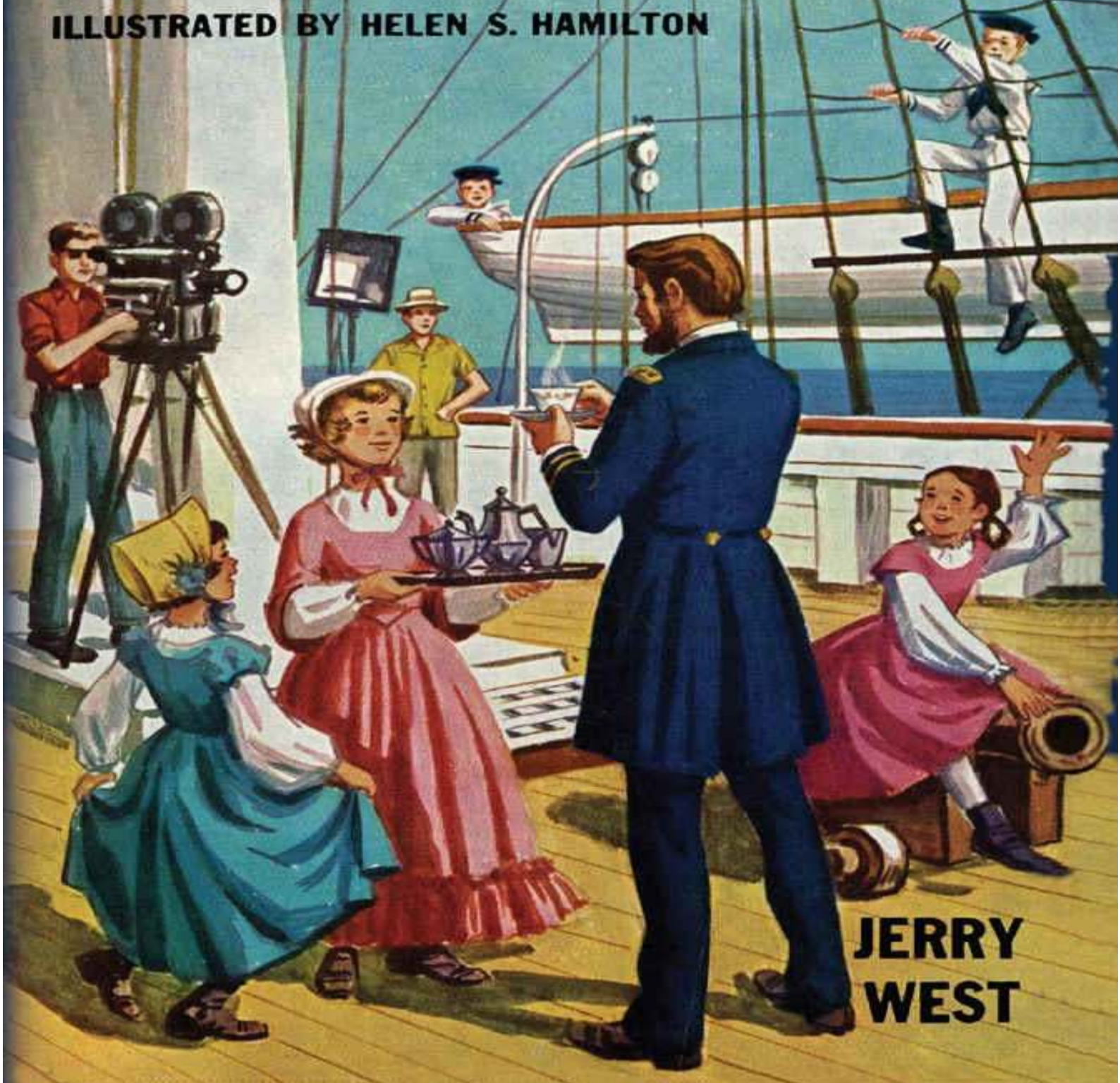


THE HAPPY HOLLISTERS AND THE OLD CLIPPER SHIP

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN S. HAMILTON



JERRY
WEST

The Happy HollistersTM and the Old Clipper Ship

BY JERRY WEST



Illustrated by Helen S. Hamilton

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THE SVENSON GROUP, INC.
on behalf of The Hollister Family Properties Trust

Jacket copy from the original hardcover book:

A rain storm and an unexpected guest bring this new mystery into the Hollisters' lives when a lightning-struck tree branch falls on a car in front of their home in Shoreham.

The car is occupied by a young Hawaiian, Tom King, who, although not seriously hurt, needs help from the Hollisters to get out of his car. While resting in their home, he tells them he has come all the way across the country in search of a log book from an unidentified clipper ship. The only clue he has are a few sketches of the ship which he hopes will be identified by one of the old clipper ship captains he has been told to see. This log book is important to Tom for it will prove his grandfather and grandmother were married on this ship giving him evidence that he is legally entitled to the inheritance left by his uncle.

How is this mystery connected with Gregory Grant and Lisa Sarno, the famous movie stars, and a motion picture in which the Hollister children have an active part? And who is the sinister stranger in the checkered shirt? Why should he first try to buy Tom's sketches of the clipper ship and then, failing that, try to steal them?

From the beginning to end this new story will keep you guessing as the Hollisters once again prove their ability as master sleuths.

Any resemblance to other real-life or fictional characters is purely coincidental. Certain events, terminology and behaviors are presented in this volume exactly as originally printed in 1956. In retaining potentially confusing or questionable material and situations, the publisher offers the opportunity for valuable "teaching moments" for today's reader. For more information about The Happy Hollisters, visit www.TheHappyHollisters.com.

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Dedication

The Happy Hollisters and the Old Clipper Ship is Volume 12 in a 33-book series. The books are being reissued in honor of my grandfather, Andrew Edward Svenson, who began *The Happy Hollisters* series in 1953 using the pseudonym Jerry West. The characters in the Hollister family were based in part on his family – my grandmother, father, uncle, and aunts – and I am grateful to them for inspiring these books, and for their support of this labor of love:

Marian S. Svenson E. – “Elaine Hollister”
Andrew Svenson, Jr. – “Pete”
Laura Svenson Schnell – “Pam”
Eric R. Svenson, Sr. – “Ricky”
Jane Svenson Kossmann – “Holly”
Eileen Svenson de Zayas and Ingrid Svenson Herdman – “Sue”

I am also grateful to my wife, Callie Larew Svenson, for her diligent research and fastidious attention detail in preparing the manuscripts for reissue; and to my daughter, Libby Svenson, and boundless enthusiasm for her creative for this energy project.

Andrew E. Svenson III

The Svenson Group, Inc. on behalf of The Hollister Family Properties Trust

“The Hollisters seem to make everybody happy ...”

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CHAPTER 1

Action! Camera!

CRACK! BOOM!

A deafening thunderclap shook the house and rattled the windows in the attic where the five Hollister children were playing.

“Crickets, that lightning was close!” Pete Hollister exclaimed. The twelve-year-old boy blinked his blue eyes, then added, “Let’s go on with the show.”

Pete was standing behind an upended steamer trunk on which rested a home movie camera. Two big floodlights brightened the scene.

“Tell us when to start again,” Pam said cheerily.

The golden-haired girl, who was ten, knelt on one knee beside an orange crate. On top of it was four-year-old Sue, the dark-haired baby of the family. She giggled at two other children, who stood off to one side.

They were Ricky, seven, and Holly, six. Ricky’s red hair was mussed and his freckled face beamed with excitement. “Come on, Pete,” he said eagerly, “let ’er roll!”

Holly fidgeted, twirling her brown pigtails as she waited for cameraman Pete’s orders.

“All right!” the older boy said. “Don’t forget, Pam. You’re supposed to be in a lifeboat looking up at the deck of the old clipper ship. Sue, you’re about to be washed away by a **big wave**, and Holly and Ricky will save you. Are you ready?”

The four other children nodded and Pete said, “Here we go!”

Pam immediately looked as worried as she could. “Please save my baby, please save her!” she cried, clasping her hands dramatically.

“We will!” Ricky assured her as he and Holly advanced toward the

orange crate.

Reeling from side to side as if they were on the deck of an old clipper ship caught in a bad storm, Ricky and Holly made a cradle seat with their hands, scooping up their little sister.

"We'll carry her to the other lifeboat," Holly said. At this, Sue burst out giggling and Pete, crying "Cut!" stopped the camera.

As Sue hopped to the floor, Pete said, "You can't laugh in this scene. You're supposed to be frightened, Sue."

"But it's so funny," the little girl said, her eyes twinkling.

"That's not the way actresses perform," Pam told her. "Now we'll have to do it all over again."

"And I don't have too much film left," Pete said.

As the rain beat down hard on the attic roof, the Hollister children prepared to re-enact the scene. Playing movies was a rainy-day game which pleased all of them. Recently they had read in the newspaper that Lisa Sarno and Gregory Grant, famous film stars, were about to act in a movie called *The Old Clipper Ship*. Now Pam was playing the part of Lisa and Ricky was supposed to be Gregory.

The children had learned about United States clipper ships which used to carry on trade with China. They set out from the New England coast for the long, dangerous voyages to the Far East. So Pam had written a little story about the wreck of such a ship and Pete was acting as both cameraman and director.

As lightning flashed again and thunder boomed in the distance, Pete made ready for another shot. "Action!" he called out.

This time the scene went well. Sue wrinkled up her face to look as if she were crying, as Ricky and Holly carried her off to safety.

"Ready for the next scene!" Pete ordered.

"What's this to be?" Ricky asked, turning to Pam. His older sister had a pad of notes in her hand.

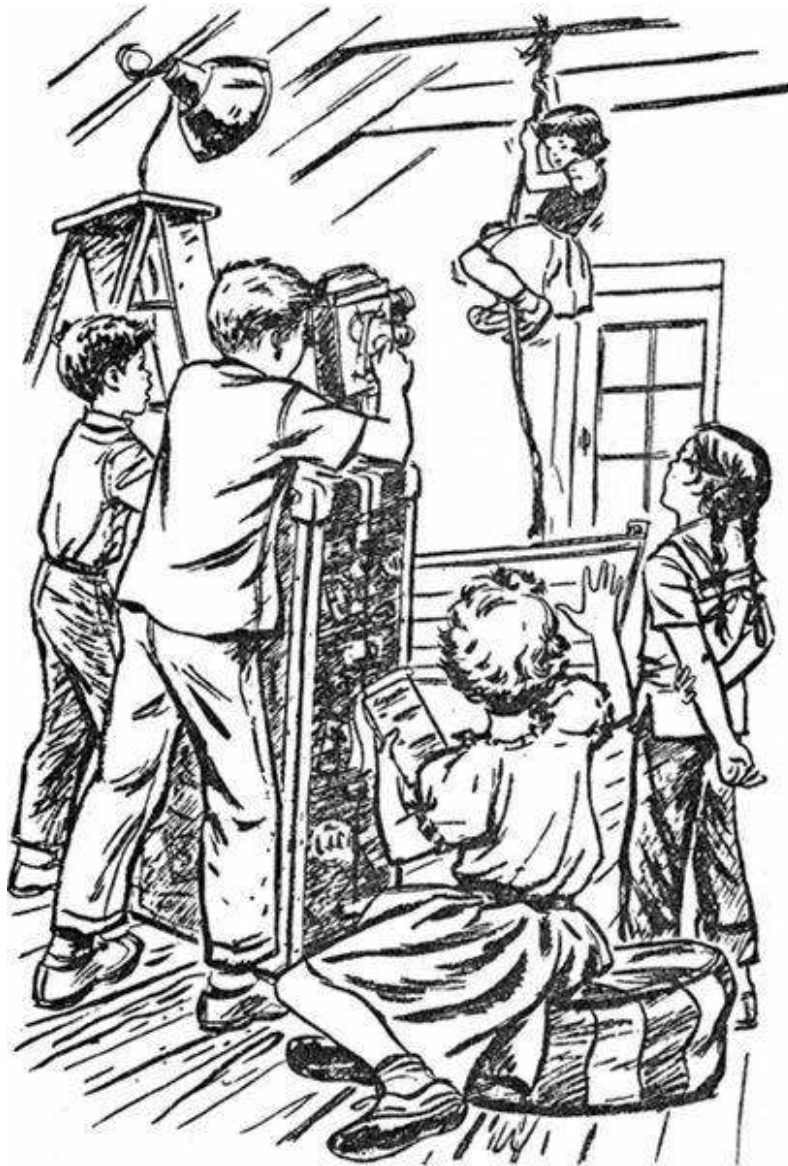
"I'll look at the script," she said. "Oh yes, this is where Sue climbs down a rope hanging from the **side of the ship** and lands in the lifeboat."

Quickly pulling a stepladder from the corner of the attic, Ricky placed it beneath a rafter. Then, holding a piece of rope, he climbed up and tied it securely over the rafter. In the meantime Pam set up one side of a cardboard rowboat—the side facing the camera.

"Do you think Sue can climb down the rope?" Pete asked, running a

hand through his blond crewcut.

“Sure I can,” the little girl piped up.



“Climb down slowly,” Pam called.

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“All right,” Pete agreed, and added, “Ricky, you’d better stand by to catch her if she falls.”

When everything was ready for the scene, Sue climbed the ladder and grabbed hold of the rope. Then Ricky pulled the ladder away.

“Climb down slowly!” Pam called out as Pete started his “take.”

Sue was halfway down the rope when suddenly another loud clap of thunder rattled the windows. The noise startled the little girl. "Help! Help!" she cried. "I—I'm going to fall!"

Ricky dashed toward her. But in doing so he tripped over the side of the boat and landed flat on his face at the end of the rope. Sue fell *kerplunk* on top of her brother!

"Oof!" Ricky grunted, the breath knocked out of him for a moment.

Pete stopped the camera and he and Pam rushed over to pick up Sue. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," she said, laughing, "but I'm afraid I hurt Lifeboat Ricky."

The red-haired boy took a deep breath. "Yikes! I don't want to play lifeboat again," he said ruefully.

"Do we have to shoot that scene over?" Holly asked.

"No," Pete replied. "That was a good shot!"

The noise of the wind and rain grew louder as the summer storm mounted in fury. Suddenly there was an ear-splitting crack. The thunder and lightning seemed to come together. The floodlights went out. This was followed by a ripping sound from outside—a noise that sounded like crashing metal.

"Oh dear!" Pam called out. "The lightning has struck something!"

"I think the sound came from the street," Pete put in. "Come on, let's go and see."

At this moment the lights went on again. But the experience had shaken them. They decided to stop their game. Pete opened the attic door and they all tramped down to the second floor.

The five Hollister children and their parents lived in a large, rambling house in the friendly town of Shore-ham on Pine Lake. Down in the business section Mr. Hollister, a tall, rugged, outdoor man, had a combination hardware, sports, and toy shop. He called it *The Trading Post*. He and Mrs. Hollister, slender and pretty, were always ready to share in their youngsters' adventures.

As the children reached **the first floor**, Zip, their beautiful collie dog, bounded out of the kitchen to meet them. Thunderstorms made him nervous, so Pam, in her kindly way, patted him comfortingly.

"Don't worry, Zip, it'll soon be over," she said, then followed the others to the front porch.

Mrs. Hollister, wearing a raincoat and hat, was already out there,

peering across the wide lawn through the teeming sheet of rain. There was no more thunder or lightning. "What a terrible crash!" she said as the others crowded around her in the darkness of the storm.

"We thought it hit something nearby," Ricky stated. "Let's find out." He and the other children dashed back inside to put on raincoats and sou'westers. Pete grabbed a flashlight.

"Do any of you see where it might have struck?" Mrs. Hollister asked when they returned.

"I think I see a car," Pete answered, straining his eyes and flashing his light.

"Look!" Pam suddenly shouted. "There *is* a car, right in front of our house. And a tree limb has fallen on it!"

Just then the Hollisters heard a voice cry out, "Help! Help! Get me out!"

"Somebody's trapped inside!" Pete cried. "Come on!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Hollister and the children ran down the porch steps and across the lawn toward the wrecked automobile.

CHAPTER 2

Up a Tree

AS THE Hollisters dashed toward the car, the cries for help from inside it started once more. Reaching the two-door sedan at the curb, they found its hood nearly covered by a large limb which had cracked off from the tree alongside it. Slumped over the steering wheel was a young man, now semi-conscious.

“Oh, he’s hurt!” Holly cried as they all peered anxiously through the closed window.

“We’ll get him out,” Pete said, and ran around to the driver’s side. He turned the handle and tried to open the door, but it would not budge.

“The frame has sprung from the impact,” Pete called out. “Try the one on your side, Pam!”

Both Pam and her mother endeavored to open the other door but this one was locked. The driver, meanwhile, continued to moan and turn his head from side to side.

“Oh dear, we *must* get him out!” Mrs. Hollister exclaimed.

“I know how we can do it!” Pete shouted, and dashed to the Hollisters’ garage.

He returned a few moments later with a heavy crowbar. Pressing the point of the tool along the side of the door on the driver’s side, Pete pushed hard.

CRUNCH! The door creaked open, and as it did, the stranger inside began slipping toward the street. But Pete quickly grasped him by the shoulders.

“Help me get him to the house,” he said.

Pam, meanwhile, had gone for a blanket. Now the man was laid on the

improvised stretcher and carried to the house.

"He has a bad gash on his forehead!" Pam exclaimed, opening the door.

By this time the pelting rain had revived the fellow somewhat. His eyes, previously almost closed, now opened wider, but he seemed too dazed to speak. They took him into the living room and laid him on a sofa. Holly propped a pillow under his head.

"Lie still," Mrs. Hollister said kindly.

"I'll bring the first-aid kit, Mother," Pam offered, and hurried upstairs to the medicine cabinet.

Pete loosened the man's collar and Ricky removed his shoes. Holly tucked the blanket around him.

"I—I feel all right now," the man protested, trying to rise from the sofa.

"Please, don't try to get up yet," Mrs. Hollister said as Pam brought the first-aid kit. The two deftly cleaned the cut and wrapped a bandage about the man's head.

"Thank you, thank you all so much," he said, lying back on the sofa again. "My name is Tom King."

"And we're the Happy Hollisters," Sue spoke up eagerly. "At least that's what people call us."

The visitor smiled. Now that the first shock of the excitement had worn off and it appeared certain that Tom King had not suffered serious injury, the children took a closer look at him. He was a slender, handsome man, very suntanned, with jet-black hair. Although dressed in slacks, a sport shirt, and a bright-colored tie like many men in Shoreham, he did not look exactly like any of them.

"Maybe he's from outer space," Ricky whispered to his brother.

But the young man heard it, and smiled for the second time, showing fine even, white teeth.

"No, I'm not from Mars—" He grinned weakly. "I'm part Polynesian—from the Territory of Hawaii."

"How very interesting!" Mrs. Hollister remarked. "It's a shame you've had an accident, especially when you are so far away from home."

"So that's what happened to me," the man said. "My memory seems to be a bit blank right now."

As Tom King rested, the children quickly told him about the crash they had heard while in the attic.

“You were good to get me out of the car,” the young man said gratefully. “The last I remember is driving down this street, then a terrific crash and being thrown against the steering wheel. Lucky for me the branch didn’t land on the roof and crash through.”



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They carried the stranger on the improvised cot.

By now the storm was over and daylight had returned. “Let’s go look at the car,” Ricky proposed, and ran outside, but no one followed.

Peering inside, the boy noticed a suitcase on the floor by the back seat.

Ricky picked up the bag and carried it into the house.

"I thought you might need this," he said to Tom King.

"Thank you, Ricky, but I'll be going soon."

"You can't," the boy told him. "Your car won't move."

"And you had a terrible bang," Sue spoke up. "You ought to put on your 'jamas and go to bed."

This made Tom King chuckle. "I can't impose upon you all much longer," he said.

"You must stay with us until you feel stronger," Mrs. Hollister said. "Pam, will you make some tea for our guest?"

"Thank you very much," Tom King said. "That will be fine. It may chase away my headache."

While the tea was being prepared, Pete went to the telephone to report that the tree limb lay across the road. He dialed the police department.

"May I speak to Officer Cal?" he asked.

As the boy waited, he recalled the first time the Hollisters had met the kind young policeman. The family had just moved to Shoreham, and one of their furniture vans had been stolen. Officer Cal helped them find it, and the children in turn had assisted him in rounding up the thief.

"Hello, Cal," Pete said, and told what had happened.

It seemed to the boy as if he had hardly hung up when Cal and another officer were on the scene in a police car. The children rushed out to see them.

"This is a job for both the wrecking crew and the tree department," Cal remarked, glancing first at the car and then to the top of the tree from which the branch had been torn by the lightning.

The young, rosy-cheeked policeman thanked the children for calling up and added, "I'll give a complete report of this to headquarters right away."

Getting back into his car, he picked up the radio telephone and asked for a crew from the town's tree department to come to the Hollisters' home immediately. He hung up and stepped from the car.

"I'll go see this Mr. King now," he said, and led the way into the house. Pete introduced the two [men](http://men.ebginepub.ir).

"Perhaps you'd better go to the hospital, Mr. King," Cal suggested, "to be sure no bones are broken."

But the injured man assured him that, aside from the cut on his forehead and a feeling of shakiness, he was all right.

"We'll see that he's well taken care of," Mrs. Hollister said.

"I'm sure you will," Cal replied, smiling. Then he added, "The Hollisters seem to make everybody happy, even if the sky falls in on them."

"As it almost did on me," the Hawaiian remarked, winking at Sue. This made everybody laugh.

Then the policeman continued, "We'll have your car towed to a garage, Mr. King, and if you like, they'll repair the hood for you."

"Fine. I'd appreciate that," the man replied.

"And let us know how you are tomorrow," the officer said.

After Cal had left, Mrs. Hollister noticed that Tom King was becoming drowsy, and motioned the children to leave the room. They tiptoed out of the house and went to the curb to wait for the garage tow truck.

Pete tried to close the car door which he had pried open. It would not shut and the boy was a little worried.

"The repairmen will take care of it, Pete," Pam said consolingly.

Ricky and Holly, meanwhile, had taken off their shoes and socks and were splashing their feet in the water running along the curb when two trucks—a black-and-white wrecking car from Tony's Garage and the tree department's big vehicle with all kinds of tree equipment—pulled up.

By now many neighborhood children had begun to gather. Among them were Jeff and Ann Hunter, special friends of Ricky and Pam. Jeff was eight and had dark straight hair and blue eyes. Ann was ten. She had gray eyes and dark curly hair that hung in ringlets. The damp weather made them spring up and down as she turned her head.

As the three treemen lifted the limb from the car with a crane, the Hollisters' friends plied them with questions.

"Did you see that big branch fall?"

"I'll bet it was a terrible crash!"

"Was anybody hurt?"

The Hollisters answered all the questions.

"And you say Tom King is from somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands?" Ann asked. "Is he going to live here now?"

"We don't know," Pam answered.

Before the girls could discuss this further, the man from the garage called out, "All right. Stand back!"

His workmen now attached a chain to the front of Tom King's car and it was hoisted into the air. The motor of the truck started up, and soon the disabled car was being hauled away down the street.

As the treemen prepared to continue their work, Pam said, “Oh, I do hope the beautiful elm isn’t ruined entirely.”

“No, it’ll be all right,” said the foreman reassuringly. He told the children his name was Nick.

“What do you have to do now?” Pete asked him.

“Cut the limb up with our power saw.”

While the other men were doing this, Nick looked up at the towering elm and said, “I see that another branch has been splintered, so we’ll have to cut it off near the trunk.”

The foreman placed two signs in the street which read: *Drive slowly. Men working.*

Then he went to the back of the truck and pulled out a large coil of rope. Deftly swinging one end of it, he hurled the rope high into the air. It fell over one of the branches and down the other side. As soon as the other men had finished their job, they came to help him.

The children looked on in amazement as they prepared for their work. How nimble the men were! One fastened the rope around his waist and, carrying his saw, hoisted himself high into the tree.

“Look out below, you kids!” he cried. “I’m going to start cutting this limb.”

Everyone moved back quickly to a safe distance while the tree surgeon’s saw flashed back and forth.

“Yikes, he’s strong!” Ricky said, observing the tireless motion of the man’s muscular arm. “That’s what I want to be when I grow up—a tree surgeon.”

The man in the tree stopped his sawing and looked down. “Okay, Nick!” he shouted. “She’s ready to fall!”

The foreman ordered all the children to stand back even farther until they were in a big circle some yards away from the tree. Then he called to Pete:

“Would you like to help us by stopping traffic down the street while we drop this limb?”

“Oh yes.”

Pete hurried off to the nearby corner. When two cars came along, he raised his arm and let out a shrill whistle. The drivers halted and the boy explained.

Ricky, watching his brother, wished to help too. He decided that he

would stop the traffic coming from the other direction. Without noticing that the tree surgeon was beginning to saw again, Ricky made a dash under the tree. Just then the big limb went *crack!*

"There she goes!" the man shouted. At the same instant Nick called in alarm, "Get out of there, boy!"

Crash! The big limb went crashing down, only inches behind Ricky!

"Oh!" Pam cried, weak from fright.

"I—I only wanted to stop the cars coming the other way," Ricky explained sheepishly.

"Okay, you do that!" Nick said, mopping his brow with a handkerchief. "Only stay away from this tree!"

Ricky stopped one car as it approached. Then, with all the traffic held back, the treeman sawed off the remainder of the broken limb. With the agility of a monkey, he let himself down the rope to the street again. Within a few minutes the treemen had lifted the big limb onto the side of the road, where they proceeded to cut it up. Pete and Ricky waved the traffic to come through.

"Thanks for helping us," Nick said, giving Ricky a rueful grin. "Only next time—"

"I won't," Ricky broke in earnestly. "Not ever again."

It did not take the men long to pile up the logs and put their equipment back onto the truck. Nick and his crew jumped into the cab and, waving to the children, pulled away.

At that moment Holly shouted, "Here comes Dad!"

A station wagon came down the street and turned into the Hollisters' driveway. The driver smiled broadly as the five children raced over and he brought the car to a halt.

"Mother telephoned me about the accident," he said, getting out. "I hear we have a guest from the Territory of Hawaii."

"Yes," Sue piped up. "Come and meet him."

They found Tom King sitting up on the sofa.

"Tom King has agreed to *stay awhile*," Mrs. Hollister said, smiling.

"I surely appreciate your hospitality," the man said. "By the way, would one of you children please get my brief case from the car?"

"But your car's gone!" Ricky told him.

"It's probably at the garage now," Pete put in.

Tom King thought for a moment. "Well, I guess the case will be safe

enough at the garage,” he said finally. “I’ll pick it up in the morning.”

As the children listened intently, he told the Hollisters that he had been in the United States only a few weeks. “I bought my car on the Coast,” he said. “I’ve been driving across the country asking questions of several people on the way.”

“Questions?” Holly put in. “Are you a question man like they have on TV?”

This made Tom King grin. “No, but I do wish I knew the answer to a certain mystery!”

CHAPTER 3

A Curious Stranger

“YOU have a mystery to solve, Mr. King?” Holly cried.

“Oh goody! We love to solve mysteries!”

“Then maybe you can help me,” Tom King said. “And how about just calling me Tom?”

“What’s your mystery about?” Pam asked eagerly.

“An inheritance,” the visitor replied. “The story begins with my grandparents in Hawaii many years ago.”

“They were Polynesians?” Pete inquired.

“Just my grandmother,” Tom answered.

As the Hollister children listened wide-eyed, he told them that his grandfather, named Isaac Swanton, had been an American seaman from Boston. He had come to Honolulu on a clipper ship. “There he met and fell in love with my grandmother. She was a pure Polynesian.”

“How romantic!” Pam sighed dreamily.

Tom said Isaac Swanton had married his sweetheart, named Kalua, aboard the clipper ship. The captain had performed the ceremony.

“And they lived happily ever after like Cinderella?” Holly burst out.

“They did,” Tom replied, “and had several children. My mother was the youngest.”

The young man went on to say that his grandparents had died before he was born so he never knew them. He himself was an only child and had been left an orphan when very young.

“I was brought up by one of my aunts,” Tom added. He smiled. “None of the Hawaiian branch of the family had much money and I had to borrow