

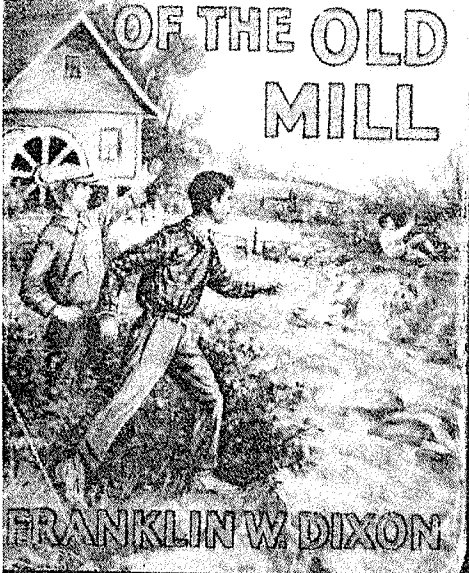
Ted Scott Flying Stories

OVER the OCEAN to PARIS



THE HARDY BOYS

THE SECRET OF THE OLD MILL



THE HARDY BOYS

HUNTING FOR HIDDEN GOLD



ROLLING STONE 9/19/76

THE GREAT HARDY BOYS' WHODUNIT

The Strange Tale of the
Stratemeyer Syndicate and
... Look Out!... Groupies!

BY ED ZUCKERMAN

IF ANYONE still doubts that the world is a profoundly different place than it was when we were children, consider this:

Frank Hardy has encountered a groupie.

If word came that Abe Lincoln turned up on *Let's Make a Deal* dressed as a carrot, it could not be more unsettling. For we know Frank Hardy from a world where groupies were not imagined, when we were eight years old and life's greatest blessing was a cousin who owned a complete set of the Hardy Boys by Franklin W. Dixon and would let us borrow. This is what we read: 

A selection of titles from the Stratemeyer

"So you boys want to help me on another case?" Fenton Hardy, internationally known detective, smiled at his teenage sons.

"Dad, you said you're working on a very mysterious case right now," Frank spoke up. "Isn't there some angle of it that Joe and I could tackle?"

Mr. Hardy looked out the window of his second-floor study as if searching for the answer somewhere in the town of Bayport, where the Hardys lived. Finally, he turned back and gazed steadfastly at his sons.

"All right. How would you like to look for some smugglers?"

—*The House on the Cliff*

Old Fenton's thoughtful pause didn't fool anybody. Fans of the Hardy Boys knew from experience that, within paragraphs, Frank and Joe would be hot on the trail of smugglers or jewel thieves or forgers or other desperadoes. Bayport was "a pleasant city of 50,000 people on Barnet Bay" (*Footprints under the Window*) yet, as critic Arthur Prager has pointed out, it "rivalled Virginia City or East St. Louis as a lodestone for criminal activities of all kinds. Never were so many assorted felonies committed in a single American small town." And wherever there was a crime, the Hardy Boys were there.

Despite its crime rate, Bayport and its citizens generally had an air of being slightly quaint and dated to one who read of them during the Fifties. That was only natural, as most of the books available then had been written in the Thirties and Forties. The Hardy Boys drove a roadster, whatever that was; they wore caps and neckties; their friends were their "chums"; they listened to radio programs and they carried two-dollar bills. So, when Hardy Boys fans of this generation abandoned them at last and moved on to Raymond Chandler or Henry Miller or Dosztoevsky, the Hardy Boys were left behind in a double past—that of our own childhood and an out-of-focus, adventurous time that preceded even that. The logical conclusion is that the Hardy Boys are dead, or at least moribund, locked in their antique Bayport, doomed to chase the same diamond smugglers in the same roadster until diamonds are as obsolete as roadsters and nobody cares.

It is a shock, therefore, to open *The Flickering Torch Mystery* and find the Hardys and their chums in a rock & roll band.

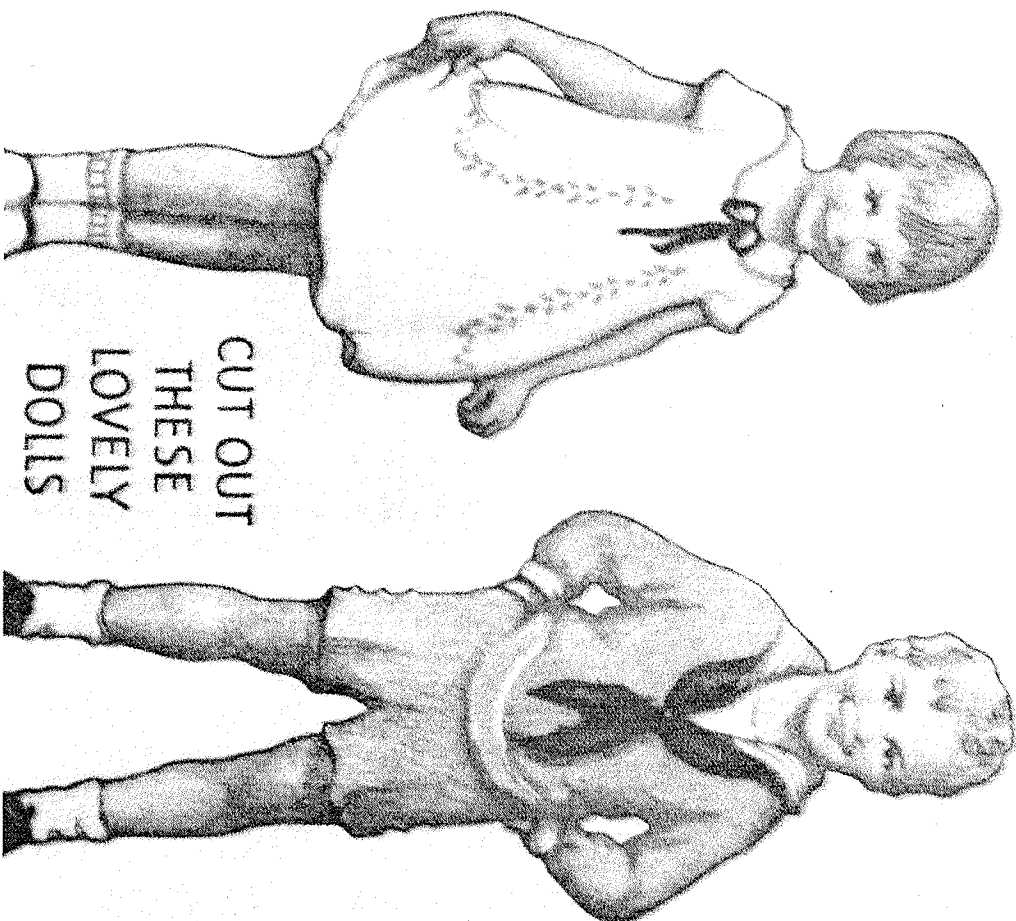
The band played for about an hour, doing renditions of songs that had the listeners tapping their toes and snapping their fingers to the varied rhythms. A dance melody led up to the first intermission.

Seymour came over and had a big smile on his face. "Say, gang, you're great!" he said. "Come along. A lot of patrons are dying to meet you. . . ."

Unable to come up with a plausible refusal, Frank led the way down to the dance floor where a crowd was milling around. Each member of the band was promptly buttonholed by a music fan. An effusive blond teenager engaged Frank in conversation. "I think your combo is too sweet for words," she cooed. . . .

Frank tried to edge away but the girl linked her arm in his. "Do tell me what you're playing next," she beamed.

Introducing The Bobbsey Twins themselves



CUT OUT
THESE
LOVELY
DOLLS

Dostoyevsky, the Hardy boys were not unique in a double past—that of our own childhood and an out-of-focus, adventurous time that preceded even that. The logical conclusion is that the Hardy Boys are dead, or at least moribund, locked in their antique Bayport, doomed to chase the same diamond smugglers in the same roadster until diamonds are as obsolete as roadsters and nobody cares.

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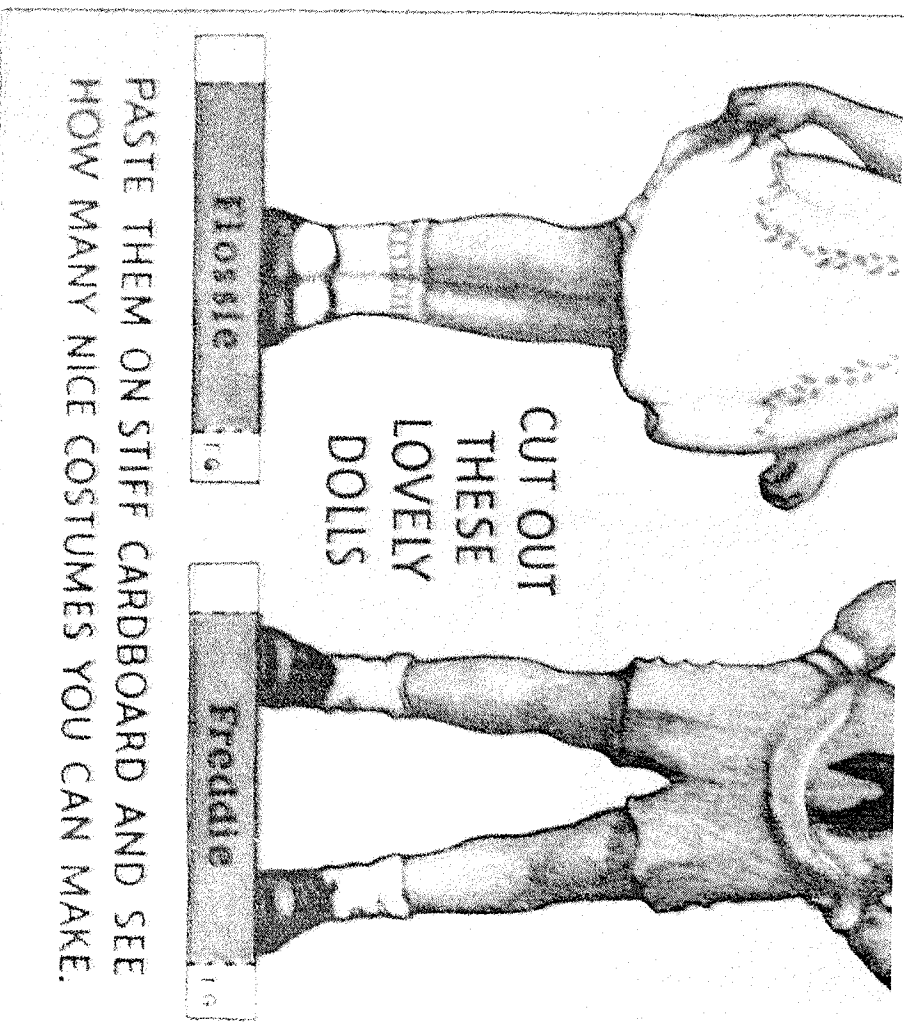
Frank tried to edge away but the girl linked her arm in his. "Do tell me what you're playing next," she begged. Desperately Frank went through the program. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get ready," he said.

"That's the only reason I'd accept," she said archly. "Keep the rhythm coming my way!"

Frank was anxious to break away from this music fan because he had spotted a villain secreting a stolen uranium isotope in his amplifier and, as far as we know, he never saw the young lady again. But a further mystery, beyond the mystery of the stolen isotope, remains: how did she get into *The Flickering Torch Mystery* in the first place?

The Flickering Torch Mystery was first published in 1943, and anyone who read a copy purchased before 1971 (and that includes most Hardy fans reading this article) did not find a rock band anywhere in it. It was an exciting enough book, having to do with the theft of construction materials near the lab of an eccentric scientist who was developing artificial rubber—big news in 1943—but there were no effusive blond teenagers or uranium isotopes in the neighborhood.

What has happened to *The Flickering Torch Mystery*? Is a mystery worthy of the Hardy Boys themselves. The trail to its solution leads first to an inconspicuous brick office building in Maplewood, New Jersey, and then on into the past, where the secret of the Hardy Boys is inextricably bound up with the secret of their creator, Franklin W. Dixon. The complexity of the tale would not deter the Hardys. "We'll just have to keep plugging away," Frank counsels Joe in *Footprints under the Window*. "In all the other mysteries we tackled we had plenty of setbacks. Then something usually happened to straighten



The Bobbsey Twins by Laura Lee Hope—alias Stratemeyer

everything out, and all the points that puzzled us became as clear as day."

In that spirit, we proceed.

THE most important thing about Franklin W. Dixon is that he never existed. The first Hardy Boys books were created by a man named Edward Stratemeyer in the late Twenties, and he and his descendants have supervised the actual writing of the books by a succession of anonymous ghost writers ever since.

But it is too simple to say that Stratemeyer was Dixon, for Stratemeyer was also Carolyn Keene, who created

the girl detective Nancy Drew. He was also Laura Lee Hope, author of the Bobbsey Twins books. He was Victor Appleton, creator of Tom Swift. He was Arthur M. Winfield (the Rover Boys). He was Lester Chadwick (Baseball Joe). He was James Cody Ferris (the X Bar X Boys). And he was Roy Rockwood (Bomba the Jungle Boy).

And he was the author of the Honey Bunch books (as Helen Louise Thorndike), and of Nan Sherwood (as Annie Roe Carr), and the Motor Girls (Margaret Penrose), the Corner House Girls (Grace Brooks Hill), Ruth Fielding (Alice B. Emerson), and the Four Little Blossoms (Mabel C. Hawley).

And he created the Motorcycle Chums, the Speedwell

Boys, the Boy Aviators, the Racer Boys and the Garry Grayson football stories.

And the Motion Picture Chums, the Radio Boys, the Girls of Central High, the Boys of Columbia High, the Moving Picture Boys, the Moving Picture Girls, the Mel Martin Baseball Stories and the adventures of Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.

And there were more, over 70 in all, which led *Fortune* magazine to declare in 1934, "As oil had its Rockefeller, literature had its Stratemeyer."

Details of the life of this literary titan are elusive, as his family has been reluctant to blow the whistle on "Franklin W. Dixon" and the rest of the gang. Available sources indicate that he was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1862 and that he wrote his first story on brown wrapping paper while working in a Newark shop in 1886. The story was sold to a boys' magazine for \$75, and Stratemeyer quit shopkeeping forever after.

He wrote more stories for boys' magazines and then got a job in New York at the pulp publishing house of Street and Smith, where he wrote dime novels, beginning with *Crazy Bob*, *The Terror of Creede*, and completed the works of Horatio Alger Jr. after Alger's death. Stratemeyer's destiny, however, lay with his own series books. When Dewey defeated the Spanish fleet at Manila in 1898, Stratemeyer leapt into print with a tale of valiant lads in action called *Under Dewey at Manila*.

That was the start of the Old Glory series. It was followed in 1899 by the Rover Boys and in 1906 by the Motor Boys, and by 1908 Edward Stratemeyer had become the Stratemeyer Syndicate and had ten series going. This was more work than even Stratemeyer could produce by himself, so while continuing to write two chapters a day on his own, he composed three-page book outlines which he farmed out to hack writers to produce for \$50 to \$250. His second-in-command was Howard Garis, who wrote most of the Tom Swift books and went on to write Uncle Wiggily stories under his own name, but the rest of Stratemeyer's crew were lesser lights. They were expected to produce their books in less than a month, and Stratemeyer carefully scheduled their visits to his office so that no two ghosts should ever meet.

By the time of his death, in 1930, at the age of 68, Stratemeyer had written more than 200 books himself and presided over the writing of about 800 others. Among his own works were the early adventures of the Hardy Boys, who first breathed the clean air of Bayport in 1927. Their premier appearance came in *The Tower Treasure*, which was written from Stratemeyer's outline. Grosset and Dunlap, Stratemeyer's publisher, fretted that the Hardy Boys, along with Nancy Drew and the others, were too young to die, especially as they had already sold 20 million copies and showed no signs of slacking off.



THE afternoon express steamed into the Bayport station to the usual uproar of clanging bells, shouting redcaps and a bellowing train announcer. Among those on the platform were two pleasant-faced youths who scanned the passing coaches expectantly.



"WONDER what mystery Dad's working on now?" Joe Hardy asked. His brother Frank looked down the platform of the Bayport railroad station. "It must be important the way Dad dashed off to Detroit. We'll know in a few minutes." Joe looked impatient. "Train's late."

—Opening paragraph, *The Secret of the Old Mill*, 1927

—Opening paragraph, *The Secret of the Old Mill*, 1962

in the Hardy Boys books is "Look out!" On page seven of *The Flickering Torch Mystery*, Frank, while flying the family plane, is nearly struck in midair by another plane piloted by a scar-faced villain. ("Frank, watch it," Joe cried suddenly.") Within the next 54 pages an airplane wing drops from a crane over the boys' heads (they leap out of the way), a junkyard truck drives straight at them (they leap again), they strike a log while riding in a friend's boat and are thrown overboard, a big fishing boat careens at full speed toward their boat in a fog (it narrowly misses them), they are buzzed by a low-flying plane (they duck), a stranger with a steel bar tries to sabotage their boat (Joe tackles him), a rope suspending an airplane engine over their heads suddenly breaks (the engine hits a rock and bounces away), Joe's hands begin to slip as he literally hangs over the edge of a cliff (he finds a toehold), and the steering mechanism of the boys' convertible snaps as they drive down a steep mountain road (they stop safely). And that's all in the first seven chapters. To recuperate, the boys go home and eat lunch.

The home the boys go to, a "spacious, three-story clapboard house" at the corner of Elm and High streets in Bayport, could just as easily be located in the section of Maplewood, New Jersey, where the Stratemeyer Syndicate rents a suite of offices. It shares a two-story brick office building with a firm of accountants at the edge of a pleasant tree-shaded neighborhood near the Maplewood Country Club. Mrs. Adams, who is 83, continues her

style and decorated with original Nancy Drew cover art and signed photographs of her father and Bonita Granville, who played Nancy Drew in four movies in the late Thirties.

Mrs. Adams's M.O., as Fenton Hardy would say, is to pencil a 60-page outline for each book she writes and then dictate from the outline. "The quickest I ever did a book was two weeks," she told the *Wall Street Journal*. "I like two months better, and that's two months of solid work." (Mrs. Adams originally agreed to be interviewed for this article, although she had never heard of ROLLING STONE. Her secretary went out and bought her a copy, which happened to be last fall's "men's issue" and included articles and illustrations on sexual themes. Mrs. Adams canceled the interview.)

To round out the syndicate's production, Mrs. Adams relies on a small staff and an undisclosed number of ghostwriters. The number of series in the Stratemeyer empire has shrunk to a mere seven (the Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew, Dana Girls, Bobsey Twins, Cherry Ames, Tom Swift Jr., Wynn and Lanny) but these still sell 6 million copies a year. The Hardy Boys sold 1,670,000 copies in 1975, second only to Nancy Drew's 2,300,000.

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So into the breach stepped Mrs. Adams and her sister, Edna Squier, to manage the syndicate. Mrs. Adams, a 1914 graduate of Wellesley College, took on the writing of Nancy Drew herself, and the rest, including the Hardy Boys, were farmed out. By 1948, Mrs. Squier had retired and Mrs. Adams hired Andrew Svenson, a former New-ark reporter, as a writer and editor. He eventually took on the writing of the Hardy Boys and several other series, including the Bobsey Twins, the Happy Hollisters and the Tollivers, a series that featured the family of a Negro pharmacist.

"We feel that a bright, peppy, adventurous Negro family will be stimulating to readers of all races," he said when the series was launched in the late Sixties. Svenson became a partner in the syndicate in 1961. He died last summer at the age of 65, shortly after completing *The Witch Master's Key*, number 55 in the Hardy Boys series. Mrs. Adams had already hired a new anonymous "Franklin W. Dixon" to carry the boys on. (Grosset and Dunlap say that "arrangements have been made" for "people" to take over all the series after Mrs. Adams dies or retires.) "The trick in writing children's books," Svenson said in 1974, "is to set up danger, mystery and excitement on page one. Force the kid to turn the page. I've written page one as many as 20 times. Then in the middle of each chapter there's a dramatic point of excitement and, at chapter's end, a cliffhanger."

True to Svenson's formula, the most common phrase

(they leap again), they strike a log while rising in a friend's boat and are thrown overboard, a big fishing boat careens at full speed toward their boat in a fog (it narrowly misses them), they are buzzed by a low-flying plane (they duck), a stranger with a steel bar tries to sabotage their boat (Joe tackles him), a rope suspending an airplane engine over their heads suddenly breaks (the engine hits a rock and bounces away), Joe's hands begin to slip as he literally hangs over the edge of a cliff (he finds a toehold), and the steering mechanism of the boys' convertible snaps as they drive down a steep mountain road (they stop safely). And that's all in the first seven chapters. To recuperate, the boys go home and eat lunch.

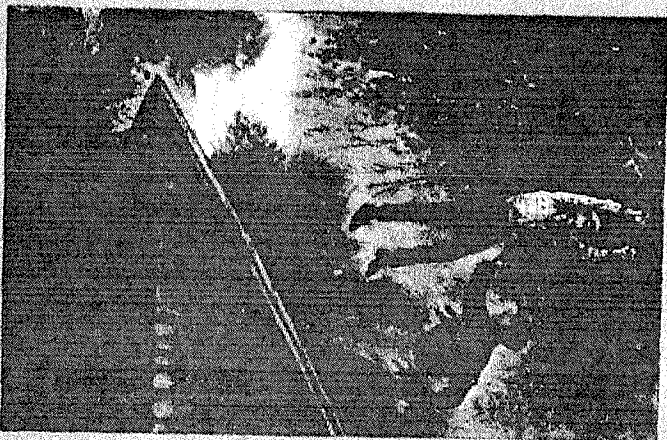
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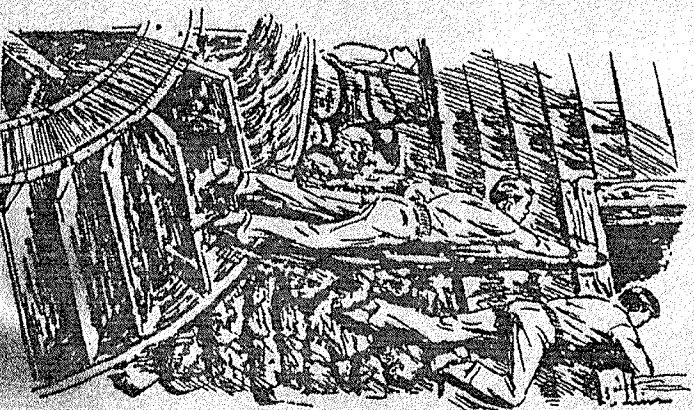
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'Secret of the Old Mill,' 1927 and 1962



HE DIVULGED LIGHTLY TO THE MOOD OF THE OLD MILL. (Mrs. Adams) (Page 105)



Joe had to act fast to avoid being crushed beneath the turning wheel.



EACH lad carried a substantial lunch, their mothers realizing that the noonday meal is the chief feature of such an outing.

—*The Secret of the Old Mill*, 1927



Iola Morton and her friend Callie Shaw [Frank's favorite date] had offered to pack lunch if they could go along on the picnic.

—*The Secret of the Old Mill*, 1927

that the Stratemeyer books are badly written and repetitious, and they have been barred from most libraries. Now," says a spokesman for Grosset and Dunlap, librarians are "realizing that these are the only books many kids will read."

The all-time Stratemeyer bestseller is Nancy Drew, who has sold more than 60 million books and has been the subject of a spate of articles, including one in *Ms.* magazine that called Ms. Drew "a role model for young feminists." The Hardy Boys, over the 50 million mark, rank second in total sales but have for some reason been out of the limelight since their serialization on the *Mickey Mouse Club* in the Fifties. Unless you're nine years old, of course, in which case the Hardys are as much in view as ever.

But there is a crucial difference between today's Hardy Boys books and the ones we remember, and it has to do with the presence of that blond bombshell in *The Flickering Torch Mystery*. Since 1959, in addition to cranking out a new Hardy adventure once a year, Mrs. Adams and her colleagues, like Soviet historians, have been systematically rewriting the past. The extent of this literary sacrilege is overwhelming: every Hardy Boys book up to and including *The Mystery at Devil's Paw* (number 38) is not the same as it used to be.

has aged from 15 to 17. But the boys still attend Bayport High School, where they have been good students since 1927.

Their father, the world-famous detective, remains "tall and middle-aged but still youthful in appearance" and still departs frequently on mysterious business trips, leaving the boys behind to mind the store. Their mother, Laura, remains a shadowy figure whose main functions are to cook and worry. And the boys still interrupt their breakneck adventures every dozen pages or so to sit down to a nourishing meal, although the muffins their mother is making to accompany a roast beef dinner in *The Secret Panel* (1946) inexplicably turn into popovers in the revised edition 23 years later.

One persistent theme of the revisions in the new editions has been an overall toning down of excess, perhaps out of a fear of offending, perhaps out of a sense that the times now call for moderation. Whatever the reason, characters who were morose in the Thirties have become merely a little dumb in the Sixties. The boys' Aunt Gertrude is still peppy but she is no longer dictatorial. Their pal Chet Morton is no longer fat; he is "plump." Accents have been dropped all around, the boys no longer carry guns, and the Tom Swifftian technology has disappeared. In *The Secret Panel* (1938), a gang of thieves opens locked doors with a "short-wave key." In the revised edition, they pick the locks. In the original, a crew of busy good guys "fortified themselves against hunger by eating some concentrated food tablets Mr. Hardy always carried with him." In the revised edition, Mr. Hardy brought some sandwiches from home.

Even the fabled Hardy humor has been toned down. Frank no longer "facetiously" inquires of Joe, "Have you ever seen a barn dance?" But, fortunately for the Hardys' pal Biff Hooper, one joke remains. In *The Secret of the Caves* (1929) Chet turns to Biff upon arriving at an isolated spot and says, "I know what they call this place."

"I don't think it has a name," said Biff.

"Oh, yes, they call this place Fishhook."

"Fishhook? Why?" asked Biff, nearly falling into the trap. "Because it's the end of the line."

It isn't until the revised edition that Biff comes up with a witty reply: "You really hooked me on that one, pal." Anyone who has ever thought of a snappy comeback five minutes too late can sympathize with Biff, who carried this zinger unspoken in his head for 35 years.

On the morals front, the "modernization" of the books has, predictably, had its limits. "They don't have hippies in them," said Mrs. Adams. "And none of the characters have love affairs or take dope. If they did, I'm sure that would be the end of the series." On the sexual front, however, things have loosened up a little. Frank and Joe have been dating the same girls for 49 years now:

off in an amnesiac daze, kidnapped by a colleague who, while visiting an "unfriendly" foreign nation, was "brain-washed" into joining a sabotage ring operation on the outskirts of Bayport.

Footprints under the Window (1933) had to do with the smuggling in of "Chinamen" to work in laundries and restaurants. *Footprints under the Window* (1965) has to do with the smuggling in of spies working for a Caribbean dictator named Juan Posada. A mean-looking Latin is pictured on the cover wearing combat fatigues and a beard à la you-know-who.

A corollary to vigilance against spies and saboteurs is respect for your local police. The Hardys didn't always feel this way. In the old days they used to have a great deal of fun at the expense of Bayport's finest, who were invariably stupid or overblown or both. The boys' frequent foil was Constable Con Riley, who "had been a patrolman on a downtown beat but a pickpocket had stolen his handcuffs and nightstick." Riley's superiors were not much better:

Chief of Police Colling was a fat, pompous official who had never been blessed by a superabundance of brains. His chief satellite and aide-de-camp was Oscar Smuff, a detective of the Bayport police force. As Chet was fond of remarking, "If you put both their brains together you'd have enough for a half-wit."

But all of that is gone now. These are not times for all-American boys to be contemptuous of police. Colling has become "a vigorous, middle-aged man with iron-gray hair who worked closely with the Hardys on various cases." Even Riley has become competent. If the police are hampered by anything nowadays, it is not their stupidity but the Supreme Court. "We're not saying a thing!" protests a captured thief in a recent book. "We want to see a lawyer. We got our rights, and we'll have your badge for false arrest."

The movement to respect the police was, of course, a reaction to the social revolution of the Sixties. The Hardy Boys kept awfully busy during those years chasing our nation's enemies (and the occasional old-fashioned jewel thief or forger who slipped through), but even they finally took note that something new was in the air. Dope and real sex are still unknown in Bayport, but some elements of the new popular culture have arrived, and they are at first viewed with alarm.

In *The Bombay Boomerang* (1970), there is established a treacherous link between the new rock culture and subversion. A major character, one Teddy Blaze, is a Bayport disc jockey who "plays platters with a real beat" and "uses the slang of the new generation to hold the attention of his audience." Clearly the Hardy Boys are from a different crowd. When they meet Blaze, he gibes, "You fellows look like refugees from the Bach brigade."

The Hardys dislike Blaze instantly, and their intuition

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Some of the new editions carry the note, "In this story, based on the original of the same title, Mr. Dixon has incorporated the most up-to-date methods used by police and private detectives." But that explanation will not wash. In all the books—both new and old—the boys' main investigative methods are eavesdropping and ducking. Something more fundamental than technique has changed. The Hardy Boys have entered the new age.

THE good old Hardy adventures have fallen victim to the march of progress. Grosset and Dunlap say the books have been revised to make them "more relevant," and Mrs. Adams has spoken of "modernizing" them to suit a more "sophisticated" generation of readers.

Some of the resulting changes have clearly been for the common good. The Hardy Boys were never as racist as some other Stratemeyer creations (Bomba the Jungle Boy once decided that he was superior to the jungle natives because his white soul was awake while their black souls were sleeping). Nor were the Hardys anti-Semitic; they've had a friend named Phil Cohen from the beginning. But the black train porter in *The Twisted Claw* (1939) who refers to the boys as "Massa" had evidently retired by 1969, when the revised edition came out. And Frank's remark, "I have a sort of a hunch that there's a nigger in the woodpile" in *The House on the Cliff* (1927) has been refined to a narrative comment, "The boys felt uneasy," in *The House on the Cliff* (1959).

In their biographical data, the boys are still basically the same. Frank, "a tall, dark youth of 16, with a clever, good-natured face," is now 18. His blond brother Joe

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Callie Shaw, a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, was an object of special enthusiasm with Frank, who was apt to cast an appreciative eye upon the other sex, while Iola, a plump, dark girl, a sister of Chet Morron's, was "all right, as a girl," in Joe's reluctant opinion.

—*The House on the Cliff*

By 1968, Iola has become slim, Callie has become a blond, and Joe has developed enough of an interest in girls to temporarily drop a search for credit card counterfeiters to have a hot dog with a pretty stranger (*Danger on Vampire Trail*). Most extraordinary of all, at a party in 1969 (*The Arctic Parol Mystery*),

• Frank touched Callie's arm. "I'd like to get out for a little fresh air...."

"Me, too," Callie replied. "It's stuffy in here."

The couple stepped out into the star-studded evening.

Only God and Andrew Svenson know what might have happened next, for the couple's walk is interrupted by the arrival of three villains who pounce on Frank in a kidnapping attempt. Frank fights them off, but the spell is broken.

It is in the area of politics, broadly construed, that the times have made their greatest mark on the Hardys. Their only contact with Vietnam came when they met a Vietnamese doctor named Cellier in Marrakech (*The Mysterious Caravan*, 1975), but the Cold War came to Bayport soon after it came to Washington and détente has not yet arrived. The old volumes have routinely been re-plotted, with little concern for literary desecration, to add a national security angle.

A venerable classic like *The Secret of the Caves* (1929), in which the boys track down a college professor who had lost his memory in a train wreck, has been made more "relevant" by having the professor, instead of wandering

stupidly but the Supreme Court. "We're not saying a thing!" protests a captured thief in a recent book. "We want to see a lawyer. We got our rights, and we'll have your badge for false arrest."

The movement to respect the police was, of course, a reaction to the social revolution of the Sixties. The Hardy Boys kept awfully busy during those years chasing our nation's enemies (and the occasional old-fashioned jewel thief or forger who slipped through), but even they finally took note that something new was in the air. Dope and real sex are still unknown in Bayport, but some elements of the new popular culture have arrived, and they are at first viewed with alarm.

In *The Bomby Bomberang* (1970), there is established a treacherous link between the new rock culture and subversion. A major character, one Teddy Blaze, is a Bayport disc jockey who "plays platters with a real beat" and "uses the slang of the new generation to hold the attention of his audience." Clearly the Hardy Boys are from a different crowd. When they meet Blaze, he gibes, "You fellows look like refugees from the Bach brigade."

The Hardys dislike Blaze instantly, and their intuition is proven correct. It turns out that Blaze's on-the-air "slang" is a cover for coded messages to a subversive gang with plans to explode a stolen missile on a nerve-gas storage site in Colorado. One gang member reveals the plot's horrible final goal: "The nerve gas will knock out enough people to start riots from coast to coast. The government will be overthrown."

(There is, needless to say, no question raised about the government's storing the nerve gas in the first place. "There's been some talk about this," an admiral tells the Hardys, "residents complaining about the danger if an earthquake tremor should split the ground and the stuff got out into the air. One farmer charges that his cattle have already been affected by leakage.")

(Mr. Hardy frowns and asks, "Is that true?")

("No," assures the admiral. "All of these accusations are unfounded.") So much for kooky environmentalists.)

At book's end, the Hardys smash the gang and save America from the unpatriotic disc jockey. After such a turn of events, one would hardly expect the Hardys to become rock musicians themselves, but by 1971 the Stratemeyer Syndicate had apparently decided that rock & roll was here to stay and that it did not necessarily mean the end of the Republic. In that year's revision of *The Flickering Torch Mystery*, we find the boys in a band and practicing for a Bayport rock festival. They sidetrack to investigate a string of mysterious airplane crashes and end up performing at the crooks' rendezvous.

So the Hardy Boys have even become hip: they still chase traitors but they play folk rock. Bayport adapts—and Bayport survives.