

The
*Happy Hollisters*TM

BY JERRY WEST



Illustrated by Helen S. Hamilton

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

Jacket copy from the original hardcover book:

On the very day the Hollisters move to their new home on the shores of Pine Lake in Shoreham, their adventures begin. First, the moving van carrying their toys and their father's important new invention disappears. Next they learn that their house is said to be haunted and that a treasure is hidden in it!

At once all of them set about solving these mysteries. Helpful Pam, pigtailed Holly, little Sue, freckled Ricky, and young Pete, each contribute to the adventures and good times. Mother and Father are always at hand to share the excitement and fun. Very much a part of the family are Zip, the collie, and White Nose, the cat, who has quite an adventurous life of her own.

While exploring their new town and making new friends, the busy Hollisters find time for a lot of clever and exciting detective work. Clues are picked up in the house when a secret stairway is discovered. Then, on the trail of a mysterious intruder, the chase leads to a deserted hut on Blackberry Island.

Over seventy action-packed illustrations make the story—and the Hollister family—so vivid that the reader has a feeling of really sharing in the adventures of this lovable and interesting family.

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 1953. 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 TheHappyHollisters.com.

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Dedication

The Happy Hollisters is volume 1 in a 33-book series. This classic children's mystery series is being reissued in honor of my grandfather, Andrew Edward Svenson, who began writing *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 – “Elaine Hollister”

Andrew E. Svenson, Jr. – “Pete”

Laura Svenson Schnell – “Pam”

Eric R. Svenson, Sr. – “Ricky”

Jane Svenson Kossman – “Holly”

Eileen Svenson de Zayas and Ingrid Svenson Herdman – “Sue”

Many thanks also to Callie and Libby Svenson
for their editorial and marketing assistance.

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

“I guess they just like you, Dad,” Pete added. The boy admired his father greatly, and had often told Pam that he wanted to be just like him when he grew up.

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CHAPTER 1

Moving Day

HOLLY HOLLISTER sat on the front steps of her house, looking down the street. The harder she looked, the faster she twirled one of her pigtails.

"Will the moving vans ever come?" she thought impatiently.

This was a big day for the Hollister family. They were moving to another town and a new home.

Suddenly, from around the side of the house raced a young boy. He had reddish hair, and freckles clear to the tip of his turned-up nose.

"Haven't they come yet, Holly?"

"No, Ricky, but I hope they'll get here soon."

"So do I. I want a ride in the moving van!"

Ricky was tall for a seven year old. His long legs seemed to carry him in all directions at once. His blue eyes always sparkled, and he wore a big friendly grin. Holly looked much like her brother except that she had dark hair and brown eyes. When she giggled, her eyes almost closed.

Together the children skipped out to the sidewalk.

"You look one way," Holly said, "and I'll look the other."

Suddenly Ricky let out a whoop. "I see them!" he shouted.

A big moving van and a little one were stopping far down the street. A man hopped off the larger one and walked over to look at a house number. He stopped when he saw the children racing toward him.

"Are you looking for the Happy Hollisters?" Holly burst out.

"We're looking for the Hollister home," replied the man with a smile. "Are you happy about moving?"

"I guess we are," Holly answered.

"Everybody around here calls us the Happy Hollisters," Ricky explained. "Our house is down there," he added, pointing.



"Our house is down there."

"Good. We'll follow you," said the man as he swung up to the seat of the big van.

"We can do it better if we ride with you," Ricky suggested hopefully.

The mover looked at his helper and winked. Then he turned to Ricky and Holly.

"Sure. Hop up here!"

"Thank you, Mr. Moving Man!" Holly said politely.

"Just call me George," he laughed.

Ricky helped Holly up the big step to the front seat, and jumped up himself. The motor rumbled, and the van started down the street, with the smaller one trailing behind. Soon they were in front of the Hollister home.

"May I blow your horn?" Ricky asked.

When George said he might, the little boy honked twice. As he did, another boy and a girl ran out of the front door. The boy was a husky lad of twelve, with sparkling blue eyes and a blond crew hair cut. The girl had fluffy golden hair and brown eyes. She was ten years old and very lively.

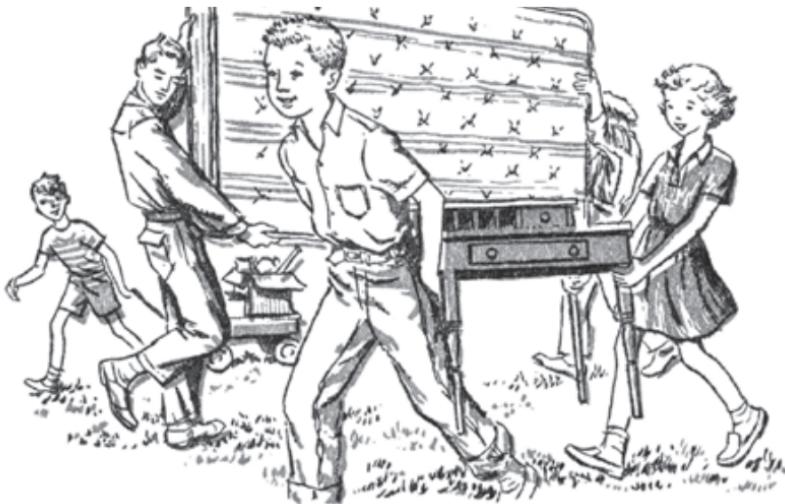
"More Happy Hollisters?" George asked.

Ricky nodded. "Our brother and sister, Pete and Pam."

"We have a little sister, too," Holly told him. "Her name is Sue. She's four and always getting into trouble."

"Five Happy Hollisters," grinned George.

"Seven," Holly corrected him. "Our mother and father are happy too."



Pete helped Pam carry out her little maple desk.

By this time the two vans had backed up to the curb, and the men opened the big doors at the rear.

"I want to help you," Ricky said.

"That's a good idea," George replied. "Suppose you children carry your toys to the sidewalk. I see they're on the porch. We'll put them in the second van with the other small stuff."

While the men carried out the heavy pieces of furniture, covering them carefully with blankets to keep them from being scratched, the children toted their toys and games to the small van. Pam and Pete wheeled out their bicycles. Ricky rode Sue's tricycle to the street and lifted it in.

Pete helped Pam carry out her lovely little maple desk. She was very proud of it, and also a set of dolls

from various countries. They were packed in cotton and tissue so they could not break. Pam had been collecting the dolls since she was five years old.

"I'll carry your toy piano, Holly," Ricky offered, "just the way the men do."

He had been watching the movers carry out heavy dressers on their backs, holding them on with big straps.

Borrowing one of the long straps, Ricky hurried to the porch and fastened the toy piano onto his back. As he started down the porch steps, his load shifted and teetered. Just in time Pete grabbed it.

But Ricky was not out of trouble yet. The next instant, he tripped on one end of the strap and lost his balance.

Crash!

Ricky and the toy piano hit the ground with a loud jangling noise.

"Oh, Ricky!" Holly cried in distress.

"I'm sorry," said her brother, trying to get up. "Did I break it?" He grabbed his nose. "I guess I broke—it."

"Oh goodness, I hope not," said Holly.

By this time Pete and Pam had run up. Ricky's nose was starting to bleed.

"You'd better go in to mother," Pam advised, pulling out a handkerchief for him. "I'll go with you."

Pete had already unstrapped the toy piano which had some paint scratched off, but otherwise did not seem to be damaged.

Mrs. Hollister, who was making sandwiches in the kitchen, looked at Ricky in alarm. But after she held a cloth of cold water on his nose a few minutes the bleeding stopped.

"I guess moving men have to get hurt sometimes," Ricky said, thanking his pretty blond-haired mother.

Then he ran back to his job.

A few minutes later a station wagon pulled into the driveway and a tall, athletic-looking man stepped out. He had brown eyes which crinkled at the corners when he smiled and brown wavy hair.

"Daddy!" cried Holly, running over. "We're almost moved. When do we start?"

"As soon as Mother's ready," he replied with a smile.

In a short time the Hollister house was empty. The vans were locked up, and the children and their parents stood at the curb to watch them pull away. Just then



"I think I broke - it."

they began to feel a little sad about leaving the old place, where they had had so many good times.

"Why, where's Sue?" Mrs. Hollister asked suddenly, not seeing the little girl.

Sue was nowhere in sight.

"I saw Sue playing with Zip," Ricky said.

Zip was the Hollisters' faithful collie dog, and very much a member of the family.

The children began calling their little sister and whistling for the dog.

"Listen!" Mrs. Hollister commanded, hearing a muffled bark. It seemed to come from the small van.

"Open it," Mr. Hollister ordered.

George quickly flung open the door. Out jumped Zip, barking and wagging his tail, happy to be out of the wagon. Sue climbed down after him.

"I was hiding in Ricky's wagon," said the dark-haired baby of the family, a twinkle in her eyes. "I want to ride in the van. Can't I, please?"

"Not this time," Mrs. Hollister told her.

"Well, I think you're all set now," Mr. Hollister told George. "You fellows will keep right on all night, but we'll stop at a tourist camp somewhere. Be sure to have everything in place for us when we get to Shoreham. This sketch will show how we want things placed in our new home."

He handed a paper of directions to George. The men waved, and the two vans started off.

Now it was time for the Hollisters to leave. The lunch and several suitcases were put into the station



"I was hiding in Ricky's wagon."

wagon, then the old house was locked. Quickly the children scrambled to their places in the car. Sue sat in the front seat with her parents. The other children found their places in the back.

Zip jumped in and curled up on his special cushion. Although Zip loved all the children, he felt that he belonged to Pam. Two years before she had found him hurt in the street. She had adopted the lonely dog and nursed him back to health.

"Oh, look who's coming!" Pam said excitedly.

Running up the street were several boys and girls and two fox terriers.

"I guess they want to say good-by," Mrs. Hollister said, smiling appreciatively.

The dogs began to bark and Zip joined them. He tried to leap out the window, but Pam held on to him with a firm hand.

"Good-by, Holly!" called one little girl. "Be sure to write."

"By. I'll write as soon as I get there and tell you all about our new house," Holly promised.

"Hey, Pete," called a tall, skinny boy. "If you get any big fish let me know, and I'll come over to visit you." He grinned.

"Sure thing," Pete answered.

There was laughing and shouting as the station wagon pulled out of the driveway and headed out of town. It was late in June. Everything was green and bright. They stopped for lunch by a pretty stream, then continued driving until it was nearly sunset.

"Keep an eye open for a good place to stop for the night," Mr. Hollister said to his family.



"Good-by, Holly!" called one little girl. "Be sure to write."

The children watched eagerly. "I see one!" Pam cried out presently. "It looks pretty."

Mr. Hollister turned into a driveway, at the end of which was a circle of little white cottages with red shutters.

A kindly gray-haired man came out, saying he owned the camp and asked if they would like a place for the night.

"I'll give you my nicest house," he added.

The children were delighted and started at once to help bring in the suitcases.

After a delicious supper, the children and Zip played in front of the cabins. Presently, a boy about Pete's age, tall and heavily built, came from another cottage and walked over. He stood frowning at the Hollisters.

"Hello," Pete said.

The boy did not reply. He stared at them a few seconds longer, then walked off behind the cottages. Zip growled as he watched him go.

"Not a very friendly boy," Pam remarked.

Shortly afterward Holly decided she would take Zip for a run. She went to get his leash from the station wagon. As Holly opened the rear door and stepped inside, she saw the unfriendly boy come from behind a tree.

"What's your name?" he asked gruffly.

"Holly Hollister. What's yours?"

"Joey Brill. Where are you going?"

"To our new home in Shoreham," Holly replied.



"Oh, Joey, don't do that!" Holly cried.

"Shoreham!" the boy exclaimed. "That's where I live. We don't need any more kids in Shoreham. You'll be sorry if you move there."

Holly did not like the rude boy. She wished he would go away. But instead, he came over to the car and stepped into the front seat, and released the brake.

"Oh, Joey, don't do that!" Holly cried. "We'll roll down hill!"