

THE  
HAPPY  
HOLLISTERS  
AND THE  
SEA  
TURTLE  
MYSTERY



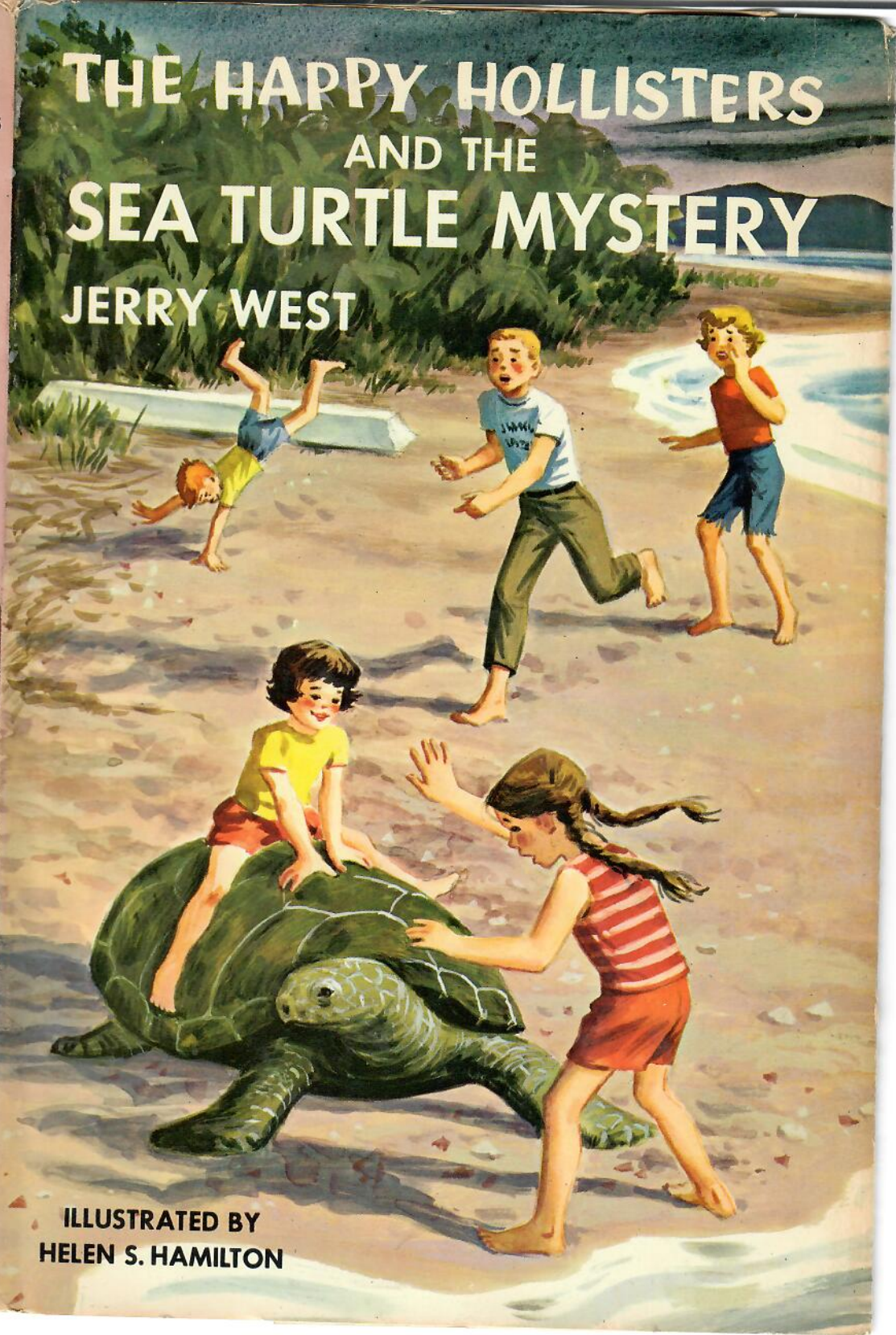
Jerry  
West



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# THE HAPPY HOLLISTERS AND THE SEA TURTLE MYSTERY

JERRY WEST



ILLUSTRATED BY  
HELEN S. HAMILTON

*The Happy Hollisters  
and the  
Sea Turtle Mystery*

BY JERRY WEST

*Illustrated by Helen S. Hamilton*

One day Pete and Pam Hollister rescued a Seminole Indian named Charlie Tiger Tail from drowning in Pine Lake. But they never dreamed that their heroic act would lead to a new, exciting mystery and a vacation in Florida.

Within a few days, all the Hollisters were enjoying the beach at Turtle Point in the Everglades. And they were eager to help Charlie catch a gang of thieves who were illegally killing giant sea turtles and stealing their eggs!

After Holly found a poacher's spear, Ricky and Pete patrolled the beach one night and almost trapped the poachers. With Charlie's ten-year-old daughter, Clementine, the children rowed to mysterious Captive Island to investigate the eerie sounds coming from there each night. They inspected a great Mississippi riverboat that had been towed up on land and turned into a huge mansion. And they visited Clementine's grandmother in a Seminole village where the boys learned how to pole a real dugout canoe.

There were many more thrilling adventures—including Ricky's capture by the thieves—before the Hollisters finally traced the poachers to their hideout and solved the sea turtle mystery.



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# Meet The Happy Hollisters

From the day the five Hollister children move into the mysterious house on Pine Lake in Shoreham, adventures begin to come their way. What fun and excitement they have.

**PETE**, the oldest, is a sturdy boy of twelve, with sparkling blue eyes and blond, crew cut hair. His love for sports is shared by his sister Pam, who is ten.



**PAM**, whose real name is Pamela, has brown eyes and fluffy golden hair. She is kind to everyone and loves animals, especially their peppy collie dog, **ZIP**, whom she adopted. This faithful pet is on the go almost as much as Ricky Hollister, a seven-year-old package of perpetual motion.



Lanky **RICKY** has reddish hair, which is usually mussed, and a turned-up nose splattered with freckles. He is full of fun and sometimes teases his six-year-old sister, **HOLLY**.

But Holly, with her tomboy ways, can take it! In fact she looks a lot like Ricky, except that she has dancing brown eyes and dark hair, which she wears in pigtails. Holly's chief delight is her cat, White Nose, which she carries under her arm like a fluffy purse.



**WHITE NOSE** and her five kittens are cute too. Little Sue Hollister, the baby of the family, likes to cuddle them. Although dark-haired **SUE** is only four, she romps in all the fun which the Hollister family enjoys day in and day out.



All their friends say that this is because Mother and Daddy share in the play and in the mysteries the children solve.



Mrs. Hollister is always ready to meet any sudden need—for a surprise picnic or a helping hand. Mr. Hollister owns the *Trading Post*, a combination hardware, sports and toy shop. He is never too busy to play ball. And best of all, he likes to take his family on exciting adventures.



All those who know the family well call them the *Happy Hollisters*. When you open this book, you too can join them in their fun.

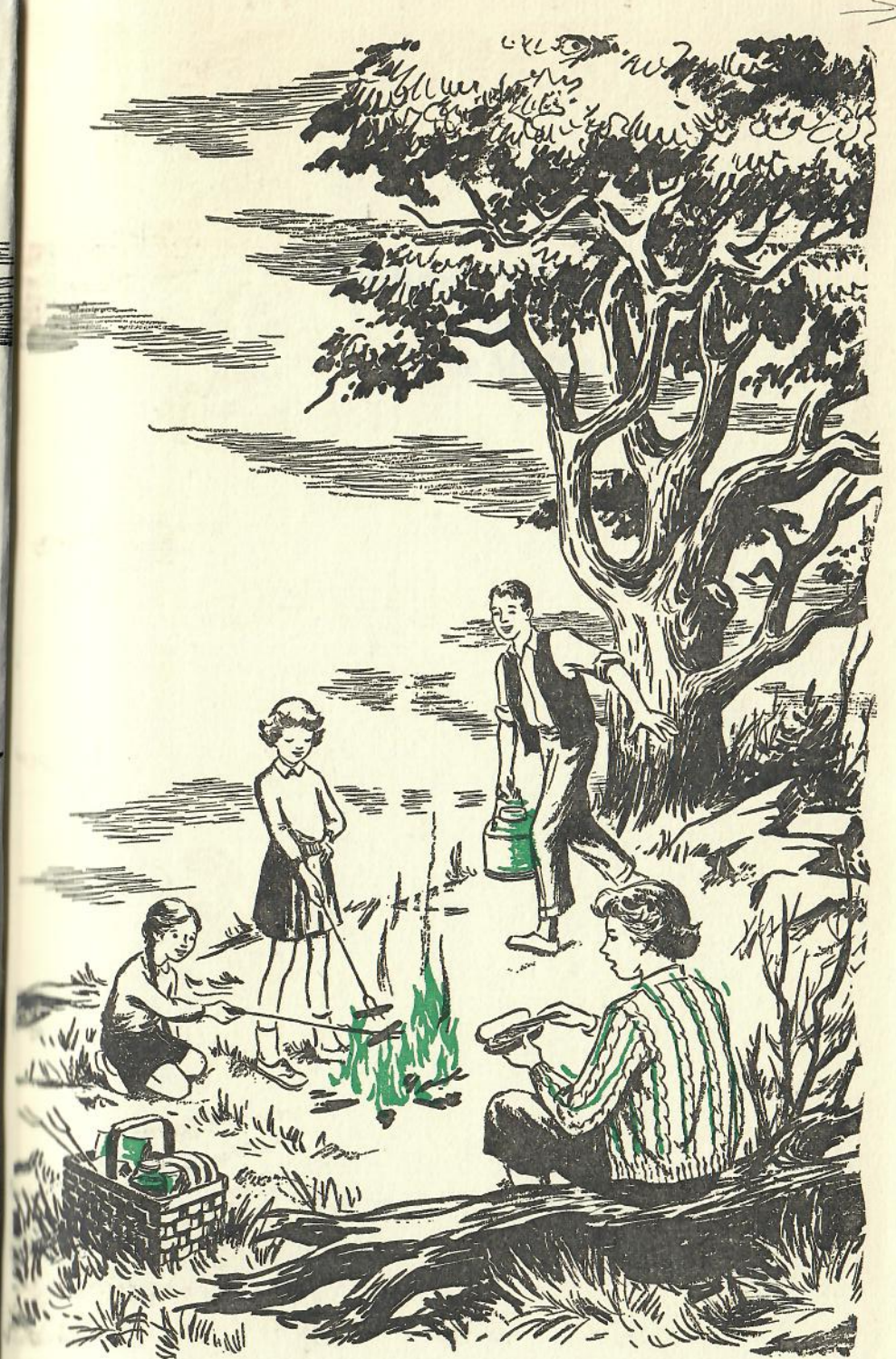
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DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.  
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The Mystery of the  
and the  
Sea Turtle Mystery  
BY JERRY WEST



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### FOREWORD

The idea for this story came to the author when he visited the west coast of Florida and the islands of Sanibel and Captiva. However, Santabella and Captive Islands in this book are make-believe and the characters are fictional.

*Jerry West*

## Contents

1	CHARLIE TIGER TAIL	11
2	A MISSING GIFT	21
3	THE MYSTERIOUS SPEAR	33
4	FOR BOYS ONLY	42
5	RICKY'S MISTAKE	53
6	AN UNWELCOME VISITOR	61
7	CLEMENTINE'S LETTER	72
8	BIG LULU	80
9	A PLACE MARKED X	91
10	MIDNIGHT SHIVERS	101
11	THE GUMBO-LIMBO	110
12	AN ODD WARNING	120
13	THE INDIAN VILLAGE	130
14	A DARING PLAN	138
15	CALLING A COPTER	148
16	THE TRAP DOOR	157
17	THE STOWAWAY	164
18	A WHIRLWIND CLIMAX	171



CHAPTER I

CHARLIE TIGER TAIL

"NINETY—ninety-five—a hundred!" shouted Ricky Hollister, as he leaned against a tree with his eyes tightly shut. "Ready or not, here I come!"

The seven-year-old boy whirled about in the game of hide-and-seek. But there was no one on the broad green lawn surrounding the Hollister home on Pine Lake. Red-haired Ricky tiptoed to the hedge and parted it. Nobody!

A giggle sounded. The boy spun around and his gaze was caught by an odd-looking craft far out on the lake. He stared in amazement, then called out, "Yikes! Look at that funny boat!"

Silence. The hiding youngsters did not make a peep.

"I'm not fooling!" Ricky pleaded, keeping his eyes on the strange boat. "You all can come in home free. Honest. This isn't a trick!"

Out of the leafy tree dropped six-year-old Holly, her pigtails flying. Pam, ten, stepped from behind the garage. She had a sunny smile and fluffy golden hair. Pete's crew-cut head popped up behind a big azalea bush, and next to it an upside-down bushel

basket flipped over. There was little dark-haired Sue. "Where's the funny boat?" she demanded.

"There! It's heading for our dock."

Pete, a handsome boy of twelve, raced ahead of the others to the shore front. They all stood on the wooden pier and watched the speeding boat.

The Hollisters had never seen one like it before. It was a wide flat-bottomed craft about twelve feet long. Up front were two seats, one back of the other. Higher up behind these was a single chair made of metal tubing, and sitting there was a bronze-skinned man with his left hand on a rudder stick. This moved two fins, like the tail end of an airplane, and between them was mounted a metal tube about three feet long.

"Crickets!" Pete called out as the boat whizzed past with a peculiar whistling sound. "That's a little jet motor."

"I've read about Florida air boats," Pam said. "Could this be one?"

The strange craft made a wide circle, skimming over the calm surface of Pine Lake. As it headed toward the shore again, a dark-haired boy of Pete's age ran into the yard.

"Hi, Dave!" Pete called. "Did you see that queer boat?"

"I thought maybe it was something your dad made," said Dave Mead, who was Pete's best friend.

"We've never seen it before," Ricky replied.

Just then all the children gasped at once as the boat took a backward flip. The driver was thrown from his seat and hit the water with a splash. The craft sank beneath the surface!

For an instant the youngsters were stunned. Then Pete cried, "Come on, we must save him! Holly! Ricky! Go tell Mother!"

As Pete stepped down into their rowboat, he added, "Dave, I'll need your help, and yours, too, Pam." The two boys each took an oar, and rowed toward the place where the boat had sunk.

"There he is!" Pam called out as they neared the spot. Several yards ahead was a man, floating on his face.

"He must have been knocked out," Pete said as he pulled alongside the drifting figure. "Give me a hand, Dave."

The two boys tugged at the limp victim and pulled him over the gunwale into the bottom of the boat. Pete and Pam gave artificial respiration for a few minutes and the man's eyes blinked open.

"Who are you?" was Pete's first question.

The man uttered something which sounded like "Tiger Tail." Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Jimminy!" Dave said. "Tiger Tail isn't any name. He must be delirious."

Pam rested the man's head against her arm, while Pete and Dave rowed toward shore as fast as they could. Halfway to the Hollisters' dock, a canoe with



*"Give me a hand, Dave."*

two boys aboard glided past them. In it were Joey Brill and Will Wilson.

"We saw that boat, too!" cried Joey. He was a heavy-set boy about Pete's age, whose chief delight was bullying younger children. His dark-haired companion liked to do just what Joey did.

"We can claim it for our own," Will said, as he dug his paddle into the water.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Pam exclaimed. "The boat belongs to this poor man. He's hurt."

Ignoring Pam's good deed, Joey made a face at her and paddled toward the spot where the craft had sunk.

When the rowboat reached the dock, Mrs. Hollister and the other three children were waiting. Their mother was a pretty, slender woman with blond hair. Her face, usually smiling, was full of anxiety as she helped Pete and Dave lift the injured man onto the dock.

"Let's put him in this lawn chair," Mrs. Hollister directed the two boys.

"I've already telephoned to Officer Cal," Ricky said. "He's bringing the Emergency Squad."

No sooner had he spoken than the wailing siren could be heard far down the road. The emergency truck roared into the Hollisters' driveway, halted, and three men ran to the dock. One of them was Cal Newberry, a pleasant-faced young officer who had worked with the Hollister children on some of the mysteries they had solved.

The first-aid men examined the dripping-wet boatman. "No broken bones," Officer Cal said, smiling.

The man's eyes opened again and he looked about, bewildered. "Where am I?"

"You're all right," Officer Cal assured him. "What is your name?"

"Charlie Tiger Tail," the man said, sitting up and rubbing his head. "I had an accident."

"You hit the water awfully hard," Pam said sympathetically.

"Is that your real name?" Ricky asked. "I don't know anybody else named Tiger Tail."

The man's bronze face lighted up in a smile. "That's because there aren't any Seminole Indians around Shoreham," he said.

"You are a Seminole?" asked Mrs. Hollister.

"Yes," he said, then stopped abruptly and pointed out on the lake. "Are those two boys trying to get my boat?"

Joey Brill was leaning over the end of the canoe, reaching down into the water.

"Get away from there, Joey!" Pete called.

"It's our boat and we're going to keep it!" Will bellowed.

"Oh, no you're not," shouted Officer Cal. He hurried to the Hollisters' boat and stepped into it. Instantly Joey and Will sped off.

"I'll get you for telling the cops, Pete Hollister!" Joey yelled, shaking his fist.

When they had disappeared around the bend, Officer Cal got back on the dock. "I'll notify the Pine Lake Patrol," he said. "We'll get your boat for you, Mr. Tiger Tail."

"But now you'd better change those wet things," said Pam. She and her mother led the Indian into the house where Mrs. Hollister gave him towels and dry clothes.

Meanwhile the other children followed the policeman to the truck radio and watched while he sent a message to headquarters. Then he and his two rescue buddies drove off.

"I have to go on an errand," Dave said. "So long."

When Charlie Tiger Tail reappeared in the backyard with Pam and her mother, he was wearing one of Mr. Hollister's sport shirts and a fresh pair of khaki trousers. They had been rolled up at the bottom, for the Indian, although sturdily built, was shorter than the children's father.

Charlie Tiger Tail told them that he was a guide who took people on air-boat trips in the Florida Everglades. "I have two boats," he said, "but brought only one to Shoreham on an auto-trailer. This craft used to be driven by an airplane propeller. However, I wanted to have the fastest one in the Everglades."

"So you came to the jet factory in Shoreham!" Pete guessed.

"That's right," the Seminole went on. He ex-

plained that he had purchased a small jet engine, and had mounted it on his craft. "But it doesn't balance too well, I'm afraid," he said.

"Oh, don't worry. Daddy will help you fix it," Ricky declared.

"Why do you have to have the fastest boat in the Neverglades?" little Sue chirped.

"Everglades, silly," Holly said, pinching her sister's pink cheek. "That's a place in Florida."

"I'm a deputy sheriff," the Indian replied, "and I have to catch turtle poachers. They have fast boats, so mine must be faster."

Before the youngsters could ask more questions, the patrol launch hove into sight. As it came alongside the Hollisters' dock, Pete and Ricky both greeted the three policemen on it and jumped aboard.

"You take it easy, Mr. Tiger Tail," Pete called back, "and we'll help find your air boat."

The boys and the police headed toward the spot where the odd craft had disappeared.

"It's right about here," Pete said.

The police launch stopped and the men lowered a grappling hook on the end of a long rope. They dragged it back and forth over the lake bottom.

"There, we've got something!" one of the policemen exclaimed.

With Pete's help the three men pulled on the rope. The hook had caught on the seat framework, and soon the air boat emerged from the water.

The launch's motor started again, and the Florida craft was eased toward the Hollisters' dock. There the boys helped haul it onto the shore.

"It doesn't look as if any damage was done," Pete remarked, as they thanked the policemen.

"Glad to help you," the officer in charge said, and gave a crisp salute.

As the patrol boat left, a station wagon pulled into the driveway. Out stepped Mr. Hollister, a tall, athletic-looking man. He strode briskly down to the group at the dock.

"Pam telephoned me," he said. "I understand we have a visitor from Florida."

Charlie Tiger Tail shook hands with Mr. Hollister. "I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble," he said.

"None at all," his host replied, smiling. "So this is your air boat. Quite a contraption! Your jet unit is located too far back, though. I think that's what made you flip over."

"I'm not an engineer," the Seminole said.

"I think we can fix the trouble," Mr. Hollister assured him. "Why don't you be our guest? We'll take your boat to my workshop behind The Trading Post." This was Mr. Hollister's sporting goods, hardware, and toy store in the center of Shoreham.

"Oh, no thank you," the Indian said shyly. "You see, I'm staying at a motel down—"

"We'd be glad to have you visit us," the children's mother said with a friendly smile.

"And you can tell us about the Seminole Indians," Holly put in.

"Are poachers bad men?" Ricky spoke up.

"Oh yes. They kill the giant sea turtles, and that's illegal," the Seminole replied. "They also steal the turtles' eggs. When I promised the police to help catch these poachers they made me a deputy."

"That is why he wants a real fast boat, Dad," Ricky said.

"And there is another reason, too," Charlie Tiger Tail said slowly in a serious voice. "I may need it when I investigate Captive Island. That's near where I live. Something mysterious is going on out there."

"Oh, please tell us about it!" Pam said.

"It might be too spooky," Charlie Tiger Tail replied, shaking his head.

## CHAPTER 2

### A MISSING GIFT

"YOUR mystery wouldn't be too scary for us!" Holly declared, her eyes dancing.

"We're detectives," Ricky told the Seminole proudly.

"But this is such a weird case, perhaps no one can solve it," the Indian replied. "All right, I'll stay with you while my boat is being repaired, because Holly reminds me of my own little girl."

"You have a daughter?" Pam asked.

"Yes, her name is Clementine and she is ten years old." Charlie Tiger Tail explained that Clementine was staying with her grandmother in a Seminole Indian village until he returned.

"Hop into my station wagon," Mr. Hollister said. "We'll go to your motel and get your things."

In less than half an hour the men returned. Following the Hollisters' car was a half-ton pickup truck with a trailer hitch and a boat carrier. Charlie Tiger Tail parked beside their garage, and got out with a suitcase in one hand. In the other, he held two small boxes.