



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.

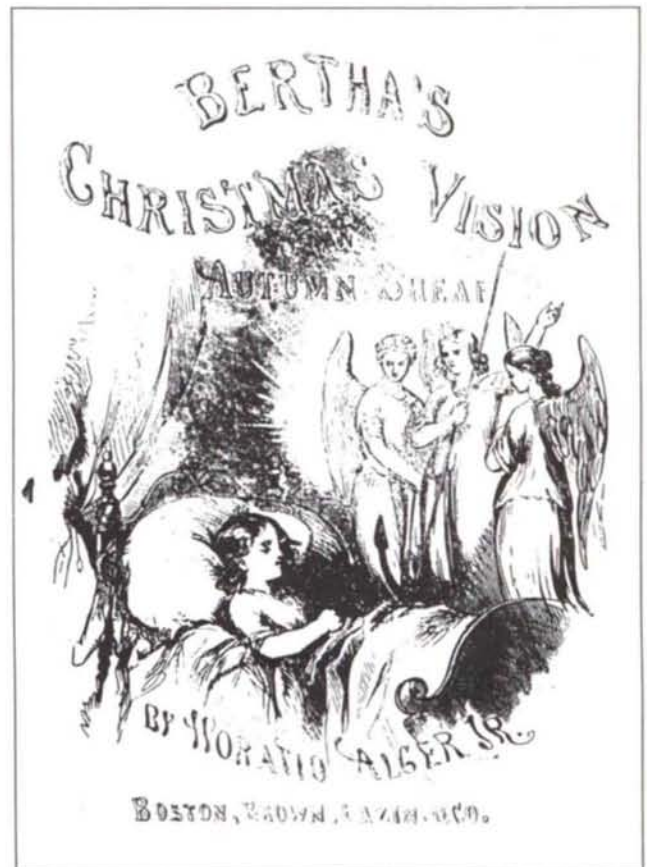
VOLUME XXXV

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1997

NUMBER 6

A story for the holiday season

-- See Page 5



H.A.S. Directors' meeting

-- See Pages 2, 3



Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold — Part III

-- See Page 9

President's column

The November Board of Directors meeting, hosted by Northern Illinois University, was excellent. In addition to reviewing and commenting on the financial committee reports, we discussed a variety of items which affect the society in general. I will try to summarize as briefly as possible.

The meeting was called to order at 1 p.m. on Saturday, November 8, 1997. In attendance were:

John Cadick, President
Christine DeHaan, Vice President
Mary Ann Ditch, Treasurer
Robert E. Kasper, Executive Secretary
Carol Nackenoﬀ, Director
Arthur Young, Director
Robert R. Routhier, Director
Michael Morley, Director
Larry Rice, Director

With eight voting members present (the Executive Secretary does not vote), a quorum was declared and we proceeded on to business.

Membership Dues

As you know, the *ad hoc* financial committee, under the leadership of Jack Dizer, recommended that an additional tier of dues structure be added. This will provide additional income to the society without increasing dues for our senior members. The board of directors approved that recommendation with one additional level of support being added. The board is, therefore, recommending the following dues structure:

Senior Member: (age 65 and over): \$20.00 per year (unchanged from current Member dues).

Member: \$25.00 per year (increased by \$5.00/year).

Sustaining Member: \$50.00 per year.

Life Member: 20 times current Member dues.

Please note the following:

1. All dues categories shall enjoy exactly the same privileges of membership.

2. Sustaining and life members will be published in *Newsboy* at least once per year.

Note: This dues structure must be ratified by vote of the membership in attendance at the Scottsdale convention.

H.A.S. Auction Policy

Several agenda items were passed in the interest of improving, speeding, and enhancing the income from our

(Continued on Page 19)

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.

H.A.S. directors beat Chicago's winter . . . barely

By William R. Gowen (PF-706)

Indian summer smiled on the Horatio Alger Society's Board of Directors at the board's first semiannual meeting the weekend of Nov. 7-9, 1997, in the Chicago area. Nearly 20 present and past directors and officers attended what President John Cadick hopes will become an annual event.

The event began early for Janice and Mike Morley of California, who arrived by midweek in order to visit friends and tour Chicago and its acclaimed museums. By mid-Friday afternoon, the motel in suburban Palatine was looking like a mini-convention site with the arrivals of Jeanette and Bob Routhier, Vivian and Larry Rice and Chris and Doug DeHaan, along with Arthur Young. Co-host Bill Gowen met Rob Kasper at O'Hare and headed out to meet the other early arrivals.

At around 4:30 p.m., we left in a caravan of three cars 30 miles south to Downers Grove to the home of former

director Bart Nyberg, where he and his wife Dawn host a reception for the group. Within minutes of our arrival, President John Cadick and Treasurer Mary Ann Ditch arrived directly by car from O'Hare Airport, and former director John Juvinal, who lives in nearby Hinsdale, joined the group for its first informal get-together since the 1997 convention in North Conway, N.H.

After refreshments and a look at Bart's collection, we all



Bart Nyberg discusses an early issue of *Boys' Life* with directors Bob Routhier, right, and Arthur Young.

headed to nearby Hastert's White Fence Farm for a dinner of the "world's finest chicken" (no exaggeration). One of the great things about this acclaimed restaurant is that it can accommodate large groups efficiently without advance reservations.

Following dinner, the group dispersed, either returning home or to the hotel.

Saturday morning, Bill Gowen drove to O'Hare to meet director Carol Nackenoff, who took an early flight to Chicago. They drove directly to DeKalb, while the rest of the group left from the hotel.

We arrived at Northern Illinois University at about 10 a.m., where we were greeted by Art Young, Sam Huang and Mark Williams at Founders Memorial Library.

We were given a complete tour of the rare books and special collections holdings, including the H.A.S. repository (a separate room has been set up for this rapidly growing collection), the Albert Johannsen dime novel collection, the



Michael Morley, Chris DeHaan and Larry Rice examine the H.A.S. repository collection at Northern Illinois University.

Arthur Sherman Stratemeyer collection and numerous other juvenile books and periodicals.

At 11:30 a.m. we headed to the Huang's nearby home, where Corinna had prepared a marvelous multi-course Chinese lunch for the entire group.

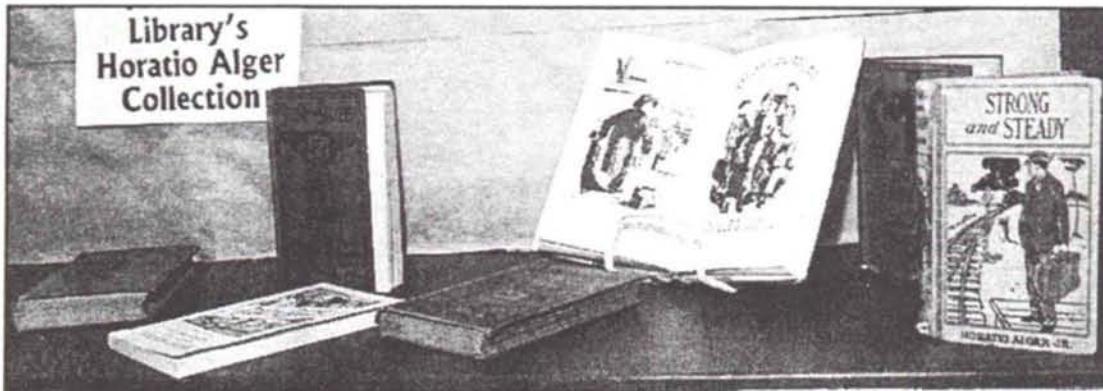
Our directors' meeting started at about 1:15 p.m. and ran for nearly five hours. (For a complete report, read the

(Continued on Page 8)

Coming next issue: 1998 H.A.S. Convention preview

Please make your hotel reservations now at the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites. Tell them you are attending the Horatio Alger Society Convention, April 30-May 3, 1998.

Phone: 1-800-344-0262; Fax: 1-602-443-33764.



ALGER COLLECTION — A collection of Horatio Alger books is on display at the Marlborough Public Library, including one of the Ragged Dick series, open to an illustration in photo above. PHOTO BY ROBERT BRANCH

This photo appeared in the Marlborough, Massachusetts *Enterprise* as part of its coverage of the second annual Marlborough Horatio Alger Street Fair held on Sept. 27-28, 1997.

Editor's notebook

This is a brief note as I complete this issue and attempt to get the new H.A.S. roster into your hands as promised.

Our first try at a semiannual directors meeting went off very well, and a story on the weekend appears on Page 3. Just a few days after everyone headed home, northern Illinois was hit with eight inches of snow!

I want to write a little bit about our "adopt-a-Newsboy" mailing plan, which has been very successful for the first fiscal year (all six issues are signed up). While your editor provides his services for free, the United States Postal Service unfortunately does not. This is a fixed expense that runs about \$190 for an issue weighing three ounces, \$235 for an issue weighing four ounces and \$280 for an issue weighing five ounces.

This is to let you know we monitor these costs closely, and that is why we appreciate the generosity of those who have taken part in the "adopt-a-Newsboy" program.

Former *Newsboy* editor Jack Bales (PF-258), a life member, has decided to once again become a full dues-paying member, as well as making regular monthly donations, which he feels may be a more comfortable alternative for many partic'lar friends in lieu of a single \$200 "adopt-a-Newsboy" donation.

"The Alger Society was *extremely* good to me when I was editor and I would like to give something back to the Society," he says.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Jack, not only for his 100-plus excellent issues of *Newsboy*, but for his ongoing interest and generosity. Thanks!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

My roster update is enclosed. In addition to what I have on the sheet, I have Scharnhorst's *Lost Tales of Horatio Alger* and also his *Lost Life of Horatio Alger* and all the biographies I know about except Mayes' hoax. I'd be interested in having that, too, but I wouldn't want to pay much for it. I have two copies of *Tom Temple's Career*, one of which Gardner's book says is a first edition, and the other of which Bennett's book says is a first. I have counted only one first edition of that book in saying I have 17.

I am enclosing a bunch of clippings from the *Marlborough Enterprise* about the Horatio Alger Street Fair. I was disappointed that I wasn't mentioned this year, in spite of the fact that I was the only one there with Alger books for sale. I sold 46, and gave away a lot of bookmarks like the one enclosed. I really wanted to have it printed up nicely and laminated, but I didn't have the money. I still plan to do that when I can. I also gave away several applications for membership in the Horatio Alger Society.

At the street fair I tried very hard to keep people from doing anything more than look at my copies of *Newsboy*, but people managed to abscond with three, which I would like to replace if they are available. They are March-April 1995, September-October 1996 and May-June 1997. I will send the money when I find out which ones are available.

At the last meeting of the Maine Antiquarian Booksellers' Association, I was elected treasurer, and this has led to my becoming acquainted with even more booksellers.

Enough chatter. I'm looking forward to your next visit. I wish I could reasonably expect to be at the next convention, but realism prevails!

Your partic'lar friend,
 Ronald A. Murch (PF-970)
 P.O. Box 36
 Lisbon, ME 04250-0036

Bertha's Christmas Vision

Editor's note: *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, Alger's first book, was initially published in hard-cover by Brown, Bazin & Co. of Boston in 1856. Many of the 20 short stories and poems included therein appeared previously in various periodicals and story papers. The story "Bertha's Christmas Vision," reprinted here, made its debut in *Monthly Religious Magazine* in February 1853. The Brown, Bazin hard-cover compilation, *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, was reprinted by Hurst & Co. in standard and miniature editions in the early 1900s, and by Gilbert K. Westgard II (PF-024) in 1978.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

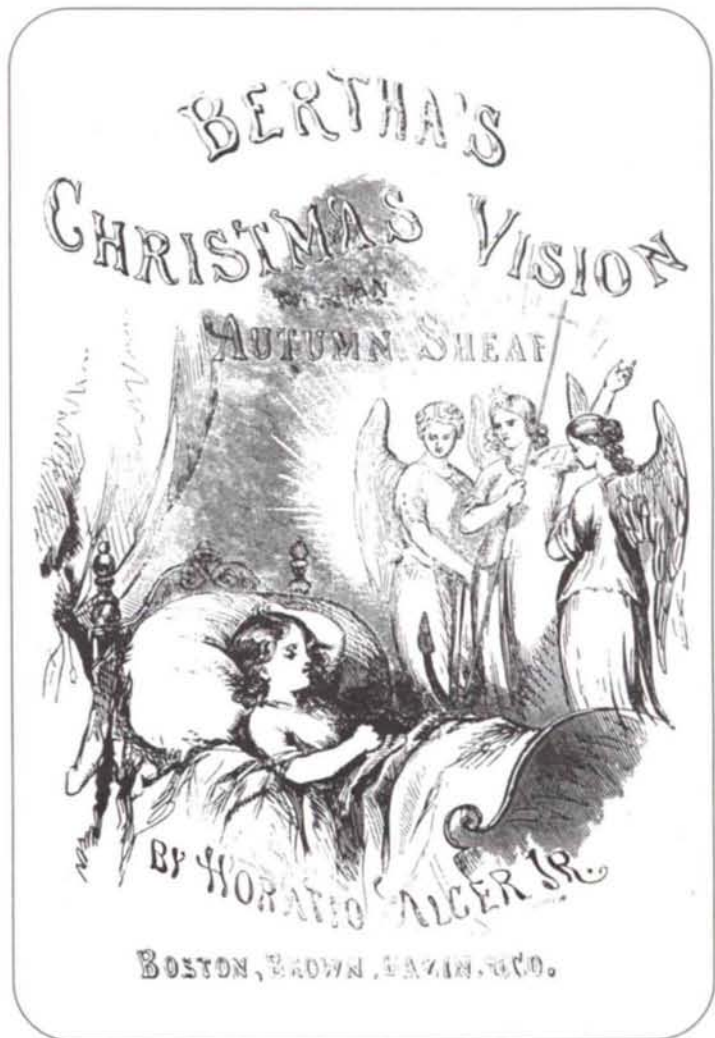
It was the night before Christmas. Snow was falling without; and the wind dashed the cold flakes, in eddy whirling, into the faces of those wayfarers whom business or pleasure kept out thus late. They drew their warm garments more closely about them, and hurried onward; little heeding the pelting of the storm while the vision of a cheerful hearth and a merry family circle danced before their eyes and warmed their hearts. Merry St. Nicholas, too, the patron saint of children, was abroad. It was a busy night with him. Thousands of parcels must be made up, and showered down as many chimneys into expectant stockings, before the morrow's dawn. So he gives the reins to his coursers, and speeds swiftly along, —

"through forest and brake;

Through deep, drifting snow; over river and lake;
Over hill, over dale, where the keen northern blast,
With fierce, angry moaning, drives fearfully past."

In a large and pleasant room sat little Bertha, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. The fire crackled and burnt; and shadows, cast by its flickering light, danced on the wall. But little Bertha's thoughts were far away, and she heeded them not. For many weeks, she had been looking forward to this very night; and now she was trying to conjecture what gifts good St. Nicholas laid in store for her. At length she grew weary of conjecture, took a lamp from the table, and went up stairs to bed. It was a neat little chamber; and the counterpane on Bertha's bed rivalled in whiteness the falling snow without. Bertha looked out of the window, against the panes of which the snow was beating noisily.

"It is a cold night," thought she. "St. Nicholas will



have a hard time of it. What if he should not come at all?"

Bertha's apprehensions were soon dispelled; for, as she looked out, the sound of silvery bells came nearer and nearer, till at length it paused under her window, and, a moment afterwards was heard in an opposite direction. Bertha rubbed her eyes, and strove to distinguish the sleigh from which these sounds proceeded; but she could distinguish nothing.

"Can it be St. Nicholas?" thought she.

Even as she spoke, mingling with the sound of retreating bells, she thought she could distinguish the words of a song. She listened attentively; and these were the words which the wind bore to her: —

The path I have chosen
Is covered with snow;
The streams are all frozen;
Yet onward I go

(Continued on Page 6)

Bertha's Christmas Vision

(Continued from Page 5)

"I glide o'er the mountain,
And skim o'er the lea;
I pass by the fountain;
Yet no eye can see —
"My form or my shadow
On snow-drift or mound,
On hill-top or meadow,
Or frost-spangled ground.

"While sleigh-bells are ringing
Upon the highway,
And glad parties singing
So thoughtless and gay, —

"I pass through and over
Each hamlet and hall
Ere mortals discover
Who gave them a call.

"I pause but to count o'er
The gifts for each one,
and then quickly mount o'er
The stile. I am gone!"

"That must certainly be Santa Claus," thought Bertha. So she carefully hung up her stockings before the fire, and went to bed. She soon became tired of waiting for St. Nicholas to come; and, in a few minutes, she was asleep. But the thoughts of Christmas had taken fast hold of her mind, and, as she slept, shaped themselves into the following dream: —

She thought that, as she was lying awake in her chamber, there appeared suddenly before her three figures, clad in white. Slowly they advanced, hand in hand, till they stood by her bedside. Then, with united voices, they chanted the following lines: —

"Maiden, from the fields of air
We have winged our rapid flight
Bringing gifts both rich and rare,
On this frosty Christmas night.
Guard them ever: They will be
Of exceeding worth to thee."

They ceased; and Bertha, in great astonishment, inquired, —

"What! Are you St. Nicholas? Or," she added, recollecting herself, "perhaps you are his sisters?"

The visitors resumed their chant: —

"Maiden, no! Thy Christmas saint
Bearing gifts of mortal taint:
At the touch of sure decay
They shall vanish quite away.
Those we bear are not of earth:
Theirs has been a higher birth."

The visitors ceased; and one of their number, coming forward, commenced anew: m—

"I am Faith. To thee I bear
Childlike trust and confidence
In the ever-watchful care
Of our Father's providence.
Maiden, one of sisters three,
This the gift I bear to thee."

The second came forward, and repeated: —

"I am Hope. When darkness clouds
Gather round thy earthly way,
And Misfortune's shadowy veil
Intercepts the light of day,
I will come on wings of light:
Clouds and mist shall straightway fly,
And reveal the golden gates
Of a happier home on high.
Maiden, one of sisters three,
This the gift I bear to thee."

Smiling graciously on the wondering Bertha, Hope drew back, and gave place to her sister, who commenced as follows: —

"I am Charity. Let me
Ever on thy steps attend,
And, long as life shall last,
Be thy counsellor and friend.
In thy bosom I would sow
Seeds of gentleness and love,
And, a resident of earth,
Fit thee for a home above.
Maiden, last of sisters three,
This the gift I bear to thee."

Again the sisters joined hands, and, with united voices, chanted, as at first, —

"Maiden, from the fields of air
We have winged our rapid flight,
Bringing gifts both rich and rare,
On this frosty Christmas night.

Faith and Hope and Charity!
 Earthly maiden, sisters three,
 These the gifts we bear to thee."

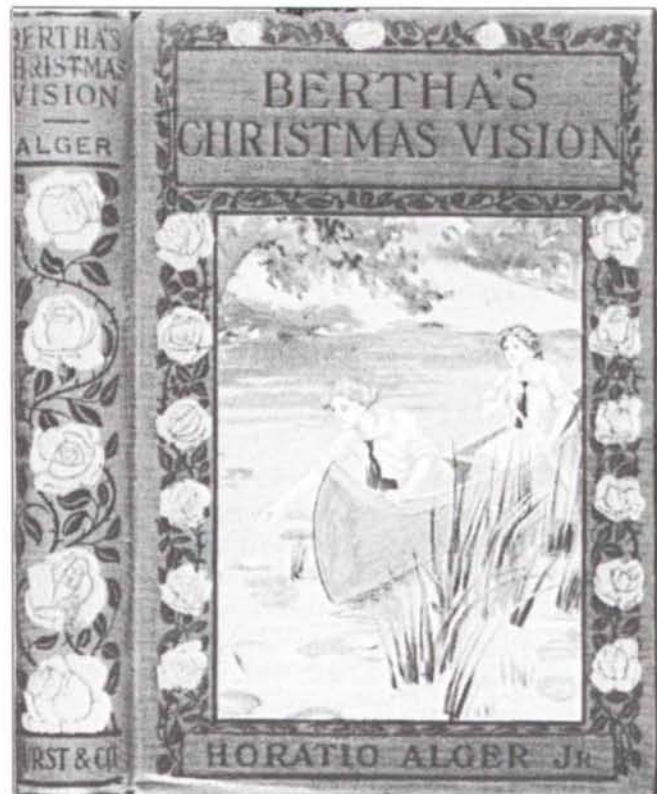
Their voices died away, and they were gone. Bertha opened her eyes, and lo! it was all a vision that had come to her on this Christmas night. The morning sun was shining brightly through the window-panes. Noisily over the frozen snow dashed the sleighs; and their bells rang a merry peal in honor of Christmas Day. Bertha glanced at the well-filled stockings that hung in front of the fire, and then she knew that St. Nicholas had been there with his budget of gifts; and the words sung by the sisters came into her mind: —

"Maiden, no! Thy Christmas saint
 Beareth gifts of mortal taint.
 Those we bear are not of earth:
 Theirs has been a higher birth."

"I will not forget the gifts of the good sisters," she murmured softly. "Doubtless it is my heavenly Father who has sent them to me."

So it was that little Bertha, attended by the three sisters, walked peacefully and happily through life.

The ways of God's providence, so dark and mysterious to many, became plain and clear to her; for she saw with the eye of Faith. Clouds sometimes gathered about her path; but Hope waved her wand, and they were at once dispelled. Jealousy and envy and angry thoughts disturbed



The Hurst & Co. miniature edition of *Bertha's Christmas Vision*.

her not; for her heart was filled with the heavenly spirit of Charity.

Would that we all might be blessed with Bertha's Christmas vision!

BOOK MART

The following 11 books received minor water damage along their lower edge a number of years ago. They're intact and readable, varying from Fair to Good in their present condition.

They're for sale . . . AS A LOT . . . for \$25.

Ben the Luggage Boy	Porter & Coates	Fruited edition
Bound to Rise	Winston	Oval inlay edition
Digging for Gold	Winston	Full-cover inlay edition
From Farm to Fortune	Grosset & Dunlap	
Frank and Fearless	Winston	Boy protecting girl ed.
Helping Himself	Winston	Telegraph Boy edition
Jed, the Poorhouse Boy	Hurst	
Ragged Dick	Porter & Coates	Fruited edition
Rupert's Ambition	Winston	Full-cover inlay edition
Strong & Steady	Winston	Oval inly edition
The Young Outlaw	A.L. Burt	Hunter format

Bob Kersch

P.O. Box 209

Great River, NY 11739

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Mr. Laris M. Bullock (PF-999)
9237 Davidson Hwy.
Concord, NC 28027

Laris learned about the Horatio Alger Society from **Dime Novel Round-Up**.

Edward D. Evans, Jr. (PF-1000)
979 Hamlin Center Rd.
Hamlin, NY 14464
(716) 964-3689

Ed, a retired science teacher (chemistry, physics and earth science), has 75 Alger titles in his collection, plus 40 duplicates. He first read Alger books as a teen-ager and is now re-reading them all. He also collects 1950s and '60s 45 rpm records and also puts on record hops. He learned about H.A.S. through our web site.

Dennis Blanchet (PF-1001)
P.O. Box 60
Waldoboro, ME 04572
(207) 832-4747

Dennis is a pawnbroker who has more than 200 Alger books in his collection.

Change of address

Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)
2311 Hickory Creek Place
#4A
Richmond, VA 23294
(804) 935-0055

H.A.S. directors beat Chicago winter

(Continued from Page 3)

President's Column, starting on Page 2).

Following the meeting, the group made the 75-minute drive back to the hotel, and then went to Bill's nearby home in Lake Zurich for a buffet-style dinner.

While several of the directors left for home Saturday night, several remained over on Sunday to attend the Midwest Bookhunters' fall book fair at Chicago's historic Navy Pier.

Just five days after our meeting, northern Illinois was hit by five to eight inches of snow! Quite a contrast to what we'll experience when we meet next in Scottsdale, Arizona April 30-May 3, 1998.

Please visit our web site:

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To: Robert E. Kasper, Executive Secretary
Dear Mr. Kasper:

Thank you very much for your recent comprehensive history of the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, as published in the H.A.S. magazine, **Newsboy**. Peter Walther has similarly produced a very fine resume of the William Mershon Publishing Company of Rahway, New Jersey, which will probably also be published in **Newsboy** (Ed.: It's scheduled for the next issue).

And now, here is a request that you produce a specifically detailed history, in your authentic manner, of the Henry Altemus Publishing Company of Philadelphia. The Altemus story has never been featured in either **Newsboy** or **Dime Novel Round-Up**, and while it never published any of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s works or those of Edward Stratemeyer, it was a large and prominent producer of other juvenile literature for some decades. Its hard-cover books all sold at a 50-cent price and were not as colorful or as well illustrated as Edward Stratemeyer's many masterpieces in the genre, as first published by Mershon at the very reasonable price those days of 60 cents. But I have long felt that the Henry Altemus history should be added to those of its contemporaries, such as Mershon's historian of Edward Stratemeyer's prime **Rover Boys Series**, Bill Gowen, which some years ago distinguished **Dime Novel Round-Up**; and your history of the Penn Publishing Company in **Newsboy**.

Respectfully requested,
Wallace Palmer (PF-612)
406 North Pleasant
Independence, MO 64050

Editor's note: My article on the Rover Boys publishing history (Dime Novel Round-Up, October, 1982), has been superseded by a much more comprehensive study by John T. Dizer (PF-511) titled "The Rover Boys: How they Were Printed," appearing in Yellowback Library Nos. 67-68, January & February 1990. It also forms a chapter in Dizer's latest book, Tom Swift, The Bobbsey Twins and Other Heroes of American Literature, published by The Edwin Mellen Press. A review of this book and ordering information will appear in the January-February 1998 Newsboy.

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

By Percy K. Fitzhugh

Illustrated by Berg Salg

PEE-WEE HARRIS, Super-Scout, Patrol Leader Ex-traordinary, and self-appointed protector of all who needed his assistance, has taken a keen interest in an old man who lived on a derelict barge with his grandson Sammy. This old barge captain, Pop Rossey, made a precarious living by carving knick-knacks, but his barge was perfectly fascinating to the impressible Pee-Wee. He decides that Pop shall exhibit his wares at the annual bazaar. He tries to sell the idea to the Girl Scouts who are working on the project, and the opposition only strengthens Pee-Wee's determination.

After all attempts seem futile old Pop Rossey decides to float his barge down the river toward New York. Pee-Wee determines to go with them part of the way. A friendly tide floats them a ways only to leave them stranded in the mud flats of a bend known as the Kink.

Part III

POPROSSEY had not solicited Pee-Wee's continuous protection and now the simple-hearted old man realized how much fun his little champion was missing by setting himself up as a scornful critic and arch foe of the merry festival which was to enliven East Village.

"Maybe you better join in with 'em," he said.

"Those is lively youngsters. They's your own crowd."

"The Scouts are all right," said Pee-Wee, "but those fellers and all the rest of their patrol are laughing hyenas. Do you call it Scouting to tell a new member that to get the Taxidermy badge you have to drive a taxi? Gee whiz, do you call that citizenship, like it says?"

"I thought you had to be wild," Sammy said.

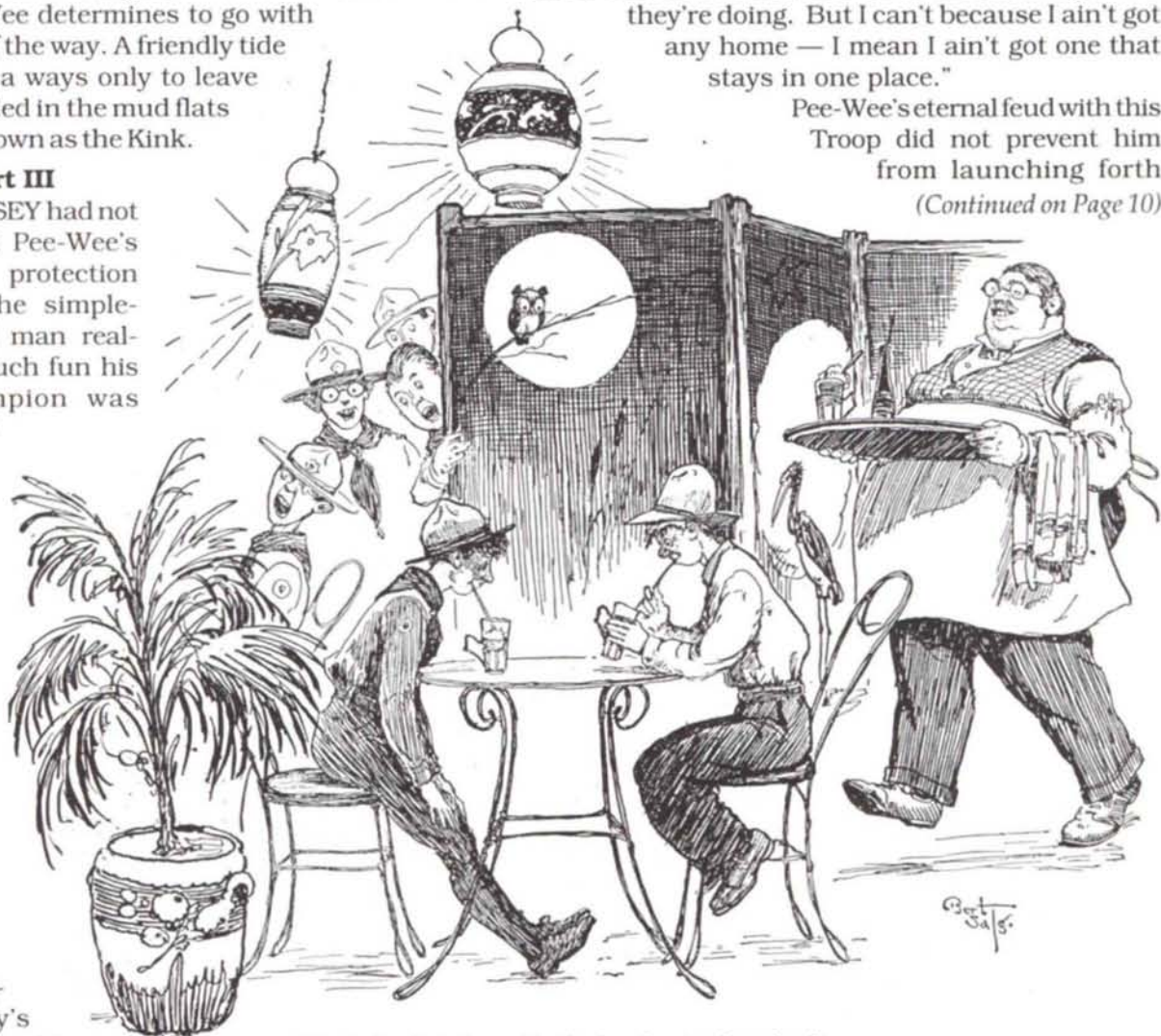
"Sure you do," said the Scouting expert. "But you have to have a lot of citizenship — you have to be kind of wild citizens."

Sammy did not quite understand that, but he knew he would like to be mixed up with these hilarious, bantering Scouts.

"If I was you I'd go with them," he said, "because you'll have a lot of fun. Grandpop and me ain't got nothing against that bazaar. If I could join with those Scouts I would, and I'd do all the things that they're doing. But I can't because I ain't got any home — I mean I ain't got one that stays in one place."

Pee-Wee's eternal feud with this Troop did not prevent him from launching forth

(Continued on Page 10)



"Oh, look who's here. It's the head animal cracker!"

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 9)

on the glories of Scouting. "Gee, we have lots of fun," he said, "we go camping in the summer."

"I'd like to be in your Troop," Sammy said, "because they make be laugh. And we won't be mad if you go with them now instead of going down to the city with us."

"Do you think I'll do that," Pee-Wee demanded. "I'm going home now to tell my family that I'm marooned and I can't come home to-night, and tomorrow I'm going all the way down with you. Do you think I care anything about the old bazaar? Gee-whiz, now we're kind of like pals and we're going to stick. So don't start getting supper until I come back."

SAMMY went and sat beside his grandfather on the rough bench outside the deck-house. The sun was getting low in the sky and shedding its crimson glow in the still woods. It seemed particularly still after the hilarious combat this simple pair had just witnessed. The old man did not raise his head, but he released one arm and put it around the boy. "I'm aground, Sammy," he said.

"You mean the barge is aground?" the boy asked.

"No me, I'm aground; the both of us is, Sammy. I can't make out to do for you no more, boy. I kep' my promise to your daddy and always did. Me and you has made out as long as the barge passed inspection." There was a moment's pause. "I like that youngster. He's good company. Wouldn't you think, now, that he owned the barge, how he flies his flag up there?"

"He thinks he's marooned; maybe he even thinks he's a captain," Sammy said. "That's the one thing we got, the barge."

Still again there was a pause. Finally the old man said what he had been dreading to say since the collapse of his last hope up here in this rural community. "I'm thinking they'll arrest me when we get down in the harbor, Sammy. Up here I got pushed, but down there I'm thinking that I'll get pulled in."

The boy *was* scared, and the old man drew him a little closer toward him.

"We didn't steal or kill anybody," the boy said, with a tremor in his voice. He was so simple that he thought only thieves and murderers were arrested.

"No, but the old *Colbert C. Rossey* is condemned, Sammy, and that's why we can't use it no more." With his trembling old hand he fumbled in his pocket and brought out and glanced (for the hundredth time) at a creased and soiled document

which was the cause of his undoing.

It was from the harbor authorities and it informed him that the "official inspection of the barge *Colbert C. Rossey* of New York and used in and about New York Harbor as an unpowered freight carrier of which he was the registered owner, had been found to be defective in two of its forward planks"—and so forth and so on. Further, that "said barge *Colbert C. Rossey* must forthwith be withdrawn from the waters of New York Harbor until such defective planking has been replaced and supplementary inspection made upon proper application filed with the Harbor Commission."

Poor old Pop Rossey was quite bewildered. He knew that those planks would last longer than he would. But he did not know what *forthwith* meant, and the whole terrible communication appalled him. So he went to Captain Van Puffer of the tug *Rumpus* (which had towed him here and there). "What does *forthwith* mean?" he asked.

"It means right away quick," said the Captain.

"I'm thinking I'm on the rocks then," said Pop Rossey.

Well, the upshot of it was that since old Pop Rossey could not afford to go into dry dock for repairs, Captain Van Puffer, who liked him immensely, towed him up the quiet Bridgeboro River where the inspectors cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"You see, it says *forthwith*, Sammy," said his grandfather, gazing still bewildered at the devastating paper. "We got to go back, and they'll overhaul me. They'll lay up the barge and put me in irons, I'm thinking."

HE DID NOT really mean *in irons*, that was just his old seafaring phrase for enforced confinement. He just mean *arrested*. But he was right about it. They would certainly lay up his old barge; and they would lay him up too. Some ship or other had sunk lately and the inspectors were on a grand rampage.

"We're going on the rocks now, Sammy," he said pitifully. "I couldn't give you nothing but a old hulk of a scow for a home, Sammy, but we ain't got that no more now. Never you mind about me. Maybe you'll be better off in one of those Homes; you'll have a lot of boys there. This is our last v'age—pretty soon now—we're going to make our last port down yonder. Maybe we should be happy about that, hey? The sailors would always sing when we was homeward bound."

But the boy was too literal for him. "It ain't homeward bound if you ain't got any home, is it?"

"Now that's just an idea, *homeward bound*, Sammy."

Some of 'em — Portegees, Dutchmen, and all, they didn't have no homes, but they was homeward bound. It's just a kind of idea. Now we got to cheer up. Here comes — look Sammy, is it him?"

IT WAS indeed "him." He came trudging through the woods lugging a huge brief case with bulging sides. "I got a lot of dandy pictures of camp to show you and I got some tomatoes," he called.

On the side of the brief case which had knocked against Pee-Wee's body as he strode along, the tomatoes seemed more like stewed tomatoes. Moreover, one of the pictures showing a group of Scouts lifting a wounded comrade was made realistically appalling by scarlet splatterings and a goodly smear.

"That isn't blood," said Pee-Wee, as he pulled the contents out pell-mell; "it's tomato. Because if a Scout gets wounded they don't let him bleed, because Scouts know how to stop bleeding with a tourniquet — that's a bandage you twist around with a stick."

Sammy seemed relieved.

"And this one, that's not the sunset," said Pee-Wee; "that's only tomato. And do you see this?" He displayed a black marking crayon of about the length and thickness of a cigar. "Do you know what I use that for?"

"To mark with?" the literal Sammy ventured.

"Sure, but not like you think. I make marks on rocks so I can find my way back when I go to a place. Sometimes I blaze trees. I make Indian signs with that, and if another Scout comes along he'll know which way I went."

"So he can go the other way?" the simple Sammy asked, remembering Roy Blakeley. "Now you're getting to be like those Silver Foxes," Pee-Wee said in a kind of fateful tone. "Do you want to be crazy like those fellers?"

Sammy was too guileless to be ironical and he felt squelched.

THERE were photos mounted on large cards and Sammy gazed wide-eyed at the scenes with Scouts at Temple Camp. Pop Rossey was glad to see Sammy preoccupied and entertained — indeed spell-bound. But he was sorry, too, because the pictures showed a life wholly unattainable by the boy who must so soon become a public charge.

"Did your father say you could stay here all night?" Sammy asked.

"He said I could if we didn't drift down to-night," said Pee-Wee. Those were evidently the best terms he had been able to secure. "He said I could drift down with you in the day time if I come home on the

train the same night."

"Sammy," said the old man, "we're going to float off in an hour or two. Let's throw a rope ashore and tie it around one of them trees and we'll stay here and go down on the tide in the morning. We'll get picked up at the brickyards sure. I'm thinking if we get a tow down from there, this here Scout youngster will get a train home by afternoon. That'll be best for his daddy, huh? Then him and you can have a good time here to-night; I'll tell the both of you about how I was marooned in good earnest on a little pile of rock in the Isles of Shoals."

"And what are you going to do when you get down in the harbor?" Pee-Wee asked. "I mean after I start home? Won't I ever see you again?"

"Never you mind about that," said the old man. "We're going to have our supper now — while we're marooned like you call it."

"But after I leave you down there what are you going to do?" Pee-Wee persisted.

"I'm going to an Orphan Home," said Sammy with brutal simplicity. "And grandpop, he's going to another Home because the barge is going to be taken away from us."

Pee-Wee stood gaping. For once in his life he was absolutely silent.

THAT was a momentous night in the life of Pee-Wee Harris. In the gathering darkness these three sat on the bench along the side of the little square shanty on the barge. A rope stretched down from one of the weather-worn and half-rotten cleats, and was tied around a tree near the shore.

It was very quiet all about. The keel of the lumbering old barge was free now and the long black hulk began slowly to swing around with the upstream current so that the occupants of the bench found themselves facing the river instead of the bordering woods.

And as they sat there, these three, the old man told the boys about the brave days when he was a fisherman off the Grand Banks, and a mate on the *Nancy* which braved the boisterous demon of Cape Horn and saved the castaway crew of the *Bristol Maid* on Starbuck Islet in the South Seas. He told them of the Figi group and of the savage king who spared his life because he was afraid of the sailor's little pocket compass. "Listen—what's that?" asked Sammy.

"I know what it is, I know what it is!" vociferated Pee-Wee. "It's a motor boat away way up the river."

It was. The sound was so faint that it could be heard only intermittently, when the wind was favor-

(Continued on Page 12)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 11)

able.

"It's coming this way," said Pee-Wee excitedly, "listen now, do you hear it again?"

The chugging was steady now and easily heard. "Tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk..."

IT WAS not a populous river, except down below, where the brickyards were, and the lumber company had its yards. But above the picturesque old bridge, the region was enchanting. No broad and ugly meadowland bordered the narrow stream here. It wound its circuitous way between wooded shores, and abounded in tranquil little coves and recesses dear to canoeists and fishermen. Not often a motor boat, even of moderate size, trespassed above the old historic bridge, into these peaceful and romantic scenes.

Nearer and nearer sounded the steady chugging until the practiced ear of the Scout (assisted by his practiced mouth) assured them that the approaching boat was passing Shadow Cove and rounding Necker's Neck (a favorite haunt of loitering canoists) and coming into the comparative straight way. And so it was, for presently, there was to be seen up the river a strange apparition.

Pee-Wee has seen things on land which belonged there. He had seen things on water which belonged there. But never before had he beheld a haystack floating down stream. It seemed as odd as a goldfish disporting with grasshoppers on the front lawn.

It was a golden haystack, lacking only a team of oxen to be realistic. Upon it perched several figures like vacationists enjoying a hay-ride on the home-coming load.

"Now what do you make of that there?" asked the old man.

"Tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk, tk." Somewhere under that outlandish spectacle was a gas engine, chugging away and bringing the extraordinary thing nearer and nearer. They could hear voices.

"Sammy, will you look at it," said the old man. "I seen icebergs aplenty floating along, but *I never see the likes of that.*"

"Gee, its a crazy thing," said Pee-Wee.

"Would you think that maybe them youngsters was in back of it?" the old man inquired. "Wouldn't it be like their comical doings, now?"

Pee-Wee only stared. The thing was no more than a couple of feet distant now; the voices could be heard clearly. "There's a light," one of them said, evidently alluding to the faint glow given out by the

smelly old lamp in the barge's deck house. "Let's drive into the barn first." They were evidently crazy, or else humorously appreciative of the figure they were cutting.

They fell into song. It was evidently the continuation of a song which had been originated upstream:

*Oh, we dig for new potatos,
Hurray, hurray, hurray;
We're planting oats
From motor boats
On the river all the day.*

*Oh the farmer, oh the sailor,
Took another load away,
Hey, hey, Farmer Gray
On the river all the day.*

THE unwieldy thing verged into toward the barge, its surmounting crew singly gaily. Now Pee-Wee could see, or rather he surmised from the general appearance of things, that the outlandish load was piled on a big wide dory, though he could not see the hull by reason of the towering, overhanging cargo. Somewhere astern of this mass and doubtless sheltered from its pressure, was the unseen navigator of the craft, his hand in control of the heavily taxed outboard motor. The all but top-heavy boat sidled up alongside the barge, and the merry company upon its comfortable summit were about level with the deck house.

"Greetings and salutations," said a flippant young man, who was sprawled comfortably on this marine hayload. "Is this the old farm house?"

"No, its a barge," said Pee-Wee. "Gee whiz, you better look out or that thing will tip over."

"In that case it will get wet," said the flippant young man.

"Say, mister," Pee-Wee shouted back, "what's all that load of hay for?"

"For the brick yards. You can't make bricks without straw. Did you ever hear that?"

Pee-Wee *had* heard that. And he knew now the explanation of that outlandish load with its somewhat dubious voyagers. They hailed from Bricktown, down where the brickyards were, and were on their way back with a load of straw from one of the upstream farms. They were a questionable, albeit jovial, set.

But Pee-Wee had no opportunity to engage in banter with them for the young man on top called out, "Anchors away," and off went the drooping load, the while a somewhat ribald song was wafted back to the *Colbert C. Rossey*.

Ten minutes could hardly have passed when

voices, thin and spent by the distance, were heard by the three occupants of the barge. Vague and without volume as they seemed, these voices conveyed a sense of terror to the startled listeners. Modified by the intervening space, they still seemed to carry tidings of a catastrophe.

Then arose a piercing cry. An area of light illumined the sky to the southeast. Because of an abrupt bend in the river this bright spot showed through the woodland, painting the trees with a brilliant glow.

"What is it?" Sammy asked, in tense excitement.

"I'm thinking it's something wrong," said the old man. "Look — look off there."

The sky above the woods was lurid now. Distant, eerie voices called, and other voices answered. Suddenly the appalling screech of the Bridgeboro fire siren wakened the woodland and the silent river with its deafening clamor.

"It's by the river, it's by the river!" Pee-Wee shouted. "Because it bends around, and that's why it shows over the woods. *Come on, hurry up, let's go!*"

"Can I go?" Sammy asked.

"Don't you get into no harm; yes, you can go. But you come back soon, do you mind?" Pop Rossey said.

"You don't need to worry as long as he's with me," Pee-Wee managed to stammer in his frantic hurry and excitement. "Come on, come on, *hurry up!*"

The next instant they had jumped down from the barge and were running pell-mell through the woods by a path that led eventually into the road.

"If you weren't going to the Orphan — if — if you were going to be a Scout — I'd — teach you Scout pace," Pee-Wee canted. "If — if you didn't have

the path to follow — come on, hurry up — if you didn't have the path the follow, you'd go around in a great big circle — do — do you know what?"

"Why?" Sammy panted.

"Because on account of your heart being on one one s-side, if you don't know where y-you're going you go around because the leg on the s-side where y-your heart is, goes faster. You got to be a Scout to know that — *come on.*"

About fifteen minutes running and walking brought them to the road, where traffic was halted and a great crowd assembled.

"Now you're going to — maybe — now you're going to see a lot of Scouts," said Pee-Wee, still panting from his exertion. "But don't you care, you don't need to be scared of them, because I know how to handle them." One might have supposed that he was going to introduce Sammy to a pack of wild animals.

BETWEEN two increasing crowds on either shore the old historic bridge was going up in flames. Autos were being turned back but the congestion had already become so great that some motorists could not extricate their cars from the mass. The Bridgeboro police chief had sent a couple of Scouts up the road to turn the approaching traffic. Throbbing engines were pumping away sending several streams upon the doomed structure.

Pee-Wee and Sammy, elbowing their way in through the crowd, gazed spellbound at the consuming flames. The curving

structure of one of the beautiful old arches collapsed and floated away in a myriad of burning fragments, twinkling like stars as they receded up the dark river. The hand-rail for pedestrians fell away in a long, unbroken mass and lay slant-

wise against one of the granite supports, its grill-work all in flames, looking like a fireworks design. Then it broke in two and sank into the river from which it had protected thousands for more than fifty years. Stout girders of hickory burned in the river, seeming like fantastic lines of flame, until the hurrying waters rolled them over, withdrawing them from view.

"How did it ever start?" some one

(Continued on Page 14)



Never before had he beheld a haystack floating down the stream. Upon it perched several figures enjoying a hayride.

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 13)

close to the boys asked his neighbor.

"A boat filled with blazing straw floated under it," was the answer. "See it down there?"

Pee-Wee and Sammy elbowed their way over to the water's edge south of the ruined structure where a thin column of black smoke rose like a Scout's smudge signal. There stood the dory of the merry company from the brickyards, unobscured now, with only a small mass of wet straw in its charred cock-pit. As Sammy looked down at it he thought of the song that ill-fated crew had been singing as they approached his grandfather's old barge.

"Were any of them hurt?" Sammy asked a bystander.

"Nah," a young fellow volunteered. "You can't kill those brickyard guys. I heard that they jumped. They just took one of them away in the ambulance but he's only got a busted arm or something. Well, they did a good job, huh? I bet they was drunk."

There was nothing more to see and Sammy, always thoughtful and obedient, remembered that he had to get back. The fine, old, historic bridge, proudly pictured on post cards, was no more. You may still see it on the cover of Bridgeboro's Centennial booklet, with its three beautiful arches supporting it well clear of flood tides, a picturesque and sturdy relic of a by-gone time.

But it took only a match, or perchance a lighted cigarette, in the hands of a brickyard crew to scatter it in a million charred and broken fragments on the tide.

PEE-WEE was for remaining and rendering Scout service, but when Sammy, in his quiet, literal way, reminded him that a Scout's first duty is to keep his word, they started back through the woods.

"Now I'm going to show you how to find our way in the pitch dark," Pee-Wee said. The occasion seemed propitious for this, for the moon had considerably retreated behind gathering clouds, as if to leave the stage to the Scout. "I could use a compass but even I'm not going to do that," he said. "Even I'm not going to go by squirrel's nests, how they always build on the north side of a tree, because some of them are kind of crazy and don't do that."

The artless Sammy was about to ask his stalwart guide how he could hope to see squirrel's nests if he could not see the trail, but he refrained.

"I'm going to go by a peach of a Scout resource," Pee-Wee advised him. "We can follow the path for about a mile, because it's good and plain. Maybe

you can't see but just the same I can; I can kinder *feel* it."

"What does it feel like?" the simple Sammy ventured.

"I can feel it by instinct," Pee-Wee said. "And anyway I can go by the stars; Scouts have to do that. We have to go northwest and if you see any lightning bugs be sure to tell me because if you let one crawl up a stick he always points his light to the east. That's what you call *lore*—it means knowing a lot."

With such collaborators as stars, squirrels, lightning bugs (to say nothing of an emergency compass) Sammy thought the dark woods would prove like a numbered thoroughfare. "Could I have some of that if I got to be a Scout — *lore*?"

he asked.

"Sure; I'll give you a lot of it," said Pee-Wee.

FOR A WHILE they trudged northward following the trail, which it was just about possible to make out in the darkness. They might have followed the shore of the river but for the marshland in places, and the longer distance. As Pee-Wee had warned his comrade, the northern end of the trail was not very clear, even in the moonlight. He was right about that, for as they hiked northward towards Big Kink Bend the trail seemed to cease entirely.

Here is where a squirrel, or perchance a lightning bug, might have rendered them a fraternal Scout service. As for the stars, they deserted shamelessly. Perhaps they were afraid of Pee-Wee.

"Come on, let's go this way," said Pee-Wee.

Sammy followed him dutifully, properly respectful of Pee-Wee's "lore". But in about five minutes the hero paused, evidently baffled by the dense night. This woodland, scene of merry picnic parties by day, on a dark night was a little scary. Moreover, the dutiful Sammy was in a hurry to return soon, as he had promised.

"We want to find out what way is north, don't we?" he ventured.

"Are you scared?" Pee-Wee asked him as they paused in the darkness.

"No, I'm not scared, but I want to get back," said Sammy.

"Now I'm going to show you," said Pee-Wee darkly.

Reaching around to rear pocket he looked alarmingly as if he was going to draw a pistol on his victim. What he did bring forth was something flat and oval.

"Do you know what that is?" Pee-Wee demanded.

"Is—is it a wallet?" Sammy hazarded, peering through the darkness.

"No, it's not a wallet," said Pee-Wee loftily. "It's a turtle."

Sammy wondered whether this instrument of Scouting had reposed in Pee-Wee's back pocket since they had first started out. He had no recollection of Pee-Wee picking it up. He wondered whether Pee-Wee carried it as a man carries his pocket-book. He was not without a shy sense of humor, and a whimsical thought flashed through his mind. But he did not dare to trifle with the wonders of Scouting lore by asking the hero if the object contained a commutation ticket and a driver's license.

"Is it alive?" he asked.

"Do you think it would be any good if it was dead?" scorned Pee-Wee.

SAMMY could not conjecture what good the live turtle was. It did not seem to participate at all in their problem, being of a coy and secretive habit with its head, legs and tail drawn in as completely as the blades and can-opener and button hook in a Scout jack-knife.

"I bet you didn't know that a turtle always goes toward the water," Pee-Wee announced triumphantly. "It doesn't make any difference how you start him; he always goes straight to the nearest water."

Pee-Wee set the turtle on a flat rock, where he remained stalled for about ten minutes while the lost wayfarers waited expectantly.

"Do you think he'll start soon?" Sammy asked. "Because, don't you know we said we'd be back soon?"

"We have to wait till he makes up his mind," said Pee-Wee.

It seemed likely that this turtle would never make a misstep in all his life, so leisurely was he about making up his mind. Once his head slowly emerged. Pee-Wee focused an expiring flashlight upon the emerging point and waited in suspense.

"Will he surely go toward the river when he does start?" Sammy made bold to ask.

"Sure he will, because it's a law of nature," said Pee-Wee. "Now he's going to start."

But the turtle was not to be beguiled into ill-considered action. It is true that one forward leg emerged about an eighth of an inch, but apparently this rash act was regretted, for the infinitesimal point disappeared.

"Are you sure the river is north?" Sammy asked.

"It's northwest," the Scout informed him. "Why don't you use your compass?"

Pee-Wee was moved to inspect his pocket compass. But the compass was not moved to do anything. "Sometimes it sticks," he said.

"Listen," said Sammy; can you hear a bell away far off?"

"That's a fire engine going home, I guess," said Pee-Wee.

Sammy tried to determine what this might mean in reference to their own destination. That was a sensible thing to do, and Sammy had the makings of a Scout.

But the balky compass, and the faint distant ringing were rendered superfluous by the "law of nature." Slowly, so slowly that a snail would be a speed demon by comparison, the head of the way turtle protruded, more, a little more, and then upward as if proclaiming that he was at last ready to guide these pilgrims to the flowing river. A chapter might be devoted to the emergence of one foot. It was followed by another one. Then the tail moved out like the opening blade of a jack-knife.

"Shh, watch his other two legs," whispered Pee-Wee.

"How are we going to see him when he goes?" the sensible Sammy asked, thinking of the flickering flashlight.

"Shh! Maybe we could fix a lightning bug on his back," whispered Pee-Wee.

This novel suggestion gave Sammy a real idea. "Maybe is this what you call a resource?" he asked timidly. "Let's scratch two or three matches on his back, and then we can see those scratches, on account of their being sulphur. Because the sandpaper we scratch matches on in the deck house, you can see it in the dark. So maybe we could do that?"

"Sure we could, sure we could," enthused Pee-Wee in a joyous whisper. "And that shows how prepared Scouts are, because I've got some matches. And you're a Scout, too, for thinking of that, geeeee whiz! You bet I'm sorry you've got to go to that —"

"Let's try it," Sammy purposely interrupted.

They scratched several matches criss-cross on the turtle's hard shell and set him down again. Sure enough, these criss-cross markings shone a kind of flat yellow in the darkness.

"It works, it works!" shouted Pee-Wee.

IN THE course of time this branded guide was again set to move. And he did move. Suddenly, as if seized by an inspiration, away he waddled off the rock plunk onto the ground, paused a moment, then altering his direction went on, away into the darkness, with the mystic markings glimmering on his lumbering back.

"Come on, let's follow him," shouted the excited Pee-Wee.

And so they did as he made a bee-line course through the black woods. They could not see him at

(Continued on Page 16)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 15)

all, only that weird glimmering hieroglyphic moving along. But it must be confessed that this hidden guide seemed to know what he was about. Once or twice he paused as if to check up on his direction, then waddled on straight about his business. It was slow work following him, but that was nothing against the alternative of being lost.

At last something occurred which enabled them to abandon their luminous guide. Directly ahead, in the course the turtle was following, a faint light was to be seen.

"What did I tell you! What did I tell you!" shouted the elated Pee-Wee. "It's the barge! It's the light in the cabin! What did I tell you! Didn't I tell you they always go toward the water?"

"We don't need to follow him now, because even we can see it. Come on, we'll get there ahead of him."

This was more than agreeable to Sammy, ever mindful of his grandfather's parting injunction.

The last they saw of the turtle (or rather his mystic illumination) was when they looked back and saw him moving along, an uncanny thing in the darkness, following in their trail.

But something was wrong, either with Pee-Wee or the "law of nature." Soon other lights twinkled ahead of the two hikers, and after they had gone a little distance the woods thinned out and shortly they were crossing open fields. Then they came to Connelly's Alley with its scattered houses, and so into Town House Row.

"I know where I am now," said Pee-Wee. That was something at least.

"Where's the barge?" asked Sammy.

"It's down at the river," said Pee-Wee. "Gee *williger!* I'm never going to trust a turtle again."

"Ain't we going to go to the barge?" Sammy asked, a little troubled.

"Can I help it if streets are here?" retorted Pee-Wee.

IT ALL happened so suddenly! They were in the woods, then *presto*, they were on Main Street. There was the Pastime Movie Theatre; there was Gus' Service Station. And there was Bennett's Fresh Confectionery.

"Now I know how to get back to the barge from here," said Pee-Wee triumphantly. "Because it's the same way I went from my house to-day — now I know."

"Do you think the turtle is coming up here?" Sammy asked innocently.

"I should worry where he goes," said the hero

indignantly. "He's crazy, gee whiz, that's all I say. Anyway, you needn't be afraid, we won't get lost. Now you're in civilization."

Sammy was not afraid, but he *was* a little dazzled by Bridgeboro's modest white light district. He had, in fact, seldom been off the old barge. Moreover, these sudden changes staggered him. He was glad to follow Pee-Wee, but he was worried about his grandfather. He had started following a turtle to the promised land (water), and here he was, puzzled by his comrade's air of triumph. But everything was a triumph with Pee-Wee.

"Come on, let's go over and get a couple of ice-cream cones, and then we'll go straight to the barge." Pee-Wee said, reassuringly.

Sammy lingered a little behind as Pee-Wee led the way over to Bennett's. For he was timorous about this gay night life. And he felt the kaleidoscopic effects of following Pee-Wee. He wondered where it would end.

BENNETT'S was overrun with Scouts. They were lined up at the soda fountain and gathering around the little wire tables. Sammy was awed by this spectacle of bantering conviviality. What if they should call to him and draw him, pell mell, into the limelight? He followed Pee-Wee in timidly.

As for Pee-Wee he knew how to handle this bunch. It was evident that they were pausing on their way home from the fire, for raspberry sundaes, banana splits, and other gooey concoctions.

"Look who's here," called Connie Bennett, leader of the Elks.

"Oh, it's the head animal cracker," said Roy, waving a spoon at the new arrivals. "Look, it's Pee-Wee!"

"Wait till I get out my magnifying glass," said Grove Bronson of the Ravens.

"Move that soda glass out of the way so I can see him," said Vic Norris of the Elks. "Hey, Pee-Wee, who's your boy friend?"

"He lives on a barge that's ten times as big as all of you put together," Pee-Wee shouted.

"Fancy that," said Will Dawson of the Silver Foxes.

"Hey kid," Roy shouted gaily, "did you hear the latest news? The bridge didn't burn down; I'll leave it to Mr. Bennett."

"There you go, *leaving* things again," Pee-Wee shouted.

"We're not going to leave a thing," Roy shot back; not even the plates. Honest, kid; the bridge didn't burn down."

"It did too burn down," Pee-Wee was seduced into proclaiming.

"It burned up," said Roy. "No sooner said than

stung. Hey, boy," he called to Sammy, "you never saw Pee-Wee and me engaged in mortal comeback. Sit down, you're just as welcome here as you are in the street."

"Don't you mind them," said Pee-Wee as he and Sammy sat down at one of the little round tables. Sammy was laughing silently.

"You've got to mind me," Roy called to him. "I'm a Patrol Leader — you have to mind your leader, it's in the foot-book."

"He means the Handbook," said Pee-Wee; "he's crazy."

"Hey, boy from the barge," the irrepressible Roy exclaimed "As a Scout isn't Pee-Wee a good midget? He's the Ford of Scouting. What's he been doing, showing you the town?"

"I'm showing him a lot of fools," thundered Pee-Wee, a trickle of chocolate meandering down his stubby chin. "And he's got sense enough not to pay any attention to the way you talk because I told him all you could do is try to kid fellers along that want to be Scouts and really learn how to do it, tracking and everything, all you can do is be an instruction — I mean an obstructioneer."

"He's going mad, I'm afraid we'll have to shoot him," said Warde.

"Well," said Mr. Bennett, in a general comment to all the group, "how are the folks going to get over to the grand bazaar now? It's going to hurt that affair, I'm afraid. Most all the money's here in Bridgeboro, as the fellow says."

"You can search me, I haven't got it," said Dorry Benton.

"It serves them right and I'm good and glad," Pee-Wee shouted. "Now they got their just reward, those girls. Even I don't feel sorry for my sister, I don't."

"I do," said Warde. "I always did."

"I feel sorry for all your family," said Roy, "including all your descendants."

"I feel sorry for anybody that's a lunatic," shouted Pee-Wee. "He doesn't even know he's lunatic," he confided to the laughing Sammy.

"I'm the one that told you," said Roy, "and you better look out how you go around telling the truth about my Patrol. You'll be very glad that you regretted it some day. We're more to pitied than scolded. It's my private opinion that it was you set fire to the bridge with your flashlight."

"And talking about those girls in front of their backs, too," said Warde. "And you call yourself a boy sprout."

"You and your ticket booths and your lemonade stands and your tickets and everything," scorned Pee-Wee. "Now you see what you got! There'll be about so many as two people there, you see. Gee whiz, while I'm *marooned*, and while I'm finding my way in the — the *forest*, and all that, picking out

trails and everything and almost lost — didn't we Sammy? All you can do is to be mixed up in — in like Sunday School fairs. *That shows!*"

"United we stand, divided we sprawl," carolled Roy.

"I heard you say it fifteen billion times!" roared Pee-Wee. "Sprawl, that's all you can do, while I'm teaching a feller about Scouting."

"Hey, Sammy," Roy called, never daunted, "did he teach you how to begin by being a gentlefoot? First you're a gentlefoot, then you're a delicatefoot, then you're a tenderfoot, and then you get to be a second-hand Scout. And then a first-hand Scout, and then a left-hand Scout. Deny it if you dare!"

IT WAS good to hear Sammy laugh. He seemed greatly to enjoy this mortal comeback, as Roy called it. He was not disloyal to Pee-Wee, whose guest and pupil he was, but he did like these hilarious Scouts.

"Can you stand on one leg?" Pee-Wee suddenly asked him.

"No, I can't," said Sammy.

"That means you have to eat another one," said

(Continued on Page 18)



Pee-Wee focused his flashlight upon the emerging point and waited in suspense.

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 17)

his munificent host. "Standing on one leg means eating onlt one."

"Can you stand with both feet on the ground?" Queried Roy. "Otherwise you can't join the Boy Scouts of Ameriground."

HOW Sammy gathered the courage to ask a question of this arch demon of fun, he never knew. But he did timorously hazard a modest query. "Do you have to live in one place to be one?" he asked. "Do you have to have a really truly home?" There was something about this question which caused Ben Maxwell, a tall boy, to swing around and look at him. "I — I mean about Troops," Sammy stammered, not quite clear as to his meaning.

"Any answers that you want to ask, I'll give you the questions to them," said Roy gaily. "A Patrol consists of one member or less."

"Don't you listen to him, he's crazy," said Pee-Wee. "Even he's that way on purpose."

"Look at Pee-Wee's Patrol," said Wig Weigand; "it hasn't got any members at all."

"Right the first time," said Roy. "A Troop consists of not more than a lot of Patrols and not less than nonr. You have to have a dollar in the bank, the bank of a river will do, because Scouting is about the outdoors. Then you —"

"Will you shut up!" Pee-Wee fairly screamed.

"I'm telling him about Scouting," said Roy. "A Scoutmister —"

"Don't you believe him, there's no such thing," warned Pee-Wee.

"— is the head of the Troop," said Roy. "A commissioner-at-large is a large commissioner."

"About the size of Pee-Wee," said Warde.

"If you take a hike you must be sure to put it back again," said Roy. "Hey, Sammy, did he show you his Alpine guide? Peppy Pete, did he show him to you?"

"If you shut up as much as he does it would be good for you," shouted Pee-Wee.

Sammy thought they were alluding to Pee-Wee's faithless turtle, but he said nothing.

As he and Pee-Wee went out the tall boy, Ben Maxwell, strolled up. And these three walked a little distance together.

"Some goofy bunch, huh?" Ben said pleasantly.

"I don't mind, I like them," said Sammy.

"They're all good Scouts," said Ben.

"They're good idiotic Scouts," said Pee-Wee.

"That Roy, now, he's got a lot of Merit Badges," Ben said. He was anxious that this strange boy

should not get a false impression about Scouts.

"I like 'em because they're so comical," said Sammy.

"Do you want to join?" Ben asked.

"I — I can't," Sammy said.

"Why, what's the trouble?" Ben asked kindly.

"I don't live around here," Sammy said. And anyway I got to go to an orphan home."

"His grandfather that owns a barge has got to go to the poor house," Pee-Wee added with blundering frankness.

"Oh, that's hard lines," said Ben feelingly. Then perceiving that Sammy was disinclined to say more about this matter he added, "But maybe you can join somewhere else sometime. You know they have Scouts all over."

"But I'd like to join these fellers, they're so comical," Sammy said. "I forgot all about that while I was listening to them."

"What? Oh, yes, I know," said Ben, understanding.

Pee-Wee was striding ahead with Skinny McCord, whom he honored with his company because Skinny (himself a modest boy) was not given to unholy levity. Ben could hear that tremendous voice denouncing the fair maidens of East Village and saying how they, and they alone, were sending thsi poor old man and his grandson to public institutions.

"I wish we could have sold things there, but they wouldn't let us," said Sammy.

Ben cogitated for a few moments. Then he said with a note of real kndness in his voice, You musn't take Pee-Wee too seriously. He thinks you shouldn't take these fellows seriously, but I think you shouldn't take *him* so very seriously. Selling things at the bazaar wouldn't have done much good. You know Pee-Wee talks big. He really can't do anything to help you. He's all right, but he has too many schemes. We're working for the bazaar and that's what he ought to be doing. The best thing for you to do is just go where they send you and maybe some day things will be better; see? Do you know I have a hunch they may have Scout Troops in orphan homes — why not?"

"But I want to join these fellers, theyre so comical," Sammy said. "They make me laugh a lot. I have to laugh at Pee-Wee too, only he doesn't know it."

"Well, good luck to you anyway, Sammy," Ben said as they parted at the corner. "And if you want to be an honest to goodness Scout, you can start right now facing whatever you have to face. That's the main thing about it." That was good advice, but not very comforting.

(To be continued in the January-February *Newsboy*)



The Horatio Alger Society Board of Directors met on Nov. 8 at Founders Memorial Library at Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, Illinois.

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

annual book auctions:

1. Speed up the auctions.
2. Sell lots as they are assembled, with no changes of lots once the auction is in progress.
3. If a minimum (reserve) is required, or if no bid is received, the lot will be set aside and not brought up again for bids during that auction.
4. We will check the quality of books being offered for auction to ensure that they will receive a bid.
5. Consignment percentages (the amount received by HAS for a consignment sale) shall be increased as follows:
1998 – 20% to H.A.S.
1999 and beyond – 25% to H.A.S.
6. We would also like to encourage everyone to continue to donate "non-book" items for the Society's annual fundraising auction at the convention. Quilts, canes, preserves, relish, needle-point, and many other "crafty" items and memorabilia have always sold well.

Book Sale (not the auction)

The book sale will be held on Friday morning at future conventions. This will encourage members to include their books in the sale. Please bring your books.

We will also encourage the convention's host(s) to contact area booksellers before the convention to encourage their participation.

Increased Membership

1. Approach Gil O'Gara (PF-627), publisher of **Yellowback Library**, with an offer to cross-advertise. **Yellowback Library** has a circulation of several hundred. (John Cadick to follow up).

2. Advertise for memberships via the Popular Culture Association. (Carol Nackenoff to follow up).

3. Develop a program to enroll students (graduate and undergraduate) in membership. (Carol Nackenoff and Sam Huang to follow up).

Directors' Meetings

1. The Convention directors' meeting will be held on Thursday evening rather than as a Friday morning breakfast meeting to increase the amount of time available.

2. A winter directors' meeting (early November) will be held whenever possible. Although no location was discussed, I will propose that NIU be used for these meetings because of its central location and excellent facilities.

Annual Conventions

Carol Nackenoff and Art Young (both future convention hosts), requested some sort of H.A.S. guidelines for the planning and running of a convention. Executive Secretary Rob Kasper has put together an outline for convention hosts which he has forwarded to Carol and Art. Any of the rest of you who are interested in being a host, should request the outline from Rob.

To further assist convention hosts, the Board of Directors instructed the H.A.S. financial committee to assist each convention host in the planning and execution of the annual convention. The financial committee is a standing committee specified in the by-laws. It is chaired by the Treasurer and includes the President and Vice President. We will use the guidelines as developed by Rob Kasper to help the convention host each year.

Adopt-a-Newsboy Mailings

This excellent idea, first proposed by Murray Levin (PF-851), has certainly proven its worth. As you know from my last column, someone has stepped forward for every mail-

(Continued on Page 20)

President's column

(Continued from Page 19)

ing this year. Further, we have had volunteers to pick up mailings for next year as well. We are, therefore, encouraging all of you to "adopt-a-Newsboy" mailing, about \$200 at present, pending postage rate increases. Whether individually or in groups, this will go a long way toward helping to stabilize the Society's financial condition.

Long-Range Planning Committee

We also reviewed the charge document for the long-range planning committee. Some changes were recommended by the board of directors. The following is the complete charge:

Background and Need:

In 1999, we will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the death of Horatio Alger, Jr. That same year, the Horatio Alger Society (H.A.S.) will celebrate its 35th anniversary. The world has changed dramatically since the H.A.S. was founded. For example:

- * In 1964, first editions of all but the rarest Alger titles could be found rather easily in bookstores throughout the country.

- * Prices for excellent-quality editions, including firsts, rarely exceeded \$10.

- * The number of collectors was probably no more than 10 per cent of today's total.

- * Most collectors specialized in the older series books, including Alger, Stratemeyer, Optic, Ellis, Henty and other late 19th early 20th century series and other boys' books.

- * Most of the founding H.A.S. members had read Alger books during their youth.

Few would disagree that virtually all of these items and, in fact, the entire world of book collecting is significantly different now. These changes clearly call for a review of the H.A.S. to determine what, if any, changes should be made in its goals, how it can better serve its members, and how the members can operate to insure the long-term growth and success of the Society.

Description:

The Long Range Planning Committee (hereafter referred to as the Committee) is being formed as an *ad hoc* committee to perform the tasks outlined in the following sections. The Committee will comprise seven members, including the chairman, as follows:

John T. Dizer, Chairman (PF-511)
 Christine DeHaan (PF-773)
 Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)
 Robert R. Routhier (PF-889)
 Mary Ann Ditch (PF-861)
 Peter C. Walther (PF-548)
 Richard L. Pope (PF-740)

Operationally, the committee will report to the Horatio Alger Society President. All recommended results, plans, strategies, or societal changes will be referred to the Board of Directors for review and comment at regular intervals.

The Committee's final report, when submitted, will be submitted to the Board of Directors for approval. Those items which require membership approval will be submitted to them after the Board of Directors has approved them.

Tasks of the Committee:

1. Review the existing H.A.S. by-laws and recommend changes which will allow the Horatio Alger Society to operate more effectively.

2. Develop a 3-year, 5-year, and 10-year strategic plan with measurable goals, which will allow the H.A.S. to continue to grow and to serve its members more effectively.

3. Develop an ongoing plan to increase membership.

4. Develop an ongoing plan to increase attendance at the annual convention.

Suggested Methods:

The Committee may use those methods of research which seem to best meet its requirements. Suggested methods include:

1. Contacting and studying other societies with similar structures and philosophies.

2. Reviewing H.A.S. operations from past years.

3. Sending questionnaires or directly contact members to solicit their input and suggestions.

The Committee is encouraged to use any other methods which it may deem necessary to successfully complete its task.

Time frames:

The committee's term shall be 18 months. The Committee shall start its deliberations on or on or before December 1, 1997. Reports shall be submitted to the board of directors as follows:

May 1998 — In-person report at the directors' meeting during the 1998 annual conference.

November 1998 — Written report submitted to board.

May 1999 — Final report submitted to board of directors at the 1999 annual conference.

Budget:

Because the Committee may incur expenses, the Horatio Alger Society is prepared to support a modest budget. The Chairman should submit estimates for each six-month period of its existence. Upon approval by the President and Treasurer of the H.A.S., funds will be made available for Committee operations. Approved budget items shall include long-distance telephone charges, postage, stationery, and other such incidentals.

Your partic'lar friend,

John Cadick (PF-858)

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