

The
ROCKET
Book

Patented June 4, 1912



By PETER NEWELL

Peter Newell	<p style="text-align: center;">The Rocket Book By Peter Newell (1862-1924)</p> <p><i>The Rocket Book</i> can be listened to while viewing a beautiful facsimile edition at the International Children's Digital Library (ICDL): http://childrenslibrary.org/</p> <p><i>The Rocket Book</i> begins when the son of a building superintendent sets a match to a rocket he discovered in the basement. Suddenly, the rocket blasts its way up through apartment after apartment in a high-rise, disrupting and transforming the humdrum goings-on of twenty families till it is finally stopped cold by something in the attic. An elliptical hole is punched in each of the book's pages and illustrations to signify where the rocket passed through every apartment! As in all of Newell's books, the verse on the verso-page provides commentary on the recto-page illustration.</p> <p>This book and Newell's <i>The Slant Book</i> pioneered the "special format" children's literature of today, such as pop-up books or cutout books like Eric Carle's <i>The Very Hungry Caterpillar</i>. Newell's books from 80 years ago have been reprinted, since Newell has undergone a resurgence in popularity much as Dr. Seuss's books did during the 1980s. This is a boon for teachers and home-schooling parents, since this recording can now be listened to as youngsters page through a real book (ISBN: 0-8048-0505-9) or as they view the ICDL scanned version online (both are a real treat!) (Summary by Denny Sayers)</p> <p>Read by Denny Sayers. Total Running Time: 00:11:58</p> <p>This recording is in the public domain and may be reproduced, distributed, or modified without permission. For more information or to volunteer, visit librivox.org.</p> <p>Cover picture is the cover of the 1912 Harper & Brothers edition. Copyright expired in US, Canada, EU and all countries with author's life +70 yrs laws. Cover design by Janette Brown. This design is in the public domain.</p>	The Rocket Book
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HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK

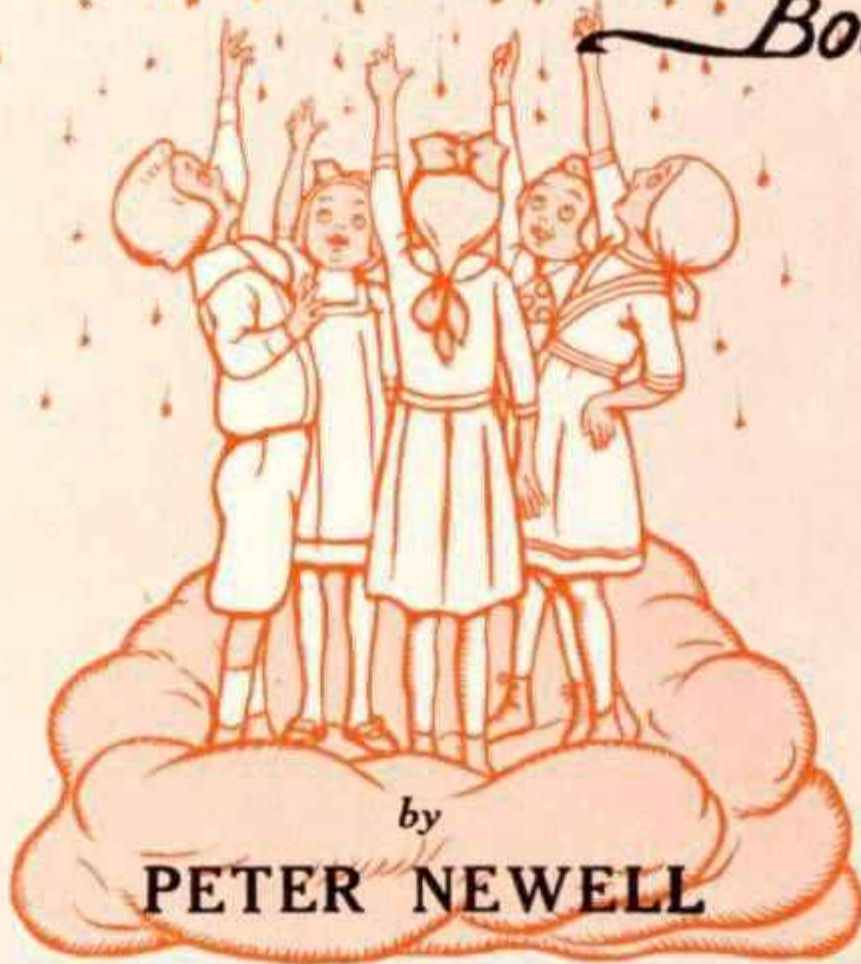
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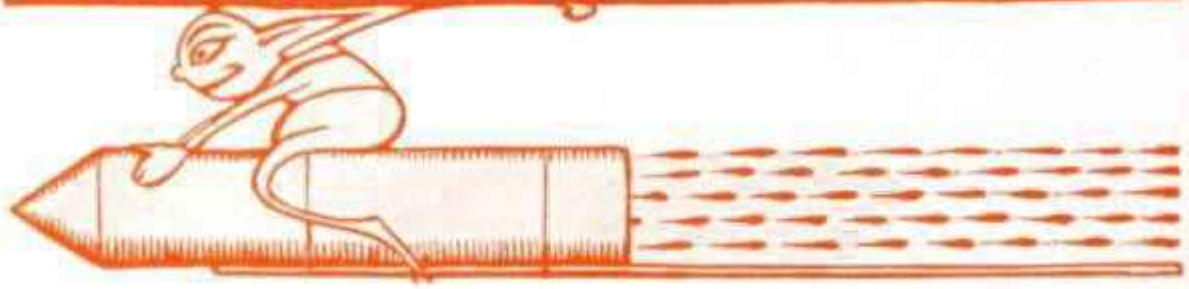
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THE ROCKET BOOK



THE BASEMENT

When Fritz, the Janitor's bad kid,

Went snooping in the basement,

He found a rocket snugly hid

Beneath the window casement.

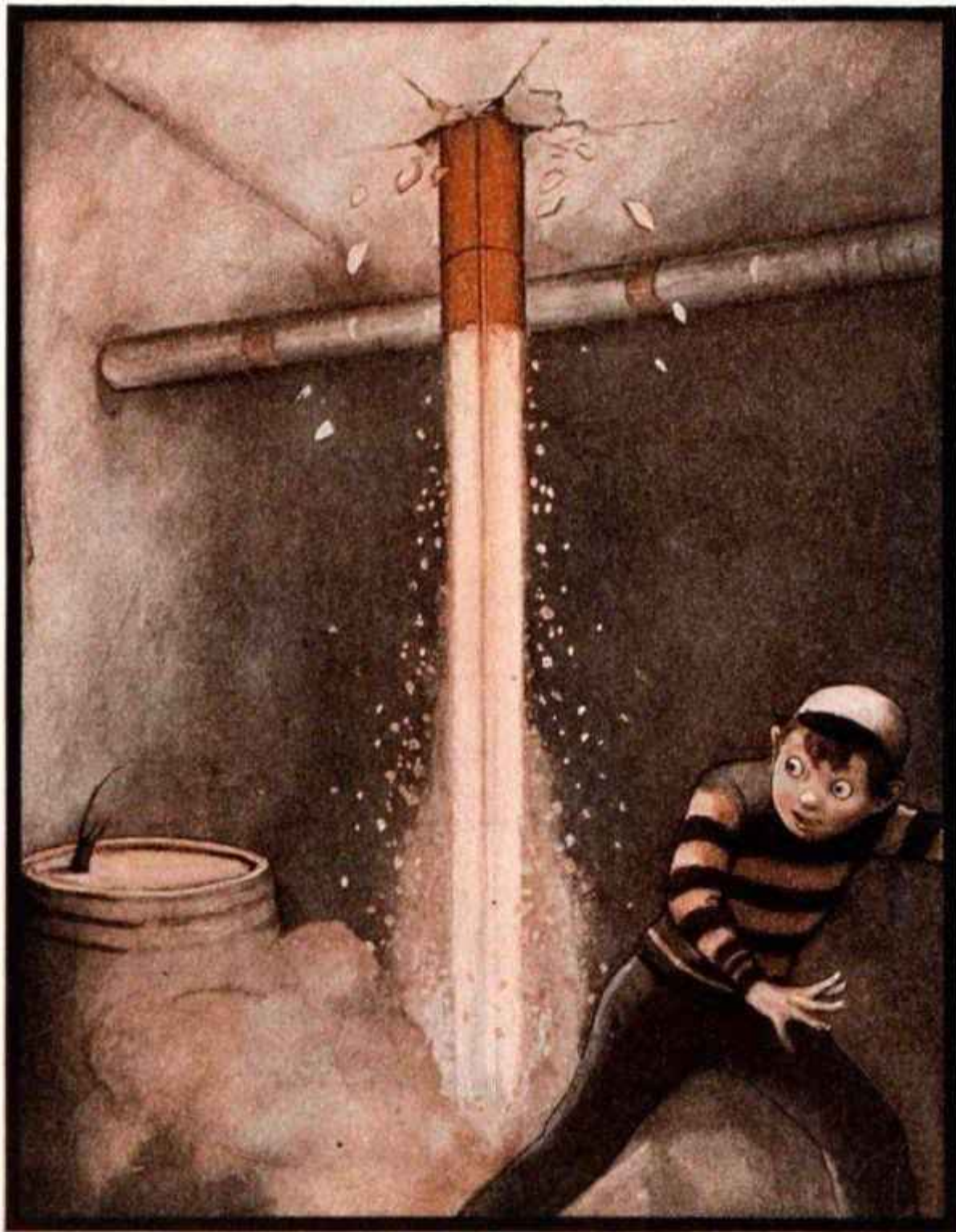


He struck a match with one fell swoop;

Then, on the concrete kneeling,

He lit the rocket and—she—oop!

It shot up through the ceiling.



FIRST FLAT

The Steiners on the floor above

Of breakfast were partaking;

Crash! came the rocket, unannounced,

And set them all a-quaking!

—

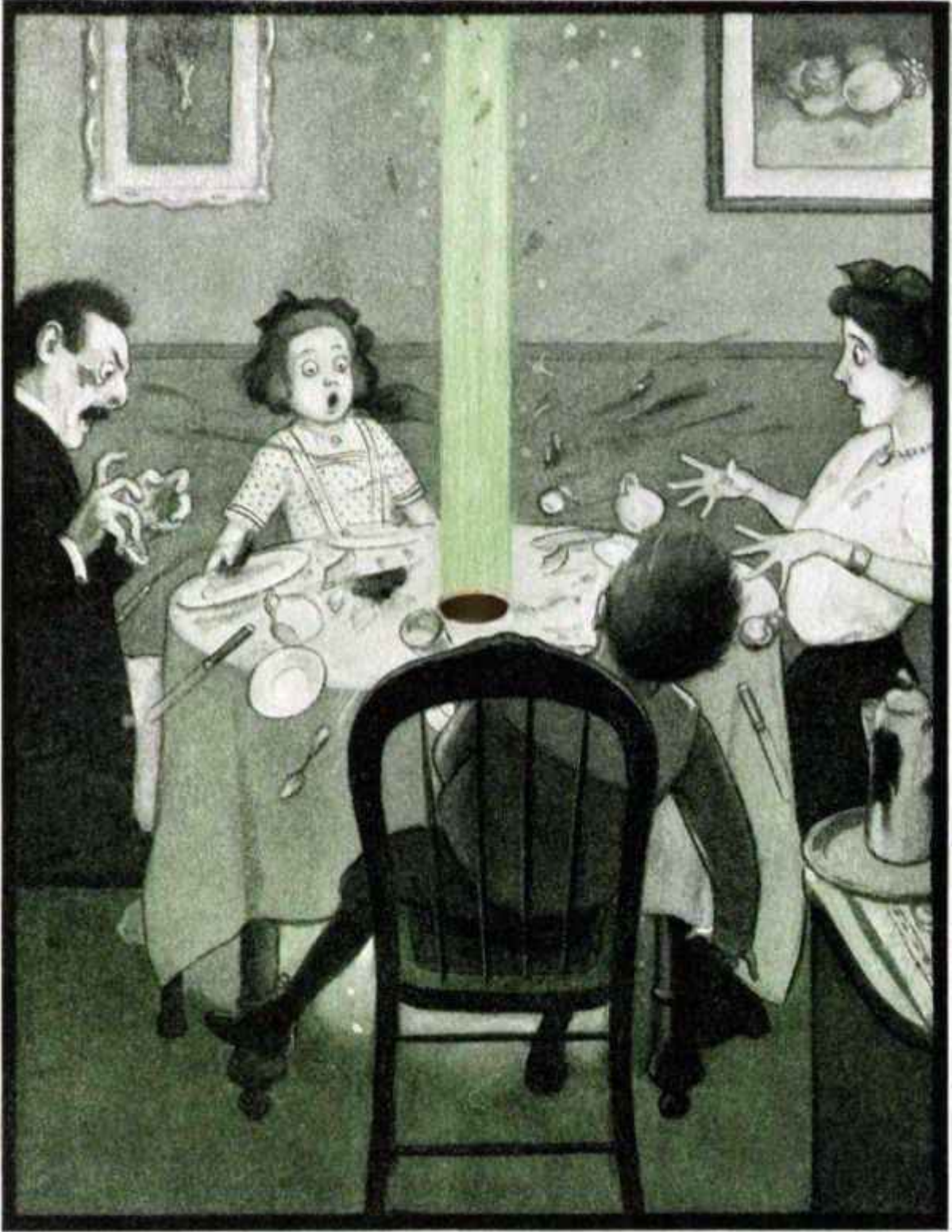


It smote a catsup bottle, fair,

And bang! the thing exploded!

And now these people all declare

That catsup flask was loaded.



SECOND FLAT

Before the fire old Grandpa Hopp

Dozed in his arm-chair big,

When from a trunk the rocket burst

And carried off his wig!

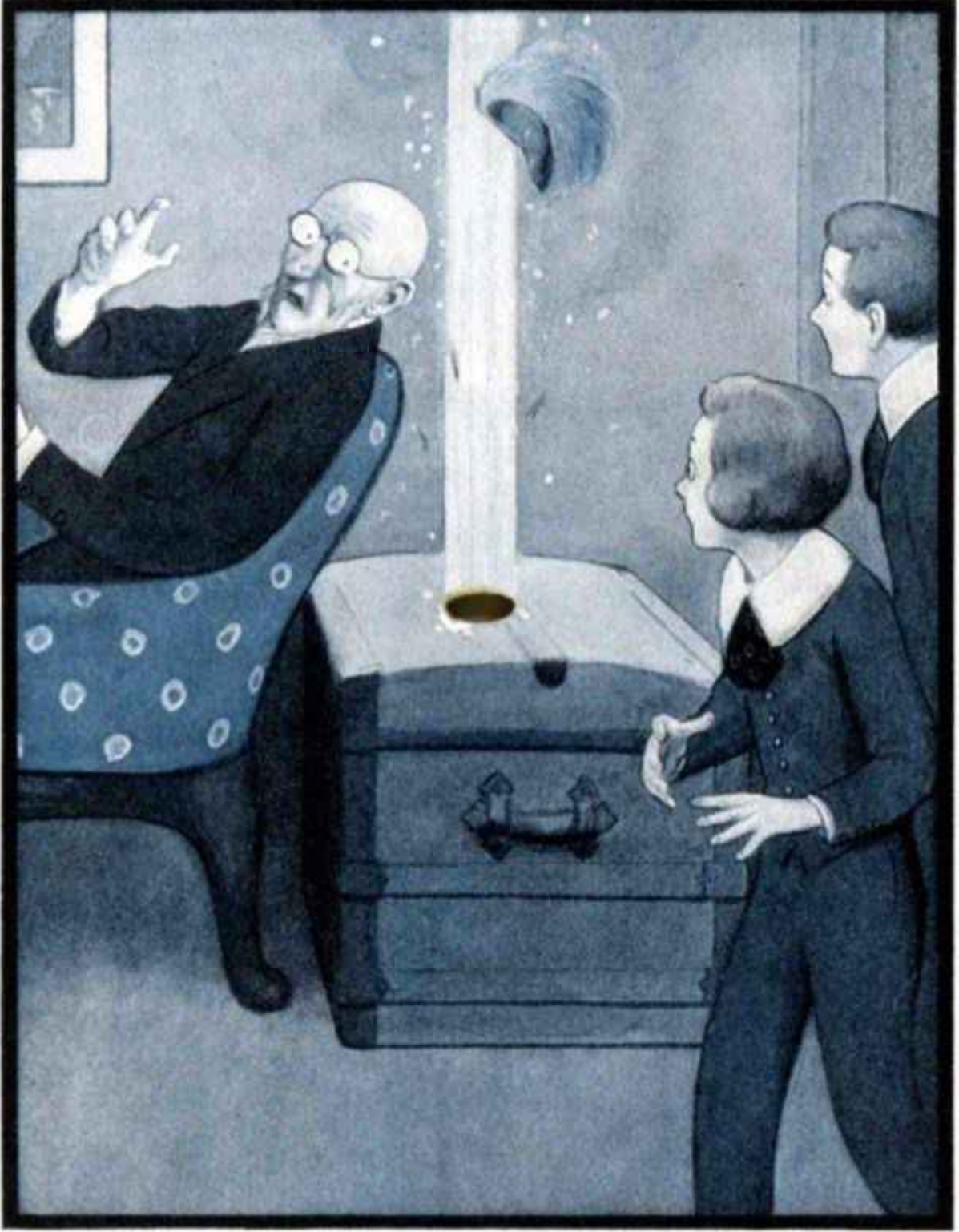


It passed so near his ancient head

He roused up with a start,

And, turning to his grandsons, said,

"You fellows think you're smart!"



THIRD FLAT

Algernon Bracket, somewhat rash,

Had blown a monster bubble,

When, oh! there came a blinding flash,

Precipitating trouble!



But Algy turned in mild disgust,

And called to Mama Bracket,

"Say, did you hear that bubble bu'st?"

It made an awful racket!"



FOURTH FLAT

Jo Budd, who'd bought a potted plant,

Was dousing it with water.

He fancied this would make it grow,

And Joseph loved to potter.

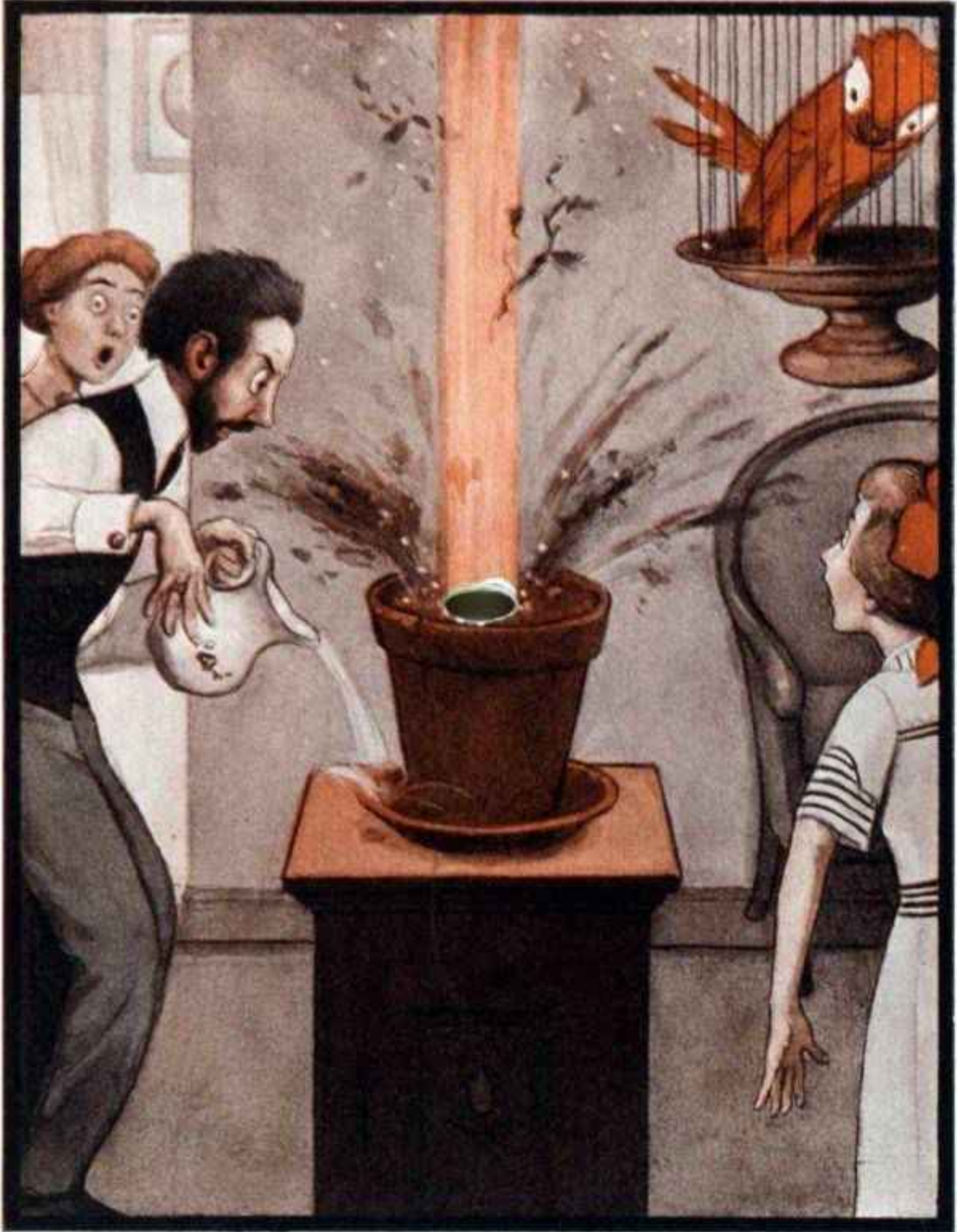


Then through the pot the rocket shot

And made the scene look sickly!

"Well, now," said Jo, "I never thought

That plant would shoot so quickly!"



FIFTH FLAT

Right here 'tis needful to remark

That Dick and "Little Son"

Were playing with a Noah's ark

And having loads of fun,



When all at once that rocket, stout,

Up through the ark came blazing!

The animals were tossed about

And did some stunts amazing.



SIXTH FLAT

A Burglar on the next floor up

The sideboard was exploring.

(The family, with the brindled pup,

Were still asleep and snoring.)

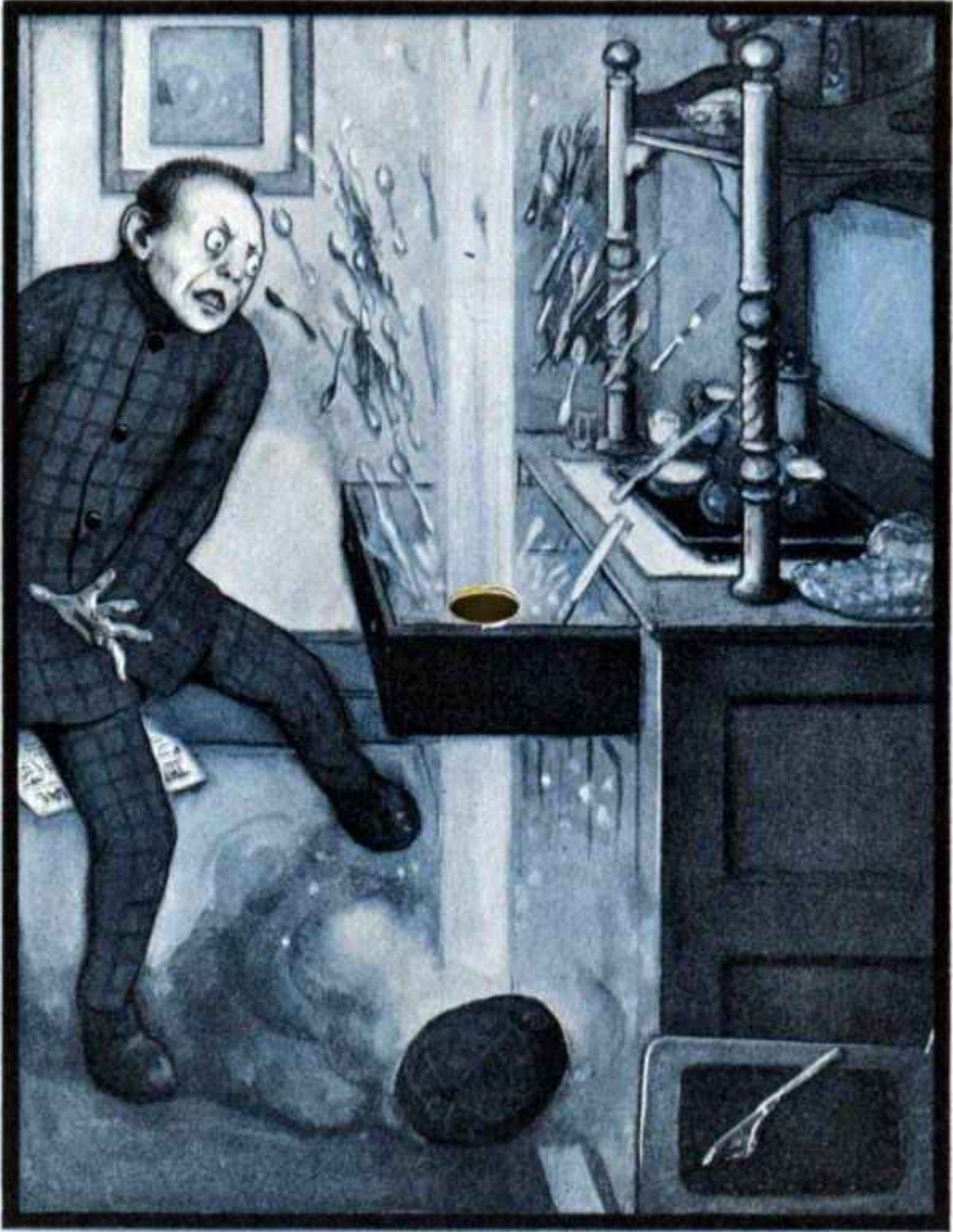


Just then, up through the silverware

The rocket thundered, flaring!

The Burglar got a dreadful scare;

Then out the door went tearing.



SEVENTH FLAT

Miss Mamie Briggs with no mean skill

Was playing "Casey's Fling"

To please her cousin, Amos Gill,

Who liked that sort of thing,

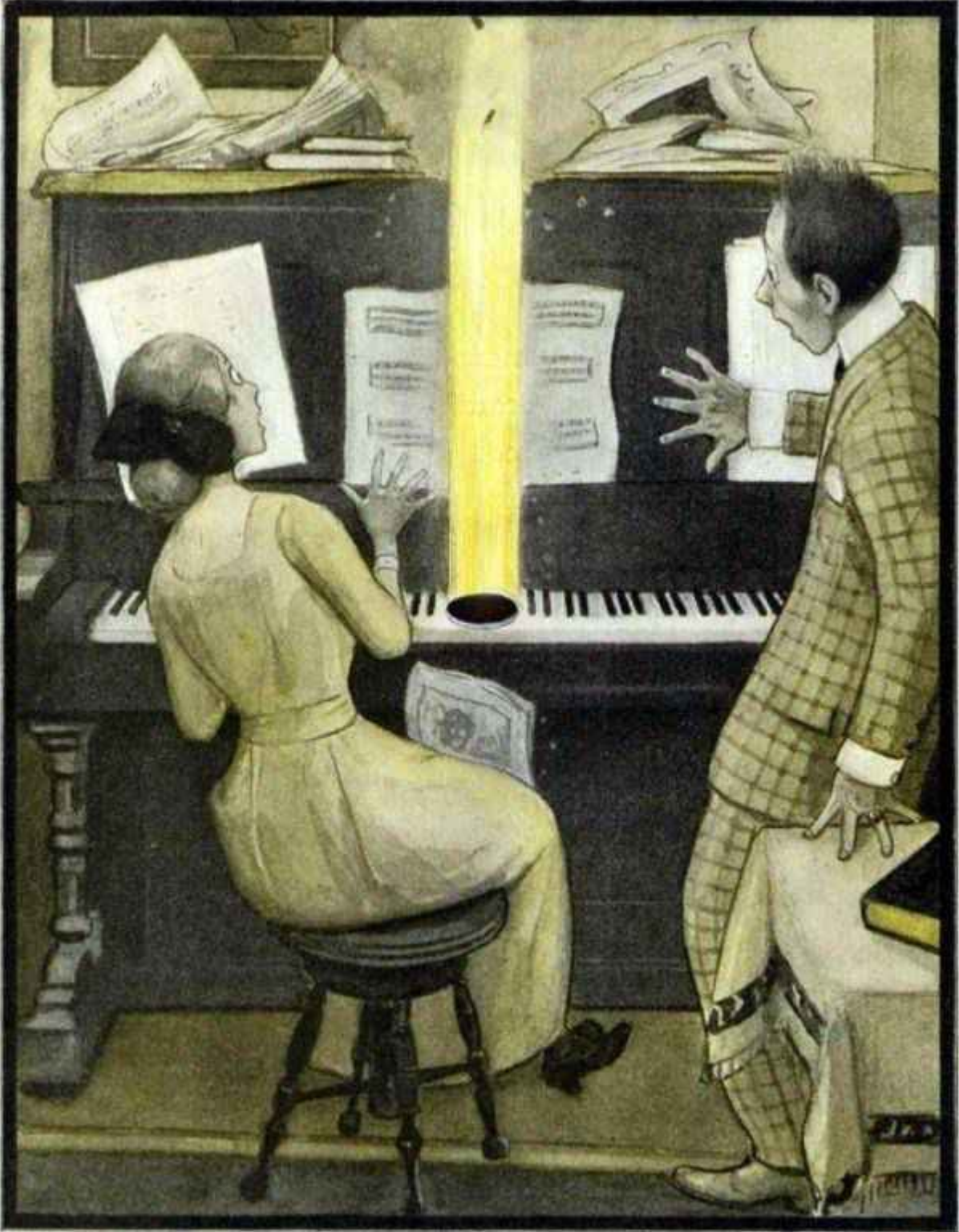


When suddenly the rocket, hot,

The old piano jumbled!

It stopped that rag-time like a shot,

Then through the ceiling rumbled.



EIGHTH FLAT

Up through the next floor on its way

That rocket, dread, went tearing

Where Winkle stood in bath-robe, gay,

A tepid bath preparing.

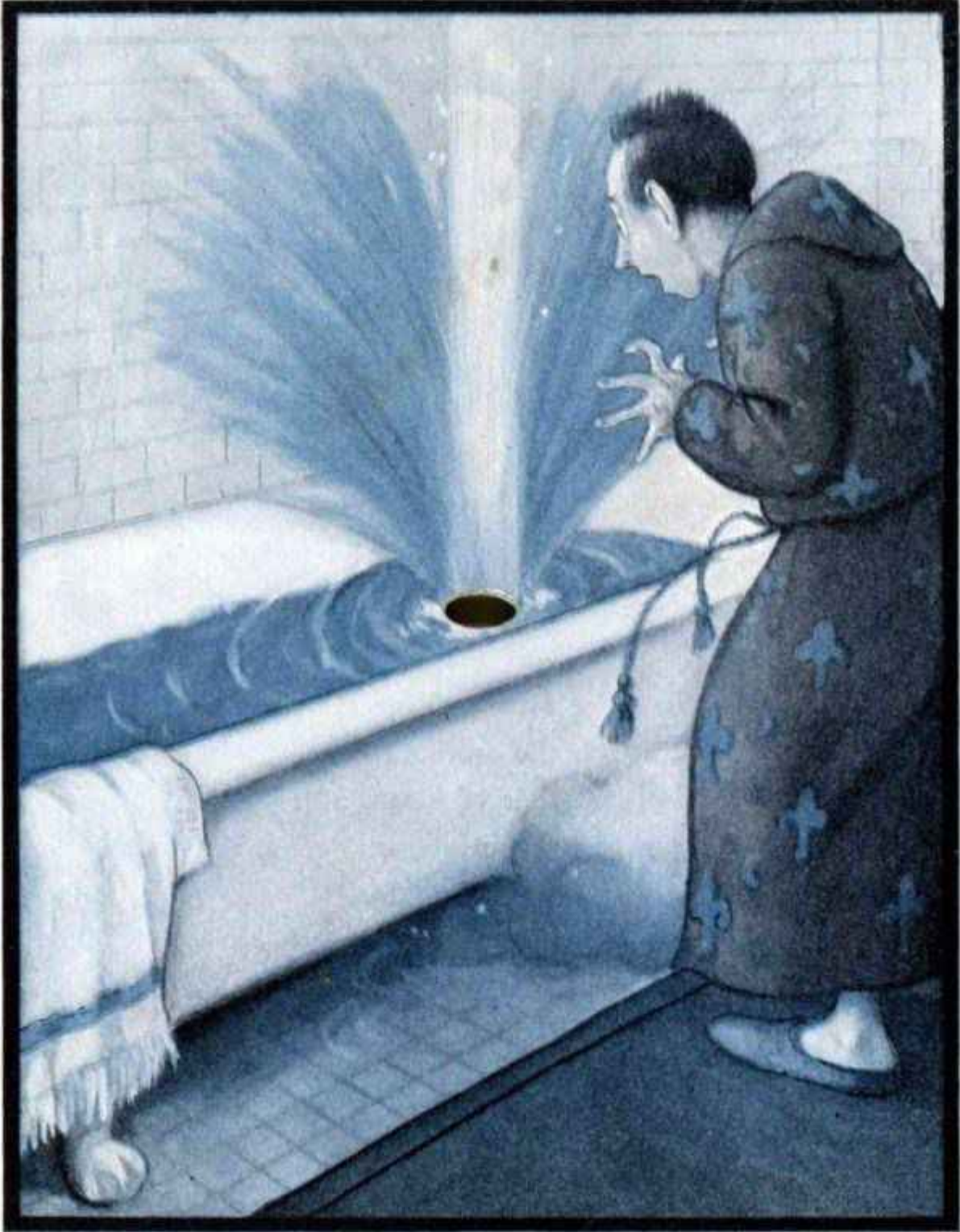


The tub it punctured like a shot

And made a mighty splashing.

The man was rooted to the spot;

Then out the door went dashing.



NINTH FLAT

Bob Brooks was puffing very hard

His football to inflate,

While round him stood his faithful guard,

And they could hardly wait.

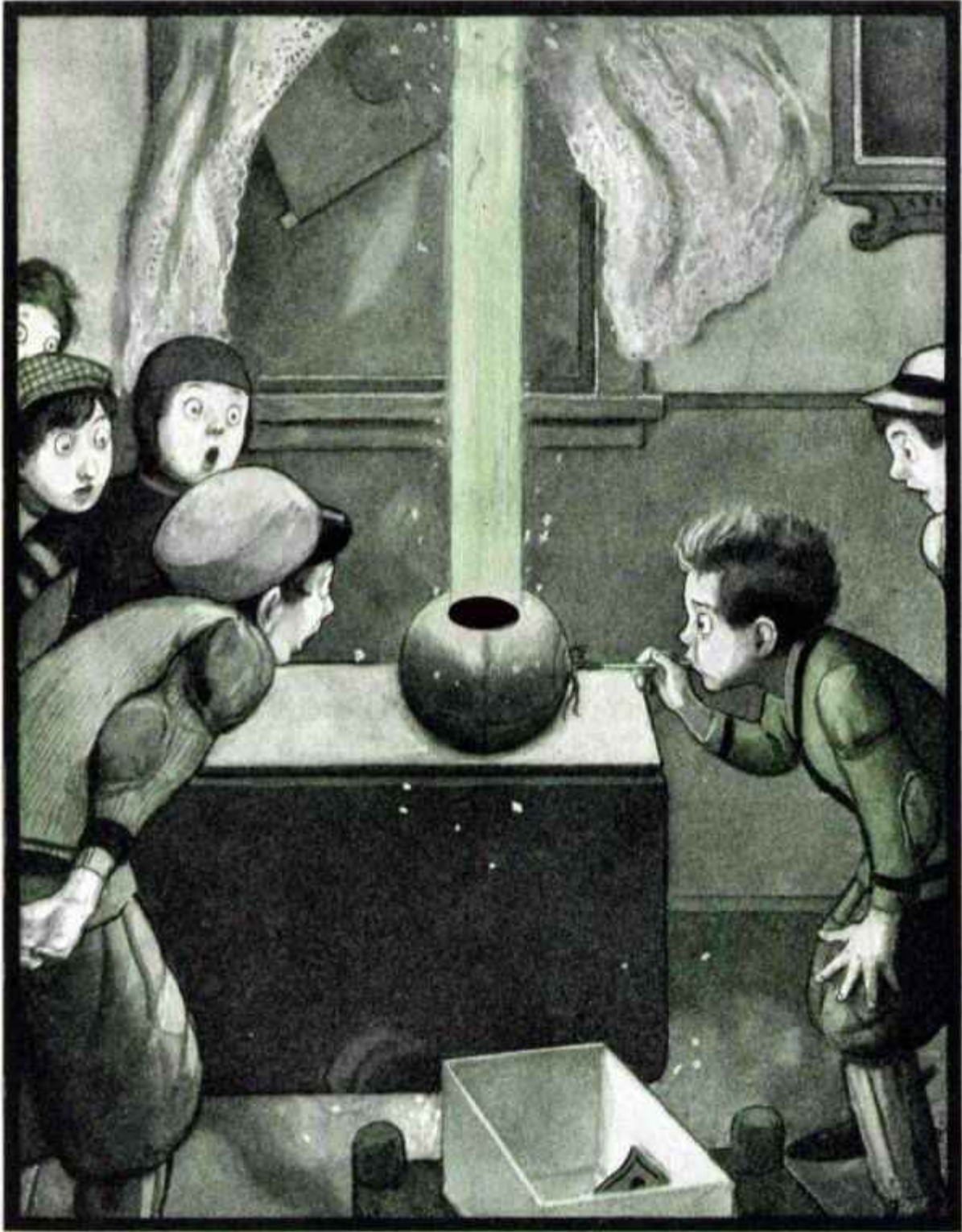


Then came the rocket, fierce and bright,

And through the football rumbled.

"You've got a pair of lungs, all right!"

His staring playmates grumbled.



TENTH FLAT

The family dog, with frenzied mien,

Was chasing Fluff, the mouser,

When, poof! the rocket flashed between,

And quite astonished Towzer.

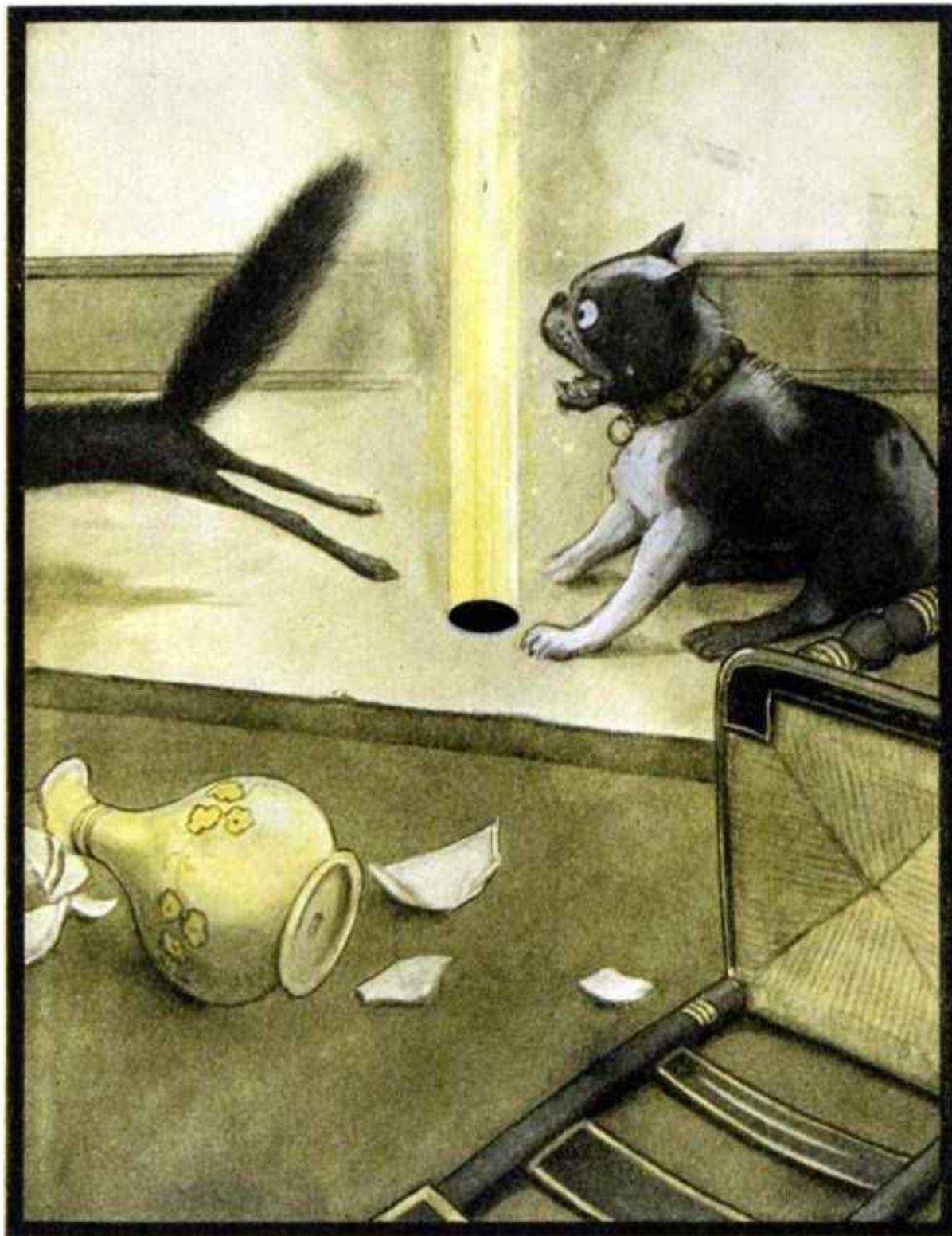


Now, if this dog had wit enough

The English tongue to torture,

He might have growled such silly stuff

As, "Whew! that cat's a scorcher!"



ELEVENTH FLAT

While Carrie Cook sat with a book

The phonograph played sweetly.

Then came the rocket and it smashed

That instrument completely.



Fair Carrie promptly turned her head,

Attracted by the roar.

"Dear me, I never heard," she said,

"That record played before!"



TWELFTH FLAT

De Vere was searching for a match

To light a cigarette,

But failed to find one with despatch,

Which threw him in a pet.

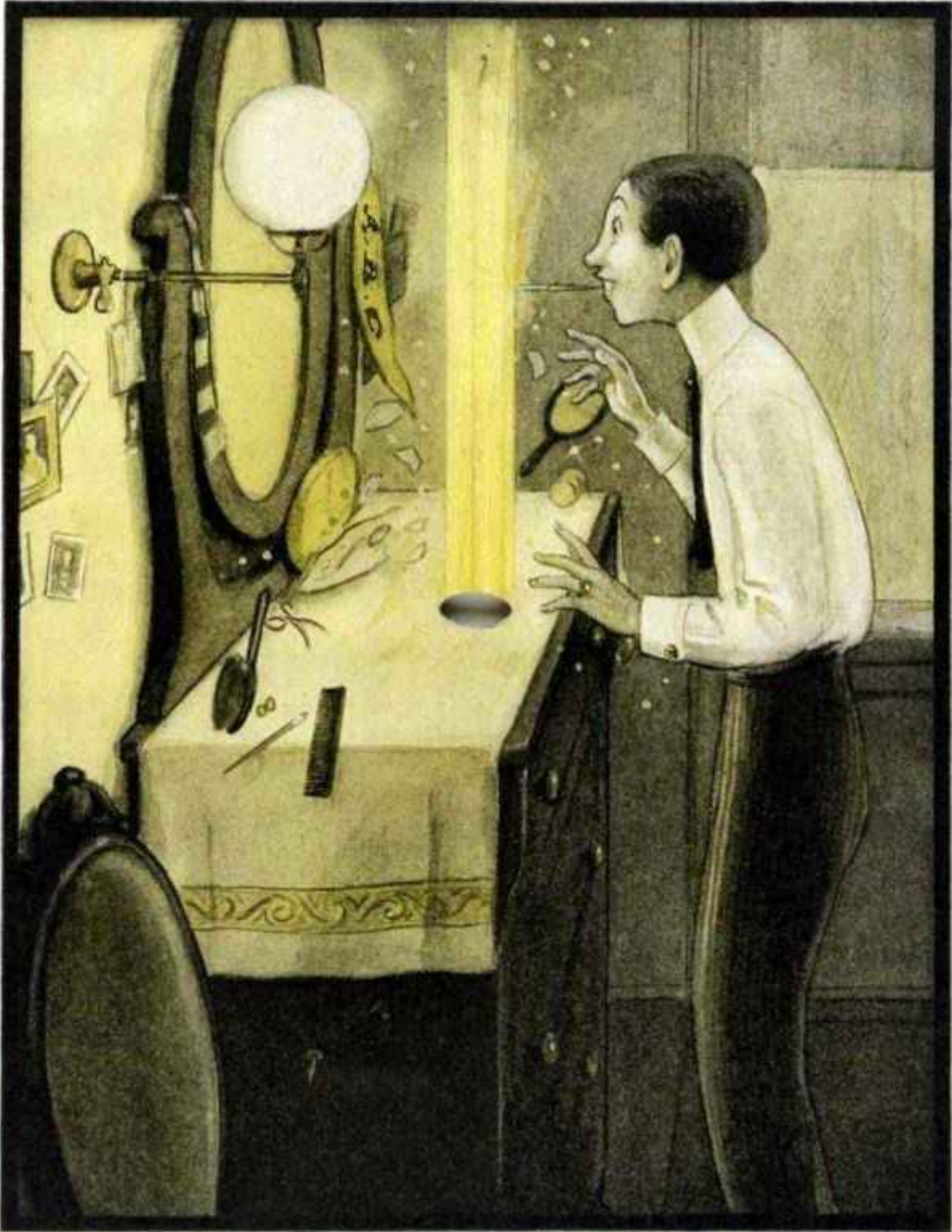


Just then the rocket flared up bright

Before his face and crackled,

Supplying him the needed light—

"Thanks, awfully," he cackled.



THIRTEENTH FLAT

Home from the shop came Maud's new hat—

A hat of monstrous size!

It almost filled the tiny flat

Before her ravished eyes.



When, sch-u-u! up through the box so proud

The rocket flared and spluttered.

"I said that hat was all too loud!"

Her peevish husband muttered.



FOURTEENTH FLAT

Tom's pap had helped him start his train,

And all would have been fine

Had not the rocket, raising Cain,

Blocked traffic on the line.



It blew the engine into scrap,

As in a fit of passion.

"Who would have thought that toy," said pap,

"Would blow up in such fashion!"



FIFTEENTH FLAT

Orlando Pease, quite at his ease,

The "Morning Star" was reading.

"My dear," said he to Mrs. Pease,

"Here's a report worth heeding."



The rocket then in wanton sport

Flashed through the printed pages.

The lady gasped, "A wild report!"

Then swooned by easy stages.



SIXTEENTH FLAT

Doc Danby was a stupid guy,

So, lest he sleep too late,

He placed a tattoo clock near by

To waken him at eight.

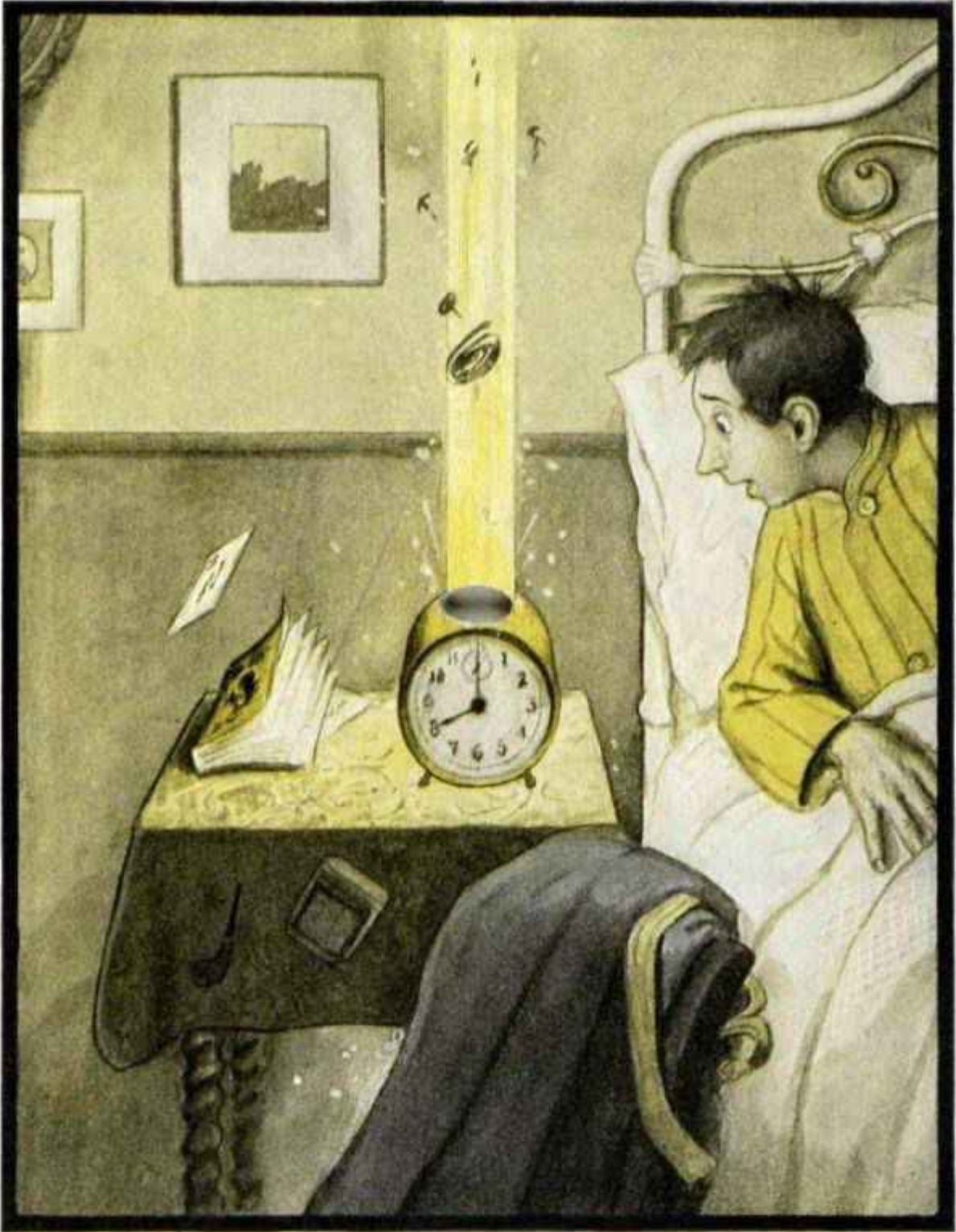


But, ah! the rocket smote that clock

And smashed its way clean through it!

"You have a fine alarm," said Doc,

"But, say, you overdo it!"



SEVENTEENTH FLAT

A penny-liner, Abram Stout,

Was writing a description.

"The flame shot up," he pounded out—

Then threw a mild conniption.



For through his Flemington there shied

A rocket, hot and mystic.

"I didn't mean to be," he cried,

"So deuced realistic!"



EIGHTEENTH FLAT

Gus Gummer long had set his head

Upon some strange invention.

"Be careful, Gus," his good wife said;

"It might explode. I mention—"

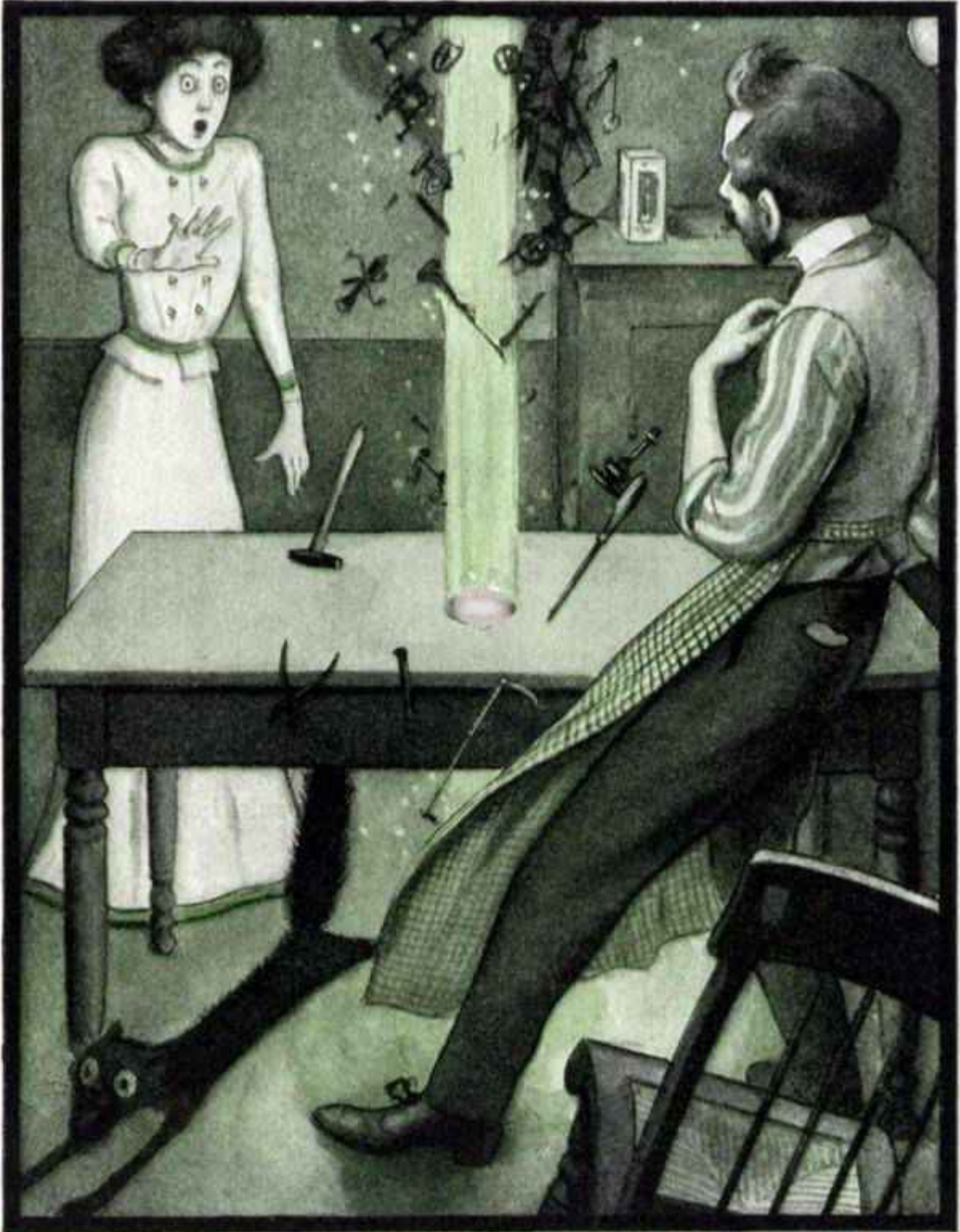


Just then the pesky rocket flared

And wrecked that Yankee notion.

"I feared as much!" his wife declared;

Then fainted from emotion.



NINETEENTH FLAT

While Burt was on his hobby-horse

And riding it like mad,

The rocket on its fiery course

Upset the startled lad.

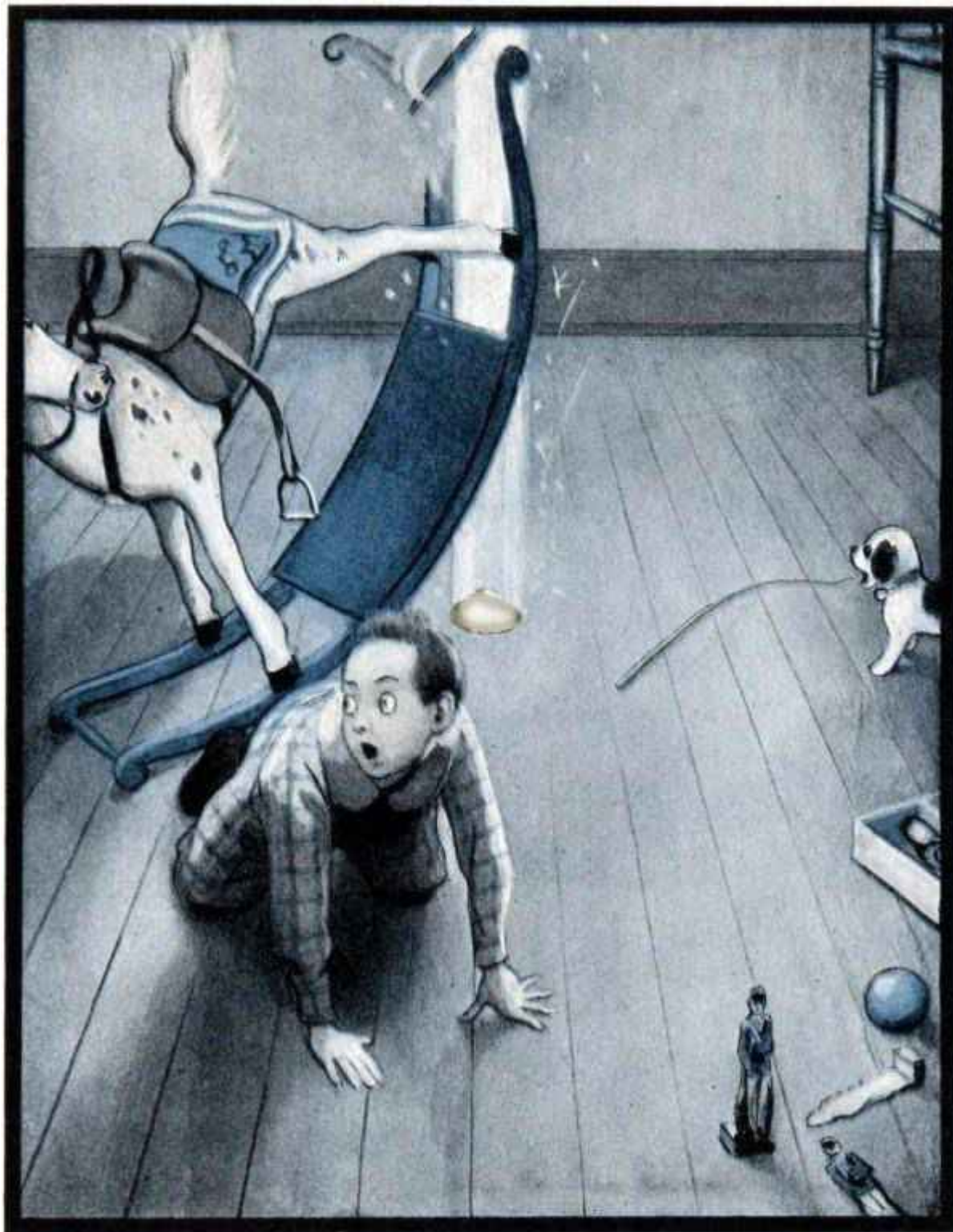


The frightened pony plunged a lot,

Like Fury playing tag.

"Whoa, Spot!" said Burt. "Who would have thought

You such a fiery nag!"



TWENTIETH FLAT

A taxidermist plied his trade

Upon a walrus' head.

It really made him quite afraid

To meet its stare so dread.



When suddenly the rocket, bright,

Flared up and then was off!

"Oh, Minnie," cried the man in fright,

"Just hear that walrus cough!"



TOP FLAT

Oh, it was just a splendid flight—

That rocket's wild career!

But to an end it came, all right,

As you shall straightway hear.



It plunged into a can of cream

That Billy Bunk was freezing,

And froze quite stiff, as it would seem,

And so subsided, wheezing.

