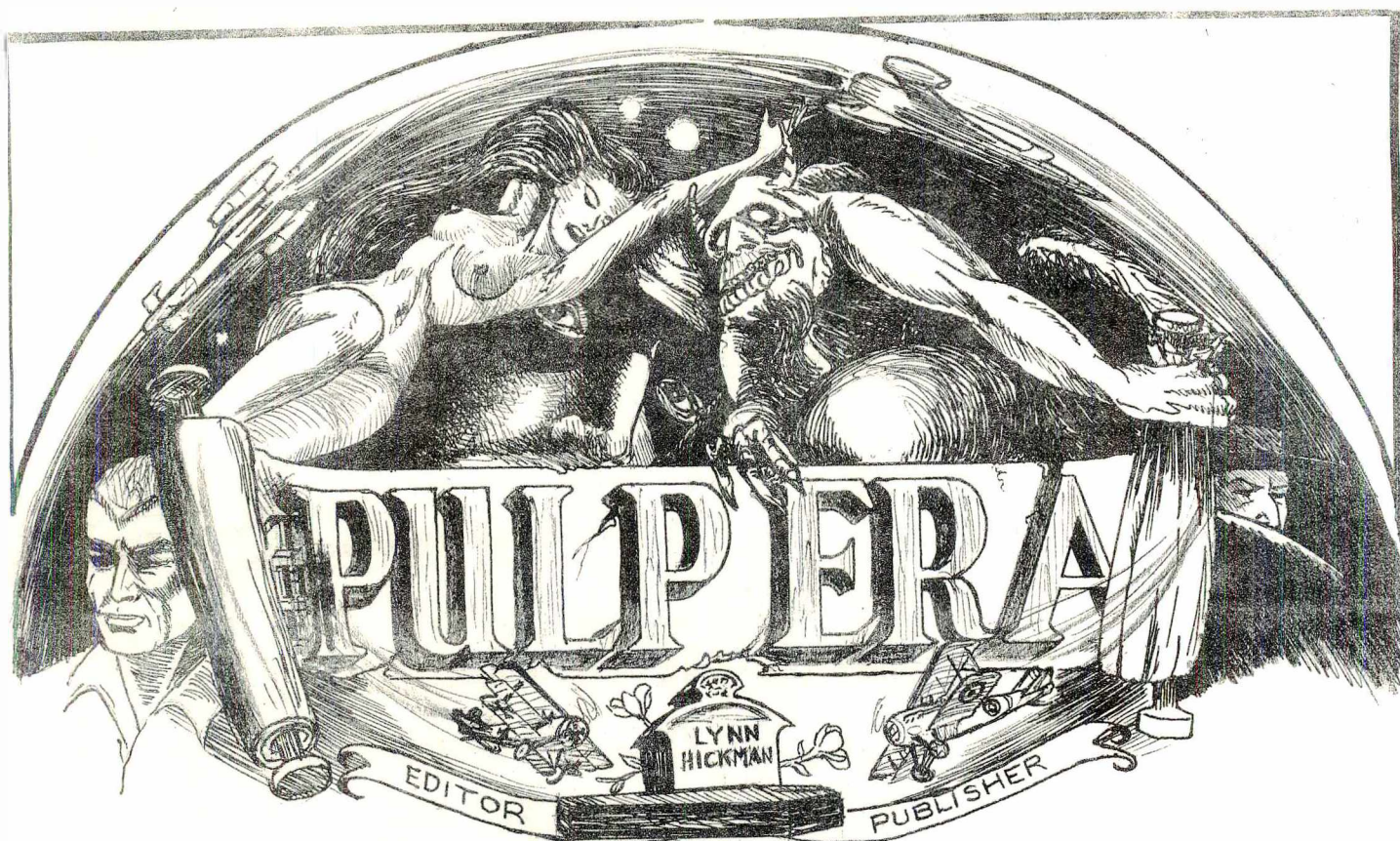


# THE PULP ERA



Issue number 63

May - June 1966



THE PULP ERA # 6 3

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ARGASSING . . . . .the editor

I have been extremely pleased with the reception of The Pulp Era #62 after a hiatus of well over a year. Subscriptions have been coming in at such a rate that I have upped my print run for the next issue by 25%. I'm still sorry to say that there are no back issues available. #62 is also completely sold out.

For those of you that are interested in the artwork that has been run in The Pulp Era and JD-Argassy, I am publishing a limited edition (100 numbered copies) of the best artwork of the past few years. The artwork will be printed on one side of a page only and will feature Dave Prosser, George Barr, Eddie Jones, Jim Cawthorn, etc. It will sell at \$1.50 a copy and will be published early this fall. I would advise ordering early as it will probably be sold out by publication date.

There will be other booklets published by the Pulp Era Press from time to time. Number two in the series will be on Young Wild West and Wild West Weekly.

Carolyn and myself, along with Gary Zachrich and his wife Pat, will be attending the convention in Cleveland over the Labor Day weekend and we hope to meet many of you there. This will be the first major convention that I have been able to make since the Pittcon and I'm really looking forward to it.

The next issue isn't completely set yet, but it will be out by convention time. Included in the issue will be an article on War Stories by Donald A. Wollheim, Jim Cawthorn's artfolio, and the first of a series of articles on Dikar and the Bunch by Gary Zachrich and Lynn Hickman.

I need information on the following artists and authors. Can anyone help me on these? Boris Dolgav. George F. Worts. Frederick Blakeslee. Robert J. Hogan.

Please note that the Pulp Era now accepts classified advertising. If you want to list your wants or what you have for sale, you can do so at 2½¢ per word, 50¢ minimum. There are special rates for full page listings and for photo-offset display advertising.

The Pulp Era Press will also print catalogs or fanzines by multilith or photo-offset. Details and prices will sent to interested parties upon request.

The majority of my magazines are shelved now and I will be running adds on the duplicates I have for sale starting with the next issue. I do all of the work on the Pulp Era here in my basement and it a rather fannish place to be. My basement is composed of two rooms. The room I'm in now houses most of my magazine collection, my typewriter, an extra fridge for beer, a davenport, some chairs, a gas furnace and a water heater. The other room houses more magazines, my desk, filing cases, several cabinets, my Multi-

(Continued on page 37)

# TARZAN INTERNATIONAL

by Stanleigh B. Vinson

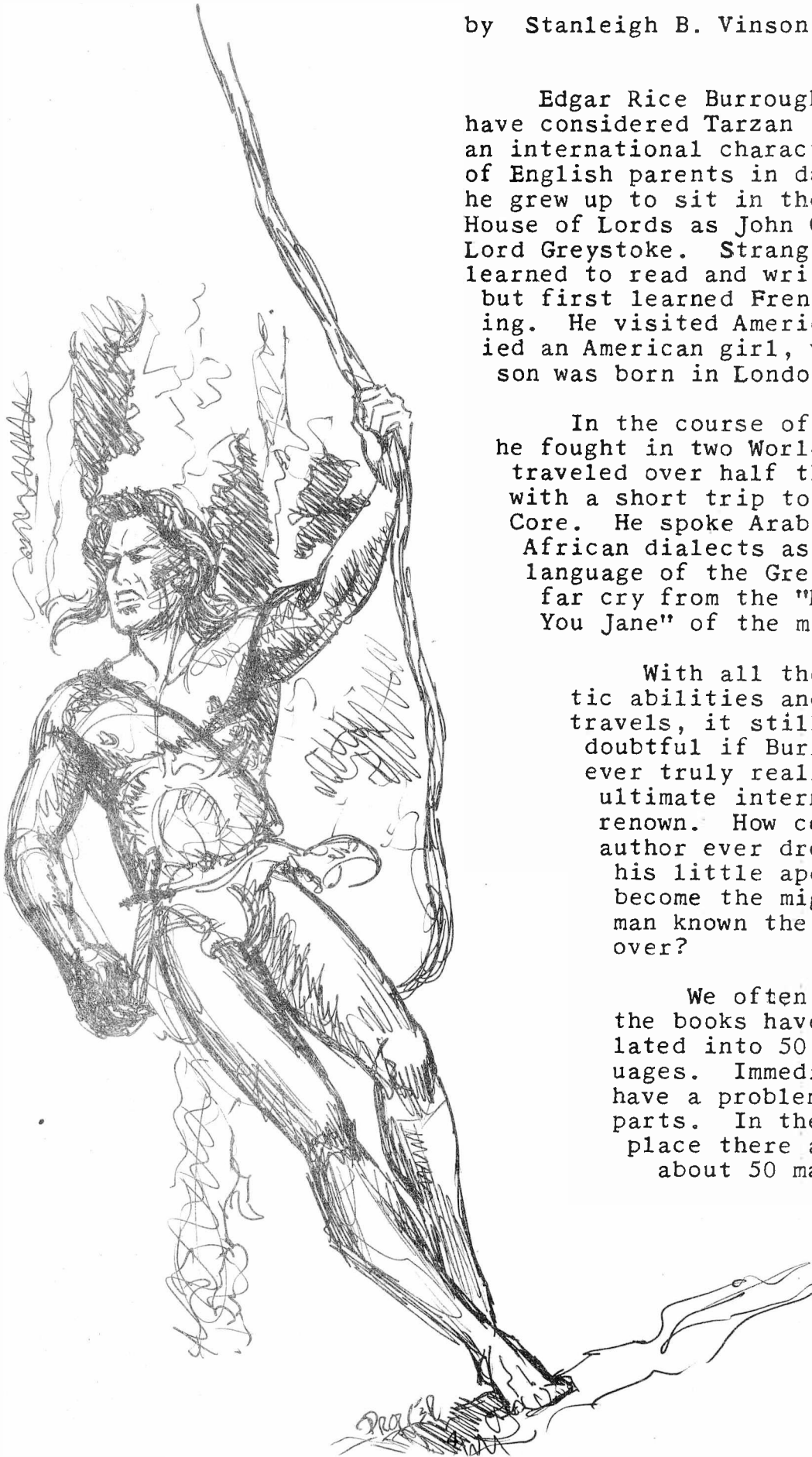
Edgar Rice Burroughs seems to have considered Tarzan to be quite an international character. Born of English parents in darkest Africa, he grew up to sit in the British House of Lords as John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. Strangely he first learned to read and write English, but first learned French in speaking. He visited America and married an American girl, while his son was born in London.

In the course of many books he fought in two World Wars and traveled over half the Earth with a short trip to the Earth's Core. He spoke Arabic and many African dialects as well as the language of the Great Apes. A far cry from the "Me Tarzan, You Jane" of the movies.

With all the linguistic abilities and extensive travels, it still seems doubtful if Burroughs ever truly realized his ultimate international renown. How could any author ever dream that his little apeboy would become the mighty ape-man known the world over?

We often hear that the books have been translated into 50 to 60 languages. Immediately we have a problem of three parts. In the first place there are only about 50 major liv-

(continued on next page.)



ing languages, and you probably can't sit down and list that many. After that you are in the minor languages and dialects with a rather hazy dividing line. For example: we find Tarzan in Icelandic, a major language spoken by over a hundred thousand people. We also find books in Geratti, the principal dialect of the Bombay Province in India, spoken by millions of Indians.

Secondly we have different countries with varying degrees of language differences. Such as Spain with pure Castalian Spanish, and Mexico, Argentina and Chile with a somewhat different Spanish. The same thing is true with the French from France and from Canada. Now what to do with the English from England or the United States, and how about a whole continent down under --Australia?

Last and probably least are books in Braille and Esperanto, or even shorthand which are hardly languages in the usual sense and yet should be included some place.

While this gives us some idea of world-wide coverage, there is also the problem of time. Only a few titles have been in print in most countries during the last few years. Japan has reprinted several of the books twice in the last few years. Both are very nice editions. Germany has done the same thing while in England and the United States there have been two paper-back editions of most titles.

The comics are as popular in foreign countries as the books from all indications. Mexico and Canada reprint the comic magazines while the Dutch, Germans and Italians do their own drawings. The American Polish newspaper still carries Tarzan in Polish and I even see the English Tarzan in Ganna. France gets into the news wanting more clothing on Tarzan's girl friends. Imagine that!

After World War I the Germans blew up a storm over "Tarzan the Untamed". They seemed to take a dim view of Tarzan--almost single-handed, winning the war in Africa. The result was at least three parodies on Tarzan in an attempt to cut him down to size. The results--negative. On the other hand the Japanese seem to take no offense to the ape-man's activities in the South Pacific in World War II. Even the author's flying combat missions as a correspondent makes no impression. The Japs can't seem to get enough so they "pirate" the Tarzan books and even the name for their comics. However, they are only taking a page from Argentina's note-book where, when they ran out of titles, just wrote their own Tarzan stories.

Without a doubt the movies have contributed much to Tarzan's overseas popularity. But they have also created problems in South America. The Tarzan films there are adult movies. I guess Gordon Scott's mighty chest is too much for Latin lovers under twenty-one.

At one time Tarzan was so popular in China that to ease the language problem they came over here and produced "Adventures of Chinese Tarzan". How international can you get?

Of all the foriegn countries, Russia, as you might expect, has ground out more publicity than any other. At the end of World War II the Russians picked up several Tarzan movies, mostly Weissmuller, and decided they had some propaganda value. Lord Greystoke was to be a good example of how a man turned out in a capitalistic country--lucky to have a loin cloth and a knife of his own and to eat meat raw. The only trouble was, the Russian people loved him. This, of course, would not do and some way must be found to get rid of him. They could easily just call in the films, but having a reason would be much better. Naturally the reason was simple and obvious to any child. Tarzan had been showing around the collective farms and the Tarzan yell, lions' roar and all were disturbing the farm animals. Milk and egg production had fallen off to a dangerous point so Tarzan must go. And Tarzan went--underground--where pictures of Weissmuller were selling on the black market at good prices.

You might think this was the end of the Russian story, but they never like to let go of a good thing. Now, as they reach into the African continent, they are talking of a black Tarzan. A giant negro who would protect the natives as well as the poor animals from the terrible white safari.

If all of this has not convinced you that Tarzan is truly international, let me add one final story. I have corresponded all over the world in search of Tarzan books and comics. No matter where you write they always seem to know about Tarzan and what you are looking for. Only once was I misunderstood. I was corresponding with a friend in Saudi Arabia, looking for Tarzan in Arabic. I was assured there was such a thing, but there seemed to be some problem about getting it out of the country. I could not seem to find out what the problem was, but I finally got a beautiful, leather-bound book, in Arabic, a copy of the Koran.

Stanleigh B. Vinson

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In The Pulp Era #64.....

an artfolio by Jim Cawthorn

You won't want to miss it.

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In The Pulp Era #65.....

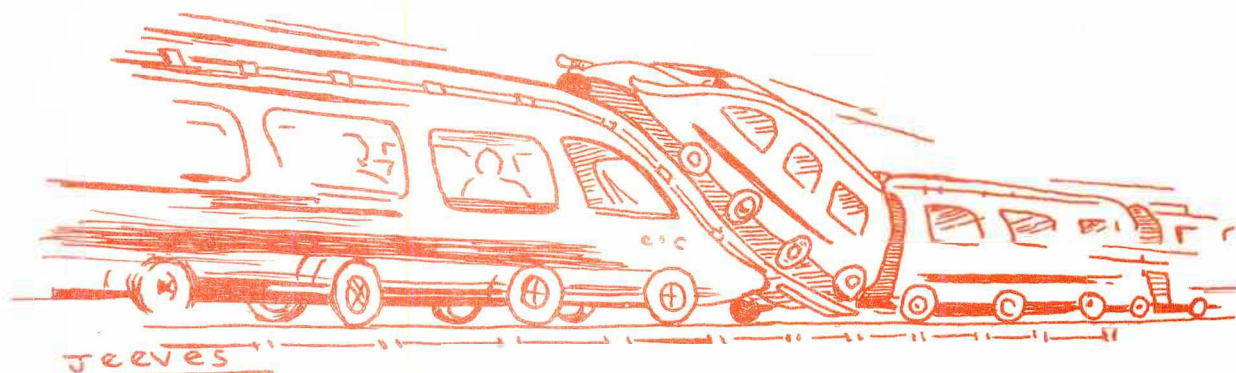
an air-war folio by Dave Prosser

## DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE by Terry Jeeves

Another treasure from the memory bank was the juvenile, comicsized weekly, 'Modern Wonder'. This was really aimed at the main stream child, but regularly baited the odd 'Hook' for the s-f minded weirdie. MW featured multi-colour illustrations, and featured stories, articles and pictures of modern (then) engineering marvels. There was the usual spate of keyed, sectional diagrams of such tit bits as : 'Eye Into Space...the 200" telescope', 'Bluebird....300 mph on Wheels', 'Fighters of the RAF', and so on.

MW's first issue contained two goodies....an interplanetary 'comic' strip, and a set of articles on the planets of the Solar System, very thinly disguised as the travels of a rocket ship...this latter was (I believe) by Ralph Stranger, which was I fancy, a pseudonym of E. F. Russell. Whoever it was, had used a spaceship as a very slender peg on which to hang a dust dry set of facts which were available in any encyclopedia....complete with the omission of Pluto, which of course hadn't then made its way into any but the most up to date (and expensive) reference books.

The cartoon strip was highly original - instead of a professor with a beautiful daughter and college boy assistant, the MW version featured a professor and two children, a boy and a girl. I can't remember whether or not they were related, but since no taint of sex (even as a biological classification) ever entered the hallowed pages of the juveniles, it is highly probable that the children were 'cousins'...this even avoided having to explain how the professor might have fathered them. Landing (in a rocket) on a planet (Mars) they met up with the inhabitants and were shown many marvels. They even travelled on a single line railway where trains had roof mounted rails to allow for overpassing by opposing traffic. A local life form adopted them as a pet, and spent its time standing off to one side of every third drawing and uttering such edifying Martian catch phrases



(in balloons) as 'xmptc' 'gmyxh' and suchlike. Sad to say, the strip soon crawled to an end, and was replaced by a mundane school adventure of the usual tuck shop. In trying to improve itself into a larger market, MW avoided more and more border topics, and bogged firmly into a sea of mediocrity before vanishing completely in a sea teeming with hydrofoil boats (YES), wind rotors, bathyspheres, and the like.

It was about this time that I came across the adult weekly 'Passing Show' in the house of a friend. Remarkable for its lack of interest (to me), PS featured stories with girls, articles about people, and stupid things about current affairs and such rot. It had one other claim to fame...its smell. A sort of 'olive green pong' is the best way I can describe it. PS was best read at arms length, and I often wondered if the major shareholders were opticians. Whatever its drawbacks, PS had one claim to greatness, it featured the John Beynon, Martian Saga called I believe, 'Planet Plane'. This saw later publication as a Nova yarn under the title 'Stowaway to Mars' or some such, and I fancy there was also a sequel....although my perverse memory bank will only come up with the absurd title of 'Son of Planet Plane', anyhow, all I remember of 'Planet Plane' was the fact that the price put it out of my pocket and the nearest I could get was a look at the illustrations whenever I visited that particular friend.

Passing Show soon passed along...doubtless aided by the girls, people, current affairs...and the PONG. I didn't mourn it. Being temporarily stumped for British s-f, I was forced to fall back on the gleanings from the remainder stall of Messrs Woolworths...who sold the niftiest line of 3d Astoundings in town. A local second hand dealer was a hot rival at 2d a time, but he queered his own pitch by bunging a huge rubber stamp on the front cover. This announcing in conservative  $\frac{1}{2}$ " high black lettering, that F Steel would reclaim this magazine as half payment to another of similar educational value. Because of this stamp, I never bought from his stall until absolutely sure that an unpostmarked variety was not available at the 3d and 6d (which to any American readers in our audience, is the British equivalent of the 5 and 10).

It was about this time (1938 I think) that the Jeeves family took its annual holiday at some fashionable watering place and being at the in-between stage of too young for official girl friends, I was indulging in my usual practice of haunting all the seaside book stalls. This was a soul destroying practice, even in those days. Nowadays, the Briton on holiday seems to read either pocket books of the 'she was a woman of twilight since she never paid her gas bill' type, or the equally sick making 'War Stories'. Today's tippie is sex and sadism...in the '30's it was happiness. All the seaside bookstalls flogged 'the HAPPY magazine', with jolly stories and cartoons by Beardsall or Beard or some comparable nit. Then there was Holiday Pie...with jolly stories and cartoons by...and so on. Numbed by such a variety of literary and artistic merit, I must have passed a little thing

labeled 'Tales of Wonder' at least three times, before venturing a closer look at the cover depicting two giants (one male, one female) ploughing their way through London and flashing ray guns around the joint. It struck me that this might be science fiction, but memories of the one-shot hooks in Passing Show, Modern Wonder, Jester, and the like held me back. However the desperation of sitting another day in a deck chair and reading about a jolly houseparty and young love (in the Happy Mag) finally settled the issue, and I bought the Tales of Wonder.

I could cheat here, and go to the files and dig out that first issue, but I'll play fair, and rummage through the memory bank instead. I seem to recall that John Beynon had something called 'The Perfect Creature'....This concerned a pyramid shaped creation which could do everything apparently (save swim) and in the end it drowned...this later appeared in revised form in 'Jizzle' by John Wyndham...now happy enough to use his own name. Then there was the 'Pr-reet' which I fancy came from EF Russell. The cover story concerning the giant humans was another story within, and was probably inspired by Wells..'Food of the Gods' Tono Bungay.

These stories, and those in subsequent issues were a refreshing change from the fustiness of Wells and Verne, and the heavy Americanism of the imported pulps. For a change, they generally involved English settings and more down to earth concepts. Much as I loved the American stories, it was nice to have a home grown crop of s-f around as well. Later issues bore thumb-nail size illos signed by a criptic 'Turner'. Many years later, I was to gladden the heart of old-time fan Harry Turner by asking him if by any chance they had anything to do with him. They had. He was the artist.

ToW saw some 17 or 18 issues, before it faded into the land of might-have-been. Once in a brainstorm, I traded in all my collection for a couple of hardcover books from Werewolf, and have kicked myself ever since. However I did manage to pry the first issue loose from Harry Turner, and that (along with Unknown,) forms the backbone of my much prized file of first issues.

Other stories that appeared in ToW, were 'The Horror in the Telescope' which was by Edmond Hamilton I fancy, and concerned the completion of a giant 'eye'. Everyone who looks through it goes bonkers, until someone finally disconnects the eyepiece. This was badly let down by the revelation that the bonker driving scene was simply a view of another planet where animals kept humans as pets....

Then there was Burl on a world overgrown with dense jungle and giant ants, bees, etc. This one has since appeared in many guises. Another story featured a giant dredge which appeared from space and trawled the surface of the Earth.

Tales of Wonder gave me many happy hours before it sank into oblivion, but once again it left its mark as through its ads I made my first contact with fandom by subscribing to Wally Gillings little printed magazine 'Scientifiction'...

Doc Aborigine

"THE GOLD MINE  
OF GOLD"

by Gary Zachrich

The train racketed through the night, cutting the ground mist with a rush that left the fog whirling behind it for some seconds after its passing. John Perkins, the engineer, stared into the murky yellow light of the powerful headlamp and worried aloud to his fireman. "Jest sech a night as this we hit that auto outside of Newark." "Sure mon, quitcher worrin'!" replied the big Scotch fireman, "Noothin's gan ta ga wroong tanight!"



At that precise moment, four furtive figures were clinging to the swaying top of the passenger car immediately behind the coal car. Three of these were obviously of the lowest type of criminal. Their dress and speech rang of the underworld, while the fourth was of a far different type, but still one of the most sinister beings that ever existed. A floppy hat concealed most of his face, which was a rich yellow that fairly gleamed yellow in the swirling murk, casting an aura of sinister yellow light about his hook nosed face. The floppy hat was forced down over his cranium, oblivious of the enormous yellow tinged ears that it forced out to each side, much in the manner of a flightless bird. Caped, hatted and booted in rich jade green, he wore an indigo and chartruese checkered vest and a full set of insulated and bullet proof pink underwear. He spoke to his hirelings.

D O C

"Ah! So! Vely good! Now you will unhook the tlain flom the engine, and we will stop it exactly one mile flom heah!"

"Duh, uh, yea boss!" spoke that unworthy whom he had just addressed, as he made his way down to the coupling between the cars. "Hleh Hleh!" chuckled the evil leader, as he rubbed his banana yellow kid skin gloved hands together in a washing motion as he watched his hireling reach for the coupling. The thug

slipped on the fog slick metal, and fell beneath the racketing wheels of the speeding train with a shriek.

"Crumsy Crod!" raged the evil one, "Fol that you will be stlicken ffrom the dishonol loll, and arso the payloll you Gleeek plick! Next good man down."

"Duh, yea boss." replied the second most intelligent of the thugs.

In the rear of the train, four silent, miserable figures swayed and rocked with the swaying and rocking of the train. By the looks of them, they were desperate. Their faces and dress, however, marked them as intelligent and of good character. Two of them were men of about fifty years, the third was unmistakably and clearly an Indian, while the fourth was a clear skinned, fine featured young woman who bore a striking resemblance to the apparent leader of the small band. All were dressed in heavy clothing generally used for hiking and camping, and were quite conspicuous among the well dressed passengers who occupied the rest of the car. The young woman spoke.

"Do you think we'll make it to New York to contact Doc Aborigine?" The more square jawed, alert eyed of the older men raised his head and replied. "I have every reason to believe we shall, my daughter, for with the help of our faithful Indian guide Pukka, we have no doubt shaken the pursuit of the sinister Yah Ha and his men with that exhausting forty day trek through the wilds of Canada, and down into upper New York State. Even if it did take longer than using our private plane." Somewhat comforted, the lovely young woman leaned her head on the back of the seat and promptly fell asleep.

Unknown to the small party, a man seated just in front of them raised his hairy, widespread ears alertly at the mention of Doc Aborigine's name. Also, he had had a look at the tender young thing who had just spoken. This was one of Doc's men, the



K E N N Y

redoubtable Andy Bludgeon Countyfair, sometimes known as Ape. He was as big around as he was tall, and was covered with a deep brown pelt of fur that made him like the winter time better than summer, because he had to wear a suit of clothes in order to appear in public. When standing, his knuckles brushed the ground, or whatever he happened to be standing on at the time, and the lithe, rippling, corded muscles that covered him from head to foot gave him that well known characteristic known as "muscle bound". Hidden behind the wide, full lips, was the most remarkable set of tusks ever seen in New York. He didn't use them if he didn't have to though. But!! Dear readers, do not think he is stupid! Ape is the world's most outstanding Alchemist.

Just then, the car gave a lurch and began slowing. Obviously, someone had uncoupled the car from the rest of the train. Confusion ran through the train, and people scurried to get out of it's way. Suddenly, the car jerked! Someone had locked the brakes, and the car came to a halt in front of a small depot named Potaguk. Instantly, the keen mind of Ape recognized the signs of foul play and leaped to defend the bedraggled party in the rear of the car. The thugs jumped through the door of the coach to take the unsuspecting party and were met by the awesome figure of Ape in full charge down the narrow aisle of the car, tusks bared and screaming his fury before him. Many men had quailed at the sight of Ape leaping nimbly at them, and these were no exception. If it hadn't been for the sinister Yah Ha holding a gun in their backs, they would have fled. Instead, they stood their ground and the foremost thug dispatched Ape with a well placed blow on the cranium with a solid gold bar. He folded into a mound of quivering hair covered flesh that almost blocked the aisle. His last concious memory was of the young woman screaming the latitude and longitude of some place called the "GOLD MINES OF GOLD"

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Upon awaking from his enforced sleep, Ape's first thought was to contact Doc Aborigine. After identifying himself to the authorities and giving a full description of the events of the train holdup, he immediately started to hitch-hike to New York. He had a lot of trouble getting a ride, and it was almost five hours later that he was picked up by a blind taxi driver who agreed to take him to the Aborigine Building in New York for half fare. Gratefully, Ape sank into the rear seat of the cab and fell asleep.

Sixteen hours later, he awoke to find himself in Orange, New Jersey, listening to the cabbie asking for directions to New York City. Thereafter, he rode in the front seat and talked the blind cabbie into New York and to the Aborigine Building. It cost one hundred and twelve dollars and fourteen cents.

After writing the cabbie an I.O.U., he went into the Aborigine Building and boarded the high speed elevator that would take him to Doc's headquarters. As usual, the speed of the

elevator flung him to the floor and kept him pinned there, unable to breathe, until it reached it's destination, when it slammed him hard against the padded top of the elevator car. Luckily, he landed on his head when he fell again to the floor. It only split his eyebrow open this time! Calmly, Ape took out his first aid kit and installed four stitches. Grinning, he left the car. The exhuberant Ape oft times rode this car up and down, up and down, just for the sheer fun of it.

Reaching the Aborigine headquarters, Ape inserted his key and opened the door to be confronted by none other than his most deadly enemy, Colonel Teddy Brooks-Brothers, otherwise known as "Porkchop", because he had once been caught smuggling porkchops to the German High Command during the big war. Ape had caught him greasy handed, and they had been deadly enemies ever since. Slamming the door, Ape stalked into the room. A resounding crash from the hallway brought a sneer from Porkchop. "You knocked the sign down again, my very best friend." Cursing under his breath, Ape returned to the hallway and rehung the glaring, iridescent sign that proclaimed that this was the headquarters of Doc Aborigine. Closing the door, Ape faced Porkchop again and spoke. "Hi there, old good buddy! Is Doc around?" Smiling two-facedly, Porkchop replied. "Why, yes he is. Indeed, he is in the other room right now, inventing a three way cold tablet. Seems that he thinks he's really on to something big." "Thank you." said the hairy one, and stalked into the other room cursing the fate that made him be nice to Porkchop. Doc had said that they must be the best of friends, or he would kick them both off the gang. Boy, did he hate that Porkchop. One time over in France, Porkchop had fixed him up with a date with a General's daughter, only, he had told him that she was a prostitute. Boy oh boy, was that embarrassing.

Rushing swiftly, Ape quickly dashed into the laboratory to tell of his recent adventures. Doc stopped his work instantly, and his keen sense of perception went to work as Ape told his story. As he finished, Doc's eyes seemed to glaze, and the room was filled by the strangest ululating, fluttering sound ever produced by man. Wawwbbeebbeewawbeebbeewawwawbeebbeewaw. The sound sent chills racing down Ape's spine, for it meant that the mighty man was thinking! The sound was produced unthinkingly by Doc whenever he thought deeply. He made it by licking his lips and extending them into a juicy letter O. He then ooohed loudly while stroking them with the stiffened index finger of his right hand. It was best to stand well away from Doc while he was making his thinking noise. Finally, the sound died, and Doc came back to reality. With the fluid smooth motion of a cat, he pulled his hanky out and wiped his saliva dripping chin. "What you're trying to tell me, is that you think there is something wrong with these people? Is that what you are trying to tell me Ape?" "No. No. I think the people are all right, but I suspect foul play. I think they were kidnapped!" said Ape, as he jumped up and down, up and down in fury.

"To arms. To arms." caterwauled Doc. "We're off to undo some evil doings. Grab your bullfiddles with the secret compartments that have guns hidden in them, and we'll get our really

fast airship out of the garage and go up north to rescue those poor people."

As they were gathering their things for the trip, the other three members of the crimefighting band came into the room. No one called these brave men, for they had a nose for trouble, and always showed up when they might have a little fun and maybe get a little loot. In fact, that is why they were members of the band, Doc couldn't keep them away. One time, Doc had to tried to throw them out, but the three had overpowered him, tied him up, and hired a B girl to come up and kiss him and rub him with her equipment till he gave up. For Doc, this was a fate worse than death.

The first of the men to enter was Cannon Rovers, skinny as a rail, but tough. An incurable dope addict, he carried a six volt storage battery around with him, cause he knew a lot about electricity, and wanted everyone to know it. Next was Johanne. He was a really good geologist, and constantly left little trails of dirt where-ever he went. He always carried two five gallon pails of dirt and rocks around to study in his spare time. Last, but not least, was Kenny. A giant of a man, he had two huge fists that were always clutching a gallon apiece of dago red wine. Sometimes he would hit people with them.

At last they were ready. Rushing down the Hall, someone noticed that Doc was not with them. Yelling back, Ape asked if Doc was coming. "I'll be right with you" answered Doc. "I'm packing my jungle gym, my barbells, my smelling salts, my Boy Scout manual, and my lunch in case we're out overnight. Then too, I can't neglect my exercises."

"All right, all right. We're going down to blow up the airship. Don't be any longer than neccessary." said Ape. Together the five rushed down the hall and piled into the high-speed elevator. Three seconds later, they were one hundred and eleven stories down, and the doors opened on the underground garage that housed all their super-secret transportation. Slowly, the bleeding band crawled out of the elevator.

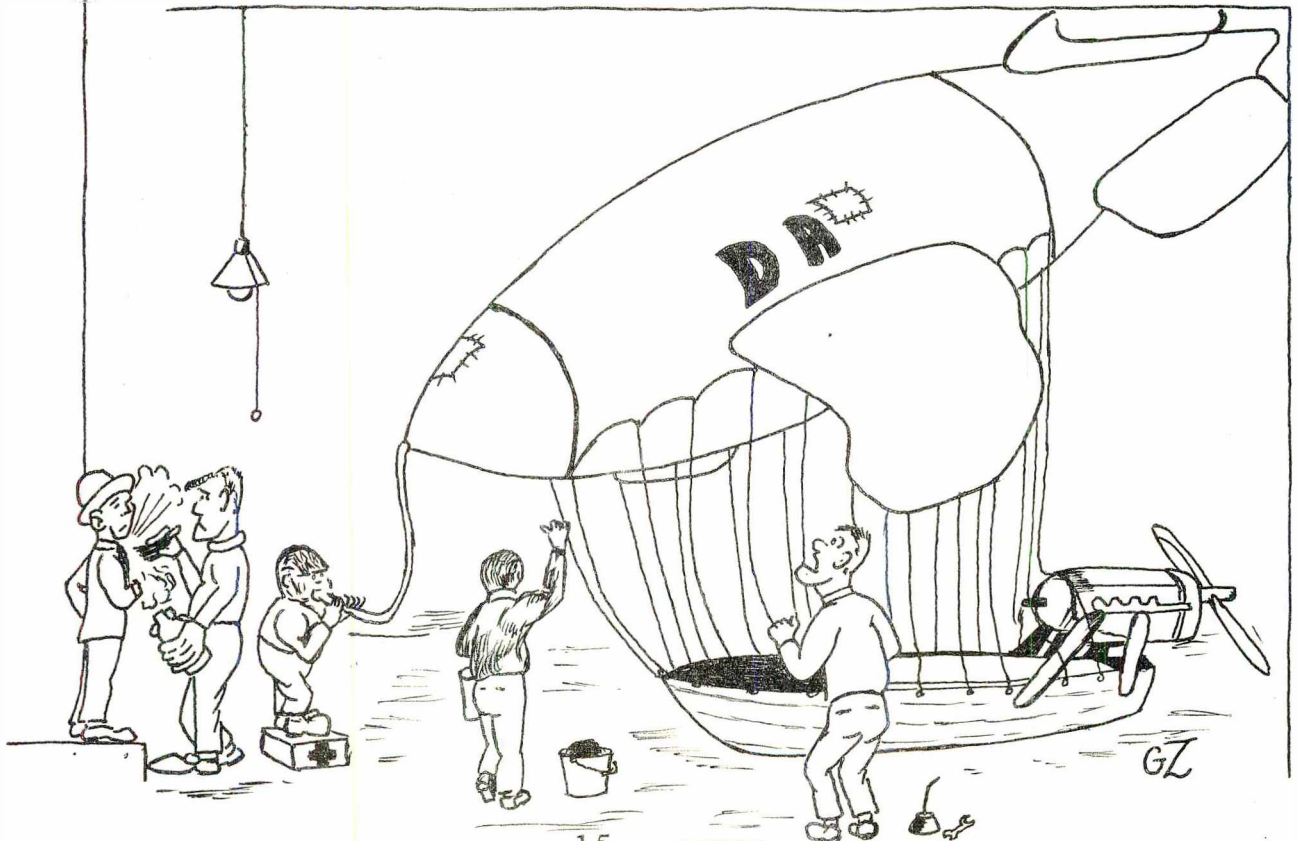
"Fun, huh?" said Ape. "Yes indeed!" they chorused. Sometimes, the Aborigine gang rode up and down, up and down the elevator just for fun. The sartorial gentleman referred to as Porkchop, being the least injured, took charge of the operation. "Ape, you blow up the gas bag of the airship! Cannon, you fix the broken bullfiddles! Kenny, you gas up the gondola! Johanne, you dust off my clothes while I take care of the injuries from the elevator ride."

The mighty bellowing of Apes lungs echoed in the concrete chamber as he strove to inflate the airship in record time. Just as he was about to tie a knot in the bag, Doc strode out of the elevator. The room was filled with the ululating sound of Doc in deep thought. All work ceased as the bunch waited with bated breath for the conclusions of Doc's keen mind. What would he say?

"You idiot Ape! You do it every time. You know that you can't get the airship out of the garage after its been inflated! Now we'll have to take the Super Plane." yelled Doc. Tears streamed down his face. He had been looking forward to this trip. He had never been up in an airship. Somehow, it always got blown up in the garage. Silently, they wheeled the glistening monoplane out to the street, and while Ape directed traffic, Doc warmed the mighty engines. It was a good day for a takeoff, the wind was blowing right down Concord Avenue. Against a good wind, they seldom had any trouble clearing the Chrysler Building on takeoff.

With a surge of power, Doc throttled the big plane down the street. As they went by, Ape grabbed a trailing rope and hung on. When they became airborne, he would hand over hand up the rope and into the plane. Ape was the only one who could do this part of the takeoff plan, 'cause no one else could hang on while being dragged along the brick street at ninety miles an hour. Grinning with delight, they caught the Fourth Street light while it was still on green, and soared into the blue.

Ape soon crawled into the cabin, and they held a conference of war. First, they thought



they would circle Yah Ha's hideout and go down by parachute, but Porkchop vetoed this. He had a new suit of clothes on and didn't want to get dirty. He was especially proud of his new azure blue cummerbund with the chartreuse and rose polka dots. Finally, they decided to crash near the sight. They didn't care about the plane, because Doc had loads of gold. Years ago, someone had given him a gold mine.

Reaching the remote site in northern Canada, they circled for a moment while looking the situation over. Porkchop was the first to break the silence. "Say, Doc, isn't that your secret gold mine down there?" Doc's ululating cry flooded the cabin for a moment, then he cried, "By blilooody jove, you are right Porkchop." And they crashed forthwith. Emerging from the wreck, they took their bullfiddles through the dense forest, and charged. Oddly, they met no resistance.

Fifteen minutes later, they had the whole Yah Ha gang rounded up. It was so easy, they didn't even have to take their guns out of their bullfiddles. Facing the ringleader Yah Ha, Doc spoke with steely calm. "What do you have to say for yourselves, you dirty crooks!" The yellow aura shimmered and glowed around Yah Ha as he spoke. "Do you not remember you a faithful servant, Oh Mighty Brown One?" "No, I don't!" replied Doc honestly. Bowing from the waist, the yellow man said in his sing song voice. "I am the man who give this gold mine to you, and promise to keep it faithfully lunning." "Ah hah!", said Doc, "Now I remember you. Sorry, but I guess I never did get your name." "Now, what about the three guys and the dame," said Ape. "Ah so, belly good!" said Yah Ha, "These thlee are from Canadian Government, and are trying to collect taxes on gold mine." "What have you done with them?" roared Doc. "Ah, so, belly good. Yah Ha have put thlee men to work in mine, and girl make fine companion to Yah Ha in his old age. After suitable blibe, of course." "Good." said Doc, "I guess we might as well be going, if everything is alright."

"But, evelythng not allight!" alarmed the yellow man, "A belly tough man name of Doc Aborigine is coming to lescue these government people. Maybe so Yah Ha need the help of The Mighty Brown One." "But I'm Doc Aborigine!" said Doc in a startled tone. "Ah, so, belly good! Come to think of it, this unworthy one nevel did catchee your name." replied Yah Ha.

Embracing, and finding warmth in their newfound understanding of each other, Yah Ha and Doc strode off toward the setting sun.

Gary Zachrich

=====

Be sure to send any changes of addresses promptly. Returned copies will not be remailed unless additional postage is sent.

# A FANTASY FOLIO

by GEORGE BARR

"A TOUCH OF MAGIC"  
"THE GNOME'S HOLE"  
"THE PHARAOH'S FAVORITE"  
"INCA"



"THE JEWEL GATHERER"  
"DREAM BOAT"  
"THE LOST CROWN"



G. Barr - 1963















G. Barr - 63



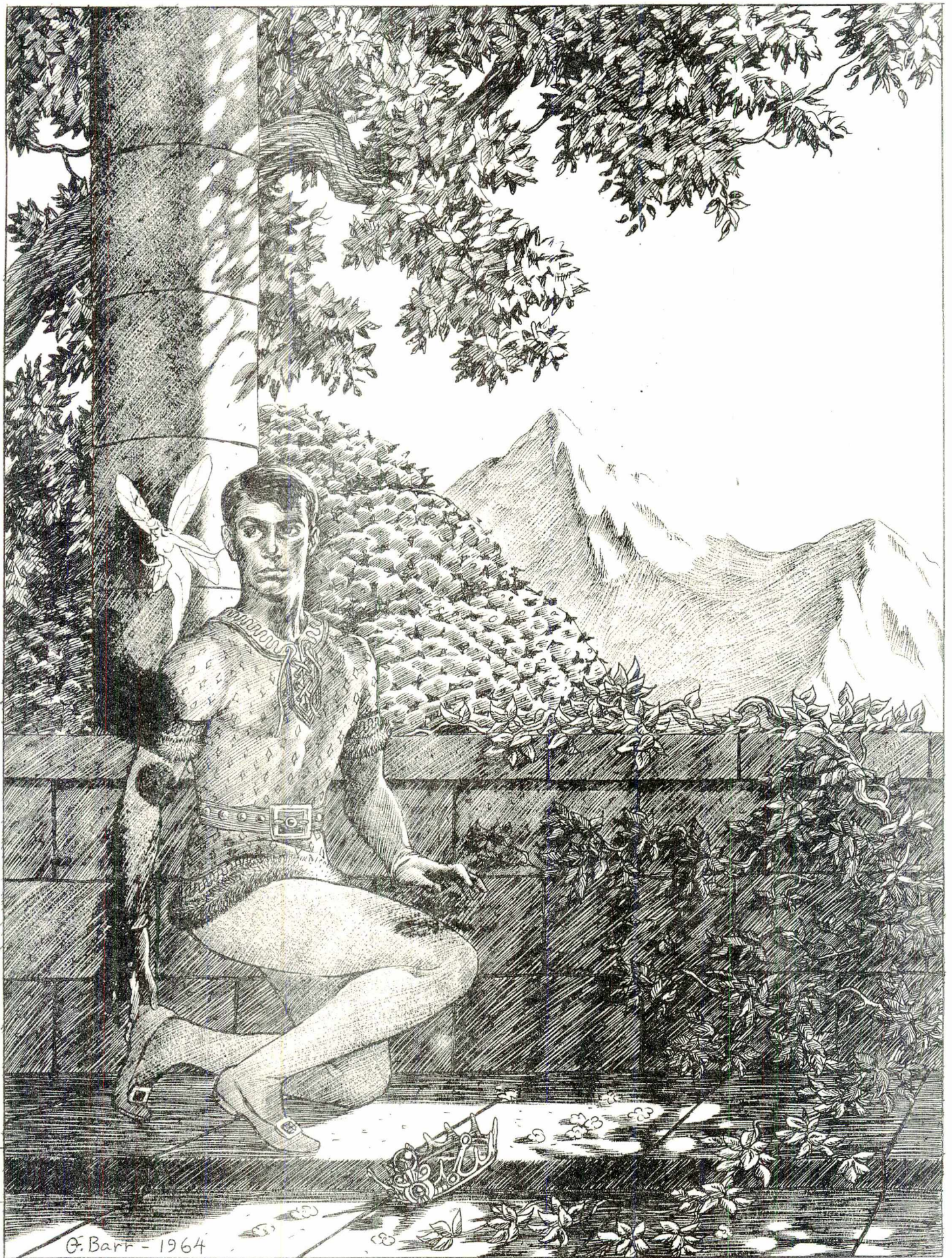






G. Barr - 1964







K O N N E R ' S   K O R N E R   by   Wilkie   Conner

I was more than thrilled a while back when Lynn Hickman suggested that I resume Konner's Korner for The Pulp Era. As you know, I hope, during the early days of Lynn's efforts at publishing, this column was a regular feature. The column started, really, in 1938-39 in a tri-weekly newspaper in Salisbury, North Carolina and was a regular feature of that paper as long as the paper was published. Then it went into limbo while I spent a couple of years knocking about the Pacific during World War II as a part of Uncle Sam's greatest organization of fighting men, the United States Marines. Lynn, as I said before, ressurected it and for a while it flourished...then limbo again...and now, once more, new life...

The newspaper column was about things in general: ideas, opinion, triva of one sort or another...the columns for Lynn were more or less on science fiction subjects. This time, I will talk mostly about the pulp magazines, past and present. Though from time to time, I might discuss other matters.

I always get water in my eyes when I think of the pulp magazines. To me they were more than a way to while away a few hours---they were a way of life. I had read them many years before I learned that they were regarded by literate people as "trash". Why they were so regarded, I shall never know.

I was born into a world of illiteracy. My mother had barely enough education to read a little and to write some. My father couldn't read nor write. Ours was a home without books, or other reading material, except for the few magazines someone gave my mother, or a school book or two, and, of course, The Bible. Father, who couldn't read, couldn't understand, as he put it, "the reason people want to read a bunch of made-up lies". He sternly criticized mother when she would sometimes read one of the fiction magazines that in those days could be had for 25¢ per year; they weren't slicks, nor were they pulps. They were mostly ad sheets with articles on canning, dress-making, and a short story and a serial. One of them was called "Comfort" and mother read it for years. They serialized novels of love and life that were to the readers what the soap opera became to radio listeners a few years later.

I learned to read from one of these papers.

It was in the latter months of 1926 and mother was pregnant with her last baby and my only sister. I was eight years old and had been having a rough time in the first grade which, because of my frail, puny body, I hadn't entered until just before my 8th birthday. I just couldn't seem to get the hang of putting letters together to form words. Then, one day, Mama was reading one of the papers -- Comfort, probably, since it was so cheap even Papa didn't object to her buying it. Mama had quit working in the cotton mill because of her pregnancy and she spent a lot of time reading. She laid the paper aside one after-

noon after I'd come in from school and I picked it up to look at the pictures. Suddenly, I realized that some of the words in this paper were exactly like the ones in my primer! Excitedly, I hunted them : "The" "And" "We" "Dog" "Cat"... And then I began to see syllables and it dawned on me that reading wasn't so wonderful after all. All you had to do was to put the letters together to form sounds....

It was a year or two later that I managed to read a complete story from other than school books, but by that time I was in the third grade and could read extremely well. That was also the year that I discovered pulps.

The thrid grade that I attended was in Cherryville, North Carolina. At that time, Cherryville was a very small town -- it still has only about 4000 population. The elementary grades and the high school were combined. There was no cafeteria and we children who lived too far from the school to go home for lunch, carried sandwiches in lunch boxes or paper sacks. On warm days we weren't permitted to eat in the school house. They shoo'd us outside.

Bordering the school grounds was what had been a farm. An old barn was standing near an unused cistern. A couple of third grade buddies and I learned that a couple of very pretty third grade girls always ate their lunch under a big oak tree near the cistern. After they finished their lunch, they always climbed into the cistern to urinate. We could see, from where we always watched, the girls descend into the cistern, but we couldn't see any of the action.

After several days of this -- we had an unusually warm winter and were outside most of the time -- my buddy and I could stand the suspense no longer. We must see with our own eyes the goings-on in the cistern. It was my creative mind that found a way.

"Lets beat them out there and hide in the loft of the old barn," I said. So the next day we did. We waited anxiously while the girls finished their lunch and then we excitedly peered through the window of the barn loft as one by one the little girls dropped into the cistern, lowered her panties and urinated.

The ritual always took about fifteen or twenty minutes of the hour allotted for lunch and the girls always went to jump rope, or slide on the sliding board or something. That left about fourty minutes to kill and one day my buddy and I killed them by exploring the barn. In one room we came upon a pile of pulp magazines. I looked through them and was astonished to learn, from the illustrations, that the stories weren't at all like the ones mama read. They were exactly like the movies I sometimes managed to get to go see on Saturday morning: westerns. To my buddy's disgust, I sat down and began excitedly reading the lines under the illustrations. I had found heaven!

The next few days, I let my buddy stand alone at the window and admire the girls' bare bottoms. I read western stories. I lived in the wonderful land of the old west, with six shooters, rustlers, stampedes, cattle drives, bank robberies and all the rest of the thrills and romance that had been captured on the printed page.

When school was out in the spring, I had read from cover to cover all those magazines. There was implanted in my mind the desire to read...read...read. And there was no reading material. I heard rumors that somewhere in the vast land of America there was such a thing as a public library...but not in Cherryville.

Then one day I was visiting with my mother at a neighbors' home and there was a western magazine on the bed. I finally managed to pick it up and was immediately caught in the spell of Wild West Weekly. When we went home, I asked the lady if I might borrow it and she said I could have it and a dozen more she had stored in the bathroom. It seemed her husband read the things regularly and she would be glad to get rid of them.

That summer was the most pleasant of my life. I met Billy West and his Circle J pards; Joe Scott, Buck Foster and Sing Lo, the chinese cook. I met other characters, too. Kid Wolf, Sonny Tabor, Vincente, the Yaqui, Jim Hazel, forest ranger and a host of others.

I soon discovered that several other grownups in our mill village read pulps and they were fascinated that one so small as I could read them and they gladly gave me their copies when finished. I discovered Ace High, Argosy, Western Story, Top Notch, Detective Story and Ganster Stories. I tried to read the love pulps that were sometimes given mama by friends, but I just couldn't read about kissing when a story of gun play or fast action was near at hand, ready to be enjoyed.

In later years, I met and loved The Shadow, Doc Savage, The Spider, Bill Barnes, War Stories, Air War, Dime Detective, Horror Stories, Weird Tales, Dime Mystery, Dime Western, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Detective, and oh, so many, many others.

Then one day, I chanced up Wonder Stories...which tied in with the Buck Rogers comics I'd been reading and the same character's radio show that I'd become addicted to. Then I learned of the other science fiction and fantasy magazines....and for many years I read and enjoyed science fiction. I wanted to be a science fiction writer and I guess I would have too, had not the field played out. Instead, I became a writer for the confessions....writing the kind of stuff that gagged me when I was a child.

I shall always feel a little sad when I think of the pulp era. The last true pulp magazine has disappeared, though one can still find Manhunt, Ranch Romances, etc. on the stands.

They just aren't the same. The pulps will come back no more. Radio and the comic book started their death...television and inflation finished them. My two children, one twenty-two the other almost nineteen, could barely read a newspaper when they were in the eighth grade. I wish they had had the inspiration of wonderful "trash" when they were in elementary school. It would have been so much better for them than the visual trash of the TV screen which I ignorantly exposed them to when they were small. They would have at least have known how to read and understand what they read.

The Pulps -- Bless 'em!

Wilkie Conner

\*\*\*\*\*

Howard DeVore 4705 Weddel St. Dearborn Hgts., Michigan has just issued his latest pricelist. It consists almost exclusively of Sciencefiction-Fantasy. Some pulp magazines listed and a large number of new and used paperbacks. New and used hard-cover books. There's a little of everything and as dealers go he's reasonably honest.

\*\*\*\*\*

Please mention the  
PULP ERA  
when answering advertisements.

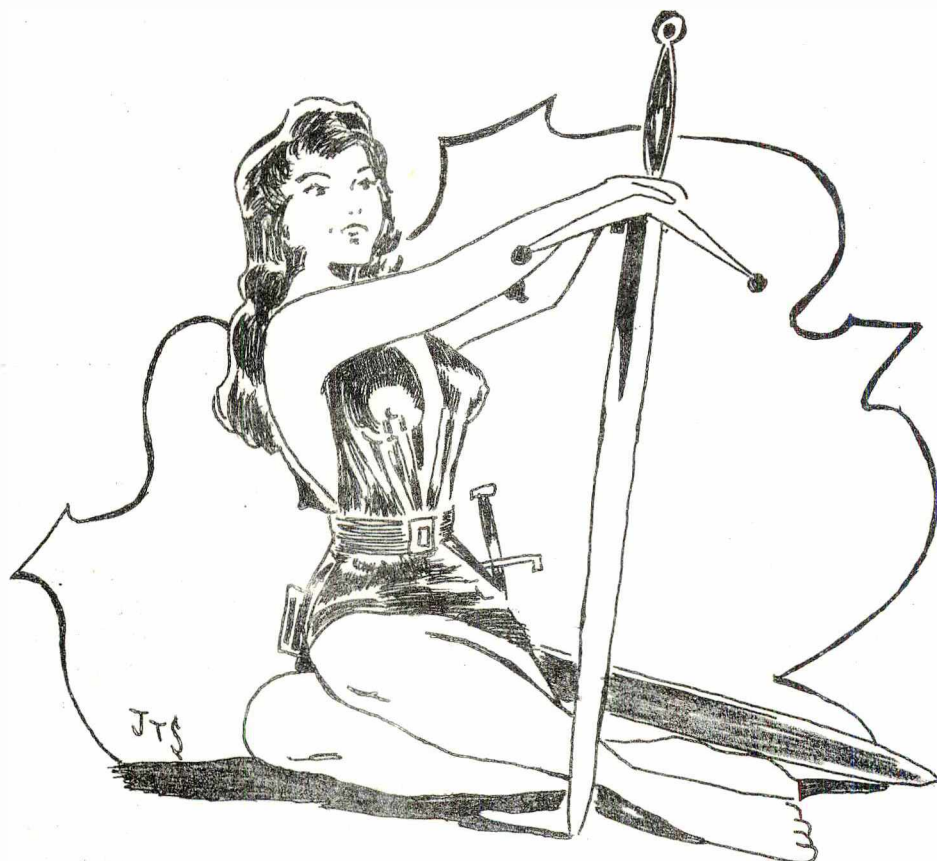
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FANZINES for  
sale:

Approximate date  
range from  
1948 through  
1965. Most  
titles available. Send  
want list.

Lynn Hickman  
413 Ottokee  
Wauseon, Ohio  
43567

\*\*\*\*\*



(Continued from page 3)  
lith and more magazines. Original artwork dating from a 1937 Finlay from Weird Tales to the present adorn the walls in the spaces not taken up with steel shelving full of magazines. The originals run the gamut from Frank R. Paul, Edd Cartier, Krupa and Lawrence, to Malcolm Smith. The magazines from Argosy (1886), through the latest Analogs. I also collect hardcover and paperback books, and there are numerous shelves full of these. My main collection, however, is of the Munsey Publications, Argosy, Argosy-All Story Weekly, All-Story Weekly, and Cavalier.

An excellent article on artist Charles Schneeman by Alva Rogers is in the May 1966 issue of Bill Donaho's fine fanzine, Habakkuk. Habakkuk is distributed only through FAPA and OMPA and I understand there are only a few extra copies published. Many of Schneeman's better examples of sf art were reproduced by electric stencil and I hope that Bill will see fit to reprint this as a booklet for greater distribution.

Lynn Hickman

\*\*\*\*\*  
T R I C O N   2 4 t h   W o r l d   S c i e n c e   F i c t i o n  
C o n v e n t i o n   S e p t .   2 ,   3 ,   4 ,   &   5 ,   1 9 6 6  
Hotel Sheraton-Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio. Plan to attend. Send  
\$3.00 membership to 24th World Science Fiction Convention.  
P. O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio 44103.

\*\*\*\*\*  
W A N T E D . . . . issues of the following magazines. Please  
state issues for sale, condition, and price. Black Book Detective,  
Double Detective, The Spider, Dusty Ayres and his Battle Birds,  
Red Star Detective, The Lone Eagle, The Skipper, Capt. Hazard, West,  
Rio Kid Western, Texas Rangers, Buck Jones Western, and Pete Rice.  
Lynn A. Hickman   413 Ottokee Street   Wauseon, Ohio   43567

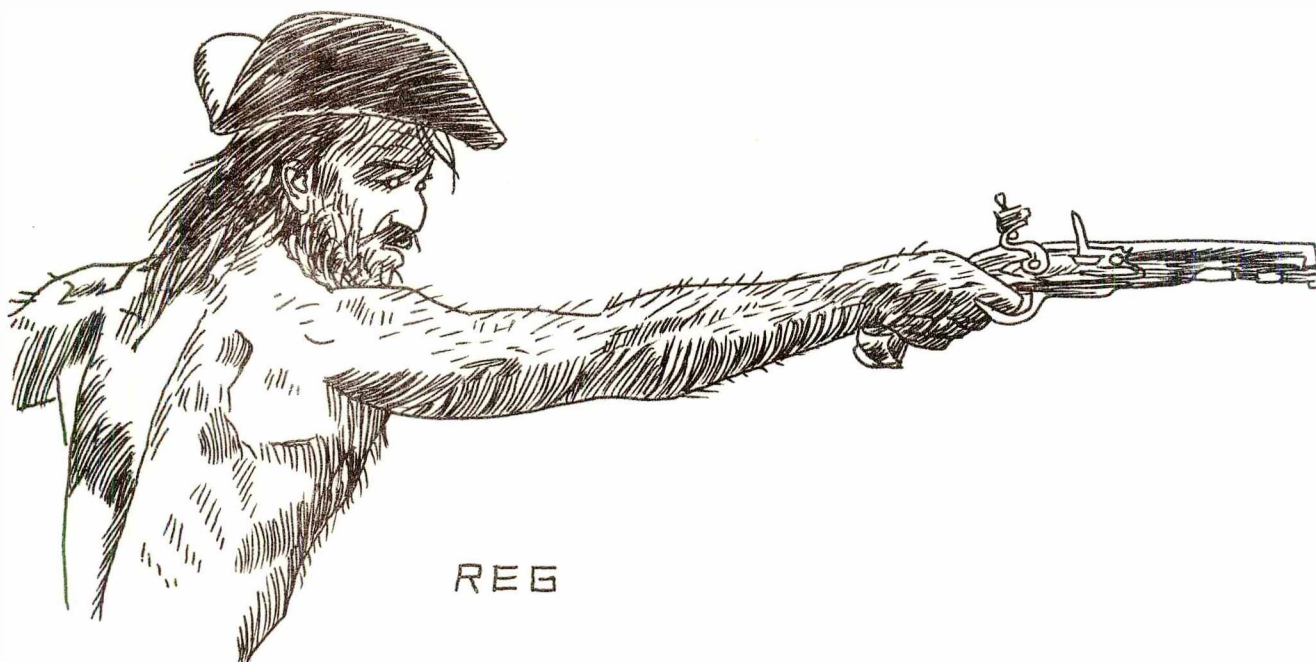
\*\*\*\*\*  
W A N T E D . . . . issues of Sky Fighters, Bill Barnes, Wings, G-8  
and his Battle Aces, Jungle Stories, Aces, Dare-Devil Aces, Action  
Stories. Please state issues for sale, condition, and price.

Gary Zachrich   127½ Linfoot   Wauseon, Ohio   43567

\*\*\*\*\*  
Gary Zachrich   127½ Linfoot   Wauseon, Ohio   43567 would like to  
get sample copies of current fanzines. Will comment on these.

\*\*\*\*\*

# PIRATES ON THE HIGH SEAS by Darrell



REG

Considered somewhat rare among the old pulp magazines are two little known Gernsback publications. I refer to Pirate Stories and High Seas Adventures. Hugo Gernsback, President of Adventure Publications, Inc., launched these two new magazines on the perilous seas of publication. The publication office was in Springfield, Massachusetts and the Editorial office was in New York. The first issue of the Adventure Publication magazine Pirate Stories was dated November, 1934. Both magazines were priced at 15¢ each and featured attractive covers in full color. All the covers except two were painted by Sidney Riesenberg.

The feature novel in the first issue of Pirate Stories was "Pirate Guns" by F. V. W. Mason. This is an action-filled yarn about "Captain Terror". A novel called "Shanghaied" by J. Allan Dunn was the lead story in the first issue of High Sea Adventures. Each magazine appeared bimonthly on alternate months. Six issues\* of Pirate Stories appeared as follows:



November 1934 (Vol. 1, No. 1), January 1935 (1-2), March 1935 (1-3), May 1935 (1-4), July 1935 (1-5), and August 1935 (1-6). High Seas Adventures appeared for only four issues as follows: December 1934 (Vol. 1, No. 1), February 1935 (1-2), April 1935 (1-3), and June 1935 (1-4). At this point High Seas Adventures combined with Pirate Stories and the last two issues of Pirate Stories noted this fact on the cover.

An editorial in the initial issue of Pirate Stories promised stories of "piracy on land, sea, in the air, and in space." However, stories about pirates in space never appeared.

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\*In over twenty years I have never seen any other issues. There could have been more.

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L E T T E R S . . . .

B. F. Wermers                      Received the latest issue of The Pulp Era  
Randallstown, Md.                  and was pleased with the articles. Enclosed  
   is my check of \$1.50 for the next 5 issues  
You mentioned the Buck Rogers Big Thrill booklets. Although 30  
were advertised, but six of each character, (Buck Rogers, Tailspin  
Tommy, Dick Tracy, and Buck Jones) were produced and the total  
booklets were 24. The Buck Rogers booklets were titled as follows:  
1. Thwarting Ancient Demons    2. A One-man Army    3. An Aerial Encoun-  
ter    4. The Fight Beneath The Sea    5. A Handful of Trouble    6. Coll-  
ecting Human Specimens. (Ed. note. Thanks for the information. Do  
you have copies of all of these? I'm sure that all of the Pulp Era  
readers would appreciate further information on these. LH)

Andy Zerbe                      Re: Harry Warner suggesting putting classified  
Montgomery, Ala.                  ads in papers for pulps, I tried that with the  
   local daily recently and the only results were  
two phone calls asking just what pulps were. I was discouraged by  
this but intend to try the local weeklies of which there are a half  
dozen or so, to see if I do any better. (Ed. note. Has anyone  
else tried this? LH)

P. B. Marchenkoff              The Pulp Era was very good except for the  
Norwich, Conn.                  article by Dean Grennell. The man obviously  
   knows nothing about The Shadow and it's history.  
First of all The Shadow is really Kent Allard, an internationally  
known aviator who was supposedly lost in Central America. He had  
assumed this role during WWI when he helped captured U.S. service-  
men escape from prison camps. He took the guise of Lamont Cranston  
when the real Cranston was off on one of his trips. He took the  
guises of Henry Arnaud and Phineas Twambley whenever the situation  
presented itself. Twambley was featured in a story called The  
London Crimes and appeared from time to time thereafter. His  
most trusted agent was Harry Vincent. Tapper was introduced in  
The Green Box along with Hawkeye. I hope he remembers Hawkeye,  
but I doubt it. Stanley was never an agent. He was the real  
Cranston's chauffeur and The Shadow, whenever the real Cranston  
was away, used Stanley as such. Stanley had no idea whatever of  
his "masters" activities. Jericho Druke was a gigantic American  
Negro whom The Shadow called upon whenever strength was needed.  
Mr. Grennell's type of expertness, I can do without. If anyone  
wants to read a really excellent article on The Shadow and pulps  
in general, then read The Bloody Pulps by Charles Beaumont in the  
Sept. 1962 issue of Playboy. This man must have taken time to find  
out a few facts instead of relying on a faulty memory. Incidentally,  
there were two other authors of The Shadow besides Mr. Gibson.  
They were Theodore Tinsley, 27 issues between 1936-1943, and Bruce  
Elliot 15 issues between 1946-1948. Mr. Gibson wrote Return of  
The Shadow, but staff writers wrote the four other paperbacks.  
This information I recieved directly from Mr. Gibson. (ED. note  
I personally felt that Beaumont's article in Playboy was full of  
distortions of facts and that it was written in a contemptuous  
manner to all pulp fans. I would like to hear from others who  
have read this article. LH).

Don Martin  
Little Compton, R. I.

Many thanks for the copy of The Pulp Era #62, I enjoyed it very much-have read it through twice. Physical reproduction was flawless throughout. Artwork was very fine, especially the front cover and page 21 by Prosser. Page 21 might well have been titled Noble Savage. I am enclosing a money order for a 10 issue subscription.

The article on Scoops by Jeeves was excellent. Would like to have seen a few issues of this. Likewise The Shadow article, though Grennell doesn't seem to care much for his subject. Am currently reading my first Shadow novel in a 1940 issue I picked up for 15¢! Its good so far.

Agree very much with Harry Warner on the need for publicizing the value of the old pulps. I have a friend who recently saved some money by building an outdoor barbecue as a do-it-yourself project. To find out how it worked, he burned up a pile of "worthless" old magazines. These "worthless" magazines were issues of The Shadow and Doc Savage from the late '30's and early '40's!!

Afraid I didn't care too much for the Bantan article, or rather I should say its subject, as the article itself was interesting. I don't care for Tarzan, and am assuming Bantan is similar. To me, the 'noble savage' yarn was best done by C. T. Stoneham and "Ogden's Strange Journey" by E. Marshall. All in all, a facinating magazine. Nostalgia plays a very important part in my liking, I know, but the zine must also be facinating to those who came along after newsstands had degenerated to their present level. I discovered the pulps at age 12, and at 14 in 1947, discovered the wonderful sf and fantasy pulps then gracing the stands -- FFM, Weird Tales, Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories, and to a lesser extent (of gracing), Planet, Amazing and Fantastic Adventures. And then came Fantastic Novels, A Merritt's Fantasy, the revivals of Super Science, Future and SFQ, the new Fantastic Story and others. The golden age of the fantastic pulps was the era 1946 through 1951 or so in my life. (Ed. note. Each fan has what he feels is his golden age of reading the pulps according to when he started and his age at the time. Mine started in 1936 at age 10. I then started buying all back issues that I could lay my hands on with the money I had available, which wasn't much. I only wish that I had them all today. LH)

Larry Herndon  
Carrollton, Texas

Received my first copy of The Pulp Era and found it to be a very enjoyable zine. While reading it, I became very nostalgic about the good old days (which is very unusual, because MY 'good old days' were the early 1950's). The best feature in #62 was that wonderful letter column full of nostalgia, information, and just plain good talk. I only wish it could have been longer.

Prosser's cover was excellent, but haven't I seen that some place before? I seem to recall a pic in Mask & Cape by Dave that was very much like this one. No matter though--a fine job. (Ed. note. Yes, there was a similar drawing use in M&C. I didn't see it myself but Maurice Gardner wrote mentioning that it was quite similar to an original that Dave drew for the last Bantan book, "Bantan Fearless". It was not used, and Maurice sent it to Miss Gemignani. She used it as a supplement to Mask & Cape. LH)

(continued on page 49)

## A R G O S Y   I N D E X

Compiled by John C. Nitka.

Starting with this issue, the Pulp Era will publish a complete index of Argosy and All Story magazines in the fiction range. John will start with Argosy from 1930 through 1943 and then return to the earlier editions and All Story. The complete index will be printed at a later date in book form in a limited edition for those who wish it as a reference.

Only the fictional contents are indexed, articles, poetry and departments are deleted to save space and because they are meaningless to the average reader.

Once a title is indexed it is not followed up anymore. For example, Jan. 4, 1930 issue lists Backwater (T.S. Stripling) (6). This means that Backwater is a serial in 6 parts of which this is part #1. It will not be listed in the other 5 issues. This is to save space and to avoid repetition. Deleted from the Jan. 4, 1930 issue would be The Plumed Serpent (Richard Barry) (#2 of 4), Maza of the Moon (O.A. Kline) (#3 of 4), and A Road at Stake (Francis Lynde) (#4 of 4). These will be indexed in the 1929 issues in which the serial started.

In parenthesis before the title the following letter keys will be used. A for adventure, W for western, Av for aviation, M for murder or mystery, F for fantasy, Nw for northwest, and Mi for Misc. A longer hint of what the story is about will steer you into the meaning. Authors and titles take up the main space and numbers mean serials in that many parts. Ne means novelettes, ss means short story.



# A R G O S Y

1930 Jan. 4 Vol. 209 #2 Stahr

(mi)	Backwater (T.S. Stribling) (6)	Plantation Life
(M)	Blue For Blooey (E.S. Gardner) (ss)	S. F. Chinatown
(nw)	The Malady of Jean-Baptiste (Ne)	Canadian Woods
(W)	Three of a Kind (F.J. Schindler) (ss)	Prospecting
(Av)	Flying Luck (R.H. Watkins) (ss)	Barnstorming

Jan. 11 #3 Reusswig

(W)	The Law in Fraternity (Clem Yore) (3)	Too Many Sheriffs
(S)	Rising Waters (R.R. Perry) (Ne)	Murder on the Sea
(A)	The Death Song of Absinthe Develle (Theodore Roscoe) (ss)	Cochin-China)
(W)	The Phantom Mine (V. Lauriston & W. DeCartier) (ss)	Alaska Gold Rush
(M)	The Break (Tom Curry) (ss)	Crime

Jan. 18 #4 Stahr

(Mi)	A Great Man's Shoes (Fred McIsaac) (6)	Big Business
(Av)	Aces Up (J. Allan Dunn) (Ne)	Treasure Hunt
(A)	The Red Owl (R. Sabatini) (ss)	Richelieu of France
(A)	An Eye For An Eye (Theodore Roscoe) (ss)	Foreign Legion
(Mi)	The Great White Helmet (Karl Detzer) (ss)	Fire Fighters

Jan. 25 #5 Stahr

(M)	The lost Punch (George Worts) (2)	Boxing Mystery
(F)	The Mysterious John Solomon (H. Bedford-Jones) (Ne)	Invention
(M)	Silk (Homer K. Gordon) (ss)	Warehouse Looting
(Av)	Demine Craves a Thrill (Chas. W. Fessier) (ss)	Pacific Coast Airliner
(M)	Applicant #27 (Harold DePole) (ss)	Russian Roulette

Feb. 1 #6 Stahr

(W)	A Man From the Bad Lands (Geo. W. Ogden) (5)	Range War
(NW)	Little Nort' Countree Voices (Clem Yore) (ss)	Northern Gold Camp
(A)	Glamour of Gold (J. Allan Dunn) (Ne)	South Seas
(Mi)	First In (Berton E. Cook) (ss)	Sea
(M)	Crushed Evidence (Howard E. Ellis) (ss)	Logging

Feb. 8 Vol. 210 #1 Stahr

(F)	The Man Who Was Two Men (Ray Cummings) (2)	Double Identity
(A)	Your Excellency (G.B. Lancaster) (ss)	Caribbean
(F)	The Sapphire Smile (Loring Brent) (Ne)	Peter the Brazen
(M)	Fingers of the Wind (Frank H. Shaw) (ss)	Robbery at Sea
(Mi)	Meeting all Comers (Milan O. Myers) (ss)	Carnival Athletes

# A R G O S Y

1930 Feb. 15 Vol. 210 #2 Stahr

(F)	John Solomon's Biggest Game	(H. Bedford Jones) (6)	Secret War
(W)	Forty-Nine and Fight	(Robert J. Pearsall) (Ne)	Gold Rush Days
(Mi)	Front Runners	(Wm. E. Barrett) (ss)	Greyhound Racing
(M)	Cracked Ice for Three	(Clem Yore) (ss)	Diamond Robbery
(Mi)	Pure Politics	(John H. Thompson) (ss)	Electioneering

Feb. 22 #3 Graef

(F)	The Radio Gun Runners	(R. M. Farley) (6)	Inside Hollow Earth
(Av)	Fools Rush In	(Eustace L. Adams) (ss)	World War I
(Mi)	Six-Gun Railroading	(A. Leslie) (Ne)	Railroading
(Mi)	Sure Thing Bets	(H. Montayne) (ss)	Golfing
(Mi)	No More Mush	(J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Romance

Mar. 1 #4 Stahr

(A)	Man Size	(Robert Carse) (2)	Foreign Legion
(F)	The Storm That Had to Be Stopped	(M. Leinster) (Ne)	Man Made Storm
(M)	The Fire Test	(R. J. Pearsall) (ss)	Gangster's Loyalty
(Av)	Two Men in a Ship	(L. Donovan) (ss)	Pilot & Passenger at Odds
(Mi)	Fixed Fights	(J. Garretsee) (ss)	Boxing

Mar. 8 #5 Reusswig

(A)	Looter's Luck	(J. Allan Dunn) (2)	South Seas
(W)	Gold Blindness	(E. S. Gardner) (Ne)	Desert Whispers
(Mi)	War Ribbons	(F. M. White) (ss)	Spy Hunting (WW I)
(Mi)	Golden Gloves	(J. A. Thompson) (ss)	Boxing
(W)	From the Bottom of the Deck	(N. T. McMillan) (ss)	Revenge

Mar. 15 #6 Pettee

(Mi)	Caged	(C. R. Cooper) (4)	New York Slums
(Mi)	Sperm	(R. W. Alexander) (ss)	Whaling
(W)	Bad Hombres	(H. Pendexter) (Ne)	Texas Cattle Drive
(Nw)	Beans For Backbone	(R. A. Martinson) (ss)	Mounties
(Mi)	Canny	(L. W. Pedrose) (ss)	Railroading
(W)	Expiation	(Fred Niven) (ss)	Bank Robbery

Mar. 22 Vol. 211 #1 Stahr

(M)	Gone North	(Chas. Alden Seltzer) (6)	Hudson Bay Mystery
(Mi)	Grogan Gets A Shave	(Robt. J. Pearsall) (ss)	Firefighting
(F)	The Blue Cat of Buddha	(Theodore Roscoe) (Ne)	Guarded Treasures
(W)	Fall Guy	(E. S. Gardner) (ss)	Whispering Desert
(M)	The Price of a Ride	(W. Corcoran) (ss)	Escaped Convicts

Mar. 29 #2 Stahr

(F)	The City of Japheth	(W. Wirt) (3)	Search For a Lost City
(W)	Malt, Vinous or Poisonous	(J. E. Grinstead) (ss)	Humour
(A)	Devil Pearls	(R. R. Perry) (Ne)	Strange Guardian of Pearls
(Mi)	The Last Patrol	(F. Wead) (ss)	World War I
(Mi)	"Nice and Cute"	(J. A. Thompson) (ss)	Boxing
(M)	A Con Man's Luck	(Bob Davis) (ss)	Swindle Backfires

April 5                    #3            Pettee

(A)	Alexander the Red	(Don McGrew)	(3)		Ancient Rome
(W)	"Maybe" Jones	(H. Pendexter)	(Ne)		Gold Quest
(Mi)	Fake it Easy	(Tom Thursday)	(ss)		Boxing
(Mi)	They's a Train Coming	(J. A. Thompson)	(ss)		Railroading
(W)	The Bad Man of Stony Gulch	(B. E. Harmon)	(ss)		Trouble Looking

April 12                    #4            Brown

(A)	Island of the Damned	(R. S. DeHorn)	(4)	French	Penal Colony
(Mi)	Stepping in Society	(J. H. Thompson)	(ss)		Humour
(F)	Sky Madness	(Garrett Smith)	(Ne)		Intrigue in 1950
(Mi)	No Decision Rendered	(S. Carlisle)	(ss)		Boxing Mystery
(w)	Carmen	(C. A. Freeman)	(ss)		Wild West Circus

April 19                    #5            Gage

(W)	In the Reign of King Ben	(J. E. Grinstead)	(5)		Range War
(A)	Romance and Man-Root	(H. Bedford-Jones)	(Ne)	Chinese	Revolution
(W)	Pain	(Chas. W. Sanders)	(ss)		Cowboy
(A)	The Shot Heard Around the World	(F. McIsaac)	(ss)		Revolution
(Mi)	Running Wild	(A. Leslie)	(ss)		Railroading

April 26                    #6            Stahr

(Mi)	The Wrong Kind of Money	(F. McIsaac)	(6)		Politics
(F)	The Man in the Jade Mask	(Loring Brent)	(Ne)	Peter the	Brazen
(Nw)	The Martinet	(H. Steele)	(ss)	Royal N.W.	Mounted
(A)	A Portuguese Coin	Fred F. Seely)	(ss)	Caribbean	Treasure
(Nw)	The Feud of the Wolf	(Wm M. Rouse)	(ss)		Adirondacks

May 3            Vol. 212 #1            Stahr

(A)	Java Blend	(J. L. Lawrence)	(2)	Czar of the Dutch E.	Indies
(A)	The Death Watch	(Theodore Roscoe)	Ne)	Foriegn	Legion
(Mi)	No Color	(J. W. Egan)	(ss)		Boxing
(Mi)	The Old Master	(K. Scott)	(ss)	Lake Michigan	Ice Jam
(Mi)	Runaway Dynamite	(A. Leslie)	(ss)		Railroading

May 10                    #2            Stahr

(F)	Voodoo'ed	(Kenneth Perkins)	(6)		Weird Mystery
(F)	The Death Spell of Nong Chik	(W. Wirt)	(Ne)	White Man's	Magic
(Mi)	Stormalong Pays a Debt	(R. R. Perry)	(ss)		Seafaring
(Mi)	Two Crooks and a Career	(R. T. Shannon)	(ss)	Medical	Research
(W)	The Hunted	(Wm. M. Rouse)	(ss)		Posse Hunt

May 17                    #3            Brown

(A)	Mad Anthony's Legion	(F. V. W. Mason)	(2)	Troops Vs.	Indians
(A)	The High Place	(R. R. Perry)	(Ne)	Marquesan	Magic
(Mi)	The Wild Pitch	(Lt. J. Hooper)	(ss)		Baseball
(Nw)	Gold	(Wm. M. Rouse)	(ss)		Bloody Strife
(Nw)	Evidence	(J. A. Thompson)	(ss)	Perfect Crime	Backfires

May 24 #4 Stahr

(A)	The Affair at Kaligen (Talbot Mundy) (3)	Intrigue in India
(W)	Lost Island (J. Allan Dunn) (ss)	Mexican Bandits
(M)	The Diamond Trail (Geo. Worts) (Ne)	Diamond Thieves
(Mi)	Quarantined (H. M. Sutherland) (ss)	WW I Humour
(Mi)	Honor Among Politicians (J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Humour

May 31 #5 Graef

(A)	Strong Man (Anthony M. Rud) (4)	Forest Czar
(A)	Lanterns Aloft (T. G. Roberts) (Ne)	Caribbean Mystery
(W)	Stone Frogs (E. S. Gardner) (ss)	Whispering Desert
(M)	Check Back (E. E. Wallis) (ss)	Robbery
(Mi)	The Literary Racket (J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Humour

June 7 #6 Graef

(F)	The Radio Menace (R. M. Farley) (6)	Robot Super-Scientists
(W)	Golden Bullets (E. S. Gardner) (Ne)	Whispering Desert
(F)	Leopard Teeth (Theodore Roscoe) (ss)	African Superstition
(Mi)	Reverse Knock-Out (E. Cunningham) (ss)	Boxing
(M)	Second Growth (C. Clauson) (ss)	Counterfeiting
(Mi)	Right Off the Ship (H. Seymour) (ss)	Smuggling

June 14 Vol. 213 #1 Stahr

(W)	The Trail of Deceit (W. C. Tuttle) (6)	Cowboy Mystery
(F)	The Man Who Put Out the Sun (M. Leinster) (Ne)	Science
(Mi)	The Jungle Arena (Lt. J. Hopper) (ss)	Boxing
(Mi)	Epicures (J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Humour
(Mi)	"Ol Missours" (J. K. Stone) (ss)	World War I

June 21 #2 Stahr

(F)	That Cargo of Opium (Loring Brent) (2)	Peter the Brazen
(A)	By the Sword (Wm. M. Rouse) (Ne)	Mystery & Magic
(F)	The Little Gold Dove of Gojjam (T. Roscoe) (ss)	Noah's Ark
(Mi)	Every Man to His Trade (R. E. Pinkerton) (ss)	Logging
(Mi)	A Dabble in Dogs (J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Humour

June 28 #3 Stahr

(Mi)	The Ghost of Locked Inlet (R. E. Pinkerton) (2)	Logging Mystery
(M)	The Butler's Ball (H. Footner) (Ne)	Mme. Storey
(Mi)	Inside the Can Buoy (W. E. Carlton) (ss)	Seafaring
(Mi)	Clear Board (J. A. Thompson) (ss)	Railroading
(Mi)	The Evil Eye Winks (C. A. Freeman) (ss)	Humour

July 5 #4 Stahr

(Mi)	Moving Day (Edgar Franklin) (6)	Elopement
(A)	The Baldassre Ruby (M. Wheeler-Nicholson) (Ne)	Medieval Romance
(A)	Old Safety First (Eustace L. Adams) (ss)	Stunt Flying
(Mi)	The Web (H. E. Davis) (ss)	Southern Lumbermen
(Mi)	Rescuing Weasel (J. H. Thompson) (ss)	Humour

Jeeve's item was interesting, despite the fact that I had never seen Scoops before. The second most interesting thing to me, was the 3rd paragraph in your Argassing....and the tantalizing mention of coming articles on Dikar and the Bunch! I don't know why, but this excited me and I certainly hope that it is soon that these articles make their appearance. It's things like this that make me regret that I wasn't born earlier, to catch all of these great years of the pulps; fortunately, however, The Pulp Era is in many ways re-creating these great old days for me. (Ed. note. Gary Zachrich and I have started rereading the Dikar series and are outlining the articles. They should start appearing by issue #64 or #65. LH).

Jim Goodrich  
Middletown, N.Y.

Prosser grabs one with his thrilling cover and proceeds to dominate the art throughout the zine. Imagine you were a wee bit annoyed with the high typo count (most unusual for a Hickman-zine) and the repetitions that were an unavoidable outcome of the delays you suffered. Terry's reminiscences were afflicted by lack of detail found in in Jean Shepherd's total-recall tales on NY radio. Terry still writes better even with such a handicap than most fan authors. Agree 100% with Dean on the 1st Shadow novel of the new series, though have seen somewhere that a fan thinks it is tremendous. Eech. Too bad, however, that Dean didn't read the Bronze Shadow before making those errors re: Bruce Elliot, or do better research. Gary Zachrich writes and draws in a most humorous manner; can understand your enthusiasm for him as a new writer. Think we all agree with Warner re: preserving the pulp collections that still haven't been thrown out. With the recent play that nostalgia is getting in the mass media, the opportunity for national publicity is very good. Ads aren't the answer; newspaper and magazine coverage is the solution. But how? Welcome back, dear old TPE.

Seth Johnson  
Vaux Hall, N.J.

As all zines of yours, The Pulp Era #62 is typographically perfect and the art is out of this world. I came across one of Seabury Quinns novelettes in an anthology a few years back and ever since then, considering that the pocket book publishers are just about scraping the bottom of the barrel from the pulp era as you call it, why they never got around to anthologizing Seabury Quinn and his Jules De Grandin stories is beyond me. Thats one anthology that I would snap up in a hurry. (Ed. note. I disagree that publishers are scraping the bottom of the barrel on reprints from the pulp era. They have hardly started. However, you are in luck and can snap up the Quinn anthology by sending \$5.00 to Arkham House Sauk City, Wisconsin for The Phantom Fighter. See News and Views for details on the book. LH)

I wonder how long it will be until you get around to reviewing Ki Gor. Remember the Tarzan like person who lived in the era of prehistoric great reptiles, dinosaurs and so forth, and had a jewel which telepathically compelled these monsters to do as he wanted them to?

Richard W. Miller  
Dallas, Texas

Enclosed is \$1.50 for the next five issues of The Pulp Era. I have just received #62 and it's ingredients show promise of more fun and nostalgic interest to come. Good luck and congratulations.

Harry Warner  
Hagerstown, Md.

Terry Jeeves interested me so much with his article on Scoops that I dug up some of the notes on it that I took during the fan history research. It appeared on Thursdays from Feb. 10th to June 23, 1934, and even though it had so few pages, it contained almost as much material as one of the more slender prozines of 1940 when Eugene Maxon wrote an article about it for the Alchemist. He claimed that A. M. Low was the only author who used a byline, so he may have been wrong or Terry may remember what someone told him about the authors instead of what appeared as identification in the magazine itself. Maxson adds W. P. Cockroft to the list of contributors. More recently, Wally Gillings reminisced about it in the New Futurian, in 1955. He identified the editor as Hayden Dimmock and said that the title came from the different, looking-ahead nature of the contents. Pearson's was the publisher, and the people there were surprised when grown men began to read it, besides the boys for whom it was intended. Gillings claimed it failed because it couldn't escape its "stigma" as a twopenny dreadful. Fantasy Magazine quoted Dimmock as explaining that suspension came because of circulation's failure to reach the expected size. It had a weekly column, To the Planets, written by P. E. Cleator, president of the British Interplanetary Society, with news of rocket experiments, plus a letter section on the last page, Tucker wrote in the Fantasy Fan in 1934. I'm almost certain that I have four or five issues somewhere among the attic clutter, and maybe I'll turn them up one of these decades.

I'm happy to see that at least one other pulp collector has 8mm movie projecting facilities and at least a modest collection of films. I've just started getting my feet wet in this field, and it's hard to know where to start. Blackhawk films, probably the most reliable of the distributors of 8 mm films, has a wonderful catalog of the cinema equivalent of the pulp magazines.

Maurice B. Gardner wrote interestingly and it is refreshing to find an author so frank about his sources and as plain spoken about his manner of working. I can't believe that I'll ever read any of the novels but I would like to read someone's lengthy and carefully documented survey of all the important series of novels that were inspired by the Tarzan books' success. I suppose that the Bomba books were the most frankly juvenile and the most widely read. Strangely, I liked some of them when I was a kid but I could never bring myself to finish a Tarzan novel. Maybe the younger age of Bomba meshed better with my interests, or the trouble might have been that I didn't have access to the Tarzan novels until my literary tastes were getting somewhat formed and I expected a book intended for adults.

The rain maker in After the Rain should have formed a partnership with the hero of a long-ago short story or novelette in Astounding. John Russell Fearn wrote it around 1934, I think, and the title might have been The Man Who Stopped the Dust. Anyway, it told about an inventor who did away with the bane of the housewives but inadvertantly made everyone else angry because there was no dust for raindrops to coalesce around and it stopped raining from that point onward. It probably appealed to me because here, by golly, was a scientific fact that even I could understand.

Arkham House Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583, has several current and upcoming books that should be of interest to pulp era collectors.

The Phantom Fighter by Seabury Quinn is scheduled for May publication. Seabury Quinn has selected and rewritten ten of the Jules de Grandin stories from Weird Tales. The stories are Terror on the Links, The Dead Hand, Children of Ubasti, The Jest of Warburg Tantalval, The Corpse-Master, The Poltergeist, The Wolf of Saint Bonnot, Restless Souls, The Silver Countess, and The Doom of the House of Phipps. This will be published as a Mycroft & Moran book and will sell at \$5.00. I am most pleased to see the "Psychic Detective" finally appear in hard covers.

One of the most prolific of the pulp era writers was Arthur J. Burks. There were few pulp magazines that he didn't write for and in one month appeared on the covers of 11 different magazines. While the majority of Burks writing was in the adventure, airwar, and mystery fields, he also wrote many memorable science fiction and fantasy stories. Arkham House is publishing a collection of his best fantasies that will appear in the fall of 1966, under the title Black Medicine. Priced at \$5.00.

Avalon Books 22 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022 have published in hardcover editions a number of the famous novels from the Munsey files and other pulp magazines. Of special interest to me and published at \$3.25 are the following titles.

Beyond the Great Oblivion, Darkness and Dawn, and The People of the Abyss, by George Allan England, Enslaved Brains by Eando Binder, Explorers Into Infinity, and The Exile of Time, by Ray Cummings, The Hothouse World by Fred MacIsaac, The Mouthpiece of Zitu and Palos of the Dog Star Pack by J. U. Giesy, and Polaris of the Snows and Minos of Sardanes by Charles B. Stilson.

Corinth Publications 5839 Mission Gorge Road San Diego, Calif. 92120 is now publishing four series of paperback books from the pulp era magazines. These have been published under the imprints, Regency Suspense Novels and Corinth Suspense Novels.

Their first series is The Phantom Detective by Robert Wallace. Thus far, there have been 17 Phantom Detective reprints. Titles in order of appearance are as follows: The Vampire Murders, The Danc-ing Doll Murders, The Beast-King Murders, Tycoon of Crime, The Broadway Murders, The Daggers of Kali, Murder Under the Big Top, The Trail to Death, Yellow Shadows of Death, Murder Trail, The Green Glare Murders, Fangs of Murder, The Curio Murders, Murder Stalks a Billion, Murder Money, Death Glow, and Stones of Satan. #18 in the series, The Melody Murders, should be published by the time you read this. This is a good series, the Phantom was always a favorite of mine as a kid. The only faults I find in the stories, is the trying to update them by changing dates, having the Phantom drive a "compact" car, etc. We will review some of these titles in our next issue.

Corinth Publications second series is Operator 5 by Curtis Steele. There have been two titles published in this series, Legions of the Death Master, and The Army of the Dead. The third title, soon to be published, will be The Invisible Empire.

The third series, Dr. Death by Zorro, has also had two titles published, 12 Must Die, and The Gray Creatures. The third title announced will be The Shriveling Murders.

The fourth series is Secret Agent X by Brant House. Thus far only one book has been published, The Torture Trust. Corinth announces more Secret Agent X sagas to follow but I don't have any of the future titles at hand. All titles in the four series, 60¢.

I haven't received any word from Bantam Books or Belmont on the current status of Doc Savage and The Shadow, but as far as I know there have been eleven Doc Savage and six Shadow books reprinted. The Shadow books, I should say, are not reprints, but original novels based on the original character. I hope to have further news on these for the next issue.

Lynn Hickman

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Danger from Vega      Gerald Thorpe, the son of an Admiral in the  
John Rackham      Space Service, looks forward to his tenure in  
Ace Double, 50¢      the service, which normally follows the com-  
                                 pletion of a young man's formal schooling.  
His father is opposed to it because his only other son was killed earlier in the war with the Vegans, who had almost beaten Earth into submission. After a series of actions in which he is almost killed each time, he finds himself one of the three survivors of the S. S. Quest, which has been beaten to ribbons and left hanging powerless a very few light years from the nearest habitable planet. A surge of inventiveness enables the three to force the wreck of the Quest to the planet, only to find that it is one of the Vegans strong bases, peopled almost entirely by women. All in all, it makes pretty good adventure reading at least two thirds of the way through. I must say that it is one of his lesser efforts, mainly because there is nothing original in the story.

Avram Davidson's Clash of the Star Kings, the other half of the double, is set in Mexico and deals with the old indian legends. I didn't enjoy it at all, but I won't try to judge it. If you are interested in the Aztec, Toltec, etc., lore, you might have a little fun with it.

Review by Gary Zachrich

The Cross of Thuger      Alan Bedner, better known as the  
Robert Wallace House      Javelin, nearly finds his match in a  
Quixotic Paperbacks Inc.      newly introduced foe named Gelada.  
45¢      This adversary is unusual because he  
                                 operates entirely alone, and uses his  
intellect to cause innocent people to perform acts which, though

innocent in themselves, bring about the desired evil result. Strangely enough, Alan Bedner himself finds that he has been one of the major causes of a financial upheaval that led to the transference of large sums of hard monies from the east coast of the U.S.A., to the banks in the west. Through diligent scheming, Gelada manages to siphon a stupendous sum into his private coffers by taking advantage of the many miles of red tape involved in the transfer.

The Javelin, after many hours of lucubrating (a word rarely used in this type of fiction, but pleasant to stumble across) finally discovers the source of the loss, and with the help of Jerry and Eve Rullion, a married team of agents from the Special Forces group of the F.B.I., heads for Colorado, the base of operations of Gelada.



In the end, Gelada proves himself a sciolist when confronted with the Javelin's intellect. It is, however, very good reading as always, combining the clue work of a fine detective and the flashing action found in the old fashioned hero type works.

review by Standley H. Detwiler

Phoenix Prime            Strangely enough, I grew up with the idea that a  
Ted White                whole printing industry was operating for the sole  
Lancer Books            pleasure of one person. Me. Or, at least it seem-  
                             ed that way. I was twenty six years old before I  
found one person who read, or would admit that he read, science fic-  
tion. I even tried to trap an unwary fan or two by drinking endless  
cokes at the inconspicuous end of the soda fountain and staring at  
the book rack to see who would be so bold as to snatch a Doc Smith  
or something related. All I got was acute acne.

The transition in my reading habits, from Black Beauty, The Arabian Nights, and Robinson Crusoe, to science fiction seemed easy enough at the time, and other than a few disparaging remarks from my mother, I didn't think a thing about boring full speed into a heavy schedule of straight science fiction. Though extremely innocent as a youngster, I soon discerned the sidelong glances I drew when ushering my meager selection of books from the racks to the counter. And well do I remember the flinty gaze of the counter-man as he added the score. (At first, I wondered why he looked at me that way.)

Now, to the crux of it all. Over the years, I discovered an almost singular resolve by most authors to avoid all sex in my good old S. F. books. I did manage to aquire a few best sellers and war novels to fill the gaps in my WHAT EVERY YOUNG FELLER SHOULD KNOW education, and thus rounded out my knowledge. But. The conviction grew that these People who wrote S. F. would be much more believable if they would throw in a little (heh heh) sex when it was called for. Every time I ran into a phrase like "the survivors bred and multi-plied in the years that passed", or one of those tender little scenes that boils up in a real rip-snorting adventure, "as he knelt and kissed her hand and pledged his ardor and affection", I wondered about sex in science Fiction. I wonder no more. I have just finished reading Phoenix Prime by Ted White. He has done what I thought I might like to do some day. Mixed a little down to earth sex in a science fiction yarn. It literally punctured me.

Phoenix Prime started out as a pretty good book. The opening paragraph took my interest and held it for more time than is customary. Max Quest wakes up one bright morning and finds that he is a giant among men. He has developed the full power of the mind, though he is able to only partially use it. He can create flames to writhe about his body without burning, levitate, and explore the atomic structure of objects at will. Very soon, he is challenged by some strange beings to a contest of power. Max withstands the mental assaults but finds that they are earthmen who are jealous of his ability. Finding no chink in the armour of his mind, they kid-

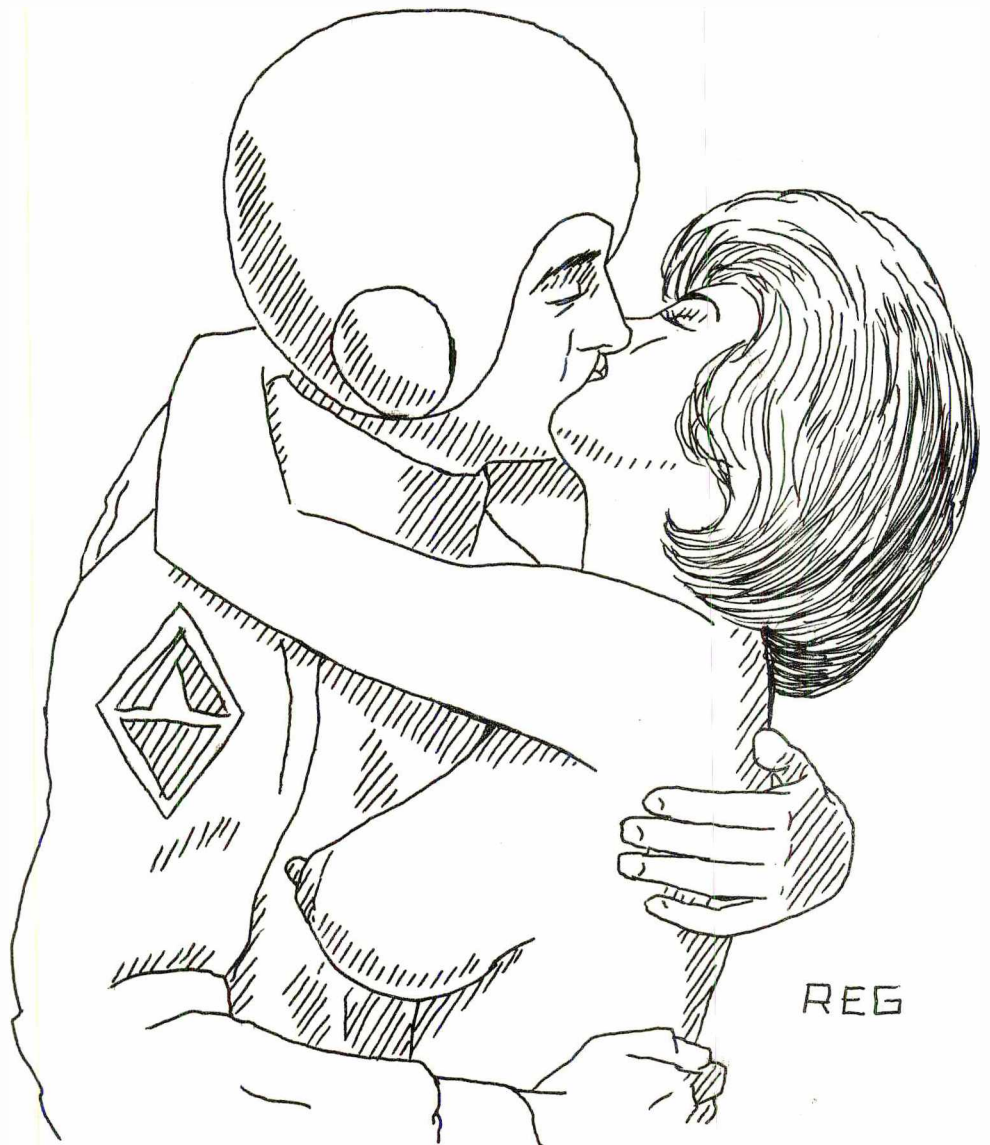
nap his girl and send her mental essence into another dimensional reality. Her comatose body is discovered by Max in the lair of his enemies. They chuckle gleefully at his discovery and offer to send him after her, thus ridding them of an enemy. By the by, these people are a group of earthmen that have developed the mental powers Max has displayed, but to a lesser degree. They hold their own only through numbers.

Max submits, thinking that his superior powers will prevail to overcome anything and return to this dimension with his girl's soul and his own to boot. Naturally, he has been tricked. He awakens to find himself alone on an inhospitable desert scene, entirely stripped of his newly acquired powers. Somehow, he manages to survive and make his way out of the desert seeking his Fran. He meets a border tribe of humans, is involved in a battle, captured and forced to the battlements of the victor where he finds a trace of his girl.

Leading the prisoners to freedom, he seeks some sign of Fran in the harem of his captor. There he finds that she has leaped into a teleport doorway and has disappeared. He follows.

To this point, I have really enjoyed the book. The first sign of More to Come, is the unusual bedroom scene between Max and his captor, who wants the pleasure of a young male body.

Now Max finds himself in the declining



city of Zominar. Once a city of millions, it now contains ten thousand and should, who have lost most of a once mighty technology, and traces of Fran. Following many small battles and new found friendships, Max finds his girl, who is also in an identical body to her own. In the preceeding adventures, Max rediscovers some of his lost abilities and uses them to good advantage when he finds her captor trying to force her into a very obscene act.

Her rescue and following confession of the many tribulations of her adventures, to quote: "they haven't been very pleasant, or very romantic" she said. "I've gone tired and hungry to bed more nights than I haven't. I've been raped a number of times -- and I've grown the emotional calluses. Like the old chinese saying: When rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it!"

Right here I almost threw the book down. I did persist, but very shortly I ran into another block. I find that when they fought their way back to earth, the fiends that had sent them had made a prostitute of the girls beautiful body. Now was that called for?? Lordy me, if you have ever had thoughts on the same line as I have, read this book. I'm not saying that it was good or bad, but I am saying that I didn't like it one bit. I don't know why, for the actions of the barbarians are entirely fitting for barbarians. Is it custom, or habit, or stodginess? Maybe I have been brainwashed, but I am now a confirmed non-sexist. That is, if it goes so far as to reveal flat reality. If I want flat reality, I will read a popular novel about tobacco farmers, ghettos, or south sea islands. Then of course, there is always True Confessions. Keep my science fiction pure.

review by Gary Zachrich

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#### L A T E N E W S . . . . .

Corinth Publications are planning several more series of the Corinth Nostalgia Books. The titles aren't announced as yet, but we will bring you the news on these as soon as we can.

If you are in one of the areas where distribution of the Corinth Nostalgia series is poor, (as I am), do not write Corinth for purposes of ordering books. They do not have a mail order service. The best thing you can do is gripe strenuously to your newsdealer about the unavailability of the books. Corinth is doing everything they can to better their distribution. Enough newsdealers asking for them might help.

Henry Steeger, of Popular Publications, writes that they are now considering a paperback offer on G-8 and his Battle Aces. Comic book rights have already been allocated. I will try to bring you information on The Spider and Dusty Ayres next issue

Lynn Hickman



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