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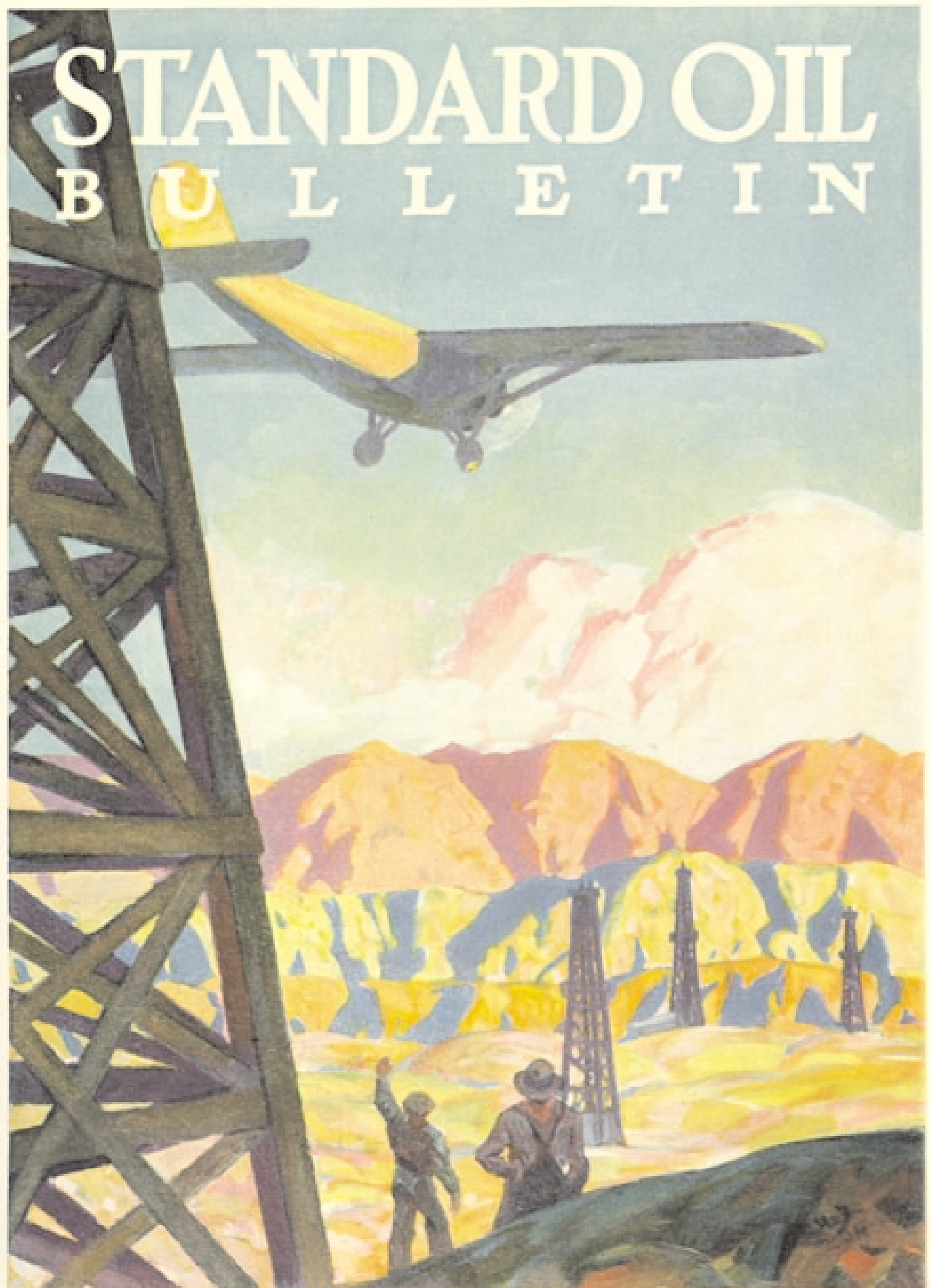
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The Pulpster

#12

July, 2002

Edited by Tony Davis

Available with membership

at the 2002 Pulpcon

Not available otherwise

Alfred Jan leads off the articles this time with a one-page review of the December, 1943 Private Detective Stories. He looks at each story and feature and gives his opinion on an issue he feels stands out from others in the period.

Davis reprints a one page article by Frank M. Robinson from the December, 1954 issue of Amateur Book Collector on his completing his set of Weird Tales. It is an interesting historical look from the point of view of a collector who finished his set just after the last issues of the pulp's run were published. It's a wonder to hear of how he had to pay the high price of \$25 for the first issue in an age when it would go for 100 times that price. The article is written for a general audience and is too short. It would have been entertaining to hear some of Robinson's stories about how he assembled the collection and where he found the issues. It only took Robinson ten years to complete the set, a feat that is now considered one of the most challenging and most expensive a pulp collector can take on.

Rex Layton shows how the notorious "Plot Genie" worked using an example from the Detective/Mystery version of the device. It would certainly be interesting

to look at a few stories plotted using the device, but few authors would be willing to admit their desperation.

A look at Fred Cook's seminal pulp fanzine Bronze Shadows by Tom Johnson includes a contents list of all 15 issues as well as an appreciation of the zine and its influence on a generation of pulp fans.

Pirates in the Pulp is a well-illustrated article by Dick Swan. He looks at Red Raven Library, Pirate Stories, Sea Stories and issues of Adventure, Argosy and Blue Book that featured buccaneers. His article looks more at pirate covers than at pirate stories and a few more examples of actual pirate fiction would have been welcome.

Neil Mechem gives us a pulpster crossword puzzle, but one hopes nobody would deface the issue by working it.

As a companion to his air war issue of Purple Prose, Michael Chomko gives us a look at "The Rise and Fall

of the Air Pulp." Don Hutchison fights for some respect for the Western pulp hero in "Trail of the Rio Kid" Kurt Brokaw has an article showing how he teaches his college class in pulp fiction. Leigh Mechem writes an A to Z of pulp collecting, listing titles for each letter of the alphabet. Nick Carr edits down several letters to him from Popular Publications publisher Harry Steeger, organizing quotes by subject. Will Murray has an excerpt from his project on the pulp Western, "Day of the Gun Dummy."

In short, the issue is chock full of work by many of the major names in pulp fan writing.

Another reprint, this one quite amusing, is a look at an early SF convention as seen by Writer's Digest. Apparently science fiction wasn't ever going to amount to a salable commodity.

There are also one-page biographies of Pulpcon guests of honor Jon Arfstrom and Jon Tuska.

Pulp fandom stalwart Frank Hamilton provides the cover for this year's Pulpster, this time based on the famous "Chinese Disks" issue of the Shadow. Other artists contributing illustrations are Neil Mechem, Leigh



Mechem, Henry Van Der Linde and Kevin D. Duncan. Hamilton also provides some interior art.

Hopefully Tony Davis will give some thought to making extra copies available for sale or that these articles

will find a home in other publications so that those not fortunate enough to attend Pulpcon will be able to read them.

With thanks to John DeWalt for securing me a copy for review.



Pulphdom

No. 31

August 2002

Camille E. Cazedessus, Editor

28 pages

Subscription: 6 issues for \$30

P.O. Box 2340

Pagosa Springs, CO 81147

Pulphdom focuses on two subjects this time out, Vikings and The Cavalier Magazine.

Going along with the full-color Viking cover based on an Adventure cover, regular contributor Al Lybeck has an extensive article on Arthur D. Howden Smith's Swain. The Swain saga ran for 18 issues in the pages of Adventure.

Lybeck's article contains an overview of Howden Smith's career as a writer and reporter and a good look at his Swain series. He also looks at some Viking fiction by Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur that appeared in Argosy and Adventure.

Perhaps the only thing wrong with the article is that it could have been longer, with summaries of each story, but it certainly makes Howden Smith's work sound appealing.

The article is profusely illustrated with story headers, interior artwork, pictures of Vikings from other popular literature, and Howden Smith dust jacket

covers. The last are even in color.

The Cavalier is covered by an article from Mike Taylor, also a frequent contributor to Pulpdom. While he does not examine every issue, he looks at and describes enough to give a good overview of the title and how it developed during its short life.

This article is also well-illustrated with a full-page, full-color cover of the September 20, 1913 issue showing a woman charming a snake. Ten more covers, at a reduced size, are also reproduced in full color, including the four on the back cover.

One disappointment is that he mentions a cover for the October 11, 1913 issue that seems like a natural to reprint, but it is not here. The story it illustrates, "Grana, Queen of Battle" by John Barnett sounds like a good story to reprint as well, but the fiction reprints in this issue are "A Mystery of the Air" by Joe H. Ranson and "He, the Undead, and I" by Will O'Byrne.

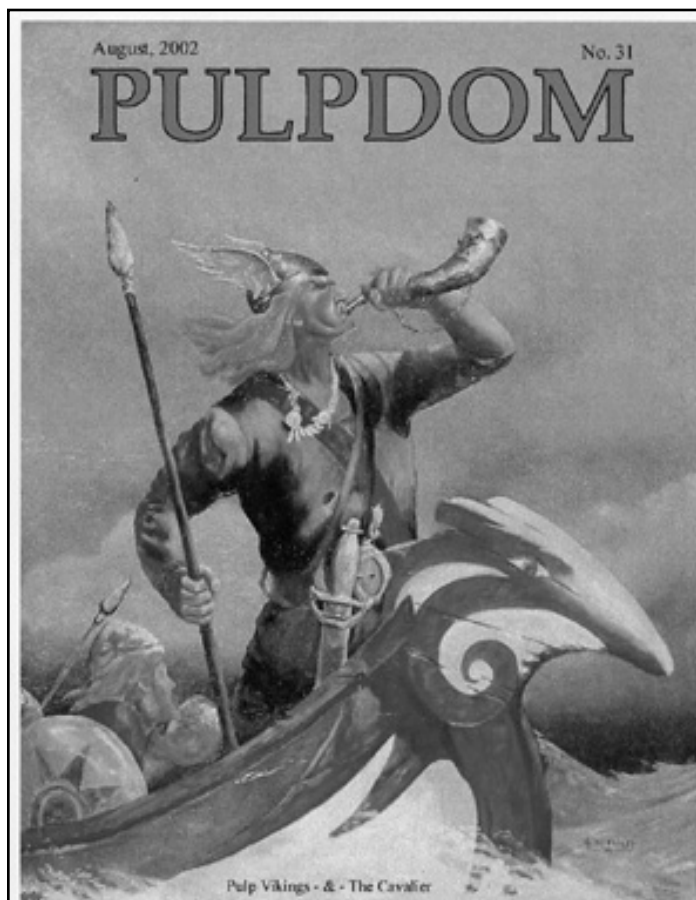
Taylor mentions the "infamous Esperanto experiment" but does not go into any detail. It may indeed be infamous to some, but a few paragraphs explaining the controversy would have been welcome. He lists many stories that appear, but not all of them get a review.

Overall, it is a good look at the run of Cavalier and whets the appetite to go out and find some of these issues.

In addition to the aforementioned stories, both readable, but again, not as interesting as Taylor makes "Grana, Queen of Battle" seem it would be, there is a poem by H. Bedford-Jones.

The issue finishes with a review by Mike Taylor of Robert Sampson's Deadly Excitements, while it is a good review, it seems a few years late.

The issue as a whole is, as usual for Pulpdom, a good solid look at early pulp fiction.





Blood 'n' Thunder

Issue One

Summer 2002

Ed Hulse, Editor

Mark Trost, Publisher

34 pages plus full color cover

\$6.00 (four issue subscription \$20)

Blood 'n' Thunder comes out of the gate with high production values that rival the best of pulp zines being produced.

The cardstock cover is in full-color with lovely, if a bit bright, color gradients and the photo reproductions inside are nothing short of marvelous. Interior pages are on a smooth, bright white stock and the blacks are solid and dark.

The typesetting is clear and readable, even though the font size used is quite small. This is a sharp looking package that obviously was put together by some talented graphic artists.

But there is more to Blood 'n' Thunder than good production values, it's just the first thing that stands out.

Articles include Ed Hulse's on how a pulp Western, Claude Rister's Tombstone Canyon, was turned into a movie. Hulse really knows his pulp-

related movie trivia and has done an excellent job of research here.

Publisher Mark Trost's column on pulp-style radio adventures take a look at an early radio adventure of Superman. The episode for review is a science fiction

oriented one and in addition to looking at the storyline, he also compares the episode to what was being done in the comic book at the same time.

The only thing missing is a word about where the episode can be obtained. There is an illustration for the CD set of Atom Man vs. Superman, but Trost does not say if the episode is included.

The star of the issue is Hulse's article on now-lost movie serial "The Green Archer" which was based on an Edgar Wallace novel. Hulse does a good job of covering both the book and the serial and he's done a fantastic job of research.

After reading the article, the loss of the movie is revealed as a real tragedy. Hulse's expert knowledge of the material is evident and he is thorough in covering his subject.

Where he really shines is in his detailed coverage of how the serial was made. The article is well-illustrated with stills from the film and publicity shots, including a double-page spread.

There is also a fiction reprint, Paul Chadwick's "Tentacles of Doom," a serviceable, if not great, Wade Hammond adventure.

Ed Hulse also reviews the June 1934 issue of Adventure and the April 1938 issue of Crime Busters as part of his plan to take a look at pulps he considers excellent.

There is also included a market report originally published in a 1936 Writer's Markets and Methods. These four pages cover "The Action Group" and are a good listing of pulp magazines with addresses and publisher's requirements. Browsing through this list provides a good idea of what the magazine's editors thought their target audience wanted.

Blood 'n' Thunder seems like a good addition to the roster of pulp zines,

and its focus, on pulp-style stories in period radio and movies in addition to the pulps, gives it a different flavor than the others now being published. If Ed Hulse can continue to publish this quality of work on schedule it will be a welcome quarterly for pulp collectors.



Convention Report:

Con José, the 2002 WorldCon

I had great reservations about attending Con José, the 2002 Worldcon in San Jose. On the one hand, I've always wanted to attend a Worldcon. After all, I do consider myself a Science Fiction fan. I grew up reading about how great SF fandom was and how great the Worldcons were.

On the other hand, I don't care much for other Science Fiction fans, or what I've seen of them at other SF conventions, and it was a very expensive proposition. It's seemed to me that the conventions I've attended weren't aimed at my kind of SF fan. Too many Klingon warriors, Buffy the Vampire Slayer fans and other riff raff. The huckster rooms seemed to have everything but books and the programming seemed aimed in another direction from the way I was headed.

I couldn't really afford the \$70 for one day that the convention was asking, and as one friend said: "I'll be damned if I pay that much just to be allowed to buy some books at the dealer's room." And it is a long drive from Santa Rosa down to San Jose.

The deciding factor on my attending was that I noticed Rusty Hevelin was going to be a panelist on the day I could attend. I've missed the society of my fellow pulp fans after missing the past two Pulpcons. I was looking forward to seeing a fellow member of P.E.A.P.S., particularly since Rusty had mentioned in his pages that he couldn't place me from previous Pulpcons.

So I bit the bullet and bought a ticket online and made the drive down on Friday. I decided that Friday was the day to go, because it was cheaper than Saturday and would have fewer people crowding the convention center. I've been to San Jose before, so I didn't have much trouble finding the convention center. I parked at the nearby train station and took the free downtown shuttle to the convention.

Registration was mildly frustrating, but better than many conventions I've attended. Being pre-registered, I went to the pre-registration line, but they had no record of my membership. They sent me to the solutions counter. Now I think this is a terrific idea for them to have a counter just for "solutions." Unfortunately the way the solutions counter worked is that one waited in line, the first person in line would be helped, but the person help-

ing would always be the wrong person and then the staff would spend five or ten minutes finding the one person who had a solution to that particular problem, the next person would approach and find out that the person who solved the prior problem was not the right person to solve their problem and the hunt would begin. Eventually I was at the head of the line and sure enough I needed somebody new for my solution. When they found him, he discovered that he didn't have a printer on his computer that had my solution, so I had to be transferred to somebody with a printer, who did not have any solutions.

I eventually got my badge, but during the time I observed, every person who needed a solution required a different person to solve their problem. No solver was able to solve more than one person's problem. You'd think they would have the solutions desk staffed with somebody who had the authority to solve whatever needed to be solved.

My solutions provider then told me that they had run out of the pocket program schedule but that I should check back in while because they were getting more in.

I left the line and discovered that there were program books fresh in from the printer at the end counter. I approached and mentioned my need for one to the person manning the counter. I had not even made it beyond the registration area and I ran into my first inconsiderate and unpleasant con runner. He informs me in the nastiest tone of voice possible that because I merely paid \$70 and didn't have a full five-day membership that I didn't deserve a con program schedule and they were only for those who had shelled out for the full five-day program. Oh, and the "solutions" person who had told me I was entitled to one was wrong when he told me that I was supposed to get one and had been corrected. Well, he hadn't been corrected in the 30 seconds since I'd left his counter.

Now, I just gotta say that I don't care to be talked down to, and told I don't deserve every thing any other convention member is entitled to after I've just driven two hours and put out \$70 in cold hard American cash.

So as soon as the jerk's back is turned I cop one of the books off his counter. For a while I was determined to steal as many program guides as I could, and send one





C. Cazedessus II, better known as Caz, at his table in the dealer's room.

out with each issue of Back Numbers, but I needed the room in my backpack for books. I'm now sorry I didn't go through with the plan.

So I wandered off to the fan room while waiting for the huckster's room to open. I have to say that I was amazingly unimpressed. I thought there was supposed to be an exhibit on the history of Science Fiction or of SF fandom or something. I think I saw a booth that had a bunch of t-shirts displayed from past Worldcons, that's it. Most of the fan groups, well, they just didn't seem like my kind of people.

The Dealer's Room was open by then so I began the hunt for books. I spotted a hard copy of Mike Ashley's *History of the Science Fiction Magazine Vol. 1* that I needed. It was \$10 in hardcopy, and DeWalt had found me a copy of Vol. 3 for less, so I looked around for a paperback for a bit less. I found one, for quite a bit more. I went back and bought the \$10 copy. I picked up a few cheap paperbacks. I was quite pleasantly surprised at the number of booths selling books. I'm used to almost all of the booths selling jewelry, trinkets, t-shirts, video tapes and other non-reading material. Instead I was confronted with a wealth of SF books, although many of them were too much for me to afford.

Some items on my want list that stayed where they were included a copy of Quentin Reynolds *The Fiction Factory* for \$75, Talbot Mundy's *The Ivory Trail* for \$150 and Will Garth's *Dr. Cyclops* for \$950 in DJ. If that's

what it's going for, I think I'll cross the last one off the want list. I'd pay \$5 or maybe (maybe) \$10 for a reading copy.

(I have to thank John DeWalt again for sending me an ex-library copy of *Earth Abides*. A dealer had it there for \$350.00.)

Other prices include Robert Heinlein's *Sixth Column* for \$450. Now can anybody tell me why the Garth book is \$500 more than a first edition Heinlein?

Fortunately, not all the prices were that high. One dealer, who I've seen before at the two Bay Cons I've attended, still had some quite reasonable book prices. As always I bought a stack from him.

Another dealer, who had expensive hardbacks, was selling quite a few of his books at \$2 each. I bought a copy of Williamson's *Golden Blood* from him. His bagged paperbacks were individually priced and I took a look as his unbagged ones were so reasonable. The first one I pulled up was one of the *Time Wars* books by Simon Hawke. He wanted \$20. I stopped looking and I stopped thinking he was so reasonable. I don't think I've ever paid more than \$2.50 for any of those in great condition.

Pulp paperbacks were normally priced, and I saw quite a few, but nothing that I didn't already have. *Shadows* and others in that area were from \$8 to \$20 each but with most in the \$10 to \$12 range.

There were quite a few people selling pulps there. *Spiders* with Xerox covers ran \$35 to \$45 at one dealer. Good copies with covers ran from \$50 to \$60 for issues from the 1940s and up to \$175 for issues from the 1930s.

As I was looking around, I spotted a dealer putting out old books on his table, including a lot of familiar pulp names. Then he put out a stack of *Pulpdom* and I realized that it was Caz, publisher of that very pulp fanzine, who I had not previously had a chance to meet..

Finally here was somebody with whom I could have an intelligent conversation that didn't involve lame television shows with bad special effects. Caz was very pleasant to talk with and we chatted for more than a few minutes about pulps and old pulp authors. This was the sort of thing I had driven two hours to find, a sense of camaraderie with a fellow pulp fan.

I ended up purchasing a copy of Frank Packard's *Tiger Claws* from him. He was surprised, as he didn't think the first book he'd sell that day would be a Packard. But how often do Packard's books turn up anyway? I just had to pick it up.

I also bought several issues of *Pulpdom*, as I haven't yet gotten around to subscribing.

I also left him a copy of my big 60 page April issue. I had printed a few extra hoping to get them to John

for him to take to Pulpcon, but I didn't get them in the mail in time. Since I had a couple doing me no good, I had brought them in the hopes of meeting somebody I could pass the extra issue along to. Unfortunately my review of Pulpdom was in the July issue, but I let Caz know where he could download a PDF so he could read the review and respond if he wanted.

Caz has some interesting ideas on the subject of "hoarding" pulp research and I hope we'll see something more from him on the subject. He said when he first became involved with Tarzan fandom, there were a number of old-time fans who had great knowledge, but did not share it. I can certainly see his point of view, but I think we are not as guilty of that here in PEAPS as some of those outside seem to think. Not that Caz said anything negative about PEAPS, he was just commenting in general on my hoarding comments in issue two.

Meeting Caz was an unexpected bonus of attending, but one that made the trip worthwhile. He was very pleasant and friendly and didn't seem to mind spending time talking to a fellow pulp fan when he could have been attending to his table.

My perusal of the dealer's room was cut short by several panels I wished to attend. Unfortunately, the programming staff had managed to schedule them all for the same time. I had plenty of opportunity if I wanted to see a panel on consensual sexual violence on Buffy the Vampire Slayer, or Alien Sex or learn to speak Klingon. But those weren't of interest to me. Rusty's panel, a history of Northern California Fandom and a workshop on zines were all held at the same time.

I raced over to the panel with Rusty, on how to



My photos of Caz turned out so well, I had to use both.

enjoy your first Worldcon. The major theme seemed to be, check your pocket program schedule and don't be shy about walking up and talking to people who might share your interests.

Now this is not Rusty's fault at all, but I can't help but think that many people who attend their first Worldcon are not going to be laying out the \$200 bucks for the full five days. Therefore, unless they are shameless thieving bastards like me, they wouldn't be "entitled" to a pocket program schedule. But I don't suppose the powers that be bothered to tell Rusty and his fellow panelists



Rusty Hevelin during a panel.

Back Numbers

of their declaring that one-day participants were second-class citizens.

I decided that while this was my first Worldcon, I have attended sufficient numbers of conventions in my life that I might be better served by racing across the convention center to attend a workshop on fanzines. Now this puzzles me. They scheduled more time for a workshop on origami than they did for a workshop on fanzines. Because I arrived late, I didn't get the names of everyone there, but there seemed to be a good number of serious and well-known fanzine editors.

Boy we needed more than an hour for this. The participants would barely get started with one interesting subject before they were off on another. Being somewhat shy and withdrawn, I didn't get a word in edgewise. Just as soon as I thought about sounding off on the problems with distributing PDFs over the internet, they'd be off discussing finding a name, publishing schedules, printing issues, who their target audiences were, all sorts of interesting topics. Some people had been doing fanzines for many years. Maybe I should just try attending Corflu one of these days, as this was the stuff I was really interested in. I really wanted to find out what they thought about APA's but I think I was the only APA member there and I never got a chance to speak. It was a really interesting discussion and I had a great time, until it was time to clear the room for the next panel. I was very disappointed in the lack of time we had.

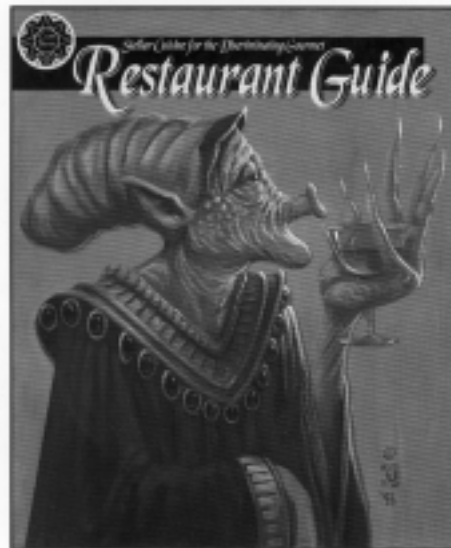
I then raced back to the room where Rusty's panel had been held and was able to exchange greetings with him. I was surprised when he said he knew who I was when I introduced myself. I guess he just hadn't put my face with a name before. After saying hello to my fellow P.E.A.P.S. member (I suppose I'm not really a member of P.E.A.P.S. yet, but I feel as though I am.) I went out to get lunch.

Now I'm going to mention the single biggest waste of money I encountered and I'm mad that part of my membership fee was spend on such a boondoggle. I'm talking about the dining guide. This is undoubtedly the greatest dining guide ever assembled for a science fiction convention. It's a thick book, perfect bound, with full-color printed covers with cover art by Guest of Honor David Cherry. It looks much like one of those Hugh Cave books that Doug Ellis did through his Tattered Pages

Press. Every restaurant within 20 miles of the convention center was rated like it's an AAA road guide. They really went to town on this guide. They even rate restaurants in San Francisco, New York, the Washington D.C. Area, and London. Yeah, let's grab the light rail to the airport, get a flight to Heathrow, fly all night, eat in London, fly back and whups, the con's over. We missed it getting lunch.

Now when I'm at a convention I really don't care if there is a French bistro ten miles away that has the best wine sommelier in California. If I do better than the nearest fast food joint or Denny's I'm doing good. I just need quick food to keep from collapsing while I'm doing what I came here to do. When I needed food, bad, after not eating all day, I just walked straight away from the convention center until I found a Mexican burrito joint. Not hard in California. I ate a chicken burrito and drank a coke. Mission accomplished. I was so hungry that that

burrito could have been made out of horse meat and sawdust and I wouldn't have cared. I gotta say, that was the best damn burrito I've had in a long time. I didn't need an expensive restaurant guide to tell me. And if I did, doesn't the San Jose Visitor and Convention Bureau already have one that they'd be happy to give away for free? I bet they do. The only critical piece of advice they had was that the Chinese restaurant in the con hotel was poor. No duh, convention hotel restaurants are always lousy. For example, I've attended half a dozen conventions at the Red Lion/Doubletree Inn and eaten at the restaurant there often. Lousy menu, food stinks, service is worse. But it's close and you don't have to leave and they don't blink at serving Klingons or Starfleet officers or Jedi or worse in the bar.



OK, several weeks after the convention I've had the opportunity to read the Restaurant Guide, and I have to admit that it is one impressive book. But if I hadn't been doing this con report, I never would have read it. The book has amusing reviews that are well-written, quotes and stories from science fiction fans, editors and authors on food subjects and funny short fiction from the guests of honor with a food theme. For what it is, it would be hard to find any better example, but I still doubt that we really needed it. They should have drafted these folk into doing the pocket program instead. Now that was a confusing book.

I wandered back to the Fairmont, the convention hotel, to see what the Anime program was running. I

didn't really plan on staying, I mostly wanted to find out if they were just showing DVDs that one could rent, or if they actually had some new stuff from Japan that wasn't available here yet commercially. The programming room had a sign saying that it was delayed and that a schedule would be posted soon. It never was during all the time I was there. It seems strange that at a convention where a major local Anime guru is on a panel, held in a city with its own Japantown, that is home to two of the most active Anime groups in the SF Bay Area and home to a major West Coast anime convention and just 40 miles south of the American headquarters for one of the largest Anime producers in the world, that they couldn't get an anime program together. I mean, how hard is it to run down to Blockbuster and rent something? OK, if I was here for the Anime program I'd have been upset, but I wasn't, so it's just one more weird omission.

I also checked out the internet lounge. They had a lot of Unix machines set up. Now I'm a computer guru of sorts, my official title at work is "technology specialist" but I couldn't get any of the Unix machines to successfully connect to the internet. And what's up with a three-button mouse? One button is enough, two if you're a backwards Windows guy. But three is just overkill. Based on my experience here, I won't be installing Unix anytime soon.

I went back to the dealer's room to finish looking for books. I found a dealer with a stack of *Adventures* for just a few bucks each, and Caz also had *Adventures*, but my backpack was already way too heavy and I didn't want to have to struggle back to my car with a pile of pulps.

I did buy two nice copies of *Argosy* issues with Men Who Make The *Argosy* segments I needed for my ongoing project. After I pulled them from a box on the floor, a fellow fan expressed interest and asked me where I'd gotten them. He knew what a pulp was, and was interested in *Argosy*. Since the room was closing, I didn't have a chance to talk with him, but I gave him another

extra copy of *Back Numbers* and he said he'd read it and send me a comment. I haven't heard from him yet, which is too bad. It would have really been nice to gain a new reader. Maybe the issue wasn't SF enough for him.

There were quite a few professional writers and other pros at the show, but I'm pretty unimpressed by the prospect of meeting such like. I don't see why having a book signed is such a big deal unless it is something personal between the author and myself. For example, I have a signed copy of a book by one of my old professors. It's personally signed with a message to me. Since I know and respect him, and he knew and liked me, it has meaning. A book that has some guy's scribble in it that was obtained by standing in line until you got to the head of it isn't really much of a prize. I also don't really know what to say to these folk. They are, after all, just normal people who happen to have a job writing. Either I'd say something insipid, like "hey, I liked your books, write some just the same" or I'd tell a writer what I really thought: "why don't you quit writing the poorly-conceived rubbish you've been doing lately and write like you used to before you became famous." I really don't have anything to say to these people, so I don't have any desire to meet them. What the heck could I say to them that they haven't heard from dozens of fans already and what could I learn that I couldn't learn by surfing over to a fan website?

After the room closed, I stopped by the art show. I normally don't like the art shows at these things. Too many cats with tits, cats with wings and cats with tits and wings. Too many portraits of Jean Luc Picard in romance novel poses. But I was pleasantly surprised at the quality of some of the works.

One of the artists had some very large paintings of very cool images. He had a neo-classical style that I really liked. He had a large canvas showing a war chariot racing toward the viewer. Another was an interpretation of Perseus saving Andromeda. Another was a Howardian fight



The Lux Radio Theater Players present *The Adventures of Luke Skywalker*.

Back Numbers

between a guy with an ax and a warrior with a sword. Pretty cool, but you'd need a big house to put it in. David Cherry was artist guest of honor and he had some nice pieces of work in the show. He isn't my favorite artist, but you could tell he was a professional.

There were quite a few other pieces that were nice. Enough so that if I were filthy rich, and had a big house, I'd have bought something. But since I'm not, I didn't. So I had some time to kill, and thus I wandered over to the con suite. At first, putting the con suite on the 20th floor seemed like the dumbest thing that could be done, but the hotel compensated for it by running two express elevators just between the ground floor and the 20th.

I really am not a con suite kind of guy. There were two people at the door asking people coming in if they were alchemists or fools. Obviously there was no question that I was a fool. I got a ribbon for my badge thus stating.

I had wandered in to a theme party for Terry Pratchett and was pretty much lost. I've read a couple of his Discworld books. They were all right I suppose. I did like the book he wrote with Neil Gaiman. But I really didn't have anything to say to the man, nor any real desire to meet him. I really dislike parties and enclosed spaces filled with too many people. So I grabbed a coke and left. The caffeine was welcome. I took my fool ribbon with me though, it was the most appropriate thing to happen to me all day.

I wandered over to the theater where Patrick Stewart was shilling X-Men 2 and the new Star Trek movie. For a convention that supposedly hikes the price to keep the "media" people out so that only the truefen will attend, they sure were hyping Stewart's appearance. You'd think it was a Creation Con.

I must say that in person, Stewart is impressive. He can project. He can turn on the charm. He sold those movies. He seemed to really think that each movie was a major cinematic achievement.

However, I believe that Stewart is a really good actor. And he's being paid to shill those movies. So even if deep

in his heart he thought they stunk like last week's fish, he'd still be able convincingly sell those movies. So I'm doubtful about the worth of these movies.

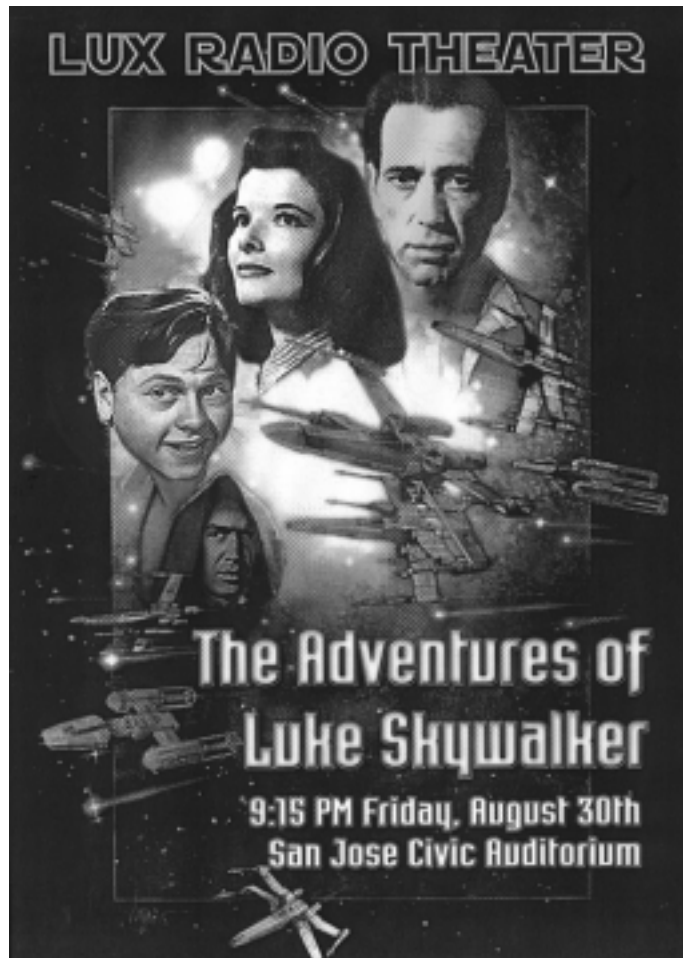
After that I waited a while for the radio show presentation. The first was a fairly good, if predictable show. While the plot was fantastic, it was fantastic in the "we don't really expect you to buy this story" way than the SF way.

The second radio show was done by a group that had real professional polish. They had obviously done this before. The gag was that the radio show was set up as if it were the Lux Radio Theater doing a version of Star Wars with major 1940s stars. They had Luke Skywalker played by Mickey Rooney, Han Solo by Humphrey Bogart and Chewbacca by Rin Tin Tin. The actors all wore very snazzy period outfits and the impersonations were, for the most part, very good. It was very amusing to hear Darth Vader's famous lines being delivered as if by Bela Lugosi in full Dracula mode. One actor switched from impersonating one famous actor doing one character to another famous actor doing another character to a third famous actor doing a third character. If you

weren't looking right at the actor, you wouldn't have known he was having a three-way conversation with himself. So it was amusing, things like Uncle Owen being played by Jack Benny were funny, but they followed the plot of the radio version of Star Wars exactly and there are long stretches in the middle where the novelty of having Jimmy Stewart's voice reciting Obi-Wan Kenobi's lines was tedious.

Still, I thought it was fun and worth staying around for. After all I'd already paid for it so I might as well enjoy it.

After the show I made a quick trip back to the con suite to see if there was anything interesting happening. I shot up in the express elevator, walked around the suite, got the hell out and caught the same elevator back down on the next trip and began the long trip home.



The Men Who Make The Argosy



In assembling my collection of *The Men Who Make The Argosy*, I've often wondered at the truthfulness of many of the biographies. None more so than W. Wirt: secret agent, spy, soldier of fortune, master of disguise, blowhard.

He would have been about 52 when he started writing for *The Argosy*, having retired from a life of adventure and intrigue that matches anything his characters did. If, that is, any of it is true. I have my doubts.

So with that in mind, I've decided to run two biographies of Wirt from the pages of *Argosy*. I'm wondering if anyone else has additional information on Wirt's heroic background.

WIRT, W.

A Newcomer

Another writer who makes his bow to *Argosy* readers in this issue is W. Wirt—a man whose life has been packed with adventures fully as thrilling as those in “Take Him for a Ride!” We asked Mr. Wirt to stand up and introduce himself so that we can all get some idea of what sort of hombre can spin a salty yarn such as this. Mr. Wirt has the floor:

Born—Boston, Massachusetts, 1876.

People on both sides hard-boiled Maine and Massachusetts Presbyterians of strictly English descent. All but one—but that one was a direct descendant of one of Sir Francis Drake's captains. The King of Spain had a standing offer of one thousand golden crowns to the hombre that would present him with “That pirate devil's head.” Every once in awhile one of the elect breaks out. The rest of the family at once put it down to the old pirate.

My late pa was one of them, all right. I think he had more than his share of the blood. He was a special agent and one of the very few Americans who served in the Secret Service of foreign countries. He went here and there, all over the world, in the oddest places, from northern China to the South Sea Islands, from there to Alaska and way points. Sometimes for Uncle Sam in the Post Office Department; other times for other people.

My education and experience? They are part and part. If there ever was a scrambled one I had it. When I wasn't much bigger than knee-high to a grasshopper my pa began taking me along with him, whenever he

could do so safely. I remember military, private, public and every other kind of school in a dim way. He'd leave me in one somewhere, go and attend to his knitting, then come back and get me, and away we'd go again. But the constant education I received from him regarding the conduct of “an officer and a gentleman” under any and all circumstance still remains vivid in my mind. One month we'd be in England, evening clothes after six as regular as clockwork, down at one of the big estates for the week-ends. then, in a month or a darn sight less, we'd be in some “flop house” as poor broken-down bums—I acting the part of the devoted son who wouldn't leave his poor old ex-con father, and so forth.

After I reached eighteen I worked with him for a good many years, and when he was called to join his venerable ancestors I carried on alone. No matter where I was, in the Orient or anywhere else, I missed him—with his cool laugh in the face of death and his never failing, slow, amused drawl. His favorite weapon was a sawed-off shotgun carrying buckshot. This, of course, was for use in the places where the little yellow and black brothers congregate mostly. I miss him yet, and always will—and that's that.

I have been behind a badge for Uncle Sam some little time and at present am still special agenting, but on my own, seldom going out of the States and not hunting for any trouble at all, having more than my share already. I've had my gun in the ribs and ears of a few jaspers and used to say “Put 'em up!” so darn often that my long-haired partner—now bobbed haired—every once in a while wakes me up with a demand to know if I have any good reason for poking my finger in her side and hollering at her in the middle of the night.

Then there have been many times when the reverse English was in force and I did the reaching for the blue sky, promptly and in haste. All in all, I lived and rambled when things were wide open, no blue laws or anything, just help yourself to the mustard if you wanted any. And I am darn glad I did. Man, howdy, you could go over the mountain, in “them” days and see things—and do 'em likewise, if you wanted to.

I and Schley whipped the Spanish fleet together, I as a volunteer and Schley as a regular. There were a few others present, but we did most of it. In the late argument I did some “hush, hush” stuff.

My present standing? Well, been married seventeen years; have two children, boy and girl. Have an old place

The Men Who Make The Argosy



in Maryland near Washington, a police dog, three or twenty-six kittens and cats, an old "colored lady" named Medora to make the corn bread, plenty good old corn lick—I mean corn licorice—to drink and am "out of commission."

A lot of my old buddies drift through, hang their hats up behind the door and drink my said good old yellow-with-age corn licorice, eat some fried chicken and curse me in all the living and dead languages because I won't let go all holds and go wild-cattin' over the hills once more. They don't get a rise out of me at all. I'm like the colored man who, when asked if he wanted to make a quarter, replied: "No, suh, I done got me a quarter." All I want is peace and quiet.

—Argonotes, September 8, 1928

Author of "War Lord of Many Swordsmen," "Swords are Out!" "The City of Japheth," etc.

The editor asks: "Who are you? What are your experiences?" What do you like to do—etc.?" In four or five hundred words. I couldn't write all I like to do in forty thousand words. However, let's go—alle samme Scotland Yard dossier:

William Wirt

(No known alias other than "Bud"), American citizen; probable age about fifty; height five feet six inches; complexion, dark; hair, black; eyes, brown; thin face, thin build (not so thin now since I have retired from chasing and being chased); weight about one hundred and thirty pounds. Scars on left shoulder, right leg, right shoulder, back of head; bridge work in upper and lower jaws (a hophead slammed me with a blackjack right across the mouth).

This man served in the United States Navy as a volunteer and in the World War out of Room 40-B—Admiralty (hush, hush stuff).

He is a special agent and has been in the employ of

the United States Government as such, and other governments. Also has been in the employ of various syndicates and Oriental companies. Details not available. (Yeah, and what is more, they won't be either.)

Claims to have been born in Boston, Massachusetts. (K'rect, and proud of it. Come from Maine and Massachusetts Presbyterians, the first of whom landed in 1635.)



Aw, let's quit this dossier stuff. I'm just an ordinary, common, every-day garden variety of American. I believe in the United States—right or wrong—first, last and all the time. My outfit have fought in every war since the Revolution, and are always ready to fight some mo'.

What do I like? Better answer it this way. I don't like four-flushing of any kind. I don't like prunes. I don't like to see a woman or a kid in trouble. Outside of that I like everything, I guess. Holy mackinaw—that question reads: "What do you like to do?"—not "What do you like?" Well, most everything colonel. I used to like to hear the dealer say, "Bet 'em high, boy—and sleep in the street," and to have a little redhead look up and say, "Oh, darlin', I love to dance with you." I used to like to get two or three drinks under my belt and my Stetson on the side of

my head and go over the mountain for to see what all I could see.

Please note that I wrote I used to like. Those days are gone forever for W. Wirt. Right now I like to go down in Gloucester County, Virginia, and hunt and fish. I like to sit in front of the big fireplace with the long-haired "pudner" I took twenty years ago, and listen to the rain come down or the wind blow. To sum it all up—I'm like an old hunting dog that is curled up in a warm spot on the hearth awakened by the young pups giving voice on a hot scent out in the woods; the old dog says "wuf" and thinks he will go out and show the pups how to do it—and then goes back to sleep.

The Men Who Make The Argosy



My stories all have a hint of a tint of a shade of truth in them. Most of the characters are real people, no foolin'. I love to write; I live my stories as I write them—I am back in the days when the thing came off. I write at home in a little room where I can look out at the big trees.

I'm way over my five hundred right now. Come and see me; I'll set out some fine Virginia cawn!

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, March, 29, 1930

As requested, here's the Men Who Make The Argosy for Grinstead.

GRINSTEAD, J. E.

Author of "The Saga of Silver Bend," "War Above the Timber Line," etc.

J. E. Grinstead writes Western stories because he is a Western writer in every sense of the word. He was born of pioneer stock, at Owensboro, Kentucky, and went West, to Missouri, with his parents when a little child. At the age of fourteen years he went into the country then known as Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. There were neither boys nor ponies on the American frontier at that time; they were all men and race horses. So Grinstead became a Western Man at the age when most boys are in school. He wore a Stetson, chaps, and the other accessories of a Western range-rider—and incidentally learned which end of a Frontier Model Forty-five smokes—while other boys of his age were wearing knickers, analyzing sentences, and trying to extract the cube root. Grinstead stayed in that country through the twenty years that it was at its toughest. The years when the other States were running the bad element out and there was no other place for them to go except the Indian country.

Eventually there came upon him the urge to write some of the things that he had seen and lived. About the

only language he knew was making signs and shaking a bush. His books had been the starry heavens, as he lay on the ground at night, with his saddle for a pillow, thrilling messages painted in red lightning on the ebon clouds as he rode around some lonely herd in the middle watch of the night, and the wonderful rolling prairies, dotted with cattle, wild horses, and other primitive things. While other boys were getting their knowledge of the West surreptitiously from forbidden ten-cent thrillers, Grinstead was soaking up gobs of it from actual contact with an exceedingly Western West. People sometimes ask him how he ever learned enough English to tell a yarn. He smiles and says:

"I reck'ed I just had to learn it, as an Indian baby learns to swim when it is thrown into the creek. If he don't swim, he'd better. Anyway, I have never consciously split an infinitive, I had heard of them, but never knew what the darn things were until it was too late. So I don't know yet whether I split them or just burn them round, as they came from the pole. When a fellow built a dugout within ten miles of me, in the Oklahoma country, it got too thickly settled for me. I came out here, almost to the Rio Grande, in western Texas. Pretty soon they settled it up. There was no place left to practice my profession, and I took to telling tales of the range. Living over the romantic period of the cattle industry in America. Incidentally, I have pictured a few gunfights—after reducing them to the intensity to where the layman might believe they happened.

"I guess that's all there is about me, except that I'd like to thank a lot of editors for being good enough to publish a mighty long string of my yarns and a generous public for reading them, understanding them, and saying they liked them. I hope I may be going right on telling these historic old yarns of the West, with a half-finished yarn on my desk when the winds of fate shall blow my candle

out and call it a day."

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, April, 9, 1930



Mailing Comments:

Brian sent me a whole stack of back mailings that I'd ordered and I've been catching up on several years of comments by members. One item that caught my eye was an exchange between **Victor** and **Al** about a pair of stories that were printed in Argosy which had been plagiarized by Frank Morgan Mercer.

I thought I'd add in what little I knew about the case by reprinting the editorial comments that appeared in Argosy at the same time the letter Victor ran was published in Writer's Digest.

Literary Theft

Plagiarism is the one form of larceny where the pilferer, if he is momentarily successful, must brazenly flaunt his loot before the eyes of hundreds of thousands, any of whom may recognize the stolen story and cry, "Stop, thief!"

Some ignorant and unthinking persons imagine that they can copy, adapt or twist the story, the plot, the characters, language, or ideas of another author and foist this plagiarism on the public as their own work. But the plagiarist never "gets away with it." He invites criminal prosecution for using the United States mails to defraud, for obtaining money under false pretenses, and for violation of copyright. He falsely signs a statement guaranteeing his authorship and ownership of the story he has submitted.

Despite all precautions, most magazines have been

some time defrauded by plagiarists. Not only is the magazine victimized, but its readers. Argosy only prints stories which have never appeared before. Its editors make every effort to maintain this high standard; yet, as is stated on another page, it has recently been the victim of a literary pickpocket, who was vouched for by the best of magazine and personal references. We are glad that our readers promptly discovered that these stories were purloined, so that we were able to give due recognition to the rightful authors, and to take suitable steps against the culprit.

—Argonotes, November 26, 1932

Plagiarism

The stories "Golden Doom," published in October 8 and October 15 Argosy, and "Flame of the East," published October 22, were plagiarized by Frank Morgan Mercer from the stories "Madagascar Gold," by H. Bedford-Jones, and "The Golden Woman of Kelantan," by James Francis Dwyer. Mercer falsely represented them as his original work.

Argosy offers its regrets and apologies to the authors, to the original publishers of these stories (Blue Book, American Weekly, A. C. McClurg & Co.) and to our readers, who like ourselves were led to believe that these stories were original with Mercer and had never before been published.

— Notice in Argosy, November 26, 1932, page 57

Graham Stone: Fillyloo 28

"Fair narks they are, jist like them back-street clicks
Ixcpe' they fights wiv skewers 'stid o' bricks"

I really enjoyed the excerpt from *The Sentimental Bloke* which cast the events related in *Romeo and Juliette* in turn of the century Australian slang. I'll have to make a copy and pass it along to a few friends. The above summary of the rivalry of the two families really caught my fancy. It certainly wouldn't be the last time that the play would be translated into street gang terms.

There's a lot of great quotes here, I was greatly amused.

Scott Cranford: Blodgett 53

I enjoyed your Pulpcon report. The color photos that you ran were very clear. Between your report and others, it was interesting to see different views of the same scene. The killer dog incident and Howard vs The Bum both

come to mind.

Steve Young: Hurricane H(e)aven 6A

I like your feature on archaic vocabulary from the pulps.

The Frederick Faust material you write about seems to be less than typical of cowboy stories of the period. There seems to be a strong semi-fantasy element to them. What do you think of Will's "Gun Dummy" theories? How does that square with Faust's more exotic fare?

Thank you for recommending Windling and Dattlow's anthologies as good ones to try.

Kurt B. Shoemaker: Happiest Blue Elephant 29

Please keep us updated on the progress of your novel and your other writing and your attempts to find a publisher.

I enjoyed your look at Blue Book. I've often thought of buying a few, but I want to concentrate on Argosy for

now.

Thanks for your comments on the origins of the slang terms “punk” and “funky.”

I guess we’ll have to disagree on Flashman.

I have included the Men Who Make The Argosy for J. E. Grinstead this issue.

And I see you have another mention of a non- “Gun Dummy” western. See below for some comments along these lines.

John DeWalt: El Dorado #16

It’s six pages? That’s why I never did well in math, I was always misplacing that decimal point to the right.

I won’t be able to comment on *A Century of Noir* as you suggest since I did not purchase it. I looked at the table of contents and decided that there were too many stories that were in other collections and of the ones I did not already have, many were by authors I don’t care for. I see a line between Hard-boiled and Noir and I’m on the Hard-boiled side of that line. I see the difference between the two being that Hard-boiled is about a character who is put in, or places himself in, a difficult position, takes action to overcome his obstacles and is tough enough to triumph while Noir is about a character who is put, or places himself, into a difficult position, makes it worse, and is not tough enough to triumph.

Peter Rabe’s *The Box* is hardboiled, Gil Brewer’s *The Red Scarf* is Noir.

I suppose I see Hardboiled as being about strength and virtue while Noir is about weakness and moral decay.

Michael Gilbert is a British author who is regularly reprinted in the U.S. He has a long-running series of police procedurals. He’s well-thought-of by a number of mystery people, but I just have not been a big fan. He’s a competent writer, and I can’t say I don’t like him, but his stories don’t seem to stick out in my mind.

Kevin L. Cook: Sons of the Blue Wolf #36

I, too, am sorry that we didn’t get a chance to meet at Pulpcon, perhaps next year I’ll have better luck.

I do appreciate your comments on my being able to buy the mailings. I would indeed be unhappy if I were not able to buy a mailing that I contributed to, but I knew the rules going in. Sometimes you have to play the cards you’re dealt. I certainly agree it would be nice if everyone on the waitlist that wanted to could buy a mailing, but the current popularity of the APA precludes that.

I have been staying out of the debate over expanding the membership as I have felt I had too much of a personal stake in the issue for my comments to be seen as impartial.

With the expansion of the membership, I benefited in that I moved up to number two on the waitlist, so theoretically I’ll become a member sooner.

However, before the waitlist was expanded, we had four insurance copies and only two (or perhaps three) members of the waitlist buying them. Now we have one insurance copy and two of us, myself and Ray, who are regularly buying them. I can’t say I like these numbers.

We are also sending two copies now to members overseas, which I would think is a good way to eventually have at least one, if not two, copies lost in the mail.

Although it would certainly seem to benefit me personally if the membership were to be increased to say, 30 members, I see some pitfalls in this.

When I recently sent off for a sample mailing for DAPA-EM, the mystery APA, I decided against joining, mainly because I saw that the membership required 40 copies for their 35 member list. I couldn’t see printing 70 copies of Back Numbers, plus a few extra for trades and such. (There was also the factor of their schedule, which is every two months or six mandatory mailings each year. I’d have to do smaller issues more frequently, and twice a year send two issues to PEAPS.)

I don’t have a problem with producing thirty issues for PEAPS, but I’d balk at doing forty. Somewhere in the middle is my breaking point for being a member here.

I would hate to think that for some of the current members that 35 copies would be the breaking point (or even 31) and that would cause them to drop out. I think that would be counter productive. I probably would be willing to do 35, but I’d think much harder about how many pages I put in and how many color pages I ran.

Last issue, I ran two color pages, and it really hurt. While I’m not doing color this issue for other reasons, I’m looking forward to not spending as much on production costs.

I’d hate to think that other members would run smaller or less frequent contributions to make up for the extra expense of expanding the membership.

If I thought that it wouldn’t reduce the activity of the existing membership, I suppose I would support expanding the membership, as the more members we have, the more contributions we have, and the thicker the mailings would be. I’m looking forward to seeing what the new members have in store for us.

Still, I think expanding the membership to 28 was a bit premature. I would support some sort of arrangement to reduce the number back down to 25 through attrition. Perhaps we could do a staggered attrition where we accepted one new member for every two that left until we were back to 25. Hum, I’m really shooting Mark, myself and Ray in the foot here. How about if we reduce the number back down to 25 through attrition once those currently on the waitlist become members. My, that sounds self-serving. Perhaps I shouldn’t have

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said anything.

I don't see that there is a good solution, unless all of the members agree that it would not pose a burden on them to increase the number of copies and that they would not be placed in a position where they would have to run smaller pages.

I see you place your "single" books in order of publication. I see where this is a logical idea, but I'd get mighty tired of checking copyright pages to find out where to file a book. What do you do when you don't know the publication order? I've seen books where I know the publication date was off. What do you do for books with pulp stories that were published in the magazines first, but published later in book form?

Al Tonik: Ramblings of a Perambulating Pulp Fan #54

I really like your description of PEAPS as a round-robin letter to 24 friends. That's now 28 friends, 29 if you count the waitlister who gets to buy the insurance copy. I was looking through this mailing with an eye on how much of it consisted of original articles on a single pulp-related subject and how much consisted of mailing comments, reprints or material that was preparatory to being published elsewhere. The Purple Prose or Pulpdom type articles were in the minority. Most of the issues consists of us talking back and forth to each other, carrying on the conversation that I think is the heart of PEAPS. I think a look at an average mailing would dispel much of the impression that we are some sort of secret cabal keeping our dark knowledge to ourselves. (With all the time I spend talking about the hoarding issue, you'd think it was really a hot-button topic for me. I think I'm spending more time on this than my interest really warrants.)

Thank you for mentioning some places where Science Fiction in Blue Book has been indexed. I still say Blue Book, Cavalier, and All-Story need to be thoroughly indexed, and not just the SF. I'd put in a call to index some of the Street and Smith titles, but it looks like those are in good hands at the moment.

So you like page numbers in indexes. Sigh. OK, I went back and added page numbers to the work I've been doing indexing about a dozen issues of 10-Story Book. I see Fictionmags also likes having this information. I really don't see where this information is useful. There are a number of cases in 10-Story-Book where a long story is started and has either several features that are listed in the contents page interspersed with it or has a couple of pages in a row, then jumps to later in the book. There are also a number of places where the font size used gets progressively smaller, even within one story. So a story could have more words, but appear on fewer pages, than another. Using page numbers to deter-

mine the length of a story in these cases is more than useless. But for you, I'll do it.

I hope to have a rough draft of my index for us here next issue, and I'm asking that if anyone has issues of 10-Story Book they can add in, I'd appreciate it. Once I've got as much data gathered as possible, I'll pass it along to the Big List so that it can be accessed by everyone. (Sorry guys, I'm just not much for hoarding information.) (There I go beating that dead horse again.)

Hey Doug, do you have any more information on Sun Publications and 10-Story book? I've read your article in Pulp Vault on Golden Fleece. I think I can add some more data, but some of what I've come up with, mostly through the Harry Steven Keeler side, is different from what you have. By the way, I disagree with you on whether 10-Story Book is a pulp, but I suppose I'll have to wade into those "what is a pulp" definitions to say why I think so. I think a lot of pulp collectors have been overlooking this title because of a reputation based on about a third of its run. I'm not saying that the fiction here is great, but it's at least as much a pulp as some other marginal contenders.

Rick Hall: Not Worth 1/4 Cents a Word

I would certainly welcome a PEAPS web page. You have my permission to link to my website from it. I think this is a good idea, and perhaps it would allow people to construct a pseudo-mailing if they desired. Perhaps we could try to get a "sample" issue up in PDF format so people could see an average mailing.

This sounds like an interesting project. Everyone could select one contribution they felt was either their best, or most typical issue, and we could have a "composite" mailing put together in PDF format.

Will I battle Brian for the largest contribution? It's the rumble in the APA! You're going down, Brian! Seriously, I'm no competition for Brian, he has 50-60 page contributions every mailing. I have to take an issue off and rest up before I can approach those heights.

Darrell C. Richardson: Chums

This is a nice look at the art from the Boy's Story Papers. I'm curious about the quality of the fiction. Is it still readable? There is somebody on the Pulpmags mailing list who is putting out an index to boy's story papers. You might find this useful. He seems like he's doing good work, but it's a little too specialized for me.

Rich Harvey: The Pulp Adventures Newline #2

Every time I start thinking what a hot-shot typesetter I am, I just look at your pages and it deflates my

ego back to manageable proportions. You have very nice paper, excellent layout and good reproduction on your images. I notice you are using a sans serif font. It makes your pages look very clean and readable. I use a serif font as it is more traditional, but when I see how modern and stylish your pages look, I wonder if that's the right answer. I enjoyed your comments on setting up a table at a comic convention, your thoughts on Irish McCalla and your reviews of a couple of pulp-related books.

I'm looking forward to seeing the Pulp Adventures Newline more frequently now that you've made it to full membership.

Kristin Ladnier: The Pulp Cat Summer 2002

This is an informative essay where you use advertising aimed at a feminine audience to prove that women were part of the pulp audience. I don't see any reason to doubt that there was a strong female readership, or any need to prove it. I suppose that's just the way academia works. The early pulps, pre-1925 or so, are clearly aimed at both sexes. Issues of *Argosy All-Story Weekly* that I've seen from the mid and late 1920s carry some stories that are overflowing with "Women's Interest" to the point that I can't read them. We'd call them soap operas today. I frequently see letters from women in the *Argonotes* through the 1930s. Even an issue of *10-Story Book* from its unsavory period that I've examined ran a photo of a model dressed as a sheik and specifically said it was for its female readers, a little beefcake to go along with the cheesecake.

James Van Hise: Pulp Monger 10

Thank you for the reprints you ran, I haven't read any of these before.

I'm glad there is somebody on the spot to keep us informed about the situation with Ackerman. There have been far too many ill-informed rumors going around the internet.

I hope you'll expand on the disposition of the Ackerman collection. It seems a shame that another major collection is going to be broken up. Do you know where all of the paperwork and other research-type stuff is going? I am more interested in anything of that nature than the props or movie/TV stuff.

Please also let us know how Forry is doing. I didn't know what to say to him at San Jose, being even more wet-behind-the-ears than I am now. I'd like to think I'd have some intelligent questions and comments for him if I ever ran into him again.

Norm Metcalf: SULF V.2 #57

Your comments on SF APAs was exactly what I was

hoping for when I brought up the subject. I have heard of some of these, but I did not know if they were still in operation or if they were indeed interested in discussing science fiction and fantasy. Sadly you report that this does not seem to be the case. I'm a little puzzled as to why someone would join an SF APA if they did not want to talk or write about science fiction. I can't imagine getting on the PEAPS waitlist and then not using Back Numbers to talk about pulps.

Your comment on E. Hoffmann Price was enlightening. I suspected he was more interested in telling a good story than he was in the facts, but it's nice to hear it from somebody who knew him first hand. I enjoyed his book, but I was constantly wondering why he didn't answer the questions I wanted him to answer.

Thank you for your comments on my reviews directing me to additional sources I was not aware of. Thank you also for your information on the activities of Merian C. Cooper after the "Men of Daring" feature. He sounds like the sort of person I should do some additional research on the next time I'm at a really good library.

You mention anthologizing H. Beam Piper. I am a fan of his work and I would enjoy any stories or insight you would care to share about him. He was the second "adult" science fiction writer that I encountered, after Heinlein of course, and his works are still among my favorites.

Will Murray: Pulp Hound 36

Thank you for sharing the prologue to your work in progress. Please let us know how the hunt for a publisher is going.

Warren Harris: Back Numbers 3

I begin to doubt my assertion that the stories printed in Two were really from the pulps. They are equally if not more likely from a slick, such as the post-pulp *Argosy*. I'm sure somebody will enlighten me in their mailings comments this time.

Howard DeVore: Kisset

I like your story about Hershell Steinhardt. I imagine it's a scenario that is more common than not.

Thank you for the con notes. I repeat my earlier observation as to how interesting it is to see the same event from more than one perspective.

I must remember not to get on your bad side.

Larry Estep: Missing Back Page

While I haven't received your Blue Mushroom books yet, I'm looking forward to them. I recently purchased

Back Numbers

an early back issue of *The Pulp Review*, I think it's in issue two, that has a Major Lacy story that is not a Scarlet Ace story.

Keep it up and you'll soon be rivaling John Olsen as the king of internet pulp story providers.

You have another nice index of a title that has not (to my knowledge) been looked at before. I can't say enough about those indexing rare and overlooked titles. This is important work that needs to be done.

Duane Spurlock: T'rilling Action Vol. 2, No. 1

You're another guy I'd like to hear from on the subject of Will's "Gun Dummy" thesis and Max Brand's work. You are obviously well read in this area. From what you and others have said about Brand's "mythic" storytelling, he seems to not fit into the same mold. Was Brand writing to a formula and if so, was that formula something distinct to himself?

Were there other writers who tried to write Brand-style westerns the same way that, say, Kline, tried to write ERB stories?

Brian Earl Brown: Hidalgo 62

What, yet more color Pulpcon photos? My cup runneth over. And a nice long con report to go with them. Thank you very much.

But, you went back to your room during the auctions? Man, I love the auctions. The excitement, the thrills, the paying way to much in a bidding war, the getting a good deal because everyone else is asleep. The auctions are fun, you should give them a try.

If you think DeWalt's phone gags are a pain, at least you didn't have to deal with his rubber snake gag. He's the sort of guy who thinks any public gathering can only be made better with the addition of a rubber snake. He's got an explanation for that phone gag, I'll let him tell it though.

Chuck's last name is Juzek, I know because I misspelled it several issues ago. Cleve F. Adams is the author of the Violet McDade stories. I know because I said it was Ted Tinsley in my first issue. See, all of your questions can be answered by reading my corrections.

Thank you for running the article on the end of the Modesty Blaise strip. I am more a fan of the books than the strip, but it was sad to hear it had ended. O'Donnel said that *The Cobra Trap* would be his last Blaise book, and he arranged a suitable final end to the story of Blaise and Garvin. While they are certainly

written to a formula, they are quite entertaining and I'd happily read another 20 adventures if O'Donnel had written them. I find it interesting that the features editor made a galling error that shows he didn't know anything about the strip he was in charge of running. Garvin is not Blaise's "long-term boyfriend" but rather her companion in adventure. O'Donnel was quite clear that while they both had an extensive sex life with other people, the two never even considered becoming romantically involved with each other.

After reading a couple in the series, you couldn't get me to agree that any of the *Man From Uncle* books are worth \$45, but that's what Ray says they were asking for a hard-to-find one in L.A.

Argassing:

Overall a good job, but *Pulp Monger* was bound in upside down at the end of section one.



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