



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 XXXVI

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1998

NUMBER 1

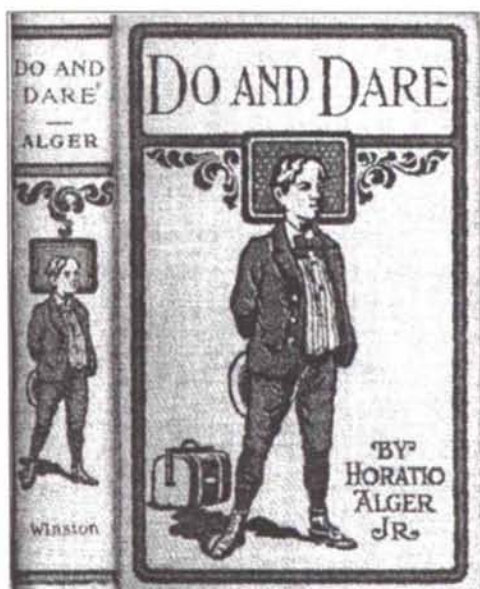
Convention Preview Issue

Welcome to the Valley of the Sun!

-- See Page 3



Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites, site of the 1998 convention.



Winston's Standing Boy Series

-- See Page 7

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold — Part IV

-- See Page 9

President's column

I have spent the last few weeks moving into my new home. We only moved about a mile and so our phone numbers, P.O. Box, Email address, and all of our other contact information will stay the same. At this point, my biggest concern is getting all of my books put back on the shelf, in order. (I mean after all, it is first things first.)

Jack Dizer and his team are hard at work on the planning mission that we have tasked them with. I know that they would like to hear from each of you. As you recall, their preliminary report will be issued at the Scottsdale convention.

Also, the 1998 convention is an election convention. Dick Pope (Chairman), Janice Morley, and Doug Fleming comprise the nominating committee. We will be electing a new President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and three directors. Please contact them if you wish to suggest someone or if you are interested in a position yourself. As usual, the floor will be opened to nominations at our convention if you prefer to nominate someone at that time.

The planning for the Scottsdale convention is getting hot and heavy. In spite of the terrible December and January weather conditions in New Hampshire, convention host Angelo Sylvester was able to continue the planning process for us. Working with Executive Secretary Rob Kasper, Angelo has nailed down most of the convention activities. (Perhaps all of them by the time you read this column.)

Angelo and Mary have now completed their annual move to their Scottsdale winter home, so final convention planning will take place from there. Also, that is where you should mail your convention registration form, enclosed in this issue.

Attendance is extremely important this year. Here are five good reasons for you to make plans to attend the Scottsdale convention.

1. The planning committee will be making its preliminary report. You can be there to comment, add, criticize (constructively of course), or applaud.

2. This is the election of officers that will take us into the next millennium. You definitely need to be there so that your vote will be included in this important decision. (Or perhaps to run for office yourself.

3. At its November meeting, the Board of Directors voted to recommend a change in dues structure. (See the last issue of *Newsboy* for details.) The membership in attendance at the next convention must ratify that recom-

(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
CHRISTINE DeHAAN
MARY ANN DITCH
ROBERT E. KASPER

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
TREASURER
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

ALYS COLLMER
CAROL NACKENOFF
RICHARD L. POPE
JOHN T. DIZER
ARTHUR P. YOUNG
ROBERT R. ROUTHIER
MICHAEL MORLEY
LAWRENCE R. RICE
PETER C. WALTHER
LEO "BOB" BENNETT
RALPH D. GARDNER

(1998) DIRECTOR
(1998) DIRECTOR
(1998) DIRECTOR
(1999) DIRECTOR
(1999) DIRECTOR
(1999) DIRECTOR
(2000) DIRECTOR
(2000) DIRECTOR
(2000) DIRECTOR
EMERITUS
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.

Convention Preview

Welcome to the Valley of the Sun!

By Angelo Sylvester (PF-928)

We welcome the Horatio Alger Society to the Scottsdale, Arizona, for our annual convention on April 30-May 3, 1998.

Life in Scottsdale, located just outside of Phoenix, includes plenty of opportunities to enjoy the great outdoors. Inside and outside marry, producing a mode of casual relaxation with a touch of sophistication adaptable to natives, tourists and newcomers. The sun shines more than 315 days a year, soft breezes caress each weather-beaten sport of northeastern or midwestern skin. There are the native Saguaro cactus, along with flowers, oranges, grapefruit, gardens and swimming pools that proliferate in uncontrolled abundance.

All this tropical paradise is ours for the asking with one disturbing disclaimer: don't come from June to September. Temperature highs in daytime reach 110 in the shade and during frequent heat waves climb to 122. In the sun it hits 130 if you're standing, 145 if you sit and 165 if you lie down. However, despite a chilly and wetter-than-usual late winter caused by the much-publicized "El Niño effect," early May promises to be delightful, so come and have a wonderful time with us and fellow Algerites.

As for the economy, it is booming. Scottsdale is not really a suburb, but finds itself in the epicenter geographically of huge metropolitan Phoenix, now the seventh-largest city in the nation. Each day, almost 100 building permits are issued, with an average price of \$347,000 for each new home built.

Shopping malls are exotic beyond comparison, with tens of thousands of stores to suit every taste and budget. Entertainment and fine dining is of the very highest quality and ridiculously cheap. Luxury hotels can afford to provide these amenities to all of us, including you, since their peak-season room rates are from \$250 to \$500 per night with suites and much more. For the convention, the luxurious Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites (1-800-344-0262) has given us the outstanding nightly convention rate of \$55, plus tax, for a suite.

By car, the fabulous Grand Canyon is only five hours away, exciting Las Vegas only six hours, bargain shopping in Mexico only two and one-half hours, and Tucson less than two hours. There are also countless scenic lakes, desert landscapes, western-style copper mining towns and romantic hideaways, all a short distance away. Mary



The Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites will be the site of the 1998 Horatio Alger Society convention, April 30 to May 3.

and I look forward to having you all come down and share a sunny (it never rains in May) vacation with fun-filled memories that you will treasure.

Coming here would be another benefit to belonging to a Society that is devoted to the master of benevolence, Horatio Alger. A man who wrote of the moral victory and triumph of good over evil, honesty over corruption, well-earned rewards over unbridled greed. Our daily lives are surrounded by tabloids, news and television that is inundated by scandal, devoid of basic moral codes. It is a refreshing chance to read about Alger's heroes and heroines as they go through trials and tribulations to achieve the main goal in life — happiness.

You, too, can experience this change by coming to Scottsdale. Like Alger's tales, it is unlike anything you've come into contact with before.

Of immediate note:

If you look at the enclosed schedule of events, we have tried to keep plenty of time available on Friday and Saturday afternoons for you to shop, hunt for books, and visit many of the sights located within a half-hour drive from the Scottsdale Pima. These include nearby Tempe, home of Arizona State University; along with Mesa, Chandler and Phoenix itself.

Since a lot of you will be flying here, Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport is located only 13 miles from the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites.

For those of you not renting a car, please note that the
(Continued on Page 5)

Editor's notebook

Another convention is less than two months away!

I hope you take advantage of visiting one of the United States' most pleasant vacation spots and fastest-growing metropolitan areas on April 30-May 3. The enclosed registration form is self-explanatory. Please fill it out and return it with your check to host Angelo Sylvester within the next few days if you're planning to attend. Hope to see you all there!

I have already started work on the next issue, since this one is several weeks late. The March-April issue should be in your hands a couple of weeks prior to the convention, so we'll offer additional Scottsdale events and places to see while visiting the Great Southwest.

Also, the March-April issue will mark the finale of our ongoing Pee-Wee Harris serial. Later in the year, we will be offering a reprint of the entire book-length story for the bargain price of \$5, plus postage.

I hope you have received your copy of the 1998 H.A.S. membership roster. Try as we might, I'm sure a few errors have crept in, which we will correct on the Membership page of future issues of *Newsboy*. Also, by its very nature, a roster containing addresses and phone numbers is likely to be outdated shortly after it is issued as people join or leave the Society, move, or change their phone numbers. Just let us know, and we will publish these changes as they are sent to us.

We received a note from Partic'lar friend Nicholas A Zades (PF-890) of Chicopee, Mass., who informs us that he will be 90 years old on June 30. Nicholas worked as a newspaper printer for 50 years, from 1922 to 1972, and also was a newsboy, beginning at age 6 in 1914. We all wish him a very happy upcoming birthday.

The Society is seeking donations for its annual fund-raising auction, to be held at the convention. Please start thinking about items to donate. Convention host Angelo Sylvester is ready to start accepting items shipped to him via mail or UPS. These donations can be books, Alger memorabilia, homemade craft items, etc.

Angelo's address is **7663 E. Minnezona, Scottsdale, AZ 85251**. He will put your auction items in safekeeping until the convention. Please mark each item inside the box with your name and address so there are no mixups.

Coming in next issue: The final chapter of "Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold," as mentioned above; plus Peter Walther's further comments on the Stratemeyer family necrology, an interesting discovery about one of Horatio Alger's most well-known books, additional '98 convention news, and much more!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

Enjoyed the new *Newsboy* very much (you do a grand job). I hope that the get-together in Chicago was fun as well as productive.

I am sure that you are familiar with *Interloc*, the used/rare book site on the Internet (*Interloc.com*). They have a magazine out and the current issue featured an article on the Hardy Boys and the variant editions. The author went on and on about the "definitive" Hudson bibliography that he had recently discovered. He said something like how it's now out of print, "...but worth hunting for, as nowhere else can you find, *blah, blah, blah*."

I spent my Xmas vacation working on my Willie Morris research (the new issue of *Firsts: The Book Collector's Magazine*, has my article on him).

Thank you for your kind comments in *Newsboy*. They were not necessary, but most thoughtful of you — and appreciated by me. As promised, several days ago I sent off my year's membership to Mary Ann ... and each month I will send her a check.

Best wishes for the new year,
Jack Bales (PF-258)
422 Greenbrier Court
Fredericksburg, VA 22401

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

ommendation.

4. The Scottsdale / Phoenix area is extremely beautiful, so it will be trip you will always remember.

5. All of the wonderful camaraderie that we experience at these wonderful conventions.

I would like to take this opportunity to invite our Partic'lar Friends from the west to attend. We have members in California, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Oklahoma. Some of you haven't been to a convention in many years, if at all. Well, here is your chance. At last we are going to be west again. When we were in Waco, Texas (1992), we had an excellent turnout. Let's do it again.

At the same time you mail in your convention registration form, take time to call the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites to reserve a room. We have a limited number set aside for the April 30-May 3 period (and if you arrive a day or two early, the special convention nightly rate of \$55 will still apply). The hotel's toll-free reservation number is 1-800-344-0262. I hope to see you in Scottsdale.

Your Partic'lar Friend,
John Cadick (PF-858)
P.O. Box 495578
Garland, TX 75049-5578
E-mail: j.cadick@ieee.org

H.A.S. Repository has memorable year

By the Staff of the H.A.S. Repository

The Horatio Alger Society Repository has had an exciting 1997! From the establishment of the H.A.S. Endowment Fund to extensive donations from members, 1997 proved to be a very successful year for the Repository.

Foremost, we would like to express our sincere thanks to Dr. Bob Huber for his superb generosity. Five H.A.S. members took advantage of his matching gift challenge. The donations of Brad Chase, James Lowe, Carol Nackenoff, M.R. Royar and Lucent Technologies were doubled with Bob's matching funds. Only through Bob's generosity was the H.A.S. endowment able to develop so quickly.

We would also like to thank the Horatio Alger Society members who have become members of the *Friends of NIU Libraries*. The *Friends of NIU Libraries* plays an integral role in helping the University Libraries develop resources that are essential to strong academic

scholarship such as the H.A.S. Repository hopes to encourage. The *Friends of NIU Libraries*, like you, believe that a strong library is an essential component of any society and is dedicated to achieving that purpose.

Finally, we would like to recognize three H.A.S. members who made significant donations to the Repository last year. William Russell donated several items of Horatio Alger memorabilia, serials and monographs. Peter Walther presented the NIU Libraries with several Edward Stratemeyer first editions and reprints.

And the NIU Libraries' collection of American juvenile fiction was significantly increased by Edward LeBlanc's generous gift of thousands of story papers from the turn of the century. Many thanks to all of the H.A.S. members who have enriched the special collections at Northern Illinois University.

We look forward to 1999, when NIU will host the annual convention. At that time, we will be able to personally show you the progress that the Repository has made.

Welcome to the Valley of the Sun!

(Continued from Page 3)

hotel does not run its own airport shuttle; however there is limousine service available from the airport.

The hotel *does* provide complimentary shuttle service to Scottsdale shopping malls and tourist attractions within a limited radius of the hotel. Please check with the front desk.

Places to see ... things to do:

Scottsdale and the greater Phoenix area offer a vast world of opportunities for shopping, sightseeing and recreation. Here is just a small sample:

* **Pavilions Shopping Mall**, which offers a vast selection of retail and specialty shops, plus fine dining, at corner of Pima and Indian Bend Roads (right across the street from our hotel).

* **Borgata of Scottsdale**, 6166 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale. Replica of a 14th-century Italian courtyard, featuring 50 specialty stores and restaurants.

* **Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin West**, 114th St. and Cactus Rd., Scottsdale. (602) 860-2700. One- to three-hour tours with desert walks are offered daily. Located five miles from the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites.

* **Hall of Flame Museum of Fire Fighting**, 6101 E. Van Buren St., Phoenix. America's largest fire-fighting museum, with four air-conditioned galleries displaying more than 90 vintage fire engines. (602) 275-3473.

* **Heard Museum North**, 34505 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale. A gallery devoted to works by Native Ameri-

can artists, including a museum shop offering a wide selection of contemporary and traditional Native American artworks for sale. Located at Pedregal Festival Marketplace. (602) 252-8840. (The main Heard Museum is located at 22 E. Monte Vista St., in Phoenix).

* **Champlin Fighter Aircraft Museum**, 4636 Fighter Aces Drive, Mesa. Approximately 30 fighter planes from World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam are on display, along with aviation art work, pilot memorabilia, etc. (602) 830-4540.

* **Scottsdale Historical Society**, 7333 Scottsdale Mall, Scottsdale. The Scottsdale Historical Museum, located in the Little Red Schoolhouse, displays the city's history with photographs, artifacts and displays. Special programs on the first Sunday of the month, with group tours and speakers available. (602) 959-4499.

* **"Music by Moonlight" Band Concerts**, every Thursday under the stars at Pedregal Festival Marketplace, Scottsdale Road at Carefree Hwy. Food and beverages on sale throughout the evening.

Please send the convention registration form with your check for \$60 for each adult immediately to me at 7663 E. Minnezona, Scottsdale, AZ 85251.

My telephone number here is (602) 949-8065, in case you have any additional questions.

Mary and I are looking forward to once again being your convention hosts!

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Dan Kelty (PF-1002)
5314 Humboldt Ave., N.
Brooklyn Center, MN 55430

Robert A. Wagner (PF-1003)
6206 Callen Glen
San Antonio, TX 78233-5340
(210) 590-7026

Robert, a book store owner, enjoys collecting and reading Algers for their "rags to riches" themes. His collection currently numbers 54 titles. His other interests include books on Gen. George A. Custer.

A. Lois Varney (PF-1004)
Varney's Volumes
Quaker Ridge Road
P.O. Box 84
So. Casco, ME 04077 (207) 655-4605
E-mail: varvol.pivot.net

Lois is a longtime Maine bookseller, one of whose specialties is out-of-print children's books.

Jessie Austin (PF-1005)
209 Market St., Apt. B-2
Warren, PA 16365
Jessie's other collecting interest is Big Little Books.

Change of address

Cary S. Sternick (PF-933)
425 Holderrieth, #214
Tomball, TX 77375 (281) 363-9900
E-mail: cary@kaetron.com
(New phone number and e-mail address)

David Lee Collier (PF-943)
1845 Crestmont Court
Glendale, CA 91208-2619 (818) 544-3508
E-mail: dav_id@worldnet.att.com
(New e-mail address)

June Carlson Butler (PF-886)
8175 Co. Rd. 5, NE
North Branch, MN 55056 (612) 674-7375

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

I am delighted to be the 1,000th member of the Horatio Alger Society! I only wish I had renewed my interest in Horatio Alger books a few years earlier.

I am 56 years old and just recently retired from 33 years of teaching every high school science course offered except biology at Hilton Central School, Hilton, New York. During that time, I also co-authored a successful textbook for Houghton Mifflin Co. called *Space-ship earth — Earth Science* (Boston, 1973, 1980, 1984). It is out of print now but for many years it gave me a chance to come in contact with far more students and teachers than could pass through my classroom in a hundred years. Currently, I write for Video Discoveries (Seattle, Washington) and Prentice Hall (Needham Heights, Mass.).

Unfortunately, I started my Horatio Alger collection during the last year of teaching, before I read in-depth studies of Alger's writings, and before I began re-reading Alger's books. And I probably should have stayed in the classroom another couple of years. I enjoyed working with kids so much I miss it already. If I had stayed I know I would have worked Horatio Alger into my classes. Into science classes? Let me explain.

Over the past 33 years I have heard more than one teacher in every subject area say to students, "Don't you know any better than to behave that way?" Now I realize just how stupid a question that is. Of course the kids don't know how to behave! What do they have to model? Beavis and Butthead?! Our kids need Bob Burtons, Tattered Toms and Helen Fords to identify with.

Because I no longer have classes of my own to influence, I am trying to interest two English teacher friends in Horatio Alger. I send them all of my third copies of Alger books and interesting bits of Alger history in hopes they will suddenly see, as I did, that a lack of Horatio Alger is part of what is wrong in America today.

In this modern age it seems that we have converted most of our books and many of our games to the reigning form of entertainment: television. Unfortunately, only the most graphic, sensational and unimaginative stories are currently being offered. The stories that show the young people how to positively contribute to society are no longer aired and many weren't translated to the "tube" in the first place. I think there should be a TV series based on Horatio Alger's novels and the sooner the better! Think about it.

Sincerely,
Ed Evans (PF-1000)
979 Hamlin Center Road
Hamlin, New York 14464
(716) 964-3689

Winston's Standing Boy Series

By Robert L. Kersch (PF-946)

My "love affair" with the writings of Horatio Alger, Jr. began a number of years ago. At that junction in my collecting craze, it was my goal to collect and read a copy of each of his book titles. It was also my belief that this was also the goal of most, if not all, other Alger collectors ... although I had no other contact with other Alger aficionados. And yes, I'd like to have first editions of each title but, at least from my vantage point, knew that this goal was way beyond attainable. Hence, a collection of every book title it was to be.

It remained that way for some time. Then, at the suggestion of an upstate New York book dealer, I joined the Horatio Alger Society, and my view of the world changed ... at least my view of the Alger world changed.

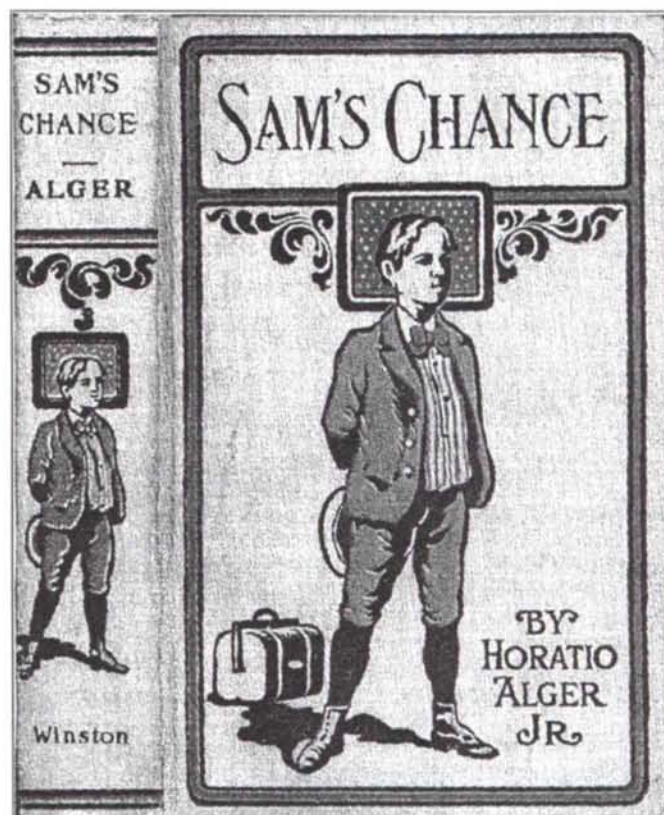
I attended my first H.A.S. annual convention. It was at this convention, held in Corning, New York, that I had a chance conversation with H.A.S. past president Brad Chase and learned that he'd just completed assembling a collection of Alger's Standing Boy Series, published by John C. Winston Co. When Winston & Company published this series — which consisted of 50 different titles — they dubbed them the "Winston Series of Alger Books."

Collectors today refer to this series as the Standing Boy Series because, on the cover, it is a boy in a standing position. To accommodate today's collector, reference to books in this series will, in this article, adopt the nomenclature currently in vogue. An illustration of the Standing Boy Series cover can be seen in Example 1.

Brad's accomplishment, and the belief that the covers of these books were aesthetically pleasing, motivated me to see if it would be possible to replicate this feat. And so, for me, a challenge was born.

Now, a little over two years later, the task has been completed and at least one copy of each of the 50 titles of the Standing Boy Series graces my bookshelves. While this in itself could easily signify the end of a quest, it did just the opposite. As I perused these books and the readily available literature about them, I found there was a plethora of information about this series that I did not know. Furthermore, I knew that in order to learn more about the collection I had assembled, a lot of research was required. With the assistance of Mr. Chase, a friend by the name of Douglas Virkus, various library collections and Horatio Alger Society members Bernie Biberdorf, Mary Ann Ditch, John Dizer, Rob Kasper, Ron Murch, Carol Nackenoff, Angelo Sylvester and Jim Thorp, many of my questions have been answered.

As a foundation, or starting point, I used Bob Sawyer



Ex. 1: John C. Winston's Standing Boy Series.

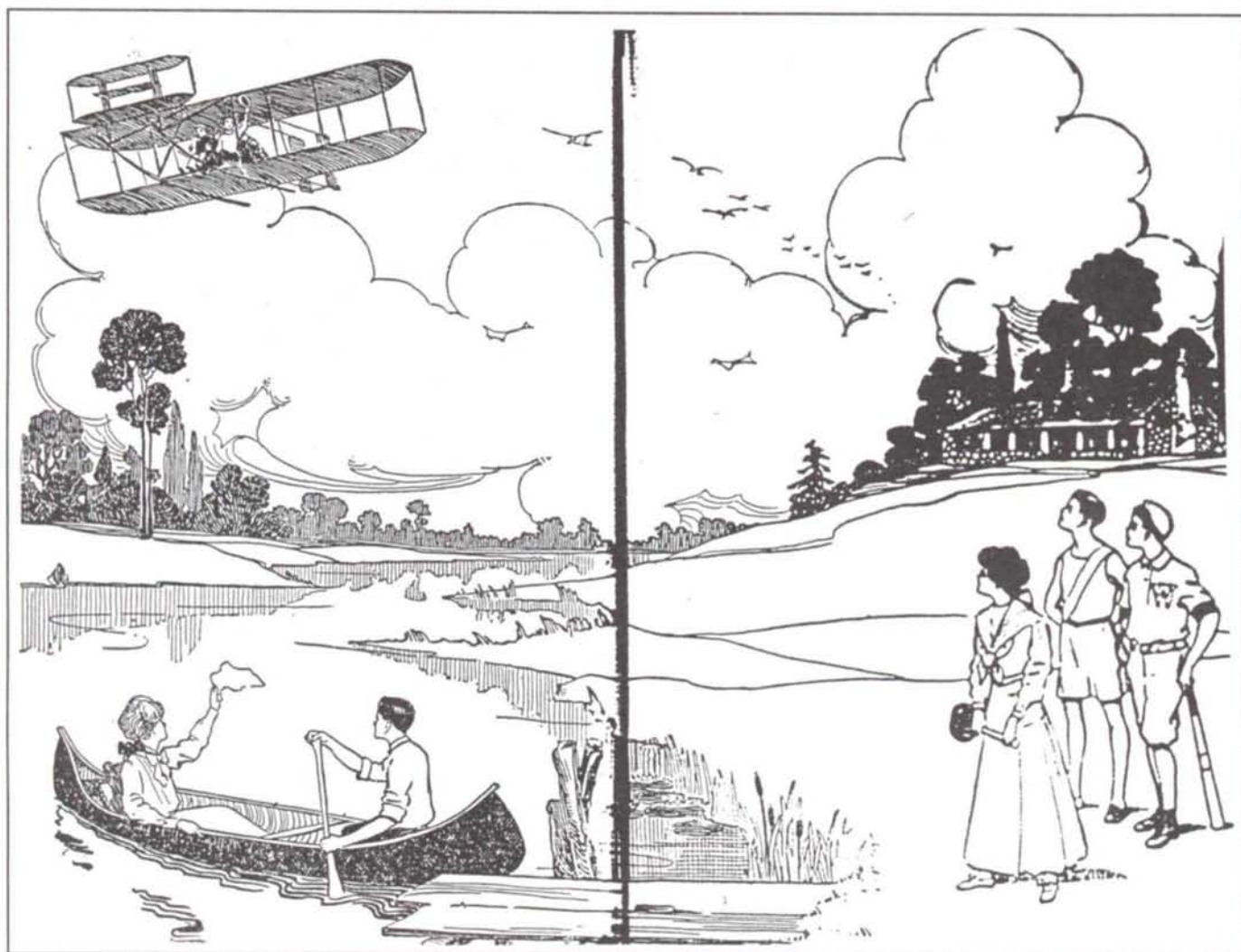
and Jim Thorp's invaluable pamphlet titled *Publication Formats of the Fifty-Nine Stories by Horatio Alger as reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*¹

I then turned to *Publishers Weekly* for information. I found that in January 1905 the Winston Co. announced to the publishing trade and the world that it has acquired the "...stock, plates, copyrights and good-will of Henry T. Coates and Co. of Philadelphia."² As the Coates Company had published a number of Alger's works, it was, due in great part to the author's popularity, a logical move for Winston to continue to publish his writings. And, in January of the following year, the Standing Boy Series was launched with the printing of 33 Alger titles. These books were printed on "...good paper, uniform in binding, with color inlay and (with) from 4 to 8 illustrations."³

In the trade publications of that era, Winston advertised the bill-of-fare for books of the Standing Boy Series as 50 cents per copy. However, in their own books they advertised the price as being \$1.00. This \$1.00 price remained constant throughout the printing of this series.

In November 1907, Winston advertised the books of the Standing Boy Series as the "...36 most popular (books)

(Continued on Page 8)



Ex. 2: Illustrated end papers with green drawings as found in Variation A of the Standing Boy Series.

Winston's Standing Boy Series

(Continued from Page 7)

for boys ever written. the best cheap edition of Alger's works." ⁴This advertisement indicated that the publisher had added three new titles to the Standing Boy Series. Then, just three months later, in February 1908, the Winston Company advertised that the addition of 12 more new titles in this series were being printed. Book dedication dates indicate that some of these new titles were already being printed and sold prior to Christmas 1907. *Ben's Nugget* and *Ragged Dick* were two titles that were subsequently added to complete the 50 titles comprising the Standing Boy Series.

What the books in the Standing Boy Series were, and when they were printed and released, can be seen in Chart 1 on Page 20.

This chart also lists the two variations of Standing Boy books identified by Sawyer and Thorp. These variations were determined by the books' end papers. Green draw-

ings or tracings, a sample of which can be seen in Ex. 2, above, are considered Variation A. Variation B had blank end papers. In their research, Sawyer and Thorp verified 44 of the 50 titles of Variation B had been confirmed. My research has confirmed the issuance of blank end papers for all 50 titles. The last six Variation B titles confirmed are:

Chester Rand
Jed, the Poorhouse Boy
Ragged Dick
Sink or Swim
Wait and Hope
The Young Explorer

Variation A, those books with the green tracings on the end papers (Ex. 2), is another matter. I've confirmed the presence of nine additional titles, bringing the documented number of titles with this variation to 30. See Chart 1 for specifics. Interestingly, I have a Winston Library Edition with the same end papers as Variation A with an addi-

(Continued on Page 18)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

By Percy K. Fitzhugh
Illustrated by Bert Salg

Part IV

PEE-WEE and Sammy now set forth on their belated journey to the barge. To Sammy that half-hour or so in Bennett's had all the joyous festivity of Christmas.

"Was he telling you that I can't do things?" Pee-Wee demanded.

"No, he wasn't. He said I should do what I have to do. I ain't mad at anybody, not those girls or anybody. Only now I'm kind of sorry I ever saw those fellers; I'm sorry I ever came up here."

"Don't you care," Pee-Wee said, "you saw a dandy fire. Now you see how Scouts do."

Their journey from this point took them through familiar fields, though the darkness was intense. However, Pee-Wee did not require any assistance from Nature's wild life to guide him. It was late and Sammy was anxious to get back to the barge.

"Don't you worry because I know the way," said Pee-Wee. "I surely absolutely positively know the way from Bennett's."

"It's good and dark," said Sammy.

It was indeed. When they reached the belt of wood which bordered the shore, they could scarcely see hand before face as the saying is.

"You leave it to me," said Pee-Wee reassuringly, "because now I haven't got any turtle to bother me. Now we have to go east. Do you know how I know we're facing east?"

Sammy hadn't the slightest idea.

"Because I can smell smoke over that way," he said, indicating, "so I knew that's where the bridge was. If I could only see a bat hanging on a tree I'd be positively sure because bats always hang on the

south side of a tree on account of keeping out of the wind only they're not much good because they never stay home at night, they go flying around, and in the daytime I don't need anything to guide me. They'd be good at night if they were there," he concluded sagely.

"How will we know when we get to the river?" the doubtful Sammy asked. "We'll bunk into it," said Pee-Wee; "then we'll know positively sure."

This seemed reasonable and they trudged on. And soon luck, ever more faithful to Pee-Wee than

the fickle denizens of the forest, smiled upon him (or splashed upon him) for in a few minutes, plunk went his foot into what seemed to be a puddle. So firm and dominant was his martial tread that the water was splattered on Sammy also.

"Now I know, now I know!" said Pee-Wee, highly elated. "That's what I was hunting for! Now I know where I am. Now we got to hunt for the brook. I know that brook, I caught pollywogs in it, and it goes to the river."

Groping around, they soon found the brook. And what was more, they found something definite; or rather Sammy did. And this trifling discovery was destined to be the herald of something very striking in our hero's career.

This brook was normally nothing but a meandering

trickle, and sometimes it was not even that. But in the springtime when the tide in the river ran high, it broadened into a majestic stream two or three feet wide. When the tide flowed out there was usually no brook at all, nothing but a muddy depression through the woods. Sometimes, when

(Continued on Page 10)



"Throw up your hands! Quick!"
screamed Pee-Wee

"Did you see a man kinder sneaking behind one of those trees?" Pee-Wee whispered.



Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 9)

the river was at flood, the swollen brook made transient puddles in its neighborhood.

Now as Pee-Wee pointed his expiring flashlight upon the brook, the sickly and uncertain light fell upon a piece of wood on which were printed what was evidently the end of a sentence — ER HOUR. But Sammy was the first to notice it and pick it up. It was, perhaps, eight or ten inches long.

"Now I know we're on the right track," said Sammy. "I know this brook goes to the river. And I know what time it is, too."

It was the only thing that Sammy had claimed to know, since first meeting Pee-Wee. For indeed, Pee-Wee had done all the *knowing*. But this diffident boy, brought up on an old barge in the harbor waters, knew at least one thing. He knew about the tides. And he knew they could be trusted. Squirrels and bats and turtles might prove fickle. Even the twinkling stars (so often cited for their constancy) might hide behind clouds. But the tides, ebbing and flowing, may always be trusted. In darkness or light, 'neath cloud or sunshine, they move upon their

appointed schedule and are ever visible to the eye. Sammy knew about the tides.

"How do you know what time it is?" Pee-Wee demanded.

"Because that piece of wood was standing still in the water," Sammy said.

"You're crazy!" shouted Pee-Wee. "It's just flood tide," said Sammy; "it's eleven o'clock. If the tide was coming in, the piece of wood would of been floating up. If it was going out, it would have been floating down. It's just exactly flood."

"I'm going to look at my watch," vociferated Pee-Wee, directing his uncertain flashlight on it.

"That don't count," said Sammy simply. "Anyway my watch is stopped," said the Scout, administering a vigorous shake to it. "I was so busy I didn't wind it up."

"You don't have to wind up the tides," said Sammy innocently. "It was eleven o'clock when we started floating down this morning. It was ebb at five o'clock. Now it's flood again — six hours. When we get to the barge you'll see it will be standing way up high, like."

"But anyway," said Pee-Wee, "I bet you didn't know this brook goes to the river — not till I told you."

"Yes, I do," said Sammy, "because this piece of wood comes from the bridge that burned down. Do you see where it says ER HOUR? It came from a sign that said you can only drive over it as fast as maybe fifteen miles an hour."

TO THE redoubtable little Scout this seemed almost like magic. And to come from the modest bashful, homeless boy who had laughed so diffidently at the troop's hilarious nonsense! Who had followed him, Pee-Wee so joyfully and dutifully! Poor little Sammy, who was going to an orphan asylum.

No proof was needed, for, oh, how well Pee-Wee knew that old sign. But he did not know (how could he) that it had come like a good angel to this poor waif.

Motorists are forbidden to cross this
bridge at a speed exceeding
15 miles per hour

"Let's take it with us, hey?" exclaimed Pee-Wee. "Let's take it with us as a souvenir, hey?"

"Yes, but what I'm thinking about is that it's eleven o'clock," said Sammy, rather anxiously.

"Don't you care, now I'll guide you to the barge," Pee-Wee boasted.

Sammy had no doubt now that the brook flowed into the river. But following the brook was not an

easy matter in the dense night. Sometimes they strayed quite a distance away from the brook. Once they were beguiled by a sort of branch which petered out in an overflow marsh, and had some difficulty and lost a little time in getting back. Pee-Wee's flashlight strove heroically with the situation, blinking like a sleepy child upon the meandering water, and sometimes declining to cooperate at all.

"I got a dandy idea," he shouted. "Now we're as good as there. All we got to do is find a pine tree. Then even we won't have to get our feet wet anymore."

"Do we have to climb up it?" Sammy asked, rather anxiously. For he feared that perhaps after all his resourceful comrade intended to seduce some bat or squirrel into doing them a Scout good turn.

"We got to get some resin and then I'll make a torch," said Pee-Wee. "Up in Temple Camp we used those when we were in the woods hunting for a little girl that was lost. Gee-ee whiz, girls they can never find their way — especially in wildernesses."

They found a pine tree and Sammy waited in respectful patience while Pee-Wee gathered some of the oozy substance from its trunk and smeared it on a stick. It made a brave show when lighted, shaming the tottering flashlight with its ruddy glare. Fitful shadows played among the trees in the area of its glow; the brook flowed clear to view.

Pee-Wee, always dramatic, was somewhat startled by the sequel of his inspiration. "Did you see a man kinder sneaking behind one of those trees?" he whispered.

"It's another tree right close to it," said Sammy. "We got to be careful," said Pee-Wee ominously.

"Do we have to be any more careful in the light than in the dark?" asked the guileless Sammy.

They got along quickly now, in a moving area of light.

They were nearer the river than they thought; very near. But now something startling happened. And for a moment Sammy shuddered with the fear that Pee-Wee might have been right about sinister prowlers. For suddenly, before his very eyes, Pee-Wee threw his head back, staggered and fell. Still clinging to the torch he regained his feet and seemed to be poking the light about to ascertain the cause of the unexpected assault. Just then Sammy beheld a long, thin, black thing like a snake in the air about as high as

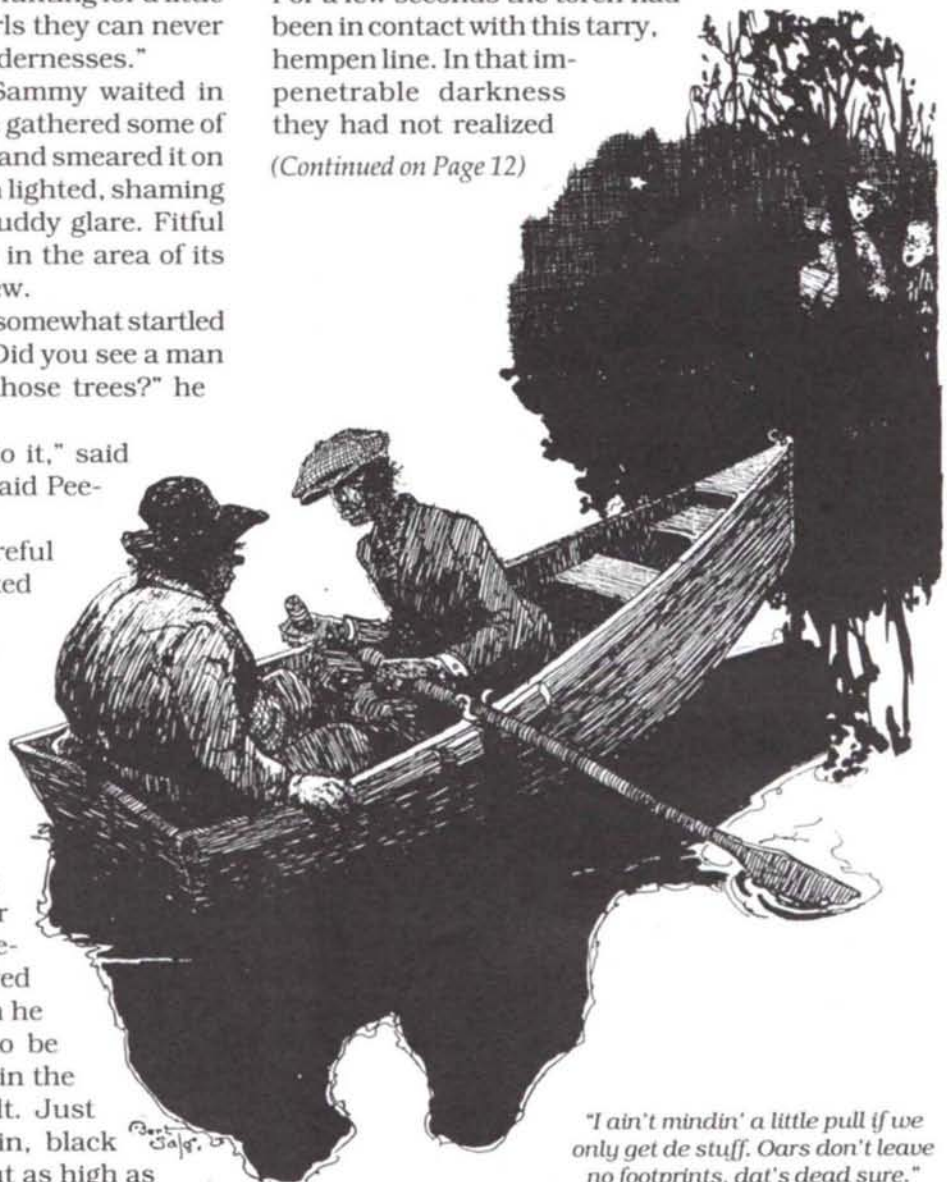
Pee-Wee's head. One end of it was bright with a brightness that died away.

For just a second or two Sammy paused, aghast. And then he knew. A few yards ahead he was conscious of something black stirring in the darkness. It seemed as if a part of that dense night was moving. Frantically he sprang ahead, catching hold of that loose end which was smouldering and emitting sparks. He clung to it, moving with it. Then suddenly, uttering a sort of contemptuous little cry, he let go and went sprawling on the ground.

"There goes the barge," he said; "you burned the rope in half."

And now Pee-Wee realized what he had done. The tide, beginning to ebb, had carried the barge around so that its bow faced downstream. It had pulled the rope taut, and against this Pee-Wee had stumbled. For a few seconds the torch had been in contact with this tarry, hempen line. In that impenetrable darkness they had not realized

(Continued on Page 12)



"I ain't mindin' a little pull if we only get de stuff. Oars don't leave no footprints, dat's dead sure."

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 11)

they were so near the river, for the great bulk of the barge had obscured it. The big black hull had seemed only a part of the night. Now, even as they watched, the smouldering rope end slipped away and the great mass of black hull stood several yards from the shore.

Pee-Wee knew also what Sammy had impulsively set out to do. "Why didn't you keep hold of it?" he asked. "You could have got on the barge that way. Gee whiz, I could have done it."

"Would you of done it?" Sammy asked.

"Su-ure — why didn't you?"

"Just because I all of a sudden decided not to," Sammy said. "Like what that Roy says *United we stand, divided we sprawl*. So isn't that being a Scout?" he asked almost plaintively. "Not going away and leaving a pal? I wouldn't climb on it unless you could climb on it too. Because you stuck to us, didn't you?"

For a moment Pee-Wee was silent. Quietly the great black mass which was the barge moved slowly off, a block of darkness amid the slightly different shade of encompassing night. Its outline was not clear-cut; it was like a shadow moving in a shadow. For the torch that lay upon the ground was now all but burned away.

But the voice of Pee-Wee Harris triumphed over the darkness. "Now I know you're going to be a Scout," he thunderously exclaimed. "Even when you found the piece of wood I knew it, but now I double know it. You're sure positively going to be a Scout. Even if you do have to go to an orphan asylum, you're a Scout — *gee-ee whiz!*"

And there they stood in the darkness by the river brushing the dirt and burrs from their clothing. And the funny part of it was they had both "sprawled."

WHAT troubled Sammy was that no light had shown on the barge. Usually at night the little smelly oil lamp burned in the cabin. Now he shouted, hoping his grandfather would hear. But there was no answer from the big drifting hull. The river was wide at this point by reason of Big Kink Bend, and soon the barge was in the middle of the stream, and scarcely discernible for the darkness.

"Don't you care," said Pee-Wee. "Come on, let's follow the river down. Pretty soon it gets narrow and I bet the barge will bump against the shore."

This seemed their only hope, and they plodded along the marshy border of the stream, here and there sinking knee deep in the oozy ground. Now and

then they strained their eyes trying to glimpse the barge and once or twice thought that they could make it out, an area of darkness in the less solid darkness of the night. But they knew it must drift downstream and they followed along shore trusting that where the river narrowed it would swing round within reach. At least now they had the river to guide them, though their progress was difficult for the overflowing flood tide had left the shore saturated.

THEY had not gone far when the clanking sound of rowlocks could be heard out on the river and both boys paused, astonished. Now they could hear oars dipping and voices speaking low but clear, as is the case with voices heard across the water.

"It'll be easier pulling downstream," said one voice; "we'll have the tide with us."

"I ain't mindin' a little pull," said another voice, "if we only get the stuff. Oars don't leave no footprints, dat's dead sure."

"Leave it ter me," said the other. "Didn't I tell yer de tip wuz straight? I ain't no gump ter be pullin' all de way up here on a phony steer."

"Yere, but kin we git back here all right? It'll be easy pullin' down on de tide all right, but look at dem woods. Gee, me deadlights can't see nartin."

"Leave it ter me," said the other.

"Yere, and maybe he pays off termorrer n' mebbe he don't."

"Didn't I tell yer he was ter de bank? Didn't I git de straight dope off 'er Kid McCorrie?"

Pee-Wee was about to whisper a warning to keep silent, but he did not even dare to do that. And so these two stood stark still where they were, not daring to stir. The sound of the clanking rowlocks continued until the boat was close in to shore.

"Pull her up here," said one of the voices. "D'yer know de way up?"

"Sure I do, come on, give 'er a yank."

The sound of oars being laid in the boat, and then the sound of the keel scraping on stones, seemed but a dozen feet ahead of the boys, who stood speechless, trembling. Sammy could feel his heart thumping in his breast; he almost feared to breathe. It seemed to him that these rough strangers *must* see him.

"She all right?" a rough voice queried.

"Sure; come ahead."

Pee-Wee hardly dared turn his head to try to follow with his eyes the movement of the two dark forms up into the woods. He felt as if the merest bending of his neck would mean discovery. He was afraid of every breath he drew. The crunching of twigs underfoot sounded farther and farther away. Then one of the voices spoke and Pee-Wee knew by

the sound of it that the two figures were some distance from the shore.

"Don't move, don't speak," he whispered; "they might come back. *Shhh!*"

"Did you hear what they were saying?" Sammy whispered.

"Shhhut-up," Pee-Wee breathed; "wait a minute."

MOTIONLESS and silent they waited. There was not the faintest sound now; no voices or tell-tale crunchings underfoot.

Pee-Wee craned his neck and looked up through the woods as if to make doubly sure that the strangers were out of hearing.

"Did you hear what they said?" he asked in his darkest tone. "They came from down the river somewhere, and they're going to rob somebody; I bet they're going to rob somebody up in Bridgeboro. Gee, I bet we better follow them, hey?"

Sammy had expected that. He had feared that more than he had feared the supposed robbers. For he had learned one thing about Pee-Wee, and that was that one purpose and destination was as good as another for him.

"No, we better not follow them," said Sammy, with the first approach to firmness that he had shown. "We got to get to the barge if we can." He was truly anxious now, for the absence of any light on the barge troubled him.

"That shows how much you don't know about Scouting," thundered the dreadful Pee-Wee. "How you got to help the civil — civilized — I mean civic authorities detecting crime and you got to give 'em clues I can prove it how you got to supervene criminals — gee whiz, you got to be good citizens. Even if you're Scouts you're supposed to know *more* about crimes than other people."

"I'm going to follow the river down," said Sammy quietly. "That way maybe we'll get a chance to get on the barge. I'm tired of going around in the woods now."

"You mean you're tired of *nature*?" Pee-Wee fairly gasped.

"I ain't tired of nature, but I'm tired of tramping around."

"Maybe if they *murder* somebody, then you'll be to blame," the hero warned. "You heard what they said about a bank and paying off and getting a tip and everything. If a Scout doesn't do his duty he can be asked to hand over his badge."

"I haven't got any badge," said Sammy wistfully. "And I'm going to follow along the river."

Too dumbfounded to speak, Pee-Wee followed sullenly after his friend, who was leader now, in

resolution if not in "civic" spirit. Presently they came to the boat drawn half way up on the shore. They looked cautiously up into the woods before pausing even to inspect it.

"Now I'll bet we'll be assesories," said Pee-Wee, in a dark tone of warning. "Because if you know about a crime that somebody's going to commit and you don't tell it's just the same as if you're partners with him — that's what they call accesibility before the fact. So now maybe we'll get in trouble if we don't trail them."

It was no use; Sammy seemed wholly without "civic" spirit. "I'm going to follow down the river," he repeated.

"I got an idea," Pee-Wee suddenly announced; "I got an inspiration. We can take the boat and row to the barge and get to it that way, and then when the robbers come back they'll be foiled." But Sammy would have nothing to do with the boat. "Come on," he said, "before the barge drifts too far."

Pee-Wee paused aghast. "Now I know you want to help robbers and bandits and murderers — now I know!" he said, in his most portentously accusing manner. "Even if somebody gets killed you're helping them."

These were harsh words to utter to the innocent Sammy, but he kept his poise — and his resolution.

"I don't care, it isn't our boat anyway," he said.

"We got a right to command it," said Pee-Wee. "All right," he concluded darkly. "Now maybe we're helping to steal maybe thousands of dollars."

Still Sammy plodded along through the soaked ground bordering the river, stepping now on some exposed root, now on a rock, and often in the miry ground. And Pee-Wee followed, sullen and reluctant.

"I bet we don't get on the barge anyway," he said. But he was wrong about that.

THE resolute Sammy plodded on, heedless of the appeal of Scouting and citizenship. Evidently he had no desire to be a sleuth. After a while they reached the bend where the river narrowed. And here, sure enough, the great clumsy barge had again involved itself with the near shore. Suddenly its dark bulk rose before them, a faint outline of black in the less dense blackness. It must have turned completely around for its big blunt nose was poked into a little recess where a tree overspread its bow.

"Come on, quick," said Sammy, with a kind of desperate resolution, "because it won't stay here long." He knew the habits of the *Colbert C. Rossey*.

"Do you want me to show you how to climb a tree?"

(Continued on Page 14)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 13)

Pee-Wee demanded sulkily.

Sammy, having reached the barge, had no objections to further demonstrations by his resourceful friend, and he tactfully allowed the baffled sleuth to shinny up first and let himself down on the narrow strip of deck which was all the foot room that there was forward. It was, indeed, no more than a narrow boardwalk, surmounting the hull and running along on either side with the vast chasm of the freight carrying hold, gaping between. There was no rail and in the darkness one must proceed cautiously along this narrow footway.

But Sammy was accustomed to this and here he took the lead, even running along the starboard side as sure of himself as a cat on a back fence. Pee-Wee followed more carefully and was glad to reach the little area of deck where were the living quarters of this long and cavernous back yard.

"Grandpop!" Sammy called, entering the little house. "Grandpop, where are you?"

"I'm here, Sammy, I guess I was asleep," said the old man, bestirring himself in the darkness. "And the lamp burned out, huh? I'm thinkin' I must of been sleeping a couple of hours, Sammy. Well and did the two of ye see what it was all about? I heard shoutin' and bells a ringin' and everything. Huh, I must of fell asleep."

SAMMY groped in the dilapidated locker for an oilcan with which he refilled the lamp and set it burning. The dim light disclosed the old man rising from his rickety chair, rubbing his eyes. Beside him were two old barrels which he had filled with the specimens of his handiwork that had stood all about. The place looked quite strange without the former array of these quaint and colorful toys; it no longer seemed like the workshop of Santa Claus.

"I was clearin' 'em all up," Pop said, "'n gettin' ready. My, but what a lot of them we made. I was thinkin', Sammy, I liked the red ones best."

"Hey, Pop, the bridge burned down," said Pee-Wee. "Oh, boy, you ought to have seen it! It was set fire to by those people with the hay."

"Burned all down!" said the old man, showing only mild surprise, so characteristic of the aged. "The big bridge down yonder? Well, now, that's too bad—I kept one out for you to bring home as a keepsake," he added, handing Pee-Wee a gorgeous windmill of red and green. "That was going to be two dollars, that was. You can put it up on your clothes post, huh?"

"Listen, Grandpop," said Sammy, "the barge is

drifting. Pee-Wee burned the rope in half up above, where we were going to get on. That's one thing that made us so late. She's got her bow in the shore. Hurry up, let's get some rope out, so we can fasten her. He had a torch. I'll tell you about it after."

The old man seemed bewildered. He stood there leaning against one of the loaded barrels that represented the failure of his last despairing efforts. He neither moved nor offered a suggestion. He seemed confused by the two startling items of news.

"The bridge, huh?" he said.

"Yes, but the barge is drifting," said Sammy excitedly. He seemed to take the lead from Pee-Wee now.

"Maybe you would like to take one of 'em to the orphan's home, too, Sammy," Pop said. "Maybe they would leave you nail it up outside for a reminder, huh?" He started fumbling in a barrel.

It was pitiful, how he seemed to take the view that he had closed up all his affairs. Neither the old bridge nor the drifting barge interested him now. They belonged to an outside world that he was leaving. Poor, tired, harassed old man! While the noble, historic bridge was burning and crowds rushing and bells ringing and sirens shocking the air with their unearthly din, he had piled all his little whittled masterpieces into two barrels and made ready to render up his old barge to the constituted authorities.

But the boy was keen in what the poor old man, in his blurred consciousness, could not see as an emergency. Frantically he hauled out more rope (it seemed to be the one thing of which they had plenty) and he and Pee-Wee dragged this along the narrow footway to the bow.

"You throw it off and I'll get down and tie it," said Sammy.

But it was too late. The unwieldy and unruly *Colbert C. Rossey* had already backed away from the shore; between it and the bank was eight or ten feet of black water.

"Do you want me to jump it?" asked Pee-Wee. "I can swim."

"No, don't try it," Sammy said; "it's too late."

And so again the outlandish barge went backing out and moved slowly and proceeded sideways downstream. Slowly it swung around, proceeding stern foremost, then made another lazy sweep and drifted along almost imperceptibly, the starboard side facing down the river.

THE progress of the old *Colbert C. Rossey* in that upper river might be likened to a hippopotamus trying to get through a sewer. In the bend below Big Kink the long hulk became hopelessly involved. Here the hurrying tide ran around a corner. The

Colbert C. Rossey in trying to negotiate this turn went gaily bumping into the east shore, bow first. The bow thereupon became a sort of pivot on which the whole great hull was carried around, just scraping the Bridgeboro shore, and in a few minutes the majestic barge retreated with a kind of huge curtsy from the east shore and backed away downstream.

BUT IT could not keep a straight-on course. Soon the stern made a resounding assault upon the Bridgeboro shore, ramming the bank and knocking a defenseless tree slantwise; and that tree, half uprooted, may be seen leaning tipsy fashion over the stream even to this very day. Retreating again after this crashing invasion of Bridgeboro's quiet frontier, the lumbering hull performed a slow pirouette and insinuated its blunt nose into the east shore at the edge of the lawn surrounding the new Community House.

"We're against the shore," said Pee-Wee scrambling to his feet. Sammy was not disposed to question this startling announcement.

"Look out you don't get swept off," he warned.

Poking its nose still more firmly into the bordering masonry of the Community House lawn, the mighty barge swept slowly around at its stern end, crushing and uprooting the clustering foliage of Bridgeboro's quiet waterfront, and actually wiping the chubby face of the hatless Scout with a thick and tangled mass of wild rosevine, scratching his frowning countenance and tearing his stocking.

"Look out," said Sammy, ejecting a thorned twig with a couple of leaves from his mouth, and warding off a sweeping attack made by a projecting limb.

But the worst was over. The stern of the *Colbert C. Rossey* stuck fast in the shore it had scraped and wounded; it could not continue its sweeping turn, for the modest Bridgeboro River was too narrow to let it swing. If the stubby bow held fast, there was no hope for the further movement of the embowered stern. I say embowered, for there it was held in a loving caress of nature's clustering growths. Below, it had scraped the shore as far as it could and was now held fast. Above, the little deck shanty was now transformed into a summer house half-hidden in a profusion of wild rosevine, and a bordering tree. The sordid little shelter seemed changed by magic into a romantic retreat close to nature's heart.

Old Pop Rossey came out and surveyed this situation as well as he could in the dark. "I think she's jammed fast, Sammy," said he, without any show of alarm. "This ain't no place for her, I told Captain Van Puffer that. She ain't got no elbow room when you leave her to herself, that's a fact. I'm

thinkin' she'll swing free when the tide turns. That'll be — when will that be, Sammy? Would ye think I'd be crotchety in my figgers, now? Me I always knowed the tides —"

"It'll be ebb at five o'clock," said Sammy; "it was flood at eleven. It's about a third out now; it'll be nine o'clock in the morning when it's this high again. We sure won't get off before that."

"Doye mind how he knows the tides?" said the old man to Pee-Wee, proud to exhibit Sammy's accomplishment to this apparent master of everything. "Now ain't he a smart boy, Sammy? I bet now he'll be the head leader in that Orphan Home; hey?"

"Come on," said Sammy, anxious to turn this line of talk, "let's see how the bow is. I think we're jammed good."

"Well now, we got lots of trouble this last v'yage, hey, Sammy?"

The two boys moved carefully along the footway on the starboard ridge of the hull. Downstream, not more than a quarter of a mile it seemed, there were lights; evidently some lingered yet at the scene of the fire.

"I guess it's to prevent people from trying to cross in the dark," Sammy said. "Can you smell the smoke even now?"

They could not see much at the bow by reason of the intense darkness. But they made out that the spreading bow of the barge had struck into the masonry, wedging open a place for itself. Returning along the narrow board path they could see little glints of red light in the river showing where fragments of drifting wood, which still retained a little smouldering fire, were floating. Several of these sparks went out as they watched them. Down the river a red light swung back and forth in a semi-circle; the warning lantern of a watchman stationed at the broken highway. On the opposite shore was a steady red spark. There were voices and occasionally the honk of an auto horn.

With the excitement subsided and only the floating remnants and distant signs left, the catastrophe stood out in bold relief even to these boys. Even Pee-Wee's imagination was caught by the thought that where the fine, old, historic bridge had stood there was now nothing.

THEY returned to the deck-house and cooked a late supper, for they were hungry after their hike and various adventures. Their musty little shelter seemed more like some camping shack than the prosy deck-house of a barge. Being at the end of the long hull it was almost hidden in the dense foliage

(Continued on Page 16)

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 15)

which overgrew the shore. A leaf-laden branch even protruded in through the open window; in a fork of this, almost hidden by clustering leaves, was a robin's nest. It seemed, indeed, as if some kindly fairy of Scouting had wedged the old barge between these luxurious and fragrant banks, and cast this green mantle of the woodland over the poor abode of Sammy, so as to beguile him with a vision of some rustic cabin in the wilderness.

Never, in all the sordid career of this ugly barge had it been caressed by foliage. It had bumped into ferry-boats, and lain at unsightly piers, and at anchor down the bay while grimy laborers shoveled its contents of earth and rock into the water. It had waited at dusty yards for cargoes of cement. Temporary pyramids of bricks had risen out of its gaping hold, to be delivered at the foot of this or that street in the seething metropolis. A free lance barge of the harbor it had been, a sort of marine hobo in New York's crowded and unlovely waters. And so it had brought a scant living to its tottering old owner. Back and forth, here and there, it had been towed by every sturdy little tug in the great bay.

And now here it was, a condemned old derelict, fugitive from the harbor's stringent law, wedged fast between the banks of this winding uncommercial stream, far away from the dirt and turmoil of the harbor's traffic. Its stuffy little shanty was entwined in Nature's loving arms. And through the open windows where gray cement dust had blown, or the black smoke of some escorting tug had penetrated, only the scent of leaves and flowers entered now, a scent made heavy and pungent by the night's moisture. And did this not seem a miracle, that the empty nest of a robin should suddenly be here in this dim little hovel on the deck of that floating outcast?

For a minute the boy who had never known any life on shore, much less in the solemn woods, gazed at this marvel which seemed to be the very symbol of Scouting. And he watched intent as Pee-Wee, the Scout of Scouts, pulled a strip of bark from an intruding branch and showed him how notes are written upon this rough stationery in the mystic realm of Scouting.

ON THIS momentous night something aroused Pee-Wee out of that grateful repose which usually kept him silent for about eight hours out of each twenty-four. This was nothing less than a gruff voice even more terrible than his own, and very much more profane. For the angry expletive which he

heard was not, *gee whiz*.

He sat up rubbing his eyes, and would have thought that this gruff and heedless voice was only the figment of a dream, save that it was presently followed by a bumping sound and another oath, very real. He sat motionless, aghast, listening.

"Wot d'y'er know about dat?" demanded someone in gruff and angry tones. "It's de whole eart', I guess. What de —"

Pee-Wee's bunk was just inside the open window of the deck-house, and as the barge stood, this window opened to the north, or up the river. The sounds and voices seemed to come from somewhere below him.

"Wot does it feel like?" a villainous voice asked.

Pee-Wee now heard the sound of oars and of a boat, as he supposed, knocking against the upstream side of the barge. He arose and tiptoed over to Sammy's bunk, for he did not quite dare to draw the old man into an uncertain midnight adventure.

"Come on, get up," he whispered; "something's the matter."

When Sammy was able to adjust his waking senses to this new demand of his friend he sleepily arose and hastily throwing on an old coat of his grandfather's followed Pee-Wee out of the deck-house. It must have been shortly before dawn for the boys could see how low the water stood under the side of the barge which towered like a high wall above the ebbing water.

Pee-Wee had an old raincoat belonging to Sammy, and the two made a weird enough looking pair kneeling at the edge and peering down at the black water. About midway of the length of the barge they could just make out a black object which they rightly assumed was a boat. Its occupants talked in whispers now.

"I bet it's those two fellers who went up through the woods," Pee-Wee breathed almost inaudibly. "I bet they killed somebody, hey?" It was his custom always to take the most tragic view of everything. "Now they're stuck and they can't get back down the river, hey?"

Whoever they were, and whatever their sinister errand, Pee-Wee had guessed right about their predicament. This sudden obstruction in their return downstream, had just astonished and frightened them. They must, indeed, have been greatly dismayed to bump against this tremendous barrier in the darkness, where there had been an open way before. The most terrific oaths had not sufficed to budge it. The river was blocked and their escape cut off. Nor could they row to either shore now, for the ebbing tide had narrowed the stream to the width of

only a few yards, leaving exposed flats on either side. Their position, if they were criminals, was truly alarming.

"Shh," warned Pee-Wee in his most ominous whisper. "Don't make any noise."

"Would you dare to go closer so maybe we can see?" Sammy asked.

"How?" Pee-Wee whispered.

"I'd like to hear what they're saying," Sammy said. "Shall we sneak along the footway and come back on the other side?"

Even Pee-Wee hesitated at such a bizarre adventure.

"They couldn't see us," whispered Sammy; "they wouldn't know unless we made a noise. And you said a Scout could even sneak up on a bird."

Alas, Pee-Wee had said that. The logical Sammy felt assured that a thug was less alert than a bird.

"I didn't say I could sneak up on a bird that's a murderer," said Pee-Wee.

Yet, in his heart, he wanted to do this. And, in truth, it seemed not fraught with peril, if all went well. The great hull was evidently resting on the bottom now. The water was low and narrowed to half its flood-tide width. In passing along the footway, they would be far above these baffled strangers. With dark coats and in bare feet, they would be neither seen nor heard. The night was still black. To be sure, they could not hope to see much themselves. But since voices ascend, they might hear talk of murder and robbery.

"Come on, let's do it," whispered Pee-Wee; "maybe, if they should see us they'll think we're ghosts. We'll kind of glide silent, hey? When we get to the middle, right above them, we'll listen."

"Yes, but don't let's stop," said Sammy.

Ever so stealthily they moved along the narrow way which was the width of two boards. Sammy went first, and as he approached the middle he paused for just the fraction of a moment trying to overhear the mutterings below him. The boat knocked intermittently against the side of the barge, under the impetus of the outgoing water. They were evidently discussing their unexpected plight down there. Once a board creaked under Pee-Wee's cautious foot and both boys paused fearfully. But nothing happened and they stole silently along.

Then, suddenly, just as Sammy was directly above the boat, something appalling happened. He tripped on the long black coat he was wearing and Pee-Wee, in shuddering dismay, beheld him, a black shadow, sway and regain his balance only to bend outward over the black river. Why Sammy did not avail himself of his arms to steady himself, Pee-Wee

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor Gowen:

I have just read Alger's story, "The Blue Sash!" in *Newsboy* (Sept.-Oct. 1997). Interesting, if not quite a conventional "story."

I note that in the introduction by Peter C. Walther, he says the reference to John Gilpin has him guessing. A look into some of the older school readers would find William Cowper's poem, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," a poem of 252 lines in quatrains. My copy is in *Elson's Readers, Book 4*. The poem was written in 1782. School kids usually called it "John Gilpin's Ride."

John Gilpin rose a horse to his wedding anniversary feast, but the horse would not stop running but ran on five miles to his former owner's house and stopped. Then Gilpin madly retraced his route, got unintentionally into another "race" with another horseman and finally managed to draw rein at the site of the anniversary party.

It is an altogether amusing story—but not amusing to John Gilpin!

Yours,

George W. May (PF-121)

A charter member

3600 George May Lane

Metropolis, IL 62960

Dear Editor:

I'm starting the New Year right by sending in my dues to continue a subscription to *Newsboy*. I find a lot of valuable information in the publication for a dealer in children's out-of-print.

Right off, I have a request. Can you put me in touch with anyone having information about L.P. Wyman, author of the **Golden Boys** and **Lakewood Boys** series?

I can be reached by e-mail at <varvol.pivot.net>

Sincerely,

A. Lois Varney (PF-1004)

Varney's Volumes

Quaker Ridge Road

P.O. Box 84

So. Casco, ME 04077

did not know. But his triumphant experiences on lofty limbs and back fences and railroad tracks told him that here was Sammy's best safeguard from a plunge. In his terror and dismay he saw only his staggering friend.

"Throw up your hands," he called, loud enough so that the words echoed back from the Community House on the east shore. "Throw up your hands, quick!" he said.

(To be concluded in March-April *Newsboy*)



THE STORE BOY;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF BEN BARCLAY

BY

HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "DO AND DARE," "HECTOR'S INHERITANCE,"
"RAGGED DICK" SERIES, "TATTERED TOM"
SERIES," ETC., ETC.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.,

PHILADELPHIA,

CHICAGO,

TORONTO.

Ex. 3: Instead of the usual color portrait of Horatio Alger as a frontispiece, on rare occasions another picture is utilized in its place, as in this edition of *The Store Boy*.

Winston's Standing Boy Series

(Continued from Page 8)

tional variation: the addition of the colors of brown and orange to several areas of these drawings to enhance the picture. As of this writing, none of this particular variation has been observed in the Standing Boy Series.

And, while reporting about color, there is an intriguing "discovery" regarding Variation A and the color of the books' binding. Eighty per cent of the observed and reported books of that variation had a yellow binding. The remaining 20 per cent were all light tan in color. Thus, Variation A books appear to have been printed with bindings of only two colors. Considering the many colors the bindings were issued in, this would seem to indicate they were produced at the same time. However, based on company information, some of these titles were printed during the initial release of the Standing Boy Series, while others are from later releases. Unfortunately, I

can't tell you at this time with any certainty as to why this is this way.

When it comes to binding colors, the books in this series vary greatly. Not only do colors vary, shades of color also vary significantly. For example, six different hues of green were observed and charted. They ranged from a light green to olive to dark green. While exposure to light and resultant fading can take its toll over a 90-year span, this is not the reason for the wide range and variation. The publisher simply used a variety of colored cloth when producing the covers. The basic colors used by Winston, and which include a variety of different shades, are reported here with their percentage of the 203 books studied. They are:

Blue, 17 percent; Brown, 7 percent; Green, 21 percent; Gray, 12 percent; Red, 3 percent; Tan, 16 percent; Yellow, 23 percent.

While on the subject of color, it was interesting to note that the standing boy in loose-fitting breeches (knickers) was smartly dressed, unlike most of Alger's heroes in their

early or formative years. Their sartorial splendor was exhibited in suits of purple or blue and, occasionally, green.

On rare occasion, approximately one percent of the time, a cover can be found without WINSTON printed on the lower portion of the spine. This appears to be an aberration and something to look for when seeking books in this series.

As noted earlier, the Winston Company indicated in an advertisement that this series had between four and eight color illustrations in each book. Many of the books produced did fall within this parameter, that is, if you counted the frontispiece as one of the illustrations. Using this criterion, approximately two-thirds of the books met this standard. None, however, had six, seven or eight pages of illustrations as indicated in the advertisement.

Approximately one in three of the books published in this series did not meet the publisher's advertised criteria. In these books, the total color illustrations varies from none to three. When the internal illustrations are present, they are almost always in color. The exception to this can be found in *Ragged Dick*, where the illustrations are in black and white. It should be noted that this is the same scenario as the Winston Library Edition of the same title. Two books in the Standing Boy Series are not graced with any internal illustrations. They are *Ben's Nugget*, which was one of the last two titles released, and *Helen Ford*. The latter was one of the 12 titles issued in the publisher's third release of titles, so it's conceivable that they were printed one after the other.

At the outset of this study, it was noted that the John C. Winston Company obtained the plates of both Henry T. Coates and its predecessor, Porter & Coates Co. when Winston made its acquisition in 1905. Thus, it is not unusual, nor unexpected, to see the dedication plates reused in the Standing Boy Series. Our throwaway society had not yet been put into high gear.

While most books in this series have a picture of Horatio Alger as the centerpiece of the frontispiece, on rare occasions another picture is utilized in its place. Though unusual, don't be surprised to find one of the following illustrations used as the frontispiece: a boy rowing; a picture of four boys; three adults and a newsboy; a stagecoach; a horse and buggy; or even a picture of circled wagons. For instance, the frontispiece from *The Store Boy* is shown in Example 3.

A normal assumption with regard to the text of the

story would be that the story begins on Page 1. However, this logic does not apply to this Alger series. Only 14 titles out of 50 have their story begin on Page 1. The first page of Chapter I is likely to appear on Page 5, Page 7 or Page 9; or, in the case of *Ben's Nugget*, on Page 13. By the same token, *Helen Ford* is the only book that begins its text on Page 3.

On several occasions, the book *Ben's Nugget* has been cited as being a little different than the other books in this series. This holds true for the manner in which its Table of Contents is printed. In all other titles, the Table of Contents is two pages, yet, in this book, it is four pages in length.

Advertisements in the back of the books in this series vary greatly. This variation takes place between books of

different titles as well as books having the same title. One book may have 11 pages of advertisements while another, similar in every other respect, has no ads whatsoever. The content of the advertisements may also vary from one book to another. One book may have five pages of ads touting the writings of certain individuals, while another may laud the writings of another author published by Winston & Company. Perusal of advertisement charts for all 50 titles shows that Winston and Company was emphasizing the sale of books from its Roundabout Library primarily.

Although there are many differences in this series, there is one constant to report. The length of

the printed text does not vary with books of the same title from this series.

Though the research and investigation into the Standing Boy Series has been rather extensive, it is in no way complete. The old adage, "the more you know, the more you realize how much you don't know," certainly comes to mind. I think of Rob Kasper's question to me, "Why do some of the illustrations face the front of the book and others face the back?" I wish I could answer this question, but I can't! I know there is more to do with regard this series and more to discover.

As friend and fellow H.A.S. member Jim Towey so aptly states on his business card: "The adventure continues."

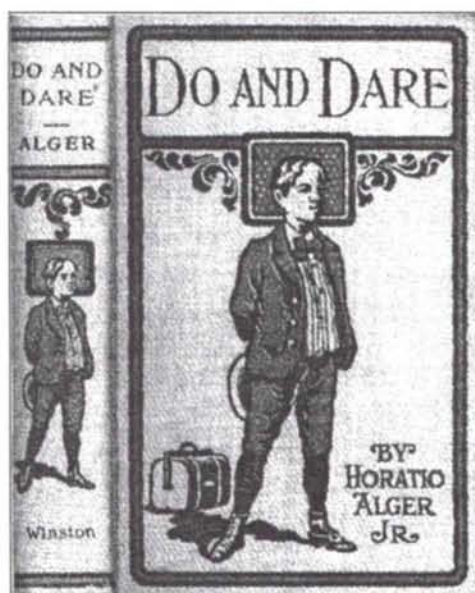
NOTES:

1. Bob Sawyer and Jim Thorp: *Publication Formats of the Fifty-Nine Stories by Horatio Alger as Printed by the John C. Winston Co.* (Nancy Turner, 1984).

2. *Publishers' Weekly* (No. 1722), Jan. 28, 1905, p. 170.

3. *Publishers' Weekly* (No. 1774), Jan. 27, 1906, p. 192.

4. *Publishers' Weekly* (No. 1870), Nov. 30, 1907, p. 52x.



JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY'S STANDING BOY SERIES

Title	Initial Series Release (33 Titles)	Second Series Release (3 Titles)	Third Series Release (12 Titles)	Final Series Release (2 Titles)	Variation A Green End Papers (30 titles confirmed)	Variation B Blank End Papers (50 titles confirmed)
Adrift in the City	*				*	*
Andy Grant's Pluck	*					*
Ben's Nugget				*		*
Bob Burton	*				*	*
Bound to Rise	*					*
Boy's Fortune, A			*		*	*
Brave and Bold	*				*	*
Charlie Codman's Cruise			*		*	*
Chester Rand	*					*
Digging for Gold			*		*	*
Do and Dare	*				*	*
Facing the World	*					*
Frank and Fearless			*		*	*
Frank Hunter's Peril			*			*
Frank's Campaign	*					*
Hector's Inheritance	*					*
Helen Ford			*			*
Helping Himself	*				*	*
Herbert Carter's Legacy	*				*	*
In a New World	*				*	*
Jack's Ward	*					*
Jed, The Poorhouse Boy	*				*	*
Julius	*				*	*
Lester's Luck			*		*	*
Luke Walton	*				*	*
Only an Irish Boy	*				*	*
Paul Prescott's Charge		*			*	*
Paul the Peddler	*				*	*
Phil the Fiddler	*					*
Ragged Dick				*		*
Risen from the Ranks	*				*	*
Rupert's Ambition			*		*	*
Sam's Chance	*				*	*
Shifting for Himself	*					*
Sink or Swim	*					*
Slow and Sure	*					*
Store Boy	*				*	*
Strive and Succeed	*				*	*
Strong and Steady	*				*	*
Struggling Upward			*			*
Telegraph Boy		*			*	*
Try and Trust	*				*	*
Wait and Hope			*			*
Walter Sherwood's Probation			*		*	*
Young Adventurer, The	*				*	*
Young Bank Messenger, The	*				*	*
Young Explorer, The			*			*
Young Miner, The		*				*
Young Outlaw, The	*				*	*
Young Salesman, The	*					*