

THE  
HARDY BOY  
POEMS

by  
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for  
Michael Malan

“Grab a brew. Don’t cost nothin’.”

— Bluto, John Belushi, *Animal House*

thanks to Michael Gustie for his enthusiastic encouragement

dedicated to my fellow shoplifters

Earlier versions of several of these poems have appeared online at  
mixerpublishing.com and toegoodpoetry.com,  
and in print in *Teeny Tiny #13*.

## Preface

The original (Edward) Stratemeyer Syndicate productions of Hardy Boys books, starting in 1927, are nationalistic and jingoistic — a product of their time; however, they are also filled with unwholesome but healthy amounts of anti-authoritarianism and lurid detail. While the Syndicate re-writes that began in 1959 “corrected” the texts to eliminate, by and large, racial stereotyping, the Boys themselves became cleaner-cut, more respectful, and less interesting, as did the prose work. The original versions, while full of archaic ideologies, are, quite frankly, better.

Eric Wayne Dickey’s homages to the original Hardy Boys are positively indecent, but also quite innocent set within our own social context that brims with soft and harder porn, dirty laundry, and collective peeping-tomism. The first Hardy Boys books were written not by a single author, but by numerous ghost authors under the collective pseudonym Franklin M. Dixon. Dickey’s versions must be understood as written with today’s bold and obvious adolescents in mind, a group whose inclusiveness, whose know-how surrounding drugs, sexuality, sex, gender identification, economics, poverty, bullying, and racism also includes language adumbrating with archaic ideologies. They make no apologies. Do these?

Franklin W. Dixon  
January, 2013

## **The Curse of the Crewneck Sweater**

Callie gave Frank a sweater for Valentine's Day. Frank put it on right away and felt the tight knit cinch around his neck. He didn't want to offend, so he admired its cozy fit as he pulled out the collar of his shirt underneath. "Gee, thanks, Callie!" Frank said with a glimmer of hope in his eyes. He became listless as the day grew on; the sweater restricted blood flow to his brain. He was daydreaming of how Callie would be when Joe snuck up from behind and tousled his hair, joking, "Hello? Anybody in there?" Frank stood up and felt a stretch in his pocket. Joe gazed down at the bulge, gasping speechlessly. Frank blushed and picked up his notebook to hide his embarrassment. He bolted outside and down to the boathouse. Callie was there, sitting alone in The Sleuth staring out at the bay. Moored to the pier, the boat bobbed up and down excitedly.

## **The Mystery of the Screeching Cat**

Joe and Frank and Fenton Hardy were testing a rocket they had built. It blasted off as soon as Tony Prito and Chet Morton arrived. The two boys were out of breath and they distracted the Hardys from seeing the rocket's parachute deploy. "Mr. Hardy, Joe, Frank, you've got to come right away!" Sensing desperation, the Hardys dropped what they were doing. Chet said something about a cat that had been hit by a car but was still alive. Tony said he would lead them to the scene, but Chet asked if he could use the bathroom. "Sure. Go on in," said Mr. Hardy. Chet was large for his age and not too light on his feet. He ran into the house and barged into the bathroom. He had undone his zipper and fished out his penis before he realized Mrs. Hardy was soaking in the tub. Her ample breasts floated among the bath bubbles. He froze. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Hardy." Chet turned to exit. "What's the rush?" asked Laura as she leaned out of the tub to close the door.

## **The Secret of the Giggling Girls**

Iola Morton and Callie Shaw had been best friends since grade school. They had grown up next door to each other. After Callie had fallen for Frank and learned that his younger brother Joe was available, she immediately thought of Iola. Ever since going steady, the girls hadn't spent much time together. But they found themselves alone when the boys rode off on their motorcycles down Shore Road. So, the girls spent the afternoon catching up as they walked along the beach. Callie looked out on the bay whenever she spoke of Frank. Iola suspected they had gone all the way. Callie insisted that that wasn't the case. Iola found a spot on the beach where the girls could have their picnic. As the blanket fluttered in the air, a draft lifted Callie's skirt and revealed her ornate undergarment. Iola complimented her and Callie happily showed it off; but neither girl could have anticipated what happened after Iola asked to feel the fine embroidery work.



## **The Mystery of the Mistaken Witch**

Joe biked into Bayport to watch his girl, Iola, play softball. Frank stayed home to help Aunt Gertrude plant potatoes before the rain. A car door shut, it was Oscar Smuff, the bumbling detective. He had seen Joe bicycling with a look on his face that Smuff mistook for desperation. So, he had stopped by the Hardy home to see if anything was the matter. He peered over the hedge and saw Gertrude on her knees. Her face was smudged with dirt as she hilled up soil. She saw Smuff behind the hedge and let out a scream that could have been mistaken for terror or joy, sending a tingling feeling through Smuff's body like a vexing spell. Just then, Biff Hooper pulled Smuff down to the ground by the shoulder. Smuff was a little dazed and couldn't stop staring at Biff's muscular thighs, his tight cut-off short shorts, and his rippled stomach. Biff saw Smuff looking him over. "How *you* doing, Mr. Smuff?"

## **What Happened at Noon**

After Laura sent the boys off to help Aunt Gertrude, she looked forward to some peace and quiet in the house. She took the ribbon from her hair, kicked off her shoes, and sank deep into the soft cushion of the chaise. She had wanted to read the latest issue of *Ladies Home Journal* and have a second cup of coffee, but she dozed off and wasn't disturbed by Fenton's familiar voice, "Honey, I'm home!" Fenton had noticed the boys' bikes were gone as he was driving by, and decided to surprise his lovely wife. He came into the reading room and saw her napping peacefully. Laura let out a sigh and rolled her head from one shoulder to the other, revealing her slender neck behind a waterfall of curls. Fenton couldn't resist and leaned forward to kiss her, there in that soft place. She was aroused awake and before she knew it, the Hardy home was brimming with excitement.

## **Plunder in the Clock Tower**

Aunt Gertrude drove her Volkswagen Beetle past the Bayport train station. The long, sleek train stirred up fond memories of her youth as it stopped at the platform spewing hot white steam, cooling its brakes. She had been a vibrant girl and had attracted many suitors. But her sharp tongue and peppery attitude would eventually scare off any eligible bachelor. Over time, she lost her youthful optimism and became a bit jaded. Even she knew that. And today was no different; she was “on the warpath” as the boys liked to chide her, going to see Police Chief Collig. Ezra had been one of those suitors, and the sight of him in uniform rekindled her feelings for him. He led her up to his office. Her curvy figure swayed before him. As he reached for the door, his wrist slightly brushed her backside. She spun around as they entered his office, sat on his desk, and wrapped her big legs around him, pulling him close.

## **In the Clutch of the Octopus**

Joe and Frank were the best friends brothers could be. As Frank and Callie's relationship began to blossom, Joe found himself alone more and more. Iola had gone to summer on Rocky Isle, so Joe thought he should take up an extra hobby. He wasn't quite sure what that would be. A little soul-searching was in order. So, he set out early one morning on his own to hit some flea markets in the area. That's when he found the brass hookah. He thought it looked like a many-tentacled octopus. *Nargeela*, the Turkish merchant said with a smile as Joe handed him the money. He took it home to polish it up and discovered a hidden chamber inside the pipe containing a small chunk of resin. Thinking it was incense, he held it over a candle flame. He found its sweet scent relaxing. Later that week, Frank noticed that Joe seemed absent and detached. He was sleeping late and was easily agitated in the morning. Something had a hold on him.

## **In the Shadow of the Sacred Hoop**

Joe and Frank were enjoying a game of basketball, one on one. Usually, their father, Fenton Hardy, the famous detective joined them. But Fenton was in the house fixing a drink and yelling at the boys' mother Laura. Shouts from the house sprinkled the neighborhood and added an urgency to the basketball game. Tony Prito pulled up in his pizza delivery car. "Hey, can I play?" Tony is a bit shorter but is a standout sportsman. He stole the ball from Joe, dribbled around Frank, and made an easy layup, immediately challenging the boys to up their game. Frank said, "Hey, you can't do that!" Tony teased them again, by making a nice three-point jumper. All net. Fenton's and Laura's shouts grew more intense. Joe stuck up for his older brother and pushed Tony away from the rebound. Tony pushed back and Frank and Joe jumped him. Tony hit the pavement and in a lust of rage, Joe stomped on his head. The crack of bones was punctuated by more yelling.

## **The Shadow of the Bobbing Head**

The old Snattman home had long been abandoned, but that didn't keep Joe and Frank away. However, their girlfriends, Iola and Callie didn't want to go inside, not at this hour. The house sat too close to the edge of the bluff over Barnet Bay. Frank didn't need to ask Belinda Conrad twice. Belinda was a fifth wheel looking for a way to get ahead. Joe went to the basement; Frank and Belinda went upstairs. Frank found an old candlestick on the floor. He dusted it off by blowing on it and stroking it lightly with his hands. Belinda hurriedly reached into his trouser pocket and fondled around for some matches. She said the dark scared her, but Frank knew otherwise. He handed her the candle as she struck the match. The bulbous match head flared up and cut the dark. Outside, Biff Hooper snuck up behind Iola and Callie and blew into his harmonica, startling the girls. As he chuckled, he saw a silhouette of someone's head in the upstairs window. "What's up?"

## **Revelers in the Caves**

Montana does have a bigger sky! The boys were giddy as they drove into Lucky Lode, Montana. The thought of prospecting for gold conjured up fantasies of 1849. In reality, Lucky Lode looked like many other towns: It had a movie theater, a supermarket or two, a gas station here and there. The boys noticed the public houses had unusual names: The Silver Tongued Devil, The Blue Oyster Bar, The Black Cat, with their funny signs: *Park it in the Rear* and *Enter through the Backside Only*. “Can we stop and have our pictures taken next to the wooden Indian?” they asked their father who responded with a disapproving look over his shoulder. Fenton and Laura gave each other an awkward smile. They didn’t want to have to explain why the boys shouldn’t go into those places. Besides, they were just pulling into the hotel parking lot where a tightly dressed valet greeted them. The valet gave Joe and Frank a once over, noting their youthful naïveté. He turned to Fenton and advised him to have the boys avoid the abandoned mines behind the hotel.

## **The Axe Man of Bayport**

Summer was in full swing. With Joe and Frank Hardy out of town, Bayport seemed frozen in time. Biff Hooper walked towards Prito's Pizzeria to see if Tony could slide him a slice. He saw Iola and Callie cut down the alley and he decided to circle around to give them a spook. But he was the one who got a surprise: the girls were sharing a smoke with Belinda Conrad's brother, Brian. Biff decided to play it cool and simply walk up to them. "Hey guys, how's it going?" Without a word, Brian handed Biff a pack of Marlboros and Biff fumbled one to his lips. Brian flicked his Zippo and Biff pretended he knew how to smoke. Brian began shaking a can of red spray paint; the plastic ball inside clicked out a jazzy rhythm. Biff choked down a cough. The girls giggled. Just then, Police Chief Collig rolled up in his patrol car, brakes squealing. Biff froze, his face pale. The girls began whispering. Brian sneered at the chief and without a flinch, sprayed "B-I-R-D — L-I-V-E-S" on the blue dumpster.



## **Mystery of the Desert Giant**

On a high-speed motorcycle chase, Joe and Frank Hardy were hot on the trail of the Bandito, Ramon Perez. They were somewhere in Monument Valley, a long way out of Flagstaff, in the midst of all those sandstone buttes when they ran out of gas and lost their suspect. Frank didn't waste any time and started thumbing for a ride. The boys walked a spell down Highway 163 and eventually got a ride from the tallest person they had ever seen. His knees practically stuck out the windows as he hunched over the steering wheel of a beat-up Ford. Frank said, "Gee, mister, thanks for stopping. Can you take us to the nearest gas station?" The driver didn't smile or say a word, he just nodded. Frank climbed in first and Joe hopped into the truck bed. The Mittens cast a long shadow. As Frank shut the door and the engine revved, a Chevy drove by and the driver mumbled, "Learn to fucking drive, Chief!" Joe was the only one who heard it, right there at the Hands of God.

## **The Secret of the Chinese Junk**

Yan-yun Li came on Bayport High with a warm gushy welcome. The Hardys hosted her for the year while she was on exchange. Fenton Hardy was a colleague of her uncle's. They had worked together to break up the Ring of Fire smuggling case. But the uncle didn't accompany his niece to America. Unsupervised, she really added to the Bayport gene pool. Biff Hooper sure had the hots for her. He would start to stammer whenever she walked into the room. Oscar Smuff, the bumbling detective, would find any excuse to follow Fenton home from the station. Although Smuff was quite a bit older than Yan-yun, they would often be overheard in the hallway, giggling like two schoolboys. A sweet girl with a gorgeous spirit, she confided in the Hardy boys and they respected her secret, a secret Biff discovered the hard way while spying up her skirt at the pep rally.

## **The Moaning Maiden on the Rocks**

Everybody at Bayport High School knew that Belinda Conrad had a monster crush on Frank Hardy. They had been with each other several times before Callie Shaw pounced on him and stole his heart away. This devastated Belinda, and she became bitter and sad. You see, Belinda came from a broken home and she ached for a way out. Her brother Brian had been busted for vandalism and her mother was known to drink vodka from a paper bag, puffing on a stogie while walking the family's Dachshund, OGRE, at night. Frank had been to the Conrad house a few times. He was afraid to sit on the furniture, to be honest. So you could imagine that Belinda was quite surprised to see him at her door after dark. She thought he was there to ask her to the dance, but instead he motioned to go to her bedroom. They snickered quietly on their way up the stairs. She saw Frank as her ticket to ride and would happily wrap her legs around him any time she could.

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