



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

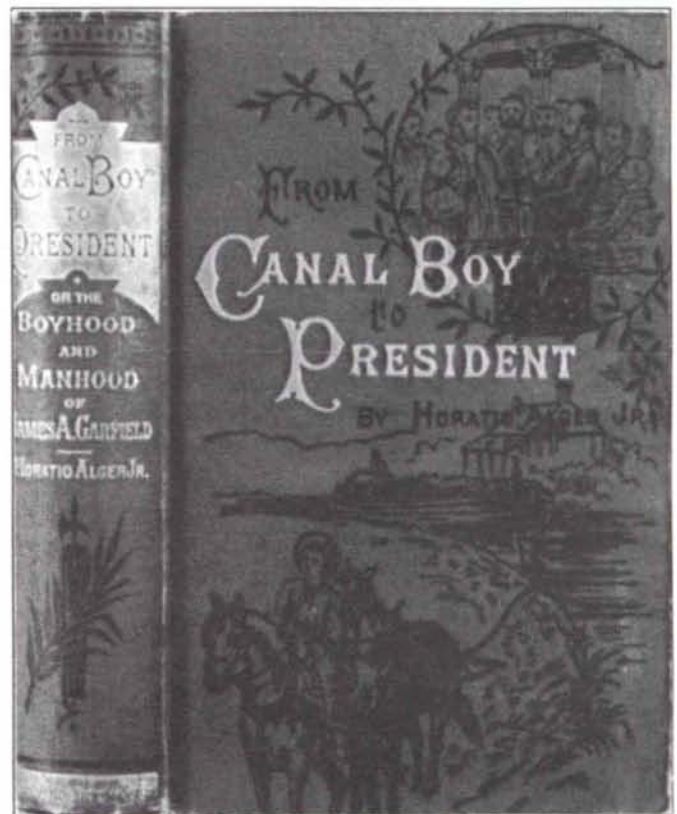
MARCH-APRIL 1998

NUMBER 2

## AFTERMATH OF AN ERRATUM:

New thoughts on Horatio Alger's  
*From Canal Boy to President*

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*The conclusion . . .* **Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold**

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## President's column

By now many of you know that Director Larry Rice (PF-757) has had another bout of open-heart surgery. At this writing he is recovering nicely, but any trip to the hospital for this type of surgery is enormously serious. If you haven't sent your best wishes to Larry, now is the time to do so.

As many of you also know, the South Jersey Series Collectors 1998 meeting, titled "Uncle Wiggily and Friends at the Seashore," is coming up on Saturday, April 25, just before our convention. The editor's column in this issue as well as the latest issue of **Yellowback Library** lists the guest speakers scheduled to attend, and it reads like a literal "who's who" of children's literature.

One of the ideas that has been suggested for our 1999 convention in DeKalb, Illinois is to ask some of these same people or others like them to attend. (This is only one of the suggestions that have been tossed around by our illustrious long-range planning committee.)

Of course, ultimately, the decision about guests and the convention planning will be up to our hosts, Art Young and Sam Huang of Northern Illinois University. The presence of such guests will certainly boost our attendance from non-members — and perhaps even encourage a members to attend. If you have any thoughts about this idea (pro or con) please let Art, Sam, me, or Rob Kasper know.

I find the trivia items of our hobby to be among the most interesting. One example just came to me via my friend and fellow collector Morris Hornick. Morris and I have similar interests in collecting such as Walker Tompkins (Tommy Rockford Series) and Hal Goodwin (Rick Brant, etc). Recently, Morris came across an extra copy of Hal Goodwin's first book titled *The Feathered Cape*, which he let me have. (No, not free — Morris is a friend, not a fool.) I have never read (or seen) the book before and as I opened it to the first page I discovered that one of the central characters is named "Jonathon Blaine." This is, I suppose, where Hal got the idea to use the pseudonym of "John Blaine" as the author of the Rick Brant Series.

Of course, Edward Stratemeyer first introduced us to Tom Swift in his serial, and subsequent book, *Short-hand Tom* (although the character is not related to the young inventor of the later series). I find myself won-

(Continued on Page 20)

## 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.

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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.

# A Stratemeyer necrology

## *Some final determinations*

by Peter C. Walther (PF-548)

While the living are often unable or sometimes unwilling to cooperate on matters of sufficient moment to us, the dead find themselves in the unenviable position of having absolutely no choice in the matter whatsoever.

In my original entry in what has developed into an unplanned trilogy (but will not be remaindered into a quartet; see "A Stratemeyer Necrology: Part I" in *Newsboy*, September-October 1996) I tried to piece together a family profile of Edward Stratemeyer based primarily on the records of the cemetery where he reposes as well as other subsidiary material. I have often determined that cemeteries represent a convenient and logical point of departure in constructing a genealogical record. In that article, I attempted to document the existence of all the author's siblings and to place him in perspective in his family hierarchy. As was proven in that piece, he was the sixth of six children born to one mother and two fathers, the males in this instance being brothers.

In my second piece (see Part II in *Newsboy*, January-February 1997) I clarified what I thought were some conflicting issues I had presented earlier and tried to redress some faulty conclusions. Alas! After digesting the finished product I realized in some annoyance that the picture was still not as complete as I wanted it to be, and that another visit to Evergreen Cemetery in Hillside, N.J. assumed high priority. There was yet more to be "unearthed" and I thought I had a fairly valid objective in place.

It was ultimately the faithful and constant Mr. Wallace Palmer (PF-612) of Independence, Mo., who supplied me with the final crucial piece of the puzzle; it served as the catalyst to propel me once again on my travels. It is through his lucid memory, generosity and devotion to all things Stratemeyer that this data you are about to read can be recorded and placed with all the other pertinent information. If any of you have ever received a letter from him, the concept of "getting mail" assumes wild proportions. I have never met him, yet I feel that I have known him all my life. He is the Erasmus, not me.

In an epistle from him dated December 14, 1996 (at least I think that is the date he intended: "De Farteenth Day of The Misnomered Roming Munt of December;" you must understand that Herr Palmer also engages in the amusing practice of capitalizing almost all of his words. I now find I like to do likewise); crowded at the

bottom of the page, I unexpectedly read the following:

"And by 1900, the Whole Heinrich-Julius Stratemeyer Family Must Have Also Removed To Newark, Because H.J. Stratemeyer Ascended From Among Us In that Year, and Both Edward and Maurice Were Recited In the Newark Evening News Obit As Mourners. As Well As Their Sister, Named Simply Mrs. Heidritter."

Well, there you have it. Mrs. Heidritter it was. The elusive sister, simply named Anna in previous citations (and recall, I speculated that she may have been married), was now authenticated to be "Mrs. Heidritter." Since Wallace is hardly ever in error, it was a clue that needed to be investigated and followed up in some detail. This represented in my mind's eye the fruits dangling before the tortured gaze of Tantalus; along with other curious questions and arcane inquiries of interest only to myself, I ascended one bright summer's day, along with my erstwhile brother, onto the heights of Hillside. This, then, is what I discovered:

Knowing as I did that Heidritter was the married name of Miss Stratemeyer, there was still the question of where she was buried, and I had no guarantee whatsoever (although I surmised as much) that she was in the same cemetery as her brother ... as indeed she turned out to be. Here are the inscriptions on the stone as I noted them:

F. L. HEIDRITTER  
 Frederick L. Heidritter  
 Jan. 25, 1851 — May 4, 1911  
 His Wife  
 Anna R. Stratemeyer  
 Jan. 10, 1859 — July 6, 1923

This information, as valuable as it was, provided of course nothing further on the family. We only knew that Anna/Annie was indeed Edward's blood sibling, along with Louis, as differentiated from his three older half-brothers. And until recently, I knew nothing more, when a letter from Wallace Palmer (that man again!) astounded my sensibilities:

"Just As You and Your Brother Visited The Once-Glorious Frame-Palace He Had Buildded For His Family and His Holy and Immaculate Career during Its Last Quarter-Century or So, With The Timbers For That Temple Possibly Being Provided By His Brother-In-Law, Mr. Heidritter, a Major Lumber-Dealer of New Jersey in Those Days?

I suppose then that Mr. Frederick Heidritter (can't

*(Continued on Page 9)*

## Editor's notebook

We are setting a record for brevity here, because (1), I wanted to get Brad Chase's letter (which just arrived) published because he's seeking information about the film whose poster is shown at right; and (2), to print the first batch of corrections to our 1998 roster, listed below.

As President John Cadick notes in his column, the April 25 gathering of the South Jersey Series Collectors in Sea Bright, N.J. looks like a great event. Co-organizers Karen Plunkett-Powell (PF-982) and John Moffett have a full day's events scheduled. Guest speakers will include Brooks and Mabel Garis, Jim Lawrence, Jr., John Dizer, Jim Krull (as Uncle Wiggily) and additional surprise guests. Admission is free, although booksellers will be charged \$15 per table in a first come, first-served basis.

For more information, you can call John at (609) 663-3076, e-mail him at moffetts@erols.com, or Karen at plunkpow2@aol.com. The event's official web site is [www.erols.com/moffetts/sjsc1998.html](http://www.erols.com/moffetts/sjsc1998.html)

And, from April 30-May 3 we have our 1998 H.A.S. convention in Scottsdale, Ariz. Registration form and other information are enclosed. Hope to see you there!

## MEMBERSHIP

### Change of address

Dr. Irving P. Leif (PF-395)  
35-311 River Drive South  
Jersey City, NJ 07310 (201) 659-0461

### H.A.S. roster corrections

#### David Lee Collier (PF-943)

Correct e-mail address: [dav\\_id@pacbell.net](mailto:dav_id@pacbell.net)  
Correct phone: (818) 246-2468 (roster listing OK)  
*Note:* An incorrect e-mail address and phone number were also listed in the January-February *Newsboy*.

#### John R. Juvinal (PF-537)

Correct e-mail address: [JOHNWA9GXL@webtv.net](mailto:JOHNWA9GXL@webtv.net)

#### Bradford S. Chase (PF-412)

Correct phone area code: 860

#### Bart J. Nyberg (PF-879)

Correct phone area code: 630

#### Dean C. Steele (PF-661)

Correct address: 702 Dry Valley Road,  
Lewistown, PA 17044



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

We are making all our plans for our California/Arizona trip. We leave April 10th and will fly home from Arizona May 4th. Should be fun.

Enclosed is a print of a slide that I thought you might run in *Newsboy*, with a question as to whether anyone has ever seen the film as noted ("Rough and Ready") and whether or not it had anything to do with the Alger title.

I went to a slide show on another topic of interest to me, and the presenter used several transition slides between subjects in his presentation. This was one of them and I immediately asked him for a copy so I could study it; then, I had a couple of prints made.

I know several of the book collectors who also collect old films and film and radio scripts. Just maybe there was a film done of Alger's story and we never knew about it. It is far more likely, however, that they just lifted the title and the story in the film has nothing to do with Alger.

Has anyone ever heard of this film, and if so, do they have a copy? And if so, is it related to the Alger story?

See you in Scottsdale,  
Brad Chase (PF-412)  
6 Sandpiper Road  
Enfield, CT 06082

# AFTERMATH OF AN ERRATUM:

## New thoughts on Horatio Alger's *From Canal Boy to President*

By Arthur P. Young (F 941)

Our story begins when President James A. Garfield was gravely wounded by a disgruntled office seeker on July 2, 1881. The nation's second assassinated president died on September 19, and the publishing community wasted little time in capitalizing upon a grieving nation's desire to memorialize their president. New York publisher John R. Anderson asked Horatio Alger, Jr., one of the most popular juvenile authors of the era, to write a biography of the martyred president.

*Alger at first glance*

Alger commenced his biography on September 24 and finished a scant 14 days later, on October 8. Alger's biography, *From Canal Boy to President*, was the first juvenile biography to hit the national market and it became an instant best seller, with better than 20,000 volumes printed and distributed during the first few weeks (Figure 1).

This book, derived from the sad circumstance of a president's death, was destined to raise many questions, including the nature of Alger's research and determination of the true first edition. Alger did not have time to do any substantial original research, and borrowed heavily from several existing biographies, and he acknowledged this fact in his preface. Despite this acknowledgment, Alger was sued for plagiarism in the late 1880s, a suit against which he vigorously defended himself, and was acquitted.<sup>1</sup> This article will focus on the complexities associated with determining the first edition of *From Canal Boy to President*.

The complex publishing history of *From Canal Boy to President* begins with a notice in the October 1, 1881 issue of *Publishers' Weekly*, indicating that *Canal Boy* will be issued on October 15, and promises that it will be "a timely and interesting juvenile by Horatio Alger, Jr."<sup>2</sup>

This notice appeared one week before Alger finished writing the volume. The publisher took advantage of the public's grief and desire for a literary tribute to Garfield by intensely promoting the volume with a handbill which was distributed to book dealers throughout the country. A copy of the broadside survives, and it may be found in Figure 2. The prepublication demand was so overwhelming that the publisher missed the projected October 15 date, and in the October 22 issue of *Publishers' Weekly* indicated that the volume would be postponed until October 25 owing to "the great demand Alger's *Boys' Life of Garfield* (*From Canal Boy to President*), necessitat-

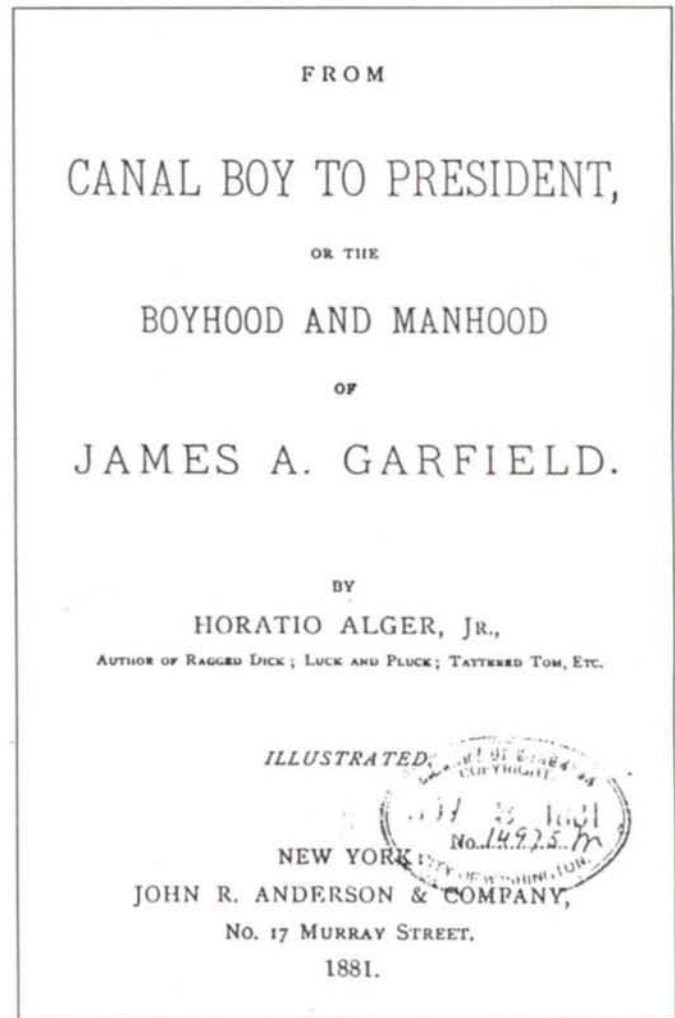


Fig. 1: The title page from Horatio Alger's *From Canal Boy to President*, which became an instant best-seller upon its publication in 1881.

ing the printing of extra large editions."<sup>3</sup>

It is within this context of multiple printings of the first edition that we examine issues related to the primacy of various states for first edition status. The acknowledged first edition of *From Canal Boy to President* is denoted by the presence of transposed pages beginning on page 267, which are corrected by an erratum slip which contains the following words: "The reader will please notice that page 268 is placed where 266 should be, and page 266 where 268 should be; otherwise the reading is perfect" (Figure 3).

Both the Bennett and Gardner bibliographies concur  
(Continued on Page 7)

**Success Assured**

*Owing to the enormous demand, necessitating the printing of extra*

**NOW READY**

**JAMES A. GARFIELD,**  
AT THE AGE OF 16.

*Copied by permission of J. F. RYDER, Cleveland, O.*

**from the Start.**

*large editions, publication day had to be postponed.*

**FOR DELIVERY.**

**Fig. 2:** A publisher's broadside promoting the upcoming publication of Alger's *From Canal Boy to President*, originally scheduled for Oct. 15, 1881, but postponed until Oct. 25 because great demand necessitated a larger-than-expected initial press run.

**FROM**  
**CANAL BOY TO PRESIDENT,**  
OR,  
**THE BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD**  
OF  
**JAMES A. GARFIELD.**

BY AMERICA'S POPULAR AUTHOR,  
**HORATIO ALGER, Jr.**

One Vol., 334 Pages, illustrated, beautifully and handsomely bound in cloth, extra black and gold side and back. Price, \$1.25.

*N.B.*—As all will admit that the late President's career from the most humble station in life to the most exalted in the gift of this mighty Republic, affords the best example for the young, and the highest standard of a man the world has yet produced, and as Mr. ALGER has made this work a veritable labor of love, it is believed that it will outsell any biography ever published.

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**J. R. Anderson & Co., Publishers,**  
No. 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

# AFTERMATH OF AN ERRATUM

(Continued from Page 5)

on this identifying characteristic of the first edition.<sup>4</sup> Gardner further notes that the book was deposited for copyright on November 3, 1881. See Figure 4 for a copy of the handwritten entry in the Library of Congress' copyright register.

Two additional variants of this title, coupled with other circumstantial evidence, now brings into question the primacy of the erratum as the sole determinant of the first edition. The first variant state is a copy of *Canal Boy* with transposed pages, but without any evidence of an erratum slip. No glue in the gutter, no shade marks where an erratum might have resided, and no other indication that the improperly gathered volume had an erratum slip affixed to its pages.

The second, and more compelling, piece of evidence is the existence of an inscribed volume from the publisher to a friend or a book dealer which carries the date of October 28, 1881 (Figure 5). This variant contains neither the transposed pages nor an erratum slip. This perfect, complimentary volume was released from the publisher six days before the deposit copy was entered at the Library of Congress.

Gardner mentions the deposit date of *Canal Boy* in his bibliography, and although he does not expressly make the connection, the reader might well assume that the November 3 deposit copy would be found with an erratum slip. Fortunately, the Library of Congress still retains the original copyright deposit volume, and it does not contain an erratum slip or any evidence of one. Finally, the several book reviewers who examined the volume within the first several months did not report the existence of an erratum in the volumes which they were given to review.

The printing priority must ultimately be a matter of logical deduction because the only difference separating the three variant states is the presence or absence of the four transposed pages and the erratum slip. There are no other observable differences among the volumes, either in terms of text, pictures, or advertisements. We know that a correctly collated copy was available as early as October 28, and that the deposit copy in the Library of Congress could have been sent within a day or two from that same batch.

If one argues that the erratum state is the first edition, then one must argue that the transposed pages came off the press at the beginning and were corrected with an erratum slip, and then retained by the publisher for distribution after the corrected copy was

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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"You know that my life has abounded in crises and difficult situations. This trip has been, perhaps, not a crisis, but certainly has placed me in a position of extreme difficulty. Two or three

W. R. Duncan, a prominent business

## ERRATUM

The reader will please notice that page 268 is placed where 266 should be, and page 266 where 268 should be placed; otherwise the reading is perfect.

a pretty comfortable sense of my readiness to meet anybody who should be employed on the other side. But when I reached Mobile, I found there were two other suits connected with this, and involving the ownership, sale, and complicated rights of several parties to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

"After two days' skirmishing, the court ordered the three suits to be consolidated. The question I had prepared myself on passed wholly out of sight, and the whole entanglement of an insolvent railroad, twenty-five years old, and

**Fig. 3: This erratum slip is an identifying characteristic of the first edition as described in the Horatio Alger bibliographies of Gardner and Bennett.**

printed. This theory would have the publisher knowingly distributing the erratum copy to book dealers after the problem was corrected. Primacy of the erratum state is also premised on the usually correct notion that a defective copy always appears first in a print run and then is subsequently corrected. Although this sequence may be accurate for the majority of printing sequences, it is not invariably true. There are instances when the first run of a copy is perfect and subsequent runs, sometimes based on simultaneous printing from several presses using multiple type form settings, lead to defective copies being issued following the appearance of the first and correctly collated copies.

It is certainly possible that a work facing such high initial demand would be printed from several plates on simultaneously running presses. At the very least, we know that the transposed variant was not caused by improper folding of the signature, but rather by an incorrectly

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# AFTERMATH OF AN ERRATUM

(Continued from Page 7)

set type form. This conclusion was reached by experimenting with all of the folding options. Therefore, the type form was set at least twice, once incorrectly. If the type was set and re-set, and mounted on one or more presses, the true first edition might never be ascertained.

The existence of a dated publisher's copy which does not contain an erratum, coupled with the Library of Congress copy not containing the erratum, introduces new doubt about the conventional identification of the erratum copy as the first edition.

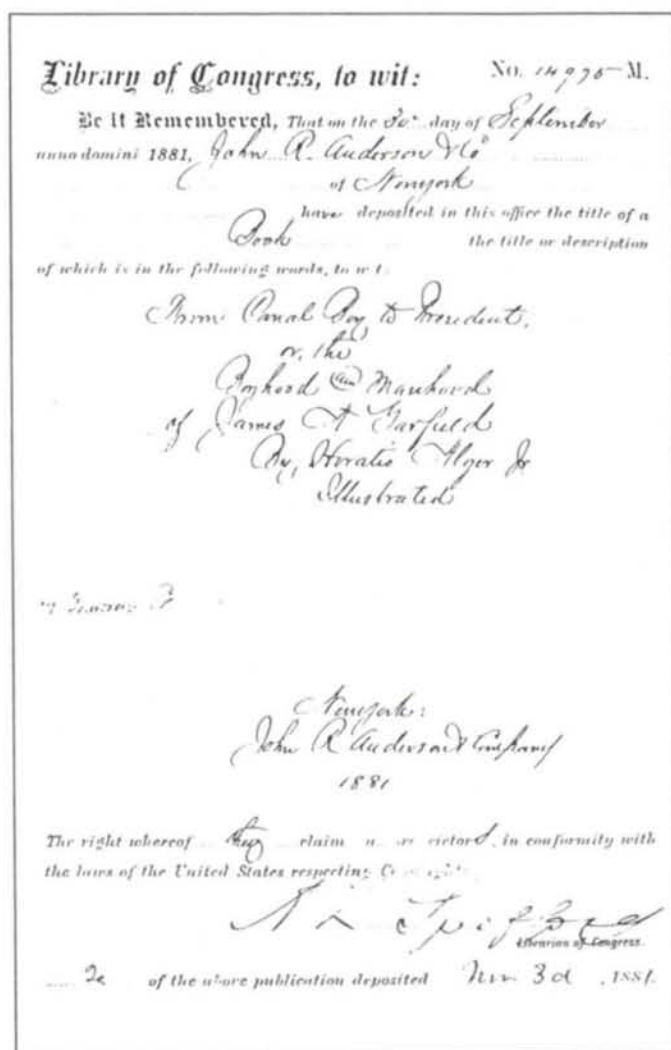
Another issue of some importance is whether or not a volume with transposed pages but not including an erratum slip precedes the volume in which an erratum slip is found. I would contend that the volume with transposed pages and without an erratum, and no evidence that there ever was one, is a candidate for first-edition honors because it escaped the corrective placement of erratum slip and, therefore, must have been distributed prior to detection. And the presence of an earlier presentation copy with the correct pagination and without an erratum slip, the same as found in the Library of Congress, further challenges the exact sequence of publication.

Since the printing sequence is unknown, and there is now substantial evidence which places in question the primacy of the erratum state, the true first edition status must be held in abeyance pending further research. If a copy with transposed pages and/or an erratum can be found with an inscription dated before October 28, 1881, then the question will be, for all practical purposes, resolved. In the meantime, more complexity has been introduced to this title and its bibliographic history.

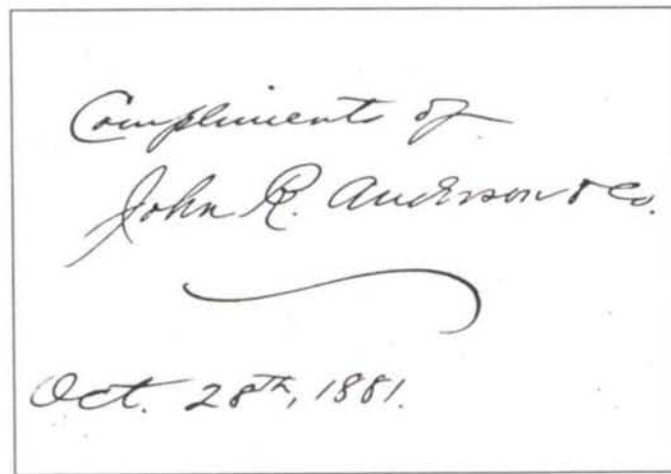
*Acknowledgments: I am grateful for the generous assistance of Jerry Friedland, Rob Kasper and Peter Walther.*

## NOTES:

1. Gary Scharnhorst and Jack Bales, *The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1985): 121-22, 185.
2. *Publishers' Weekly*. (October 1, 1881): 425.
3. *Publishers' Weekly*. (October 22, 1881): 530.
4. Ralph G. Gardner, *Road to Success: Bibliography of the Works of Horatio Alger* (Mendota, Illinois: Wayside Press, 1971); and Bob Bennett, *Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography*. (Mt. Pleasant, Michigan: Flying Eagle Publishing Co., 1980).



Ex. 4: Handwritten entry in the Library of Congress copyright register for *From Canal Boy to President*.



Ex. 5: Inscription in a copy of *From Canal Boy to President* from the publisher to a friend or book dealer dated Oct. 28, 1881. This copy contains neither transposed pages 266 and 268 nor an erratum slip.

Elizabeth, N.J. **Daily Journal**  
Monday, Sept. 11, 1905; p. 1

## DEATH OF LOUIS C. STRATEMEYER

Author of Several Anonymous Poems  
That Have Appeared in Print

Louis C. Stratemeyer, the well-known tobacco and cigar dealer, died last evening at 9 o'clock at the home of his mother, Mrs. Anna Stratemeyer, 24 Palmer street.

Mr. Stratemeyer was born November 28, 1856, in the building 212 Broad street, where for the past fourteen years he was manager of the store for his mother, since the death of her husband, Henry J. Stratemeyer.

The death of Mr. Stratemeyer will come as a surprise to his numerous friends in Elizabeth and elsewhere, although he had been ill for some time, and became gradually worse the past ten days. He began to sink rapidly last evening at 6 o'clock, and passed away without regaining consciousness.

Last fall Mr. Stratemeyer was taken ill, and for several weeks was a patient in the Elizabeth General Hospital, where he was

operated on for growth on the liver. He returned to the store a few weeks afterward, and continued to improve until about ten days ago, when he was suddenly stricken with illness during business hours, and was removed to his home, which he only left once to take a short walk.

Mr. Stratemeyer was a well-known musician and composer, and wrote a number of books pertaining to music. He also completed many songs and concert pieces and church music. He was characterized by extreme modesty, and wrote under an assumed name, although his intimate friends knew of his ability as a composer. For some of his work he obtained prizes. A number of his poems, with his name unattached, have from time to time appeared in the columns of the Journal. Of a number of poems written on the death of President McKinley, and forwarded to the Journal office, Mr. Stratemeyer's was the most meritorious, and was published. He was an admirer of President McKinley, and cast his ballot for him.

Mr. Stratemeyer was a member of the former Elizabeth City Band, which at one time had its headquarters in the present Public Library Building on South Broad street. He was graduated

from the Morrell street school.

Mr. Stratemeyer, in addition to his widowed mother to whom he gave unceasing attention, is survived by one sister, Mrs. Frederick L. Heidritter, and four brothers, Henry J., of Jersey City; George, of Honolulu; Maurice H., of this city; and Edward, of Newark, a well-known author.

There were few men in this city better known than Mr. Stratemeyer. His entire lifetime had been spent in this city, and he was thoroughly versed in the tobacco and cigar trade. His father, a well-known citizen, for nearly half a century conducted this business at 212 Broad street.

For a number of years past the store was the headquarters for members of former Company C. Phil Kearny Guard, of which Mr. Stratemeyer was formerly a member. He was a Democrat, but not a partisan.

Mr. Stratemeyer made and retained friends of all with whom he came in contact. He was a bachelor.

Funeral services, to be conducted by the Rev. Christian G. Fischer, of the German Lutheran Church, will be held this afternoon, and interment will take place in the family plot in Evergreen Cemetery.

## A Stratemeyer necrology

(Continued from Page 3)

you just visualize the family calling him Fred?) was a lumber merchant, possibly in Newark, Elizabeth or environs, and maybe even figures in *Two Young Lumbermen*.

A small digression at this juncture, if you please. It is patently obvious to any of us who correspond with Wallace Palmer that he knew Stratemeyer personally in the late 1920s, even visiting him at his home in Newark. His letters are redolent with memories of another age, of an individual who died before most of us were even born. As significant as any Stratemeyer article is these days, nothing can replace the uniqueness (as Dr. Henry

Pleasants coined it) of friendship and acquaintance. It is Mr. Palmer himself, rather than a truckload of academics, who should be writing a biography of Edward Stratemeyer, or at the very least, a monograph of personal remembrances. (For instance, to quote from his recent letter: "Edward Stratemeyer Also To Begin With, Priced His Classic Works At the Most Reasonable Figure Possible \* 60 Cents, Under-Selling The Other Lines By 15 Cents \* and He Always Made His Presentations Delightfully Attractive. He Told Me, Quite Proudly, That He Himself Had Designed The First Cover for The Mershon Rover Boys." See what I mean?) All of us should be grateful to him for his letters and all the information he

(Continued on Page 10)

## A Stratemeyer necrology

(Continued from Page 9)

imparts, which is unavailable anywhere else. We need to do what we can to jog his memory and to treat him as the national treasure that he is. Now I will descend from my soapbox and continue.

While at Evergreen I thought to reconnoiter a bit further. Alice Roll Hill, Edward's niece (you will recall that she was a beneficiary in his will; see *Newsboy*, November-December 1987), and her husband are not buried there, nor are Mr. and Mrs. Silas Van Camp, Stratemeyer's in-laws. The evidence of George Stratemeyer, who was interred in the senior Stratemeyer plot but in an unmarked grave (see Part I of this series) may now need to be reinterpreted.

I originally wrote that he was interred on August 29, 1954, having died of cholera at the age of 35 and speculated that he might have been Irving Stratemeyer's son. Yet a nagging doubt suggested otherwise. I wished to re-examine that citation, but during this recent visit I was not permitted an examination of the cemetery records.

As I remember from my first visit, George Stratemeyer's death seemed to be recorded in the record books more recently than some of the other death notices; in fact, the script itself suggested a ballpoint pen. Since all these citations appeared to be in chronological order, then might it be possible, I argued with myself, that the clerk made a transcription error many years later, but in its proper place at the head of the column, and that George's death was indeed not "1954" but "1854?"

It would conveniently fill up a lot of holes and pose a whole new set of possibilities. After mulling this over I am almost sure that is actually what happened. George Stratemeyer dying of cholera in 1854 fits what facts we know (cholera was extremely rare in the United States by 1954) and tends to support the family record of Julius Henry returning from the gold fields at that time. A little more of this farther down.

The original building of the Stratemeyer Tobacco Firm at 212 Broad Street in Elizabeth still stands (I think), although if the buildings have been renumbered over the years then this one would have been, too. The address is on your right as you drive beneath a high trestle going into the city, very possibly the locale where Stratemeyer himself, after ascending a flight of steps, took the train to New York. The building at 212 Broad Street stands between the trestle and West Grand Street, and it currently houses a China Express restaurant. I rather think that it's the final structure of the block, near said trestle.

To pick up the threads of my former assertion that the "George Stratemeyer" in question was interred in 1854 rather than 1954: Julius, or Henry Julius, as the bachelor brother was known, was of course the one who went to

the gold fields, returning when word reached him of George's death in New Jersey. Maurice, or Miratz, the third child, was born in October 1854, two months after the death of his father. However, who was the George F. Stratemeyer who died of "summer complaint" at the age of three months and was interred Sept. 25, "1954?" Applying strictures of "ballpoint pen reasoning," which I recall being just as valid in this instance, then the date similarly could be read as "1854" and not as we have it. He could hardly have been Anna Stratemeyer's son as she already had a George of her own, aged approximately 2 years. I really just don't know, and I hope you choose not to accuse me of "Disproving Walther so that I may prove Walther."

If, indeed, the dates can be interpreted as 1854 rather than 1954, as I'm inclined to do, then we go some distance in unraveling the Stratemeyer Sibling Tangle and clarifying the paternalistic roles both Stratemeyer brothers played in raising ostensibly the same families. Edward, no doubt recalling his father's stories of the gold field days, may have used some of this raw material for his *Pioneer Boys of the Gold Fields*. In light of this possibility a reading, or rereading, of said volume might well prove illuminating.

When Henry Julius Stratemeyer returned from California and married his widowed sister-in-law, three more children were added to the family. Their vital statistics are as follows:

Louis C. Stratemeyer

November 28, 1856 — September 10, 1905

Anna R. Stratemeyer Heidritter

January 10, 1859 — July 6, 1923

Edward L. Stratemeyer

October 4, 1862 — May 10, 1930

Accompanying this little article (see Page 9) is the obituary of Louis C. Stratemeyer that was published in the Monday, Sept. 11, 1905 edition of the *Elizabeth Daily Journal*. It should prove interesting to most all of you as it provides some foundation for a writing career of which we know little or nothing. It also now clarifies that brother George Stratemeyer had moved to Honolulu. No wonder I could find nothing on him. Quite possibly he lived out his days in Hawaii and his descendants still reside there. Also information on Maurice is marginally more satisfying, we still know next to nothing about his two brothers George and Henry, especially the former.

I have at long last reached my end. The French philosopher and moralist Joseph Joubert wrote that "Children Need Models Rather Than Critics." For all of us, Edward Stratemeyer certainly fit the standard.

So does Wallace Palmer.

# Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

By Percy K. Fitzhugh  
Illustrated by Bert Salg

## CONCLUSION

INSTANTLY something happened. There was a quick sound below, a muffled oath, a hoarse warning, then a splash. "Keep your head down," a voice said.

The next thing that the startled Pee-Wee was conscious of was a shadowy form rising out of dark water and floundering forward, presumably through the bordering mud, where it was merged in the heavy darkness. The other fleeing figure he did not see at all, but he heard the crackle of branches somewhere, and sensed rather than heard the flight of something into the woods. Sammy stood well balanced on the narrow footway, glancing about in utter dismay.

"Did you have a pistol?" he asked.

"Why do you want to know?" asked Pee-Wee.

"Because you told them to throw up their hands, and they escaped," said Sammy. "One of them jumped out of the boat and swam. There's nobody down there now."

"I was talking to you," said the amazed Pee-Wee, "but anyway it counts just as much for telling them to throw up their hands just the same because I'm the one that said it. And anyway it serves them right."

It must be confessed that never before had an authoritative command from Pee-Wee met with such instant response. No sooner had the sinister pair below heard that appalling order than they made a precipitate exit from their blockaded craft, nor paused to consider the difficulties of getting to shore. They plunged frantically into the stream, keeping below water as much as possible, and managed under cover of darkness, to plod through the muddy flats to the solid shore.

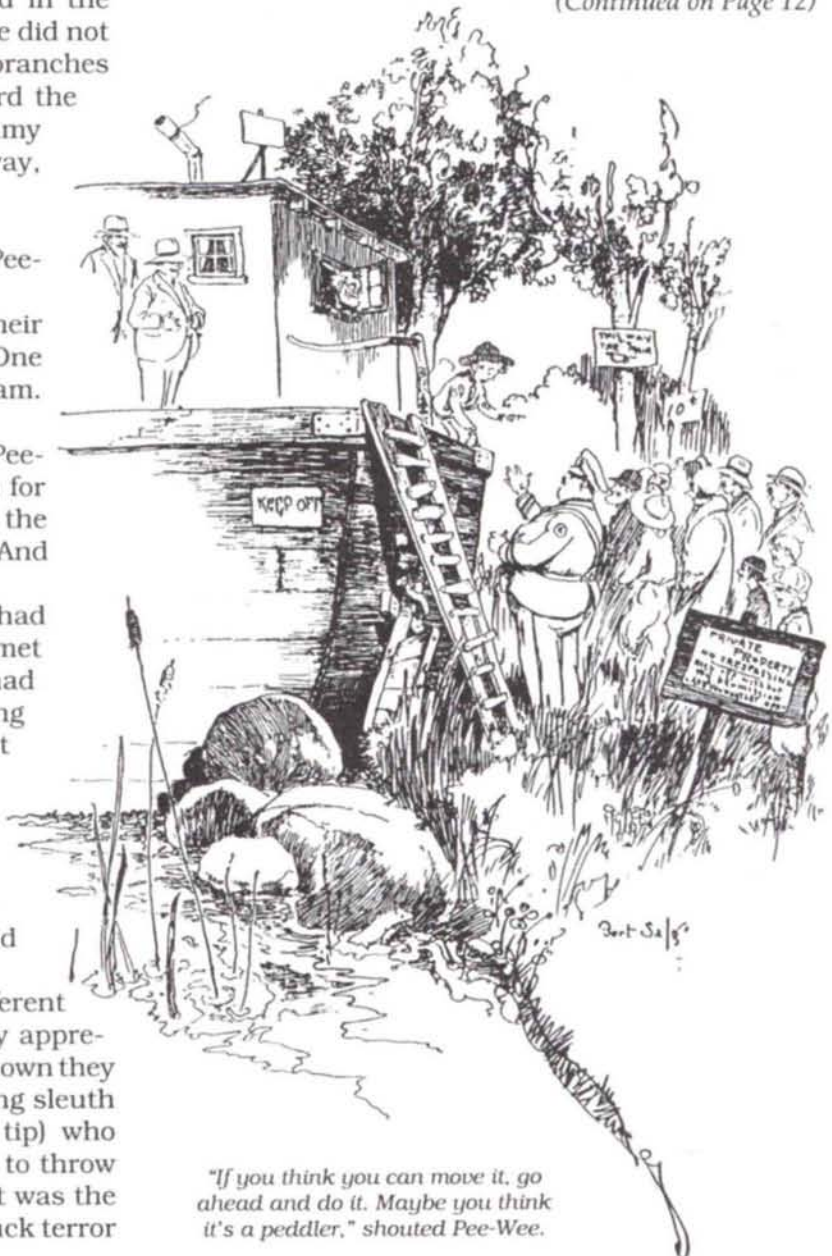
Thence they proceeded pell-mell in different directions panic stricken and haunted by apprehensions of a pistol shot. And so far as is known they believe to this day that it was some waiting sleuth above (concealed on the strength of a tip) who surprised them with the stern command to throw up their hands. But history knows that it was the terrible voice of Pee-Wee Harris which struck terror

to their guilty souls and sent them off in quaking flight.

"And I'm the one that circum—circum—baffled them," said Pee-Wee, scooping up the glory in large shovelfuls, "because I'm the one that made the barge stick here, I can prove it, because I'm the one that burned the rope in half with my torch and then the barge floated down here, so I'm the one that circumstanced — I mean *rented* them. So now you see what Scouting is."

Sammy was astonished at this reasoning, but not annoyed. He had come to believe that there is no

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"If you think you can move it, go ahead and do it. Maybe you think it's a peddler," shouted Pee-Wee.

## Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

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rest for the wicked nor peace for the weary, day or night.

"Now we have to get down and see the boat," Pee-Wee said; "so we'll get that ladder, hey?"

He had not overlooked the hooked ladder when he had first cast a delighted eye over the barge, and now they hauled this out and hung it over the side above the boat which was bobbing against the hull below.

In these matters Sammy was quite as ready and alert as Pee-Wee. He was accustomed to doing such work on a barge as a boy could do.

"It's good the tide is low and running out," he said, "or the boat would float away. Now you see, it's better than if we'd followed them."

"Anyway I scared 'em," said Pee-Wee.

THERE was nothing in the boat, but just outside it on a muddy mount which bespoke the last ripples of the ebbing water, was a metal box. This they took up to the deck house, and examined it by the light of the lamp. Printed in gilt letters on its cover were the words,

### SKINNER'S GARAGE petty cash

But the box contained much more than petty cash. For Skinner's Garage was a large establishment, and a couple of dozen little envelopes in the box showed it to contain the payroll. They were sealed, and the boys did not open them. If they had done so they would have found that the sum they had rescued was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

It seemed that wonders would never cease where Pee-Wee was concerned, and Sammy gazed upon these little brown containers with awe. He was almost afraid to go to bed again with this receptacle of fabulous wealth in their possession.

"I'm going to call up Mr. Skinner in the morning and tell him," said Pee-Wee. "Gee whiz, it's good I shouted, hey?"

"It's good I nearly tumbled over," said Sammy.

"I'm the one that shouted *hands up*," said Pee-Wee.

"I'm the one that made you," said Sammy.

"Now you see what happens when you stick to me," said Pee-Wee.

Indeed, things happened so thick and fast as soon as they were up in the morning that the

Skinner payroll was all but forgotten. Poor old Pop Rossey, utterly unable to comprehend the moving panorama of events, stood by bewildered and watched with aged and blinking eyes the motley comedy, which began on that bright spring morning as a sort of afterpiece to the fiery drama of the night before.

AS PEE-WEE emerged on deck, still rubbing his sleepy eyes, he hardly knew, himself, whether the incident of the baffled and fugitive thieves was true or only a heroic dream. Had he really called "*Throw your hands up*"? Had he really recovered the stolen payroll of Skinner's Garage?

As his chubby countenance puckered into his well-known frown while he cogitated upon these marvels, a strange sight met his view. Evidently the thieves had stolen the old historic bridge also. For on gazing down the river Pee-Wee did not see it. Then, suddenly he remembered its dramatic end. How strange the river down below looked without that picturesque old span.

But what astonished Pee-Wee and gave him a divine inspiration was something close at hand. He was indeed standing upon a makeshift bridge on which the former deck-house of the barge *Colbert C. Rossey* was like a little tool-gate or tender's booth at one end. And there, in the broad daylight at the other end, was the Community House of East Village, flauntingly bedecked with streamers and festoons of electric bulbs, ready for the great event. The adjacent lawn was brave with booths and paper lanterns. A rope rail enclosed the whole grounds with only one break where a pretty little box office awaited the surging throngs.

Vain, thrice vain preparations! For who, of all Bridgeboro's expected merrymakers and spenders, could visit this enchanted scene except by courtesy of the redoubtable Scout who now trod the quarter-deck of his majestic craft, master of the situation?

"I got a dandy idea! I got a dandy idea!" he shouted.

The simple Sammy wondered what adventure or demonstration of Scouting was pending now. Poor old Pop Rossey seemed bewildered and willing to let this little human dynamo command.

"Will they make trouble for us?" the old man ventured to ask. "I'm wonderin' how we're going to get out of this. We're jammed in at both ends. Now wouldn't ye say that was queer? Ye know, Sammy, this old barge is kinder pesky."

"We're the ones that are going to make trouble!" Pee-Wee shouted. "Now we're going to show them. We don't want to get out of this — *gee whiz*, we want

to stay in it. Now they'll see. *Now* it's going to cost everybody twenty-five cents."

**T**HIS sudden flare-up of the commercial spirit on the part of the redoubtable champion of the primitive life quite staggered Sammy. As for poor old Pop Rossey, he could only gaze, blinking his aged eyes, at the tumultuous activities which were set in motion on his own barge.

At all events he was relieved of all responsibility. Pee-Wee would "handle" the girls, the police, everybody. He could be likened to a merry-go-round gone utterly mad. The poor old man's one fear seemed to be that in some way he would again run foul of the law.

"We ain't got no right to block up the river," he said anxiously.

But Pee-Wee, who had been boy mayor for a day in Bridgeboro, reassured him in the matter of these technicalities. "Gee whiz, they can't tell you to move on when you can't move on, can they? Let 'em go bother with parked autos, gee—eee whiz! Anyway, nobody ever comes up here but fellers and girls in canoes and anyway, I know them all. If Charlie Halstead comes up with Westy Martin's sister they can turn around and go back again; anyway all they want to do is read poetry, they make me sick. Let 'em turn around and go back again."

It seemed altogether likely that this is what they would have to do if they paddled up the river, for sentimental purposes. And the police would be equally helpless. For the barge was there because it was there. You cannot argue with a grounded barge, nor shove it and order it to move on.

It even looked as if the incoming tide would not be able to budge it. The gods had done a good job, for one of those old planks down by the keel (which had been the subject of official phraseology) had sprung a leak, and Pee-Wee had the vast cavernous hold about one-third full of water as an ally. Yet even at flood the footways and the deck would be above water. Assuredly the gods had treated Pee-Wee better than had the fair maidens of East Village.

"Especially my sister," he said, "and I'm glad of it. Now they got to come on private property to come across." Indeed, it looked as if they would have to "come across" but in a different sense than Pee-Wee had intended.

In the deck-house he almost tore open the brief case, in which had occurred the bloody clash between the pictures and the tomatoes, while Sammy watched him apprehensively. For he feared, as his grandfather did, the imminent hostilities between Pee-Wee and the maidens of the bazaar. He was

almost panic-stricken at the blustering high-handedness of his friend.

"Now they'll see" said Pee-Wee darkly. "Come on, now you got to help me."

Pouring his whole collection of large cards out on the table he proceeded to decorate the backs of them with proclamations of a highly dictatorial character, done in flaring crayon and liberally besprinkled with exclamation marks. Sammy could only follow him, carrying his share of these menacing posters out onto the deck and handing them one by one to the irrepressible Scout who proceeded to fasten them on trees, on the outside of the deck-house, on the back of the rough bench, and, indeed, wherever one could be displayed.

The poor old *Colbert C. Rossey* seemed gay with new life. Condemned though it was, it spoke defiance. Lying lowly and logy in this its final bed, it warned, it threatened, and coyly invited the baffled guests of the bazaar to partake of its transient hospitality—for a price. The old barge was going out in a blaze of glory.

**T**HE first arrivals at this astonishing scene were Roy Blakeley and El Sawyer, who having inspected the site of the old bridge had hiked up through the woods to ascertain the meaning of the long black thing which they had seen a little distance upstream.

At the site of the old structure they had found nothing but a few people gazing at the spot where the bridge had stood. Three stumpy pedestals of granite masonry were all that remained of the old historic landmark. The destruction had been complete; there seemed to be no debris at all. In the exposed flats were a few charred fragments which would float away on the incoming tide. The fine old three-arch bridge was a thing of the past.

"Hey, kid, what's the idea?" called Roy. "Are you stopping for the red light? Give her the gas."

It was no time for airy nonsense, with Pee-Wee standing on the roof of the deck-house.

"Look at the signs, will you," said El Sawyer.

"Yes, and you better read what they say, too," thundered Pee-Wee, "and you better keep off of here because it's private property absolutely positively no trespassing. And you needn't start a lot of crazy talk about united we stand because I'm united all by myself, and if you want to do a good turn like Scouts are supposed to do to be good citizens you can go up to town and go to Skinner's Garage and tell Mr. Skinner I've got his payroll that I got from the bandits (he gave the word tremendous emphasis)

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## Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 13)

and he better come down here and get it, cause I got important business and I can't go away. And you can telephone my father and tell him I'm not going down the river to New York because maybe I'll be here three or four days — and you can tell my sister she thinks she's so smart, and you can tell my mother to send some sausages, and if you bring the sausages maybe I'll let you come on."

"That'll be glad news for the Harris family," said El. "Couldn't you make it three or four weeks? Do a good turn yourself."

But this was ghastly mirth under the circumstances.

"Hey kid," called Roy. "Honest, we came down here to tell you Skinner's was robbed last night and —"

"I know it, I know it, I got the payroll," screamed Pee-Wee. "You tell him to come down here. I circum — baffled the *thugs!* You tell him to come down here on account of I have important business."

For a moment these two morning visitors paused, and they offered no more bantering repartee. For the robbery of Skinner's Garage had caused a minor sensation, even after the major disaster of the fire. These boys had not expected to hear the sequel of it from Pee-Wee. Nor did they, save what they might deduce from his thundering announcement.

"What's he talking about?" El asked in an undertone.

But Pee-Wee overheard him. "I know what I'm talking about and it's more than you can say," he shouted; "you and all your Patrol, especially the Ravens too. I shouted PUT YOUR HANDS UP, and it doesn't count who I shouted it at, and I got the box and I can prove it. So you needn't stand there talking and saying 'no sooner said that stung' because it was the BANDITS that got stung!"

It seemed to this merry pair that more could be accomplished by imparting this astonishing news to Mr. Skinner than by "kidding" Pee-Wee. For one thing Pee-Wee talked too loud and fast to permit the usual banter. So they betook themselves away after their brief and inglorious skirmish.

And Sammy, who had stood by laughing, approached the hero with a diffident suggestion. It was a thought born of his knowledge of the ever constant tides, the one thing about the great outdoors which he seemed to know thoroughly. He had early learned to figure on the tides. At the stone quarry on Staten Island, at the cement yards in East River, at the dumping ground down the bay, he had

figured the ebb and flow. He knew how much water the old Colbert C. Rossey needed to get away from Calahan's Dock. Yet he approached the mighty Scout modestly, as became a poor little boy who was going to an orphan asylum.

"Listen," he said, "the tide is coming in. It's flowing strong now."

"I should worry about it," said Pee-Wee disdainfully. "Because anyway the barge won't move; it's grounded like your Pop says. Gee whiz, he knows."

"Yes, but all the pieces of boards and sticks and everything from the bridge; won't they drift up against the barge. There's lots of them downstream only we don't see them now. They'll all be floating up here soon. We can even pick them up at high water. Nobody else can get them."

"Who wants them?" scorned Pee-Wee.

"Could we—maybe could we make windmills and things, maybe even little bridges from the same wood that comes from the old bridge? You said they have pictures of the bridge on postcards. Maybe those would be good souvenirs, hey?"

Pee-Wee was too dumbfounded to speak; he only stared. Then he uttered the longest "Oh boy" that he had ever uttered. It took him a full half a minute to get it clear of his mouth. "Now we got a fortune," he concluded. "Now even we can't get enough of them. We'll have real things made from the old historic bridge. Oh, boy!"

Together they hurried along the footway on the downstream side and kneeled on the narrow boards, looking down at the incoming water. Behind them the gaping hold was about half full of water, but old Pop Rossey had hung his ladder here in case of accident.

"Don't lean back," said Sammy.

The tide was flowing in, slowly rolling its way over the flanking flats, like a coverlet. It rippled up these muddy beaches, and made the river wider under the eyes of these two watchers. They watched a bit of rock slowly disappear, showing less and less until only a pinhead of shiny black remained. Then it was gone.

MANY times had that hapless pair, old Pop Rossey and his grandson, waited for the tide, which waits for no man. Many times had it left them stranded in the sordid haunts of their dirty old barge. But never had it done them a better turn than now. For, upon its rippling broadening surface, it carried back upstream a myriad of fragments of the old historic bridge; fragments small and large, which it had borne southward on its eager, hurrying journey and picked up on its way back up this quiet

winding stream. And it laid them against the high, blackened hull of the old Colbert C. Rossey, as if to say, "Here, these are for you, to make such use of as you can. They come from the old historic bridge at Bridgeboro."

In the merry rippling of the incoming water these fragments knocked against the blackened hull, as if one ruin were speaking to another.

"By noon-time we can reach them with our hands," said Sammy.

But even at this astounding news old Pop Rossey did not lose his aged poise.

He sat himself down to sharpen his two knives on a whetstone, and meanwhile Pee-Wee and Sammy emerged on deck to find a merry company on the shore below. It was a miscellaneous assemblage, hardly less interested (and much more curious) than the throng which had watched the old bridge go up in flames.

"Don't say anything to them," Pee-Wee whispered. "The first thing you know somebody'll come out in a boat and gather up a lot of wood; we don't want any what d'you call it, competition."

MR. SKINNER was there, and Doctor Harris with his daughter Elsie; also Bridgeboro's martial police chief with one of his men; also about ten Boy Scouts. Roy and El Sawyer had certainly



"Don't fail to get your souvenirs of the old bridge," Pee-Wee roared. "You can't get 'em anywhere else because we got all the wood!"

aroused curiosity over Pee-Wee's latest triumph. Chief McNabber scrutinized the end of the barge, poked his head around here and there, and even kicked the stalwart hull in a kind of exploring way with his foot. He seemed on the point of giving a ticket.

Pee-Wee, from his lofty throne, anticipated him. "If you think you can move it go ahead and do it," said he.

"Maybe you think it's a peddler," he added, with delicate irony.

Doctor Harris seemed lost in unholy mirth as he gazed upon a poster which was fastened

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## Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

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to the stern.

**PRIVATE PROPERTY  
NO TRESPASSING  
Keep off without my permission  
And you won't get it**

On another one a highly realistic human hand done in black crayon pointed to the opposite shore with the accompanying words, THIS WAY TO THE BAZAAR TEN CENTS. Another sign warned the lawless that "Trespassers will be strictly persecuted under penalty of law." On another card was the garish reminder, "The only way unless you swim."

"Did you ever see such a thing," said Elsie to her hilarious father. "How on earth are people going to walk along that? Oh, I think it's just *awful* and the bazaar opens to-morrow."

"Nobody's asking you to walk across," said Pee-Wee; "you can fly across in an airplane if you want to. Or you can go down to Southvale and cross over there. A lot I should worry about you because you wouldn't let a poor old man sell things in your bazaar, so now you see how I'm always lucky, and Mr. Skinner can come up here because I got his box that the men stole. Hey, Mr. Skinner, you can come up on private property if you want to — you needn't be scared."

THE approach to this makeshift bridge had not yet been made easy by a slanting board, and everyone except Elsie scrambled up. Pee-Wee subsided into a kind of passive submission to this invasion, partly because the bazaar was not yet open, but mostly because he wished the multitude to witness his restoration of the Skinner cash box to its rightful owner. The police snooped about as if hunting for something they could object to. Old Pop Rossey was greatly frightened by their presence.

Meanwhile two men, carrying between them a wicker basket as big as a trunk, came trudging through the woods. They had left a business car down on the road near the site of the old bridge. On this car was printed,

### SWEETSER THE CATERER

The hamper borne by these stalwart pall-bearers was only one of several to be fetched later containing a variety of toothsome delights for which Sweetser was famous.

"Hey, can we get across with this thing?" one of them asked.

Here was a test case. Doctor Harris and his group waited, smiling. Even the Scouts were silent. Mr. Skinner's face beamed with a mischievous grin; but then he had his precious payroll. Poor old Pop Rossey stood among them seeming very old and bent and shabby beside these merry gentlemen.

"Of course you can," said Elsie, standing on the shore. "But you'll have to be *dreadfully* careful. You'll have to walk along on one of those narrow passages."

"That's all right, Miss," said one of the men.

Just then a female voice arose in the familiar *yoo-hoo* from the opposite shore. And Elsie gave an answering *yoo-hoo*.

"Oh, it's Emily Dorlin," she carolled gaily.

"Let them bring it over," called Emily.

"They're coming," her community colleague called back.

But like the soldiers on the Marne they did not pass. For Pee-Wee Harris, flanked by the trembling Sammy, stood in their path directly under one of his warning signs. And the sturdy arm which Emily Dorlin had grasped so tenderly was raised in heroic menace. "And I'm sure that some day he'll do something really big," she had said. "I just know that he'll surprise us all."

"You can't go across without paying ten cents," Pee-Wee thundered. "And it's a collection for somebody else," he added.

"I never heard anything so perfectly ridiculous," said Elsie.

JUST then the altercation was interrupted by a boarding party from the forward end of the barge. How they had scaled the tall hull Pee-Wee did not know, but they came tripping aft, a whole group of excited maidens headed by the executive and public spirit, Emily Dorlin. One of them wore a kitchen apron; she had evidently been expressing her community spirit in the new kitchen. Another carried a large wooden spoon which, perchance, she had forgotten to lay aside in her excitement. Still another (mistress of Milady's Booth) bore an embroidery hoop, with a gaudy pennant of silken stuff dangling from it.

Of course Pee-Wee was not to be disconcerted by any such war-like implements as these, and he contemplated the onrush of this storming party with lofty scorn.

"Isn't this just *providential!*" chirped Miss Dorlin, "to have this old scow. Let them bring the hamper right up."

"They have to pay ten cents," shouted Pee-Wee;

this is private property and nobody can go over to the bazaar without paying their toll — even, even the President of the United States can't. I said I was going to stick up for Pop Rossey and so I am, and anybody that pushes him or shoves him on private property (he gave a side glance at the policemen) had better look out what he's doing, and girls too when all they can do is laugh and giggle when I want to do a good turn — *now they'll see!* Now they'll see with their old community bazaar!"

"Papa, will you make him let these men go across?" Elsie pleaded in high exasperation. "They've got things for the bazaar. They can't leave them here."

"They can if they want to and we'll eat 'em," Pee-Wee roared.

"Papa, will you please help them lift the hamper up?" the girl begged, her patience all but exhausted.

"It's private property, Elsie," said Doctor Harris. "I don't see what I can do; I don't own this barge, you know."

He was laughing so hard he found it impossible to say more. As for Mr. Skinner, he sat on the old bench outside the deckhouse, holding his precious tin box on his lap like a baby, and swayed back and forth in a perfect paroxysm of mirth.

"*Now they'll see. Now they'll see,*" roared Pee-Wee.

**R**OY BLAKELEY did not make any pretense of sitting down to laugh in comfort. He lay flat on the deck screaming, "Let me die in peace! Pee-Wee's going to wrap up East Village and send it home! Please excuse me while I faint about six times!"

The rest of them were not much better. Even the men from Sweetser's laughed. "What are we going to do?" one of them asked.

"Pay the ten cents and charge it up to the bazaar," gasped Mr. Skinner, of Skinner's Garage. "What—what—what—else—can you do?"

"It's really *preposterous*, Doctor Harris," chirped

Emily Dorlin, genius of the Community Bazaar. "The loss of the bridge is tragic, but fortunately there is a way —"

"There's only one way that I can see," laughed Doctor Harris, "Or rather, I should say, three ways. Fortunately, as you were about to say, this old hulk makes a very passable bridge —"

"For the reckless spenders of Bridgeboro," chuckled Mr. Skinner.

"For everybody that wants people to go to their bazaar," Pee-Wee roared. "And all they could do is laugh at me —"

"Now see here," said Doctor Harris, putting one arm about the irrepressible Pee-Wee and

laying the other on the shoulder of Pop Rossey, who seemed but dimly conscious of the purport of the rumpus.

"Everybody listen, including you young ladies."

"I can't listen, I'm unconscious," blurted Mr. Skinner, backsliding into uncontrollable merriment. "Go on."

"We can call up the state authorities, the Waterways Commission or whatever they call it, and they'd come up in jig time and dynamite this old scow —"

"It's a barge," Pee-Wee screamed, "and I had a lot of fun on it,"

"All right then," said his father in high good humor, "they'll dynamite it because it's obstructing a river and that will be the end of it. That will be the end of Bridgeboro's patronage at the bazaar —"

"It would serve 'em right!" shouted Pee-Wee.

"Atta boy," shouted Warde Hollister.

"Hurrah for the Animal Cracker," shouted Roy.

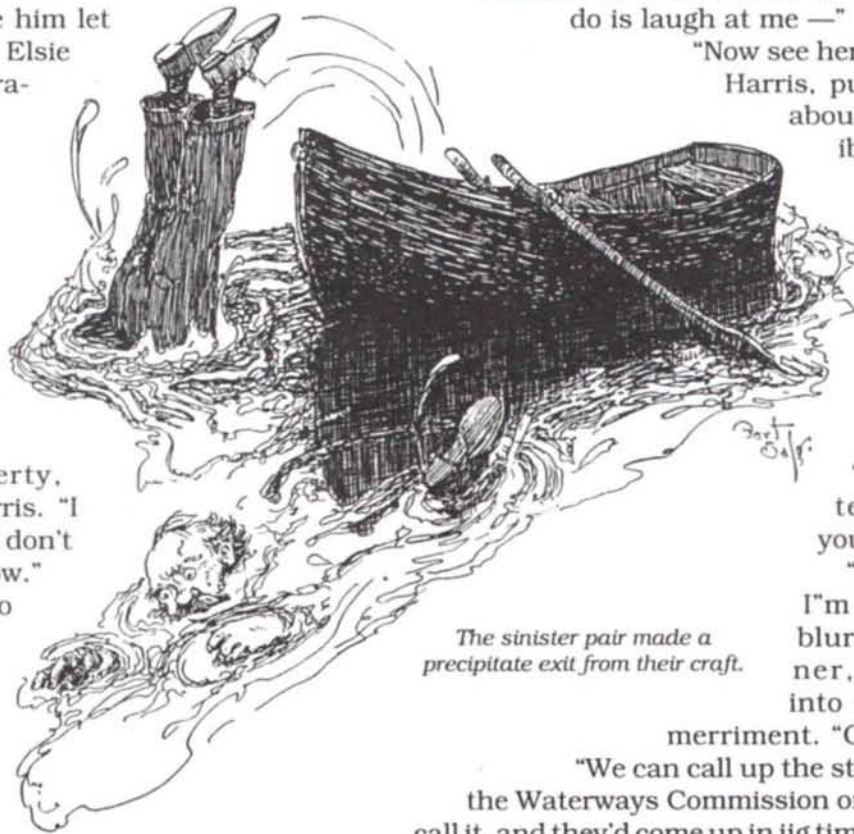
"Why not dynamite Pee-Wee too?" shouted Westy.

"He's a stick of dynamite himself," shouted Dorry Benton.

"United we stand —"

"*Will you shut up!*" bellowed Pee-Wee. "While I'm

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*The sinister pair made a precipitate exit from their craft.*

## Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

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doing a good turn."

"Now another way," said Doctor Harris, "would be for every body who crosses here to pay ten cents, on account of it being on private property. There's no doubt about that."

"I can prove it." Pee-Wee screamed.

"Speak a little louder so we can hear you," said Roy. "We're deaf in both eyes."

"A Scout is stealthy, he can never be heard," said Vic Norris. "He's as silent as a couple of earthquakes."

Doctor Harris waited good-humoredly, patiently. "And the there's another way," said he "And that is to have an armistice —"

"I'm going to be the one to make it," Pee-Wee shouted.

"Make a couple," shouted Roy.

"Have a League of Notions," shouted Hunt Ward.

"That would be," said Doctor Harris, "to invite this old gentleman—now please wait till I finish—to invite this old gentleman and his grandson, who are Walter's friends, to sell their ornaments at the bazaar —"

"Wait till you hear about the ornaments," shouted Pee-Wee. "Wait till you see them—that's all I say."

"We really never meant to be unkind," chirped Miss Emily Dorlin.

"It seemed such a *perfectly huge joke*," carolled another girl.

"It's a joke all right," said Mr. Skinner of Skinner's Garage.

"We didn't want outside people —" another girl began, a little flustered.

"We didn't want people peddling on the grounds," said Elsie.

"In other words," said Doctor Harris, answering them all, "you didn't want to do a good turn. Well, it isn't too late for you to be good sports now — good Scouts. He laughs best who laughs last. This youngster went over there and asked you to join him in a good turn, the kind of thing that Scouts do — and you laughed."

"I'm sure we didn't make *perfect sights* of ourselves as Mr. Skinner is doing," said Elsie.

"Now look here," said Mr. Skinner, jumping to his feet and making a supreme effort to control his mirth. "Walter Harris shouted *hands up*. He didn't know who it would hit, but it hit a couple of robbers. Now it's time for you young ladies of East Village to throw up your hands. There's no disgrace in honorable surrender. And to show you that I'm a good

Scout too, I'll send a man over today to put up a booth for Mr. Rossey and his two boys, where they can sell gew-gaws and where Walter can shout till he's black in the face."

"For three days I'll shout," roared Pee-Wee. "And every night till ten o'clock. And wait till you see the things we sell — just you wait," he said darkly. "Everybody better come, that's all I say. And anyway you can bet Pop Rossey and Sammy and I are going to stick together because now we're kind of pals like."

"United you stand —" began Roy. But that was as far as he got, for an apple which Pee-Wee had just taken from his pocket, and from which he had taken one huge initial bite, sailed down and landed plunk in the merry face of the leader of the Silver Foxes.

"A Scout is always generous," said Roy, taking a second bite as he picked it up. "He shares everything with his comrades like it says in the footbook, page forty-seven."

**N**EEDLESS to say before the day was over the old barge *Colbert C. Rossey* was bedecked with flaunting apparel harmonious with the grand bazaar. For the young ladies of East Village were not slackers in the matter of gala decoration, even if they had fallen in the matter of good turns. The old barge was soon as gay as their laughter had been on that occasion when the sturdy little Scout had thundered his request to heedless ears. Festoons of multi-colored lanterns were strung to guide the pleasure-seekers of Bridgeboro along the narrow footways to the welcoming box office on shore where Pee-Wee's Scout comrades presided. Truly indeed, the obsequies of the old *Colbert C. Rossey* were being gaily celebrated.

Streamers of bunting enlivened the little deck-house in which, through all that day and well into the night, old Pop Rossey was mysteriously engaged with his magic jack-knife. Oblivious to the festive preparations being made outside, he sat in a billowy ocean of shavings, while Sammy painted windmills, boats and even miniature bridges, laying each one tenderly upon the table where they made a motley array. No screws or nails were used by Pop Rossey, his little marvels being held together by wooden pegs, products of his own deft and cunning hands. The young ladies who tripped about on the old barge were too engrossed to watch or to ask questions. Now and then Pee-Wee made a mysterious trip from the barge's side bringing soaked fragments of wood which were dried on the deck-house stove.

"Why don't you go to the sawmills for wood?" his

cousin Alice casually asked.

"Because you'll see," said Pee-Wee darkly.

And so, in the fulness of time, the grand Community Bazaar opened, and they did see. They also *heard*. For outside the most pretentious booth on the grounds (thanks to Mr. Skinner of Skinner's Garage) stood Pee-Wee Harris, Scout of Scouts and genius of good turns. He was a vision of primitive hardihood in his khaki regalia as he stood there (appropriately on a wooden cracker box) waving his hat seductively to the loitering throngs and directing their attention to a mammoth sign on canvas above his head.

**VISIT OLD POP ROSSEY  
(The Old Whaler)**

**And get a real hand-made  
souvenir of the historic  
bridge. They are made of  
the REAL wood from the**

**OLD HISTORIC BRIDGE**

**Step in and see him make them  
with his own hands that killed**

**REAL WHALES  
Positively Guaranteed**

**REAL! REAL! REAL!**

**The Same Lumber**

But no sign could compete with Pee-Wee's tongue as he stood there, triumphing over everything and everybody, and casting scornful glances down at Emily Dorlin and Cousin Alice as they tried vainly to beguile the interested throng to other centers of temptation. For alas, Milady's Booth stood deserted and forlorn, its silken and scented handwork unclaimed.

"Don't fail to get your souvenirs of the old bridge," Pee-Wee roared at the top of his voice. "You can't get 'em anywhere else because we got all the wood. Oo—oo—oh! Come in and have a look at Pop Rossey who got wrecked and went around Cape Horn and was in a *real mutiny!* Come in and see him carve 'em out. He sold things even in Austria — I mean Australia *fifty* years ago — even longer ago than that. *He makes 'em by hand.* Every piece came from the old historical bridge that you won't see anymore. Now's your only chance to shake hands with a man that was

in a *mutiny* and got put in *irons*. Come in and meet him, he killed whales even sharks. Even he didn't get eaten up by cannibals once!"

**T**HE "OLD SAILOR'S WORKSHOP" was the sensation of the Bazaar. The unique souvenirs sold like hot cakes, as the saying is. Pee-Wee had never seen any hot cakes go so fast, and he knew all about hot cakes. If you should visit Bridgeboro now you would see a specimen of this wondrous handiwork in almost every home; people pay five and even ten dollars each for these original mementos.

And, of course, old Pop Rossey who "didn't get eaten up by cannibals" didn't go to an Old Man's Home either? Far from it. Not with such friends as the Scout of Scouts, and Mr. Skinner of Skinner's Garage. For Mr. Skinner was on the Commission that built the horrible steel drawbridge which replaced the old historic structure, and Pop Rossey is now bridge tender of the new bridge. He never went back to New York at all. He lives in a little shack at the Bridgeboro end which seems not unlike the deck-house of his old barge. And there Sammy lives too, after the narrowest squeak that a boy ever had from going to an Orphan Asylum. He and Pee-Wee are starting a new Patrol, but that is another matter.

One day, shortly after the Bazaar, Roy Blakeley and his hilarious cohorts were down at the river watching the men taking down the granite pedestals of the old bridge. At intervals, they were jollyng Pee-Wee, while Sammy stood by, smiling that diffident smile of his, which had made him a favorite with them all.

"Why don't you name your new Patrol the 'Mud Turtles'?" asked Roy. "You know all about turtles, and you got stuck in mud."

"Name it the Crabs," said Vic Norris, "because when you were on the water you went sideways."

"Never you mind what we name it," said Pee-Wee, with his darkest frown. "Anyway it's going to be a secret what we name it, and neither one of us will tell so—"

"United you stand, divided—"

"Will you *shut up!*" Pee-Wee roared. "Ten hundred thousand billion quadrillion times I heard you say it and it hasn't got any sense to it about sprawling, and it shows what fools you are in front of a new feller that's joining the Scouts how you make him think Scouts are crazy telling him if you fall down and knock your head and see stars you're a star Scout, gee-eee whiz! And when he falls for that you tell him *no sooner said than stung* like you said

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## President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

dering what other characters or pseudonyms have originally appeared in print only to show up in a later work or series.

For no particular reason, I'd like to compile a list of such situations from juvenile literature starting with (naturally) Horatio Alger and going on up to current times. How about jotting down other such coincidences and sending them to me by mail or e-mail (see address below)? I'll keep track of them and ask Bill to publish them in *Newsboy* if we get enough.

This will be the final pre-convention issue of *Newsboy*, so by the time you read it, the convention will be soon upon us. We already have a large number of rooms reserved at the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites (the convenient toll-free reservation number is 1-800-344-0262), so we have our fingers crossed that it will be a good one.

In case you misplaced it from the last issue, another copy of our official convention registration form is enclosed, along with an information sheet listing additional information on things to see and do in the Scottsdale-Phoenix area. A photo of the convention hotel's luxurious swimming pool is shown above, so



The swimming pool at the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites is one of the many recreational attractions which will be available throughout 1998 H.A.S. convention.

don't forget to bring your swimsuits!

There may be some very interesting announcements made this year, so as we say here in Texas — "See ya'll in Scottsdale."

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## Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 19)

twenty thousand million —"

Suddenly a tremendous boom rent the air, and they all looked up the river. And for a few moments Pee-Wee was silent. Would it be doing him an injustice to say that in those few moments, this terrible hero who had vanquished a dozen giggling girls felt just one little pang of sentiment in his stalwart (and primitive) breast? Will you think the less of him if I say that a certain pensive mood crept over him?

For they were dynamiting the old barge. Only dynamite could budge it. It had flopped this way and that, and balked and floundered and drifted and bumped the shores in its brief but glorious voyage on the winding river. And to Pee-Wee it had afforded busy and happy hours. Since the bazaar it had stood firm and fast, even as Pee-Wee had stood firm and fast during the bazaar. Pee-Wee had done a good job in his blundering

way. And so had the old barge done a good job in its clumsy, halting way.

And now, with a deafening roar, it burst open and arose amid a dense cloud of smoke, and fell back into the quiet river, in a shower of broken planks and smaller fragments. And no one picked those fragments up to whittle out a souvenir of the old *Colbert C. Rossey*. Perhaps that deafening report, which echoed back from the new Community House, might be taken as a kind of salute to the wonder worker of the First Bridgeboro B.S.A. even as martial heroes are saluted with great guns.

At all events, the incident was memorable for another reason. And that reverberating clamor will long be remembered among the mirthful Scouts of Pee-Wee's home town. For it was the only sound ever heard there which effectually drowned and silenced the appalling voice of the Scout of Scouts.

"— like you said, twenty thousand million —"

History can only speculate on what he intended to say next.

**THE END**