS

HYMN 62 "Man Is the Earth Upright and Proud"

RESPONSIVE READING (see opposite page)

SOLO "Reach Out and Touch" Traditional Hymn
Missy McArdle, Soprano

READINGS

MEDITATION - PRAYER

OFFERTORY "Brick Church" Robert Hebble

GREETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOLO "Come to Me - Bend to Me" From Brigadoon
Missy McArdle, Soprano

SERMON

STRUGGLING UPWARD
A Special Service about Horatio Alger
Speakers: Ralph D. Gardner
Gil Westgard, II
Dr. Helverson

HYMN 265 "Thomas Ken's Morning Hymn"

CLOSING WORDS

POSTLUDE "Triumphal March" Paul Wachs

Assisting in the service today are Ralph Gardner, Author, and Gil Westgard II.

* * * * *

There will be a sermon talk-back in the Church Office after the Social Hour.

CARVING A NAME

*I wrote my name upon the sand,
And trusted it would stand for aye;*

*BUT, SOON, ALAS! THE REFLUENT SEA
HAD WASHED MY FEEBLE LINES AWAY.*

*I carved my name upon the wood,
And, after years, returned again;*

*I MISSED THE SHADOW OF THE TREE
THAT STRETCHED OF OLD UPON THE PLAIN.*

*To solid marble next, my name
I gave as a perpetual trust;*

*AN EARTHQUAKE RENT IT TO THE BASE,
AND NOW IT LIES, O'ER LAID WITH DUST.*

*All these have failed. In wiser mood
I turn and ask myself, "What then?"*

*IF I WOULD HAVE MY NAME ENDURE,
I'LL WRITE IT ON THE HEARTS OF MEN,*

*In characters of living light,
Of kindly deeds and actions wrought.*

*AND THESE, BEYOND THE TOUCH OF TIME,
SHALL LIVE IMMORTAL AS MY THOUGHT.*

- Horatio Alger, Jr., 1869

* * * * *

Timmy and Bob Kinsey greet you with a cheery Buenos Días this morning.

Rita Lange and Margaret Wiederhold invite you to the patio after the service to enjoy a happy Social Hour.

Evelyn and Chester Adams are the donors of the lovely flower arrangement today.

4. Name real people who were heroes of Alger books. (1 point for each named)
5. Give title of book bringing highest price at Seddon sale, and its price. (2 points)
6. Name compiler-editor of the book, Alger Street. (1 point)
7. How many original Alger book titles were published [NOT reissued]? (1 point)
8. Give book titles with a NUMBER in the title. (1 point for each)
9. Give all titles containing the word WARD in the titles. (1 point for each)
10. Name the heroine of A Fancy of Hers. (1 point)
11. Which publisher indicated the year of publication with Roman numerals? Which titles showed Roman numerals? (1 point, plus 1 point for each title listed)
12. Twice in Tattered Tom Horatio refers to Tom by other names. (1 point for each name)
13. Give titles of the first TWO Stratemeyer completions. (1 point for each title)
14. Which hero rescued a Chinese man from a drunken sailor? (1 point)
15. Name the two books in which the Chinese character, Ki Sing, appears. (1 point for each)
16. One point for each PUBLISHED TITLE containing a female's name or female connotation.
17. One point for each book title (not sub-title) containing the word YOUNG.
18. In which book does the hero

attend a performance of Japanese jugglers at New York's Academy of Music? (1 point)

19. How many anagram words can you create from the name ALGER? (1 point for each)
20. Name the co-founders of the Horatio Alger Society. (2 points for everyone)!
21. Name the successors to John W. Lovell Co., publishers. (1 point)

[Editor's note: Many thanks go to Ralph for providing this quiz, and for bringing back a fine tradition at Alger conventions].

* * *
THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY:
TWENTY YEARS LATER

Compiled by Jack Bales

The first convention of the Horatio Alger Society was held in May 1965, and was hosted by its first President and co-founder, Ken Butler. Writing in the May 1965 Newsboy, Editor Forrest Campbell writes:

"Members of the Horatio Alger Society of America, more popularly known as Partic'lar Friends of Horatio Alger, Jr., and other interested people will meet in the city of Mendota, Illinois on May 21-22nd.

It will be the first gathering of this group, after almost three years of operation on a temporary basis. It will be an historical and memorable occasion. Up to this meeting, appointments have been filled by members willing to serve. The purpose of this affair is to elect officers, formally establish the Society, adopt a method of operation, state our objectives, and establish a membership fee.

"Mendota is in north central Illinois, and located on highways U.S. 51 and 34. Headquarters will be at the Kakusha Motel in the north end of the city on U.S.

34 just west of U.S. 51. Ken Bulter's home, 1325 Burlington Road, will be the scene of our entertainment, and the start of the antique car parade. It should be a gala event, since a variety of entertainment has been provided."

To focus attention on Ken Butler's mammoth contributions to the Society, I wrote to each of the present members who attended Ken's convention to reflect on that event which took place twenty years ago--the first convention and the start of the Alger Society. Their thoughts are recorded below, but first, Ken himself has written a few paragraphs:

The Horatio Alger Society began as an informal grouping of folks interested in this author's works. As a boy I read Brave and Bold and it captivated me. Later I got acquainted with Forrest Campbell of Kalamazoo, Michigan. He was a letter carrier in Kalamazoo, which was my home town. My father, also a postman, told Forrest about my interest in Alger and gave him my Mendota address. We decided to start an Alger "club" and Forrest launched a monthly newsletter which he printed on a little machine he had. He called it "The Horatio Alger Newsboy Club." Subscription price was only \$2 a year. His first issue appeared in July of 1962. By February of 1963 his subscribers numbered 59.

Through this media Ralph D. Gardner and myself got acquainted, and since I was in the printing and publishing business he suggested writing a book for us to publish. This we did, resulting in his classic Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era. Other editions were published later, with revisions.

Interest grew each year and at the close of 1964 there were 104 members. At this time Forrest and myself decided to stage a "convention" and create a formal, legal organization. All subscribers to Newsboy were invited to attend a May 1965 gathering at Mendota. There were about 30 present, mostly from nearby states. As a result the

Horatio Alger Society was incorporated as a non-profit venture under the laws of the State of Illinois.

Those present for the formal founding had picnic lunch at Lake Mendota, then travelled by bus to Starved Rock State Park, and watched ships being put through the locks at the marina on the Illinois River nearby. Those at the event saw the Butler collection of antique cars. Gilbert Westgard proved he had the nerve and the skill to ride the high-wheel bicycle that I had purchased as a display item for the museum-to-be, then in the formation stage. The high-wheeler is now on display at Time Was Village Museum.

National interest in Alger grew, and the Newsboy helped build membership. The big growth began in 1973 and the membership is now approaching 300.

And this year the Society celebrated its 20th anniversary!

Looking back, one of the star facets of HAS to me was the convention 3 years ago that focused on the award to us of the Alger postage stamp and the ceremony that went into it.

The first book about Alger may have been one published in 1961 by Frank Gruber. Two years later John Tebbel published a volume entitled From Rags to Riches--Horatio Alger and the American Dream. In 1974 Edwin P. Hoyt authored a book entitled Horatio's Boys.

And believe it or not, about 1976 a story by Alger was published in the Chinese language!

Gilbert Westgard, active from the very inception of our Society, did considerable research and published limited edition books, such as Number 91 or the Adventures of a New York Telegraph Boy. In 1976 he published Alger's The New School Ma'am. In 1964 his Alger Street featured poetry written by our hero.

Co-founder Forrest Campbell was himself

The Story Behind the Founding of Time-Was

HOW IT BEGAN . . .

More than 50 years of collecting has gone into Time Was Village. Yet, at the start, a museum was not the goal. Ken and Doris Butler collected whatever was their enthusiasm at the moment. Often, at a country auction, an item would be bid and bought. In getting acquainted with it, an interest and study developed which led to more. In the early 30's, Ken Butler, then a news editor, bought a small weekly newspaper and print shop in Southern Michigan. In a dusty corner was an old, useless printing press. He sold it to Henry Ford for his museum then being assembled at Dearborn, Mich. In 1931 curiosity impelled the couple to visit the museum to see their press. They became awed with the wonders of Mr. Ford's collections. On the way home, passing an antique store, they fell before the charm of a spinning wheel and bought it. That led to music boxes, to glassware, to books by Horatio Alger, to barber bottles. They ran the gamut through churns, toys, dolls, old furniture.

. . . AND HOW IT GREW

Came 1953. Butler, planning Mendota's Centennial celebration of which he had been named chairman, fulfilled a suppressed desire to own and drive an antique auto. He located and restored a 1914 Ford touring, took townspeople for rides, to whip up enthusiasm for the celebration. It worked, and soon he had a second Ford, a 1906 model, and then added others of many makes and body styles, drove them on tours and entered them in antique car competitions. He built a small building to house them, which in effect became a private museum, open to friends and visitors.

Meantime, their interest spread to horse-drawn vehicles, and thus to bobsleds and sleighs. Then, to anything on wheels, such as children's wheeled toys. To house the mounting horde, alley garages were rented. Accumulating finds other than cars were stored inside, under, and on top of these, to say nothing of attic, basement, in closets and under beds.

. . . AN IDEA SPRINGS TO LIFE

It was hectic, but wonderful. Obviously, nothing but a museum could emanate from all this. A search for a location culminated in a 12-acre site on Spring Creek, near Mendota. The museum plan entailed rough sketches, files of clippings, and idea notebooks. Cardboard models of buildings were made and studied. Other museums were visited for guidance. On one trip, 21 museums were toured . . .

Long lists of possible names were scribbled down. Finally, a choice had to be made. "Which will it be?" asked Ken. "I've already got it picked out," countered Doris, pointing to the name "TIME WAS". That was it! It was legally registered as a trade name and has caught on.

The Butlers wanted their museum to be colorful, varied, with surprises abounding. They wanted their goodies to be enjoyed at close range, uncluttered, clean, well-lighted, organized by categories.

. . . THUS IT CAME TO PASS!

They spent countless long nights, week-ends, vacations in constructing by hand the little shops, displays and settings. Left-over lumber was utilized. They became pseudo carpenters, cabinetmakers, paperhangers, painters, sign painters. Ken and Doris are artists, of sorts. Decide for yourself by viewing some of their own oil paintings that hang in the museum's gallery.

Each passing year after the grand opening in the summer of 1970 has seen the number of buildings grow from six to the ten that now comprise this fascinating complex. Time Was Village is not stuffy. You can sit in the pretty white gazebo and watch the windmill turning, as you continue your tour of this Yesterday-Brought-To-Life.

an avid writer and wrote eight books on the Alger theme. Being a postman, you can see that his 1979 book The Young Postmaster had a realistic background. Other titles of his writing were The Young Stable Boy, The Young Philanthropist, The Boy from the Bowery, and A Young Boston Boy.

Bob Bennett, of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, has been an avid student of Horatio Alger. In 1980 he published an extremely informative hardbound book titled Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography. It lists titles and variant titles by publisher, including short stories, published articles, poetry, and serializations. Interesting are the 24 pages of photographic illustrations of the covers of various rare editions.

Bob also issued in 1982 a soft-cover Collector's Guide to Values of Alger's books.

In closing, I sense the changes that have slowly developed among Alger fans. There's a growing importance in book trading and book selling. More than that, our members are becoming more expert in what is a first or early edition, and in rare titles. I have been thrilled with the geographic growth of our Society membership. The Society began in the Midwest, spread to the East and to the far West. By all signs, it is now expanding to the southward: '85 convention in Florida--'86 convention in Texas. Watch out -- Kentucky, Georgia, and Louisiana -- HERE WE COME!

 TRIBUTES TO KENNETH B. BUTLER

Looking back, I'm surprised to realize that I'd actually been in contact with my friend and first book publisher, Ken Butler, even before his fateful Thanksgiving Day, 1961, meeting in Kalamazoo with Forrest Campbell.

During July 1961, the Chicago Daily News published a serialization of Luke Walton that its literary editor, the

late Van Allen Bradley, assigned me to prepare, along with the front page news feature that ran the day the story began. I also wrote for the News various background articles, promotional pieces, etc.

Ken read that serialization and wrote to me, as did hundreds of others who once enjoyed Alger's marvelous tales, or folks who heard of Alger's stories but, until then, never read one. However, it wasn't until the following February, 1962, that we met when Ken visited New York.

I recall that we had lunch at the Plaza Hotel's Edwardian Room, across the street from my office, where I then ate regularly. We talked of many things: Alger's works, of course; the longhorn steer advertising theme that Ken's son, Roger, was then creating for Merrill Lynch; the feasibility of a biography-bibliography of our mutual hero, Horatio Alger, Jr. The longer we talked about it, the more enthusiastic we got. By the time we finished a second or third cup of coffee, I had agreed to write -- and Ken, the President of Wayside Press, to publish -- what two years later became our book, Horatio Alger; or, The American Hero Era. As we shook hands on the deal I remember Ken saying "we may not get rich on this, but I think we're gonna have some fun." It certainly has been fun for more than twenty years, and also unexpectedly profitable, as the edition sold out, the book was reissued some years later (and is currently optioned for a third publication), it was prominently featured in a TV commercial, plus a couple of other pleasant windfalls.

What all this leads up to is that, in connection with the book's production, I had the pleasure of visiting with Ken at Mendota a couple of times before I returned for our first annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society.

So I had a headstart on Ken's hospitality, seeing his extraordinary collection of classic automobiles, and to ride
 (continued on page 13)

his sister, Barbara, his little brother, Roly, and the servants, was trying to get up enough courage to go in and have the ordeal of leave-taking over with. It is no fun saying good-by when you are the only one who regrets the parting.

Dick sighed to be grown up like his father. School was such a dreary place!

When finally the lad went in, his father greeted him testily and lectured him on his misbehavior in the previous term, with admonishments to good behavior in the term to come, winding up with "Boaler's an uncommonly long time fetching that cab!"

"Oh, I say, papa," blurted Dick nervously, "can you let me have some pocket-money, please, to go back with?"

After an eternity of lecturing, Mr. Bultitude complied with his boy's request to the extent of five shillings, and Dick was about to put it in his purse with a gratitude that sounded disappointed when his fingers encountered a small parcel.

"I nearly forgot. Is this any use? May I have it? It's a pagoda-stone from India."

"Pagoda-stone? The boy means Garudá-stone. You've been meddling in my bureau."

"No, I found it in the drawing-room. May I have it?"

"Certainly not. Give it to me."

It looked harmless enough as Mr. Bultitude took it in his hand; there was no warning voice to hint that there might possibly be sleeping within that small marble block the pent-up energy of long-forgotten Eastern necromancy, just as ready as ever to waken into action at the first words which had power to evoke it. The sober and prosaic Paul Bultitude was unconscious of his danger from the wizard power in that stone.

Marmaduke Paradine, Mr. Bultitude's ne'er-do-well brother-in-law, had brought the stone from India as a sort of peace-offering and bid for further favors, and had then departed to become involved in shady business transactions.

"Isn't it a talisman?" said Dick.

"I'm sure I can't tell you," yawned Paul; "how do you mean?"

Just then there was the sound of a cab at the door.

"Come, now. Good-by. Don't keep the cabman waiting. He's paid by the hour. School-time is the happiest time in a boy's life."

"'Tisn't in mine," half-whimpered Dick. "I'll bet you wouldn't want to be a boy again, and have to go back to old Grimstone's."

His father sank back in his chair and put the tips of his fingers together, still holding the stone.

"Perhaps you will believe me," he said impressively, "when I tell you that, old as I am, and much as you envy me, I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again, like you."

As he spoke, the armchair seemed to grow large. He felt almost like a pygmy in a giant's chair. What had happened?

To his intense annoyance Dick burst into peals of laughter.

"What's the joke?" said Paul touchily.

"Oh!" shrieked Dick, helpless from merriment. "Do look at yourself in the glass; it will make you roar."

Paul did as he was told, and found to his horror that he was a replica of his son—a little boy of thirteen. He had had his wish.

At first he could not understand it, and it was finally Dick who reminded him that he had held the Garudá-stone in his hand when he made his wish.

Paul now begged the boy to take the stone and wish him back again, after he had himself proved its inefficacy for any such purpose; and Dick took it and deliberated as to whether he would put an end to such a huge joke or make it huger yet.

At last love of the freedom that would be his if he were a

man overcame every other feeling, and he declared his intention to use the wish to his own advantage.

"Give me back the stone," said his father, as sternly as a figure of thirteen could say it.

"Come near me and I'll punch your head," said Dick sturdily.

It was one of those painful domestic scenes which are fortunately rare between father and son.

Suddenly: "I wish I was a man like you were just now," said Dick ungrammatically, and a moment later he possessed the form of his pompous father.

At first Paul did not appreciate the full extent of the calamity that had befallen, but when Boaler, the butler, announced the cab, the quick-witted Dick, seeing his chance, said: "Well, Dick, my boy, so you're off to school. Be a good boy. Good-by, and bless you, my son." Paul, unable to summon words to explain to the butler that he was really Mr. Bultitude and not Dick, fortunately fainted, and did not come to himself until he found himself in the cab on the way to St. Pancras Station.

He tried to shake off the feeling that he was his own son, and to convince himself that he had had a bad dream, but a light from an unfriendly street-lamp showed him the frayed short trousers and the square-toed boy's boots that encased his legs and feet; a hand passed over what had been his bald spot encountered thick, close-curling locks.

He at last found himself among a group of odious little boys, evidently Dick's schoolmates on their way to the same prison to which he had foolishly doomed himself.

Their tiresome chaff, to which he could respond by nothing but the utterances of a man of pompous personality and dislike of children, was unutterably irksome to him, and he made an almost successful attempt to escape home by another cab when Dr. Grimstone arrived on the scene and prevented him.

The hideous nightmare of the journey up to school by train was converted for the other boys into something approaching a Christmas farce by the odd remarks that Paul, true to his own personality, insisted on making to the master.

For example, when the doctor observed: "Well, boys, you have had an unusually protracted vacation this time, owing to the unprecedented severity of the weather, but I intend to reduce the Easter holidays a week by way of compensation"—Paul replied: "I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, Dr. Grimstone. That's as it should be. Boys have too many holidays as it is. There's no reason, to my mind, why parents should be sufferers by every snowstorm. It's no joke, I can assure you, to have a great, idle boy hanging about the place, eating his empty head off."

A burglar enlarging upon the sanctity of the law of property could hardly have produced a greater sensation.

It was some time before the doctor quite recovered himself (the boys were staring in rapturous admiration at Paul's powers of mockery); then he said, with a grim smile, "This is indeed finding Saul among the prophets; your sentiments—if sincere, Bultitude—are very creditable."

Later Bultitude, willing to make himself agreeable, and totally forgetting that to the eyes of the world he was his son Dick, said: "You're a smoker, of course, Dr. Grimstone? I think I can give you a cigar you'll appreciate."

He felt for his cigar-case, really forgetting that it was gone, like all other incidentals of his old self, while the boys giggled with unrestrained delight at such charming effrontery.

The doctor overlooked his "buffoonery" as being "pardonable when the mind is elated by the return to the cheerful bustle and activity of school life."

Incommoded by a draft, Bultitude insisted upon the window being shut, and later complained of a schoolmate who was "puffing peppermint in his face," thereby endangering the popularity that Dick had formerly had in the school.

When they finally reached their destination, he attempted to tell Dr. Grimstone what had happened to him, but the time was not opportune, as no cabs were in waiting, and Dr. Grimstone was very angry.

"Boys," said he, "go into the waiting-room till I come to you. Stay; there are too many for the fly. Coker, Coggs, and you, Bultitude, who know the way, may walk and tell Mrs. Grimstone we are coming."

Of course the walk was converted into torture for Paul, for had he not "sneaked of" Coggs for eating peppermints (a strictly forbidden thing)?

The little fiends showed themselves worthy of situations as Spanish inquisitors by the refined cruelty of their attacks on the body of poor Paul when they got him alone. At last he broke away, and outran them to the school, which he recognized in the distance.

Bedtime brought more "hazing," and sleep was a thing of the late night for the badgered man, whose opportunity to explain all to the doctor seemed to be farther off than ever.

To a man of priggish tendencies, like Paul, the attentions of womankind never could have been other than repellent, and so, when next morning the pretty daughter of Dr. Grimstone, Dulcie, with her deep gray eyes and glossy brown hair, her oval and slightly serious face, ran toward him with a glad little cry, stretching out her pretty hands, he not only did not do what Dick would have done in the way of reciprocity, but was distinctly annoyed at her attentions, and expressed himself in no uncertain terms, thus laying up for himself future annoyances innumerable.

As his son's successor, poor Paul fell heir to many misadventures; Dick had sown, his father reaped.

Dick was a good dancer, but when in dancing-class Paul was called upon to do a sailor's hornpipe, this body of a child with the mind of a finical man rebelled, and, after peremptorily refusing on the score that "it would be enough to kill me at my age," he finally, in answer to a last request from the dancing-teacher, said, "No, I'll be damned if I do!"

Such language bore fruit in the laborious copying of such commendable maxims as, "Cultivate Habits of Courtesy and Self-Control."

When at last he had made up his mind to escape from this fearful place, he was forced to divide his precious and only five shillings among some boys to whom Dick had promised live rabbits (which he had forced Dick to kill), and this left him penniless.

A letter received from his daughter Barbara gave much news of home doings.

My Dearest, Darling Dick: Since you went away, dear papa has been completely changed. He is quite jolly and boyish—only fancy!—and we are always telling him that he is the biggest baby of us all, but it only makes him laugh. . . .

"You would laugh to see him loading cannons with real powder and shot, and he didn't care a bit when some of it made holes in the sideboard and smashed the looking-glass. . . .

"He has asked the clown from the pantomime, where we were the other night, to dine here on Sunday with Sir Benjamin and Lady Bangle. . . .

"With best love, your affectionate sister,

"Barbara.

"P.S. I nearly forgot to say that Uncle Marmaduke came

the other day, and has stayed here ever since. He is going to make papa's fortune, I believe, by a gold-mine he knows about somewhere, and a steam railway in Lapland."

This letter naturally upset Paul not a little. Dick's undignified antics as *paterfamilias* were bad enough, but the knowledge that his brother-in-law was back again, and that he was perhaps imperiling Bultitude's reputation for business probity, was maddening.

Once more he tried to explain matters to Dr. Grimstone, and once more fate made it impossible for him to express himself adequately, and he was warned that if there were much more of this aping of the manners of his elders, this "wretched tomfoolery," as the doctor called it, he should suffer for it.

To add to his misery, Dulcie, becoming jealous at knowing that he had received a letter from a girl, besought him to tell her the name of the writer, and when he refused to do so, he was led into a scene that involved a fight and much mortification and dreariness.

At last Sunday came round, but it brought no rest to the weary Paul.

He went to church, and there reaped more from the seed his son had sown. A very pretty girl, Connie Davenant, thinking to continue a last year's flirtation with Dick, passed a note to the unfortunate Paul in a hymn-book. It fell, as luck would have it, at the feet of Dulcie, who, in spite of her name, was not sweet enough to pass it on, but let it lie at her feet until her watchful mother saw it and read it.

When the storm burst after church, Paul tried to escape the consequences by repudiating any knowledge of Connie Davenant, but this seemed merely gratuitous lying on the part of a boy who had sat in the same pew for a year, with Connie occupying her present place, where her charms of face were evident to all the boys.

Still, so stoutly did Paul asseverate that he knew nothing of the girl that the doctor postponed punishment, and perhaps would have passed it over altogether if one boy named Chawner, who hated Paul, had not produced at the right moment a letter that Dick had written to Connie the year before. This evidence was too much for Dr. Grimstone, who, in the heat of his indignation, expelled Paul, the edict to take effect next morning.

Nothing could have given Paul greater joy. To get away from the miserable place where he had suffered so many indignities was worth taking a flogging to accomplish, and here leave of absence was given him as in itself a punishment!

"What!" Paul leaped up, incredulous. "Expel me? Do I hear you aright, Dr. Grimstone? Say it again—you will expel me?"

"I have said it," the doctor said sternly; "no expostulation can move me now. I shall consign you to the home you have covered with blushes and shame, by the 9.15 train, and I shall write a letter to-night explaining the causes for your dismissal."

Paul spent a happy night; but sorrow came in the morning, for the conscientious Dr. Grimstone, feeling that it would be wrong to ruin a young man's career (and incidentally cut off so much income for himself), informed him that he would give him another chance.

This hideous change in his fortunes turned out to have been brought about in all good faith by his still ardent admirer, Dulcie; but when she told him, expecting that now at last the old Dick would shine forth and she would be rewarded by his affection once more, Paul so upbraided her for interfering in things that did not concern her that the girl departed in high dudgeon.

The alternative of expulsion turned out to be a flogging

before the whole school. Paul listened to a harangue for a torturing number of minutes, and then, just as he was about to receive the stripes, the punishment was averted by the timely arrival of the real Dick.

Dick showed by his complexion and general debonair appearance that he had lived not wisely but too well.

The meeting between the two (the doctor allowing the father to have an interview with his erring son) was characteristic. Dick was full of the delights of his new life, while Paul dwelt on the woes of being battered to sleep with slippers, or kicked about during the day like a confounded football.

Then, too, Paul was concerned at Dick's appearance. "The sort of life you're leading my body, sir, will very soon make an end of you if you don't take care. I can see your liver (it may be *my* liver, for anything I know) is out of order. I can see it in your eyes."

"Well," said Dick, "if I'm seedy, I can get Barbara to take the stone and wish me all right again."

"Tell me, Dick," said Paul anxiously: "you don't go up to Mincing Lane in that suit and that hat?"

"Why not? It's a roomy suit, and I hate a great topper on my head. But I say, it's slow up at your office. The chaps there aren't half up to my larks. I made a first-rate booby-trap, though, one day for an old yellow buffer who came in to see you. He *was* in a rage when he found the waste-paper basket on his head!"

"What was his name?" said Paul with forced calm.

"Something like 'Shells.' He said he was a very old friend of mine, and I told him he lied."

"Shellack—my Canton correspondent—a man I was anxious to be of use to when he came!" moaned Mr. Bultitude.

The interview terminated after a while, Dick departing after telling his father to be patient and giving him a sovereign for spending-money.

After Dick had returned home, Paul resolved to use the sovereign to escape from the school, and, although many unpleasant vicissitudes intervened before he could command his exit, he at last found himself under the seat of a first-class carriage bound for London, having bribed a guard to lock him in there. Fear of detection by Dr. Grimstone had necessitated this uncomfortable precaution.

Although he had been locked in, two business men insisted upon occupying the compartment, and as they sat in the seat over Paul they talked, of all things in the world, about the strange behavior of "Mr. Bultitude." One of them said he had gone to see him on business.

"When I got there, I sent in my card . . . and went into a sort of inner room, and there he was, in his shirt-sleeves, busy over some abomination he was cooking at the stove, with the office-boy helping him!"

"Softening of the brain—must be," said the other.

"Then he asked me a lot of foolish questions. . . . I believe he wanted to know whether I had rather be a bigger fool than I looked, or look a bigger fool than I was. . . . It's a very pitiful affair altogether."

Paul writhed under the seat, but was not allowed much time to think over the situation in Mincing Lane, for at the next station Dr. Grimstone appeared at the window, and asked to be allowed to search for an escaped schoolboy.

By great good luck, after being prodded by a cane in the hands of a guard, Paul escaped detection, and after he had disclosed himself to the two men, who proved friendly, he was allowed to pass out into London as of their party, thus escaping Dr. Grimstone again in the person of an inspector looking for a runaway boy.

When at last Paul reached home, he found a children's party in progress, and going to the billiard-room he found Uncle Marmaduke, and was later joined by Dick.

When Dick came in, it was apparent that he had been indulging himself in a manner that had befogged his intellect but imparted a comic flavor to his speech.

Marmaduke, to whom Paul had told his astounding tale, tried to get Dick to give him possession of the stone, and seemed on the point of succeeding, at which Paul, fearing the result if his unscrupulous brother-in-law did any wishing, cried out to his son, "Dick, if you send me back to school it will kill me. You can't really justify yourself because of a thoughtless wish of mine, spoken without the least intention of being taken at my word. Dick, be generous with me now, and I swear you will never regret it."

Then Dick told his father that he was sorry for him, but that the stone was lost.

Before Paul had a chance fully to realize this calamity, the door-bell rang, and it was ascertained that Dr. Grimstone was outside.

Instantly Paul took flight up the stairs, being resolved not to be dragged back to the school.

But when almost in hiding he was stopped by little Roly coming out of his nursery, who greeted him affectionately as "Buzzer Dicky, tum 'ome to party "

Roly tried to talk about something he had found, and after setting Paul guessing he showed it to him. Paul was in the seventh heaven of delight when he recognized the lost Garudá-stone.

He was not slow to act this time.

"Play a funny game, Roly. Say, 'I wish papa and brother Dick back again as they were before.' I'll give you a sugar-plum if you say it nicely."

"'I with'—I forget what you told me—oh, 'I with papa and '—there'th thomebody tummin' up sthairth!" he broke off suddenly; "it'th nurth tummin' to put me to bed."

"Never mind nurse; finish the—the game."

"'Papa and Buzzy Dick back again as—as they were before,'" repeated Roly at last. "What a funny—ow! ow! it'th papa! it'th papa! and he told me it wath Dicky."

For the stone had done its work once more, and this time with happier results.

The Garudá-stone was pitched out of the window, and Paradine was sent to the right-about. An interview with Dr. Grimstone followed, and Dick (whose transformation had come unexpectedly and unsought) was sent back to school with the injunction to keep the secret of his identity.

"Mind," Paul said, "*you* have been at school all this past week; *you* ran away to attend this party, you understand? Good-by, my boy, and here's something to put in your pocket."

And when Dick opened his hand afterward he found a half-sovereign in it.

After this Mr. Bultitude never considered his family a set of encumbrances; thanks to Dick's offices during the interregnum, thenceforth they threw off their reserve in their father's presence, and, in so doing, opened his eyes to qualities of which he had lived in contented ignorance.

Mr. Bultitude's business associates never quite forgot his curious vagaries of a week's duration, and he found it hard to take up the reins of business where he had dropped them.

As for Dick, he found that in that week he had lost forever the love of Dulcie; and the whole school for a time seemed to think that they could kick and assault him generally with perfect impunity, but a few very unsuccessful experiments convinced them that this was a popular error on their part.

with him -- in his ancient Model A Ford station wagon -- along the tree-shaded lanes of Mendota as friends and passersby greeted Ken with gleeful shouts of "Get a horse!"

Enroute to the Mendota convention, I stopped at Kalamazoo for a couple of mild spring days to visit with Forrest and Rachel at their picture-book beautiful cottage, filled with their collections of antique glass and Rachel's delicate needlework.

I drove from Kalamazoo to Mendota with Carl Hartmann. It was the first time we met (in a coffee shop) but we recognized each other immediately. It was as though we'd been friends for years.

Ken pulled out all the stops and gave us the kind of weekend from which lasting memories are made: the picnic, all-night gab-sessions, the brook behind Ken's home, me riding in his bright red Stanley Steamer, Gilbert pedaling zig-zag up the street (and out of sight) on a 19th century high-wheeler bike; the many other pleasures we all shared among new friends.

Our convention ended with Sunday breakfast at a nearby country club. There was a choice of three menus, each designated by the title of a rare Alger book. The most sumptuous meal -- which included steak, pancakes, eggs and the works (I was a bigger eater in those by-gone days) -- was the Timothy Crump's Ward.

As I write this I have before me the beautiful convention souvenir Ken presented to all who attended. It is a brass figurine of an aggressive Ragged Dick with his boot-blackening box. On the mahogany base is printed: "Charter Member / Horatio Alger Society / of America / Mendota, Illinois -- 1965." This Alger collector's treasure formerly decorated my office. But when I retired some years ago, I removed it to the desk in my library where, every day, it reminds me of our first official get-together.

Boy, THAT was a convention! What astonishes me is how so many of our annual meetings since then have maintained the standard set by our Founder President, Ken Butler.

Ralph D. Gardner

Is it really twenty years since the Alger group met in Mendota, Illinois? I remember the pleasant two or three days Herb and I spent there, and the friends we made, especially Ken Butler, and Rachel and Forrest Campbell. Mr. Butler's home was most pleasant and his antique cars very exciting. The trip to Starved Rock State Park and dinner there was a very special occasion.

Herb and I were able to attend five Alger conventions -- Mendota in 1965, Milwaukee in 1966, Kalamazoo in 1969, Rosemont in 1976, and Jacksonville in 1978. Collecting Alger books added much pleasure to Herb's retirement years.

My personal regards to Mr. Butler, and to anyone else who remembers Herb and me.

Esther Risteen
(Mrs. Herbert L. Risteen)

An Alger reader since I was a boy (1917 perhaps the start), I jumped at the idea of an Alger Society and was eager to drive the 80-odd miles to Mendota for the organizational meeting. My impressions of the meeting at the time and as I reflect over the years since then have been very favorable, enthusiastic, I might say. I was impressed by the friendliness and enthusiasm among those assembled at Mendota, and the attention I was given, an amateur Alger fan as regards the scholarly end of the discussions. I liked the program of that day and the dinner that night. I was particularly pleased to meet scholar-author Ralph Gardner and the publisher Ken Butler, along with the latter's antique cars. As I look back, I think that history was made that day in Mendota, in a literary sense.

George W. May

Prior to attending our first convention in Mendota in 1965 I must admit that I had serious misgivings. My wife, not being an Alger fan, often wondered what kind of nuts (besides her husband) collected these juvenile stories. I must admit at times I had the same feelings.

After meeting and talking to Ken Butler, Forrest Campbell, Ralph Gardner and other members I realized these people were high caliber, knowledgeable, and dedicated persons and I was proud to be associated with them.

Long live the Horatio Alger Society.

Les Langlois

I attended the first Alger convention and had a fine time. Ken Butler and Forrest were the hosts and their love of Alger books was very evident. The book trading was brisk and as a first, some Algers in excellent condition went for a small percentage of what they would today.

We toured Mendota in fine style in classic autos, thanks to Ken, and at one stage at Ken's home tried one of those old fashioned bicycles--the type with the huge front wheel and the tiny back wheel. It was a terrifying experience.

The biggest thrill was to meet people that I had read about or corresponded with over the years. The Mendota affair became one of my most pleasant memories.

John F. Sullivan

I have many fond memories of the first convention in Mendota, at Ken Butler's. There was NO charge, and we were entertained and fed royally. We had motel reservations in a nice place near Ken's. We had many fun things to do at Ken's, with his antique cars displayed in his large yard. The old Ford "Depot Wagon", the Rolls Royce, in which he took people for rides, the 1909 Locomobile with a monicle windshield, et al. We all had a

chance to ride his old high wheel bike -- Beth and I rode it ok, and I took movies of people on it. On Saturday night (I believe) we were taken in a chartered bus to a famous state park with Indian motif, and we dined sumptuously in the dining room. Another day (Sunday, I believe), we were catered to in a Mendota park in picnic style -- very well. All food and entertainment were at Ken's expense. We also had a most interesting tour through the Wayside Press, with their approximately 300 employees. A most marvelous time was had by all!

Jack Row

Ken Butler arranged a really great convention back in 1965. He had no previous Alger convention to serve as a model, and so was free to establish a pattern that has been followed by a number of hosts since that time; though certain features have been added, Ken's basic outline remains. His previous experience in arranging antique automobile tours and meetings gave him a fine background for planning our first convention.

Helen and I had been married for just three months when we attended Ken's Alger convention. Since we had many times been to Starved Rock where Ken arranged to have a dinner on Friday, and had also honeymooned in the area, we felt very good about the choice of location.

I had never ridden a high-wheel bicycle (the correct term is an "ordinary") before the second day (Saturday) of the convention, but soon discovered the knack of staying aboard, and was unaware that I had been scheduled to appear on a local radio program with Ken and Ralph and Forrest. When these fellows left for the studio they saw I was still enjoying the high-wheeler, and so left without me. When they returned, I was still riding high!

At the dinner held at Leonard's Victorian Manor, I noticed a copy of The Young Naval Captain, by Capt. Ralph Bonehill (Edward Stratemeyer). This was

a title I'd not heard of before, and as an avid Stratemeyer collector I inquired about Leonard's willingness to sell it. This was the only book by Stratemeyer on his shelves which were filled with miscellaneous turn-of-the-century books, but he put off my inquiry. For more than three years after the convention Ken tried to obtain this book for me, and in early 1969 informed me that he could do no more, and that the last time he tried he'd been unable to even see Leonard. Quite a number of additional years went by before I was at last able to locate another copy of this extremely rare title to my collection from another source.

On Sunday morning Helen and I rode with Ken in one of his finest antique cars to the farewell breakfast. This was because of my newly acquired skill at riding Ken's "ordinary." The trip in Ken's car was the prize I had earned.

For a number of years following this first Alger convention I hoped to some day own a high-wheel bike. This ambition was not realized for another eight or nine years.

Ten years after the first Alger convention I wrote to Ken for suggestions to help make my then upcoming 1976 convention successful. He responded with a full page of advice that is still good for any future host who wants to make his meeting as memorable as that of The Mendota Affair.

Gilbert K. Westgard II

I keep remembering that enthusiastic meeting at our home when Forrest and Ken started the Horatio Alger Society. If I'd known that day how it would grow, I'd have taken a picture of them; Ken was sitting on the floor beside the bookcases--they were so enjoying the plans they had for the Society.

Rachel Campbell

* * *

CHANGES IN THE HAS ROSTER

Please make the following changes in

your 1985 Roster. Changes are underlined.

Coover, Lewis B. DR. DMD
T-200+

Kasper, Robert E.
T-125 (50)

Leach, Kent W.
T-113 (15)

Leveille, Gary T.
Audrey

Mills, David H., DR.
Susan T-105 (27)

Oppenheimer, David
2608 N. E. 37th Drive
T-15

Westgard, Gilbert K. II
1001 S. W. 5th Court

Wiggins, Ellaree
Myrtle Beach, S. C.

Owens, George W.
108 Jefferson Drive West
Palmyra, VA 22963
804-589-3612
T-160 (20)

Thornton, David W.
T-120 (10) 415-689-7039

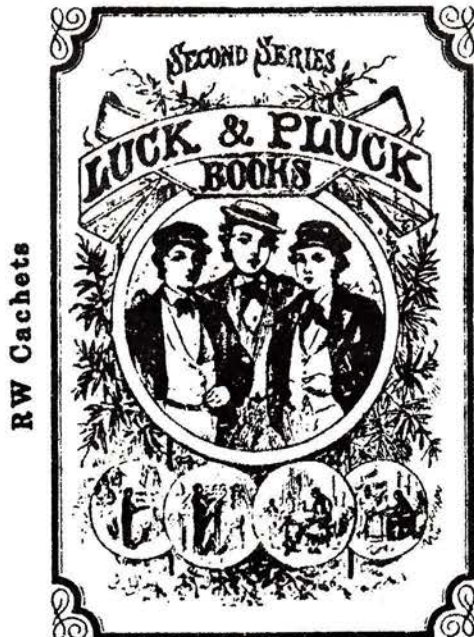
Row, Jack W.
Tampa, FL

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND
by Jack Bales

Gary Scharnhorst's and my The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr. seems to be selling well, and the reviews have created quite a bit of interest. The current Dime Novel Round-Up featured a review by Jack Dizer and a follow-up letter by Gary. Also, the October 18, 1985 issue of the London Times (Times Literary Supplement) included a marvelous review, noting that it was a "fascinating book" and a "biography which can be regarded as definitive."

As many of you know, I have collected over 100 different First Day Covers that feature the Alger stamp. Here is a



cachet from a new one--it was devised by Ross Wetreich, P.O. Box 587, Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y. 11582, and it costs \$1.75.

Alger readers should be sure and check out the April/May 1985 issue of American Heritage. An article on "Ten Books That Shaped The American Character" by Pulitzer Prize winner Jonathan Yardley includes Ragged Dick. Also, "Dirty-Faced Davids & The Twin Goliaths" is a fascinating article on the 1899 newsboys' strike in New York City.

Hank Gravbelle sent in a photocopy from a Porter and Coates copy of Ben's Nugget and asked if I had ever seen it before. It showed the three characters from the book--a boy, a miner, and the Chinese servant, talking before a crude log cabin.

Roy Wendell sent me an article from the March 11, 1985 Boston Herald. Called "'Rags-to-Riches' Spirit Back in Style," it discusses the Alger Awards.

Dick Bales--a stamp collector--showed me an article from the July 22, 1985

issue of Linn's Stamp News. Entitled "Harvard on Stamps a Topic of Tradition," it showed a picture of the Alger stamp, and beneath it were the words, "The famous rags-to-riches stories of Horatio Alger were the product of this Harvard Divinity School graduate."

Dave Soibelman was the one who pointed out the American Heritage articles, and he writes that "I've been busy these last few months, trying to guard my health and still doing the volunteer-editor job of turning more issues of the Technion Tidings."

An article on Jack Dizer was in The Leader, a newspaper in Corning, New York (Sept. 19 issue). The article was titled "Tom Swift: Retired Professor Things the Character Modeled After Exploits of Glenn Curtis." This was a fairly long piece, and Jack's comments--and pictures--are sprinkled throughout it.

Jim Lowe and Gil Westgard both sent me an article from the May 20 issue of People Magazine. The "Picks and Pans" section included a review of the book, Children of the City, a volume by David Nasaw. The book deals with "the lives of working-class city children from the turn of the century. They sold newspapers, shined shoes, scrounged junk and hustled whatever, whomever and whenever they could to supplement their families' usually meager incomes." Jim Lowe bought a copy and adds that "it has a number of interesting old photographs and the text is interesting. I think the Alger members will like it."

An article in the Lafayette, Indiana newspaper notes that Rohima Walter "was honored by the Horatio Alger Society at its annual meeting in Boynton Beach, Florida. Walter received the Presidential Award in appreciation for her contributions and continuing devotion to the Society. [She] has been a member of the Society 19 years and has a collection of more than 100 books written by Alger." Again, Rohima, congratulations from all of us.