



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr., his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXV

July-August, 1986

Number 1

HORATIO'S IN HOUSTON



HOSTED BY JIM RYBERG

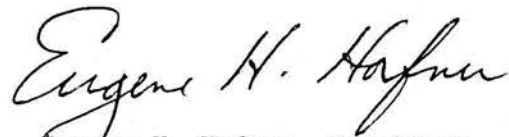
Convention Issue

ANNOUNCEMENT, APPOINTMENT & APPRECIATION

After twelve years and 101 issues of NEWSBOY, our Editor, Jack Bales has decided to step down from the post he has so adeptly handled through his long tenure. The officers of The Horatio Alger Society understand full well his reasons for leaving and offer him our highest praise for a job so adequately performed over the years. I am positive that all of you reading this appreciate what a tremendous task this has been and echo our thanks.

Along with the high honor of being elected your President it is also my privilege to appoint a new Editor for NEWSBOY according to the By-Laws. I am therefore appointing Gilbert K. Westgard II, with his concurrence, to be Editor of The Horatio Alger Society official publication NEWSBOY.

Over the years that we have known Gil he has proven many times his knowledge of, and loyalty to, Horatio Alger and the Society. His publishing many Alger books that most of us would not have in our libraries if not for his expenditure of time and effort, has not gone unnoticed. Those of you who attended last year's "21 in the Sun" convention in Florida, and the 1976 "Rosemont Twelfth Time" convention he also hosted when living in Illinois, know full well how dedicated and energetic Gilbert is toward The Horatio Alger Society. While our Society has been blessed with many outstanding people it is with confidence that we can fill this vacated position so successfully. It's the ALGER way.



Eugene H. Hafner, President
HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

* * *

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBERS

PF-771 Norman T. Hopper
1142 Plymouth Dr.
Sunnyvale, CA 94087

Norman owns 33 Algers, and reports that he is interested in juvenile books in general, and also stamps and coins. He's 65, and sells used books by mail. Send him your list of non-Alger wants, and perhaps he can help supply your needs.

PF-772 Lawrence O. Renne
5617 Chowen
Edina, MN 55410

Lawrence is the owner of 44 Algers, and also does woodworking, gardening, and is a collector of Civil War books and memorabilia. He is 67, retired, and heard of our Society from a book dealer in Excelsior, MN.

PF-773 Mrs. Chris DeHaan
3870 9th St.
Wayland, MI 49348

Chris has 48 Alger books, and is also interested in genealogy, rock collecting, and metal detecting. She is a housewife, and helps her husband Doug out on their farm. Milton Ehlert told her about us.

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY — 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: President, Jim Ryberg; Vice-president, George Owens; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, John Juvinall, Owen Cobb, Bob Sawyer, Edward T. LeBlanc, Glenn Corcoran, Bill Leitner, Bill McCord, Jim Thorp, Gene Hafner; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett, Max Goldberg. Newsboy, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page \$9.00, column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill St., Gahanna, OH 43230. THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works. Send contributions for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S. W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33435

PF-774 Jerrell L. Driver
 P. O. Box 1675
 St. Joseph, MO 64507

Jerrell does not report owning any book by Alger, but has ordered some. His other interests include motorcycling, coin collecting, reading, advertising, scuba diving, and collecting Scott-Foresman readers. He is 37, a psychologist, and only sent \$10 with his application, as an almanac listing of our Society gave that figure. He equates his \$10 with thriftiness. The Society has accepted this partial payment, and grants him a nine month membership. We know how to be thrifty, too!!!

PF-775 George Dunning
 1343 S. 6th St.
 Abilene, TX 79602

George joined the Society while attending "Horatio's in Houston" as a guest of his sister-in-law Evelyn Grebel. He and his wife Velnor made many friends at the convention, and got a start on collecting by successfully bidding on a pile of ten World Syndicate Publishing Co. Algers.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- PF-258 Jack Bales
 Box 141 L.O.W.
 Locust Grove, VA 22508
- PF-278 Donald D. Dowling
 RR1 P.O. Box 740
 New Hampton, NY 10958
- PF-360 Bill McCord
 P.O. Box 331
 So. Cairo, NY 12482
 Phone 518 622-8151
- PF-453 Mark A. Preston
 psc 1 box 761
 Andrews A.F.B., MD 20331-5367
- PF-539 Christopher J. Novak
 691 Winding Path Ln.
 Manchester, MO 63021
 Phone 314 394-4563

IN MEMORIAM

Word has been received of the death of Rev. Kenneth Allen Anderson on February 15, 1985, and of the subsequent passing away of his widow, Opal C. Anderson, just thirteen months later on March 15, 1986.

Ken was a retired Lutheran minister. In a letter written in 1983 he said, "I never had a big salary & preached only for the salvation of souls & God's glory."

Matthew 25:21.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS

Terry and Marilyn Miller Saurer report the birth of Logan Alexandria Miller Saurer on May 4, 1986. Weight: 7 lb., 10 oz. Length 19½ inches.

Marilynn writes, "Sorry we missed the Convention, but we were busy!"

* * *

MEMBER FOR TWENTY YEARS

Viola James, PF-165, writes, "Sometimes I wonder why I continue to belong — I'll be 89 years old on July 11th, still only have my 11 volumes that belonged to my late husband.

"I do read NEWSBOY and hope my dues are doing some good, some way or in some place. I am very active, for my age (as they say!), continue to maintain my own home and do my own work for which I thank the Lord daily!"

* * *

Rohima Walter, PF-160, just phoned to say that she's got a lot of Alger books, too many to list in NEWSBOY, but will send a list to anyone who writes to her. 1307 Greenbush, LaFayette, IN 47904.

HORATIO'S IN HOUSTON
by
Gilbert K. Westgard II

This was the convention with wings. All but a few members came from distant places to the city of Houston by jet. With the roar of the engines still echoing in my ears, and various vibrations still tingling in other parts of my anatomy, I soon spotted a fellow holding an issue of NEWSBOY. This was Mike Clements who, along with his wife Mary, had been sent to the Houston Intercontinental Airport to greet arriving members. After escorting me to the luggage check-out Mike went in search of Elizabeth Thompson, sister of Wally Palmer, whose arrival was only a few minutes away. In about fifteen minutes I had the pleasure of greeting her. Together we took a cab to the Hyatt Regency West Houston, with the idea it would probably cost each of us about the same as what we'd have to pay for the shuttle bus. It turned out to be more than four times the rate the shuttle would have charged!

As I was registering at the hotel desk I saw Owen Cobb and Jim Ryberg making their way across the barn-like atrium. Soon I was introducing them to Elizabeth, and exchanging bits of small talk.

Most of the rooms for our group were on the fourth floor, and were reached by a trio of glass-walled elevators. After noting that my roommate John Juvinal had already arrived a day earlier, I went to the hospitality room on the first floor. Here the badges and other convention materials were distributed, and refreshments could be consumed.

Two restaurants were in the atrium, one was expensive, and the other very much so. I never saw any of our members in the latter. Accompanied by Rohima and John C. Walter I made my way across the floor of the first restaurant to be greeted by Jerry Friedland, Ralph Gardner, and Gene Hafner, who very nearly was prevented by broken bones in his wrist from attending the convention. A cast covered his left palm and extended nearly to his elbow.

After eating a delicious nacho platter, I returned to the hospitality room for a visit with Bill and Judy Leitner, Carl and Jean Hartmann, Owen and Mary Elizabeth Cobb, and Dale and Mary Ellen Thomas.

Carl Hartmann has attended all but one of our 22 conventions, and as we discussed the one he missed, Ed and Florence LeBlanc, who were the only ones to drive the long distance from their home to the convention joined in the conversation.

Later in the evening there was a brief Executive Board meeting, and I had the pleasure of meeting Jon Friedland, Jerry's son.

On Friday morning coffee and rolls were available in the hospitality room prior to the annual business meeting.

Some of the highlights of the meeting were voting to purchase Jack Bales's Alger archive, presenting to him the typewriter he'd used for several years to prepare issues of NEWSBOY, and granting a title of Editor Emeritus to Jack. Gene Hafner made the announcement that he had appointed me as the new Editor of NEWSBOY to replace Jack. I said that I accepted the position. It was also announced that the site of the 1987 Horatio Alger Society Convention, "The Monticello Meeting," would be held in Charlottesville, Virginia, and be hosted by George Owens. Other measures considered and passed included, adjusting the compensation of the Editor and Executive Secretary, reprinting the first six volumes of NEWSBOY in 8½ x 11 format, and forming a committee to consider obtaining a computer or a word processor to improve the appearance of NEWSBOY by having justified right margins.

Friday afternoon was free, and some sat visiting in the hospitality room, while others went to various rooms to buy and sell Alger books.

In the evening we had a delicious meal of ham provided by Floyd R. Martin in the hospitality room. This annual feasting on Mr. Martin's hams has become one of the most appreciated features each year.

In addition to the sliced ham there were other varieties of meat and cheese in quantities to great to be consumed even by our hungry members at a single time.

A popular and enjoyable feature of this and certain previous Alger conventions was Ralph D. Gardner's A.Q. (Alger Quotient) TEST FOR A.E.s (Alger Experts). With more than one hundred possible points, the highest score achieved was about sixty. The questions concerned titles, occupations, locations, holidays, and gender of certain Alger heroes.

Saturday morning featured the book sale in a room near the hospitality room. The largest number of books offered came from Ed LeBlanc and Jim Ryberg. Others who flew to this convention were unable to bring large numbers of books. Generally, only those items that were either rare, or in rather good condition, were sold.

The afternoon was unscheduled. A few members conversed in the hospitality room where Bob Sawyer could be found wearing a T-shirt with Alger's portrait on the front. Evelyn Grebel, her sister Velnor Dunning, and her brother-in-law George Dunning, enjoyed conversing about Alger and other topics with members who came and went as the time for the banquet approached.

Upstairs Jerry Friedland organized the assortment of items to be auctioned later in the evening.

This was the fourth convention for Nan and Frank Jaques, and the first one for Frank's mother Eula, who was ready to buy an Alger book for her son when he was unable to make the purchase for himself.

The last member to arrive was John Van-Devere. He made it to the banquet and auction.

Following the banquet came the time for presentation our various awards. There was no question about who would receive the Newsboy Award, but unfortunately both Gary Scharnhorst and Jack Bales could not be with us. Their book, THE LOST LIFE OF

HORATIO ALGER, JR., was published last year by Indiana University Press.

The Richard R. Seddon Award was given to Brad Chase "in recognition of his comradeship and friendship by his Partic'lar Friends."

The Luck & Pluck Award went to Jean and Carl Hartmann, who "teach a lesson of patient fortitude and resolute endeavor." The quotation comes from Alger's LUCK AND PLUCK, Preface, page v.

The Presidential Award was presented by Gene Hafner to Carl T. Hartmann, who "for more than twenty conventions he has stood faithfully by us, cheering us in our labors, and bidding us God-speed; to whom our journal has become a household word, and without whose aid we could have accomplished nothing, this award is respectfully inscribed." This wording is based on Street & Smith's dedication of Alger's THE WESTERN BOY.

Throughout the convention Rohima Walter worked on an embroidery showing four seashells. As the auction began there were doubts expressed that it would be completed in time for inclusion in its finished state. There was just too much to do on it, but it was purchased by Dale Thomas, and Rohima promised to send it when it was complete.

Not surprisingly Alger books, particularly first editions, fetched new record prices. All items that went for more than \$100 were very desirable editions.

A record price of \$410 was bid on a copy of FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT. It was a rare first edition with the small blue erratum slip tipped onto page 267. Dale Thomas was the generous donor of this item, and Brad Chase purchased it for his brother Rolfe.

Sunday morning was a time for packing and farewells. There were many remarks made on Jim Ryberg's superb job in hosting "Horatio's in Houston," and the hope that we'd all see each other next year at George Owens's "Monticello Meeting."

The Auction Record of Horatio's in Houston

<u>Item:</u>	<u>Donated by:</u>	<u>Bought by:</u>	<u>Price</u>
Seven Alger stories from NY <u>Sun</u>	Stewart McLeish	Gene Hafner	\$ 10
Bookends	Evelyn Grebel	Judy Leitner	10
Ten World Syndicate Alger books	Hank Gravbell	George Dunning	11
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	Dale Thomas	Jerry Friedland	250
VILLAINS GALORE	Morris Olsen	Brad Chase	15
THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE	Gilbert K. Westgard II	Jon Friedland	10
IN A NEW WORLD (with D.J.)	Gene Hafner	Jerry Friedland	20
<u>Harper's New Monthly Magazine</u>	Judy Seddon	Bill Leitner	10
Mickey Mouse Stories (German)	Jim Ryberg	John Juvinall	2
Three books	Roy Wendell	Dale Thomas	2
Fourth Grade Reader	Morris Olsen	Jim Ryberg	20
Four Amos 'n' Andy tapes	John Juvinall	George Owens	10
Drawing by Ralph D. Gardner	Ralph D. Gardner	Frank Jaques	6
<u>Boy's Home Weekly</u>	Judy Seddon	Dale Thomas	5
<u>Boy's Home Weekly</u>	Judy Seddon	Carl T. Hartmann	5
Rockwell photo	Ralph D. Gardner	Rohima Walter	2
Four <u>Ballou's</u> Magazines	Bob Sawyer	Dale Thomas	5
Full sheet of Alger stamps	Jim Ryberg	Bob Sawyer	15
Tray for tips	Bill Leitner	Gene Hafner	5
WORKS IN PROGRESS	Evelyn Grebel	Jerry Friedland	2
Monopoly 50th anniversary ed.	Gilbert K. Westgard II	Jon Friedland	30
ADRIPT IN NEW YORK	Owen Cobb	Gene Hafner	10
Three <u>Tip Top Weekly</u>	Bob Sawyer	Jim Ryberg	10
Four misc. items	Rohima Walter	Evelyn Grebel	1
First day covers	Rohima Walter	Bob Sawyer	2
Two Sherlock Holmes tapes	John Juvinall	David Roberts	10
Six Penny Book	Ralph D. Gardner	Ed LeBlanc	8
Full sheet of Alger stamps	George Owens	Carl T. Hartmann	15
Neiman-Marcus 1981 Catalog	Jim Ryberg	Jean Hartmann	3
Neiman-Marcus shopping bag	Jim Ryberg	Jerry Friedland	5
Rockwell Jewel Box	Bill Leitner	Gene Hafner	5
YOUNG MUSICIAN	Gene Hafner	Carl T. Hartmann	65
Lot of prints	Ralph D. Gardner	Jean Hartmann	6
Alger short story	Judy Seddon	Rohima Walter	5
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> volume	Judy Seddon	Gilbert K. Westgard II	40
Dick Jorgens tape	John Juvinall	Bill Leitner	4
Horatio Alger Club card	Jack Bales	Owen Cobb	3
Horatio Alger Club card	Jack Bales	Bob Sawyer	3
Horatio Alger Club card	Jack Bales	Gene Hafner	3
THE NEWSBOY PARTNERS	Brad Chase	Jim Ryberg	5
MEMORIES OF A STORE	Morris Olsen	Jim Ryberg	6
Stamp album	Ralph D. Gardner	Gene Hafner	5
Owl neck pieces	Bob Sawyer	Jean Hartmann	10
Carolyn Keene autograph	Evelyn Grebel	Owen Cobb	30
Two books	Rohima Walter	Jean Hartmann	1
Book on golf	Rohima Walter	John Juvinall	1
BOYS IN WHITE	Evelyn Grebel	Jerry Friedland	20
FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT	Owen Cobb	Gilbert K. Westgard II	10
Munsey books	John Juvinall	Gene Hafner	1
MAKING HIS MARK	Jim Ryberg	Brad Chase	25
Tole painting	Evelyn Grebel	Jerry Friedland	5
FALLING IN WITH FORTUNE	Jerry Friedland	Frank Jaques	54

Three Lorings	Dale Thomas	Frank Jaques	\$ 50
Three Lorings	Dale Thomas	Frank Jaques	25
Paper back	Mary Cobb	Ed LeBlanc	10
Three pictures	Rohima Walter	Dale Thomas	15
Leather pouch	Bill Leitner	George Dunning	4
Brad Chase book on Burt Algers	Brad Chase	Gene Hafner	9
Two tapes	John Juvinall	Jon Friedland	5
Two books	Rohima Walter	Judy Leitner	2
Throw rug	Rohima Walter	Evelyn Grebel	3
Commemorative plate	Bill Leitner	Mike Clements	20
WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE	John Juvinall	Jon Friedland	18
Laura Lee Hope books	Evelyn Grebel	Mike Clements	5
STRUGGLING UPWARD & OTHER WORKS	Brad Chase	Jim Ryberg	5
"An Affair of Honor"	Judy Seddon	Bob Sawyer	3
"The Code of Honor"	Judy Seddon	Bob Sawyer	3
<u>Gleason's</u> magazine	Judy Seddon	Rohima Walter	5
<u>Ballou's</u> magazine	Judy Seddon	Jerry Friedland	5
<u>Harper's</u> magazine	Judy Seddon	Carl T. Hartmann	5
<u>Our Young Folks</u>	Judy Seddon	Frank Jaques	5
THE NEWSBOY PARTNERS	Owen Cobb	Frank Jaques	8
RECOLLECTIONS OF B	Morris Olsen	Jerry Friedland	20
FOR HOME AND HONOR	Bill Russell	Jim Ryberg	12
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> issue	Judy Seddon	Rohima Walter	5
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> issue	Judy Seddon	Ed LeBlanc	5
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> volume	Judy Seddon	Gilbert K. Westgard II	40
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> volume	Judy Seddon	Frank Jaques	72
<u>Student & Schoolmate</u> volume	Judy Seddon	Gilbert K. Westgard II	50
<u>Gleason's Home Companion</u> volume	Judy Seddon	Dale Thomas	100
RAGGED DICK in Japanese	Jerry Friedland	Gene Hafner	35
FORGING AHEAD 1st edition	Dale Thomas	Brad Chase	160
JOE THE HOTEL BOY 1st edition	Jerry Friedland	Gene Hafner	55
CHESTER RAND	Dale Thomas	Dale Thomas	140
LESTER'S LUCK 1st edition	Jerry Friedland	Brad Chase	95
FROM CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT 1st	Dale Thomas	Brad Chase	410
Embroidery of sea-shells	Rohima Walter	Dale Thomas	20
		TOTAL	\$2,240

List of Donors to the Auction at Horatio's in Houston

Dale Thomas	\$1,035	Bill Leitner	34
Judy Seddon	363	Ralph D. Gardner	27
Jerry Friedland	239	Bob Sawyer	25
Gene Hafner	85	Brad Chase	19
Evelyn Grebel	72	George Owens	15
Morris Olsen	61	Bill Russell	12
Jim Ryberg	50	Hank Gravbelle	11
John Juvinall	48	Stewart C. McLeish	10
Rohima Walter	45	Jack Bales	9
Gilbert K. Westgard II	40	Roy Wendell	2
Owen Cobb	38		
		TOTAL	\$2,240

* * * * *

START LOOKING NOW FOR ITEMS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE AUCTION AT THE MONTICELLO MEETING

MEMBERS ATTENDING HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTIONS Comp. by Gilbert K. Westgard II

<u>Date</u>	<u>Convention Title</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Attendance</u>	<u>Host</u>	<u>PF Number</u>
1965	Mendota Affair	Mendota, IL	14	Ken Butler	PF-006
1966	Milwaukee Event	Milwaukee, WI	19	Les Langlois	PF-093
1967	Des Moines Session	Des Moines, IA	22	Jack Row	PF-101
1968	New Englander	New Haven, CT	25	Ed Levy	PF-004
1969	Kalamazoo Occasion	Kalamazoo, MI	10	Forrest Campbell	PF-000
1970	6th Annual Convention	Revere, MA	14	George Clark	PF-264
1971	7th Annual Convention	Sioux Falls, SD	14	Judson Berry	PF-014
1972	8th Annual Convention	Mt. Pleasant, MI	21	Bob Bennett	PF-265
1973	9th Annual Convention	Indianapolis, IN	30	Paul House	PF-099
1974	10th Annual Convention	New Philadelphia, OH	27	Dan Fuller	PF-142
1975	11th Annual Convention	Geneseo, NY	36	Les Poste	PF-334
1976	Rosemont Twelfth Time	Rosemont, IL	36	Gilbert Westgard II	PF-024
1977	Booked In Boston	Waltham, MA	52	Dick Seddon	PF-324
1978	Jacksonville Jamboree	Jacksonville, IL	39	Jack Bales	PF-258
1979	Cleveland Connection	Cleveland, OH	31	Dale Thomas	PF-315
1980	Connecticut Conclave	Windsor, CT	37	Brad Chase	PF-412
1981	Capitol Caucus	Annapolis Junction, MD	38	Bob Williman	PF-569
1982	Philed In Philadelphia	Willow Grove, PA	47	Bill Russell	PF-549
1983	Collected In Columbus	Columbus, OH	52	Bob Sawyer	PF-455
1984	Nostalgia In Nashua	Nashua, NH	44	Jim Thorp	PF-574
1985	Twenty-one In The Sun	Boynton Beach, FL	18	Gilbert Westgard II	PF-024
1986	Horatio's In Houston	Houston, TX	23	Jim Ryberg	PF-533

Twenty-one Conventions

PF-102 Carl Hartmann, Lansing, MI 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86

Nineteen Conventions

PF-053 Ralph Gardner, New York, NY 65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-81-82-83-84-85-86

Seventeen Conventions

PF-006 Ken Butler, Mendota, IL 65-66-67-68-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-82-83-84

Sixteen Conventions

PF-315 Dale Thomas, Garfield Heights, OH 71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86

Fifteen Conventions

PF-024 Gilbert Westgard II, Boynton Beach, FL 65-66-67-68-74-75-76-77-78-79-82-83-84-85-86

PF-265 Bob Bennett, South Nyack, NY 70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84

PF-710 Jean Hartmann, Lansing, MI 68-69-70-72-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86

Fourteen Conventions

PF-093 Les Langlois, Brookfield, WI 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-78-82

Thirteen Conventions

PF-376 Jerry Friedland, Monsey, NY 74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86

Twelve Conventions

PF-175 Eugene Hafner, Timonium, MD 73-75-76-77-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86

PF-412 Brad Chase, Enfield, CT 74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86

Eleven Conventions

PF-099 Paul House, Indianapolis, IN 65-66-67-68-69-70-71-73-74-75-83

PF-101 Jack Row, Tampa, FL 65-66-67-69-71-72-73-74-76-78-79

PF-258 Jack Bales, Locust Grove, VA 69-71-72-73-75-76-77-78-81-82-83

PF-351 Paul Miller, Vienna, OH 73-74-75-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84

Ten Conventions

PF-015 Eddie LeBlanc, Fall River, MA 68-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86

PF-360 Bill McCord, Wurtsboro, NY 73-75-76-77-79-80-81-82-83-84
 PF-455 Bob Sawyer, Gahanna, OH 76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-86

Nine Conventions

PF-318 Evelyn Grebel, Abilene, TX 72-73-74-75-76-77-78-83-86
 PF-325 Ann Sharrard, Gainesville, FL 75-77-78-80-81-82-83-84
 PF-339 Glenn Corcoran, Wilmette, IL 75-76-77-78-79-82-83-84-85
 PF-381 Bill Leitner, Tenafly, NJ 77-78-79-80-81-82-84-85-86
 PF-537 John Juvinal, Hinsdale, IL 78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86

Eight Conventions

PF-160 Rohima Walter, Lafayette, IN 73-74-76-78-79-83-85-86
 PF-274 Carl Thieme, Dyersburg, TN 72-73-74-76-78-79-81-82
 PF-326 Amos Smith, Indianapolis, IN 73-74-75-76-78-81-82-84 (Deceased)
 PF-394 Alex Shaner, San Jose, CA 74-77-78-79-80-82-83-84
 PF-473 Owen Cobb, Cherry Hill, NJ 76-77-81-82-83-84-85-86

Seven Conventions

PF-0A1 Irene Gurman, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 69-72-73-74-75-76-77
 PF-334 Les Poste, Geneseo, NY 72-73-74-75-76-77-79
 PF-348 Keith Barnes, Paris, MI 72-73-74-75-76-77-78
 PF-461 Brad Alexander, Clarkson, NY 75-77-78-79-80-81-82

Six Conventions

PF-000 Forrest Campbell, Kalamazoo, MI 65-66-67-68-69-78 (Deceased)
 PF-142 Dan Fuller, New Philadelphia, OH 66-67-68-72-73-74
 PF-324 Dick Seddon, Andover, MA 74-75-76-77-78-79 (Deceased)
 PF-362 Marilyn Saurer, Big Prairie, OH 73-74-75-77-79-83
 PF-586 George Owens, Crozet, VA 80-81-82-83-85-86

Five Conventions

PF-008 Max Goldberg, Natick, MA 65-68-75-77-84
 PF-104 Herb Risteen, Baraboo, WI 65-66-69-76-78 (Deceased)
 PF-266 Ralph Brandt, Bridgeton, NJ 70-73-77-80-82
 PF-344 Florence Ogilvie Schnell, Seaford, DE 76-77-80-81-82
 PF-506 Neil McCormick, Madison, WI 78-79-80-81-83
 PF-533 James Ryberg, Houston, TX 82-83-84-85-86
 PF-544 Gilbert Kapelman, New Canaan, CT 79-80-81-82-84
 PF-549 Bill Russell, Hatboro, PA 79-80-81-82-83
 PF-574 Jim Thorp, Nashua, NH 80-81-82-83-84

Four Conventions

PF-014 Judson Berry, Howard, SD 67-71-72-73 (Deceased)
 PF-020 Milton Salls, Little Falls, NY 68-72-75-77
 PF-144 Ralph Anderson, Grundy Center, IA 66-67-68-76
 PF-368 Gary Scharnhorst, Dallas, TX 73-76-81-83
 PF-487 Pauline Westgard, Boynton Beach, FL 76-77-78-79 (Deceased)
 PF-565 Bea Fortner, Bradenton, FL 80-81-82-83
 PF-569 Bob Williman, Bowie, MD 79-80-81-82
 PF-654 Frank Jaques, Ada, OK 83-84-85-86
 PF-697 Helen Gray, San Francisco, CA 76-77-82-83

Three Conventions

PF-004 Ed Levy, Woodbridge, CT 68-70-77
 PF-034 Blanche Lloyd, Nashville, TN 65-66-73 (Deceased)
 PF-106 Morris Olsen, Mattapan, MA 77-80-84
 PF-135 Irving Poznan, Ballwin, MO 66-67-73
 PF-156 Bette Bogue Archer, Saugus, CA 66-67-71
 PF-453 Mark Preston, Greenham Commons, UK 75-77-84
 PF-494 Delbert Brandt, Vineland, NJ 77-80-84
 PF-557 Robert Eastlack, Berwick, PA 81-82-83
 PF-603 Dee Thorp, Nashua, NH 81-82-84
 PF-639 Will Wright, Chillicothe, OH 83-84-85
 PF-641 Jon Friedland, Monsey, NY 80-82-86

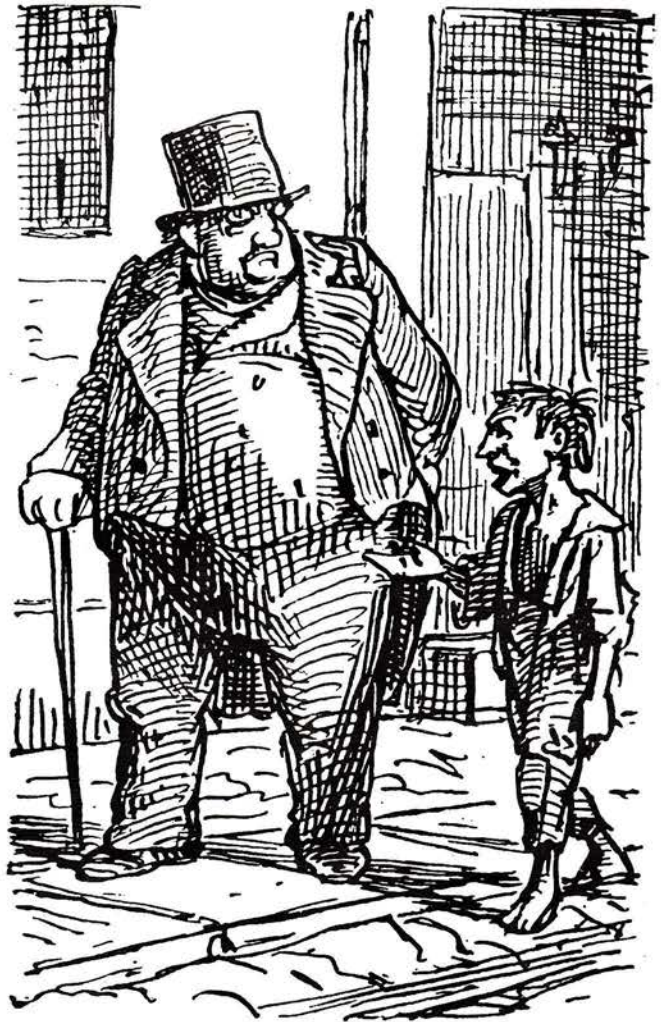
Two Conventions

PF-001 Max Friedman, Kalamazoo, MI 66-69
 PF-153 Darel Leipold, Long Lake, MN 66-67
 PF-166 George Miller, Westchester, IL 66-78
 PF-167 Cecilia Wild, Mequon, WI 66-67
 PF-168 Joseph Wild, Mequon, WI 66-67
 PF-205 Eddie Westgard, Des Plaines, IL 67-68
 PF-227 Norman Hanson, Winona, MN 72-73
 PF-229 Frank Eisenberg, Minneapolis, MN 68-71 (Deceased)
 PF-253 Robert Banks, Framingham, MA 70-84
 PF-327 Robert Kasper, Media, PA 82-84
 PF-337 Donald Erickson, Glen Rock, NJ 77-82
 PF-428 Harry Lane, Mobile, AL 74-76
 PF-454 Dick Bowerman, Piqua, OH 75-77
 PF-475 Linda Neglia, New York, NY 76-77
 PF-492 William Baach, Minneapolis, MN 78-83
 PF-500 Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, Maplewood, NJ 76-78 (Deceased)
 PF-501 Nancy Axelrad, Maplewood, NJ 76-78
 PF-502 David Barton, Lowell, MA 77-80
 PF-507 Tracy Catledge, Fern Park, FL 83-84
 PF-531 Thomas Noonan, West Boylston, MA 80-84
 PF-570 Richard Hoffman, Washington, DC 81-82
 PF-584 Hank Gravbelle, Redondo Beach, CA 82-84
 PF-589 Robert Linguiti, Wilton, CT 80-82
 PF-602 Rolfe Chase, Las Vegas, NV 81-82
 PF-612 Wallace Palmer, Independence, MO 82-83
 PF-629 Jack Schnell, Silver Spring, MD 81-82
 PF-633 Paul Cripe, Bremen, IN 83-84
 PF-668 Jim Lowe, Colchester, VT 83-84
 PF-706 Bill Gowen, Mundelein, IL 83-84
 PF-707 Mary Jo Tschetter, Cleveland Heights, OH 83-84

One Convention

PF-035 Keith Thompson, Bellport, NY 77
 PF-051 Ed Reynolds, Thorndike, MA 70 (Deceased)
 PF-063 Gladys Judson, Montague, MA 70
 PF-074 John Sullivan, Ottawa, IL 65
 PF-090 Roy Wendell, Medford, MA 77
 PF-096 Hal McCuen, Mansfield, OH 68
 PF-119 Clyde Willis, Westerville, OH 83
 PF-121 George May, Metropolis, IL 65
 PF-122 Pauline Millen, Des Moines, IA 67
 PF-125 Paul Alger, Bridgeton, NJ 68
 PF-127 William Murrell, Dallas, TX 76
 PF-131 Walter Moore, Urbana, IL 78
 PF-148 Paul Fisher, Green Valley, AZ 73
 PF-164 Steve Press, Poughquag, NY 68
 PF-169 Don Shinner, Missouri Valley, IA 67
 PF-170 Harland Miller, Des Moines, IA 67 (Deceased)
 PF-171 Philip Neufeld, New York, NY 68
 PF-176 L. F. Hartsock, Clarion, IA 67
 PF-184 Norman Peterson, Big Rapids, MI 72
 PF-186 Jack Barker, Dunwoody, GA 77
 PF-193 Max Sheldon, Clarion, IA 67
 PF-199 Jacqueline Steele, Rockport, ME 68
 PF-206 Robert Birkheimer, Burlington, IA 67
 PF-217 Bill Sausaman, Springfield, IL 78

- PF-220 Karl Weber, Warsaw, NY 75
 PF-223 Sylvester Mangini, Somers, CT 68
 PF-231 Stewart McLeish, Everett, MA 68
 PF-235 Russell Dock, Arlington, VA 68
 PF-237 J. Yale Rubin, Hamden, CT 68
 PF-264 George Clarke, Pawtucket, RI 70
 (Deceased)
 PF-270 George Blackburn, Mt. Pleasant, MI 72
 PF-271 Willian DiCarlo, Revere, MA 70
 PF-278 Donald Dowling, New Hampton, NY 80
 PF-290 Edna Banks, Framingham, MA 70
 PF-297 Joseph Festa, Revere, MA 70
 PF-300 Maurice Royar, Ft. Worth, TX 78
 PF-313 Gary Lemon, Bellingham, WA 73
 PF-320 Keith Allen, Mt. Pleasant, MI 72
 PF-321 Al Sukut, Sioux Falls, SD 71
 PF-328 Bill Henderson, Yonkers, NY 73
 PF-345 Wallace Robinson, Meadville, PA 74
 PF-347 Benjamin McAdoo, Seattle, WA 77
 (Deceased)
 PF-350 Joseph Kellas, West Senaca, NY 75
 PF-352 Alan Quick, Mt. Pleasant, MI 72
 PF-369 Donald Elder, Chelsea, MA 77
 PF-372 Robert Anstey, Natick, MA 77
 PF-374 Bob Fertig, Canandaigua, NY 75
 PF-378 Bob Walters, Columbus, OH 83
 PF-380 Carroll Holt, Mansfield, MA 77
 PF-383 J. Boyd Mullan, Rochester, NY 75
 PF-387 Alta Bonk, Des Moines, IA 73
 PF-404 Philip Atkins, Calvert, TX 74
 PF-407 Ira Marshall, Greenville, OH 74
 PF-408 Robert Camp, East Hampton, CT 77
 PF-427 Lloyd Merrill, Rochester, NY 75
 PF-438 Ada Chase, Taunton, MA 80
 PF-445 Bob Bickel, Geneseo, NY 75
 PF-463 Dick Bales, Geneva, IL 78
 PF-469 Herbert Mayes, New York, NY 77
 PF-474 David Mills, Silver Spring, MD 80
 PF-499 Robert Jennings, Dudley, MA 77
 PF-508 Harry Smith, Long Beach, CA 81
 PF-509 John Beirne, Jacksonville, FL 77
 PF-511 John Dizer, Utica, NY 84
 PF-524 Bernard Biberdorf, Indianapolis, IN 83
 PF-525 Nancy Schmidt, La Mesa, CA 79
 PF-566 Philip Block, Newington, CT 80
 PF-593 Walter White, Lima, OH 83
 PF-608 Donald Choate, Weston, MA 84
 PF-619 Ema Harrington, Oelwein, IA 81
 PF-626 Charles Murphy, York, PA 81
 PF-642 Vicki Duncan, Crofton, MD 81
 PF-662 Leo Kiley, Morristown, NJ 82
 PF-665 Ray Leight, West Point, PA 82
 PF-666 Hobart Grazier, Glenside, PA 82
 PF-692 Charles Schissel, Amesbury, MA 84
 PF-700 R. B. Orr, Greenfield, IN 83
 PF-703 Earl Unicker, Washburn, IL 83
 PF-704 Karen Wickliff, Columbus, OH 83
 PF-705 Mike Overall, Columbus, OH 83
 PF-709 Katie Grunwald, Columbus, OH 83
 PF-714 Paul North, Columbus, OH 83
 PF-715 Al White, Three Rivers, MI 84
 PF-739 George Locko, Wilmington, NC 85
 PF-753 Percy Dean, Boynton Beach, FL 85
 PF-754 John VanDevere, Houston, TX 86
 PF-755 Benji Hara, Boynton Beach, FL 85
 PF-759 Mike Clements, Houston, TX 86
 PF-763 Elizabeth Thompson, Waco, TX 86
 PF-775 George Dunning, Abilene, TX 86



"Lucky boy! You have an appetite."

—Denmark, 1850

* * *

Plan to attend our next convention:
 Charlottesville, Virginia,
 April 30 - May 3, 1987



Jerry Friedland & Brad Chase



Mary Ellen & Dale Thomas



Mary Elizabeth & Owen Cobb



John C. & Rohima Walter



Owen Cobb & Jerry Friedland



Florence & Edward T. LeBlanc



Ralph D. Gardner & Jerry Friedland



George W. Owens



Jim Ryberg, Elizabeth Thompson, George Owens & John VenDevere



Velnor & George Dunning



Rohima Walter & John Juvinall



David Roberts & Brad Chase



Carl T. Hartman, Dale Thomas & Owen Cobb



Judy & Bill Leitner



Bob Sawyer, Dale Thomas, Jerry Friedland & Frank Jaques



Jerry Friedland & Frank Jaques



Dale Thomas & Jerry Friedland



Bob Sawyer, Edward T. & Florence LeBlanc



Frank & Nan Jaques & Frank's mother Eula



Ralph D. Gardner & David Roberts



Frank, Nan & Eula Jaques & Gene Hafner



Gilbert K. Westgard II, Jon & Jerry Friedland & Carl T. Hartman



Jim Ryberg & Gene Hafner



Jerry & Jon Friedland



Owen Cobb, Carl T. Hartman, Judy Leitner & Jean Hartman



Carl T. Hartman, Ralph D. Gardner & Jean Hartman



Carl T. Hartman, Jon Friedland, Jean Hartman & Ralph D. Gardner



Jerry Friedland



Jerry Friedland



George & Velnor Dunning, Evelyn Grebel, Rohima Walter, Elizabeth Thompson, Jean Hartman, Mary Ellen Thomas & Mary & Mike Clements



David Roberts, Bob Sawyer, Florence & Edward T. LeBlanc, Owen Cobb & Bill Leitner



Bill Leitner, Gene Hafner, John Van-Devere & Jim Ryberg



Carl T. Hartman, Dale Thomas & Jim Ryberg



Carl T. Hartman & Dale Thomas



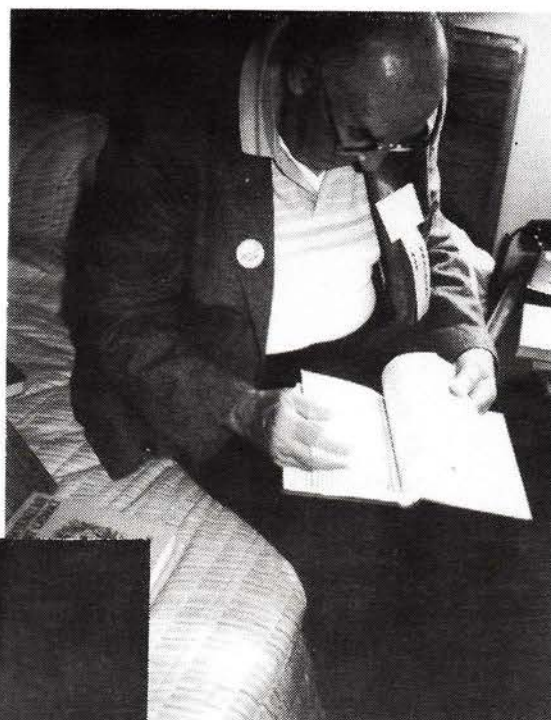
Judy & Bill Leitner



Elizabeth Thompson



Gene Hafner



Bob Sawyer

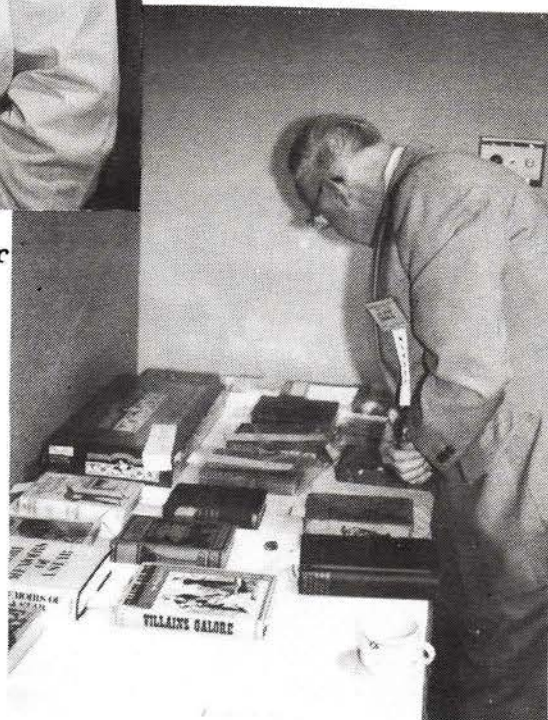


Jerry Friedland

Edward T. LeBlanc



Ralph D. Gardner





Evelyn Grebel
Bob Sawyer



Evelyn Grebel
Elizabeth Thompson

Jerry Friedland



Brad Chase,
Gilbert K.
Westgard II,
George Owens,
John VanDevere

Elizabeth Thompson
Gilbert K. Westgard II



CLASS STRUGGLES

From Student-Life at Harvard

By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

Saturday and Sunday passed quietly; and on Monday morning the round of college-life fairly began. There were daily prayers in the chapel at a quarter of seven in the morning, followed by an hour for breakfast, and then the three recitations of an hour each; one at eight o'clock, one at noon, and one at four. All the classes, and particularly the Freshman, went to work with a will. Once in motion, the great machine runs more smoothly every day; and the tasks follow each other with a regularity that keeps everyone busy. But there is nothing monotonous about a Freshman's first term; for in addition to the novelty of the life itself, so different from what he has had at home, there is certain to be some interesting experience for everyone, which together with the hazing, that is expected, even if it never comes, makes the first six months not the least exciting period of the entire four years. Some extracts from the letters which Sam wrote home at this time will give a good idea of how it fared with him.

"The first Monday night of the year," he wrote, "is called 'bloody Monday night,' and is the traditional time for hazing Freshmen; because there is always a Faculty meeting, and the Freshmen are consequently unprotected; and because they have not had time to become much acquainted: at least, so chum says. It has been the custom for I don't know how long, to have a game of football on the 'Delta,' about sunset, between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game has always been rough; once or twice limbs have been broken, and it almost always ended in a fight between the two classes: so that it had gradually grown into disfavor with the Faculty. Last year they determined to stop it, decreed that there should be no more football, and gave the present Sophomore class instructions not to participate in the game. Of course the decree of the Faculty was felt to be an injustice; and not a little curiosity was manifested as to whether the Sophs. would heed the order, or be plucky enough to carry through the annual contest in spite of it.

"Of course we had received no warning from the Faculty, and were not supposed to know anything about Faculty decrees. All day long at the different rooms, there was drumming up of recruits, and to make sure, notes were circulated at recitations; and the result was a great turn-out on the part of our men,—more than eighty. There were not more than half as many Sophs.; but they were desperate-looking fellows, with old hats, and coats turned inside out, or disguised in some way, so that in case any of the Faculty should come around to 'spot' them, as they probably would, they might confound them in their evil intentions.

"We were all assembled on the Delta, a fine triangle of ground surrounded by large elms,—the play-ground of the college, by seven o'clock, we facing east, and the Sophs. west; when one of them came forward, and threw down the ball into the open space between us; then with a yell they rushed forward, and it went flying over our heads, before I had time to think about it. In less than two minutes there was just the grandest scuffle and confusion I ever saw; it was hard to tell friend from foe, and more than one pair rolled over in the dust; but it was not long, or it did not seem long, before the ball was well down to the east end of the Delta: then there was a tremendous tussle for ten minutes; and, as luck would have it, the ball fell close to the fence and near where I was. Fred Lewis and myself both ran to send it home. A Sophomore was making desperate exertions to reach it too, and we three were much nearer than anyone else: so I called out to Lewis, who was a little behind me, to look out for the ball, and I would take care of the Sophomore. He saw what I meant to do, and aimed a blow at my face, which I dodged;

and we both went down. I couldn't see the ball or anything else for a time; but I heard our men yell, and the crowd around the Delta clap their hands, and knew that the game was won; and then we two were on our feet, picking up our hats. 'No offence,' I said to the Sophomore: 'I couldn't help it very well.'—'Oh, no! that's all right,' said he. He looked as though it was all wrong though. The fellows were wild with excitement and delight at having beaten the Sophs., though it was really no great achievement, we were so much more numerous than they; and it was some time before we could get into position for a second game. This was shorter than the first, because after beating them we no longer felt afraid, as I suppose everyone did (I know I did) at first. It was dark by this time. Some of the crowd who had lined the fence jumped over, and joined in the fun; and the kicking and jostling and shouting continued long after the ball was sent home. There then was a great cheering by the Sophs. and by our men, and by the crowd outside, which now comprised pretty much the whole college; and after a time we broke up."

Though Sam's letters home were very replete with information, he did not tell all the adventures he participated in. He did not think it necessary to relate that, after the football, Will Adams had invited them all over to Kent's for the purpose of "standing treat." To Kent's they had repaired, however, at his invitation, with a mighty thirst for "cobblers" after their dusty work. But unfortunately the Sophomores were there before them in greater force; a fight had ensued for the possession of the premises, and our friends had been totally routed, and driven from the field.

"We are going around to Adams's rooms, just a few of us," was whispered, and so, after the attempt at Kent's, Sam went with several others, to the spacious and elegantly furnished apartments which Adams occupied, and where, being in a private house, they were tolerably safe from molestation.

"I always mean to do my part so far as I can," said Adams, turning on the gas; "and perhaps I can furnish some of the 'delights of peace,' even if I'm not much of a fighter." Adams was the wealthiest man in the class. As a matter of course, he never lacked for friends. He was always dressed with exquisite taste, and had prudently stood outside the Delta during the football game.

"We have reason to be thankful that our late defeat at Kent's was not a victory," said Huntingdon, as he witnessed the preparations that Adams was making for their entertainment; and indeed they had. The choicest champagnes and sherries, as well as stronger liquor for such as desired, were furnished in abundance, together with cigars, pipes, and tobacco; and the company soon became hilarious.

Some allusion being made to the football victory, Lewis declared that Wentworth was the man who had done it, which statement was received with uproarious applause, and shouts of, "Wentworth, speech! speech!"

Now, Sam was wholly out of his element. He had never been present at anything like this before. He had never tasted champagne in his life, though on this occasion he had imbibed freely, and the tobacco-smoke was most disagreeable; but he got onto his feet, and with the aid of the table managed to stay there. Of course he made a fool of himself, though he furnished cause for the most unbounded and noisy merriment on the part of the others, till finally Huntingdon got him into his chair, and soon after to his room. As I have said, there was no mention of all this in his letters home.

"They have a way here," he wrote, "of squirting water, not always the cleanest, at Freshmen, out of big syringes. Perhaps two or three of us are walking unsuspectingly along, when whist comes a stream of water, thrown from a window or some other vantage-ground; and, if we look up, we see half a dozen Sophomores laughing at us from behind a shutter. This is one of the many petty annoyances a

Freshman has to submit to, though it led to a really funny incident last evening. A Junior, Haskill, rooms nearly opposite; and we see a good deal of him. He says the Junior year is a loafing year; and I should think it was for him, for he is in our room smoking a good part of the time, and was there last evening; and, for a wonder, chum was there too. We were sitting opposite one another at the table which is in the centre of the room, working out the morning's Greek, when somebody knocked at the door. 'Come in!' called chum, without getting up. The door was flung wide open; and instead of seeing a visitor, as I glanced up from my book, a stream of water went whizzing over the table, thrown from one of those big syringes, and struck full on the opposite wall, though with such force that not a drop fell short. I sprang, and shut to the door. 'A compliment for one of us,' said chum. 'I believe it was the fellow you grappled at the football match. If I don't have him under the pump before I die, I sha'n't rest in peace.' As the entry was quiet, there seemed nothing to do just then: so we went on with our work. Haskill sat a few minutes giggling to himself, and then rose to go. 'Don't hurry,' said I. 'Oh, yes. I must be off: time to turn in,' he replied. He opened the door, and was half way out, when a second stream of water struck him full in the face and chest, and drenched him thoroughly. I never saw a more ridiculous-looking fellow than Haskill, or a madder one. The joke was too good. Lewis rallied, and roared with laughter. Winthrop with his pipe from the next room, and even Villiers, came to see what was going on. The two Sophs. were pretty well cut up about it, and were profuse in their apologies; for of course they had not dreamed of hazing a Junior.

"The Sophs. are off on hazing expeditions most of the time now, though, except having our windows broken, we have not been seriously troubled yet. The proctor for our entry has a sweetheart some miles away; and, as he goes to see her every evening, the consequence is that we are left without our natural protector. Every Freshman door in the entry and in the hall above has been broken down more than once. They knock at a door: if admitted, well; if not, they form a wedge, and down it goes."

Those were pleasant times for the young student, in spite of the hard digging he had to do; and work hard at his studies he did, as did the class, almost to a man, during those first six or eight weeks: so that at recitation he made a very good appearance indeed.

There are always some men in the class who become prominent and well known before the first six weeks have passed by. Among our friend's classmates, Charley Longstreet, the most diminutive, had already acquired this prominence by his pluck and daring. One morning early in the term, he appeared at prayers with the first Freshman silk hat. It is an unwritten law, though none the less firmly and rigorously administered by the Sophomores, that Freshmen shall not wear silk hats until the second term. "They would be blasé, you know, if we permitted them to exhaust all the pleasures of life at the outset," said a Sophomore, with a knowing wag of the head. On this particular morning these gentlemen were in too much of a hurry for their breakfast to interfere, or, more likely, they did not fully take in the significance of this daring deed: at any rate, Longstreet walked away from the chapel in triumph, wearing his tile with the fullest glory. He was closely surrounded by a body-guard of protectors. Together they quite obscured the new hat; and probably the Sophomores did not see it at all that morning. Longstreet even ran the gauntlet at morning and noon recitations; but fickle fortune forsook him in the afternoon. In the five minutes when half the college was rushing into recitation, and half rushing out: the body-guard availed not; the beaver flew spinning from the little man's head, was hustled by the crowd which instantly gathered, for a few seconds, and no man saw it more; while for several days afterwards the Sophomores wore bits of black silk at their watch-chains. I believe the first Freshman beaver invariably meets with a similar fate.

Hazing was naturally a topic of especial interest to the new-comers in these days. After the first burst of Sophomoric wrath, there was a lull; but the Freshmen are never quite free from annoyance during this first term. "I had a visit from two of them last night," said Lewis one day, as he settled himself in Sam's easy-chair, for a pleasant half-hour's chat.

"How was that?" asked Haskill through the cloud of smoke that, as usual, enveloped him.

"Well, it was a little peculiar, their visit," said Lewis; and his loud laugh rang out at the recollection. "They came in just as I was going to bed, and mum was the word. I hailed them three or four times, but couldn't get a word: so I took the cue myself. If they wanted anything they made signs for it, and kept their gravity too, which was more than I could do, for some of their pantomime was funny. But it got played out for me after two or three hours: so, seeing that they seemed to have no notion of quitting, I turned in about one o'clock."

"How long did they stay?" asked Sam.

"I'm blessed if I know. They sat there smoking, as mum as ever, the last I saw of them: when I woke up this morning, their places were unhappily vacant."

As soon as the novelty of the situation begins to wear off, and familiarity with the duties and customs of the college removes to a degree the feeling of constraint which pervades the class at the outset, the Freshmen, or certain choice spirits among them, begin to indulge in a little sport on their own account; though their jokes are, for the most part, simple and innocent enough.

"We get a good many 'cuts,'" wrote Sam in one of his letters, "in this way. There is a man in our division who dislikes study in the extreme, and who cares even less about reciting than he does about studying. We go in to history three times a week at eight in the morning, and recite in a room in the basement of University. The tutor seldom comes till the last minute, and almost always finds the keyhole plugged. We all stand expectant, knowing the situation of affairs. The tutor comes sedately around the corner, pulls out his key, applies it to the keyhole; but it will not go in. 'Someone has stopped up the keyhole,' he says, in a manner which shows how very childish it appears to him, while we all look as sober and sympathetic as possible, 'so we can't recite this morning: take to — section next time.' So we have an hour to loaf in. The young man tried this little game one morning on the Greek tutor, who isn't quite popular. The keyhole was securely plugged, and we all knew it, and expected a cut of course; but the little man's eyes snapped when he took in the situation of affairs, and he marched us all into an adjoining room which chanced to be vacant, and 'deaded' three-fourths of the entire division; for we were not prepared for such a flank movement."

Sam himself did not escape the unruly spirit which at this time pervaded the class, but took a full part in the petty mischief that was committed.



BOATING

From Student-Life at Harvard
By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

Boating at Harvard had been for many years a feature of great interest among the undergraduates and their friends; but it was at this time by no means the perfect science it has since become. No such thing as organization had been thought of either by each separate class or by the college as a whole. A few choice spirits, ambitious for boating honors, would form themselves into a boat-club early in the Freshman year, buy an old "lap." from one of the upper classes, and do as much work as they could in the fall. When the class began to wake up to some interest in boating, in the spring, and wonder if there was going to be a crew, this organization served in good stead.

In the university boat, or the "Harvard," as it was called, matters were even more loosely managed. Some one man was usually left over of the last year to be captain and pick his crew; and because this was often so inefficiently done, or the selections made through favoritism, on several occasions the anomaly was presented of a university crew that was inferior to a class crew. There has been a great improvement in all these things during the past decade.

What a dreary, tedious time is the first spring in Cambridge, to the enthusiastic Freshmen who are counting the hours that must elapse before they can launch their boats, bid adieu to the gymnasium, and begin their season's work on the river! What a vision recollection calls up of falling rain, melting snow, and drizzling mist, with naked trees and buildings standing out like half-drowned spectres through the fog, while underfoot the snow is slosh, which is speedily transformed to mud, as the ground opens, till the streets are well-nigh impassable. No water ever runs off the college grounds: the place is too level for that. It is not minded in later years, for one grows used to it; but it is a noteworthy Freshman experience.

At length the ice on the river broke up, and floated off to sea; the winds blew softer, the mud was no longer impassable; and Smith got his candidates together, and after several trials picked his crew. Sam had secured the long-dreamed-of honor,—a place in the class boat; and now all bade farewell to study and careful preparation for recitations and examinations; for the boat was the absorbing passion of the next four months.

The land slopes to the south from the colleges to the river; and a brisk walk of five minutes brings one to the boat-houses. Seen from a distance, rising on piles out of the river-mud, they looked like so many huge and uncouth marsh-fowl; and a nearer approach discovered them to be mere sheds built of rough boards, with many a chink and cranny in the floor, roof, and wall; but they served to cover the boats, and protect them from thieves or from wanton destruction. Many a student has felt an interest in these same rickety sheds unsurpassed in intensity by any pleasure of his youth or pursuit of his later years.

The river, and course which a six-oar might take, are worthy of a word of description. Three miles and a half down stream there is "Braman's" in Boston; four miles to the westward is the dam in Watertown; and usually these two extremes are the limit of a six-oar's course. The Charles River, just above the colleges, is a most insignificant stream. It is narrow, muddy, crooked, and dirty. Countless drains, sewers, gas-works, and factories discharge into its bed; and the fish have long since deserted its poisonous waters. Leaving the boat-houses, the boats glide

up stream under the bridge leading to Brighton, make a great sweep to the north, with brown meadows on either hand, then go straight ahead for a mile with Mount Auburn and its tower on the right, and pass under the second bridge. Thence high banks begin to shut the river in, and the current runs swiftly aslant the narrow draws of the next two bridges. It requires a skilful boatman to pass these successfully. Next the arsenal is seen on the right; and then comes a beautiful stretch of a mile, shut in by high-wooded banks and fine residences on either hand, where the water is dark and smooth. The dam at Watertown, the limit of navigation in this direction, is just above. This is altogether the prettiest pull, though the most tortuous; and, when the wind is high, it is the only course that is quite safe for a six-oar.

Down the stream from the boat-houses the marshes stretch out on either hand, and there is a straight course for a mile to the south. Sundry factories stand on either bank; and two bridges span the stream, in which an occasional schooner is seen working up or down. Then there is a sharp turn to the east, the river broadens at the last bridge, with its double draw (one set at an angle with the other, a terror to timid bow-oars), and there is a pull over the Charles River course in the "basin." If there is a strong south wind, the cautious captain hugs the flats on that side of the basin, and the old Milldam road: if the wind is north or north-west, he keeps close under the lee of the Cambridge shore. On this eight miles of winding river or broad basin, the boating-men at Harvard do their spring, summer, and fall work.

Tom Hawes's plan of having his men work together during the winter at the gymnasium, though scoffed at by most of the older boating-men, had been wonderfully efficacious in its results; for it was not long before the crew which the Freshmen put on the river was very generally conceded by the knowing ones to be second to none, always excepting the "Harvard:" so, at least, thought Wilkinson, the stroke and captain of that boat, and so he did not hesitate to say. For an hour or two each day the young fellows worked with a determination worthy of the cause. They pulled weights, swung Indian clubs, put up the dumb-bells, learned the parallel bars, the half-arms, and the dips; and Sam found that there was a relish to all this, and an enjoyment in the very exertions, beyond what would have seemed possible. Before the season's work in the gymnasium was fairly ended, he equalled even Lewis in strength, and Smith in activity.

Sam, who had given his heart and soul to the boat, had not acquired the enviable reputation of being a crack oar without doing the requisite amount of hard work; and he will ever remember the first pull he took on this river.

They had been dreaming for months of the hour when they should begin the season's work in the boat; and who could be a laggard at such a time? Tom came last, and unlocked the door; and Sam set his foot within the enchanted enclosure for the first time. The boat-house stood high above the water, the floor being cut away in the centre, leaving a space forty feet by eight or ten, where the boat was hoisted and lowered. A boat, the club "lap.," was slung into the "gaskets," ready to be dropped to the water. An old shell was securely strapped to the rafters overhead; and two or three sets of strong spruce oars with "spoon" blades rested on pegs against the walls. Farther on, in the front of the building, with its single window destitute of sash and glass, commanding a view of the river, was a rude dressing-room eight feet square; everything was of the roughest and most primitive style. The accommodations are much better now, for both boats and men.

"Come, boys," said Smith, taking his place at the bow gasket, "we have no time to lose." Tom sprang aft at the word, and called out, "All ready to lower here!"

"Lower her, then!" said Smith, and in a moment the boat rested lightly on the water. "Down with you, Tom!" At the word Tom descended, and crawled to the after-

seat. "Down, Lewis! Wentworth, you may go next, and pull three. Down, four. Now, five." Thus the first five men were seated in the boat. Then Smith passed down the oars in order, first to the stroke, and last his own, which is placed by number, five, resting on the bow outrigger. "Now pass her ahead a little, boys, while I clear the stern gasket," cried Smith; and the boat was propelled gently ahead, the stern gasket hauled up and stowed away. "Now back her a little," and the bow gasket was cleared; and allowance being made for the ebb tide, was left so that it might be in the right place when they came back. Last of all, everything having been secured, Smith slid down the rope, and took his seat on the bow thwart. They were still under the boat-house, half entangled amid the piles which supported it; but then the orders came thick and fast.

"Back her out, boys,—easy; now hold hard port and back her, starboard!" The boat swung gracefully, and pointed down stream. "Hold all! Ready! give way!" and taking an easy stroke they slid down past the brown meadows, the smoky factories, under the bridges, and were soon out on the basin.

It was one of those very charming mornings, which sometimes adorn the early spring; the air was mild, and the surface of the river without a ripple. With bared heads and arms, the young fellows pulled with the utmost enthusiasm. Though Sam was perhaps the strongest and soundest man of the six, and had pulled a boat more miles than any two of them, this was his first experience in a six-oar; and he was very glad indeed when the command, "Let her go," was given way down on the basin, and they enjoyed a little rest.

Even before they had reached the first bridge, Sam had discovered that this work in a six-oar was quite different from anything he had ever done in his life. He was used to pulling short, quick strokes, with two oars, in a boat that sat up high out of the water; but now the boat was only a few inches above the surface of the stream, was narrow, and hung with out-riggers: the oars were long and heavy, and the stroke was a mystery which he was conscious he could not solve. He caught two or three "crabs," and felt that he was expending twice as much strength as was necessary. By the time they reached the boat-houses, there were several large blisters on his hands, and he was very much disgusted with himself.

After the boat was stowed away, and the toilets completed, Smith took Sam's arm, and the pair walked on apart. Our friend was entirely humble in spirit, and willing to receive advice. He had felt the utmost confidence, and had expressed his sentiments to that effect with a great deal of freedom, that, if he could once get into a boat with these fellows who seemed to think that his ignorance in the art of pulling a boat was extreme, he would show them how wonderfully mistaken they were; but now he began to think that there might, after all, be something for him to learn about boating.

"You meet badly, Wentworth," was Smith's first comment as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the rest; "that seems to be your greatest fault. It is simply cutting short the end of the stroke, instead of pulling it through honestly, and is the commonest fault in the world. You pull all right enough till your body gets back past the perpendicular: then, instead of pulling on till you bring the handle of the oar to touch the body, you jump forward and meet the oar, and so cut off as much as a third of the stroke. However, you keep stroke pretty well, and pull a deuced strong oar; and I want you to pull number three in the boat. The whole philosophy of rowing well consists in economizing every ounce of force, and putting it into the oar; and practice is the only means that I know of by which the art can be learned. You want to go out in a crew whenever you can get a chance: the way to learn to pull a boat is to pull a boat; and that is my theory about it all."

Although the first effort was so very near a failure, it was not long before he had learned his stroke to perfection.

All this time the men were steadily at work, taking a long pull after recitations in the evening, and going out for a "paddle," as Tom was pleased to call a pull of three or four miles, in the morning whenever opportunity favored. And all this time, too, Smith did his duty by all the men in the boat; took them apart, each one at a time, and criticised their faults, and praised their good points; explained his theories, and illustrated them by example. How he contrived to keep up with his college work, and pass the examinations which began to come along frequently, was as much of a mystery to himself as to anyone; for the best of his time and energies during these months were put into the boat. At length he declared that the secret had been discovered, and that the crew pulled together perfectly.

The general interest in boating increases as the weather grows warmer, and culminates in June; and the river presents a lively appearance of an evening at this season of the year. The evening pull is the one that a captain can be sure of getting his crew together for. At six there is a rush from the recitations for the boat-houses, a hasty stripping of the men; half a dozen boats drop lightly into the water, shoot out from under the boat-houses, and are off. Later come the lazier men, who, not anxious to win distinction behind some crack stroke, enjoy their supper, and come sauntering down for a little paddle in a "lap." There is no stripping for this pastime, unless a coat is left to the care of a friend; and sometimes a youth starts out without removing his silk hat or his half-smoked cigar. Everybody who owns a wherry or a "double-scutt" is on the river, while scores of friendly students throng the boat-houses and the wherry-raft, waiting to see their favorites come in; and is the pleasantest occasion of the day.

A time like this is not the most propitious for a beginner to take his first pull in a crack wherry. There is no compassion manifested by anyone for an unpractised boatman, especially if he be a Freshman.

The following year, during the second term, some long-desired and most necessary improvements in the boat-houses were fairly inaugurated. At low tide, the water receded several feet below the level of the mud bottom where the boat-houses stood; so that it was impossible, at that time, to launch a single six-oar, or to get it in again, without a tedious delay, if launched when the tide served. Moreover the method of hoisting and lowering the long, narrow six-oars, through the open space in the floor, was, at best, awkward and inconvenient; and a boat-house which ought to accommodate three or four shells could be used for only a single boat. In short, the accommodations were such that it was almost impossible for a crew to train properly and pull regularly.

The improvements consisted in flooring over the boat-houses, and arranging shelves or brackets on either wall for the boats to rest on. A stout broad platform resting on piles was built across the river-front. A dredging-machine was called into requisition, and a basin made sufficient to float a large raft, which was securely anchored at either end by two or more piles being driven deep in the mud, so that the raft could rise and fall with the tide without drifting from its place. Two long bridges fastened to the platform at one end, and moving on rollers as the raft rose and fell, spanned the distance between the raft and the platform. Dressing-rooms and closets were constructed also, for the men. The platform afforded a fine view of the river to either bridge, and was a convenient lounging-place for the boating-men and their friends.

Now a crew could launch their boat when they pleased; they were secured from having their clothing stolen; they took the shell from its resting-place, carried it down to the raft, and set it into the water; there was no sliding down or climbing up of ropes; their friends could have comfortable quarters to lounge in while they were waiting the return of the crew. The interest in boating doubled at once.



"If you're such a wise old owl, can you let me have a bit of your best advice?"

"Yes, be sure to attend the twenty-third annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society, "The Monticello Meeting," which will be held at the Best Western Mt. Vernon Motel, Charlottesville, Virginia, April 30 to May 3, next year."