THE PULP ERA number 61

July 1964

THE PULP ERA number sixty one

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When I published issue #60 I thought I was going to be in Hannibal for some good time. Sadly, this is not the case. I am moving once again within the next month or two. I hope this will be the last (or close to it) move. As I grow older the desire to settle down in one spot becomes greater and greater, perhaps because that in my 19 years of work on the road, I worked 48 of the 50 states. I wonder if there is any fanzine that has been published from more addresses than mine? Other than Science Fiction Times is there any fanzine that has had a longer life than this one? This issue marks its 14th year. There were a few years that only one issue was published, but I at least was able to keep consecutive.

Please address all mail to me at 706 Scott Street, Napoleon, Ohio until further notice.

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The Difference Between Us

by John Phillifent

There never was a 'pulp era' in Britain. Not that would stand any sort of comparison with those fabulous years in the US. Any attempt to discover why must be brief, and may be mistaken, but should be informative. The term 'pulp' in itself, is meaningless to the average Briton, apart from immediate description of a certain physical state. Tell him that the 'pulps' were a type of popular magazine, so called because of the bulky and fragile blotting-paper on which they were printed .. a breed apart from the 'slicks', and he will be a little wiser, but not much.

There were, of course, cheap, crudely-printed, unglazed-paper magazines in Britain at one time. There were 'family' magazines. There were the first rough beginnings of specialist journals. And there were the self-consciously 'literate' magazines, which ran to serializations of stories by people like Dickens and RL Stevenson, or, more recently, Edgar Wallace, Sidney Horler and Donford Yates .. the 'Strand Magazine' for instance. All these publications, and many of them had a long a fruitful life, were cheap, and popular .. and on pulp paper to begin with. But they were never anything like what is meant by the 'pulps'.

They were not .. action, thrill, violence and adventure, just for the sake of it .. they were not arrogantly lurid .. they did not give rise to any outstanding new-style writers (Chandler; Hammet; Spillane) nor did they create any archetypal, legendary superhuman characters (Doc Savage; the Shadow) .. nothing like that. Always excepting Sherlock Holmes, of course, who was a law unto himself.

The reason for all this, is, I think, basically social-logical, and comes in three flavours. Let's call them education; escape; and enterprise, and let us bear in mind that we need to examine a period stretching broadly from 1880 - 1950. Even at the beginning of that period, education in Britain was reasonably uniform, and although reading habits were sharply divided between 'serious' literature, in hard backs, and trivial stuff, in paper, the emphasis was always on 'standard' English'. When Lord Harmsworth (soon to be copied by others) originated the wholly creditable idea of producing cheap literature in bulk for the masses, the stress was primarily on 'literature' .. on quality. Not necessarily quality of subject matter .. but in words and sentences .. in 'good' English.

That restriction was a severe test, and I think we are still too close to it, historically, to be able to judge whether it did harm, or good. To write fastmoving, superficial, exciting, escapist fiction, while remaining within the canons of strictly syntactical, grammatical English, is extremely difficult. One might be tempted to class it impossible .. but it was done. Refer back to Sherlock Holmes,

as the perfect example .. or think again about Edgar Wallace and Dornford Yates, both seriously underestimated in this respect. Yates, in particular, had a prose 'style' in the mandarin tradition, with a grace that few 'modern' writers can come near .. coupled with a gift for creating well-nigh unbearable pace and tension.

Now, this kind of stricture never applied in the US. A new culture, just bursting into confident adolescence, spread out far wide and handsome over a rich and diverse continent, chattering a fascinating hotch-potch of languages, was ripe for fast paced, expansive, experimental writing .. something to take in breathless bites, but not to keep. When you know you might not be here next week, or next month, when the other side of every hill is an open challenge to go take a look, you didn't build a bookshelf, you discarded .. because there would always be more, with the next issue. Pulp fiction was tailor-made for that kind of market.

That was one level. Quality didn't count nearly as much as freshness of ideas, of treatment. Novelty, excitement, escape .. that was the flavour. All fiction, of course, is escape .. by definition. But the US flavour was new. Your average Briton is a conventional, conservative, cautious and law-abiding person .. with the few exceptions .. who are already 'over there' out of it. Consequently, his 'escape' takes the form wherein somebody breaks the 'rules', and gets away with it, for a while. He knows the rules. Sometimes he complains about them, but, in the final analysis, he respects them. He does not approve of fiction in which his respected institutions are held up to ridicule, or exposed as corrupt. Edgar Wallace, with his Four Just Men, caught the note perfectly. These men were crooks only in as much as they went beyond the limits of the law, and acted where the law was helpless. Detectives, similarly, may be smarter than the police, but never, ever, against them. In Britain, the Law may be an ass, but never a rogue. A British Perry Mason would be impossible as a British Philip Marlowe.

Again, your average Briton may not glorify hard work, but he does realize the bitter necessity of having to earn a living, at some regular job if and when possible. Dorothy Sayers, to make her famous detective a going concern, put him among the nobility, with inherited wealth, and thus the freedom to pursue evildoers in his own time. Escapism, in Britain, has well-defined limits. This is apparently not so

in the US. When the greater part of a country's population has already achieved escape from some restricting regime, or is directly descended from those who have, then 'escape' literature takes on a more vivid and positive cast, limits are thrown away, conventions are ignored, and there are no rules. It is a truism too often overlooked that a nation not only gets the government it deserves, it also gets the literature it wants. The US wanted hard-bitten, tough, nerve-cracking adventure, with breathless bounce, purple panache and a free-wheeling contempt for standards and limits of any kind. The 'pulps' filled that bill.

When we come to 'enterprise' we strike even deeper strata of character .. and we can bring into focus one particular aspect of the 'pulps', that considerable fraction we have come to know as science fiction. At once, we run into what seems to be a paradox. HG Wells... Conan Doyle .. RL Stevenson .. Rudyard Kipling .. Aldous Huxley .. George Orwell .. JB Priestley .. and more .. a whole string of lustrous names .. all impeccably British, and all noteworthy contributors to the field of science fiction and fantasy. And yet .. and yet s-f has never come near to enjoying anything more than just a minor vogue, in Britain. Even today, with a very few honourable exceptions, a British writer who hopes to make a name for himself, or a reasonable financial reward, in s-f, must needs sell to the US. Failing that achievement, he is doomed to remain unknown except to the small hard-core of afficionados. Why is this?

Quite simply, it is just because your average Briton is not either science-minded or gadget-minded. He is not novelty-minded. He is not very interested in, or impressed by, new ideas, and tends to regard anything in the nature of an innovation with deep suspicion. This .. let's be clear .. does not indicate any lack of the spirit of adventure. That is there, in full measure, as the shades of great men, from one Elizabeth to the other, will bear witness. But it was, and still is, adventure within the accepted rules. John Bull is

a law-abiding type, in all his ways. The old story about the explorer, deep in Darkest Africa, who made it a habit to dress for 'dinner' even when all alone, is no doubt apocryphal. But it nutshells the whole spirit. Rules, tried and reliable, are good things. Tradition .. the word is seldom used, out loud, but its influence colours the thinking like an indelible dye.

That is a generalization, of course. Britain has her share of innovators, inventors and iconoclasts, but they are a hamstrung minority. One has only to recall the painfully long list of ideas which were born in Britain, but had to go elsewhere to grow into fruit. Whittle, and jets; Fleming, and penicillin; Watson-Watt, and radar; Friese-Green, and the cinema. Or, if you like, think of TV! John Logie Baird made it work. The BBC started the very first TV public service in the world, from Alexandra Palace .. credit where it is due. But who took it away from there? Who made it a commercial proposition, introduced gadgets, and trimmings, and colour? And what about Telstar? Need you ask? Certainly not the British. Even today, with a competitive commercial channel, television in Britain is regarded as a 'public service', not a business enterprise. I am not here casting an opinion as to which is the better approach, merely making the point out of the difference.

Technology, gadgetry, novelty .. and science in general are, to the Briton, things to be regarded with deep suspicion, and to be fenced in with appropriate safeguards. New and different ideas are unpleasant threats to the established order of things. That notorious Astronomer Royal who declared space-travel to be 'utter bilge' (poor man) was not being any more thick-headed than his fellows. He spoke as a typical Britisher.

So how, then, do we account for the flat paradox of Wells .. sometimes called the 'father' of s-f .. and all those others? How do we reconcile the iron-bound conservative attitude, on the one hand, with the very genuine popularity and acceptance of these writings? I suggest the answer, here, lies in the fact that there are two kinds of science-fiction. There are dozens of different kinds, in reality. So many different kinds that the genre, as a whole, has defied any attempt at definition .. has refused to accept a demarcation, even, between science fiction and fantasy! But, for my purpose, I will divide the whole field into two broad styles. On the one side we have that story style in which the main interest is in some new technology, process, discovery, gadgetry or technical twist with interesting possibilities, and the development follows the potential ramifications of the 'thing', with more or less accurate guesses as to the logical outcome. An extreme example of the type would be the 'Skylark' and 'Lensman' series of EE Smith, developing into Heinlein's 'Future History' series, and up-to-date current the many elaborate guesses about the impact of psionics, if and when it becomes a workable reality.

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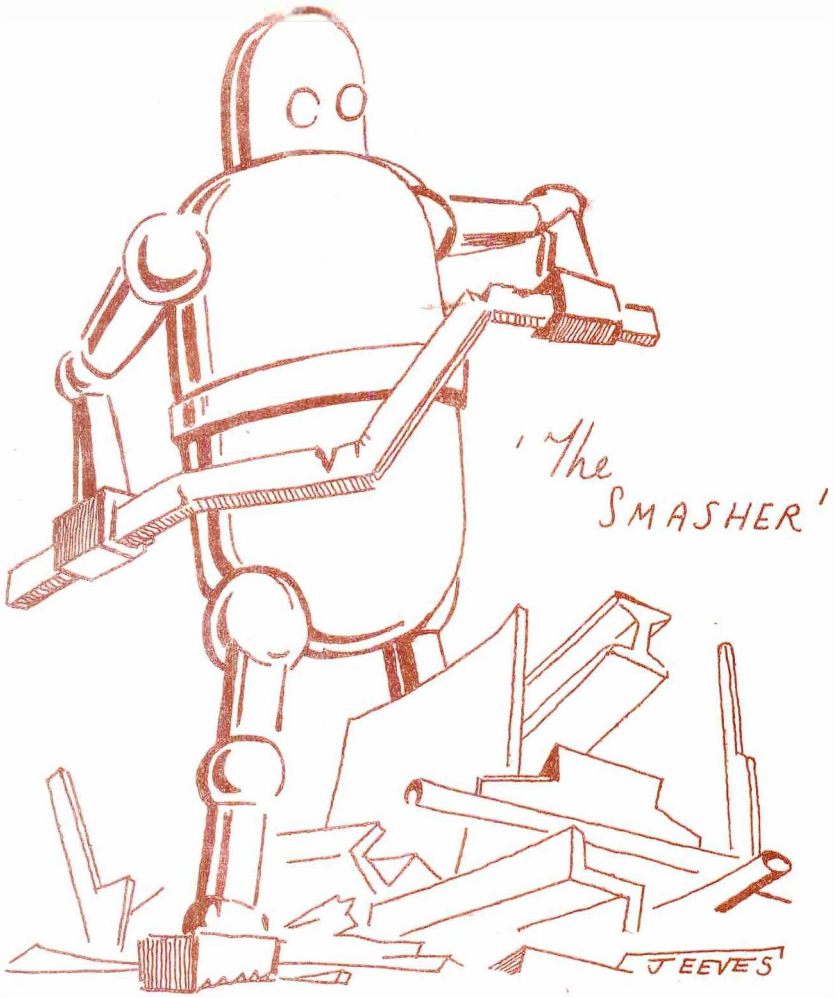


DOWN MEMORY-BANK LANE

by Terry Jeeves

Probably my earliest encounter with s-f came before I knew there was such a form of literature. The encounter took place in the form of 'twopenny bloods' - the boy's adventure yarns of the time. Some of these tales still stay with me in fragmentary and chronologically distorted form. Pinning down their era, or even their correct sequence is beyond me, but even so they give me that feeling of nostalgia (A Sense of Wonder?) when for a few fleeting seconds, they pop to the surface of my mind. I hope perhaps they do as much for you.

A very early 'fragment' concerns a blue-paper printed horror of a comic called 'The Jester'. This featured such improbable characters as "Weary Willy and Tired Tim", "Nero and Zero" and several other comic strips. In addition to the few pages of comics, 'The Jester' also carried a couple of stories. One of these always concerned a dashing Arab Shiek bestriding a white stallion and brandishing a long rifle in his right hand. Draped tastefully (and very fully clothed) across his left arm he carried a white woman. Never having heard of the white slave trade - or even sex - I was never able to understand the reason for this particular encumbrance, and put it down to another queer oriental habit. The other story varied from time to time...and ONCE...it became a serial which featured the heroes on Mars. This was probably pinched from ERB, but the only scene I recall hasn't enough detail to say.

A 'baddie' Martian army is about to clobber the hide of the 'goodie' Martian army explains the ruler of the 'goodies' to the adventurers. At this stage, he discovers that the Earthpeople have a material called glass (unknown on Mars, in spite of all that sand). Immediately, the ruler orders his top general to place his hand behind a sheet of the stuff...(which one Earthman happened to have in his back pocket)...he whips out his ray gun

and fires. To the great relief of the general, the glass stops the ray and saves his hand. Production starts immediately, and when the battle is joined, the good side is protected from the rays by their armour of glass. Their joy is short lived however, as someone finds that the new wonder armour will shatter at a bonk. Bonking is in order and in no time at all the baddies are back on an even footing. It was at this point that the teacher confiscated my copy, and I never did discover the outcome of that little affair.

Printed on even bluer paper than the 'Jester', was the 'Bullseye'; This was a 20 page, quarto horror aimed for the sensational market. It bore no cartoons, but carried several short yarns - several of them in serial form.

'The Phantom of Blackfriars' concerned a ghost which haunted that London district. He was actually one of the human protagonists in the story, but spent his off-duty time flitting around Blackfriars wearing a black cloak, and with his face shining with a layer of luminous paint. His superlative knowledge of all the secret passages built into the walls of every building allowed him to escape any trap, and added to the air of supernatural ability. When this character returned for a second series, the writer began to endow him with 'real' supernatural powers -- this soured me off the 'Phantom'.

Another 'Bulleye' favourite was John Gaunt, a crippled explorer who lived in 'The House of Secrets'. No longer able to get his thrills first hand, he gained a vicarious excitement by paying pound 100 to anyone who could tell him a true story with sufficient thrills in it. In true Hollywood tradition, the visitors invariably arrived alone - at dead of night - and during a terrific thunderstorm. John Gaunt would open the door to them, holding high an antique candleabra, while the electric light from the room behind threw his body into silhouette. On one occasion, this involved John in an adventure along with his visitor, as the heavy rains had loosened a secret pivoted flagstone in John's front yard, and both men were precipitated into a locked dungeon buried beneath the house. The visitor got them out of that one, and still earned the 100 pounds.

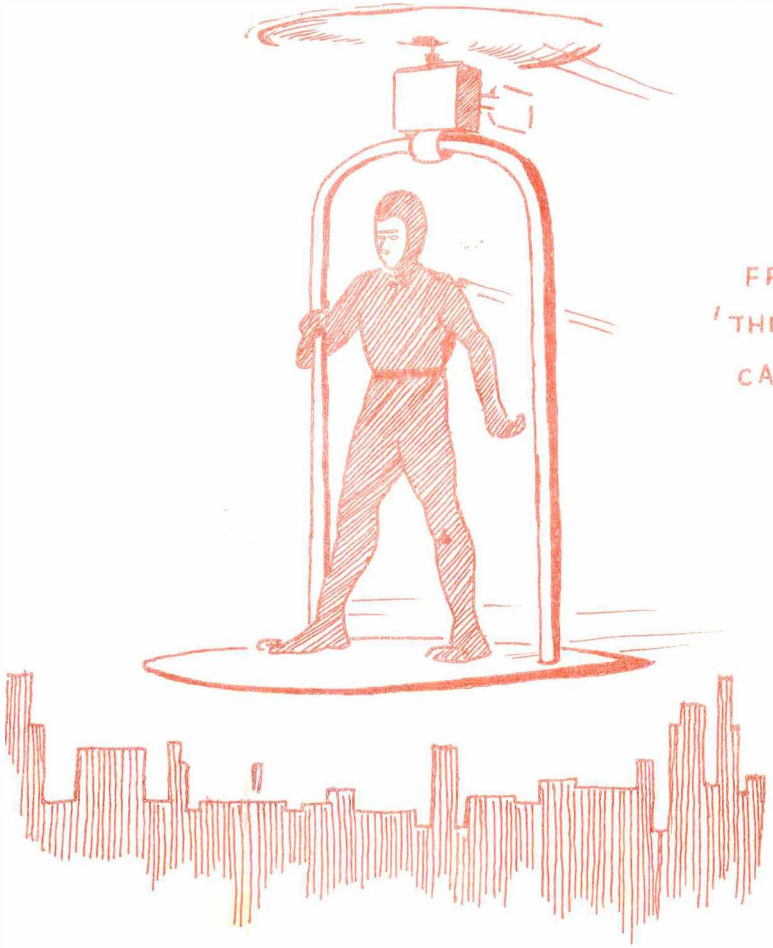
One visitor related how he had been imprisoned (by a Mad Scientist) within a huge bell-jar, while different gases were pumped in and out. Another story concerned a huge, vertical board bearing a king-sized pointer to which the adventurers were strapped. The pointer was then spun and according to where it came to rest...MONEY - POWER - DEATH - etc. so the victim was treated...this was a voluntary gamble entered into by tramps and others willing to stake all on a turn of the wheel. A close variation of this theme was used by a 'powerful secret society' to punish anyone who spied on their activities. In this case, the board was horizontal, and the victim was dropped on to it by a rotating arm. The board bore alternate black and white segments. The white ones were either blank, or piled with money...Laning on these, the victim took what he won and departed if he would promise eternal secrecy. The black segments were more sinister....

they were actually channels dropping through to pointed stakes... or if you were lucky, to dungeons...from which you emerged only to be sold into the French Foreign Legion.

Most of these stories were cover-coppers - who could resist finding out what happened to the bloke in the bell-jar?

Still in the technicolour stakes was the Boys Magazine... half foolscap in size and coloured a shocking pink. It usually had one feature story and one short. Its only concession to the cartoon market was a one frame cartoon by Jack Greenall...'Useless Eustace'...a character still running in the 'Daily Mirror' the last time I saw a copy. The long novel in the 'B.M.' would often feature monsters emerging from the centre of the Earth...usually a football pitch, or Trafalgar Square at rush hour...their aim was to enslave the world, and inevitably they were led and aided by a renegade Earthman. The stories must have been pretty pedestrian.. I can't remember a word of them.

'Bulleye' and 'Boys Magazine' catered for the really depraved juvenile delinquents of the era. For the less abandoned (or those whose parents vetted their reading matter), there was a far more innoccuous series in the 'BIG FIVE'. 'Adventure'..on Monday, 'Wizard'..on Tuesday, 'Rover'..on Thursday, 'Hotspur'..on Friday, and 'Skipper'..on Saturday. I'm not sure what happened on Wednesday, whether the printers let the presses cool, or the authors



FROM 'THE ADVENTURE CAPTAIN ZERO'

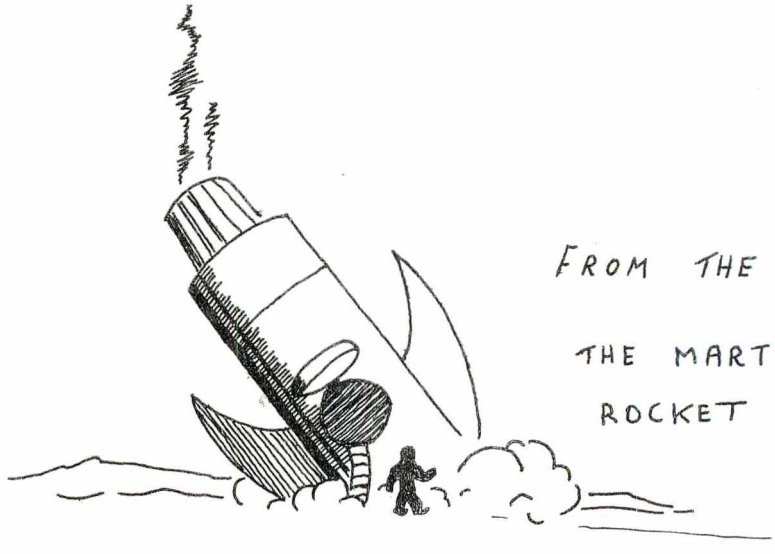
given a day off...maybe the idea was to get out then and earn enough to buy the next load. Whatever the reason, the 'Big Five' gave Wednesday a miss, but they more than made up for this the rest of the week.

The Adventure carried such intriguing yarns as the 'Human Fly' a character in a skin tight black suit with rubber suckers fitted to knees and elbows. So equipped, he would climb walls and sky-scrapers, traverse ceilings (often over the heads of the crooks searching for him)(they suffered from stiff necks) and even cross under frontier bridges in his fearless gang-busting career.

Adventure also featured 'Captain Zero', who, in his skin tight black suit would career hither and yon on his electrically driven flying platform, undeterred by sonic barriers, oxygen lack or even fog or bad weather, I can't quite remember whether he specialized in gang-busting or bank-busting, but it was probably the former, as these stories had a rather high moral code. Heroes only broke this code when emulating the Robin Hood rich/poor gimmick, and even then, they were not allowed to become too successful. One such adventurer was the 'Black Sapper' who, (in his skin tight black suit) and accompanied by his faithful mechanic Marot, would travel underground in his marvellous earthboring machine, 'The Earthworm'. He could thus emerge undetected in bank vault or strong room and serve himself. He was hotly pursued through page after page...and tunnel after tunnel...by Commander Breeze; a detective who never actually caught the Sapper but usually arrived in time to arrest the loot.

The Wizard introduced our old friends, the Martian invaders, but with one significant variation...their skin tight suits were of silvery scales. They arrived at high velocity in a projectile-like rocket, and their main weapons were a ray-gun and an ultra-fast growing weed which threatened to engulf Britain.

Also in the Wizard, was the 'Smasher', a squat, monstrous robot who trampled a trail of destruction through page after page, in his efforts to prevent the railroad going through on time. Fires, rifleshots, and even dynamite left him unharmed, but at long last a fall over a cliff into a fast river slowed him down for several issues...



FROM THE 'WIZARD'

THE MARTIAN ROCKET

and then we were treated to 'Return of the Smasher'...which shows the 2d bloods stole quite a few marches on Hollywood in their day.

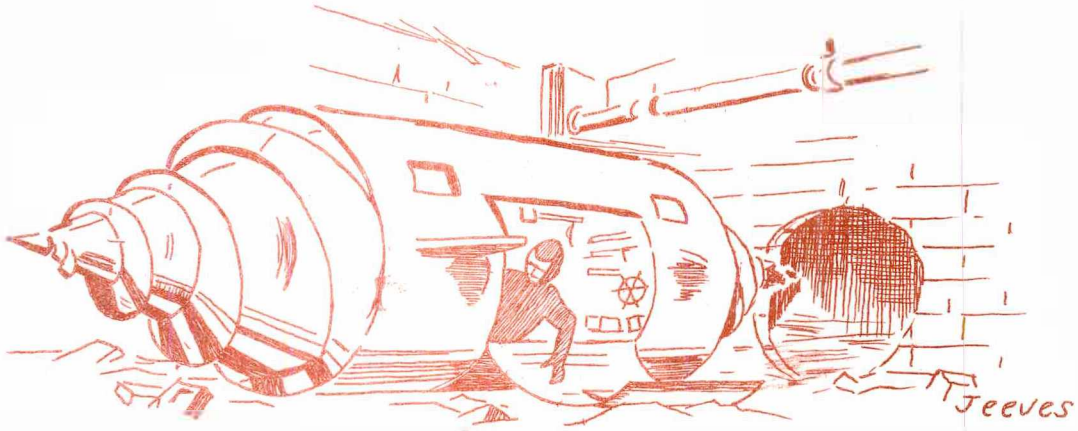
Another series featured the Worms of Doom...super-termites which nibbled happily along through iron and steel, to the general detriment of such edifices as the Empire State Building, the Forth Brifge and other famous structures. The worms were the main weapon in a Tibetan attempt to dominate the world - and gave me a life-long distrust of maggots and the Dalai Lama.

The BIG FIVE were all-story issues, designed for a generation which could (and did) read omnivorously, if not exactly wisely. Imagine then, how saddened I have been to see among my own son's collection of 'modern literature', emasculated versions of the Wizard, Hotspur, etc., in which the printed story has been dressed up in the strip cartoon format.

This was bad enough, but as the editors save money by digging into their old files, I've been faced with such things as cartoon versions of the 'Smasher', 'The Black Sapper', 'The Human Fly', and many others. No longer can the modern generation be trusted to form its own mental images from their reading material...such an essential attribute of the s-f addict...from now on, the picture proves it. The child's free imagination id free to conform to the artist's imprssion and nothing is left to chance.

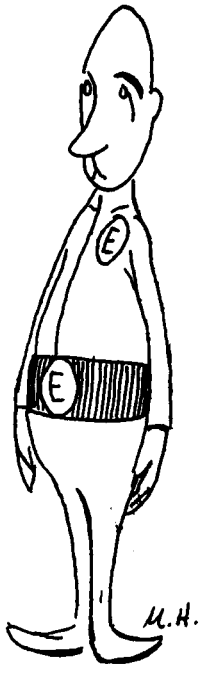
However, I still cherish memories of Modern Wonder and Beyoon's Space Machine, and the vandals can never desecrate that last bastion of nostalgia...the fabulous twenty issues of Britain's first and only s-f weekly....SCOOPS....but that's another story.

Terry Jeeves



"The EARTHWORM"
BORING MACHINE OF THE
'BLACK SAPPER'

A R G A S S I N G . . .



Since this issue was printed immediately following the mailing of issue #60, there was not time for any letters of comment to come in. Next issue will feature a letter column if the letters are informative and would be of general interest to the readers.

The following letter from Stanley A. Pachon Bethlehem, Penna., arrived after issue #60 was set up and although it has been some time since Redd Bogg's article on Wild West Weekly appeared, I felt it would be of great interest to all WWW readers.

Dear Lynn:- Mr. Boggs very informative and highly readable article on Wild West Weekly interested me greatly as in my kid days was a steady reader of the original Tousey publication before Street & Smith made it into a modern pulp. The first issue of Wild West Weekly was dated Oct. 4, 1902 and the first story was titled "Young Wild West, the Prince of the Saddle". This weekly ran 1294 issues to 1927. The first 644 issues were originals after that they are all reprints. When this weekly was started by Tousey, a number of writers supplied the early stories, among them, H. K. Shackleford, Lurana Sheldon, and Les Senarens an editor of the Tousey publications and himself a very prolific writer for the same publisher. The assignment to carry on this series was given to Cornelius Shea who wrote almost all the stories to the end.

Now in regards to the connection of Harry E. Wolff to the Tousey publications, when Frank Tousey the publisher died Sept. 7, 1902 the publications were taken over by his brother Sinclair Tousey but the firm name remained on all the publications until 1922, that is that of Frank Tousey, Publisher. Later, Mrs. Tousey the widow of Frank Tousey, remarried and at her death in 1906 willed the control of the firm to her husband, Hastings, as she held the majority of stock. Sinclair Tousey, who was part owner, took the matter to court but lost out.

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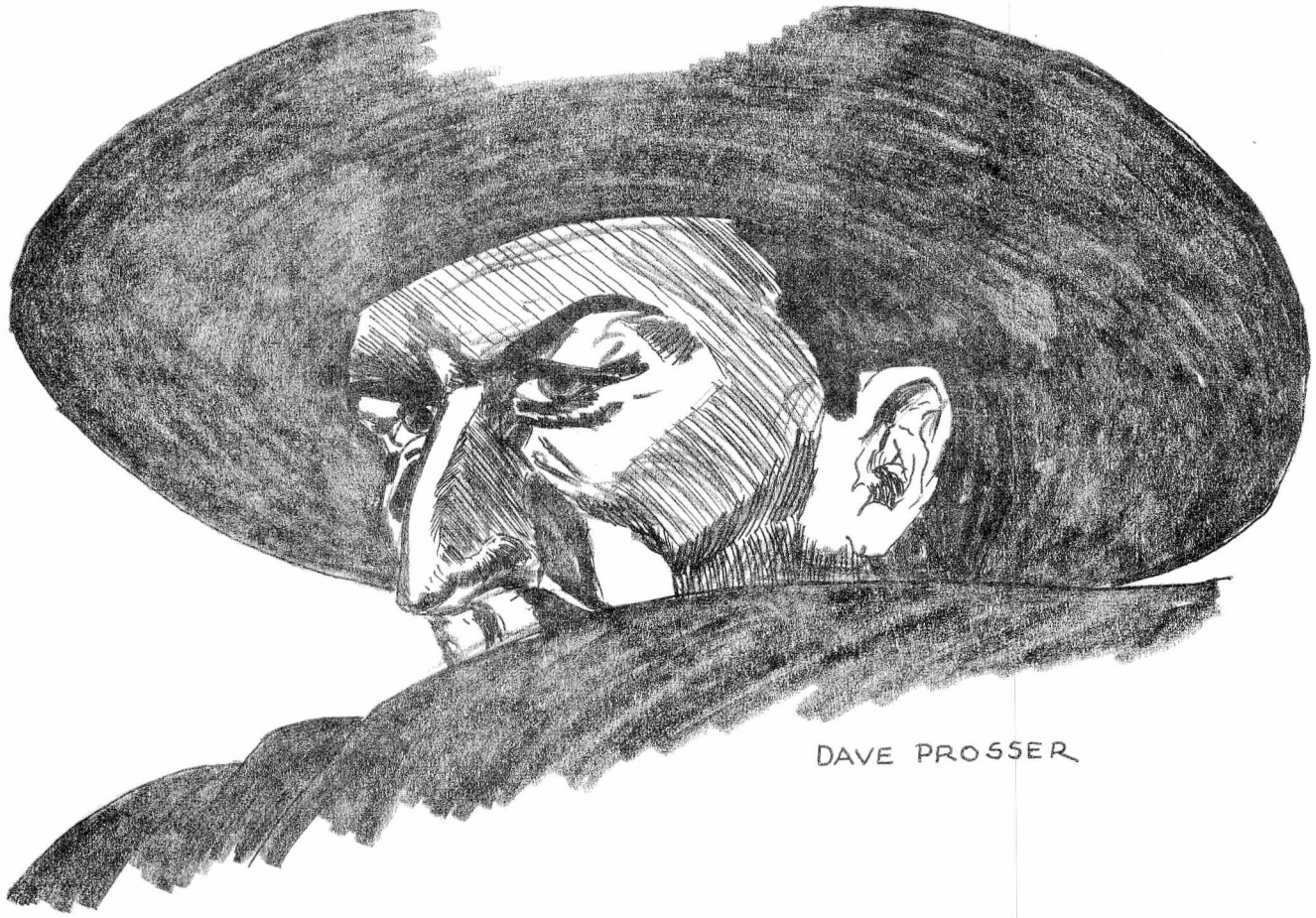

THE Shadow

by Dean A. Grennell

This article originally appeared as #2 of a series "The Fallen Mighty" and is reprinted from the November, 1955 issue of GRUE.

I have, at the moment, no particular use for a bullet-proof vest. However, if it ever becomes necessary for me to make one, I think I have found the ideal material to use: old copies of a character-continuity pulpzine called The SHADOW. They are relatively light in weight--although the literary content is heavy enough--and they are one of the most impenetrable things I have ever encountered. I sincerely doubt that even a bullett from a .220 Swift, fire point-blank, could drill its way through a copy of THE SHADOW in under three tries.

THE SHADOW has never held any particular fascination for me. I encountered my first copy--title long since forgotten--in 1931 while visiting at the home of one of my uncles but I didn't read it completely through. I skimmed a bit here and there, then discarded it in favor of another book he had--A STUDY IN SCARLET, by some chap named Coyle or Foyle or something like that--which I read piecemeal in the course of the family's next few visits.

From that day to this I've been occasionally encountering THE SHADOW but only rarely have I read and entire episode from start to finish. It would have been vastly easier to have read the issues in question at the time they appeared instead of waiting until the present. Procrastination often carries its own punishment.

These old pulpzines are being taken up in no special order but I elected to deal with THE SHADOW this time in order to get it out of the way. Incidentally, I will be using THE SHADOW, in capitals, to refer to the magazine and The Shadow to refer to the character. The capitalized "T" in The is as used in the magazine.

To do an adequate critical commentary, I felt it was necessary or at least desirable to actually sit down and read a complete story from an issue of THE SHADOW. To this end, I armed myself with a copy of the issue whose lead novel was THE BLUE SPHINX, a red pencil for checking pertinent passages, and sat down to read. I found it as dry as a popcorn belch.

Not long ago Bob Silverberg was complaining that, somewhere in process of obtaining an education, he had lost the ability to appreciate or even tolerate most older vintages of science fiction. He summed it up by saying, "I have sold my birthright for a mess of Proust."

Slogging doggedly through the 92 pages of THE BLUE SPHINX (it's advertised on the cover as an 80 page novel--they must have miscounted), it became painfully obvious to me just what Silverberg was talking about. If I ever possessed the knack of enjoying THE SHADOW, it is now as irretrevably lost as the art of tempering copper.

My archives are not too well-stocked with copies of THE SHADOW. In fact, I could muster only four copies: June 1st, 1933 (THE RED BLOT); January 15th, 1935 (THE BLUE SPHINX); September 1st, 1939 (THE CRIME RAY); and Spring, 1949 (THE BLACK CIRCLE).

It doesn't seem quite fair to claim that this article is the

final word on THE SHADOW if it is based solely on those four issues. I have the feeling that the best episodes of the series appeared from about 1938 to 1940. THE GREEN HOODS was from this era and it was one of the very few I can recall reading and, with reservations, liking.

The series was pretty uniformly bylined. The June 1st, 1933 issue says, "...taken from The Shadow's private annals as told to Maxwell Grant." The Spring, 1949 issue has it, "...from the private annals of The Shadow as told to Maxwell Grant." The two in between follow the latter form to the letter.

Who was Maxwell Grant? I haven't sufficient grounds to even hazard a guess beyond suggesting the probability that several writers turned out the stuff over the years. There is a fairly noticeable variation in writing style, more than you might normally expect the style of a single writer to change.

What was wrong with THE BLUE SPHINX and what made it so very difficult to read? Primarily, the predominatly expository technique of the writing; secondarily, the starkly incredible degree of hyperverbosely redundant and sesquipedalian prolixity employed --reminiscent of nothing so much as a directive from the government's Office of Price Stabilization; tertiarily, the complete absence of a single iotal fragment of plausibility in the characters themselves, in their motives and their actions.

Good, smooth, easily-read fiction should contain a fairly high percentage of conversation--up to 75% of its entire wordage. By contrast, there are several solid pages in THE BLUE SPHINX without a single quotation mark on them. Such conversation as there is is rather lacking the ring of conviction. The words are not strung tigether as they would be if spoken in common usage. They are riddled with both written and spoken clichés--"written clichés" meaning the liberal use of faked-up dialects: "Dem boids ain't gettin' dese poils"--dat sort of t'ing.

THE BLUE SPHINX, as noted, ran to 92 pages. The actual action, essential to the development of the plot, could easily have been boiled down to not over 25 pages and, so concentrated, might have made a reasonably interesting story.

"Grant", however, never lost track of the prime consideration; he was getting paid by the word. He was (in 1935 at least) a man who never called a spade a spade if he could call it an instrument for the implementation of terrestrial excavations. He seemed to suffer from what an early friend of H. Allen Smith's referred to as "a diarrhea of words and a constipation of ideas."

A fairly typical case of this can be found on pages six and seven of THE RED BLOT. A page of THE SHADOW in those days carried approximately 350 words and that is about what Grant required to find The Shadow in his Sanctum, have him open three envelopes, scan the contents, and write three words.

A minor problem has been bothering me and, while writing the above paragraph, the solution hit me between the eyes like a wet bar-mop. Among his other acoutrements, The Shadow wore a ring on

which was a fire opal or "girasol". Now the rest of his get-up was designed to blend with the darkness--the black shoes, pants, slouch-hat and cloak (and a cloak seems a cumbersome garment to go night-fighting in, doesn't it?) made a reasonable degree of sense but, in the name of Lono's Tantalum Tonsils, why a ring with a stone on it which threw "splashes of fiery light, like the glimmer of living sparks"--? Why not a pair of old auto reflectors while he was at it, I asked myself.

But the answer is apparent now and I'm chagrined that I didn't see it sooner. The Shadow wore that girasol so that Grant could write words about it! Out of about 350 words on that page, Grant used precisely 100 to mention the girasol ring, describe it in some detail and just plain discuss it. At a penny a word, it meant a dollar to him in that story alone. Over the 300-odd stories printed in THE SHADOW magazine, The Shadow's ring very probably cost Street & Smith (publishers of THE SHADOW) the price of a real girasol. In the final analysis, nothing is without purpose.

Despite all of this and more--or perhaps, even, because of it --The Shadow may well have been the most written-about character in all literary history...or at least one of them. For more than ten years there were two issues of THE SHADOW (as a pulpzine) every month. Sometime after 1940 it went monthly, then bi-monthly and finally at the time of its demise in 1949 it was a quarterly. I believe the Spring, 1949, issue is the last one ever published and it is marked "Volume LIV, Number 6." This appears to indicate that there were at least 324 published issues.

In addition to the pulpzine, there was also a comic-book called THE SHADOW which was vastly, inconceivably, mind-staggeringly more horrid than its older, thicker brother. I have no copies of this abomination in the files. I have only my sordid memories...of things like a villian named "...DURREM, who was fond of RED RUM and MURDER." It was full of stuff like that, complete with the capitalized anagrams. Feh. Echh.

Besides the pulpzine and the "comic" book, there was a series of movies made about The Shadow around 1940 and--last but far from least--the interminable series of radio broadcasts which may well survive to this day. It was this latter that probably made The Shadow the best-known of all pulpzine continuity-characters. It was The Shadow of radio who was so ruthlessly--and delightfully!--slampooned in the fourth issue of MAD COMICS as "Shadowskeedee-boomboom," with Bill Elder at the scalpel...definitely one of the highwater marks from the Golden Days of the old MAD.

The Shadow (pulp) never had "the ability to cloud men's minds" and become invisible as does The Shadow (radio) every Sunday afternoon. The only minds that The Shadow (pulp) ever clouded were those of his readers. Not having seen any of The Shadow's movie escapades and (mercifully) not remembering much about The Shadow (comic), I can't say if they did or didn't go in for mind-clouding.

It is The Shadow (pulp) with whom we are mainly concerned here. And it is high time to give a description of him and his world for the benefit of those who never encountered him.

If I were to ask, non-rhetorically, "Who was/is The Shadow?" most people familiar with the radio version would automatically reply, "The Shadow is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town who, many years ago in the mountain fastnesses of Tibet, learned the secret of how to cloud men's minds and render himself invisible." But that's not true in the case of The Shadow (pulp).

The Shadow (pulp) was not Lamont Cranston and, conversely, Lamont Cranston was not The Shadow. "There was a real Lamont Cranston--a big-game hunter and world traveler, and, known to him, while he was away The Shadow would adopt his identity." (from THE CRIME RAY).

It is necessary to speak, from here on, in broad generalities. They may be set down as concrete facts for purposes of convenience but they should be read as if followed by a parenthetical modification: ("...as far as I know but, you realize, I have not read every single word of the 300-odd issues"). Please keep that in mind as we continue.

There never was (etc., above), in any of the pulp epics, any firm and unequivocal revelation as to who The Shadow really was. His antecedants, his name, his age, his hobbies, and similar data were completely withheld by Grant, apparently on grounds that his readers were not to be trusted. There was never any mention as to what got The Shadow off on his crime-fighter kick. Certainly there must have been some initiating incident some time in the past which touched him off but, lacking definate information on it, we can only presume that he was motivated by an outsized sense of civic responsibility. In all of the millions upon millions of words that have been written about The Shadow, we can winnow out only a scant handful of irreducible facts.

COSTUME: This consisted chiefly of a black slouch hat and a black cloak. Sometime in the latter part of his career, the cloak came to be scarlet-lined with a scarlet collar that came about halfway up his upper lip, leaving his "burning eyes" exposed as well as his nose, which was built along the shape and proportions of a toucan's bill. As Lamont Cranston, he was usually wearing a tuxedo at the time of his switch to the role of The Shadow so the rest of his costume may be assumed to be the normal accessories worn with evening dress. Unlike many of his contemporaries, The Shadow did not go in for bulletproof underwear. This seems a shade foolhardy to the writer because, at a conservative estimate, he got shot at somewhere between one and two hundred times in every episode. This would mean that somewhere between 32,400 and 64,800 slugs were sent in his general direction in the course of his career--in the pulps alone. One might think that the law of averages, if nothing else, would be his undoing eventually...even if the crooks were that erratic in their shooting, there are always the ricochets to consider. But The Shadow seems to have

placed great faith in the solicitude of Maxwell Grant and it would seem to have been not entirely unjustified. That completes his costume except, of course, for that furshlugginer girasol.

EQUIPMENT: Clark "Doc" Savage, Jr., used to scale the sides of buildings human-fly fashion, going right up the sheer brick walls on nothing but his incredibly strong finger-tips dug into the interstices between the bricks, sometimes using a collapsable grapnel attached to a thin, knotted nylon cord which he flipped up until it caught on the parapet, whereupon he would shinny up hand-over-hand. Either of these methods is impressive but credible. I always thought The Shadow cheated a little in this respect. He made use of four suction cups about the size and shape of the rubber bulb on the end of a "plumber's friend". He always got to the top too, which seems remarkable indeed. If it doesn't seem remarkable to you as well, I suggest you go out and buy four plumber's friends (better first think up a plausible excuse to give the man at the store in case he asks why you want four of them!), take the bulbs off, fasten them with straps to your hands and feet and try--just try!--to make your way up the sides of a brick wall with them. I will bet you five bucks to a jelly-filled doughnut that you can't even make them stick to anything with a surface rougher than polished marble and, even on that, you will find it impossible to make them let go and take a fresh hold. I submit that it is a pretty damned stupid business to go around trying to climb brick walls with suction cups. You could break your fool neck doing that. But then you and I don't have Maxwell Grant to fall back on.

The other tools of his trade consisted of two Colt's caliber .45 automatic pistols--presumably, although not positively, Model 1911A1. It was never mentioned, but somewhere about his person The Shadow must have carried several dozen loaded clips for the .45s. One presumes he must have bought his ammunition in case (if not truckload) lots. The Shadow's prodigality with ammunition was exceeded only by his his inaccuracy, which was utterly uncanny.

There was a stock scene that turned up in every SHADOW novel. There would be this mob of mobsters, see?, and they would be up to some deed of dark dastardy, and pretty soon, byemby, 'long come Ol' Shad, lipperty-lipperty, a-laughin' an' a-scratchin' an' a-blastin' away like all get-out with this here pair of fotty-fives in his black-gloved fists (forgot to mention the black gloves under costume--d'you suppose there was a hole cut in one finger for the ring to show through?).

The mobbies would be scared spitless from all the fiendish chuckling The Shadow was doing and they would drag out their pitiful little .38s and .32s and start shooting back like crazy only their marksmanship--incredibly--was even worse than The Shadow's!

So there they would stand, this bunch of ratty little fellows --maybe eight or ten of them on the average--with their peaked caps pulled down over their ratty little faces and their ratty little turtleneck sweaters pulled up around their chins, popping their little pipsqueek .38 and .32 revolvers at this weird character in the black slouch hat and black-and-scarlet cloak who is,

meantime, laughing this great, crazy laugh ("Hyack-'yack-'yack-yukkk'yuck!") and triggering those two .45s for all he is worth.

Now these are remarkable .45s that he is shooting. In fact, if it is possible for two things to be mutually unique, these .45s of The Shadow's are unique. From reading THE SHADOW, you would gather that they are the only two .45s that Colt ever made. No crook, no cop, nobody--but nobody!--besides The Shadow himself, ever came on the scene with a .45 automatic. It must have been written into his contract. These guns never jammed and, like those handy sixty-shooters they have in western movies, they never ran dry either. I will tell you why this was a good thing.

A standard Colt's .45 automatic holds eight shells, one in the chamber and seven in the clip. Two of them give you sixteen shots, which do not last long at all when you start triggering them off rapid-fire. In no time at all, you find yourself with two guns whose slides are both locked back on empty clips. Now comes the tricky part, for you must bear in mind that the following maneuvers are performed with gloves on and eight or ten gunsels sniping at you--a condition which must be distracting, even if it isn't dangerous. First you have to press firmly on a little button on the left side of each grip to release the empty clips. With the right hand, this is fairly easy. With the left, it is dreadfully clumsy. You have to squinch the gun around slaunchwise to get at the button with your left index finger. Then you must catch the empty clips as they drop out and return them to your pocket--or let them drop to the ground and they not only might carry your fingerprints but they cost $4.50 apiece. The next thing is to wangle out two loaded clips, fumble them into the butts of the two .45s, snap them home and depress the slide-stop levers. These are located on the left side of the barrels, just above the trigger. It is a cinch to work the slide-stop on the right-hand gun if you have a very long thumb but, nine times out of ten, if you try to reach up with your left index finger and finagle the left one down, you drop the gun and get the action all full of sand and debris and it will soon jam if it works at all. In fact, the blamed things jam on half an excuse anyway on such occassions. Often as not, the slide doesn't lock back when the clip is empty but continues on down and you snap the hammer on an empty chamber to no good purpose. Then you also have to stick the other gun under your armpit to have a free hand, grasp the rear of the slide between thumb and forefinger, strip it back and let it slam forward before you can do any more shooting. Operating a Colt's .45 automatic is a moderately complicated business at best and a pair of them is more than twice as cumbersome. But you would never suspect this to see The Shadow whanging away with them. Never, in any story, did his guns ever need reloading in the thick of a fray, nor did they jam or malfunction. Maxwell Grant was a good fellow to work for in that respect. In The Shadow's place, I would have chosen either a 9mm Luger with a 32-shot ram's horn magazine or a Thompson submachine gun with a 100-round drum--which really wouldn't have taken up any more room than those silly suction-cups.

However, given two .45s with bottomless clips and infallible actions, did The Shadow do any good with them? Damned seldom, especially at the start of the story. He would "Cow them" or "send

slugs whistling about their ears" or "wither them" or "send them staggering" or "bring cries of pain...whimpers...curses...gasps... from them" but he rarely, very very seldom ever hit and/or killed them. He was, as noted, an utterly abominable shot with the luck of fools and madmen and a Grant-granted gift for muddling through, somehow.

Pulpzine continuity-characters readily break down into two broad categories. Either the police or some other representative of vested authority is aware of their identity or else they operate at odds with crooks and cops alike. The Shadow was of the latter class.

In the guise of Lamont Cranston, it was his career-long wont to dine at the Cobalt Club with Police Commissioner Ralph Weston... an obtuse and purblind soul whose tenure as Commissioner spanned the entire 19 years or so of The Shadow's pulp existence without Weston's ever once suspecting that the quiet, hawk-faced, stinking-rich Cranston was not all he seemed. The Shadow would idly pump Weston of needed information, then plant a bug in his ear and either give him a wild goose chase or subtly lead him to decide to take some step which would assist The Shadow's schemes.

For some reason the police never became particularly aroused over The Shadow's activities. They seemed to accept the presence of a higher authority than themselves, dealing out justice with wavery .45s from the back platforms of subway trains, alleys, rooftops, etc., as a perfectly normal state of affairs. To me, this seems odd.

Leaving the Cobalt Club, Cranston would hail a cab driven by his faithful, shrewd and crafty cabbie, Moe Shrevnitz. Giving Moe whispered instructions--he never talked out loud to his underlings --he would set out for somewhere, removing his black costume from a hollow under the seat enroute (squirming into it in the crowded confines of the back seat with much grunting and cracking of joints?) and, usually slipping out unnoticed when Moe happened to stop for a stop-sign or something. Why Moe continued to pick up such an inveterate non-tipper was never satisfactorily explained.

Thus, The Shadow, off on his nightly foray. He was pretty much strictly an urban type and seldom if ever operated outside the city limits where there were no brick walls to go squishing up on his suction cups.

He fought, on the whole, with crooks who were rather small potatoes compared to the adversaries of, say, Operator #5, Doc Savage, or The Spider. If some foul arch-fiend set out to poison or starve or enslave all of mankind and the inhabitants of the planets as far out as the asteroid belt, The Shadow preferred to leave them to one of the aforementioned. His speciality was in dealing with the dirty little devils who stole paintings and stuff from museums.

Yes, The Shadow, stacked up against almost any of his peers, was a pathetic and fumbling ninny, contenting himself with harrassing the underworld's small-fry, laughing like a horse hyena and

triggering wild fusillades up and down the crowded streets of New York City with blithe disregard of the possibility of riddling some hapless and innocent bystander.

I'm sure that a psychiatrist could make a number of interesting deductions from The Shadow's quirks, foibles and idiosyncrasies. There was, for instance, his tortuous routine for passing messages to and from his operatives.

These consisted of Moe Shrevnitz, the crafty cabbie just mentioned who was never observed to do anything particularly crafty but Grant always called him crafty so he must have been crafty; "Hawkeye," a former crook gone straight, who was The Shadow's subworld contact; Clyde Burke, intrepid star reporter on the New York Classic; Cliff Marsland, a sort of utility man who often infiltrated the gang under attack along with Hawkeye; Harry Vincent (or vinc[illegible] as Clarke would say), a personable young man whose position in the scheme of things was rather amorphous--perhaps "daylight operative" fits as well as any since The Shadow's diurnal activities were all but non-existent; Rutledge Mann and Burbank, who served as daytime and nighttime contacts respectively; and Margo Lane, as MAD COMICS (and a thousand trillion rubberstamped-out radio halfhours) put it, "friend and companion to The Shadow."

Hawkeye, for example, would pick up some scent of peculation afoot while sniffing about the underworld. He would write up his report on this, in code, using a special "vivid Blue" ink. Sealing this message in an envelope, he would mail it to Rutledge Mann, who maintained an investment office as a front. Mann, a rotund and chubby-faced chap, would open the envelope, read the enclosed message as quickly and easily as if it were straight English, and memorize it just as the ink faded and disappeared.

Here again the guiding hand of a providential Grant is visible. The ink--presumably--faded through oxidation when exposed to the air. But there was never an embarrassing contretemps such as a message fading prematurely and arriving as a sheet of blank paper. For all these elaborate precautions, having read the message, memorized it, and watched it fade, Mann did not then take it into the washroom, tear it into bits and flush it down as a thoughtful person might. He would just crumple it and toss it into the wastebasket where anybody could have taken it and brought out the depressions left in the paper by the pen (iodine vapor, infra-red, ultra-violet, etc.). It is these gaps in the chain of fantastic painstaking which stick in the thoughtful reader's throat.

Mann would write up a report based on the reports of the reporting operatives and he would put this in an envelope (also written in the same disappearing ink), seal it, step out of his office without any special precautions against being shadowed, take a 20-minute walk to an old office building on 23rd Street and dispose of it. Somewhere up in this building there was a grimy, cobwebbed office door labelled "B. JONAS" (The Shadow's real name?--doubtful). He would casually drop his Top-Secret report through a slot in this door and waddle back to his office.

The B. Jonas office was not The Shadow's Sanctum but the mess-

age wound up there, somehow, method never specified. The scene would fade to the Sanctum, which was so dark that nothing showed except an oddly-dialed clock which "marked the passage of each second with a gripping throb" (there's no way of knowing what was odd about the clock's dial--Grant never said), and this bluish light that just illuminated enough of the polished table to show The Shadow's strong, agile, tapering, long-fingered, white hands, complete with girasol on the left ring-finger, which would rip open the envelope. The Shadow, unseen in the darkness above, would rapidly decode and memorize the messages just before they faded. Then he'd put on a pair of earphones (taking off his slouch hat first?--it never said), and contact his contact whose name was Burbank and whose voice was calm and quiet. Of Burbank, nothing more was ever learned--did he have a first name? a wife and family?, a hare-lip?, two heads?...Grant never told us, evidently deeming it none of our business.

The Shadow would issue orders to Burbank for his operatives to do various obscure things, the purposes of which might later become evident--or might not. After that, The Shadow eould click out the light and leave without checking to see if his guns were loaded or his fly buttoned or anything. Soon after this there would be more cackling and loose shooting and scaring the livers out of a bunch of cheap crooks with impossible names.

Some of the names of the crooks that turned up read like a list of contributors to Grue's "Gnurrsery Rhymes." To name a few at random, they included such arresting monickers as Konk Zitz, Shag Korman, Crowdy Sokolos and his Hoboken Sharpshooters, and one whose name is a minor classic: Moocher Gleetz. There was once a nasty type known only as Cleed, the Cigarette-fiend.

This penchant for reading his mail with nothing but his hands showing got carried to ridiculous extremes. Once, in THE BLUE SPHINX, while staying at a hotel in Latuna in the guise of Henry Arnaud (an attribute much more rarely used than Cranston), his agents slipped a message to him by a suitably roundabout route. The Shadow took this message--in the privacy of his hotel room, mind you--and before he so much as opened it he went around and turned out all the lights except for a little one over the desk (he <u>did</u> rough it to the extent of not putting a blue bulb in the desk lamp) so that he could admire his pretty white hands and his flashing girasol. After he finished reading it, he turned the lights back on. Why? Why? Why? I dunno.

Some mention should be made of Inspector Joe Cardona, who sounds more like a cleaning-fluid than a cop. He was a steady character from beginning to end--the cast remained virtually unchanged throughout the years-- and The Shadow thought very highly of him. Joe never accomplished anything but The Shadow always worked things out so that Cardona got the credit for cracking the case. He wore derbies and smoked cigars.

Margo Lane (Friend & Companion) was seldom encountered in the pulpzine. She's described as a "striking brunette." She must have been a patient, fortyish brunette too, to put up with a crazy, mixed-up cat like The Shadow for 19 years or more. Her main func-

tion was to fall into traps, get captured and help complicate the plot, if any.

I wouldn't be surprised to learn that THE BLACK CIRCLE was written by one of the Kenneth Robesons. The style is brisker and there are even a few faint touches of pawky humor. But it couldn't save The Shadow (pulp) of 1949 and he was never heard of again except on radio (and, perhaps, television for all I know). Possibly he married the long-suffering Margo and got a sensible, honest job. Maybe one of those ricochets finally got him...or the men in the white coats. I just don't know.

Or care.

--Dean A. Grennell

26 August 1962

This is by way of a footnote to The Shadow article, which was originally published in Issue #25 of Grue, dated November, 1955. After the article appeared, several readers wrote in to add scraps and major chunks of lore and data on The Shadow and his creator.

Maxwell Grant, according to several sources--most of which I choose to consider reliable--was mainly one Walter Gibson, who is well known in professional magician circles. Others said that sometimes Maxwell Grant was Bruce Elliott, formerly and more recently the editor of "The Dude" Magazine and currently (last I noticed) on the staff at "Rogue".

Earl Kemp very kindly donated a "hard cover" copy of what is, I believe, the second story of the series; titled "The Shadow Laughs." This is copyrighted in 1931 and, I must admit, the level of writing is vastly superior to any of the other specimens of the tenebrous saga in my files.

Several readers pointed out that the basic, inner-core, identity of The Shadow was one Kent Allard, an aviator. There really was a Lamont Cranston, but he was not The Shadow. Allard, as The Shadow, assumed the identity of Cranston when the exigencies of a given situation seemed to call for an overt appearance. Cranston (original) was aware of this situation but various items passim in the early works indicate that his consent was more grudging than somewhat.

In the 1955 coverage, I seem to have largely neglected Harry Vincent, who figured quite prominently in many of the stories. Harry can best be described as a sort of male ingénue, or pawn. He was sent, if I may borrow an expression from John Paul Jones, into harm's way much as a tiger hunter might place a tethered goat in a clearing. However, The Shadow, recognizing that good bait is hard to come by, always saw to it that, at the eleventh instant, a figure cloaked in somber hues would be there laughing up storm with twin .45s eructating 230-grain jacketed slugs like unto a plague of locusts.

And then there was Cliff Marsland, a newspaper reporter. In the early 'thirties, aviators and reporters were both considered

to be quite glamorous. Perhaps they still are. Cliff, along with Hawkeye, the shrewd and devious underworld spy (or, as we would say nowadays, fink), was an invaluable source of information to The Shadow.

One should not forget to mention Shiwan Khan, a villian so insidious and formidable that he lasted more than one issue. Among other fearsome aptitudes, Shiwan Khan could read minds. There was a scene in one of the Shiwan Khan stories where The Shadow recruited a white girl who had been raised in the Orient because she thought in Chinese and would thus not be so apt to give herself away. There was, I recall, a passage describing how she dunked herself in a bathtub full of yellow dye in the process of assuming her disguise. Shiwan Khan may be succunctly adumbrated as a poor man's Fu Manchu.

Other readers refreshed my memory (in somewhat the sense that a toro is invigorated by bandarillas) with the reminder that The Shadow did suffer grievious and temporarily disabling wounds on a few occasions and had to undergo the inconvenience of convalesence. Either this slipped my mind or I missed those installments.

--Dean A. Grennell

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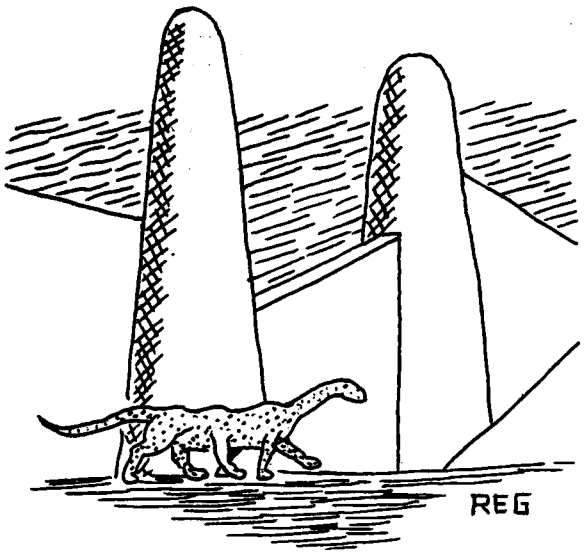
The Difference Between Us by John Phillifent (cont. from pp 6)

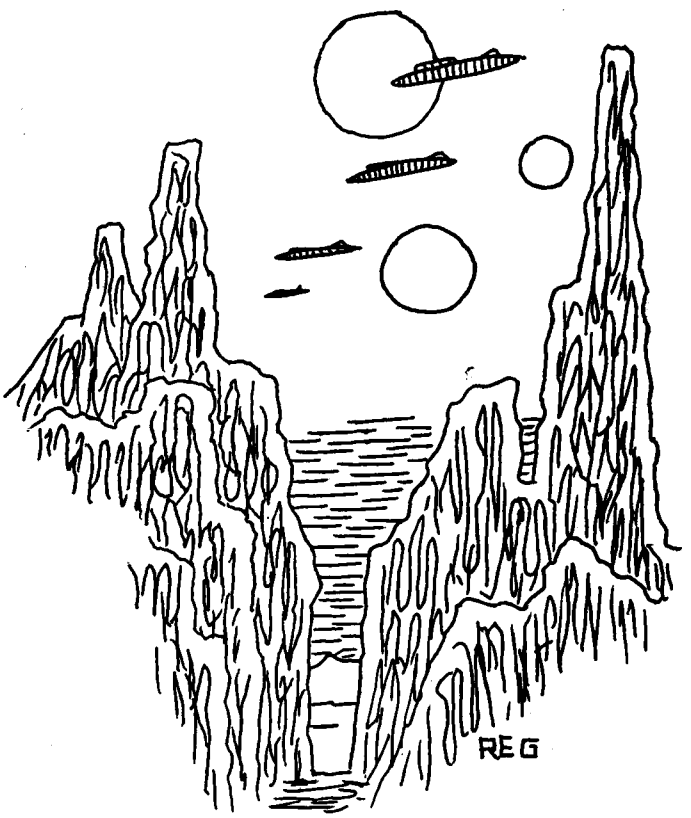
In this blend, the key-note is the 'idea' .. will it work, and how, and what effect will it have on society as we know it? For its appeal, this type of story relies on a readership which can look forward, which has some reasonable aquaintance with basic physical principles, and a deep affection for 'things that work'. This reader is the man who isn't above saying to himself, there must be a better way, a different way, of doing that .. let's try it. And that, in a phrase, describes the 'pulp' reader. This type of story is perfect 'pulp' material. At its best it can be very good. At its worst it is the most awful crud. Before we dismiss it, though, it is as well to remember that it is from this side of the tracks that all the accurate guesses have come .. the predictions of TV, radar, space-travel, micro-miniaturization, personal radio .. and the atom bomb. As a sample of this style at its best, take ANALOG, which was once a pulp and has survived where others have folded, simply by keeping up to date.

The other broad type of story largely ignores science, gadgetry and technology, or assumes it to be done, and takes as its theme the human condition with all its complications, its fears and frenzies. I will admit, openly, that I am biased here. I do not like this kind of story. I call it s-f only for want of another term. I like even less the current pressures being exerted to establish the idea that this is the only wothwhile s-f, or the only kind which out to be counted. Kingsley Amis, among others, has tried to get this version across.



If we are taking Analog as the prototype of the first type, the Galaxy is the home of the second kind, and it is significant that Galaxy, first under Gold, and now Pohl, never was a pulp magazine. For me, it was never s-f, either, and is still erratically circling round the old standard themes that were so well and so often handled by the old masters in straight fiction. It may seem apparent digression from my theme, here, if I explain why I dislike the so-called 'social criticism' style of s-f .. which tries to follow in the steps of HG Wells and the others, but it does have this point. Pulp fiction, especially pulp s-f, was, in its way, honest .. and this other stuff, today, just isn't. What do I mean?

Let's examine 'Brave New Worlds'. For that story, Huxley invented very little. He took the science and technology of his day, and enlarged it slightly. On that basis, he was concerned to show what effect that could and would have on people at large. Honest .. and arguable. Then Wells. His 'Time Machine' is rubbish technically. So, too, is Cavorite. And he knew, quite surely, that any Invisible Man, on his terms, would have been blind, at least. But these ideas served his purpose, to illustrate the logical effect of technology on people. They were good stories because they were honest, and readily understood. They were full of message, true, but Wells and Co knew, what the moderns seem to have forgotten; that if you must have a message, then it stands a far better chance of being understood and appreciated if (a) it is written in simple straightforward words,

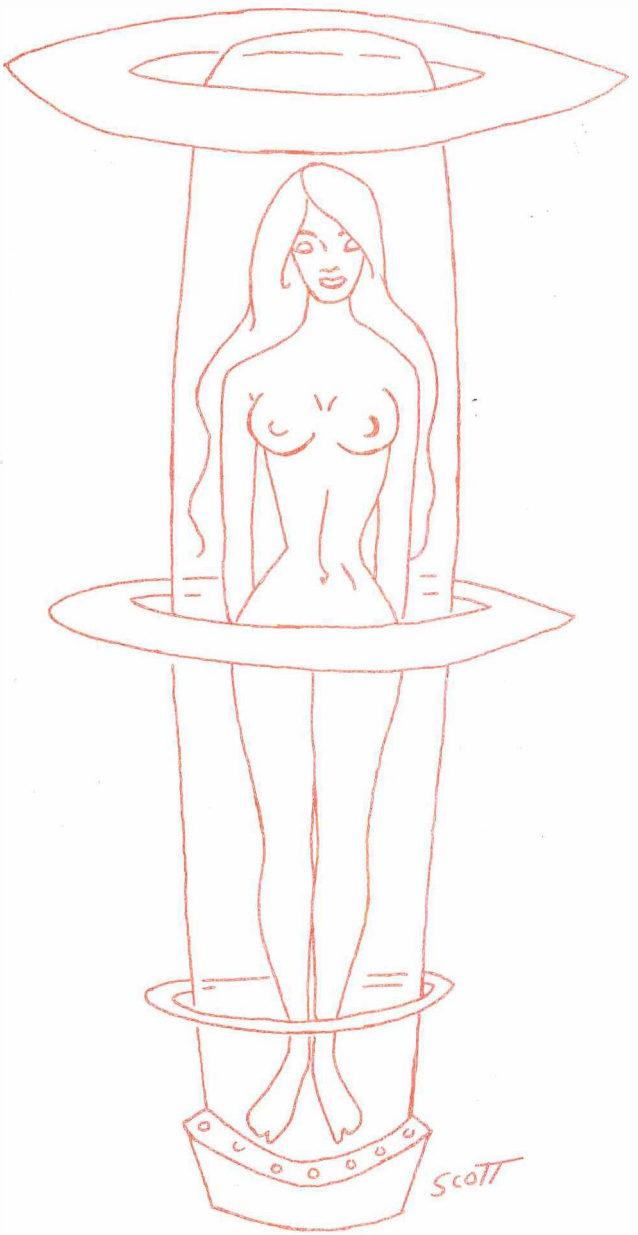


the language of the time, and (b) if it is self-evidently accurate and based on observable facts.

The type of story to which Galaxy seems to have sold its birthright for a pot of message is usually tortuous, full of half-understood and incorrectly used concepts from psychology (which is the very reverse of a science) and so involved as to be largely without positive meaning at all. As Shakespeare once put it .. 'Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'. If I may ask a childlike question, have 'message' by all means, but what's the point, if no-one understands it?

Meanwhile, of course, the old pulp-style s-f, brought up to date and with logical extrapolation goes on .. and still falls on deaf, or puzzled ears, in Britain. Her finest exponent in this genre, one Arthur C. Clarke, long since gave up the task as hopeless, and now lives in Ceylon. He writes, regularly, for that wayward scion of the original pulp-movement .. .. Playboy. You'll never see anything like that in Britain, either .. .. more's the pity.

John Phillifent..



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Argassing (cont. from pp 12)

When Hastings died in 1910 he willed his share to his daughter Norma by a previous marriage. Wolff who had somehow acquired a few shares and with Norma Hastings, created a condition which forced Sinclair Tousey to go to court again in 1913 to force Norma and Wolff from interferring in the business, but again he lost out. When Wolff married Norma Hastings about 1915 he assumed the presidency and full control of the firm and retained Tousey only as an editor. This was too much for Tousey, for on July 29, 1915, he was found dead by gas either by accident or suicide. Frank Touseys name was used as publisher until 1922 when all the Tousey publications began carrying Harry E. Wolff, Publisher.

Until July 2, 1926 when the Westbury Publishing Co. took over the concern, and the remaining three publications, that is, Wild West Weekly, Fame and Fortune and Pluck and Luck.

Fame and Fortune later became a pulp under the Street & Smith brand. Street & Smith used the Westbury firms label until March 6, 1929 when the last issue #1605 of Pluck and Luck appeared. Wild West Weekly in its original small format last appeared with issue #1294 in 1927, while Fame and Fortune with issue #1197 lasted until 1928.

I had never seen copies of Wild West Weekly when it was taken over by Street & Smith and became a 'pulp'. At that time I was living on a farm far from newsstands, and as Mr. Boggs stated, money was scarce and the only magazine I could afford at that time was Argosy-All Story. So Mr. Boggs very vivid and descriptive article was of keen interest, particularly where he solves a number of pen names, which had puzzled me no end, as I am a bug for pen names.

..Stanley Pachon

The next issue isn't set yet as far as material goes, but there will be the second installment of Down Memory-bank Lane by Terry Jeeves, this time dealing with "Scoops" Britains weekly s-f magazine of the early '30's. There should be an ample letter column, what with two issues to work with. Dean Grennel will be back with his impression of 'The Return of The Shadow', and we hope to have George Barr's artfolio ready to go by then. All in all it should shape up into an interesting issue.

Lynn A. Hickman

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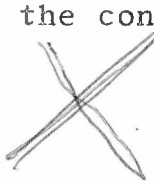

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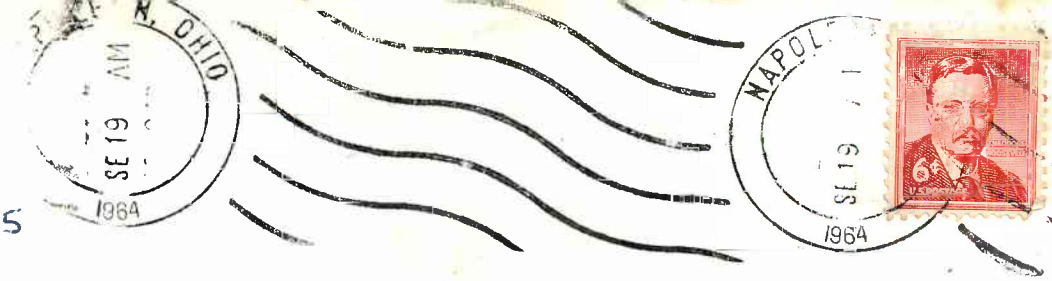

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