



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 XXXV

JULY-AUGUST 1997

NUMBER 4

Miniatures on diminutive Pee-Wee Harris

-- See Page 7



Also, **Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold**

-- Story begins on Page 11

History of the Penn Publishing Company

-- See Page 3

President's column

Planning for next year's convention is well under way. The convention will be held at the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites in Scottsdale, Ariz. As I asked in the last column, those of you who plan to attend, please call the hotel and make your reservations early. The number is 1-800-344-0262. Remember that if you change your mind, become ill or have other conflicts, you can always cancel at no charge. The early registration will help us by assuring that we have sufficient attendees and eliminating any possibility that the Society may have to put up a large advance deposit.

Additional hotel registration information, including telephone and FAX numbers, will be published in the September-October *Newsboy*.

By the time that you read this, the *ad hoc* committee that is investigating options to help us improve our financial position will be very close to a final report. It is never too late to make your ideas known, however. If you have any thoughts on how to help us reduce expenses or increase revenues, please contact one of the committee members — Jack Dizer, Chris DeHaan, Mary Ann Ditch, Rob Kasper or Bob Routhier. After the board of directors has had a chance to review and comment on the report, we will publish it in *Newsboy* for the membership.

Also in the last issue we announced the "Adopt-a-*Newsboy*-Mailing" program. So far, three of the mailings have been adopted — May/June by Murray Levin (PF-851), July-August by Tom Davis (PF-976) and September/October by yours truly. Please, those of you in a position to do so, contact Rob Kasper or Bill Gowen and volunteer. Consider also the possibility of several of you pooling your resources.

I have been in Chicago for a couple of weeks on business. While here I have spent some delightful time with Bill Gowen and Bart Nyberg. Those of you who travel some for your business or pleasure, ought to consider calling some of the members in the area where you visit. Most of us are always glad to see one of the other members. For my part, if you are going to be in the Dallas area, please give me a call.

Book collecting has many interesting facets. One of my interests, aside from Alger and other juvenile books of course, is collecting early engineering texts and handbooks. Being an electrical engineer, my major interest has been electrical books from the late 1800s through the

(Continued on Page 4)

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

JOHN CADICK	PRESIDENT
CHRISTINE DeHAAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY ANN DITCH	TREASURER
ROBERT E. KASPER	EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
ALYS COLLMER	(1998) DIRECTOR
CAROL NACKENOFF	(1998) DIRECTOR
RICHARD L. POPE	(1998) DIRECTOR
JOHN T. DIZER	(1999) DIRECTOR
ARTHUR P. YOUNG	(1999) DIRECTOR
ROBERT R. ROUTHIER	(1999) DIRECTOR
MICHAEL MORLEY	(2000) DIRECTOR
LAWRENCE R. RICE	(2000) DIRECTOR
PETER C. WALTHER	(2000) DIRECTOR
LEO "BOB" BENNETT	EMERITUS
RALPH D. GARDNER	EMERITUS

Newsboy, the official newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any 12-month period is \$20, with single issues of *Newsboy* costing \$3.00. Please make all remittance payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.**

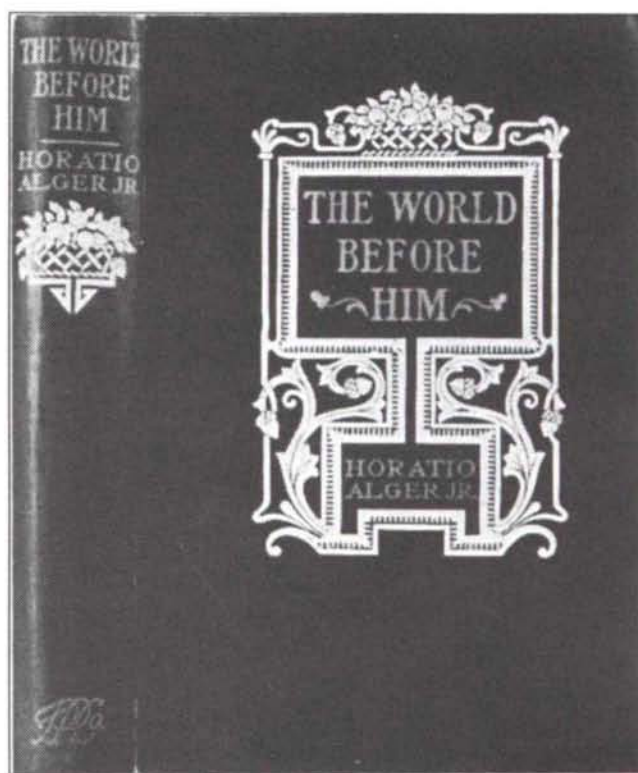
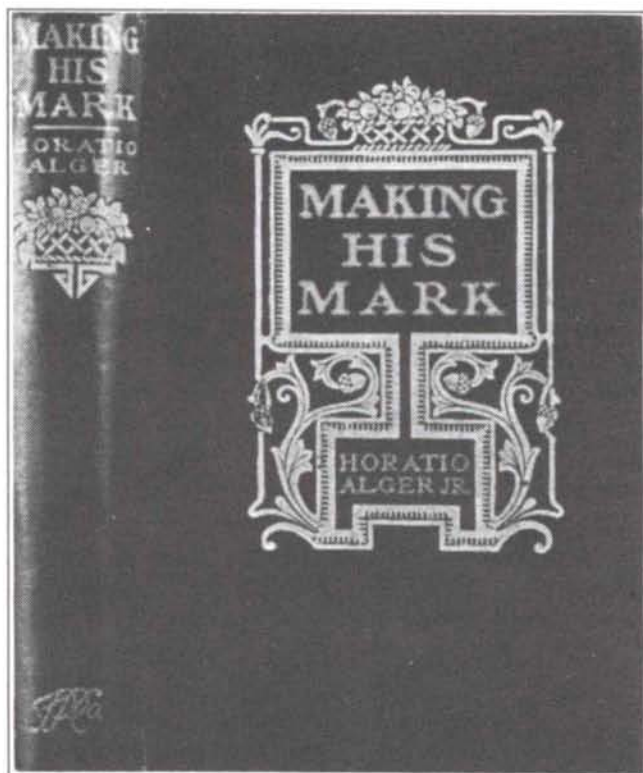
Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY H.A.S.

- Horatio Alger, Jr., A Comprehensive Bibliography*, by Bob Bennett (PF-265).
- Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era*, by Ralph D. Gardner (PF-053).
- The Fictional Republic: Horatio Alger and American Political Discourse*, by Carol Nackenoff (PF-921).
- Publication Formats of the 59 Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. as Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*, by Bob Sawyer (PF-455) and Jim Thorp (PF-574).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by A.L. Burt*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by M.A. Donohue & Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by Whitman Publishing Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales (PF-258).

Newsboy ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to *Newsboy* editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047.



Making His Mark (1901) and *The World Before Him* (1902) are, respectively, the third and fourth of the seven Horatio Alger, Jr. first editions published by Penn.

The history of the Penn Publishing Company

Part I

By Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)

The Penn Publishing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of Pennsylvania, began business on July 1, 1889 in Philadelphia. Its first venture was the publication of recitations, dialogues and entertainment. These books contained sketches, skits, songs, verse and humor, all marketed to children and young teens.

In 1897 the company purchased *One Hundred Choice Selections* of popular recitation books from Garrett & Co., another Philadelphia publisher. Ten years later, in 1907, Penn added the entertainment books of E.L. Kellogg & Company Publishers in New York. With these acquisitions Penn became the largest publisher of entertainment books in the country.

From entertainment books it was an easy step to publishing plays. The 1911 Penn catalogue listed nearly 300 plays, including *The Cuban Spy* by Frank Dumont, *Farm Folks* by Arthur Lewis Tubbs and *The Freshman* by Edwin Bateman Morris. Many of the plays were written to order and all of them were of "... exceptionally high standard, especially arranged for amateurs, and all absolutely free from coarse and objectionable features." The categories were extensive, ranging from dramas and

tragedies to comedies and, of course, Shakespeare. One of the interesting categories was black-face plays, which included "one or more good Negro parts."

Another early venture by Penn was the publication of Popular Handbooks. The 1911 catalogue claimed that one million copies of these books had been sold. Categories included etiquette and manners, letter writing, parlor games, health and household hints.

Perhaps the best-known product of the Penn Publishing Company (at least to readers of *Newsboy*) was the vast line of children's books. The company began publishing children's books in 1890, including well-known authors such as Horatio Alger, Jr., Edward S. Ellis, James Otis and W. Bert Foster.

Penn published seven first-edition Alger hardcover titles. They were *The Odds Against Him* (1890), *The Young Boatman* (1892), *Making His Mark* (1901), *The World Before Him* (1902), *Forging Ahead* (1903), *Finding a Fortune* (1904) and *The Young Musician* (1906). All were republished frequently and kept continuously in stock. The 1911 catalogue listed all seven Alger titles still available at one dollar each.

Penn's largest development in children's books came when the company began to publish college and school

(Continued on Page 5)

Editor's notebook

Pee-Wee Harris lives! Months of preparation are culminated in this issue with the opening chapters of "Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold," which originally appeared in **Boys' Life** between November 1930 and March 1931.

The story of how Pee-Wee made it into these pages is an interesting one:

Although **Boys' Life** is a well-known publication, the fact that a book-length Pee-Wee Harris adventure appeared in that publication in late 1930 escaped most of us who are avid collectors of the books of Percy K. Fitzhugh. Then, one day last fall, my book-collecting Chicagoland Partic'lar Friend Bart Nyberg was going through some back issues of **Boys' Life** he had stashed in his closet and discovered two issues containing segments of "Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold."

Turning immediately to noted Fitzhugh researcher (and H.A.S. Director) John T. Dizer (PF-511), Bart put out a call for the missing issues. Dizer, in turn, wrote to Chuck Fisk of Spokane, Wash., one of the world's leading authorities on Boy Scout-related literature. He had the needed issues in his collection and they were loaned to Dizer, who immediately made photocopies of the missing Pee-Wee Harris installments.

Coincidentally, Rocco Musemeche (PF-897) gave a paper on Pee-Wee Harris at the 1997 Popular Culture Association conference in late March, which he gave us permission to publish in *Newsboy*.

Thus was born this special Pee-Wee Harris issue, with Rocco's humorous article serving as an excellent introduction to the story that follows. It all begins on Page 7.

I must also thank Dawn and Bart Nyberg, who spent many hours inputting the story onto computer disc in order to speed up its publication in *Newsboy*; they will also be typing and proofreading the future chapters.

One of the great features of this story is the inclusion of Bert Salg's original artwork from **Boys' Life**. Salg's illustrations are greatly loved among fans of the Leo Edwards books and Fitzhugh's **Hal Keen Series** (written under the "Hugh Lloyd" pseudonym). Salg also illustrated the **Jerry Hicks Series**, plus a couple of other boys' books by William Heyliger. We will try to use as many of Salg's drawings as possible as the series continues.

We can only speculate, but because of the dates of publication (late 1930-early 1931) and length of the story, "Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold" may have been originally intended as the 14th book in Grosset & Dunlap's

(Continued on Page 6)

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

1950s. It is really fascinating to see how our forefathers (and mothers) did things. They were amazingly clever in their approach. Studying such things also gives an interesting viewpoint as to the way that things are done now.

I recently picked up a copy of an electrical power book from 1897. In it, the author is comparing various ways of transmitting power including belts and ropes. In the early days, factories used long rope or belt drives connected to, usually, a water wheel. The rope would provide the drive power to the various machines in the plant. A far cry from the electrical motors of today. Interestingly, the rope drives were remarkably efficient and were actually competitive with the electrical means in use at the turn of the century.

I hope you're enjoying the summer and that you have had some really good book collecting.

Your partic'lar friend,
John Cadick
P.O. Box 495578
Garland, TX 75049-5578
E-mail: j.cadick@ieee.org

FOR SALE

Alger's School Dialogues

The rare recently discovered Alger publication as described in *Newsboy* (March-April 1997) has been reprinted in a paperback-bound facsimile edition with a restored authentic-like color cover.

Alger collectors will recognize these dialogues as the first six from the rare *Seeking his Fortune*, co-authored by Alger and his sister, O. Augusta Cheney.

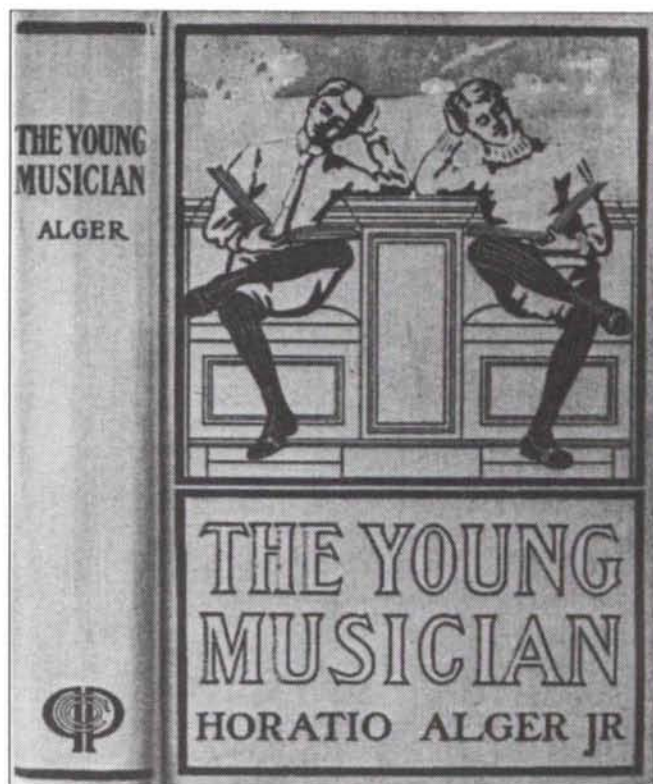
LIMITED EDITION — \$12 each, Postpaid

Reprinting done by H.A.S. members:

Robert Kersch
5 Leaside Drive
Great River, N.Y.
11739
516-277-0283

Jim Towey
249 Hartland Rd.
W. Granby, CT
06090
860-653-7447
toweyj@aol.com

More info: Jim Towey's homepage
<http://members.aol.com/brentwooda>



Forging Ahead (1903) and *The Young Musician* (1906), two of the final three Penn Publishing Co. Alger titles, share the same cover design with *Finding a Fortune* (1904). Note that by 1906, the interlocking script PPCo. monogram at the base of the spine has been replaced by Penn's back-to-back P-P logo.

The history of the Penn Publishing Company — Part I

(Continued from Page 3)

stories, athletic stories and stories of life in the Army and Navy, subjects very popular with many publishers of the period. Penn's **West Point Series** by Captain Paul B. Malone, **Annapolis Series** by Lt. Commander Edward L. Beach and **United States Midshipman Series** by Lieutenant Yates Stirling, Jr. were popular sellers. Also popular were school and college athletic stories by T. Truxtun Hare and John Prescott Earl. Other series included the **Rambler Club Series** by W. Crispin Sheppard (the publisher's longest, at 15 titles) and the **Patriot Lad Series** by Russell Gordon Carter.

Stories for girls included the **Betty Wales** books by Margaret Warde and **The Glenloch Girls Series** by Grace M. Remick.

Penn publications were well-produced, with sturdy and colorful bindings, high-quality paper and many beautiful illustrations. Most of the children's books published after 1903 included dust jackets, although few exist today. The reason for this is easy to explain. Most, if not all, of the dust jackets contained a form (coupon)

on the back cover inviting the reader to clip and send it to the publisher in order to receive a free two-color poster. The poster would relate to the story in hand, perhaps a sporting scene or a picture of the main character. Undoubtedly, these dust jackets were clipped and mutilated by thousands of young readers eager to redeem the coupon for their prized posters.

Penn Publishing Co. began business in Philadelphia at 1020 Arch Street, just at the intersection of Eleventh Street and Arch. During 1898 the company moved one block south to 923 Arch Street. I have several Penn titles from that year listing either address. Sometime after 1908 Penn moved again, this time to 218-226 South Eleventh Street.

Although Penn publications were carried by most book stores, the company did a brisk business in mail order. Orders came in from England, France, Egypt, Japan and Australia, as well as from every part of the United States. Representatives were located in Great Britain, India and Canada and five salesmen regularly visited all major cities in the United States. The company maintained a sales room on the second floor of its Eleventh Street address which, according to the 1911 catalogue, is "generally crowded with customers."

A future article will continue the history of the Penn Publishing Company through World War II.

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Francis Fonda (PF-990)
P.O. Box 141
San Leandro, CA 94577
(517) 542-3513

Larry D. Cain (PF-991)
P.O. Box 116
Merigold, MS 38759
(601) 748-2717

Larry is a consultant who currently has five Alger titles in his collection. His hobbies are books and travel. He learned about the Horatio Alger Society through our recent listing in **Biblio** magazine.

Ken Hetrick (PF-992)
122 Southern Blvd.
Chatham, NJ 07928
(201) 701-0166

Ken, a municipal manager, has 81 different Alger titles in his collection. He also enjoys playing the trumpet, gardening and jogging. He learned about the Society from various book dealers.

Jennifer Chatfield (PF-993)
7217 Giles Place
Springfield, VA 22150
(703) 883-7997

Jennifer is an information systems engineer whose other recreational interests include golf, Washington Redskins football, choral music and antiques. She currently owns 40 Alger titles, with her interest the literary and historical aspects of Alger's works. She learned about H.A.S. through her grandfather and our web site on the Internet.

Joel Cadbury (PF-994)
610 Donald's Drive
Ithaca, NY 14850
(607) 273-8598
E-mail: jsc11@cornell.edu

Joel is regarded as the leading researcher and scholar of Howard R. Garis' Uncle Wiggily and Bed Time Series books, and is currently working on a comprehensive bibliography of Uncle Wiggily books and memorabilia. He learned about the Society from Jack Dizer (PF-511) and James D. Keeline (PF-898).

Change of address

Rolfe B. Chase (PF-602)
37009 S. Stoney Cliff Dr.
Tucson, AZ 85739
(520) 818-0544

Visit the H.A.S. web site at:

[HTTP://www.ihot.com/~has/](http://www.ihot.com/~has/)

Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 4)

Pee-Wee Harris Series. However, because of the Great Depression and declining sales, many series books were discontinued in the early 1930s, with Fitzhugh's series for G&D among those getting the axe.

This is probably the same fate that befell Clarence B. Kelland's last two Mark Tidd adventures, "Mark Tidd in Paris" (*The American Boy*, Oct. 1929-Jan. 1930) and "Mark Tidd Back Home" (*The American Boy*, April-July, 1931) which never made it into book form. It has been written that "Mark Tidd in Palestine" (*The American Boy*, Dec. 1926-March 1927), was not picked up by the publisher due to tensions in the Middle East at the time.

On to other topics: This issue is the first to be produced on my new computer. The original dated back to 1991 (the year I became editor) and was hopelessly out-of-date, so I broke down and bought a new Pentium-MMX model with all the bells and whistles. This one should last another six years until it, too, will be overtaken in the fast lane of the information superhighway.

In this issue we also present the first part of Rob Kasper's history of the Penn Publishing Co. As any first-edition collector knows, some of the seven Penn Algers are among the toughest to find of all first editions.

Coming in September-October: Information on early hotel registration for the 1998 H.A.S. convention in Scottsdale, Ariz., plus more photos from our 1997 get-together in North Conway, N.H., and other surprises.

Also, I'm trying to drum up some "Letters to the Editor" (the address is at the bottom of Page 2). To make it even easier, our E-mail address is:

hasnewsboy@aol.com

Miniatures on diminutive Pee-Wee Harris

By Rocco J. Musemeche (PF-897)

Somewhere there is the story of a hero whose bearing suggests there are new worlds to conquer. Then out there is a story of a pint-sized paladin who, despite his four-foot, three-inch frame, also projects a winning combination. The story of this diminutive Galahad, Pee-Wee Harris, is told in 445 chapters of a juvenile boys' series run of 13 books written by Percy Keese Fitzhugh from 1922 to 1930.

The setting is Bridgeboro, New Jersey, a town which is a long narrow stretch along a river by the same name. The principal streets are Main, Carver, Allerton, West, Willow, Broad, Bridge, Carlton Place and Terrace Avenue. Located on these streets are familiar landmarks: Chin Foo's Laundry, Corbett's Lumber Yard, Ike Levine's Tire Repair Shop, Lawson's Furniture and Coleman's Warehouse.

Bridgeboro is solidly entrenched in the Boy Scout movement, so deeply so, that its name is widely known from coast to coast. Some of the scouts are so famous through their activities that they bring more recognition to the town. Scouts who are regarded the best of scouts are Roy Blakeley, Westy Martin, Tom Slade and, last but not least, Pee-Wee Harris.

His parents named him Walter Collison Bately Harris, as they regard their offspring as an exact science. He is better known as Pee-Wee Harris, mascot and patrol leader of a Bridgeboro Boy Scout troop. Being born the day before Independence Day, he is a lad full-flushed with patriotism who seems to land right-side-up come what may.

Although in appearance Pee-Wee seems to have a continual frown on his moon face, he is the epitome of a true scout. His scout hat perches on the back of his curly-haired head; his jacket is a firmament of merit badges; and, his belt is a dangle with a frying pan, a compass, an axe, and a few bananas are tucked in his belt. In donning the khaki uniform of a Boy Scout he adds a brisk salute and is ever-ready with his *Scout Handbook*. Yet he is not without faults, as Fitzhugh has Pee-Wee tugging at an unruly knee-length stocking that is forever drooping.

Imperially ensconced in the leafy bowers of a stately elm on the lawn of his home on fashionable Terrace Avenue, Pee-Wee surveys the comings and goings of the neighborhood. This lofty perch affords Pee-Wee the isolation and aloofness needed to rule in harmony with the

Other authors...
...other books



"GO UP THAT SIDE STREET!" ORDERED PEE-WEE
Pee-Wee Harris: Fixer. Frontispiece — (Page 51)

pleasant vista unfolding beneath his noble scrutiny. Pee-Wee is at peace here. Yet, his mother worries about his being in the tree so soon after he has recovered from influenza. There comes a stream of shrill sentences, a disconcerting tirade of warning directed at him in a high-pitched broadside, which concludes with emphatic orders to get out of the tree "At once!"

The "At once!" to a lad like Pee-Wee is most irritating, a rasp on nerves a moment before in such a tranquil state. They are two words as welcome as a beehive at a lawn party. Pee-Wee meets them also in two words, long drawn out in resentment and dismay, and half-swallowed exasperation: "Geeeeee whiz!"

Pee-Wee is also noted for two characteristics that defi-

(Continued on Page 8)

Editor's note: This article was presented as a paper on March 28, 1997 at the 27th annual meeting of the Popular Culture Association in San Antonio, Texas.

Miniatures on diminutive Pee-Wee Harris

(Continued from Page 7)

nately set him apart from friend and foe: (1), he does not speak — he shouts with a thunderous voice that does not subside; (2), he has a robust appetite that by Pee-Wee's own admission is sated only by when he is asleep. It is not odd at all to find Pee-Wee asleep in bed while clutching a fistful of cookies.

When it comes to other gastronomic indulgences, Walter Collison Bately Harris treats Pee-Wee with a royal flair. He has worn a smooth path to Bennett's Fresh Confectionery. There he relishes in that ambrosial delight shared by Pee-Wee and those young at heart of Bridgeboro. Here one may observe Pee-Wee seated at the table as he demolishes his special: two scoops of ice cream laden with butterscotch sauce and crushed pineapple, which is topped with crushed nuts and a maraschino cherry. Bennett's is not the only favorite haunt of this sweet tooth: there are Pydorff's Bakery (known for its heavenly jellied filled doughnuts), Schmitt's Candy Parlor (known for its granite-hard licorice jaw-breakers) and Bert's Confectionery (known for its cakes without equal). On the trail, Pee-Wee is not without Epicurean delights, as scout chum Roy Blakeley serves his savory bivouac suppers.

Roy is known for his bright repartee and humor that gained him an audience of the new readers of the series. He is responsible for such brain-teasers as: "If a lake is surrounded by water, where is its beginning and end?" And "You can scramble eggs, but can you unscramble them?" "Which is the end of a banana?" However adroit Roy is, it is Pee-Wee who wins honors as the clown of the group. It is this stocking-tugging, forever-feeding, boisterous runt who wins the affection of not only the boy readers, but adults who are inclined to read these books to their younger siblings and children.

Where Roy is more mature and authoritative in the Boy Scouts, it is Pee-Wee who functions without reserve. For example, when pressed to select between two desserts, he unerringly chooses both. When the choice is between a treat of ice cream and cake at a Sunday School picnic of a barbecue on a Boy Scout hike, Pee-Wee blithely attends the picnic on the way to the hike!

Walter Collison Bately Harris' adventures are interwoven with his gastronomic pursuits. Even with his great strategy when he outwits Father Time via the Daylight Savings Time law. On that occasion, he set the hands of the kitchen clock back an hour to 6 o'clock, which enabled him to have supper at home and to dine again at the scout banquet set for 7 o'clock. However, other adventures call to Pee-Wee in the guise of summer camp in the mountains.

Pee-Wee's number one goal is the annual visit to Temple Camp. It is the retreat that comes about each day with a chorus of birds, the merriment of scouts at work and at



PEE-WEE AS MAYOR, CONSIDERS THE TRUANT OFFICER'S APPLICATION FOR A NEW BICYCLE
Pee-Wee Harris: Mayor for a Day. Page 227

play. At night no sound disturbs the stillness diffused with the fragrance that nature concedes where watery nooks are confined by lush foliage. No other sound disturbs the sanctuary save perhaps for the faint plop of a turtle waddling off into the lake from a decaying log.

It may well be relative to one has read and recalls when Helen Harriff wrote, "I do love second-hand books that open to the page some previous owner read oftenest." Temple Camp evolves from a grand dream of John Temple, who occupies the largest leather chair at the Bridgeboro Bank. The famous retreat in the Catskills is located at the base of a wooded hill sloping to the waters of Black Lake.

Uniquely resolved in its intent to be top scale in the scouting fraternity, and preserving its rustic character, Temple Camp gives the appearance of a frontier trading post, and through Fitzhugh's fertile imagination, Temple Camp is endowed with all the elements one needs to ensure its popularity as scouts see to it.



PEE-WEE ATE THREE PLATES OF ICE CREAM
Pee-Wee Harris in Luck. Page 90

The colors are raised on Black Lake, which affords all the water activities subject to the whim of boys. A hundred acres of woodland rising back of a large open pavilion, a dozen log cabins, a shack for the equipment and provision, a half-dozen tents and a spring of cool water all capture the essence of the scout camp that Temple makes possible. Each scout is given a free three-week stay by simply contacting the trustee. Scouts gather for a weenie roast topped by a program of campfire yarns. Afterward, the colors are lowered and the scouts take to their tents and bedrolls or bunks, where sleep is often interrupted by pranks. If a scout earns a merit badge, he gains an additional two days to his stay. If a scout becomes a Star Scout, he is awarded an additional full week's stay.

At the zenith of its popularity, Temple Camp was managed by Tom Slade and gained recognition as the Boy Scout recreational headquarters. This Catskill rendezvous for scouts was a magnet drawing young visitors from the first week winter shutters were taken down in the spring

till the time store windows in Bridgeboro encouraged a return to classroom endeavors with their displays of pencils, tablets, ink wells, rulers and other back-to-school supplies. In this world away from Bridgeboro, Pee-Wee thrived on the tenets the scout dutifully follows. The training he receives at the camp does much to encourage scouting, but it is at home Pee-Wee is able to flex his muscles and scoutcraft for the ever-caring Bridgeboro folks. It is well noted by these townspeople how important the scouts are to their community.

For example, Pee-Wee participates in two community-wide cleanup drives. In one of the drives, Pee-Wee is mayor for a day, which is a distinction bestowed by Mayor Corbin. Pee-Wee's term with the gavel does not exactly please him. Since he is in charge of eliminating areas in unsanitary condition, he is forced to close his favorite shops: Pydorf's Bakery, Schmitt's Candy Shop and (gulp) Bennett's Fresh Confectionery.

In another community clean-up drive, Pee-Wee and the gang clean up refuse strewn in Barrel Alley, Bridgeboro's perennial eyesore with its heaps of discarded household paraphernalia, auto tires, rusty tin cans and a multitude of other unwanted items. The toil turns to triumph in this episode as Pee-Wee faces one of his strongest challenges.

Leaving home one fine morning, Pee-Wee is appalled to see a young man in rapid transit from one yard to the next, leaving a deluge of litter in his wake. The neighborhood lawns were a clutter of square white papers, which on closer inspection, herald the annual clearance sale at Messthal's Mammoth Dollar Down Furniture Home. With his customary grim and thunder visage, Pee-Wee accosts the litter-strewing interloper and takes him to tasks over the leaflets' ill-advised distribution.

"Gee whiz," Pee-Wee muses, "doesn't the young man know better than to cross people's yards while leaving a trail of wind-strewn leaflets?"

Mr. Messthal is summoned to the police station where he is told to keep his handbills from becoming litter. Mr. Messthal explains that the handbills are a necessity, since the newspapers were on strike. He needs their distribution to keep his business solvent. He heatedly demands the police enforce the school attendance law so Pee-Wee will no longer be a nuisance to his business. Pee-Wee reminds him that it is summer vacation. In the discourse that follows, it is agreed that boxes are to be placed near the Lyric Theatre, where playbills and necessary handbills can be placed for disposal. Thereby, Pee-Wee keeps his community free of litter, and businessmen like Mr. Messthal can distribute ads during newspaper strikes.

Because the Pee-Wee Harris books were written at a time when America enjoyed peace alongside improvement in every facet in life, their reading leaves a nostalgic miasma and a sense of missing out on something. Trains

(Continued on Page 10)

Miniatures on diminutive Pee-Wee Harris

(Continued from Page 9)

were numerous then, and ran on time. Picket fences were given coats of fresh white paint. The windmills on farms creaked and groaned in the solitude of night and the glare of day. Men tipped their hats in respect when women passed. During the colorful circus parades, a lion roared from his cage just as his wagon rumbled past Bennett's Confectionery Shop. It was a time in American history faithfully captured in the illustrations of most juvenilia. Artist H.S. Barbour managed to convey in the Pee-Wee Harris books several scenes that brought yesteryear undistorted to the beholder today. The same can be said of miniatures culled from the series on our diminutive scout hero.

And then there was the brisk encounter with six merry maidens lost on an outing who came upon a roadside booth operated by Penelope "Pepsy" Pepperall and Pee-Wee. This one was a test for him. Pepsy was a red-headed, freckle-faced orphan, who gained the friendship of Pee-Wee when she told him she liked all the scouts "on account



"SHOW US HOW YOU BLAZE A TRAIL!" THEY URGED
Pee-Wee Harris in Darkest Africa Page 158

of him," a statement reaching his brotherly surge.

It was late afternoon when the mirthful chatter of the six girls spread over the zone of the booth where lemonade, frankfurters and doughnuts were dispensed by the enterprising pair.

"Could Pee-Wee handle this situation?" wondered Pepsy, who by now sensed ridicule emanating from the visitors, the ridicule city people aimed at the rural folks, Pepsy thought. Pee-Wee was reading these thoughts and aloud he assured Pepsy he would handle giggling girls, and these were giggling girls. So off to the word war went Pee-Wee, a lad who could — and would — arise to any occasion.

Pee-Wee won that battle of the female vs. male words and this can come down to the last parting shot from one girl as the car sped off. "It's a shame to tease him; he's just too cute for anything. I could just kiss him."

Size could not push Pee-Wee aside. He was not easily elbowed aside, not even by such stalwart scout chums like Tom Slade, Roy Blakeley and Westy Martin. He was ever triumphant. Oblivious to defeat. Sneering at mishaps and ready to take on all comers, he let the world know he meant to stand as a scout should. This is evident in the words attributed to Pee-Wee in the foreword of the first book in the series:

"So the only thing that will stop me will be if I don't have any more paper, but even then I can go on writing, because scouts can write on birch bark and you can see for yourself how many birch bark trees there are. As long as there are some birch bark trees left I can keep on writing, so don't you worry."

To further his triumphant declaration, he added a P.S.: "Scouts know how to make paper out of leaves too, so as long as there are leaves I can keep on writing."

Pee-Wee Harris. *Geeeeeeee whiz!*

Dedicated to the Scoutmasters of my hometown, from the past to the present — Rocco J. Musemeche

The Pee-Wee Harris Series

By Percy Keese Fitzhugh

- | | | |
|--|------------------|------|
| 1. Pee-Wee Harris | Grosset & Dunlap | 1922 |
| 2. Pee-Wee Harris on the Trail | Grosset & Dunlap | 1922 |
| 3. Pee-Wee Harris in Camp | Grosset & Dunlap | 1922 |
| 4. Pee-Wee Harris in Luck | Grosset & Dunlap | 1922 |
| 5. Pee-Wee Harris Adrift | Grosset & Dunlap | 1922 |
| 6. Pee-Wee Harris F.O.B. Bridgeboro | Grosset & Dunlap | 1923 |
| 7. Pee-Wee Harris: Fixer | Grosset & Dunlap | 1924 |
| 8. Pee-Wee Harris As Good as His Word | Grosset & Dunlap | 1925 |
| 9. Pee-Wee Harris: Mayor for a Day | Grosset & Dunlap | 1926 |
| 10. P-W Harris and the Sunken Treasure | Grosset & Dunlap | 1927 |
| 11. Pee-Wee Harris on the Briny Deep | Grosset & Dunlap | 1928 |
| 12. Pee-Wee Harris in Darkest Africa | Grosset & Dunlap | 1929 |
| 13. Pee-Wee Harris Turns Detective | Grosset & Dunlap | 1930 |

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

By Percy K. Fitzhugh

Illustrated by Bert Salg

Part I

THERE were to be great doings in East Village, just across the river from Bridgeboro. The young ladies of the Community League were to hold a grand lawn party. In connection with this was to be a bazaar and cake sale. There was to be an entertainment in the evening followed by dancing. The East Village troop of Girl Scouts was to participate, and be much in evidence selling birch-bark ornaments and other woodland handiwork.

Post-card pictures of the new Community House were to sell at five cents each. All this was to celebrate and help to finance the rustic bungalow, lately completed, which thenceforth would house the gaities of East Village.

We see our hero first emerging with the throng from the Eureka Theater in Bridgeboro after having satiated himself with a sensational photoplay, "As Luck Would Have It."

In these periods of relaxation, to which Pee-Wee occasionally treated himself, he is not discovered in his customary martial regalia. To be sure he wore his Scout suit and his compass dangling around his neck. But his belt axe and frying-pan were conspicuously absent. However, his most characteristic item of adornment, his appalling frown, darkened his heroic countenance, and became even more terrible as he gazed upon a little scene which greeted the out-poring crowd as it emerged upon the sidewalk.

There was more true pathos and human interest in this little scene than in anything that had occurred in the garish screen play with its maudlin episodes and sobby subtitles. The center of interest was a shabby little old man who stood upon the curb where apparently he had taken his stand to catch the notice of the people as they came out of the theater. On a tray which was held up by a strap around his neck were disown manufacture. He also held aloft in one hand the model of a ship, his prize commodity, a marvel of skill with the jack-knife.

Editor's note: This story, the 14th book-length Pee-Wee Harris adventure, first appeared in Boys' Life between November, 1930 and March, 1931.

Meet the Famous Pee-Wee

"Size doesn't count, actions count!" says Pee-Wee Harris. Things happen fast wherever he goes! Hair-trigger daring and determination; he is always starting something *quick!*

Super-Scout, Patrol Leader Extraordinary, Mayor-for-a-day — He is continually daring and doing the things that every boy wants to be doing himself.

Join Pee-Wee Harris and own the world.

As Pee-Wee emerged onto the sidewalk, this quaint and aged vendor was being rudely shoved away by a policeman and not the least pathetic part of this brusquely authoritative business was the sudden disarray of the little stock. He moved along reluctantly under pressure of the official arm, holding his precious ship aloft to save it from wreckage at the hands of the law.

"G'wan, move along, git outer here!" urged the officer, accompanying his mandate with a vigorous shove. He would not even suffer the old man to pause long enough to recover a fallen windmill.

The crowd appeared sympathetic, but not
(Continued on Page 12)



Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 11)

greatly interested. Another shove by the official arm and the old man's entire stock was precipitated to the sidewalk. But he was not permitted to tarry long enough to gather up his precious handiwork.

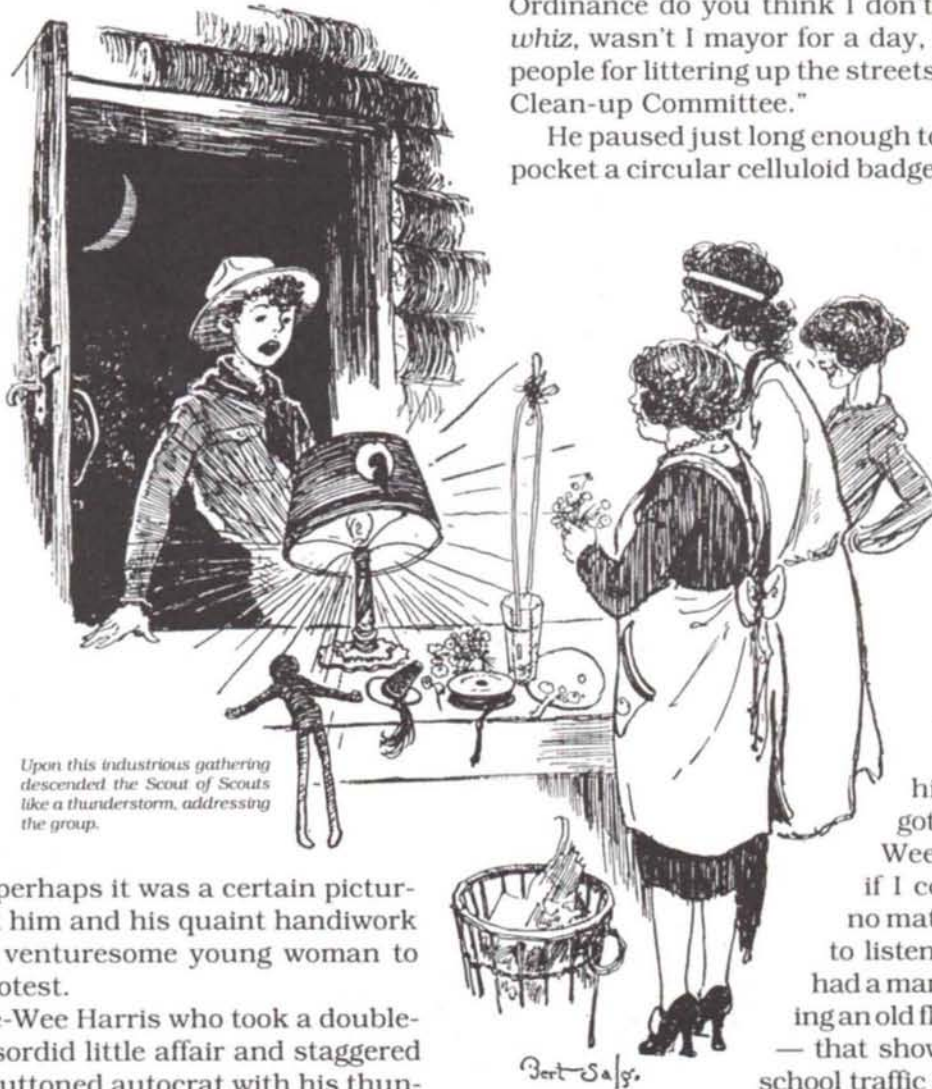
"G'wan, beat it or I'll lock yer up," threatened the cop, giving a vigorous final push which all but sent the poor old man sprawling.

THIS is the regulation way of dealing with peddlers, and few people take note of the needless brutality visited upon them. Perhaps it was this particular peddler's age and apparent infirmities which moved some of the emerging crowd to venture deprecatory comments; perhaps it was a certain picturesqueness about him and his quaint handiwork which caused a venturesome young woman to utter discreet protest.

But it was Pee-Wee Harris who took a double-header into the sordid little affair and staggered even the brass-buttoned autocrat with his thunderous tirade. As for the poor little old man he stared aghast at this Scout of Scouts in full action.

"You think you're so smart shoving a poor old man," Pee-Wee thundered, "that you have to go and break the law yourself on account of what it says, I can prove it, how you got a right not to let any litter be in the streets, and anyway you're the cause of it. Now you see!"

It was Pee-Wee's spritely way to disregard punctuation in his talk, and this was particularly so in his tirades of wrath.



Upon this industrious gathering descended the Scout of Scouts like a thunderstorm, addressing the group.

"Dat's enough fer you, Sonny," said the cop ominously, and giving the old man another vigorous shove, "run home ter yer momma before yer git in trouble now — and keep yer mouth shut." That was something Pee-Wee could not do. "You big — you big *coward*," he roared. "That shows how much you don't know about laws and all things like that how you spell stuff all over the sidewalk even you don't know the Clean-up Orderlince I mean Ordinance do you think I don't know; *geeeeeee whiz*, wasn't I mayor for a day, how even I fined people for littering up the streets, you can ask the Clean-up Committee."

He paused just long enough to dig up out of his pocket a circular celluloid badge twice as large as

a half-dollar, the treasured souvenir of his sensational work in the great clean-up campaign. This he ostentatiously pinned once again upon his jacket. "Now you see," he said darkly. "Now you see if I got a right to talk to you."

The crowd was highly amused. "I got a paper, too," Pee-Wee said, "that says if I complain to a cop no matter what, he's got to listen to me. Even if I had a man arrested for leaving an old flat tire in the street — that shows. Even I was a school traffic cop myself, I was!

Even I was boy mayor for one day, I was! So now you got pick up the stuff you spilled all over the ground because I can make a complaint about you I don't care if you're a cop or not because I'm a special boy officer I am, and I'm the one that put rubbish barrels down in Barrel Alley and at the station and everything and I got charge of vacant lots you can ask Judge Wade if I haven't and they got to listen to me."

They could hardly help listening to him, and moreover all this was too true.

He had indeed been a clean-up worker in the

great campaign and had used all authority with which he had been vested. "So now," he concluded almost exhausted, "are you going to pick up the things or not? Because I can dodge a complaint I mean lodge one, and then you'll see!"

Here, indeed, was David talking to Goliath.

"Talk about *spilling*," laughed a man. "He spills words enough."

THE cop did not obey, but he compromised. He recalled, now, the sensational achievements of Scout Harris in the grand clean-up drive. This unquenchable youngster with the enormous celluloid badge might do anything - and get away with it. So the officer retreated as much as he could without sacrificing his dignity. He pushed the old man's scattered wares together with his big boot and said, "Here take yer junk and beat it before I lock yer up."

The little old man was quick to act; he had supposed that his precious stock was lost forever. It was pitiful to see him on his knees gathering up his broken handiwork which had been so ruthlessly and needlessly damaged. But Pee-Wee helped him while the massive blue-coat stood by to drive the old man along as soon as he had recovered his belongings. For this selling things "on the public thoroughfares" is a heinous offense.

But here, again, the cop was to be baffled for Pee-Wee escorted the frightened old man into the lobby of the theater, "This is private property so you don't need to be scared, anyway I know the owner of this theater because the Scouts gave a show here, so you don't have to be scared anymore."

"I ain't got enough money to pay a fine," the frightened old man protested, still with a weather eye on his official persecutor.

There is no place so conspicuously empty as a theater lobby when the crowd has gone and soon Pee-Wee and his old friend were quite alone in the dim, garrish corridor, the ticket window closed and its curtain drawn. The cop had sauntered away after completely destroying the old man's one hope of earning enough to buy his supper. The people had gone home to their own suppers.

"Gee whiz, I guess you know all about ships, hey?" Pee-Wee asked. "And I bet you went to sea, and I bet you were in Holland too, because you know all about windmills. Gee, you make 'em dandy. I bet you don't live in Bridgeboro, do you?"

"I live on a barge down ter the river," the old man said. "I just come up when the show was out ter get the crowd. Guess I'm done in this town; I ain't done so very good. If I sells one, it's enough; then I got money fer supper. These little ones is

only fifty cents; the big ones is a dollar."

"How much is the ship?" Pee-Wee asked.

"She's five dollars," said the old man, "but I ain't never expectin' to sell her. It jus' kinder draws attention. I can fix it, 'taint hurt much. I'll go down on the tide tomorrow and try Southtown. Do you know if they got police in Southtown or jus' constable?"

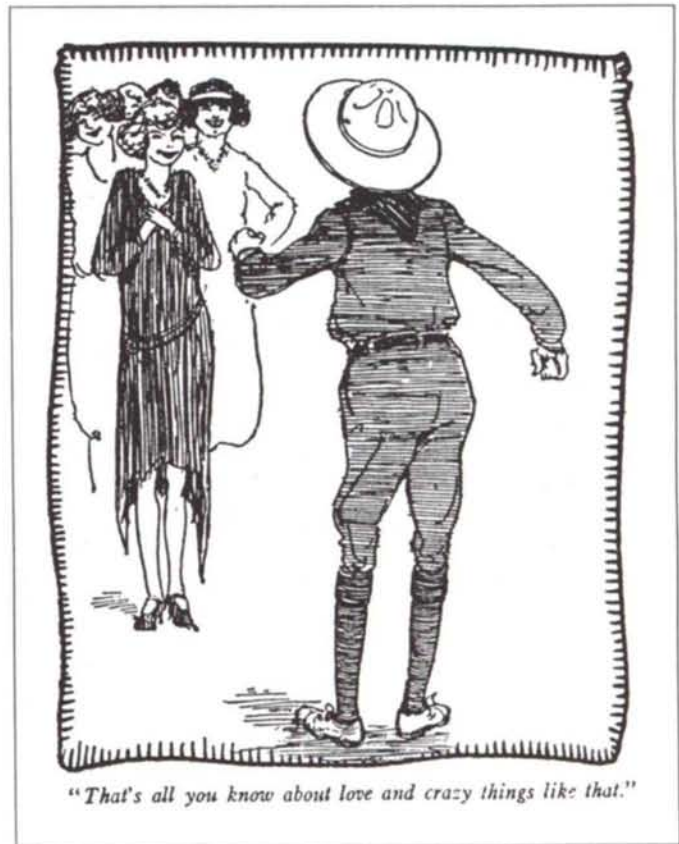
"You live on a barge?" Pee-Wee ejaculated, for this bit of information took precedence of every other thought. His good turn seemed less likely to open the way into an enchanted realm. "A *real* barge? Can I go and see it?"

"It's a old barge I was captain of once; captain of and doin' business with," said the old man. "If you want to come down along the river you can see it; you can come on it. But yer mammy and yer daddy — I don't want ter get in no more trouble."

"Didn't I even get you *out* of trouble?" Pee-Wee demanded. "Come on I'll help you carry your stuff and I'll go down with you. I been on lots of boats, motor-boats and everything."

"Yer a smart youngster," said the old man; "yer as bright as a coat of varnish, and ain't scared o' nuthin' or nobody, I cud see that. Thinks I, he'll make trouble — that's what I says ter myself when I heerd yer speak up, and the worse fer me, that's

(Continued on Page 14)



"That's all you know about love and crazy things like that."

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 13)

what I says, but yer come out all right."

"I had lots of authorities I did," Pee-Wee said, "because Scouts are kind of civic — civil. But I don't mean they're civilized. Gee whiz, nobody can say that about me. I can live on herbs, even, I can if I'm hungry and I'm hungry a lot too."

"Guess me and you is like each other that a'way," said the old man, but Pee-Wee was too engrossed to catch the wistful purport of this remark.

The neighborhood of the river was familiar territory to Pee-Wee, and it was true that he had sailed its placid bosom on many a craft: motor-boat, rowboat, canoe, and raft. But never before had his adventurous foot trod the deck of a barge.

This particular barge was the *Colbert C. Rossey* of New York, that being the very name of Pee-Wee's new acquaintance, who was its owner and captain. The barge was tied along shore and it seemed as long as a couple of railroad cars. It was unpainted and grimey; its patched sides were as rough as bark and as black as soot. Its long interior was a gaping cavern with capacity for tons and tons of coal or any other kind of bulky merchandise. One could walk along the edge and look down into it as from the brow of a precipice.

But astern all was ship-shape and cozy. On a little area of deck stood the humble domicile of Pop Rossey, a tiny shanty with a stove-pipe sticking out of it, and even with curtains in its little windows. Against the outside of this was a bench on which one might drowse away a summer afternoon while being piloted here and there by some noisy and energetic little tug.

"Gee whiz, it's dandy," said Pee-Wee as he looked inside the little house.

Scarcely had he said the words when their arose from a seat in the corner a boy of about his own age, who had been painting windmills, of which there seemed to be a vast store in a large basket close beside him. The floor was covered with shavings, and the little table with odd parts of the quaint ornaments.

It might have been the home of Santa Claus.

Pee-Wee felt that he had entered an enchanted realm. If he had landed plunk on the magic carpet in the Arabian Knights he could hardly have been more astonished. Here was a tiny combination home and workshop. There were three bunks for sleeping, a couple of rickety chairs, a locker for provisions, and another small round table, for meals presumeably, but covered now with freshly painted windmills. On a bench stood a row of miniature rowboats, each with a pair of tiny oars stuck under

its seat, masterpieces of jack-knife art. There were several little lighthouses standing on counterfeit rocks painted granite color. And all these things had been whittled out, and painted in a variety of gaudy hues.

The old man sank down on an empty grocery box where, somehow, he seemed a more pathetic figure than if he had used a chair.

"Reckon 'taint no use, Sammy," said he. "I got run off the street same as up in Northvale. Maybe if I had went to the station for a license—"

"They cost money, those," said the boy.

"'Taint no use anyway," said the old man resignedly. "If 'twasn't for this little feller I don't have my stuff even. I come nigh on stumblin' over when he shoved me, Sammy. Right in the shoulder he grabbed me, where I got the rheumatism so bad. That's what I took notice of — they all push you in that place; do you know that, Sammy? Maybe they tell 'em to do like that, huh? Right in the shoulder it is, *always*. I almost stumbled over and like to broke my neck. Have we got some o' them beans left, Sammy? You put on some coffee, like a good boy. *My*, but they're strong, them cops," he added, turning to Pee-Wee. "You know onct I was strong and big like that; would you think it? Once I was first mate on a schooner, wasn't I, Sammy? Sammy's father could tell you if he was alive. He's my grandson, Sammy is; ain't you, Sammy?"

IT WENT even to Pee-Wee's anything but tender heart to see this poor old man, sitting on the grocery box holding his shoulder with one hand and commenting upon his late adventure without malice or even resentment. With age one loses the fine spirit of retaliation. The old man seemed to feel the cruel twinge on his shoulder rather than the indignity he had suffered.

"Them's fine big strapping men, them policeman," he said. "You put on the coffee, Sammy, like a good boy. And see if we got enough beans left. There's a loaf of bread there, too, Sammy. You didn't see nothin' more of the man that followed me down here yesterday — was it yesterday?"

"No, I didn't," said Sammy. "I been painting 'em all day. I ran out of the red, I caught some little fish and I'm going to cook 'em."

"They'll come handy," said the old man. "I don't know whatever we'd do without fishes. Fishes is for folks in trouble. Onct I was wrecked - that was the Nancy, out of Gloucester — and we was on a desert island five weeks. We'd of starved only for the fishes. That was a whaling cruise; Sammy knows all about it. Not one of them things did I sell to-day. I was

reckonin' on bringin' some meat if I got a single fifty cents. If I had gone down when I was shoved like that I'd never got up again. not with my kinky leg. Onct I could shin up into rigging like a monkey. Well, what is just is, I says. We ain't having no luck with them, Sammy."

Then spoke Pee-Wee Harris, Scout.

"Gee whiz, now I'm glad you got chased away like that, because now I know you and a lot of times I've been hungry and I know just what to do and I'm going up to get some eats and I'm coming back and besides I got a dandy idea how you can sell these things and make money and nobody can stop you because it's on private property, I can prove it. There's going to be a dandy big kind of a racket in East Village — that's across the river down below — and they're going to have all kinds of things to sell, ice-cream cones and everything — it's going to be a big lawn party for the new Community House. They're going to have bazaar and chicken salad and paper-weights and cakes and postcards, and I know because my sister is making a lot of things for it, fancy towels and everything, and they're going to have homemade candy and everything. So we'll go over there and sell things, hey? It starts on Thursday and it's going to be three days. Gee, I bet you can make as much as a hundred dollars. Anyway, no I'm going to get some eats, and I'm going to have supper here with you, too."

The old man and his grandson were too dumb-founded to protest in the face of Pee-Wee's enterprise and generosity. All of Pee-Wee's propositions were made with whirlwind vehemence. Sammy accompanied him to the beautiful Harris house on Terrace Avenue and listened appalled while our hero shouted upstairs to his mother proclaiming an assault on the kitchen and ice-box in the interest of Scout good turn. He laid under contribution two cans of spaghetti, several boxes of crackers and a grapefruit, and would have taken a

strip of bacon had not the cook interfered.

"Now were going to have a peach of a supper," he said, "and we'll fix it all up how we'll sell your things over in East Village, because all I have to do is speak to them and especially I know how to handle girls, especially grown-up ones. So a lot you should worry about cops and things like that — gee whiz, I bet we'll make a hundred dollars."

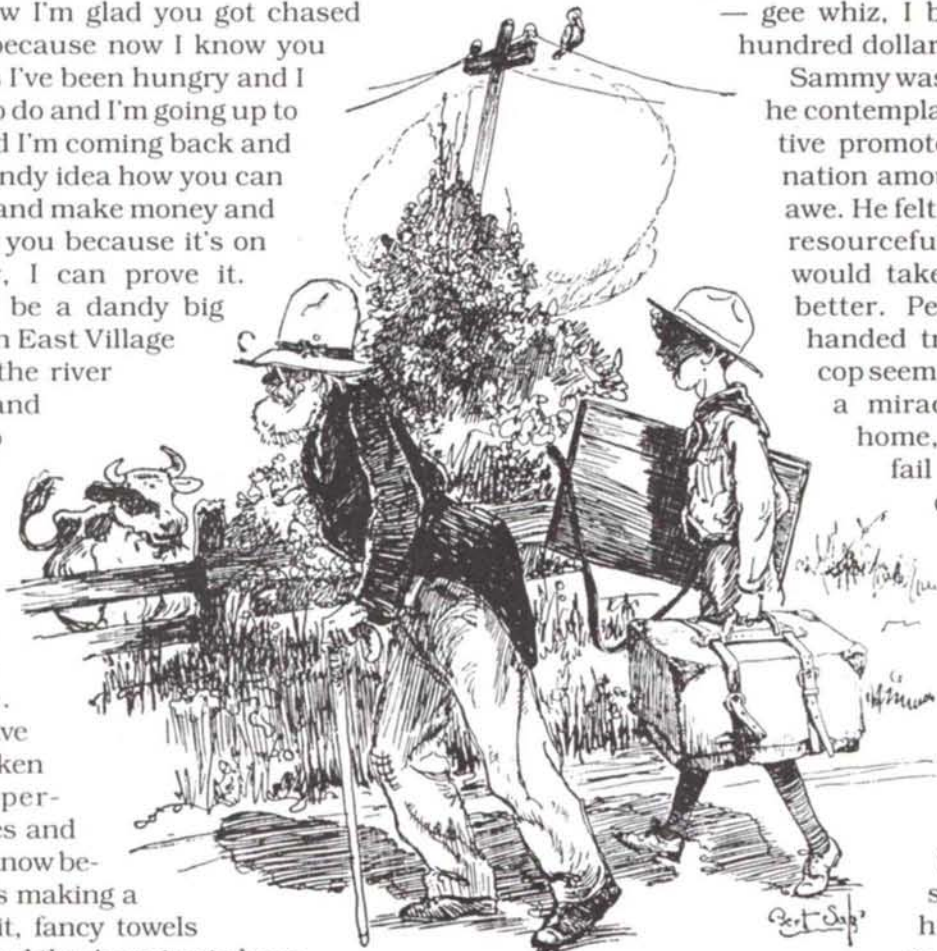
Sammy was a quiet boy, and he contemplated this diminutive promoter with consternation amounting almost to awe. He felt that with such a resourceful patrot things would take a turn for the better. Pee-Wee's single-handed triumph over the cop seemed little less than a miracle. And in his home, Sammy did not fail to note, this redoubtable little Scout was certainly something of an autocrat.

On the way back he told Pee-Wee something of his grandfather's despairing efforts to keep himself out of the poor house, "and me out of the orphan asylum," he added wistfully.

"How did you happen to come up to Bridgeboro? Gee, it's lucky you did, because now I'm going to fix everthing for you and you'll make a lot of money."

FROM Sammy Pee-Wee learned that the old barge had, until lately, been in pretty constant requisition as a freight carrier in New York Harbour and up and down the Hudson. But for some reason or other (probably its age and condition), it had ceased to be in demand. It had been the last refuge of the old man who had spent all his life on the waters, and must have furnished a prosy enough form of nautical life to one who had known adventures on a New

(Continued on Page 16)



"I had lots of authorities, I did,"
Pee-Wee said, "because Scouts are
kind of civic-civil."

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 15)

Bedford whaler. But even on the water poor old Pop Rossey had run foul of the law.

"The inspectors they wouldn't give us a license this year," said Sammy; "not till we put two new planks in the hull. And we couldn't do that unless we put her in dry dock. That's how we happened to come up here, because the inspectors wouldn't bother us up here. Captain Stark — he owns a tug-boat — and he towed us up here because we thought we could sell some things in these towns. My grandfather does dandy whittling; he used to make these things when he was a sailor. But they won't let us sell them, so we got hard luck."

"You leave it to me," said Pee-Wee, "because I'm lucky. It's mighty good you came up here because now you're going to get a lot of money. But anyway how are you going to get back again? Is that tug-boat coming after you?"

"We don't care anything about going back, Sammy said. "We were thinking if we could sell some of our things, we could just live on the barge and nobody would bother us, and we could work in the towns all around here. I don't care so much, but would they let my grandfather come and see me at the Orphan's Home? Do you think these ladies will let us sell things at their show?"

"Sure they will because I'm a Scout and they'll listen to me. And no cop's got a right to go in there either. You leave it to me, and I'm going to stick to you, too. Didn't I tell you I'd get some things to eat, and didn't I do it? If I can handle my own mother, can't I handle a lot of girls? If I know how to handle cops!"

It did seem to poor old Pop Rossey that he and his grandfather had found, indeed, not only a promotor but a protector and provider. They ate a sumptuous repast in the little house on the barge, during which Pee-Wee was able to make good all his claims in regard to his appetite. He lingered with them until dusk and reluctantly went away filled with plans and spaghetti.

"That might be a good thing, Sammy," commented the old man. "At carnivals and things like that people buys things. Maybe that would be good, to stick to carnivals and fairs and things like that; hey, Sammy? These here Scouts, they're wide-awake youngsters, hey? Maybe ye'd like to be one of them, Sammy?"

"You've got to get a concession to sell at places like that," said Sammy. "You've got to pay something down at the start."

"At ladie's fairs and ructions like these?"

"Maybe not, I don't know," said Sammy.

"It'll be good if he can fix it, Sammy; maybe we might get a start. He's a clever youngster, I'm thinking. I hope them inspectors never gets up this far. It's all the home we got Sammy, this old scow. It's all that stands between me and the poor house now. Would you think it, me that was first mate in the *Nancy* whaler? You should have heard me shouting out orders in them days. In the Sandwich Islands and Australia they would never stop us selling things in the market places. Many's the whale's tooth I carved and sold for a good price. Well, them was brave old days. And here we are marooned. He's a fine youngster, that. My but he's the kind would have started a mutiny back in the sailing days."

WHETHER Pee-Wee would have started a mutiny or not, he unquestionably would have started something. Indeed he started something that very night. Luck usually favored him, and he was required to go over to East Village to accompany his sister home, since his father was using one car and Mrs. Harris had gone in the other to a neighboring city.

He trudged down Main Street and turned into River Place where the old bridge spanned the stream across to the ambitious village which was soon to be the scene of local festivity. East Village had no main thoroughfare and very few stores; it depended largely on its neighbor, Bridgeboro. But what it lacked in stores, it made up in pride and local spirit. There was a real-estate development over there and the idea of a community club had lately taken possession of this quiet residential place.

About the first thing to be seen when one crossed the river was the Community Club house, a sprawling, picturesque log cabin in which was a hall for entertainments, a room for dancing, a club-room and a bowling alley. East Village was all dressed up and no place to go. So the completion of the Community Club was to be gaily and profitably celebrated.

In the club-room were assembled the young ladies who were the presiding geniuses of the forthcoming bazaar. They were deeply engrossed in the manufacture of fancy articles. In a group by themselves were gathered the Girl Scouts of East Village busily engaged in making birch-bark picture frames and napkin rings. From the adjacent kitchen there emanated the delicious odor of candy in the process of manufacture.

Upon this public-spirited and industrious gathering descended the Scout of Scouts like a thunder storm, drowning his sister's welcome, utterly ig-

noring her, and addressing the group.

"I got a dandy idea," he said, "how you can do a good turn and even make some money for you bazaar, because I know an old man that makes fancy windmills to sell and little lighthouses and everything — boats too — he whittles them. They're fifty cents each and they're peachy, and I bet you never saw anything like them. Gee whiz, they're better than things you sew! And I told him we're going to have him come over here and sell them — gee, wait till you see them!"

"Can't you say *good evening*, Walter?" his sister reproved.

"Good evening and they paint them all up red and green and everying —"

"Oh goodness me," chirped one of the Girl Scouts, "I saw that old man over in Bridgeboro the other day and he's nothing but a peddler. He's a *perfectly dreadful* old man — I saw him. You'll be wanting to send an old-clothes man next. I never heard of such a thing!"

"Oh, I think he's just *adorable*," said another girl, alluding, not to the old man, but to Pee-Wee. "Go on, tell us about him."

"So I'm going to bring him over the day it starts," said Pee-Wee, "so then the cops can't interfere with him, and I'm going to fix up a booth for him in the bazaar, and I'll like to see any one chase him away, then because it's private property — those cops make me tired they're so fresh and —"

"Listen, Walter," said his sister, "you know we have something to say, too."

"Oh, let him talk, I just love to listen to him," laughed another of the Girl Scouts.

This was not the way to silence the organizer of the late Chipmunk Patrol. "That shows how much you don't know about Scouting and doing good turns and all things like that while you make believe you're Scouts (he addressed them all, for they were all laughing) just because you make things out of birch-bark but anyway you're scared of snakes, even spiders, that's how much Scouts girls are!"

"Oh, isn't he just to excruciating?" still another Girl Scout carolled forth. "Don't you just *love* him?" she softly inquired of her nearest neighbor.

But the sharp ear of the Scout overheard her and she was lost. "That's all you know about love and crazy things like that," he thundered. "When somebody comes along doing a good turn like Scouts got to do, all you can do is laugh and giggle — *geeee whiz!*"

He directed his thunder at the Girl Scouts, and having thus stifled them into a kind of undertone of sly giggling he addressed Miss Dorlin, the head

of the bazaar committee, who was "grown up" and presumably capable of understanding his benevolent undertaking.

"So is it all right for me to bring him over here when the bazaar starts?" he asked. "Because I want to help him to do a lot of business because he's poor any maybe he has to go to the poor house, maybe; and his grandson, maybe he has to go to an orphan asylum, and gee whiz, that's no fun, even you get *starved* there with one helping because I know a feller that used to be an orphan."

"Well, I'm sure it's very nice and kind of you," said Miss Dorlin putting her arm about the sturdy little Scout, "but you see this isn't exactly the kind of an affair where they have concessions as they do in carnivals. We're just making a few things to sell, it's just like a big family in a way, and, of course, we can't have people from outside coming here and selling things — peddlers. I don't mean anything against your old friend," she hastened to add, "but you see it wouldn't do. Of course we don't want the Community Club Bazaar to be like a circus or a county fair." She patted the hero gently on his curly hair by way of sugar-coating her refusal and he paused, baffled. "People give lots of money to orphan asylums, and sometimes that's the best way to help people, isn't it?"

"And if we wanted a *circus*," chirped a Girl Scout, "all we'd have to do is to have Walter come. He's a whole circus in himself."

"Listen, girls," said Miss Dorlin with her most smilingly patronizing air, "Walter Harris is a true-blue Scout, and we mustn't laugh at him. He *does* want to do good turns and I think it's perfectly *splendid*. I think it's *fine* for him to *feel* as he does. Now he understands how it is — about the bazaar. And I'm sure that some day he'll do something *real big*. I just *know* that he'll surprise us *all*."

She was right about that. "And can't I bring him over then?" said Pee-Wee. "Oh, goodness gracious, no," said a girl who had not spoken before. "A dirty old peddler! Did you ever hear of such a thing?" "Don't you dare to bring him," said another. "Don't you let him," she added to Elsie, who was preparing to go.

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Dorlin, addressing Pee-Wee. "But you must come over yourself and buy lots and lots of ice-cream, and that will be doing a good turn to our poor little village and our wonderful new club house." She was exasperatingly patronizing. "You know we're depending on Bridgeboro and all you boys with such great big appetites, so you must be sure to come. That will be helping and doing a good turn, and I think good turns are just *wonderful* and *beautiful*. And I think

(Continued on Page 18)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 17)

you're just a perfectly *splendid* little Scout." She patted him on the shoulder and what could be nicer?

He accompanied his sister home with a frowning countenance. As for Elsie, she thought that Pee-Wee's proposition to install Pop Rossey and his wares at the bazaar too ridiculous to talk about. But she had not been embarrassed by his outburst for people always found him amusing. She contented herself with saying, "Don't you *dare* to do such a thing. And you'd better keep away from peddlers."

Yet, after all, it must be said of Pee-Wee, that if he seemed highly amusing it was because his schemes were so big and he was so small. He never, indeed, performed some trifling service and called it a good turn. He never attempted anything little or paltry. He was out to save old Pop Rossey and his grandson from being separated in public institutions. It was a pretty big mouthful, and he would probably not be able to masticate it but there was nothing small about Pee-Wee. He was bigger than the Community Bazaar, much bigger.

On reaching home he and his sister entered the attractive library where Dr. and Mrs. Harris sat reading. The hero wore his most portentous frown, and it was evident that all had not gone well with him.

"Well, how goes the hick bazaar?" the doctor playfully inquired. For East Village was somewhat of a joke in the flourishing Bridgeboro.

"It's going to be perfectly wonderful," said Elsie, "and we're hoping every one here in Bridgeboro will go. We're hoping to clear three thousand dollars."

"East Village will never come across with that figure," her father commented. "I don't see why they built a Community House at all; They haven't enough people over there. I told your cousin Alice that the other day."

Still wearing his darkest frown, Pee-Wee betook himself upstairs to his private sanctum and settled to bethink him what he would say to old Pop Rossey on the morrow. For he had unqualifiedly adopted the barge as his new headquarters and the hapless pair who occupied it as his special charges.

Meanwhile his heedless sister was beguiling her parents with an account of his precipitate assault on the bazaar committee.

"I nearly died laughing," she said. "Guess what he wants to do! He wants to bring an old peddler to the bazaar and set him to selling things; he calls it a good turn. Did you ever *hear* of such a thing? Poor Emily Dorlin could hardly keep a straight face, but she was *terribly* nice to him. Can you imagine? I wish you

could have seen the Girl Scouts — they had him going full force. I don't know where in the world he ever picks up such people. He was simply a scream."

"And you turned him down?" queried the doctor amusedly.

"How can you ask such a question! Of course we did. I don't know if the man is an Italian or not — why he's just a street peddler the police chased away from somewhere. I think he lives in a hovel."

"He lives on a barge," said Mrs. Harris in her gentle way. "Walter took them some food."

"Well, I think *you'd* better *look out* who he gets *in with*," said the girl emphatically. "It's all very funny, but I should think you'd want to know who he makes companions of."

"Oh, we can't attempt to keep up with Walter in his mad career of benevolence," laughed the doctor.

"I really don't see any harm in his taking food to the unfortunate pair," said Mrs. Harris. "There really isn't anything vicious about them."

"Elsie," said her father, laying down his newspaper, "do you remember the boy who promised to join the Scouts if Walter could show him a real live wild animal? And that very night a man with a bear came to town? Beware of Walter, Elsie. The gods are on his side." "Well, I don't suppose they object to him, they're so used to listening to thunder," said the girl. "Really, sometimes I think his voice grows louder and louder. And the way he eats!"

"Well," laughed the doctor. "You have your community bazaar over there in the wilds, and Walter has his old salts to foregather with. Mother and I seem to be the only sober and quiet members of the family. We'll have to take a run over the the bazaar, eh, Mother?"

"I suppose that little boy on the barge is just *filthy*," said Elsie.

"I understand he's hungry," said her father, "and that's what counts."

"I really don't see any harm in his taking food to them," said Mrs. Harris. "Probably they'll be gone in a day or two and then he'll be interested in something else."

"You never seem to be concerned about him," Elsie complained. "He just does whatever he pleases, and comes and goes."

"And triumphs," said the doctor. "He has a lot of *resources*, as he says, so why should we worry?" "He wants a home-made pie for to-morrow," said the gentle Mrs. Harris. "I do hope he won't catch malaria down there."

"Nothing can catch him," said the doctor. "He goes Scout Pace, whatever that is."

(To be continued in September-October *Newsboy*)

BOOK MART

E. Christian Mattson (PF-067)

**Four Turtlerock Court
Baltimore, MD 21234**

Telephone: 410-668-4730

FAX: 410-882-9137

E-mail: emattson@qis.net

The following Horatio Alger, Jr. books are for sale:

1. <i>Ben Logan's Triumph</i>	Cupples & Leon	1st. edition	Good	\$50.00
2. <i>Jerry, the Backwoods Boy</i>	Stitt, 1905		Good	20.00
3. <i>Young Captain Jack</i>	Mershon		Good	25.00
4. <i>Nelson the Newsboy</i>	Mershon	2nd. edition	VG	30.00
5. <i>Out for Business</i>	Grosset & Dunlap		Good	15.00
6. <i>Joe the Hotel Boy</i>	Cupples & Leon	2nd. edition	Good+	30.00
7. <i>Dean Dunham</i>	Street & Smith PB, bound in cloth		Good	20.00
8. <i>Phil the Fiddler</i>	Thompson & Thomas		Good	5.00
9. <i>Adrift in the City</i>	Winston (same format as 1st. ed.)		VG	15.00
10. <i>Lester's Luck</i>	Winston		Good	10.00
11. <i>Shifting for Himself</i>	Winston		Fair-Good	5.00
12. <i>Helen Ford</i>	Winston		VG	15.00
13. <i>Frank Hunter's Peril</i>	Winston		Fair-Good	7.00
14. <i>Strive and Succeed</i>	Winston		Fair-Good	5.00
15. <i>Sink or Swim</i>	Porter & Coates (small dec. edition)		Good	15.00
16. <i>Rufus and Rose</i>	Porter & Coates (small fruited ed.)		Excellent	25.00
17. <i>Tattered Tom</i>	Porter & Coates (small fruited ed.)		VG	20.00
18. <i>The Young Circus Rider</i>	Porter & Coates (tall edition)		Good+	30.00
19. <i>Strong and Steady</i>	Porter & Coates (flying wheel ed.)		Good	10.00
20. <i>Ben the Luggage Boy</i>	Porter & Coates (tall green ed.)		Good	10.00
21. <i>Fame and Fortune</i>	Porter & Coates (tall green ed.)		Good	10.00
22. <i>The Young Book Agent</i>	Grosset & Dunlap		Good-VG	25.00
23. <i>Tom Thatcher's Fortune</i>	A.L. Burt (deluxe ed.)		VG	25.00
24. <i>Dan the Newsboy</i>	A.L. Burt (deluxe ed.)		Good—	12.50
25. <i>A Debt of Honor</i>	A.L. Burt (deluxe ed.)		Good—	12.50
26. <i>The Errand Boy</i>	A.L. Burt (fez deluxe ed.)		Good	15.00
27. <i>Tom Turner's Legacy</i>	A.L. Burt (deluxe ed.)		Fair-Good	10.00
28. <i>Risen from the Ranks</i>	A.L. Burt (train cover format)		VG	10.00
29. <i>Walter Sherwood's Probation</i>	A.L. Burt (boy camping format)		Good+	10.00
30. <i>Tom the Bootblack</i>	A.L. Burt (boy hunting format)		Good	10.00
31. <i>The Train Boy</i>	A.L. Burt (deluxe ed.)		VG	20.00
32. <i>Ben's Nugget</i>	A.L. Burt (boy jumping off boat format)		Good	7.00
33. <i>The Young Miner</i>	A.L. Burt (boy hunting with dog format)		Good	5.00
34. The following are all Hurst editions, Good to VG — each @ \$5.00:				
<i>In a New World</i>	<i>Herbert Carter's Legacy</i>		<i>The Young Musician</i>	
<i>The Young Salesman</i>	<i>Tom Temple's Career</i>		<i>The Telegraph Boy</i>	
<i>Jed the Poorhouse Boy</i>	<i>Charlie Codman's Cruise</i>		<i>Five Hundred Dollars</i>	

Horatio Alger Society award winners – 1997

Photos by
Doug Fleming (PF-899)



The Carl Hartmann Luck and Pluck Award is presented to Marg, center, and Ivan McClymont by 1996 recipient Dick Pope, right.



Bob Huber, right, accepts the Dick Seddon Award from 1996 recipient Bart Nyberg.



The 1997 President's Award is made by John Cadick to Mary Ann Ditch, his predecessor as President.



Carol Nackenoff, center, presents the Newsboy Award to Janice and Michael Morley.