THE PULP ERA

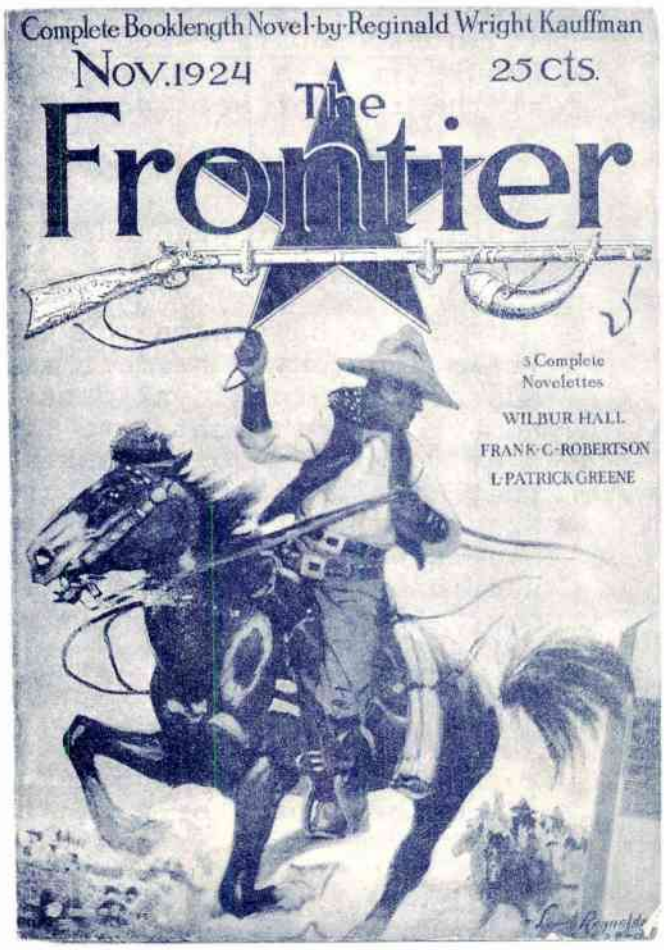
issue number 67

17th Anniversary issue

featuring:

Robert A. W. Lowndes
Bob Jones
John Phillifent
Frederik Pohl
Bill Clark
Henry Steeger
Fred Cook
Wilkie Conner
Basil Wells
Mac McGregor
Lou Tabakow

Section One



T H E P U L P E R A # 6 7 May - June 1967

Special 17th Anniversary issue

The Pulp Era is published every other month by The Pulp Era Press at 413 Ottokee Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Lynn A. Hickman Editor and Publisher. 50¢ per single copy. 5 issue subscription $2.25. 10 issue subscription $4.00. This special Anniversary issue is priced at $1.50 per single copy and counts as two issues on a subscription.

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A R G A S S I N G by Lynn A. Hickman

17th Anniversary Issue!! Honestly, after 17 years of amateur publishing I should know better than to attempt a BIG anniversary issue like this, but it seems we never learn, so here it is. I let it get so big that I will have to publish it in two separate sections as even my large stapler won't handle it as a complete magazine. The contents page will be at the rear of section two.

This is the 2nd special anniversary issue that I have put out. The first one was for my 10th year, and if I ever do it again, the next one undoubtably won't be until at least my 25th year.

There have been changes in my zine over the years. In title, contents, readers and contributors. However readership and contributor loyalty has been high and there are quite a number of both that have been with me the entire 17 years. I want to give a loud thanks to them now. It is people like this that make amateur publishing enjoyable. I want to give an extra special thanks to Wilkie Conner and Basil Wells who for 17 years have always come through with fine material whenever asked. In section two I will try to list all the zines I have published over the years. I hope I will do this correctly, though even my memory fails on some of the one-shots that might be missing from my files.

It has been fun getting this issue together, but also a lot of work. Only those that have published fanzines can understand the amount of work that goes into an issue like this.

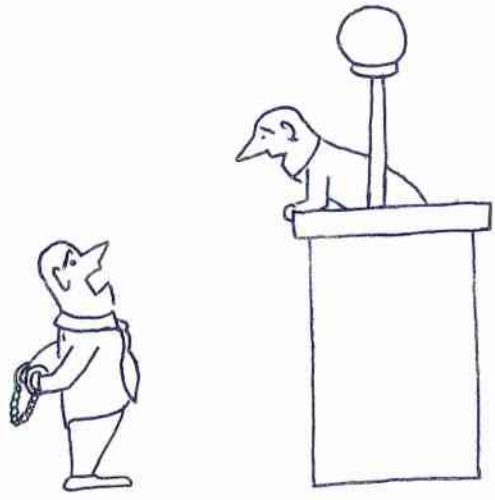
Robert A. W. Lowndes, author of our lead article "The Columbia Pulps" is the only editor today giving us a steady diet of good reprints from the old pulps in his magazines the Magazine of Horror, Startling Mystery Stories, and Famous Science Fiction. Robert Lowndes has a fine taste in picking stories that should be reread or in the case of younger fans, read for the first time. I feel it is important to the pulp collector to see that these magazines continue, and hope that all readers of The Pulp Era will subscribe to them and write to Bob telling him of stories that you have heard of and want to read and/or stories you remember and want to reread. I can't speak to highly of these magazines, for instance here are a few of the stories reprinted in the latest issues: The Magazine of Horror: "The Curse of Amen-Ra" by Victor Rousseau, The Laughing Duke" by Wallace West and "Dermod's Bane" by Robert E. Howard. Startling Mystery Stories: "The Darkness on Fifth Avenue" by Murray Leinster and "The Gods of East and West" by Seabury Quinn. Famous Science Fiction: "The City of Spiders" by H. Warner Munn, "The Man Who Awoke" by Laurence Manning and "The Master of the Octopus" by Edward Olin Weeks. Sound good? The address is: Robert A. W. Lowndes, Editor c/o Health Knowledge, Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003. Tell him Lynn sent you.

If any of my oldtime subscribers think they have seen Ray Sowers drawing that appears on page 42 before, they are right. I am reprinting this from issue #58. It is a drawing based on the character Thaine from The Swordsman of Mars by O. A. Kline. Ray will once again be contributing in the near future to The Pulp Era, so you will have some fine artwork to look forward to.

Some very interesting material coming up in future issues, a few of which are, From Blue Swastika to the Ace of Spades by Donald A. Wollheim, the start of a series on the history of the Ace pulps, The Defective Detectives by Bob Jones, an article on some of the oddest detectives that ever roamed the pulp pages, and the Hersey Pulps by Stewart Kemble, an article-review of Pulpwood Editor by Harold Hersey.

(continued on page 27)

The Pulp Collector
by Gary Zachrich



....And when he sat that sweating beer bottle down on one of my best G-8's.....


FUTURE
SCIENCE FICTION


Science Fiction
QUARTERLY


FAMOUS
DETECTIVE


SCIENCE
FICTION
STORIES


Dynamic
Science
Fiction

THE COLUMBIA PULPS

by Robert A. W. Lowndes

I do not know whether all the pulps published by Louis H. Silberkleit were put under the banner of Columbia Publications starting with the issues dated April 1941, since I hardly glanced at the other magazines being published there at that time. The first issue of FUTURE FICTION, edited by Charles D. Hornig (Nov. 1939) was credited to Blue Ribbon Magazines. The second, third, and fourth (March, July, and November 1940) were credited to Double Action Magazines. My first issue, April 1941, was credited to Columbia Publications, as were all the magazines I would edit; for advertising purposes, the pulps were known as the Double Action Group.

How my clipping a coupon in the OPEN ROAD FOR BOYS in 1928, and receiving a free copy of AMAZING STORIES for November 1928 set up a chain of events that resulted in my sharing a basement apartment in 1940 with Chester Cohen is another story. Frederik Pohl had started his own authors' agency, specializing in science fiction and fantasy, in 1937. When he became editor of ASTONISHING STORIES and SUPER SCIENCE STORIES in 1939, he arranged to turn the agency over to me when I emerged from the CCCs and came to live in Brooklyn in a collective fan apartment called the Ivory Tower. I was making a precarious existence with the agency, combined with my own attempts at writing, and had just made the first sale of my own fiction to F. Orlin Tremaine of COMET SCIENCE FICTION. (The first story in a science fiction magazine published under my name was actually a slight revision of a story by Donald A. Wollheim; Fred's reasons for running it under "Lowndes" seemed sensible to him at the time.)

Wollheim himself had just made arrangements with the Albing brothers to bring out a combined fantasy and science fiction magazine, STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, with DAW as editor.

It was late in October 1940 when don came around to Prime Base (the accounts you will read of various Futurian Apartments confuse this with the Futurian Embassy, which was upstairs and upstreet on 103d, that started when I took an apartment with John B. Michel* later, and Damon Knight joined us there after the Denver Covention in 1941) with a bunch of pulp magazines which had just appeared under a new imprint.

* Both Michel and Cohen would later work for LHS -- John as assistant to Harry Shorten, director of the comics, and Chester as general office assistant.

There was no science fiction or fantasy title in the list, and Don suggested that I write a letter to the publisher of the All-American group suggesting that a science fiction title be added to the list, and proposing myself as editor.

The technique would be to give a brief survey of the magazines in the field, and find fault with all of them -- particularly with SCIENCE FICTION, FUTURE FICTION, and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, which we all felt were the worst of the lot -- offering to bring out a good science fiction magazine at the going rate for stories, artwork, and free-lance editing. (We had learned through the grapevine what these were.) This also required considerable exaggeration of my previous editorial experience (virtually none) and slight exaggeration of my connections with well known authors, but none about my background in science fiction.

A few days later, November 1, 1940, I received a letter from Louis H. Silberkleit, saying that a friend had shown him a letter I had written, that I did not seem to think there were any good science fiction magazines going at all, and that he would like to talk to me. So I had my first meeting with LHS, a man for whom I was to work for twenty years; and through those years he maintained a very large measure of the first impression I received from him.

He had a natural charm and warmth about him, which turned out to be quite genuine, even though more earthy qualities showed up when a very volatile temper displayed itself. You knew where you stood with him; if he was pleased, he didn't hesitate to say so, and when displeased, his voice could carry to the elevators. But once he'd expressed his feelings, there was no grudge on his part. And once you'd gained his confidence, he never forgot that you really had proved yourself.

He could ride people pretty mercilessly, but there was one thing I discovered about that: these were invariably people who just couldn't learn how not to irritate him with petty defiances and stupidity. Disagreement he could tolerate, and he could be convinced. His first thoughts were often excellent, but there were times when they were cancelled out by second thoughts of what constituted shrewd business practice -- and these were sometimes disastrous.

When I first met him, he was a struggling publisher. Long before I left, the Archie Comics group had made him a rich man. I saw his son Michael grow from a small boy to a fine man with a lovely wife and children. LHS was well off by the time Mike was a teenager; and when the teen-age son of a newly-rich man, who has had to struggle the way LHS did, does not become a delinquent but shows all the best qualities of his father, you know that the father has a basic goodness in him.

Within five minutes of that initial handshake, LHS said that he wanted me to be editor of FUTURE FICTION. Charles Hornig had moved to the West Coast, and that alone made his handling of the magazine an unsatisfactory arrangement. It would be tolerable

only if his titles were a big success; the fact that I was being considered as a replacement was in itself proof that they were not.

There was no objection to my being an editor, writer, and authors' agent, all at once. I could draw upon the authors in my own stable as much as I liked, but of course it was not good business to use them exclusively -- and we both knew I did not have all the good authors. I would put together an issue of FUTURE FICTION, including departments -- and continue, or change, or drop the existing departments as I saw fit.

One of my criticisms of not only Hornig but all the others was that there seemed to be a tendency to use "names" in the field irrespective of whether the particular story had much, or any, of the qualities through which an author had become a favorite with readers. LHS agreed that good stories were the important thing, and that "names" shouldn't be used for their own sake alone.

This would not have been at all misleading to me after a few years' editorial experience, but my naivity made for a rather painful baptism of fire. The issue of FUTURE FICTION, as I first made it up, contained none of the bigger "names" current in the field at all, although several of the authors had had stories published in the other magazines. Had LHS, relying on his very sound instinct for people's capabilities, not determined that he wanted me for his science fiction editor, he might have listened to the editorial director, who, after looking my copy over, didn't think I "had it".

So we started again, with a high stack of mss. that had come in the mails -- a good number of them from somewhat better known names than the ones I'd presented at first -- and LHS arranged with Julius Schwartz for a lead 'novelet' by Manly Wade Wellman. (It wasn't a 'great' story by any means, but was smoothly written and fairly enjoyable.) There was also a short story by Helen Weinbaum from the same source.

Thus I learned what a publisher of pulp magazines meant when he talked about "good stories". Any specific example could coincide with my own ideas about a "good story", but it wasn't necessarily the same thing at all. To a greater or lesser degree this was true of all the science fiction pulps. "Good stories" were stories which would be featured on the cover; the names on the cover mainly had to be the names of authors with a solid reputation in the field -- authors whose names could be expected to make sales. I still did not have to fill an entire issue with "names"; one of the stories I had originally selected was approved, and most of the others I would run later when the sales reports had given me a vote of confidence.

I also learned what the phrase "by popular request" meant. It was something applied to the reprint of what we felt was a good story, and one which some readers would request if we asked for votes. Thus "Martian Guns" in my first issue, and the stories that would be run later; I don't doubt that someone would have asked for each and every one of them had there been a plebescite in advance.

But I learned what a "good story" was -- and in addition to the magic of the name, another requirement was that it was accessible at the rates we could pay, and it followed the general action pulp formula. There was, happily, no limit on how well written or otherwise well done a story could be within these limitations; and outside of "cover" items, which would occupy the bulk of an issue, I was free to experiment with unknowns and stories which might not conform to formula.

Before I'd gotten that first issue of FUTURE to bed, I found that I was also the new editor of SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, the lead novel for which had already been arranged for. Expecting to have to go through the same procedure here as with FUTURE, I selected the short stories with my eye on the policy -- to find that they did not have to be screened by the editorial director, Abner J. Sundell, after all. He gave me some brief but very effective instruction, with understanding sympathy, and left the company soon after. The over-all direction was turned over to a young fellow who handled all the production details, while various paid "readers" selected the mss. and wrote the blurbs.

The second issue of FUTURE I put together got no more than a cursory screening; LHS satisfied that I had gotten the idea, and thereafter I would be let alone for the most part. However, being left alone to a very large degree involved being left alone with Ray Cummings novels; LHS had made a deal with him to reprint as many of them as possible.

I had never thought much of Cummings once I actually got to reading his stories in the 30's, although I was enthusiastic about "The Exile of Time" and "Wandl, the Invader" (which I would later edit for Avalon and Ace, respectively, regretting the necessity of having to abridge or delete so many of the footnotes). But I shudder now at the thought of the atrocities I perpetrated in an effort to "improve" the stories, or trim them down so that I could get some new stories into an issue as well. (Most of All I repent what I did to "Shadow Girl" which is now available only in a reprint of my edition; and I have not yet dared to reread "Beyond the Stars" to see if my mutilations have been perpetuated. Today I find Ray Cummings quite enjoyable.)

Charles Hornig had meanwhile prepared what was to be the final issue of SCIENCE FICTION, and I handled the production. It was no pleasure, outside of a better-than-usual cover by Paul (meaning that the usual Paul cover on these magazines was rather far from his best); but I felt that it would not be honorable to interfere -- and I didn't until the proofs came back and I found that there was far too much copy to fit into the issue. When I took out the stories that didn't fit, there were now some holes in the issue. By an interesting coincidence, there were short-short stories by both Wollheim and myself handy (under pseudonyms); but I must confess that it was not strictly necessary to replace the department "Science Fiction Times" with "Futurian Times", which occupied the same amount of space, no more no less. Taurasi's department would have been acceptable enough with a little sympathetic but firm editing -- which it had not received from his friend Hornig.

So my third issue saw the title of the magazine change to FUTURE combined with SCIENCE FICTION, ran the first (and in many ways best) of the Ray Cummings reprints ("The Man on the Meteor"), and presented Hannes Bok's first science fiction cover. It was also the first time that I arranged to have a story written to fit a cover; and this time, Wollheim and Bok discussed the scene beforehand. Generally though, a story written around a cover was entirely ex post facto, the only exceptions I can remember are Bok's cover for "No Star Shall Fall", where I had the scene clearly in mind when I suggested it to him (and I seem to recall his suggesting one important aspect of the tale) and Milton Luros' cover for "Interference", many years later in the revived SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, February, 1952. In that case, all I had in mind was a "flying city" cover; and two weeks before copy deadline, still hadn't the faintest idea of what in the ever-loving world I was going to write. That cured me of setting up covers for myself to write stories around! (Well, maybe not; it may have been later that I put a title and one of my pseudonyms on the cover of one of the Westerns, then sweated blood trying to work out a story around both.)

The early reports on my first issues were favorable; the April issue for 1941 sold no worse than the one before, and the August 1941 issue picked up in sales. And, apparently things were going along satisfactorily, as we shall see after the following digression.

In my letter to the publisher of the All-American fiction group I had quoted one price as my fee per issue if I would not be required to proofread, and a somewhat higher one if I were expected to read proofs. LHS told me that I did not have to worry about proofreading; the books were all proofed at the printer's, that being part of the arrangement with them. It was not until the end of 1942, when I noted some of the horrors that came out in my story, "The Leapers", that I began to doubt whether proofreading was actually being done at Holyoke; at any rate, I started to read proofs at once.

P.S. I have learned since then that the talents needed for a good proffreader, and those needed for a good editor, are very much different. I've never been more than a mediocre proofreader at the best ("Mediocre" means "of medium excellence", not "poor"). But the fact remains that in small outfits like Columbia, the editor has to be as good a proofreaderas he can be, and that is it. (For a time, when things were going well after the war, we managed to pay for outside proofreading talent, and I think the difference showed. However, the world's greatest proofreader is no protection against typesetters who make gruesome errors while correcting mild ones, and this is the risk you take every time you mark up proofs. Even today, there are some minor things in my publications that I have deliberately let ride --and some major horrors that wouldn't have happened if I hadn't insisted that a comma, etc., be inserted, thus requiring an entire line to be re-set.)

But, to return to 1942 ... It was toward the end of March that LHS took me aside one day and asked me if I would like to edit some Western magazines, in addition to science fiction. I

told him the honest truth. I'd read perhaps a half dozen western stories in my life, and used to love the silent cowboy pictures when a child; I knew which end of a gun shoots and which way you face riding a horse, and that was it. Don't worry about it, he replied. You know a good story. You're not a western fan, so if a western story holds your interest all the way through, it's probably good enough. And it turned out that Columbia had a good supply of dependable regulars writing westerns, and we had a good-sized backlog of stories on hand, selected by a reader who had been a western and detective story editor for Popular Publications, a very pleasant fellow named Costa Carusso -- to whom I apologize if I've misspelled his name. I'd work on salary; Dave Goldwasser, who was handling the over-all direction, had to take some sort of defense job in Washington. I could even keep my agency on the side, if I wanted to. (Decided it wasn't right, so turned it over to John Michel, who ran it into the ground; I don't think it was so much a lack of talent than that he really didn't care very much.)

Thus, the first Monday in April, 1942, I reported for duty at the offices at 60 Hudson Street -- to find out that I wasn't just handling a couple of western titles, but was editorial director of the entire pulp chain: westerns, sports, detective, science fiction, and love. (There was a separate editor for IDEAL LOVE, who worked on a free-lance basis, Dio gratia.)

I'm not by any means sure of all the titles -- they would shift during the years -- but I seem to recall the following: BLUE RIBBON WESTERN, DOUBLE ACTION WESTERN, REAL WESTERN, FAMOUS WESTERN, and WESTERN YARNS. ALL SPORTS, SUPER SPORTS, SPORTS FICTION, and SPORTS WINNERS. CRACK DETECTIVE and CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE. I had read detective magazines once in a while, and was always fond of the puzzle type of whodunit -- not the slam-bang action type; but sports ... this I knew from nothing. And just to top it off, by the end of the year we had added an air-war magazine, SKY RAIDERS, to the list. (We also added GAY LOVE but that I didn't have to worry about, except to keep at the editor to get things in on time.)

The love story editor was replaced by her protegé, Marie Antoinette Park, who would remain at this post until the ship sank in 1960. Miss Park was a woman of great charm, whose outwardly innocent and fluttery manner concealed a very respectable intelligence and culture. We irritated each other, frequently to the point of near-homicide; but a mutual respect and affection was underneath, and when either of us was in trouble the team came first. She had a virtually infallible story sense for this type of fiction, and the fact that the love magazines were never in serious trouble -- except when the whole chain was -- proved that she knew what she was doing. For the mechanics of production, she had no talent at all -- but then, that was what the editorial director was there for.

Since I made up all the covers and interior layouts (except for a flush period of a few years, when Milton Luros was art director) I got off to a fine start with MAP by misspelling her name

the first time she appeared on a cover. Will someone show this to Dr. Asimov, please? Part of my mission in life is to console the Good Doctor with proof that Isaac Asimov has not been singled out by a fiendish fate to be this century's victim in such matters.

The western stories I found rather easy to take to. There were some good writers there, some of whom I still consider good writers: T. W. Ford, Lee Floren, Harry Sinclair Drago, Archie Joscelyn, Anthony Rud -- these come to mind at first. They also had various pseudonyms; and I might ad that "Cliff Campbell" was a "house name" -- something I could not explain to the occasional reader who did not understand why one Cliff Campbell story could be so good, and another so terrible.

The authors with whom I had any personal contact, or correspondence, were friendly and co-operative to a fledgling editor, often far beyond the line of commercial necessity. T. W. Ford (when he died, it came out somewhere that his name was really Ford Rober, but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this) was the best of the lot in many ways. He was the van Vogt of the Western story, so far as plot intricasy went, but there weren't any loose ends. I've never encountered an author more difficult to cut, and after a couple of attempts where it was absolutely necessary (we had to get at least three items on the contents page of each issue, and the first three titles listed above featured book-length novels in each issue -- often reprints of hard-cover books) gave it up. His stories were filled with fascinating details, which were painful to cut out, but which seemed expendable at the moment -- except that fifty pages later you were likely to find that those two paragraphs were absolutely crucial. T. W. had himself been an editor at Fiction House, back in the 20's (in the days of "Candy" Kelly) and just to relate some of the stories he told about the true golden days of the pulps that I still remember would take up another six pages ---- . He tried, at times, to break in to better (meaning higher paying) markets but his entire being was fixed in the pulps; and he wrote such enjoyable stories, with ingenious violations of the "formula" that I never insisted on, that outside of money I think more would have been lost than gained had he made it to the slicks. (Where the formulas were really stultifying.) By the time I became a pulp editor, it was possible for a writer to write a western the way he wanted to for a fair number of markets. Since I didn't know from nothing, I told all my writers to turn out stories they enjoyed writing and do them the way they felt the story required. My one insistence, outside of the fact that a story must convince me while I was reading it, was that national or racial sterotypes -- particularly villians -- would not be permitted.

Sport stories I grew to tolerate and finally rather enjoy (somewhere in the process I became a Dodger fan, and that helped), and such authors as John Wilson, Roe Richmond, Richard Brister, and several whose mss. came in on the same yellow paper used by T. W. Ford, stick in my memory. Outside of baseball, however, I could not care less about what the stories were <u>about</u>, so I do not believe that I was as good a sports editor as a western editor, even though the sports magazines sold well enough.

The detective titles were my favorite, next to science fiction, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why, most of the time, they were in trouble. It wasn't entirely a matter of low pay or even pay on (and in bad times, considerably after) publication. It was the fact that I was more of a reader than an editor on the detective titles; I could see what I liked, but I could not see that perhaps what made this type of magazine sell, when it sold, was stories that I did not care for at all.

I don't remember now whether LHS toyed verbally with the possibility of bringing out a fantasy title in my presence, or whether the notion was my own, inspired by Wollheim's short-lived STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES, probably a combination of both. But in the summer of 1942, shortly after I was utterly rejected by the armed forces (my draft status had suddenly been shifted to 1A, from 2 something -- various defects -- which may have included imbecility, by army standards), I suggested that we change the title of FUTURE combined with SCIENCE FICTION to FUTURE Fantasy and Science Fiction, running both types of stories but not trying to split the magazine down the middle as DAW had done with SSS.

After three issues, the reports on the first either indicated failure or the lack of notable improvement. One last attempt was made, since paper was growing short and obviously the best sellers would be maintained and the rest put on ice, if not entirely slain. (LHS started out working for Hugo Gernsback, and, in fact suggested FUTURE FICTION to HG at the time that Gernsback was seeking a title for what became AMAZING STORIES.) Despite the worries and aggravations the SF magazines caused much of the time, LHS never lost interest, or could be convinced that a science fiction magazine couldn't make money somehow. The last attempt in 1942 was to go back to the original title SCIENCE FICTION and add the word, "Stories". Two issues came out, dated 1943; the letter department was dropped. And that was that, until 1950. SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY had apparently made out fairly well -- there was never the trouble with it that there was with FUTURE -- but the Spring 1943 issue was the last one in the numbered series. When we revived it in 1951, we could honestly start with Volume One, Number One.

SKY RAIDERS, lasted a year or so, and was put to rest, not a moment too soon for me. I found it a bore, and though I tried to make it interesting, my heart wasn't in it. There remained the Westerns (all of them, although I think we did drop WESTERN YARNS somewhere in this period) and CRACK DETECTIVE, to which first the word "Stories" was added, then the title changed to FAMOUS DETECTIVE. And somewhere we added REAL WESTERN ROMANCES.

I started the magazine, but we eventually decided that it should be a love pulp with Old West settings, rather than a Western magazine with strong romance elements added. So Miss Park took it over, and did very well by it -- though with somewhat less enthusiasm than she had for the regular love pulps.

The only way to get anything about artists into this account is just break the narrative here and talk about them. I thought

I knew something about science fiction art, and my first few years showed me what I thought I knew was a disadvantage. I tried to break in new illustrators; some known fans who turned to it, some readers, like John Forte, Jr., who were not known to fandom. I was sensitive to the imaginative qualities in most of Forte's work, but could not see that there was a stiffness about much of drawing which was a serious defect. Perhaps a good art director could have helped him; I couldn't. But looking through those old issues, I find there were few instances where all his strengths came through and the weaknesses were either absent or minimized.

It wasn't until the revival of the science fiction magazines that we came to Finlay to any extent, then to Freas and Emsh. All three were a pleasure to work with; sadly, we were using Finlay at a time when we could rarely get decent reproduction. Kelly was great fun and came forth with brilliant things; Emsh was more reliable in the long run and could do more with seemingly ordinary scenes -- while he seldom matched Freas at Freas' very best, I do not recall him ever being as thoroughly bad as Kelly could be in an off period. I refuse to try to decide which was the better science fiction artist; both are unforgettable for anyone who was a science fictionist during their time.

In the 40's, there was no one of quality that we could get (putting aside the Old Master, Frank R. Paul) outside of Hannes Bok and Boris Dolgov. These two were the Kelly Freas and Emsh combination of the time, with one most important difference; neither was really a science fiction artist; both were stylists and both could turn in beautiful work (sometimes they collaborated under the name Dolbokov). But Hannes could both rise higher and sink lower. Here, I can make a choice: I prefer Dolgav.

With the other magazines knowing naught about it, I mahaged to get better artwork. Our covers were done by a variety of artists, H. W. Scott and A. Leslie Ross being the best for the westerns; and Ross also did many sports, and a few science fiction covers. It was Scott who encouraged me to try my hand at painting, for my own amusement, and I've never been sorry even if I've kept only one canvas (well, kept where it can be seen). Norman Saunders and Milton Luros I recall particularly on detectives, although Luros did many science fiction covers, as well as westerns; Luros had solid ability and considerable imagination, but was short on diplomacy at times. Ross didn't need diplomacy. Eventually he went to the west coast where, after some years he built up a very formidable publishing empire of his own. We also irritated each other, but Uncle Milty, or the Colonel (like myself, he was a Colonel in the Confederate Air Corps -- I got the commission from him through a novelty mail-order house -- or perhaps it was Miss Park, who had gotten a commission for me to begin with, being a southern belle herself) as we called him, was fun to work with; and it's the bright moments -- many of them springing from Luros' bottomless fund of hilarious and unprintable stories -- that I remember most often. His black and white illustrations were of very good quality, and what I know about magazine layout I learned from Luros, more than all other sources put together.

Before Milt came along, I was trying to imitate layouts I saw in other magazines, particularly the ones in the Popular Publications group. I remember taking a batch of my first issues with me the last time I saw Alden H. Norton, who had become editorial director at Popular, to whom I had sold some stories while I was an agent, and who had given me some chances to write cover stories for ASTONISHING STORIES and SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. Norton was a fine person and a good editor for someone who really did not have much background in science fiction. He thought my attempts at layout were not too bad, but made one statement which was especially helpful: "Remember that you're not bringing out magazines to inpress other editors." That made sense immediately, and my layouts began to get less fussy.

The love covers, for most of the period, were the private domain of Morr Kusnet, who was a very skilled worker with the pastel crayon. His pastels gave me my first gray hairs, because you just have to look at a pastel cover too hard to smudge it. One of my most horrible experiences was going through the pile of covers, which were stacked on the floor by the wall, and finding that a Kusnet cover which we were just about to use had somehow been rubbed against and was ruined. Morr came over and touched it up, remarking that he guessed I'd caught merry hell from LHS when this was discovered.

Actually, I hadn't. When you went in and confessed an accident or horrible blunder to Mr. Silberkleit, you found that he had a forgiving heart. If he thought you weren't giving your best, or trying to evade responsibility, etc., then you could get the works over very trivial matters; but when he saw you were giving everything you had, then even serious mistakes weren't counted against you. And if you were in personal trouble, he would do everything he could for you.

I think my favorite artist, in many ways, was that fine trouper of the pulps, C. A. Murphy, whom science fiction readers did not appreciate as much as I did. We used him mostly for the other magazines. I liked the smoothness of his style, and the feeling he could get into a picture, as well as the fact that he could draw human figures and faces that looked human. This, of course, is not all it takes to make an effective pulp illustration. Elton Fax's figures and faces were not anywhere near so good as Murphy's, but he had punch and feeling in his drawings that more than made up for it. Ed Moline's originals looked just dreadful; but when reduced, you saw that his western scenes, and even the wooden figures, had an atmosphere that came across very well.

Murphy was a fine, genial and cultured Irishman with just the touch of blarney that made him delightful to know, and he could do things with a deck of cards that made you wonder why he wasn't a stage magician. Even after he had shown me how he did some of the tricks, I still couldn't see him doing it at full speed; the illusion remained superb.

Some of the things he was blamed for were due to the fact that there wasn't time for an artist to read a mss., and sometimes I did not have time to give more than a very cursory and mislead-

ing description. I caused A. J. Budrys much pain over the artwork for one of his stories this way.

LHS had told me, when I started out as editorial director, that if I found I didn't want to continue, I could still go back to editing the science fiction magazines on a free-lance basis. Perhaps I would feel that I wasn't suited for western and sports editing. At times, during 1942, I was tempted to take him up on this, but a weekly salary, however small, was just too seductive -- and I was beginning to enjoy the westerns and detectives, at least.

Had I chucked it all, of course, there would have been nothing after the first of 1943. The July issue of SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, and issue #10 of SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY would be the last Columbia science fiction until 1950.

But the loss of the science fiction magazines was painful, and I did feel at the time that the fans had let me down -- that they were too busy cheering Campbell, or too involved in their own fan activities to write letters of comment, favorable or otherwise. Not that I thought my magazines were the best; I knew they were not, but more letters would have helped.

LHS had been in touch with Hugo Gernsback from the first, and in those days the mail for each issue of AMAZING STORIES was heavy. Despite the poorness of the product, Hornig had received quanities of mail on his issues of SCIENCE FICTION and FUTURE FICTION. If a large quanity of letters were coming in, then LHS could feel that even if sales were not rising rapidly we had an audience here. But the mail fell off, even as my issues were improving -- from better contacts and experience. So we used the paper available for more certain ventures, western and sports, which hardly ever got a letter, but which sold steadily and well.

It would be many years before I recovered from the bitterness of this period, and realized that I had not been forgotten or ignored as completely as I thought. None of the magazines were receiving the stacks of letters that used to come in during the days when there were only one or two titles, and no fan clubs or fan magazines. But this feeling that I sustained then had a very great deal to do with my withdrawal from fan activities, and my increasing hostility to what I considered "fannish" attitudes, etc. The bitterness came out particularly in the late 40's, in the publications of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association. I was telling myself that I was through with science fiction and the ways of science fiction fans. I didn't want to be reminded that I had been a very enthusiastic science fictionist and fan not many years previous -- because, of course, this would include being reminded that I was a flop as a science fiction editor. (This last summer, 1966, I dragged out the pile of dusty manila envelopes, and re-read just about the entire run of the Vanguard mailings, 1945 through 1950, 26 mailings. The 27th was a single sheeter from Manager Bill Danner, bearing the headline "I quit!" everyone else having vanished as if they'd met Boojums -- and it isn't pleasant to see what bad shape I was in in that period.

Somewhere during these years we moved to 241 Church Street.

It was Oscar J. Friend who persuaded LHS to revive the science fiction magazines in 1950. I was not enthusiastic at the time, but it didn't take long for me to revive interest. (I'd disposed of my entire collection, professional magazines as well as fan magazines, and persuaded myself that I wanted nothing further to do with science fiction and science fiction fans, or anything that reminded me of the same. This was one of the things which helped bring Vanguard APA to a premature grave; my antipathies, combined with some personal resentments, made it easy for me to jump fast at the end of 1947 when a handful of Vanguard members in New York City seemed ready, willing, and eager to support schism; thus the Spectator Club, which came and went before I knew there was such a thing as the Spactator Amateur Press Association.)

The response to the first issue of FUTURE showed me how I'd misjudged the situation back in the 40s. That issue drew something over 250 letters, over the course of six months, despite the fact that on a good part of the run the artwork (well drawn, but, by fiat, slanted toward the erotic more than science fiction appeal) came out very badly. Whether the content was better than the last issue of FUTURE's first series (this was now FUTURE combined with Science Fiction Stories, Volume 1, Number 1) the fact was that I had had six years uninterrupted experience in putting pulp magazines together, and this made a difference. The tone was more professional, although in some ways any fiction magazine I edit will have something of the quality of a personal publication, if there's any opportunity for me to do this at all. (This is one of the reasons why I've turned down opportunities to make a good deal more money than I do -- they meant being a member of a team which produced faceless publications, as impersonal as TIME.)

The personal touch has it defects, of course, and I can see that the defects predominated in my early issues of FUTURE, etc. But once one has a foundation of professionalism, the advantages overweigh the liabilities (which include getting so deep into "in" references, etc., that you cut yourself off from general readership and expansion); and this can be a distinct advantage if you are in a position where there is very little, or not enough, straw to make the bricks. Except for a few years after the war, Columbia could not match rates with the competition; my connections, and freedom from some of the more pointless tabus of formula pulp fiction, resulted in my getting many stories which another person might not have gotten at the rates we could pay.

But in 1949, Columbia was in pretty good condition. Ten years before, the chain was on little more than the well-known shoestring; with very few exceptions, payment was ½¢ a word some time after publication. In later years, LHS, in talking about those days, mentioned that there was a period, before war conditions made every pulp magazine that could get paper a profit-making proposition, when he'd paid my salary out of his own pocket, because there was nothing in the company till. I believed

him then and I believe it now; the pulp chain meant something to him personally, and in later years he went through a great deal of trouble to try to keep it going, long after any economic need for it had passed. Archie Comics was paying off handsomely, and even good sales from the pulps meant little more than change in the publisher's pocket, relatively speaking.

But things looked hopeful in 1949, and while we could not match Street & Smith rates, we could go as high as some of the others, using a sliding scale which I have always believed the most sensible and the most fair method of payment. T. W. Ford used to talk about Clayton Publications, where the rate was 2¢ a word, no matter who you were. This was fine, until you saw some of the inferior stories that were getting as good rates as you were. (And since the Kingdom of Heaven is not yet in all writers and publishers, a flat high rate is going to arouse resentment among the better writers and, in the end, bring less advantage to the publisher than a sliding scale. As I was to discover later, the established writer who gets some sort of financial recognition of the fact that he is a more skilled craftsman than someone else will sell below his top, or usual rate, so long as he is getting your top rate -- and there is a difference between your top and bottom.)

We were also able to pay upon acceptance, or, at the worst promptly at publication time.

What many people who have heard of Columbia as the lowest and slowest paying of the old pulp houses do not know is that there were times when an established writer could get a faster check from Columbia than anywhere else. We didn't have a special setup such as Fiction House had back in the 20s, where, if a story was accepted, the author could get a cash payment immediately at half rates, but manys the time I read a story while an author in trouble waited, then gotten a check for him within ten minutes.

FUTURE combined with SCIENCE FICTION went over, though we could not hold on to the 15¢ price; costs were rising, and we had to raise all the 15¢ magazines to 20¢. A year later, there was no doubt that science fiction was paying, and we brought back SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY.

And then came the deluge, not only in science fiction, but in every other type of pulp magazine. Just about every pulp title that had existed before the war was restored, and new ones added. But the most flagrant spoiler was the publisher who had the bright idea of bringing out a new sports title every month. All these magazines (a rah of westerns came from the same place, but not so many) were listed as bi-monthlies; actually, a few of them saw a second issue after six months. But for nearly a year, if I recall correctly, the new titles kept appearing.

We helped swell the tide, of course. We added ACTION PACKED WESTERN, SMASHING DETECTIVE, and ROMANTIC LOVE STORIES somewhere alone the line. (But we also dropped BLUE RIBBON WESTERN.) I did not keep copies of all the magazines I edited; and without a collection of Columbia's rejection slips, dated, which listed our titles of the moment, I just cannot be sure which ones we had when.

The newsstands were saturated and I saw what was going on, a number of times. Tuesday, in comes the new issue of DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION (which we started at the end of 1952). Thursday, in comes THRILLING WONDER STORIES. The magazine racks are jammed full. The dealer takes out DSF and replaces it with TWS; DSF is now returned to the distributor. Two days later, in comes PLANET STORIES, and out goes TWS. And the titles kept on appearing, new ones coming up. Finally the dealer doesn't bother to open the package at all; he just throws it into the back room, and there it stays unless some customer comes in and asks for the magazine -- and he happens to remember he has it, and feels like opening the package.

Eventually it comes to the point where the wholesaler doesn't bother to send the magazines around in the first place.

The reaping came during 1953; you have to remember that it very often takes six months before you know just what has happened. In 1953 the figures finally came in, showing what had happened in 1952 -- and what was getting worse.

In 1954 we started the change over to pocket size. A few titles (SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, the love titles) remained pulp size until the end but most of them were reduced. We had previously started to trim the edges on all the books (1953). Frequency of FUTURE was reduced, DSF was buried; and rates of payment were cut, except for special instances, mostly spelled "Isacc Asimov".

Somewhere in this period, the wound from which there would be no recovery was incurred. The American News Company went out of the magazine distribution business. Publishers had been cussing about ANC's antiquated methods for years, but now all began to learn first-hand that you have to experience the worse in order to appreciate the bad.

Because two of the owners of Columbia Publications were also two of the three owners of Archie Comics, it was possible to get a distributor for the Columbia pulps. I am sure that this new distributor could have done a better job for the pulps than he did (his heart was never in it), but I am no longer sure that this would have been sufficient. In order to cover the country to the extent it had been covered before, innumerable deals with independent local wholesalers had to be made. If they flatly refused to take the pulps, nothing could be done about it (and, of course, the refusal was hidden behind plausible-sounding excuses -- that the cost of distributing the pulps was higher than the profit that they could make on even an excellent sale). To prove in court that a wholesaler was discriminating unfairly might have been possible -- but the expense of winning such suits, (many would have to be brought) would wreck a small company. Innumerable magazines simply went out of business.

Suddenly, Columbia was the only publisher of sports magazines, then the only publisher of western magazines. One would think -- I thought at the time -- that this would help. No competition! Now we'll pick up the former readership of the Popular and Standard westerns, etc. Well ... we probably did pick up a few; but

the lack of competition turned out to be no help at all. The more important fact was that, so far as general distribution went, the surviving pulps weren't in evidence on the newsstands for the most part.

Press runs were decreased; we arrived (I know not how) at a formula whereby we could keep going at a sale per issue which would have been sudden death not many years back. But it also meant that expenses would have to be pared to the minimum. One story per issue in the science fiction magazines, now and then, could be paid for at high rates, on acceptance (mostly spelled Asimov -- but we did astonish Garrett & Silverberg, and Scott Meredith, by paying 3¢ a word within the same day of submission for a story which they'd expected to get a reasonably prompt acceptance from Bob Mills from, @ 2¢ a word). For the rest, it was ½ to 3/4¢ a word, some time after publication, and the waiting period gradually increased. We also had to start combing of yesteryear on all the magazines for reprints of stories to which all rights had been purchased. And full color cover illustrations were abandoned. It wasn't just the price to the artist, though every saving helped; it was also the difference in engraving costs.

This was a time when pocket book covers were getting more and more erotic, whatever the content inside might be. LHS wanted any original artwork (we used as much reprint artwork as we could) to be "sexy" and as much titillation as feasible (and safe) to be put into at least some of the stories. Whether it helped the detective titles (we'd brought out DOUBLE ACTION DETECTIVE and FAST ACTION DETECTIVE in pocket size form, dropping FAMOUS DETECTIVE and SMASHING DETECTIVE, which had been the pulp titles) I do not know. But I'm reasonably sure that the idea was detrimental to the science fiction titles.

In 1954, we'd shifted FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION to pocket size, and tried one issue printed by Ralston to see if we could get in there with the sales. The printing costs, paper costs, were much higher; but especially disatrous was the order to use something like three times as much artwork than in the pulp format. That issue, FUTURE, October 1954, has been called by many the finest-looking single issue of a science fiction magazine of the decade, at least. I agree that it was beautiful. Both the art director Milton Luros, and I were opposed to such extravagence, because we both had a strong feeling that it would raise costs far beyond any possible increase in sales for just a single issue, on sale for two months. (But it <u>was</u> beautiful!)

Milt and I were, sadly, all too right. That was the final issue of FUTURE for some time. For a year or two, it appeared as a semiannual, and up to the end had no further volumes or volume numbers. In 1953, we tried Science Fiction Stories as a one-shot. We got good printing, and paid reasonably good prices for most of the fiction, on acceptance; plus good artwork, but not a runaway splurge. The issue was on sale for something like six months, and after about four months or so, the orders came to me to start preparing a second issue, but send the copy to

our regular printer. This kind of experiment made sense.

For a time, it looked as if there would be a real comeback. While the base rates remained low, we were able to pay better for names and some cover stories, and SCIENCE FICTION STORIES became a bi-monthly in 1955. (Why LHS thought we should take over the volume numbering of FUTURE never was clear; I didn't have time either to argue or worry much about details like this.) It went well enough so that we increased the number of pages with the January 1956 issue -- and loosened the purse strings for Asimov, first of all, who was the first one LHS thought of when you mentioned "names" in science fiction. (As I said, his first thoughts were often excellent.) The results were not sufficient to continue a thicker magazine, and we dropped back to 130 pages in 1957.

One more attempt was made to break out of a narrowing circle; in 1958, SFS went monthly. Unfortunately, although we were getting exceleent covers from Emsh and Freas, and had very good material by de Camp, illustrated by Freas, (a) we couldn't afford to pay for top rate authors all around (b) distribution was bad so that a monthly had no chance at all.

During the good years, I had various assistants notably, one James D. Simons, who introduced me to early and middle Verdi; but now all that could be done was to pay for some outside proofreading -- LHS could see, with my carrying the full load of editing and production that I couldn't read proofs, too. Michael Silberkleit, who was learning the rough part of the business (dealing with distributors, etc.), was called in to read science fiction mss. -- particularly ones from "names", which we would have to pay higher rates for, and on acceptance. He showed excellent taste and very respectable editoral judgement. (His ideas on how a few of those we rejected could have been rewritten were right to the point; and his all-time favorite of the mss. he read in advance was "A Little Intelligence", by Robert Randall.)

In 1959, another attempt to go monthly aborted; and we went into the final stages, dropping painted covers (except for one Finlay which we'd accepted earlier) and just barely finding sufficient funds for Asimov articles. In February of that year, the strain caught up with me and I had a minor breakdown. While I was only out for four days (when proofs were coming in, and issues had to be closed) it was some months before I was able to put in a real full days work. That was the time when I learned for positive that LHS cared; and Miss Park rose above her difficulties with the mechanics of closing an issue -- layout technicalities -- with assistance from Mike.

It was almost exactly a year later that the end came. A crisis with the distributor, who had been talking about throwing out the pulps for some time, was due in March. The lightning struck early, in the second week of February. There was talk about this only being a lay-off, until a new distributor was found, but I felt inwardly that the ship had foundered in waters too deep for it to be raised and set afloat again.

So passed the Columbia pulps.

-- Robert A. W. Lowndes

WHO LIKED THE PULPS BESIDES 10 MILLION READERS ?

by Bob Jones

Reading the pulps in the thirties was a hazardous business. That is, for those of us too young then to call our home our own. Prying parental eyes had a disconcerting way of ferreting out our latest acquisitions. No matter if they were sneaked in under a jacket or notebook, or hidden in a garage or attic. We always felt a nagging fear of discovery.

The pulps were lurid and garish. And they were popular in no uncertain terms. Their very brashness caused most parents to ban them. At least, it was that way for me and many of my friends. To read them we had to sneak off someplace. We learned to be cautious.

But once I tempted fate. Instead of returning my western magazine to its hiding place under a pile of blankets and clothes in the cedar chest in my room, I fearlessly slipped it under some other magazines on the back porch. Goodbye, western. I never saw it again. So to this day, I don't know who was rustling the mail from the train.

This was during the heyday of the pulps, of course, when young readers met the same resistance from their parents as did the disciples of the dime novels of an earlier era. Trashy.... childish....harmful....these were some of the charges heaped upon the usually innocent pulp. And not only by parents. During the thirties, pulps often came under fire, from various sources.

Take the staid New York Times, for example. On the editorial page of August 28th, 1935, a staff writer got carried away for the moment: He referred to the pulp field as another publishing world, "Little known and certainly officially unrecognized, in which volume of product is more important than literary quality."

Strong words, indeed. Actually, though, worse was to come. Little over a year later, in the issue of November 29th, 1936, the New York Times aired another charge. Pointing an accusing finger at the pulps, a Connecticut teacher claimed that 90% of high school students read this trash. "The matter in pulps," she said, "constitutes a menace to pupils' morals, English and mind."

Her indictment was typical of the reaction of many reformers: shoot first and aim later. How often did the students read the pulps? How many individuals were included in the 90% statistic so blithely quoted? In fact, just what was meant by the word, pulp? These questions, unfortunately, remained unanswered.

If the teacher had broadened her attack, who knows but that

one of our respected governmental institutions might have crumbled. After all, the post office department distributed this so-called objectionable reading matter.

Nor was the Times alone in providing a forum for criticism. The Saturday Review of Literature, a bleak, wordy, gray publication whose only visually bright spots were the ads, allowed the late author, Fletcher Pratt, to take the pulps to task. His denounciation appeared in the issue of July 3rd, 1937.

It was a bit mystifying, though, in view of his background. Donald Day's Index to the Science Fiction Magazines lists many Pratt stories in such pulps as Amazing and Wonder. And of course, in recent years he continued to write for the pulps. He collaborated with Lyle Sprague de Camp on many stories in the Gavagan's Bar series, which appeared in the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

In his article, Pratt colorfully compared the pulpwoods to a vast jungle, where, "instead of giant orchids and remarkable butterflies, the explorer finds only the familiar flora and fauna of more temperate climes, usually stunted in growth, tasteless to the palate, and proliferating with the speed of amoeba climax.

"Every other business makes at least a pretence of friendliness to new ideas; but in the pulps desperate originality would considt in making the villain of a gangster story an Argentine ranchero instead of the usual Italo-American, without altering the plot."

As a personal commentary on this caustic observation, I would like to mention a few of the villains I can recall. I'll have to admit that there may not have been any Argentine Rancheros, at least, in the stories I've read. But here are some which quickly come to mind: Chinese businessmen, Japanese warlords, even American college professors....these are but a few of the many "heavies" who have stalked through the yellowed pages of the pulps. No one can complain about variety there, even if the hero image in the pulps was pretty well fixed.

Pratt's assault was supported by Aldous Huxley, who seconded his remarks in the July 17th, 1937 issue of the Review. Here, again, an anomaly is seen in the fact that Julian, his brother, wrote for the pulps. Julian Huxley's byline headed at least one story before his brother's article. He appeared in Amazing in 1927.

Reformers, cultural purists, pulp authors themselves, these then were among the critics of pulp writing in the thirties.

But there were many supporters of this popular form of entertainment, too, besides the millions of readers who bought pulp magazines.

The New York Times gave space in the October 31st, 1935 issue to one of them. Leo Margulies, called by Earl Wilson "The Little Giant of the Pulps," wrote: "For every single copy of the

gray and brown-covered magazines devoted to the grim and deadly school of literature, there are some 300,000 copies of periodicals dedicated to the Western story. For the Western story is America's saga of chivalry. It is Uncle Sam's contribution to high Adventure!"

These stirring words might well have characterized all pulps. For the only grim and deadly elements in pulps were found in the villian's dastardly deeds, not in the writing. They were written to be read and enjoyed. It might be noted that Margulies at that time was the Napoleon-sized senior editor of the Thrilling Group, soon to be earning $25,000 a year.

A little over a month later, the Times ran another comment complimentary to the pulps. This one was by Victor Rousseau Emanuel, who wrote under the name. Victor Rousseau. In his letter, he admitted that he went from the slicks to the pulps "because in my opinion, the smooth-paper magazine was so inhibited that it was impossible to use it as an adequate medium of literary expression."

Other voices were heard. Ralph Milne Farley, the science fiction writer, had something to say in the October 1935 issue of Author and Journalist: "If ever there was a formula-bound lot, it's the editors of the slicks. You'll find more variety in the worst pulp magazine than in the best slick." What this statement lacks in restraint, it makes up for in incisiveness.

Henry Steeger, publisher of Popular Publications, was quoted in the January 23rd, 1937 issue of Literary Digest as follows: "Our outfit has on its subscription list doctors, lawyers, and university professors. Readers of this type know quality and demand it. We pay as high as 5¢ a word."

These statements were reassuring to pulp lovers. But the sparks really flew when a fire-breathing dragon of a publisher took the field of combat, to wax poetical for a moment. He was Aaron A. Wyn, of the Ace Fiction Group, and currently president and publisher of Ace Books. What set his teeth to gnashing was the editorial in the New York Times that spoke of the pulp field as "little known" and "officially unrecognized."

Time Magazine, September 4th, 1935, referred to Wyn as a "strapping six-footer, newshawk on the Pacific coast, schoolteacher in Idaho, cowhand in Wyoming and able seaman, in pulps since 1925."

Wyn's shot, fired off before the smoke of The Times' blast had cleared away, was literally heard 'round the publishing world. Many publications quoted him, including such periodicals as Time, Author and Journalist, and Literary Digest. The New York Times printed his rebuttal in the September 4th, 1935 issue.

He turned the Times' statement into a question: the pulp field is little known and unrecognized by whom?, he asked. Then he answered, "Certainly the 10 million people who go to their newsstands each month to buy pulp magazines know and recognize this publishing world."

To show that pulp publishing was big business, he cited facts and figures. There are 125 different pulp magazines published each year, he wrote. Pulp paper used totals 35,000 tons and costs $1.5 million. More than $2 million worth of printing is used annually. Artwork costs $250,000; a like amount is spent for engravings. The 100 million words churned out by writers annually nets them $1.5 million.

Thus, Wyn's figures show that the pulps were a million dollar industry, catering to 10 million people. In conclusion, he remarked, "The story's the thing...good writing never has spoiled a well-plotted pulp story, but it never made a bad one good."

Of course, there were other commentators, both pro and con. The above examples were only some of the many evaluations made in the thirties of this fascinating and flourishing enterprise. In many ways, the era was a turbulent period; pulps roared across and disappeared with the frequency of subway trains. They were written with the maximum of action, to be read with the minimum of effort. They were the great escape fiction.

And who, in those days, took the time to worry about critical comparisons? We were too busy following the adventures of our favorite pulp heroes.

Bob Jones

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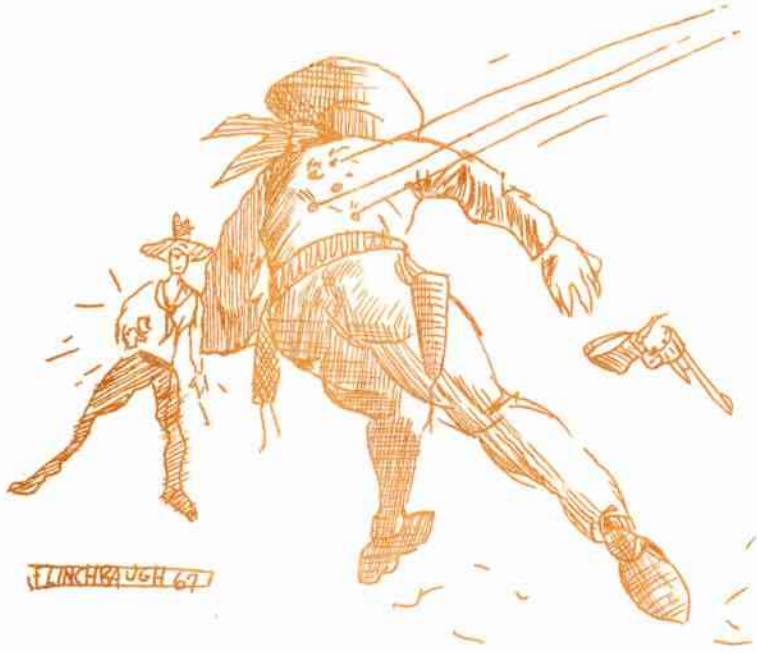


THE PEOPLE WERE REAL THEN

by John Phillifent

To almost everyone in Britain, the U.S. Pulp Era had to be a thing of shreds and patches, of ballad songs and snatches, as Gilbert's minstrel had it. Regular supplies were virtually unheard of. Yet those bits and pieces were worth waiting for. Looking back from here on the boy of twelve, as I was, and trying to isolate just what it was that made me wait, and swipe the bulky blotting-paper volumes from my elders and betters when chance offered, two or three things emerge. Let me pick one magazine, possibly the best of the lot, as examplar. The old ADVENTURE.

I dare say the editors and publishers were trying to sell, to boost circulation, to show a profit -- but it never came through like that. I got the feeling that what mattered, here, was good meaty stories, well told, and by people who knew what they were talking about. They weren't visibly putting together a narrative structure, or planning for break-points, or experimenting with tricky literary forms. Not visibly. They were telling stories, and the stories were about real people.

For instance, and for me, the U.S. participation in the '14-'18 War will always be covered by mud, muddle, cold, bewilderment and acid-wry bits of 'laugh-dam you-because what else can you do?' the way it came through in stories by Leonard H. Nason. 'ROCKETS AT DAYBREAK' 'CHEVRONS' and others, and the misadventures of Sergeant Eadie, or Private Wladichesnikof, who said his name was Sheehan, so that it wouldn't hurt his feelings when everybody called him Sheenie. Someone asked him 'How did you know that was an officer, in the dark?' 'Because he punched me in the nose. All officers punch me in the nose!' Last I heard of Nason he was a General, I believe.

And there was Arthur D. Howden-Smith, who wrote historical yarns on the basis of the wanderings of a sword, Grey Maiden -- and gave me, at least, a blood-and-guts insight into what it must have been like. And Talbot Mundy was writing for ADVENTURE then, with 'OM' and 'TROS OF SAMOTHRACE' that made my school history of Greece and Rome seem just what it was, dry old book stuff. Stories like these triggered off some tremendous discussions in my family circle, and a lot of raking through reference works just to see if the background was as solid as it seemed. And it always was.

Not that everything was savagely serious, far from it. It was in the pages of ADVENTURE that I met and learned to know W.C. Tuttle's inimitable pair, Hashknife Hartley and Sleepy Stevens, whose various encounters served to destroy forever the puerile slick western cardboard charaters of the fast-draw badman and the gallant romantic hero. Tuttle's cowtowns and the people there were real, ornery and fallible. But human.

Real people. Not perfect, at all, just solid. Those old-timers took themselves seriously, worked at what they wrote.

That seems to be out of fashion now. Modern writers seem engrossed in being slick, cynical, or in any possible way, showing how smart they are, and never mind the story-content. Whereever I turn, these days, I run across exposes of writers, all about them. I know almost nothing about the few writers I've quoted above -- but I do remember what they wrote, after thirty-odd years. And the earlier s.f. mags had that quality too. Fan-adulation has since elevated the writer to a public figure in himself, but in those days you read the stories and remembered them and knew the writer only as a name.

And those magazines took themselves seriously too. Thinking again of ADVENTURE, there were departments. 'OLD SONGS THAT MEN HAVE SUNG' was one, in which readers were invited to contribute genuine material. 'ASK ADVENTURE' was another, where any reader could write in with a query, maybe some odd custom, an old relic picked up somewhere, or a coin, or something technical about how certain types of weapons were used -- any old thing -- and with experts to pass opinions. There was a LOST TRAILS department, for those who wanted to contact old and out-of-touch partners. And 'CAMP FIRE', which was a letter-column that makes modern equivalents seem sick.

So far as I know, ADVENTURE was taken over by a chain, became a slick, and then died, the same fate that came to many other magazines. The race for sales revenue, commercialism against competition -- it had to be that way because that's the kind of world we live in now. There's no place in this era for sitting down and really sinking into another world from some other point of view, for a solid visit. Now it has to be a quick scan and drop it for something else. There's always something else in the next half-hour. It's happened to s.f. too. Now you're given a character in three lines, a background in a paragraph, and the whole story in six pages. And you forget it just as fast, most of the time.

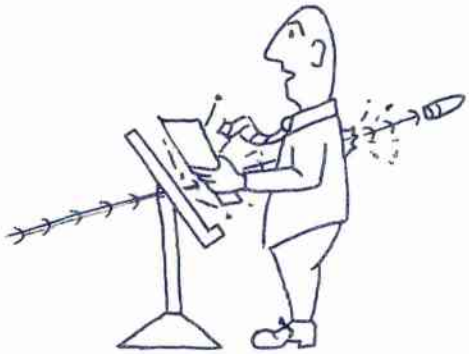
And we no longer break new ground the way the old-timers did, not because we don't want to, but because the mass-sale audience has to be kept sweet or the publishing house goes bust. The real new ground, and it's only the ice close inshore, is being broken now by magazines like TRUE and that modern wonder PLAYBOY. Science-fiction -- and, in fact, any kind of storytelling -- is confined to gadget-extrapolation, technological stuff, and so on, which it does well. But it is no longer exploring people, and the way they change, and are going to change in the near future.

Take a good look and see. The story-people, people in fiction -- or the funnies -- or in s.f., act and talk and dress about ten-fifteen years back from now. My personal guess as to why is that the fiction editor/publishers dare not extend the visible-today trends -- whereas the fact magazines can at least go ahead and say 'This, like it or not, is how things are!' And guessing a bit more, I see fiction-people getting less and less real the more real people go ahead and do the novel, new, unthinkable things they do. Fiction-people aren't real any more. I think it's a pity.

John Phillifent

Dear Members of the Pulp Collectors of America! I come to you not as a member, but only as a man to voice his opinion of the merits of the writing of the time!

A case in point would be the gist of these several pages I have torn from an old "Argosy"!



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(Continued from page 3)

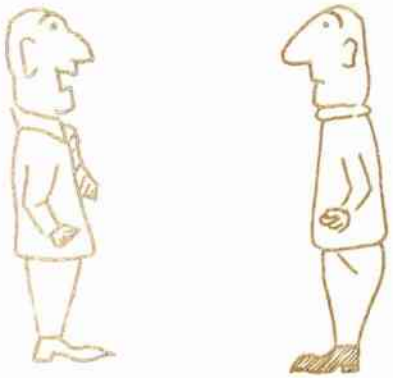
There are three fanzines that I have received lately that I want to recommend to the pulp and science fiction collector. In order as to my own personal preference as to material interest and quality, they run as follows: Bronze Shadows 35¢ per copy from Fred S. Cook 7511 Erie Street Sylvania, Ohio 43560. Australian Science Fiction Review $3.60 per 12 issues (no single copy price given) from John Bangsund 19 Gladstone Avenue Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia. Lore 25¢ per copy from Jerry Burge 1707 Piper Circle SE Atlanta, Georgia 30316. All of these are toprate zines and well worth your sampling.

This coming weekend the Midwestcon will be held in Cincy. I hope to see many of you there. If at all possible I will have this section collated and stapled to distribute at the con to any of you that are there. Section two will then be mailed a few weeks later. The Midwestcon has always been one of my favorite cons and I attended each one up until the year 1962. From then until now, business has kept me from attending, but now that it has been moved from the last weekend in June to the 24th, I should once again be able to make each of them.

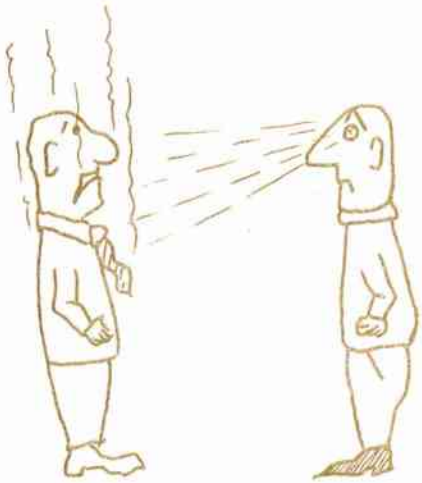
On May 28th, Bill Clark stopped through again and showed me what had been done on his Frank Gruber index. This is a fine work and has required much research both on the part of Bill and of Frank Gruber. It is hoped that it will be finished in time for issue #68 and I must say that if it is, it will be A Frank Gruber issue. Frank is a most prolific writer, probably *the* most prolific writer living today. The index of his magazine

(continued on page 47)

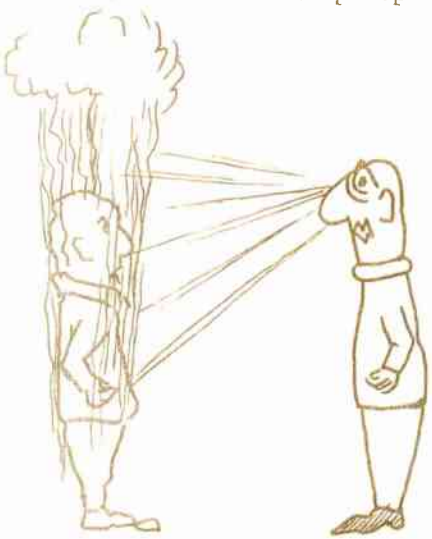
THE PULP COLLECTOR by Gary Zachrich

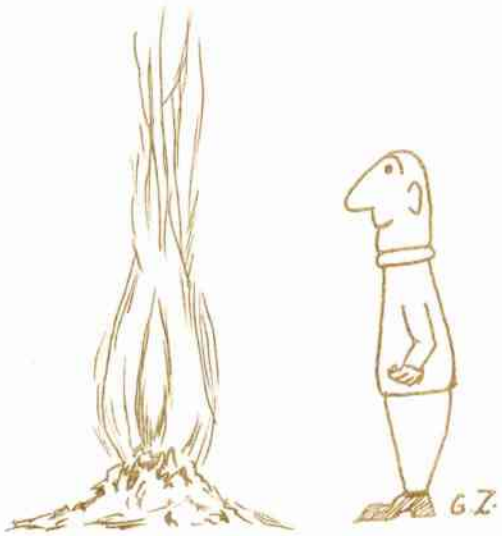


"And furthermore, anyone silly enough to believe in the super powers attributed to some of these old pulp characters..."



"Has to be as crazy as some of the characters who wrote....some....of..





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FOR SALE:

Hundreds of old pulps: Adventure, Blue Book, Short Stories, Weird Tales, Astounding, Western Story, etc. Also, hard cover books. List for stamp -- or send your want list.

Richard Minter
901 S. Fieldcrest Rd.
Draper, North Carolina 27241

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WHERE HAVE THE HEROES GONE?

by Frederik Pohl

When I first began editing science-fiction magazines, at the age of nineteen, the "Golden Age" was not much more than a year old. I was a great admirer of Campbell's style as an editor in those days, and in the two magazines I edited -- ASTONISHING STORIES and SUPER SCIENCE STORIES -- I did my best to imitate it.

I wasn't the only editor to be doing the same thing at that time, either. However, after twenty-five years and a bit, I'm beginning to wonder if we all weren't making a rather serious long term mistake.

John Campbell's principal discoveries around then were Robert Heinlein, L. Sprague de Camp and a fairish number of others who had one thing in common: They introduced "characterization" into science-fiction. (He also turned up a good many who don't fall into this classification, of course; but those aren't the ones I'm interested in at this moment.) What was wrong with that was that their heroes became anti-heroes. The typical de Camp lead character resembled nothing so much as your friendly, next door neighbor filling station attendant -- bright, but not very bright; not actively hideous, but never very handsome; driven into all sorts of positions of derring-do, but himself principally a coward. And Heinlein's heroes were much the same.

A little of this was a very good thing, but reading all the magazines being published today -- my own included -- I can't help thinking that we've thrown the baby away with the bath. Perhaps it comes ill from me, since I have no doubt that I'm a principal offender myself, but I am pretty fed up with stories about heroes who don't do things, but have things done to them. Possibly this is a realistic approach, but I must say I find it a damn dull one.

The same sort of influence that makes most of today's writers model their heroes after the fathers in television domestic comedies seems also to lead them to create their backgrounds after the same pattern -- two simple sets and a practical door. Or maybe that isn't the explanation; in some moods I think I know a different explanation for the observed phenomenon that all too many science-fiction stories these days are written with an absolute minimum of color, bizarre background, gaudy aliens and so on. The alternative explanation is the sort of noblesse oblige on the part of science-fiction writers who, having banded together in fellowship at Milford, in the SFWA and elsewhere, endeavor to outdo each other in what, if I remember correctly, Aldous Huxley once described as "making bricks with an absolute minimum of clay". Partly this seems to be showing off, but partly, I think, it is also something worse: a sort of basic apology for being involved in this science-fiction racket in the first place, which leads them to try to make their stories as little science-fictiony as they can. Mostly what these writers -- I think it is probably better if I don't mention names -- seem to think they are doing is elucidating great moral principles. I don't particularly

mind that; as a matter of fact, I think that it can be most rewarding for all concerned. But while I don't mind a writer's characters discussing the basic nature of man, I really don't see why they can't do so while dodging winged reptiles in a Venusian rain forest. A little color never hurt anybody.

However, I don't want to give the impression that I consider science-fiction has gone uninterruptedly downhill since 1926. I don't think that at all. Even if Campbell's revolution went too far in 1938 and 1940, it was certainly a breath of fresh air, badly needed at the time. Horace Gold did the same trick in 1950 -- brought in batches of new writers, developed new kinds of science-fiction stories, gave his readers something quite rewarding and fresh. And, while it would be immodest of me to stress the point -- and foolish of me to pretend that I think I've succeeded perfectly at it -- I am doing my damnedest to do something of the same sort of thing now. As a matter of fact, so are a lot of other people. And there are writers coming up who look promising.

What was good about the "Good Old Days" was the color and the heroic qualities of the characters in the stories, but there was also a bad side to the coin. Most of the heroic characters were, in any rational estimate, fatheads. (Witness Arcot, Wade and Morey, to name but three.) The things that they were heroic about had nothing to do with real lives on real worlds; the closest anyone ever got to discussing real issues was either in the heavy-handed satire of Stanton A. Coblentz or the foot-in-mouth prose of David H. Keller. By contrast, a lot of today's writers are tackling serious issues and casting new kinds of light on them; I don't know how to describe exactly what I think the difference is here other than to say the stories of a couple of decades ago that we all thought were truly great all seem faintly comic now, while those of today a couple of decades from now will perhaps still seem like seriously good stories, because they are <u>about</u> something. Also there is the consideration that nearly all of today's writers have at least some skill in the use of words, and a few of them write <u>beautifully</u>. No one would ever make such a claim for Joe. W. Skidmore or Ed Earl Repp!

What it all comes down to, in my opinion, is that science-fiction in the thirties was a Good Thing for one set of reasons, and science-fiction in the fifties was a Good Thing for quite another set of reasons. What I would like to see now is a kind of science-fiction that includes all the good features of all the era -- content, style, heroic wishfulfillment and stimulating color.

I don't think it's an impossible desire -- but I'll testify that it's a difficult one to bring about!

Frederik Pohl

F R A N K G R U B E R

by Bill Clark

What state, excluding Alaska, has the longest coast line? How do you kill a fox without damaging the pelt? How do you measure the thickness of leather? Who do these questions remind you of? Why, Oliver Quade, the Human Encyclopedia of course!

I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard on a book hunting spree, when I spied "Brass Knuckles" by Frank Gruber "The Oliver Quade, Human Encyclopedia Stories" in a store window. I remembered these stories from the old pulp BLACK MASK days. What made it especially attractive to me was the special foreword entitled "The Life and Times of the Pulp Story". Forty pages of reminiscences on how to make a living writing for the pulp magazines, and how to avoid the French Key from the hotel manager because you are behind on your rent. The rest of the 380 pages are taken up with 10 of the highly entertaining Oliver Quade tales, one from THRILLING DETECTIVE and the rest from BLACK MASK.

The book had been published by a Los Angeles firm and I already knew that Mr. Gruber lived in the area so I decided to see if I could get the book inscribed. A visit to the publisher produced the information that Mr. Gruber could sometimes be found in the afternoon at his son's bookstore in Pacific Palisades. A jaunt west on Sunset Boulevard and I arrived at the store. The woman seated at the desk inside, who turned out to be Mrs. Frank Gruber, told me Frank would be there in about ten minutes. While I was waiting I discovered a shelf of his books and found that there were four of his suspense novels all published since the last one that I bought back in 1962.

In a very short time, in walked a gentleman that I immediately recognized from the picture on the dust jackets of his books. Aside from glasses, graying eyebrows and sideburns he is remarkably unchanged from his picture which is ten years old. He is a young 63 years. Time Magazine in a profile in 1958 described him as balding. I think he has found some way of arresting the process, or Time was wrong.

I have found with most authors that you must hit upon a subject that they are interested in or you might as well be talking to a lamp post. This is definately not the case with Mr. Gruber. All you have to do is mention something you are interested in, sit back and listen. He has at least a nodding acquaintance with hundreds of authors, magazine editors and agents. He has a large store of anecdotes about movie and tv personalities both in front and behind the cameras. He knows no sacred cows and consequently some of the most amusing stories I heard cannot be repeated in print. During the past two months I have visited him over ten times, each time I have spent at least an hour with him with but one exception. That was the time he was having trouble with his new novel, THE ETRUSCAN BULL, and didn't have time to chat with me.

He spent two full week-ends compiling a bibliography for me which you will probably be looking at in the next issue of this magazine. There are about 400 items so far and will require quite a bit of searching in some obscure publications, so it may not be ready in time. However, I can give you a complete list of his published books to date plus those completed but not published as yet.

His special foreword in BRASS KNUCKLES was so well received that he has expanded it into a full length book to be called THE PULP JUNGLE. Readers of the PULP ERA will be very interested in this. I have already read the chapter on "Heinie" Faust, the "king of the pulps". There will be chapters devoted to other authors, and pictures of some of them. Don't miss it!

What's that? You want those answers to those questions? Okay. Michigan; Tap it on the nose with ether-soaked cotton; and, by irons. An iron is 1/72nd of an inch.

Bill Clark

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FRANK GRUBER

Historical Westerns

1939	Peace Marshal	Morrow	
1941	Outlaw	Farrar and Rinehart	
1942	Gunsight	Dodd, Mead	
1948	Fighting Man	Rinehart	
1949	Broken Lance	Rinehart	
	Smoky Road	Rinehart	
1953	Fort Starvation	Rinehart	
	Quantrell's Raiders	Ace D-39	Flip side is "Rebel Road" or Outlaw
1954	Bitter Sage	Rinehart	
	Johnny Vengeance	Rinehart	
	Bugles West	Rinehart	
1955	The Highwayman	Rinehart	
1956	Buffalo Grass	Rinehart	
	The Man from Missouri	Popular Library #761	Two novelettes
1957	Lonesome River	Rinehart	
1958	Tales of Wells Fargo	Bantam #1726	Stories based on tv scripts
	Town Tamer	Rinehart	
	The Marshal	Rinehart	
1959	The Bushwhackers	Rinehart	
1967	This Gun is Still	Bantam F3500	

Completed but unpublished as yet: Black Dawn (title may be changed)

Johnny Fletcher stories

1940	The French Key	Farrar and Rinehart
	The Laughing Fox	Farrar and Rinehart
1941	The Talking Clock	Farrar and Rinehart
	The Hungry Dog	Farrar and Rinehart
	The Navy Colt	Farrar and Rinehart
1942	The Mighty Blockhead	Farrar and Rinehart
	The Gift Horse	Farrar and Rinehart
1945	The Silver Tombstone	Farrar and Rinehart
1947	The Honest Dealer	Farrar and Rinehart
	The Whispering Master	Rinehart
1948	The Scarlet Feather	Rinehart
1949	The Leather Duke	Rinehart
1954	The Limping Goose	Rinehart
1965	Swing Low, Swing Dead	Belmont L92-586

The French Key originally appeared in SHORT STORIES with a woman as the criminal. F&R requested it be changed, so the last chapter was rewritten, everything explained differently and the rest of the story was unchanged.

Swing Low, Swing Dead had been titled THE BEAT CAT by Gruber but Belmont changed it. The plot to this story is "Words and Music" an Oliver Quade story from the March 1940 issue of BLACK MASK but the story is pure quill Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg. Johnny actually puts the bite on poor old Peabody three times.

Otis Beagle stories

1941	The Silver Jackass	Reynal	by "Charles K. Boston" reprints by Gruber
1946	Beagle Scented Murder	Rinehart	
1954	The Lonesome Badger	Rinehart	

Simon Lash Stories

1941	Simon Lash	Farrar and Rinehart
1942	The Buffalo Box	Farrar and Rinehart
1948	Murder '97	Rinehart

Anthologies

1966	Brass Knuckles	Sherbourne

Suspense-Mystery stories

1941	The last Doorbell	Henry Holt	by "John K. Vedder"
1942	The Yellow Overcoat	Dodd, Mead	by "Stephen Acre"
1947	The Fourth Letter	Rinehart	
1948	The Lock and the Key	Rinehart	
1951	Death on Post No. 7	Popular Press (Boardman)	pb published in England
1955	Falcon City Frame-up	Mercury Mystery	
1961	Twenty Plus Two	Dutton	
1962	Brothers of Silence	Dutton	

1963	Bridge of Sand	Dutton
1964	The Greek Affair	Dutton
1965	Little Hercules	Dutton
1966	Run, Fool, Run	Dutton
1967	The Twilight Man	Dutton

Death on Post No. 7 is a 25,000 word novelette which originally appeared in DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE in 1941. Mr. Gruber disagreed with my putting it on this list

Falcon City Frame-up is a 45,000 word novel which was originally intended to be expanded to 60,000 words for book publication. It hasn't been done as yet.

The Greek Affair was called THE GREEK STATER in manuscript form (of which I have a copy) but Dutton decided not enough people knew what it meant.

The Twilight Man has already been selected by Black's Detective Book Club, as the lead novel in one of their 3-in-1 books.

The ETRUSCAN BULL is a half-finished manuscript, will probably be finished sometime in April.

Non-Fiction

1928	Successful Chick Raising	32-page booklet given as subscription premium
1929	All About Wyandottes	series of articles about Wyandotte chickens
1934	The Dillinger Book	32-pages copies suppressed (100,000 printed)
1961	Horatio Alger	Grover Jones (biography and bibliography)
1967	The Pulp Jungle	Sherbourne (due in the fall)

The successful Chick Raising book was expanded to 64 pages a year later and many thousands were published, both of these carry Mr. Gruber's name as editor and he wrote much of the material.

All About Wyandottes also has his name as editor, some articles by him.

Sherbourne Press will be sending Mr. Gruber east to publicize The Pulp Jungle sometime in April/May/June.

The Horatio Alger book was privately printed and limited to 750 copies. Now out of print, thanks largely to a plug from Vincent Starrett in the Chicago Tribune.

By the time this appears in print Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine will have already published a new Gruber short story called "An Eagle in his Mouth" but they may change the title. Four short stories are in the mill. One, a fantasy, has already been completed -- 8,000 words which may rival "The Thirteenth Floor" in popularity. The other three will be detective stories.

Bill Clark

THE PULPS? I LOVED THEM!

by Mac McGregor

It is with absolutely no sense of shame that I quickly confess to an undying love for the old pulp stories, with a special preference for the feature-length novel heroes such as Doc Savage, The Spider, The Phantom Detective, and G-8. As a boy, I never thought of them as "escape" reading because I had relatively few problems from which to escape. The feeling was that they enlarged my world and permitted me to share in the excitement and satisfaction of righting wrongs. Today, they do serve as an escape - into a world where the good guys always win - a welcome relief from the present world where more and more often the good guys are damn lucky to salvage a draw.

When the pulp writers were skilled, as were the ones responsible for the stories mentioned above, they immediately got down to the action. One frustration was quickly eliminated - you could tell the good guys from the bad guys - you knew whose side you were on. If adult whites beat Negro children or Negro adults burned buildings and threw rocks at the police, you would know instantly where the pulp hero stood - none of this sociological or psychological nonsense about initial responsibility; evil was evil did. No small measure of the success of the Lensmen series can be attributed to the same distinctions - the Lensmen were purely good and Boskone was purely evil.

The evil-doers who faced the pulp heroes were awesome, indeed: a man who could create earthquakes; a fiend who would loose a plague on men, women, and children without qualm one; a diabolical doctor who could re-animate dead pilots to threaten the Allies. But if the villians were extraordinary, so, too, were our Champions of Justice: Doc Savage, who trained two hours each and every day to insure his physical and mental superiority; Richard Wentworth and Dick Van Loan, who let their millions lie idle while they used their time and energies in the thwarting of injustice - the Master of Men and the Nemesis of Crime - could we but earn such titles!

When a more sophisticated critic attacks the pulp heroes as being unbelieveable supermen, he's losing his sense of logic. As did St. Paul, our heroes quickly realized that dedicated men could not be burdened with sex. Doc Savage and G-8 eschewed the fair sex completely; if Dick Van Loan and Muriel Havens carried on, they did so between issues; and although Nita Van Sloan was prominent in The Spider series, Wentworth readily admitted that she was a hinderance and, indeed, spent half his time rescuing her from his enemies. So, if the heroes seem unbelievable, consider this: isn't it far more logical that a dedicated, single-purpose man could achieve success than could the modern adventure hero who is forever taking time away from the pursuit in order that he might go to bed with every girl who happens to wander into the text? (And, if pulp writers are accused of cheating on their wordage by re-describing aides, traits, rings, et al, don't their counterparts today cheat just as much in their descriptions of the endless seductions, changing only the names of the participants?)

There's another reason for preferring the "good old stories" and this would include such science-fiction classics as the Lensmen series and The Legion of Space. Although there was a willing suspension of disbelief, I still never quite believed that the villians in the stories had a direct counterpart in real life - I didn't really think that someone was planning to disintergrate our buildings, or introduce Bubonic plague in the reservoir, or create giant monsters and loose them on the community. But today's villians are all too real - I most certainly do concede that there are those who have the ability (and perhaps the inclination) to detonate a hydrogen bomb - it's no longer "escape" reading - it's like going on vacation and taking along the neighbor's barking dog, leaving your phone number with your in-laws, and having the daily sales reports forwarded to you.

Charles Schultz's modern-day philosopher, Snoopy, gives us another clue to the success of the old pulp adventures. Observing that a bug had only to worry about getting enough to eat and to avoid being stepped on, Snoopy opined, "That's the secret; reduce your worries to a minimum." The old pulp writers reduced their worries to a minimum: write a story which will entertain and sell. Today's writers are too often forced to do more: be precocious, be realistic, teach, preach. Realism? Poul Anderson who can hold his own with any when it comes to rousing space adventure, in Arsenal Port, presents the familiar scene where the hero and heroine are faced with a hazardous trek across an alien planet, but with a "realistic" touch. When the heroine falters, the hero observes, "It's the wrong time of month for you, isn't it?" On meager rations, they might both have suffered from constipation, too; but, thank goodness, we weren't informed of it! Preach? J. F. Bone's Triggerman, an extremely well-told science fiction short, has received all sorts of raves because of its "significance" and "meaning" and "warning" and has been extolled as "the kind of thing science fiction can do." Yet, when it was published in Astounding, the readers' vote (in The Analytical Laboratory) rated it fourth among the five stories in the issue - three others were judged more enjoyable or entertaining.

So, when you're talking of "light" reading (and our best sf magazines are not going to produce a War and Peace or Dr. Zhivago), give me the good old pulp stories where one strives to escape from monotony, not monogamy; where one can journey with men as they ought to be, not men as they are; where one can find law and order praised, not condemned as police brutality; where one can rediscover that camaraderie that adulthood in our society has relegated to "bowling night".

Want to test my arguements? The next time your sinus keeps you in bed or you have to baby-sit while the wife P.T.A.'s or Bridges, get a reprint of The Legion of Space and join John Star and the Legionnaires as they salvage AKKA for the human race, or get a copy of The Polar Treasure and join Doc Savage and his aides as they take the submarine, Helldiver, to the Artic wastelands. It might well prove the purest, most wholesome, most refreshing, and most non-frustrating fun you've had in years.

Mac McGregor

ARGOSY

A. MERRITT'S FANTASY

Adventure

THE SPIDER

THE POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

by Henry Steeger

In response to your request I am listing the magazines which have been published by Popular Publications or its subsidiaries, together with the years in which they first appeared.

I was mildly surprised, in going through the chart, to realize we had in our line, at one one time or another, this many titles! Of them, ARGOSY, ADVENTURE, TRUE ADVENTURES and RAILROAD MAGAZINE form our present package.

1930
- WESTERN RANGERS
- GANG WORLD
- DETECTIVE ACTION
- BATTLE ACES

1931
- DIME DETECTIVE
- UNDERWORLD ROMANCES

1932
- UNDERWORLD LOVE
- DAREDEVIL ACES
- BLUE STEEL
- HOLLYWOOD TATTLER
- LOVERS
- BATTLE BIRDS
- DIME WESTERN MAGAZINE
- DIME MYSTERY MAGAZINE

1933
- THE SPIDER
- G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES
- STAR WESTERN

1934
- OPERATOR #5
- ADVENTURE
- DUSTY AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS
- TERROR TALES
- POPULAR SCREEN
- MAVERICKS
- SECRET SIX

1935
- HORROR STORIES
- THE BIG MAGAZINE
- BULL'S EYE WESTERN
- THRILLING MYSTERY
- DIME ADVENTURE
- RANGELAND ROMANCES
- DIME SPORTS
- DETECTIVE TALES
- WU FANG

1936
- 10 STORY WESTERN MAGAZINE
- ALL ACES MAGAZINE
- BIG BOOK WESTERN MAGAZINE
- DR. YEN SIN

ACE G-MAN STORIES
NEW WESTERN MAGAZINE
ACE HIGH DETECTIVE
ACE HIGH WESTERN
LOVE BOOK
FOUR STAR LOVE MAGAZINE

1937 KNOCKOUT
ROMANCE
SPORTS NOVELS
PIONEER WESTERN
.44 WESTERN
STRANGE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
CANDID CONFESSIONS
TRUE LOVE

1938 GLAMOROUS LOVE STORIES
FOCUS
CAPTAIN SATAN
FUN FOR ONE
WESTERN RAIDER

1939 THE OCTOPUS
THE SCORPION
FUN FOR ALL

1940 SINISTER STORIES
LOVE SHORT STORIES
ASTONISHING STORIES
STARTLING MYSTERY MAGAZINE
LOVE NOVELS
NEW WESTERN MAGAZINE
SUPER SCIENCE STORIES
FIGHTING ACES
LOVE ROMANTIC MAGAZINE
ROMANCES
CAPTAIN COMBAT
BLACK MASK
LOVE NOVELETTES MAGAZINE
NEW ASTROLOGY
RANGLELAND SWEETHEARTS

1941 NEW DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
NEW LOVE MAGAZINE
NEW SPORTS MAGAZINE
WESTERN TALES
BIG BOOK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
10 STORY MYSTERY MAGAZINE

1942 ROMANCE
FIFTEEN WESTERN TALES

1943 ALL STORY LOVE
ARGOSY
DETECTIVE FICTION MAGAZINE
RAILROAD
DOUBLE DETECTIVE
FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES
FANTASTIC NOVELS
LOVE NOVELS

(The 1943 titles were acquired from the Frank A. Munsey Company at that time.)

1946 DAREDEVIL ACES
STORY DIGEST

From then through about 1955, the following were published.

WESTERN LOVE ROMANCES
A. MERRITT'S FANTASY
THE PECOS KID
CAPTAIN ZERO
SHOCK
RANGELAND LOVE
DETECTIVE TALES
.44 WESTERN
WALT COBURN'S WESTERN
MAX BRAND'S WESTERN
BLACK MASK
ADVENTURE
DETECTIVE FICTION
FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES
LOVE SHORT STORIES
ROMANCE
WESTERN STORY ROUNDUP
ROMANCE WESTERN

Our big baby is, of course, ARGOSY. In the first twenty-five, nationally, in sales and advertising, and close to a million and a half in circulation. RAILROAD, ADVENTURE, and TRUE ADVENTURES represent a separate advertising unit called POPULAR FICTION GROUP.

The days of the pulps were both vigorous and good ones. In retrospect, I would say that while some of the magazines contributed nothing of more than topical reading value, others, particularly the detective, sports, westerns, science fiction and fantasy fields have had outstanding stories. And, of course, ADVENTURE published THE 39 STEPS, Leonard Mason's famous World War I stories, while the old, pre-Popular ARGOSY came up TARZAN OF THE APES, THE MARK OF ZORRO, THE MIRACLE MAN, THE NERVOUS WRECK, Damon Runyon's first stories, and a host of other classics. The ARGOSY of the later era contributed to the movies, "Dr. Kildare" and "Hop-Along Cassiday" and to television, THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY and many more.

ARGOSY is a man's magazine, written for, and edited, by men. It has no taboos except bad taste, no editorial fetishes and no top rate for stories if they are good enough.

I hope this gives you in capsule form, the information you need.

Henry Steeger

A COOK'S TOUR OF THE PULPS

by Fred Cook

My introduction to the fabulous world of the pulp magazines was in 1937. The magazine was THRILLING WONDER STORIES and I really hit the jackpot. It was the August, 1937 issue with it's red-backgrounded cover by Wesso showing a strange, octopus-like creature in the process of engulfing two earth-men and, at the same time, several alien-appearing creatures.

Fortunately, perhaps unfortunately to someone else, this issue contained an all-star line-up of authors. John W. Campbell, Jr. (at that time), Eando Binder (present also as his alter-ego, Gordon A. Giles), Otis Adelbert Kline, Paul Ernst and Edmond Hamilton. Maybe the stories by these authors that appeared in this particular issue were not the best they ever wrote, but they were the best I had ever seen.

Luckily, THRILLING WONDER was slanted toward the younger reader, and I was hooked, but bad. My favorite author became Eando Binder, and I searched through the back-number magazine stores of New York desperately trying to pick up copies of magazines with a "Binder" story in its' pages.

In this manner I was introduced to COMET, AMAZING, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES and all the rest. I skipped DOC SAVAGE and other border line fantasy magazines but I did pick up a few issues of THE SHADOW mainly because he was very big on the radio during this era.

Now, a slick-talking sophistocate can say, "Look at the damn kid. Tied up with crazy adventure stories with wild pictures and Buck Rogers rocket ships!" Right you are, old sophistocate, my favorites were "World Saver" Hamilton, "Burroughs Immitator" Kline, and "Grind 'em Out" Binder. I devoured Binder's "Anton York" stories, the "Via" series and the "Adam Link" stories in AMAZING.

Another favorite, that still attracts me us Nelson S. Bond. I can truly never remember a bad Bond story, whether it was in PLANET, AMAZING or BLUE BOOK. I even have some of his Sport stories that really hit the spot!

From the foregoing, you can see that the adventure and fast action attracted me at the start. I gradually became aware of another peculiar Science-Fiction phenomena. It was the illustrations and the illustrators. Frank R. Paul became my hero and I attempted to duplicate his drawings but was utterly frustrated when I got to the shading that Paul stippled in all of the drawings he finished. I never realized that he lived within walking distance of our house until three or four years before his death. Now I have several originals that were done by "The Master" hanging on the walls of my den. They are the "prizes" of my collection. As I grew up and broadened my reading world, I still came back to the straight S-F adventure story as the favorite. Fantasy began to replace the "shoot 'em up" space opera

that once was in the forefront (Captain Future was a "must" at the newsstand four times a year) when I was developing a taste for the field. I had discovered TARZAN and BOMBA, THE JUNGLE BOY, the Great Marvel Series, and had swung through the trees with Kaanga, in JUNGLE STORIES. This was the time when I began to notice that girls were something besides "soft boys" and decided to spend some time with a basketball, football and shot put. This limited my reading time and narrowed the field quite a bit.

I had discovered Robert Bloch's "Lefty Feep" series and in the re-telling of these stories around the camp-fires, I became quite a story teller at Boy Scout Camp. Hnery Kuttner's "THE GRAVEYARD RATS" from another favorite, WEIRD TALES, became a solid part of my repertoire.

Fortunately, I developed into a rapid reader and plowed through AMAZING, FANTASTIC, PLANET, WEIRD, STARTLING, ASTOUNDING and a taste of others through the early and middle forties.

My maturing taste found ASTOUNDING more to my liking during the late forties, with stories by Lewis Padgett (our old buddy, Henry Kuttner, of "RAT" fame) and Sprague de Camp coming to the fore. I blush to admit, that at this early date I didn't care a bit about Robert A. Heinlein, and thought "Doc" Smith's yarns to be rather dry. I hasten to add, that I thoroughly enjoy the output of both these gentlemen at the present time and feel that I just hadn't reached the proper level of maturity to appreciate them during the thirties and forties. Let's face it gang, I was a pimply-faced kid!

As an insight into my tastes, I can tell you that I like GLORY ROAD best of Heinlein's work, CONJURE WIFE as Leiber's best, GOLDEN BLOOD by Williamson, Binder's "Anton York" series as well as the "Via" stories (why hasn't someone put these into hardback or paperback?).

I became aware of the borderline pulps, ARGOSY, BLUE BOOK, DOC SAVAGE, HORROR, TERROR, OPERATOR #5, and all the numerous rest during the past ten or fifteen years and have been amassing the piles of pulps into a collection since then. My tastes run the gamut from pure fantasy to pure "space opera" with no holds barred. I vary my reading with Historical adventure novels, Detective novels, (Mickey Spillane and Richard Prather to say nothing of Ian Fleming) and technical journals. The last is tolerated only because it puts bread on the table and money in the pocket.

I credit my readings with the guidance required to point me toward Engineering as a sphere of work, and Paul's illustrations as a constant goal that pushed me through the required drafting courses (I once had a Mechanical Drawing teacher tell me that I'd never make more than $35.00 a week if I continued in the line - and now I run an Engineering Section - but that's another story).

To sum up, Cook finds Van Vogt's "cute" plots leave him cold, Binder's and Hamilton's and Brackett's straight-out adventure-type fantasy really "turns him on".....would you say that I was still a kid at heart?

Fred Cook

PULP FICTION ---- YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by Wilkie Conner

I grew up with pulp fiction as a steady reading diet. I had an insatible appetite for reading and in the literatureless world that was my home, pulps were the easiest magazines to obtain. I didn't have the money to buy magazines with -- my parents were cotton mill people who barely made enough money to buy food. We couldn't even afford 15¢ per week for a daily paper. So I borrowed magazines from whomever had them to lend. So first not knowing any other kind of reading material, and later from pure enjoyment, I read pulps. Tons and tons of pulps.

Were pulp stories of yesterday better than the equivilent of today? I think so. The pulps of yesterday were furnished stories by writers who made a living in the field. In those days of low incomes and corresponding living standards, the pulp writer would earn from one to several thousand dollars per year -- even at a cent-a-word -- or less! Though the market was large the competetion was great, especially in the top-flight markets, so the writer had to have something on the ball to obtain the following that was necessary for him to earn a living. Of course his best bet was to originate a series character and sell it to a publisher. That is why there were so many good series characters in print: The Shadow, Doc Savage, The Spider, The Phantom Detective, G-8.....and dozens more. Of course as these characters caught on, they became house names -- especially when entire magazines depended upon them for their circulation and resulting advertising revenue. A magazine couldn't afford having a series' author drop dead or suddenly decide to quit writing or, perhaps, get a job with the movies. (Example: Raymond Chandler, author of Philip Marlow). There were, however, many other series characters that appeared only when the author wrote an acceptable yarn. Dime Detective, Thrilling Detective, etc., featured many of these. So did Wild West Weekly, though that magazine had a string of house characters written by many writers using the same pen name. The writers of those days had the knack of entertaining. They wrote for money but they had to write entertaining stories to get that money. I corresponded with several top-flight writers of the period and they were always fussing about their rejects. (Henry Kuttner wrote: "After eight hours at the typewriter, my shirt is wringing wet with sweat -- then there is always the possibility that the editor won't take it or will demand a complete rewrite.) Editors were very demanding. Their jobs depended upon turning out a magazine that would sell from the newsstands -- not through subscriptions obtained by cut-rate subscription agencies and door-to-door canvassing. Though they only cost 10¢ or, at the most 25¢, the purchaser had to be lured into investing that dime -- not once, but month after month after month. The magazines, the stories, had to be good!

Today, it is different. The pulps, except for science fiction and a few reprints are no more. They have their equivalent in the myrids of so-called men's adventure magazines and sex magazines. These magazines for the most part feature lurid so-called "true" stories written by staff people who have so much space to fill.

If fiction from outside is used, it is filler and usually purchased from a reading-fee agent who sells it for almost nothing just to encourage a good client to continue sending in his fees. The magazine doesn't depend upon the quality of the editorial content to sell. It depends on the nude photos and drawings of pretty girls being put to the whip or torture racks of Nazis or Japanese, or such lurid titles as one I ran across recently: "I Was Forced by Cannibals to Eat My Wife." Only the lover of the sensational could read and enjoy such crap.

Of course there are exceptions. The highly popular James Bond stories are pure pulp in the greatest tradition of the old time pulps. The late Ian Flemming was a master at re-creating the old-time sense of wonder and high adventure. And he was allowed an extra ingredient the old days didn't allow: SEX! Also, there is being published in these days a whole of sex novels that are written to entertain -- especially those people who enjoy their sex vicariously. (As we old-time pulp readers enjoyed high adventure both here and in the wonderful world of the science fiction writer's imagination.) Also such people as Donald A. Wollheim and August Derleth manage to keep some of the old-time flavor in their books and publications. Wollheim is editor of Ace Books and publishes many western and science fiction books in the true old-time tradition of sexless high adventure. Derleth devotes his time mainly to anthologies.

Only the confessions haven't departed the scene. They still flourish. They still use, basicly, the same type of story pioneered by Bernarr McFadden many years ago: sin, suffer and repent -- with variations. The confessions are proof that if you give the public what it wants, it will still journey to the newsstands each month and plunk down 25¢. (And reprints of Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Phantom Detective, etc., are proof that people will plunk down 60¢ for a book they want.) Someday a publisher will wise up and say, "Boy! I have a great idea. An all fiction magazine, published on cheap paper, with entertaining stories instead of lurid pictures...stories of high adventure and romance." He'll make a fortune...and the pulp cycle will begin again!

Wilkie Conner

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O Z A R K O N 2

St. Louis, Missouri July 28, 29, 30
Sponsored by The Ozark Science Fiction Association

The Place: Ben Franklin Motor Hotel (formerly Lennox Hotel)
825 Washington
St. Louis, Missouri

Guest of Honor:

ROGER ZELAZNY

(continued from page 27)

newspaper, screen, and tv writings will fill the major portion of an issue.

The results of the poll sent out with issue #66 shows that everyone has a favorite pulp magazine and character. While the number one spot in each catagory was firm, from there on down, there were many, many differences. I will list the first five spots in each catagory and then list the others that received votes but were not in the running. In the first catagory, magazines, Argosy was first followed closely by Weird Tales. 3rd was Unknown, 4th, Doc Savage. In 5th place there was a five way tie with The Spider, Wonder Stories, The Shadow, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, and Thrilling Wonder Stories all receiving identical votes. From there on down, magazines that received votes were: Amazing Stories, Jungle Stories, The Phantom Detective, Planet Stories, Ranch Romances, Operator #5, Bill Barnes, G-8, Adventure, Astounding, Blue Book, Oriental Stories, and Black Mask.

For character series the voting ran this way. Doc Savage was well entrenched in the number 1 position. 2nd was a two way tie between The Spider and G-8. Position #4 was a five way tie between the following: Ki-gor, Bill Barnes, Tarzan, Operator #5 and The Shadow. Others receiving votes were: Prof. Jameson, The Phantom Detective, Toffee, John Carter, Peter the Brazen, Nick Carter, The Man Who Awoke series, Old and Young King Brady of the Secret Service, Jules de Grandin, Conan, Hogben family, Skylark, Doc Methusalah, Zorro, T. Corday, Lemuria series, Corp. Downey, and Continental Op.

The listing of authors was almost as varied as the character series; first place was a tie between Lester Dent and Edgar Rice Burroughs. 3rd was a six-way tie between Norvel Page, A. Merritt, Maxwell Grant, George Worts, Otis A. Kline, and Henry Kuttner. Others receiving votes were: Neil R. Jones, J.P. Drummond, George Bruce, Ray Bradbury, John Murray Reynolds, Fletcher Pratt, H.P. Lovecraft, Curtis Steele, Seabury Quinn, George L. Eaton, Robert J. Hogan, E.E. Smith, Ed Hamilton, L. Ron Hubbard, Theodore Roscoe, Gardner Fox, John Campbell, Robert Bloch, and D. Hammett.

It was a little clearer in the artist grouping with Virgil Finlay having a commanding lead for 1st place. 2nd was Edd Cartier. 3rd, Frank R. Paul. 4th place was a 3 way tie between Hannes Bok, Frank Tinsley, and Frederick Blakeslee. Also receiving votes were the following: J. Allan St. John, Tom Lovell, Boris Dolgov, Robert Graef, Earl Mayan, Paul Orban, Julian Krupa, Kelly Freas and Frank Schoonover.

My own personal voting went as follows: Magazine: Argosy. Character: G-8 and his Battle Aces. Author: George Worts. Artist: Frederick Blakeslee. Of course, just like all of you, I have many favorites and it is hard to pick just one in each of these catagories.

I notice that there is an author I left out who also received votes: Arthur Friel.

(continued on page 64)

THUD AND BLUNDER, THEN AND NOW

OR

NOW AND THEN

by Basil Wells

ALL THE GOOD YARNS were not written back in the earlier decades of this century....Especially I am referring to the double decade from 1930 to 1950 when the pulps flourished and editors, artists and writers outdid themselves to give us solid entertainment.

Today the best short stories and novelets seem to crop up in the detective pulps that somehow survived the massacre of magazines following WW II. Sci-fantasy pulps come trailing along a poor second as for average quality, although a few cut stones glitter from the pebbles offered. And fiction is gradually returning to the glaring, glazed, eye-exhausting pages of the remaining slicks. McCall's has dropped most of their pics of starving, illproportioned females, and kindergarten-splotchy illos, and is replacing their so-called plotless "fiction" with stories. The Satevepost ditto. This Week is another rebel against this magazine suicidal trend that saw articles and sex elbow entertainment aside. But for the boom in paperbacks, the westerns, sports, adventure, and flying pulps might be staging a comeback today.

There is room for dozens of well-edited, well-illustrated pulps to hit the market today. Television has lost its glamour and the asinine haw-hawing that accompanies three-fourths of its offerings is driving a lot of us to reading for entertainment. But, in my opinion, most of these revitalized pulps would be forced to adopt the paperback's handy compact and neat format, and be sold through the same mass channels. Two or three general interest pulps might use the large semi-pulp pages, illos and covers of the Blue Books of the latter years ---before Kennicott left and inept sex was being clumisly introduced into many of the stories.

Today to find adventure stories that are satisfying we turn to novel lengths or to the non-fiction of magazines like True or Argosy. Most of the other so-called "men's magazines" publish material that is actually less than fantasy, fiction, or non-fiction --- it is a dreary repetition of the sexual act performed in a hundred various locales by slightly disguised actors we have seen before. Would that Adventure and Blue Book might be reborn as they once were. . .

THERE WERE DOZENS OF pulps back in the 1930-1950 era that I personally knew best. The science fiction pulps and Weird Tales, plus of course the short-lived but excellent Unknown, have their streamlined duplicates today. The Black Masks,

Private Detectives, Spicy Detectives etc., have their successors as well. As for the forty or fifty western mags --- or was it seventy? --- I think only Ranch Romances publishes weakly at regular intervals.

But, these in the main were specialized magazines --- as were the sports, flying, and similar categories of titles.

The general interest mags and the adventure-oriented books, all in the pulp category, carried a variety of material --- articles as well as fiction --- sci-fantasy as well as straight yarns. And many of them had letter columns where the honest errors of authors were flayed and set right by experts or veteran readers. Adventure in particular seemed a sort of loosely organized club of explorers, typical tropical tramps and adventurers (would-be, that is). The lesser of these magazines were born and died regularly. A few like Top Notch and Short Stories lasted longer and published fine yarns, but of them all, my choices were Argosy, Blue Book, and Adventure.

Argosy and Blue Book both published fantasy and offtrail. Blue Book, in particular, published E.R.B.'s novels and several short stories. Nelson Bond had many yarns in B.B. "Hawk of the Wilderness" now newly issued by Ace, was a Blue Book serial. As for illustrators, Chickering and Stoops were two of my favorites --- Stoops' grotesquely Indian masklike faces are distinctive, and Chickering had an almost photographic perfection. H. Bedford-Jones, a first rate writer, was a regular contributor. And it was under Balmer and Kennicott, as editors --- Balmer of "Worlds Collide" went on to Red Book in 1930 --- that Blue Book really hit its stride.

Argosy. . .That is a name for collectors of old mags to conjure with. The novels and short stories that came from its pages over the years have been reprinted and anthologized many times. And yet, in the 1930-1950 period, despite the more attractive format and the fine illos, Argosy had an uneven quality that must be read to be understood. The really fine fiction and articles that appeared very often was brightened by contrast with the merely adequate pieces padding the issues. Actually, even though Argosy has now evolved into a high pay slick and neatly packaged magazine well worth reading, I question whether the peculiar Argosy savor has not been lost.

Adventure did not need the added incentive of fantasy yarns to seduce me into reading it. It had a charm all its own. I still wonder what became of the lanky young fellow, sought through Lost Trails, who disappeared in the dessert Four Corners region of our West. Information about everything from crossbows to the pacs worn by the hairless Eskimos of Ziata was available in "Ask Adventure". There was a zest and authenticity about Adventure articles and stories that sponged away boredom and dust from the daily grind. For a few hours you felt that taxes, time clocks and monthly installments were not all-important. Somewhere a man could live in dignity and with a certain measure of satisfaction with life.

Of all the colorful characters that appeared in Adventure my favorites must be "Koropok" the American who was disguised as a hairy Ainu to spy on Japan during W.W. II, and the old rascal and reprobate, Buckley's "Luigi Caradosso", who fought, wenched, schemed, and strutted through the Sixteenth Century's patchwork of dukedoms, free cities and shaky kingdoms. . . . . (The May 1946 issue gives a wealth of material, and sketches by Hamilton Greene about the hairy Ainu and Sydney Herschel Small's "Koropok".)

My greatest regret is that most of the magazines I aquired during those twenty good years were discarded or given away. The hundred or so remaining have been selectively reread several times. The best of them are as good as the best of today's crop; and the worst of them are better than the stereotyped pseudo-fictional non-fiction of the poorer modern magazines.

A final hunch: before too many years there will be a revival of meaty adventure-exploration-travel type stories with an upbeat tempo. The era of wallowing morbidly in our own filth, purposelessly, is bound to end. What's wrong with wanting, and winning, something better and happier?

Basil Wells

S E N S E O F W O N D E R

by Lou Tabakow

The term, "Sense of Wonder" was, as far as I can recall, coined by Sam Moskowitz. It seems to me to be a very well-chosen phrase, describing the feeling of awe and wonder that seemed to be inherent in nearly every story from the middle twenties to about 1950.

In the early days there just wasn't enough produced to satisfy an avid reader, so even the potboilers were carefully perused for whatever kernel of awe they could instill in one.

In those impressionistic and naive years plot was not too important, nor was characterization. What was important was a vague glimpse at some esoteric-seeming scientific breakthrough, as though being let in on some inner-sanctum group from which the common clod was barred. I nearly burst with joy and smugness at the thought of even being on the fringes of this select group.

Puzzle stories such as some of Ross Rocklyn's always intrigued me, as did stories of Mobius houses and tales of two or twenty-two dimensional universes. In this group also fell the Gallagher stories, and the yarns about introverted or extroverted geniuses who always managed to hoist themselves on their own invented petard. These stories were my idea of sophisticated humor.

Time travel stories with their ingenious resolution of paradoxes always intrigued me as did fantasy with a pseudo-scientific twist such as Darker Than You Think.

We are property or we are possessed stories always hit the spot. I remember particularly Dreadful Sanctuary and many short stories such as The Expunger.

The "Into the Atom" stories such as Girl of the Golden Atom and He Who Shrank were especially awe-inspiring and appealing in their imaginative scope. I remember being in a sort of daze for weeks (No pun intended) after reading Henry Hasse's little gem because at the end the author implied that perhaps the hero might, after passing through many thousands of increasingly tiny sub-atomic universes, emerge once more into his own universe. The concept of the whole being encompassed in part of itself seemed to tie up totality in a neat little package with no ends showing. I pitied the common clod whose thoughts encompassed only the tiny part of totality on his local mud ball.

Contra-Universes and Parallel Universes filled me with awe, at the vastness of their concepts. In one of John Campbell's

stories; I believe it was The Mightiest Machine, one sentence sent my imagination reeling. I'm quoting from memory -- "At the instant of its creation, it circumnavigated the Universe" the implication being that since it existed in all of time and space it could never be destroyed. In the same vein, the stories of Doc Smith and Edmond Hamilton, never ceased to thrill as they casually toyed with concepts beyond anything even dreamt of by work-a-day mathematicians and cosmologists. Essentially of course these were pure adventure stories pitting The White Knight against the forces of evil. Incidentally some of these villians were so appealing that the more sophisticated reader found himself siding with them. In at least one case that I know of, even the author succumbed to the villian's charms and was forced to make him a hero ina a later story -- Doc Smith and "Blackie Duquesne".

The Moon Pool, The Blind Spot, The Ship of Ishtar, and their ilk thrilled me with their beautifully drawn word pictures, and filled me with an adolescent yearning for the favors of immortal goddesses, and made mortal earth girls seem rather drab to say the least.

Then, along with other fans I began to grow up. Fans are doubly unfortunate when they grow up. They not only have to leave the childhood world of magic, but also the pseudo-scientific world of breathless awe and wonder. Growing up, is I suppose, both necessary and to the ultimate good of the individual, but it is also fraught with much pain and depression. It is depressing to have a sweet young fan call you sir. Anyway, now you have matured. You still are a fan and spend your time trying to recapture the old feelings; but -- how do you top the indestructability of The Mightiest Machine? -- How do you top Twice in Time or The Knife? -- How do you draw a more poetic word picture than "The pizzicato of a thousand violins"? A Supra-Supra-Universe is not a whit harder to imagine than a Supra-Universe. I could still go along with a mobius house for entertainment's sake, but only in the same sense as I might allow an author of a gothic tale clanking chains. They're atmosphere, but they certainly don't terrify. I feel only pity for the poor wraith dragging them around.

The Sense of Wonder has gone; not because authors are incapable of writing such stories any more, The Sense of Wonder has gone because of a lack in myself. I can no longer soar aloft with Peter Pan. I have grown too sophosticated to believe.

Now I demand something else of my authors. I want characterization; I want plot; I want an adult theme. Pseudo-science now nauseates me. Don't misunderstand me. Time travel isn't pseudo-science, but juggling known facts for story purposes is. Inconsistency in characterization can now make a story ridiculous where once I wouldn't even have noticed it. Rehashing of time-worn concepts may in many cases be better than the original, but after four servings of vanilla ice cream, even neapolitan is no treat.

A few editors and authors came through. John Campbell introduced the so-called adult science fiction story, boasting

believable motivation and at least accurate enough in its science not to insult your intelligence.

H.L. Gold pioneered the sociological science fiction story boasting very believable motivation based on almost straight extrapolation of current phenomena. The stories concerned themselves not so much with the civilization of the galactic visitor to Earth, but the civilizations' impact on ours.

Tony Boucher introduced slick-writing technique to the science fiction and fantasy field. The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy under Boucher and McComas reached a peak of literary excellence that has not been equalled since.

Summing up: I still read and enjoy science fiction. Dozens of novels written since the early forties surpass anything written prior to that time. But we older fans are jaded and sated. It takes a masterpiece to make us sit up and take notice. Though we might wish to thrill again to a new Merrit's masterpiece, we cannot regain our naivete. But for this very reason we are better critics. The editors and authors are trying to give us what we want.

We, along with science fiction have come of age.

Lou Tabakow

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THE PULP COLLECTOR by Gary Zachrich

"So then this cop says 'Where did you get that gem encrusted, solid gold skull emblem....'"

L E T T E R S

Bud Overn
Santa Ana, Calif.

Wow! #66 is great! The best yet! Of course I am an air-pulp fan and this issue hit home for me. I realize that others may have different interests. Prosser's cover and folio are tremendous. It is obvious that he has done a great deal of research as shown in the illustrations and the accompanying articles. I'm sure some sharp-eyed W.W.I buff will find some insignificant error, but I think Dave has caught the feeling of the 1st war in the air, and thats what counts. I haven't seen so much air action since Frank Tinsley, and that is a compliment!

I have not seen the "Blue Max" yet, but enjoyed Dave's observations. I think the thing that is bothering Dave is not so much sweep back in the wings as excessive dihedral. If DeHavilland Gypsy Moths were used, this is probably it. Very few WWI planes had much dihedral. (the S.E.5 being one exception) As for sweep back, the French Nieuport, for one, did have sweep in both wings. I'm not positive, but I think original D7's had different engines during WWI also, so the prop shaft locations at the top may be acceptable variations. One thing I notice in many films is the landing gear. Most WWI planes have straight axels that run straight through from wheel to wheel. Planes of a latter era had criss-cross mounted shock cords without straight through axels.

Dean Grennell's article on Flying Aces was very well done. My admiration is not dimmed by the fact that Dean has "shot me down" by beating me to publication of articles on Phineas Pinkham and Kerry Keen (The Griffon). These will appear soon in Bronze Shadows. Dean is pretty accurate in stating that Keyhoe, Archibald and Whitehouse were the main contributors during the larger "blanket" size issues. Earlier there were many other contributors, including Lester Dent.

I can't take issue with Dean's contention that Keyhoe was a "dullard and a bore" based on the "Dick Knight" stories, as I never read them. When Keyhoe switched from "Philip Strange" to Dick Knight, I gave up. Keyhoe's Philip Strange yarns were anything but boring and dull. If Dean could read some of the earlier Flying Aces, he would think differently of Donald Keyhoe, I'm sure. Philip Strange preceeded G-8 by many years and was much, much better. I suppose the popularity of contemporary heroes such as Bill Barnes and Dusty Ayres forced Flying Aces and Keyhoe to abandon the WWI hero and go modern. It was a bad mistake. As for the Griffon being the top highwater mark for continuity characters in air-pulp, I would have to take exception and give that honor to Bill Barnes. Of course, I am such a BB fan that I may have trouble being objective. I know of no other series in which any of the leading figures are killed. In Bill Barnes, 3 of his men die over the years. The stories had plenty of reader involvement and identification. The stories often described the airfield and a plan view of Barnes Field was presented in one issue. Tinsley's illustrations of the field always showed infinite detail of Bill's apartment, the control tower, Adm. building, etc. Bill's various planes were not only presented in a detailed article with 3 view

plans -- they were described and illustrated in every story with great detail. Every rivet, seam and panel. Interior shots showed every dial on the instrument board. Who couldn't identify with the kid pilot "Sandy", his special plane, "The Eaglet", his pet monkey, Alphonse, and his many hobbies. The character of Bill Barnes changed and matured over the years from a youthful adventurer to a man beginning to show the strain of so much air combat and worry about his men and the finances of his airfield.

The Griffon had a lot going for it, But I don't think it surpassed Bill Barnes. I resented the Griffon's "Black Bullet" looking so much like Bill's "Silver Lancer" and "Scarlet Stormer". I refer you especially to the retractable pontoons. As for Crash Carringer, he not only stole Bill's twin boom design, he even stole the name! (Hellion). Despite this, I enjoyed Whitehouse's stories and Alden McWilliams illustrations. I was surprised to learn that Whitehouse flew Sopwith Camels - I thought he was a gunner-observer.

The only thing Bill Barnes lacked that the Griffon and Philip Strange had, was a love interest. I'm not sure I felt cheated as a boy because Bill had no romance. Who needed girls when you had a sexy airplane that could go 400+ mph?

Dean's contention that perhaps Whitehouse was influenced by Charteris "Saint" series is interesting. I had never thought of that. I guess I was more taken by the fact that the later radio series "The Green Hornet", resembled the Griffon. Instead of a "Black Bullet" there was the "Black Beauty", in place of an Irish Valet there was an oriental. Both had secret passages and hidden garages for plane or car. Both were well to do men about town during the day and masked avengers by night. However, Fran Striker may have simply updated his 1933 radio hero, "The Lone Ranger". The Texas Ranger became a newspaperman. The Indian companion a Japanese (Philipino after Dec. 7, 1941). In fact, Striker hinted that the Rangers name was Reid and that the Daily Sentinal Publisher was a decendent of The Lone Ranger.

Dean is correct in stating that Flying Models does not have the oldtime magic of Flying Aces. A new magazine is trying for some of the old flavor. This is SIG AIR MODELER MAGAZINE (SAMM). While there is no fiction, Phineas Pinkham is often mentioned and the articles and plans have a cozy, club-house feeling. Incidently, I have an article and plans in the March-April issue. 35¢ at your local hobby shop, or 12 issues for $3.50 from SIG AIR MODELER MAGAZINE (SAMM) Route 1, Box 1, Montezuma, Iowa 50171.

By the way, Bill Barnes fans may be interested in a free flight version of Bill's "Silver Lancer". I did this for American Modeler in Nov. 1961. Full size plans can be had from Hobby Helpers, 1543 Stilwell Ave., N.Y. 61, N.Y. for 60¢. Ask for Group #1161. I would also recommend the March 1951 Air Trails to B.B. fans for a beautiful article on Bill and his planes by Frank Tinsley.

Lew Martin
Boulder, Colo.

Have just received and read your #66 issue of The Pulp Era. Accept my congratulations on a splendid publication. Prior to becoming a science fiction fan in the 30's I read most of the WWI air war pulps, and your latest issue really took me back.

I am amazed that anyone could put in 17 years at amateur publications -- I had my stint with The Alchemist (with Roy Hunt and Chuck Hansen) just before WWII. Our first issue was with a hektograph (a traumatic experience) and the subsequent ones with a Montgomery-Wards cheap mimeograph.

In the past year or so I have found it increasingly difficult to refrain from buying a set of WWI aircraft kits. Your latest issue has almost made it impossible. Although it might be beyond the scope of your publication, I would like to see an article by someone knowledgable as to the best kits and the different types available. The artfolio by Prosser was excellent -- wouldn't they be great in color? If I had a complaint it would be that the skies are pretty crowded in most panels, but as I recall that was the thing in the old airwar pulps.

What I particularly appreciate as a non fan (by almost any definition) is the absence of fan gossip along with the 'in' remarks as well as the abbreviations that mean nothing to the outsider. My feelings about publishing letters is that it should be avoided unless some excerpts are used that pertain to the objective of the magazine. ((Editor's comment: I feel that a letter column is necessary to an amateur publication to let the contributors know what was thought of their articles & or artwork. The only payment they receive is the knowledge that their works are appreciated by the fans and collectors that read them. Other than that, I try to keep the letters edited to give information that I'm sure most of the readers will enjoy. LH))

By coincidence I happened to read "A Comprehensive Survey of The Spider Novels" and Stephen's Book Service list #166 on the same night. Mr. McGregor wonders who R. T. M. Scott is (who is credited with the first two Spiders) and although I cannot shed any light on this, I note that Stephen's has a book for sale by a R. T. M. Scott called "Secret Service Smith" which is advertised as a mystery adventure novel, N.Y. 1923. I enjoyed the Spider Survey.

Frank Gruber
West Los Angeles, Calif.

Bill Clark spent some time out here and got me to doing something I should have done years ago -- digging up old records, etc. He came up with numerous items that I had completely forgotten. Unfortunately, during the years I was writing for the pulps I was working so hard I did not have time to keep accurate records -- in fact, I did not even have time to see that I had copies of the magazines containing my stories and through the years I have had to buy old magazines containing these stories.

Bill gave me two copies of The Pulp Era and I spent an evening reading these; I thought them fascinating. I found a few inaccuracies in them, but re-

searching these thirty-some years later is not an easy thing. I am not too sure of certain things, now, that I did during that period. Dates have a way of getting telescoped.

I was especially interested in the article on the air stories and the Richthofen Circus (The Sopwith Camel has amused me, reading about it in the Snoopy comic books, of which I am a great fan). I have known for years, Franz Bachelin, who works in pictures as an art director. A mild, elderly man, whom you would never suspect of having been a World War I flier -- and most certainly not of having flown with Von Richthofen's Circus! I ran into him on the street recently and kidded him about the picture THE BLUE MAX -- he waxed indignant about it. Incidentally, the author of this piece did not seem aware that the man who took over command of the Flying Circus after Von Richthofen's death was Herman Goering!

I spent a couple of evenings this week, reading the galley proofs of a book I am bringing out in September -- THE PULP JUNGLE, which is all about the pulps of the 1930's -- and my own part in them.

How this came about: About a year and a half ago Sherbourne Press, a local publisher, brought out a hardcover collection, THE TOUGH DICKS; this used one of my old Human Encyclopedia stories. The book got a rave review in the L.A. Times as well as the N.Y. Times and both picked out my story. As a result, Sherbourne approached me to bring out a collection of these old stories. Since N.Y. publishers shie away from collections, I let them have the stories. Then they thought I should write an introduction, to help sell the book. I wrote 40 pages about the pulps. The book was called BRASS KNUCKLES. It got astonishing reviews -- very large, some papers, three and four columns. Virtually every reviewer dwelt upon the foreword, scarcely even mentioning the stories themselves. It got a considerable reaction here, locally -- almost every writer I ran into mentioned the foreword to me and many of them suggested I write a full-length book about it. Sherbourne came up with the same idea and I entered a contract with them. THE PULP JUNGLE is a full-length book expansion of the 40 pages in BRASS KNUCKLES. ((Editor's comment: Brass Knuckles wasn't available in this immediate area and I still do not have a copy of it. However, I will send for one as it sounds like my kind of book. I'm sure that most of the readers of The Pulp Era will certainly want to get a copy of The Pulp Jungle. I will certainly be eagerly awaiting its publication. LH))

John T. Browne
Drexel Hill, Penna.

I am interested in purchasing in any condition, old copies of Fight magazines which featured biographical stories of famous boxers. The only criteria is that this section be complete. I like your reviews of paperback reprints and would like to see periodic surveys of old pulp stories in paperback. ((If any of you can help John with the old Fight mags, please write him direct. John T. Browne : 606 Foss Ave. : Drexel Hill, Penna. 19026. LH))

Henry Steeger
Popular Publications, Inc.
New York, New York

I have just received the March-April issue of The Pulp Era and must say I enjoyed it immensely. I think you are to be congratulated for making a definate contribution to our literature of enjoyment.

I was interested in your comments on page 39 in relation to the piece by Mr. J. Edward Leithead. You were quite correct in all of the corrections you made applying to publications put out by our company.

Incidentally, it might amuse you to know that Norvell W. Page who wrote The Spider became so intrigued with the character that he took on its characteristics himself. He would show up at the office with a black cape and dark slouch hat, wearing a spider ring and stalking about the office as though he were about to perform some miracle of fiction. I suppose it was done half in sport and half because the character had aquired such national prominence by that time. We sold thousands and thousands of spider rings. Every kid in the country must have worn one at one time or another.

Our office was at that time something of a madhouse. All of us were kids just emerged from college and we had the time of our lives putting out pulp books. I think one of the reasons for our own success was the fact that we put so much loving care and attention into publishing every issue of every magazine. The smoothest slick couldn't have had more work applied to it.

I still regret that the pulps are not being published because they furnished a fertile ground for the development of new writers and they gave pleasure to millions of readers in specialized packages.

Don Hutchison
Toronto, Canada

Prosser's air war studies were fine indeed, but I had hoped to see more material in the issue on the air war pulp mags. As I recall there was a distinctively dynamic flavor to such pulp stalwarts as Dare-Devil Aces, Sky Fighters, Battle Birds, et al. I'd particularly like to see something on G-8 and his Battle Aces some issue soon. Grennell's piece helped somewhat but by no means could be considered a definate work on the subject. Ah, but the artwork...now, that was really great...obviously a labor of love.

The most exciting thing in the issue, for me at least, was McGregor's Spider survey. As an old Spider buff I found it most nostalgic indeed; ditto for the cover facsimile. A good idea and one I hope you'll follow up in future installments. Only one thing I'd like better: a repro of the original covers or perhaps some of John Fleming Gould's evocative interior illos. I think the Spider series is a fine idea, the kind of thing that will make Pulp Era an invaluable reference to collectors for many years.

One of your most interesting throwaway comments this issue is that Popular Publications might enter the pocketbook field. When and if, maybe we'll see republication of many of the good stories and series from the

Popular pulps? You did mention in an earlier issue that they were considering a paperback offer for G-8.

R. A. Frank
Williamsport, Pa.

In The Pulp Era would it be possible to run more articles on the top pulps -- i.e. Argosy, Short Stories, Blue Book, Adventure, etc. instead of so much stress on the lesser titles? With Argosy's record of nearly 700 hard cover books from its pages, many movies and TV shows based on its characters (Hornblower, Zorro, Tarzan, Mr. Ed, Dr. Kildare, Sheriff Henry, etc.) I think it and the other pulps named above rate more attention. I realize that the series mags appeal more to the younger fans, but us old timers remember the "great" pulps too. ((Editor's comment: Note that the Argosy is back in full swing and will continue in each issue. I also hope to have articles on some of the series characters from Argosy appear in future issues. LH))

Irv Jacobs
National City, Calif.

One great pulp hero, who is never mentioned, is Dan Turner, Hollywood Detective, by Robert Leslie Bellem. Dan was banned in New York City thanks to Mayor LaGuardia, but the unsold copies (minus top strip from cover) flooded the back issue stores along 6th Avenue. We New York kids knew that the rest of the USA got to enjoy a whole series of "garter belt and breast" publications, which were prohibited in NYC. Thanks to a plentiful supply in the back issue stores, Dan Turner became a real hero of mine. (Others banned in NYC favorites of mine were Hillman publications Carnival-combined with-Show, Paris Nights, Stocking Parade, and Gay Book. In those days the word "gay" did not have its present connotation.

Forgot to mention that Dan was first featured in Spicy Detective, and later on was featured in his very own pulp. "Culture Publications" of Wilmington, Delaware, seemed to do ok without NYC distribution, and I have always wondered if the U.S. Goverment really forced Culture Publications to eliminate the word SPICY, eliminate all sex passages from their stories, and to convert their pulps to the SPEED series. I felt so sad to see them bleed to death with their SPEED series.

Where are some of the old pulp artists now? Like Rudolph Belarski of Argosy cover fame. Or Mr. Ryan who did those wild, sexy covers for the Spicy Detective series. (or the guy who drew the interiors for the Dan Turner series)? Incidentally, the only pulp series I can recall, that was overtly anti-semitic, was the short-lived Saucy Detective, which included bigoted filler articles. Anybody ever note this besides me?

Jeremy Barry
China Lake, Calif.

Grennell should have pointed out that the stories in the "Ace of Knaves" were published circa 1935, whereas the Griffon story so similar to the "Unlicensed Victuallers" appeared 5 years later. Mention of The Saint prompts me to urge you to publish articles on this character. I am anxious to know which American pulps he appeared in. I have one 1938 issue of Popular Detective with a Saint tale, so I know he did appear in pulps prior to book publication.

I would also like to see articles on Jungle Stories, both the Clayton and Fiction House versions. Kigor deserves an article of his own. Also do the same for Thrilling Adventures, especially the early issues which featured a pseudo - "Tarzan" by Arthur J. Burks.

You've ignored Fred Faust (Max Brand, Evan Evans, etc.) up to now. How about Darrell C. Richardson writing about his favorite author? Could you reprint his biography & bibliography in serial format for the fans? Maybe Richardson would let you as it would be on a non-profit basis for collectors.

Remember the Basil Wells novel you were once going to publish as a book? I suggest that you offer to serialize it as an example of pulp SF for the fans.

I'd like to see you cover pulps in more depth in the Argassing column. Perhaps some commentary on the quality of the stories in certain issues. Prosser's air war folio is great. Why not put a booklet together and sell it separately? ((Editor's comment: I would like to hear from Darrell Richardson and Basil Wells if they are interested in the above proposals. I think the ideas have great merit. A separate booklet of Prosser's artfolios (part 1 and part2) will be published as soon as I finish the Pulp Era Art booklet. The Airwar booklet will also contain the text explaining each picture. LH))

Dick Miller
Dallas, Texas

I certainly liked Prosser's WWI air-war art. In future issues I am hoping you will run features on Dusty Ayres, G-8, and Secret Agent X. The new reprint series by Corinth does not mention the original magazine date of issue when reprinting. Bantam

has been good about this factor in their reissue of Doc Savage. I would like to see information on 1st issue dates pertaining to Secret Agent X, Dusty Ayres and Operator 5. Thanks for a fine fanzine on the old pulps.

Dave Williams
Bloomington, Illinois

My real interest is in the science fiction and fantasy field, and I would like to see more space in the Pulp Era devoted to it. I'd also like to see less nostalgia and more solid facts and history in your pages. While the First Fandom readers may get a lot of enjoyment out of arousing each others old recollections, the stimulation isn't quite the same for those of us that are barely old enough to vote. I am probably speaking for many when I say that what I want most to read is material filling in the waste pool of ignorance that I have, not having had the advantage of living through the period in question, rather than articles that seem to assume that I know all the background.

There also seems to be a decided trend on the part of each contributor to say something about the most obscure pulp, which had a total life of four or five issues way back in the early twenties, instead of the pulp that endured for decades and really had a significant effect on the field it specialized in. I would like to see write ups on Thrilling Wonder Stories or Planet Stories, since these are what I have copies of on my shelves and can therefore appreciate all the more when your contributors point out some particular feature about them. No contributor should think he is wasting his time by saying something specific about such a common subject, because when you start examining the actual situation, you will find that very little has really been said so far! Over a period of years, from a bit of information here, and a brief mention there, I have been able to get a fairly good idea of the birth and evolution of Amazing and Astounding. As for any of the titles second only to them in importance, I really don't know a thing! What seems common and therefore less interesting to a few of your readers is probably much more important to many others. You certainly can't turn the Pulp Era into an elementary

(Argassing, continued from page 47)

There may yet be more votes to be counted as they are still trickling in at this writing, but it is doubtful that the order would be changed except in the place of the ties and there were none for first place. Excuse me, there was a first place tie among authors.

What came as a surprise to me was the fact that some of the largest selling pulp authors such as Max Brand and Erle Stanley Gardner didn't draw a vote. In magazines, I expected Argosy to take first place, but if you will notice the remaining winners were either series character magazines or science fiction. In the character series there was a little more break-up in catagory with Adventure, Jungle, air, science fiction, detective and western characters all receiving votes. With the authors it was pretty much the same as with characters except that no western author received votes. In the artist catagory, science fiction pretty well led with air next in line.

It was interesting to read some of the reasons for the votes and I'll quote some below with out giving names. For example, Wonder Stories was chosen for top artwork and the sponsoring of The Science Fiction League. Robert A. Graef was voted as favorite artist because he did so many covers for s-f serials back in Argosy's golden days. When you saw a Graef cover on a new Argosy, you knew something good was starting in that issue. Many others sent several names for each catagory explaining that at certain ages certain ones were favorites. On these I used only the first choices.

We have done some articles on many of the favorites, for instance in section 2 of this issue you will find an article on Frank Tinsley. Mac McGregor is, of course, doing an excellent series of articles on The Spider. I do hate to start an work on the Doc Savage in The Pulp Era even though he was voted as the favorite character series because Mac McGregor is doing an extra fine series on Doc for Bronze Shadows and we would be duplicating a work that is available. (Besides, anyone that enjoys The Pulp Era should be subscribing to Bronze Shadows anyway.) However, we will try to get articles on the top favorites in all catagories as soon as we can find the people with the information on them. How about some of you out there sitting down and doing an article on your favorite? I know that many of you are good writers and researchers.

Lynn A. Hickman

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guide, but if only one article per issue looked at Weird Tales or Startling Stories in real depth, it would go a long way in stimulating the interests of the newer fans.

John Harwood
New Bedford, Mass.

Although I liked the articles about the air-war pulps, I never read many of them during my pulp reading days. I only remember one of the mags. This was G-8 and his Battle Aces. The stories that I read weren't of the usual WWI type action stories of air combat. These were more in the science fiction category with mad scientists and fantastic inventions. Aside from these stories, the only other flying stories I used to read were the ones in the old American Boy. Remember that one? {{Yes, I rememberit well and still have most of the copies from about 1936 on. LH}} There were at least two series of stories in the magazine. There were the Thompson Burtis stories which dealt with various fields of flying. Some were WWI combat stories, others were about barnstorming pilots in the days after the war, and still others were stories of flying in the future. There was a series of stories by an author whose name escapes me me about Renfrew of the Mounted. After several years of these stories, the author switched to the early days of his character when he was flying in the first world war.

I had never read any of the Spider stories but liked the writeups as they reminded me of the Shadow stories I used to read. On page 44 Herman McGregor says, "R. T. M. Scott, whoever he is," I may be able to give you a bit of information here.

There is very little biographical about him in the reference books. The only thing of this nature that I could find is that his full name is Reginald Thomas Maitland Scott although he only used his first three initials and last name as an author. He was born on August 14, 1882 in Woodstock, Ontario. This would make about eighty-four today if he is still alive.

I can tell you a little more about his work as I have several of his books in my collection. Here is a list of books that I know of, there may be others:

Secret Service Smith	1923
The Black Magician	1925
Ann's Crime	1926
Aurelius Smith -- Detective	1927
The Mad Monk	1931
Murder Strikes the Mayor	1936
Agony Column Murders	1946

Except for The Mad Monk, which is a fictionalized account of Rasputin, all his books are mysteries. The first four books, which I own, are about Aurelius Smith, the detective. The first and fourth are books of short stories and the other two are novels. I'm not familiar with the last two books on the list except to say that from their titles they must also be mysteries. They may or may not have Smith as the detective.

I have lists of the short stories with their original appearances that you may use for further research if you are interested.

SECRET SERVICE SMITH:

Into the East	Adventure, New York
The Rajah of Agh Buthal	McLean's Magazine, Toronto
Such Bluff as Dreams are Made Of	Adventure
Mystery Mountain	Live Stories, New York
Magic	Adventure
Hanuman The Monkey God	Leslie's Weekly, New York
The Trap	The Black Mask, New York
The Towers of Silence	Adventure
Through the Ether	Action Stories, New York
"Find That Man"	Adventure
The Emerald Earrings	Leslie's Weekly
The Killer	Midnight Mysteries, New York
The Sealed Flask (as The Menace)	Midnight Mysteries
The Emerald Coffin	Detective Tales, Ghicago
Finger Prints	McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Some of the above stories also appeared as follows:

Into the East	Penny Magazine, London
Such Bluff as Dreams are Made Of	Cassel's Magazine, London
The Trap	Detctive Magazine, London
The Emerald Earrings	Grand Magazine, London

AURELIUS SMITH -- DETECTIVE:

When Thieves Follow	McClure
Three Collar Buttons	McClure
Underground	Action Stories
Red Mike	McClure
A Drop in Temperature	McClure
His Royal Word	McClure
The Twelve Penny Black	McClure
Absolute Pitch	McClure
The Crushed Pearl	American Magazine, New York
Doctor Quintail's Case	Flynn's Magazine, New York
Peter's Tower	
Kicking a Giraffe on the Nose	

No original credit is given for the last two stories on the list. However, at the beginning of Ann's Crime a list is given of the magazine appearances of Aurelius Smith. All the above magazines are listed, plus the two following:

Complete Story Teller, London
Lloyd's Magazine, London

It is possible that the two stories may have originally appeared in these magazines and didn't appear in any American magazines. If any of the pulp collectors have indice of any of these mags they might be able to look up any other stories Scott may have had published in addition to those mentioned.

I'm still disappointed in the fact that you haven't yet started the series of articles on the Dikar stories. Have you given up the idea or merely postponed publication? ((We haven't given up the idea. Its just that I've had so many other good articles to run))

(Argassing, continued from page 47)

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Lynn A. Hickman

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PULP ERA

issue number 67

17th Anniversary issue

featuring:

Dave Prosser

Bud Overn

Mac McGregor

Section Two

May - June - July - August - 1967

A R G A S S I N G (Section 2) by Lynn A. Hickman

Since printing section I and writing Argassing for it, a few things have happened that have delayed the zine and changed a few things I wrote at that time. First, I have found some ½" staples that will fit my stapler (it will take ¼, 3/8, or ½") so I will staple the magazine as a complete magazine as long as they last. I should have enough for all but about 50 copies. Those will be stapled in two sections. Second, I won't have time to give the listing of all the zines I've published over the past 17 years. However, if you are interested in a listing of them, I'll try to do it at a later date and also state which issues are available.

The main reasons for the delay in this issue were two press breakdowns and the wait for parts each time. The press (like me) is getting some age on it, and I suppose I'll have to expect some of these setbacks from time to time. I can't really kick, the old girl has given me many years of trouble-free service.

Some articles scheduled for this issue were forced out by time and space. If your article is missing, it will appear in a future issue.

Lynn

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For Sale or Trade:

The Frontier, Frontier Stories, Complete Novel Magazine, Complete Stories, The Popular Magazine, circa late twenties and early thirties.

Also have some Ace-High Magazines left (1930-31-35).

Want: Air-War magazines, Double Detective, Black Book Detective, and Thrilling Adventures.

Lynn A. Hickman : 413 Ottokee St. : Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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For Sale:

Early MAD and Panic comics. Also a few Dell Animal Comics and Pogo Comics.

Plato Jones
413 Ottokee Street
Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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PLANET
WEIRD TALES
UNKNOWN
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AND MANY OTHERS

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AND (LAST BUT NOT LEAST)

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I don't feel qualified to make literary criticism of the old pulps, so I will just put down a few of my feelings. I do know I enjoyed the old stuff, maybe it is just the "age of wonder", maybe writing is better now --- but I think I prefer the hero to the anti-hero. I don't have anything against sex, but I prefer my pornography undiluted with adventure, and my adventure without the distraction of eroticism. Todays sex and sadism is laid on with a pretty heavy hand usually not necessary to the plot.

One of my favorite pulps was Street & Smiths, Bill Barnes, Air Adventurer. It satisfied my taste for adventure; provided knowledge of current facts in aviation; gave a glimpse into the future of aviation; afforded me the vicarious thrill of being a pilot and gave me a creed to help me become a useful member of society.

I would like to submit the following tribute to a man who was an important part of. . .THE PULP ERA

F R A N K T I N S L E Y
P R O P H E T W I T H A B R U S H

by Bud Overn

I clearly remember the first Frank Tinsley illustration I ever saw. It was the mid '30s, and my mother had taken me to a downtown clinic in Los Angeles to see if my tonsils should come out. As we passed a back issue magazine store, one cover, out of all the other colorful, exciting, gory covers, caught my eye. It was a picture of the Macchi-Castoldi M.C. 72 racing seaplane which, at that time, held the world's speed record of 440 miles per hour.

The magazine was the August, 1934 issue of Bill Barnes, Air Adventurer. (Later to evolve into Air Trails and eventually American Modeler) By fussing and whining, like all kids do when they want something, I managed to get my mother to part with a hard earned depression nickle and soon had that fat beautiful magazine in my hands. At home, in the quiet of my room, I thumbed through the ragged-edged pulp pages and looked in wide eyed wonder at the other Tinsley illustrations. On page 10 was another view of the Italian racer and an article with specifications of the plane that Warrent Officer Francesco Agello hurtled to the record making mark on June 2, 1933.

On pages 8 & 9 was a full page masthead illustration for the featured 90 page Bill Barnes air action novel, "The Blood Flower", by George L. Eaton. (a house name for *several pulp writers) The illustration featured several Barnes "Snorters"

* "Chick" Verral and "Monty" Montanye

zooming away from a dog fight involving two different groups of enemy fighters being engulfed by the poisonous gas of an exploded volcano on a Pacific island -- Death Island!

Every few pages was another illustration -- of more "Snorters", the B.B. Transport, or teen-ager "Sandy Saunders", Eaglet (which was carried inside the transport and could be released and picked up while in flight). Also shown were several views of enemy fighters and in the back of the book an article on the "Snorter" with 3 view scale plans by -- Frank Tinsley!

I devoured the details of his drawings for hours. The glint of the sun off a pilots goggles; the covers over the engine cylinders; the padding around the cockpit coaming; the gunsight through the windshield; the instruments on the panel; the twin machine guns in the rear cockpit; gobs of infinite detail -- done with such precision and mastery, it never dawned on you that these were fictitious airplanes!

I suppose that impressionism has its place in art, but not in depicting an airplane! I like to see every beautiful, homely detail -- and Tinsley was the greatest at that. No hazy lines to indicate some part would suffice. Tinsley's drawings showed every rivet and bolt; oil fumes spewing from the engine; the rudder, elevator and ailerons all turned in the proper direction to match the attitude of the plane. Endless painstaking detail by a master craftsman. I later came to appreciate the slick watercolor covers by Joe Kotula for Model Airplane News, but no one could depict the gutsy look of the old planes like Tinsley. His illustrations had such a lifelike 3rd dimensional quality, they seemed to stand out on the page.

Of course, the thing that made Tinsley so unique was not only his excellent drawings, but his ability to predict the future and incorporate advanced ideas into the "dream ships" of the Bill Barnes fleet. He was the perfect choice as the guiding light behind the Bill Barnes concept. Whereas most of the air-mags were retelling the W.W. I story over and over, Street & Smith decided to present a present day hero who was interested in the future. This was, of course, Bill Barnes -- a young aviator-designer who had gained quite a bit of fame and fortune by winning most of the prize money from the big air races. He acquired some land on Long Island, built the worlds most modern airfield, gathered a gang of loyal pilots and set out to perfect the most advanced aeronautical concepts in the world. Through Bill Barnes, Tinsley's genius could really shine forth.

The magazine started in Feb. 1934. (Previously S.&S. had put out a pulp Air Trails, but dropped it during the first part of the depression). In the First Bill Barnes issue, the hero is depicted with his super-plane, the "Bumblebee". This fantastic plane had wings that could be swept back, retracting

into the fuselage -- similar to designs now being proposed (such as the F-111); rocket assisted takeoff; (8 years before Capt. Homer A. Boushey experimented with JATO on a small Ercoupe in Riverside, Calif.), retractable rotor blades which allowed the plane to make vertical ascent and descent.

Not wishing to rest on their laurels, the authors and Tinsley (Tinsley helped plot the stories) came out with an even more startling plane in the 3rd issue (April, 1934). This was the experimental Barnes plane, the "Porpoise". This craft could do everything the "Bumblebee" could do, plus submerge! That's right! Submerge! The story and illustrations showed how water-tight hatches, ballast tanks, etc. worked. Several groups are still trying to perfect a flying sub. Tinsley did it in '34 and moved on to other ideas -- such as the flying hanger for Sandy's parasite fighter, the Eaglet, as mentioned above.

Other innovations were: infra-red visual aid devices for flying in fog; remote control rear firing guns, and air-cannons. In Oct.-Nov. '34, a new Barnes plane burst on the scene. This was the fighter-racer, the "Scarlet Stormer". This design featured tandem engines driving contra-rotating props. The unusual feature, however, was the hydro-skis, or pontoons which retracted into grooves in the belly of the plane. This feature fascinated me and I figured that if the Macchi-Castoldi could go 440 m.p.h. with its floats sticking out in the breeze, the "Scarlet Stormer" could easily surpass that with its floats retracted. (No actual top speed was given.) The retractable pontoon idea (seen many years later on Convairs Sea Dart) was added to Sandys Eaglet in the improved version in 1935. About this time, another new design appeared for a short time. This was the "Hellion". It was like a king-sized P-38 with twin floats which retracted under the twin booms.

The Barnes designs, as presented by Tinsley, were more believable than the cigar shaped, fixed landing gear jobs seen in Dusty Ayres and his Battle Birds.

In 1936, the best known of the Barnes planes appeared. This was the Silver Lancer". It differed from the "Stormer" in being a low-wing design with a retractable main float (seen 4 years later on the British Blackburn B-20). The two outrigger floats were on the ends of small sub-wings extending from the main float. With the gear down, The "Lancer" was like a biplane. Retracted, it became a sleek monoplane. A unique solution to variable wing area. (Plans for a free-flight model of the Lancer appeared in the Nov. 1961 American Modeler).

The last Barnes design, before the series faded, was the "Charger". This design featured twin engines buried in the thickness of the wing. All the designs were presented again in a commemorative spread in the Mar. 1951 edition of Air Trails.

The designs were all prophetic and ahead of their time, but could hardly be classed as way out science fiction in the

sense of the predictions in some of the very fine SF 'zines of that era. Tinsley brushed on the outer space idea a few times but his space era was yet to come.

After the decline of Bill Barnes, Tinsley became well known for his excellent "Comic" strip, Captain Yank, which, after all, was Bill Barnes in a new setting.

There was no escaping Tinsley now, for his covers for Mechanix Illustrated started to appear regularly. Inside this magazine, Tinsley let his imagination run loose on all sorts of vehicles, boats and gadgets. But his interest in flight always predominated. Long before Sputnick, he began to delve into the challenge of space flight. His beautiful rocket designs and space articles from Mechanix Illustrated were compiled into a book in 1958 by Whitestone Publications. (The Answers to the Space Flight Challenge, #23). In this book, Adolphe Barreaux gave a great tribute to Tinsley in his foreword;....."Frank Tinsley has occupied a unique niche in the field of aviation and science reporting. Gifted with a multiplicity of abilities and interests, his designers mind, writers pen and artists brush have been combined into a single medium with which to picture the scientific advances of the past two decades. His real talent lies in a unique ability to forcast the ultimate future of new discoveries. The list of his proven predictions is a long one and its scope and variety truly rank him as a modern Jules Verne.

Tinsley's life has been a varied one. Museum curator, cavalryman and sailor, he is equally at home in an armor gallery, on the back of a horse or the heeled deck of a sailing yacht. During WWI, at the ripe old age of seventeen, he put his designing talents to work in helping develop helmets for the Army Ordinance Department. In the post-war years, he carved out an entirely new career as a magazine illustrator. Later, he shifted his interest to the movies. As technical director in the old silent films, he supervised the accuracy of early "million dollar" costume pictures -- doubling when necessary, in trick riding and duelling scenes. Shortly before Linbergh's epochal flight, Tinsley turned to aviation -- then in its diaper days. He painted the stick-and-wire "crates" of the period and wrote about the colorful characters then "hopping" the oceans and wing-walking in "flying circuses". His covers, illustrations and futuristic plane designs decorated most of the early air magazines.

Refused field service in WWII because of a hearing defect, Tinsley, a reserve officer for many years, promptly became a newspaper correspondent and undertook an authentic military comic strip. Circulated in every theatre of the war, Captain Yank became a favorite of service men and earned Navy and Marine Corps commendations for its author. When peace arrived, he returned to reporting new science developments for the magazines.

Famous as a painter of aircraft and space subjects, Tinsley

is one of the founders of the Aviation Writers Association, a long time member of the British Interplanetary Society and of numerous U.S. space study groups. His prophetic rocket and satellite designs have been widely reprinted in serious books on space travel, as well as in magazines and newspapers throughout the world."

Among my most treasured possesions are several letters from Frank Tinsley and an autographed proof of one of his illustrations. I would give anything to get an original Tinsley, but even if I had one, I would feel compelled to see it hung in the local air-museum...(Tall-Mantz, Hollywood of the Air) so everyone could enjoy it.

Tinsley realized how skeptical man is, as evidenced by his plea for an open mind in the foreword of his book. After listing the many advances during his lifetime, he goes on to say: "With all these marvels unveiled in little more than a half century, how can I -- or you -- dare to laugh off the potentialities of space travel? If some of the predicted vehicles, propulsive systems and living conditions seem fantastic, just imagine how unbelievable a modern aircraft carrier would seem to the master of an old time clipper ship. Yet it is a scant hundred years since the square-rigged Yankee Clipper was the last word in scientific sea travel! Let us, therefore, approach our spatial future with open minds, profiting by present knowledge, receptive toward new ideas and eager to lend a hand in unveiling the undreamed of techniques to come."

Frank Tinsley passed away on June 24th, 1965. His untimely death is very tragic -- especially since he did not live to see the first man on the moon. On second thought, Frank Tinsley already went to the moon -- and took us with him -- in the 4th of his "6 Steps to Outer Space". By now, he is probably beyond even that 6th step. Not being a theologian, I can't say if Frank Tinsley's life brought him a heavenly reward. But if bringing pleasure and knowledge to a multitude of people and making the most of your God given talent counts at all, Frank Tinsley made it for sure.

And if he did, I'm sure he is sitting at some celestial drafting board, designing more efficient wings for angels on high.

Who, among our present day illustrators can take his place? Valigursky? Ronfor? For me, and his many fans and admirers, no one can take the place of ... Frank Tinsley.

Bud Overn

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Next issue: An article on the Ace pulps by Donald A. Wollheim

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THE SPIDER

VOLUME	ISSUE	YEAR	MONTH	TITLE
I	1	1933	Oct.	The Spider Strikes
I	2		Nov.	The Wheel of Death
I	3		Dec.	Wings of the Black Death
I	4	1934	Jan.	City of Flaming Shadows
II	1		Feb.	Empire of Doom
II	2		Mar.	The Citadel of Hell
II	3		Aprl.	Serpent of Destruction
II	4		May	The Mad Horde
III	1		June	Satan's Death Blast
III	2		July	The Corpse Cargo
III	3		Aug.	Prince of the Red Looters
III	4		Sept.	Reign of the Silver Terror
IV	1		Oct.	Builders of the Dark Empire
IV	2		Nov.	Death's Crimson Juggernaut
IV	3		Dec.	The Red Death Rain
IV	4	1935	Jan.	The City Destroyer
V	1		Feb.	The Pain Emperor
V	2		Mar.	The Flame Master
V	3		Aprl.	Slaves of the Crime Master
V	4		May	Reign of the Death Fiddler
VI	1		June	Hordes of the Red Butcher
VI	2		July	Dragon Lord of the Underworld
VI	3		Aug.	Master of the Death Madness
VI	4		Sept.	King of the Red Killers
VII	1		Oct.	Overlord of the Damned
VII	2		Nov.	Death Reign of the Vampire King
VII	3		Dec.	Emperor of the Yellow Death
VII	4	1936	Jan.	The Mayor of Hell
VIII	1		Feb.	Slaves of the Murder Syndicate
VIII	2		Mar.	Green Globes of Death
VIII	3		Aprl.	The Cholera King
VIII	4		May	Slaves of the Dragon
IX	1		June	Legions of Madness
IX	2		July	Laboratory of the Damned
IX	3		Aug.	Satan's Sightless Legion
IX	4		Sept.	The Coming of the Terror
X	1		Oct.	The Devil's Death Dwarfs
X	2		Nov.	City of Dreadful Night
X	3		Dec.	Reign of the Snake Men
X	4	1937	Jan.	Dictator of the Damned
XI	1		Feb.	The Mill-Town Massacres
XI	2		Mar.	Satan's Workshop
XI	3		Aprl.	Scourge of the Yellow Fangs
XI	4		May	The Devil's Pawnbroker
XII	1		June	Voyage of the Coffin Ship
XII	2		July	The Man Who Ruled in Hell
XII	3		Aug.	Slaves of the Black Monarch
XII	4		Sept.	Machine Guns Over the White House
XIII	1		Oct.	The City That Dared Not Eat
XIII	2		Nov.	Master of the Flaming Horde
XIII	3		Dec.	Satan's Switchboard
XIII	4	1938	Jan.	Legion of the Accursed Light
XIV	1		Feb.	The City of Lost Men
XIV	2		Mar.	The Grey Horde Creeps

Volume	Issue	Year	Month	Title
XIV	3	1938	Aprl.	City of Whispering Death
XIV	4		May	When Thousands Slept in Hell
XV	1		June	Satan's Shackles
XV	2		July	The Emperor From Hell
XV	3		Aug.	The Devil's Candlesticks
XV	4		Sept.	The City That Paid to Die
XVI	1		Oct.	The Spider at Bay
XVI	2		Nov.	Scourge of the Black Legions
XVI	3		Dec.	The Withering Death
XVI	4	1939	Jan.	Claws of the Golden Dragon
XVII	1		Feb.	The Song of Death
XVII	2		Mar.	The Silver Death Rain
XVII	3		Aprl.	Blight of the Blazing Eye
XVII	4		May	King of the Fleshless Legion
XVIII	1		June	Rule of the Monster Men
XVIII	2		July	The Spider and the Slaves of Hell
XVIII	3		Aug.	The Spider and the Fire God
XVIII	4		Sept.	The Corpse Broker
XVIX	1		Oct.	The Spider and the Eyeless Legion
XVIX	2		Nov.	The Spider and the Faceless One
XVIX	3		Dec.	Satan's Murder Machines
XVIX	4	1940	Jan.	The Spider and the Pain Master
XX	1		Feb.	Hell's Sales Manager
XX	2		Mar.	Slaves of the laughing Death
XX	3		Aprl.	The Man From Hell
XX	4		May	The Spider and the War Emperor
XXI	1		June	Judgment of the Damned
XXI	2		July	Dictator's Death Merchants
XXI	3		Aug.	Pirates From Hell
XXI	4		Sept.	Master of the Night Demons
XXII	1		Oct.	The Council of Evil
XXII	2		Nov.	The Spider and His Hobo Army
XXII	3		Dec.	The Spider and the Jewels of Hell
XXII	4	1941	Jan.	Harbor of Nameless Death
XXIII	1		Feb.	The Spider and the Slave Doctor
XXIII	2		Mar.	The Spider and the Sons of Satan
XXIII	3		Aprl.	Slaves of the Burning Blade
XXIII	4		May	The Devil's Paymaster
XXIV	1		June	The Benevolent Order of Death
XXIV	2		July	Murder's Black Prince
XXIV	3		Aug.	The Spider and the Scarlet Surgeon
XXIV	4		Sept.	The Spider and the Deathless One
XXV	1		Oct.	Satan's Seven Swordsmen
XXV	2		Nov.	Volunteer Corpse Brigade
XXV	3		Dec.	The Crime Laboratory
XXV	4	1942	Jan.	Death and the Spider
XXVI	1		Feb.	Murder's Legionnaires
XXVI	2		Mar.	The Gentleman From Hell
XXVI	3		Aprl.	Slaves of the Ring
XXVI	4		May	The Spider and the Death Piper
XXVII	1		June	Revolt of the Underworld
XXVII	2		July	Return of the Racket Kings
XXVII	3		Aug.	Fangs of the Dragon
XXVII	4		Sept.	Hell Rolls on the Highways
XXVIII	1		Oct.	Army of the Damned

Volume	Issue	Year	Month	Title
XXVIII	2	1942	Nov.	Zara -- Master of Murder
XXVIII	3		Dec.	The Spider and the Flame King
XXVIII	4	1943	Jan.	The Howling Death
XXVIX	1		Feb.	Secret City of Crime
XXVIX	2		Mar.	Recruit For the Spider Legion
XXVIX	3		June	The Spider and the Man From Hell
XXVIX	4		Aug.	The Criminal Horde
XXX	1		Oct.	The Spider and Hell's Factory
XXX	2		Dec.	When Satan Came to Town

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Pulp (detective stories) collector wants to correspond with others of similar tastes.

Wants to purchase Black Mask Magazines. Please let me know what you have to sell -- can't trade because I have nothing to trade.

E. H. Mundell, Jr.
5560 Evergreen
Portage, Indiana 46368

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For Sale:

The Gray Goose, April 1899. Description in the Pulp Era #64. The Black Cat, December, 1897, January, 1898, April, 1900, March, 1901, May 1902, December, 1902, February, 1903, and October, 1903. Short Stories, May, 1894. Send offer of cash or pulps that you have to trade.

Lynn A. Hickman
413 Ottokee Street
Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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Original science fiction artwork for sale, cover paintings and interior illustrations, 1937 on. Paul, Finlay, Lawrence, etc. Also original cover from Black Mask Detective. Send offers, trade or cash.

Lynn A. Hickman : 413 Ottokee St. : Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE SPIDER NOVELS

part two of a series by Mac McGregor

(Editors note: Each issue Mac will survey several of The Spider novels. When the series is completed, it will be republished complete as a Pulp Era Booklet. LH)

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For Sale:

Blue Book, June 1929. Contains an installment of Tanar of Pellucidar by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Illustrated by Frank Hoban. Cover by Frank Hoban.

Wide-Awake Magazine, June 10, 1916. Last issue of this magazine before it combined with Top-Notch Magazine.

Oriental Stories, Summer, 1932. Stories by Otis Adelbert Kline and David H. Keller. Does not have cover.

Horatio Alger, Jr. books. Various editions, but mostly The New York Book Company.

Other books by Talbot Mundy, Hulbert Footner, Arthur Guy Empey, J. Allan Dunn, Frank King, etc. Also some Burroughs books.

Lynn A. Hickman
413 Ottokee Street
Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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Next issue: TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS by Robert A. Madle

THE ACE PULPS by Donald A. Wollheim

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January, 1934 Vol. I, No. 4 City of Flaming Shadows

Lead Story by Grant Stockbridge.
Interior illustrations by J. Fleming Gould.
Cover illustration by John Howitt - Caped, masked Spider is carrying a woman and a uniformed man out of a mass of flames.

Cast of City of Flaming Shadows:

Richard Wentworth, Nita Van Sloan, Stanley Kirkpatrick, Ram Singh, Jackson, Jenkyns.
Reardon, an electric-company lineman, an employee and victim of the Tarantula.
Jack Reardon, anxious to aid Wentworth and avenge his father.
Elsie Thompson, in love with Jack.
Wiggard, the Tarantula's crime lieutenant.
Big Tim Lally, a polished politician.
Tamara Lamaris, beautiful, seductive employee of the electric company.
Johnson Hague, an electrical engineer.
Russell Daliot, swimming instructor.
Joe Roberts, President of the Board of Aldermen.
Peter MacPherson, a phone-company representative.
Shane Penrose, New York City's Deputy Police Commissioner.
Donohue, Schwartz, O'Flaherty, three of New York's finest.

The Story: Richard Wentworth is investigating a robbery in Hamlettown, New York, where the criminals have managed to isolate the town by severing all light and phone wires. Masked as the Spider, he confronts an electric-company lineman named Reardon, who repents his part in the robbery. Elsie Thompson, a girl in love with Reardon's son, intervenes but Reardon convinces her that the Spider can help them. Wiggard, the criminal who hired Reardon, appears and when the Spider attempts to capture him, Reardon is kidnapped. The criminal mastermind, known as the Tarantula, hangs Reardon and convinces Elsie that the Spider is to blame.

While Wentworth, Kirkpatrick, and Nita attend a Broadway show, the gang strikes in New York City. As Wentworth pursues some of the gang, Nita is captured. The Tarantula phones Wentworth and says that unless the Spider leaves for Europe, Nita will die. Wentworth meets Jack Reardon, the dead lineman's son, disguises him as Wentworth, and sends him and Ram Singh to Europe.

Contacting Kirkpatrick, Wentworth reveals what has happened. He disguises himself as Inspector Rupert Barton of Scotland Yard, and Commissioner Kirkpatrick introduces him as that person. Shane Penrose, Kirkpatrick's deputy, resents outside help. Wentworth meets with Tamara Lamaris and Johnson Hague of the electric company, who, together with politician Tim Lally, seem to know most about the network of power, light, and communication lines.

When the Tarantula strikes again, robbing a New York City

bank, Wentworth discovers that the gang uses the sewer and power-line tunnels under the street in order to escape. While he is investigating, Kirkpatrick is lured into a trap and captured by the Tarantula. Wentworth captures a minor thug and through him encounters the mastermind, but is held at bay when the Tarantula threatens to hang Nita. Wentworth escapes but is unable to rescue his sweetheart. She is able to call the police from her new place of captivity and Wentworth manages to save her.

All of the city's money is put into one bank where it can be adequately protected, but the Tarantula and his gang, using the underground network, steal the money anyway. Wentworth frees Kirkpatrick and, using a seaplane, encounters the masked villian in a yacht used in the escape. He kills the Tarantula using a grenade, but surprises everyone by saying that there are two Tarantulas and proceeds to unmask the real mastermind.

Critical Comment: While City of Flaming Shadows contains all od the elements necessary to produce a great pulp story, it must, in fairness, br judged as only a fairly entertaining novel. To determine the reason for such an evaluation, one must consider the nature of the full-length pulp novel and the problems it presents to the writer. Personal experimentation has indicated that the first three or four chapters and the last four or five chapters of a pulp novel are relatively easy to write - once the author has conceived the germ of the plot, he introduces it and his hero and sets them in action in the first few chapters - in the last few chapters he is able to present the conclusion and the unmasking and destruction of the mastermind. The real challenge to the author is filling in all of that space in between in a satisfactory manner. If the space is filled with repetitious encounters which resolve nothing or add nothing to progress the plot, then the overall story suffers. Kenneth Robeson, in the Doc Savage stories, could vary the action among the various aides; Robert Wallace, in the Phantom Detective stories, stuck pretty much to his central character but partially solved the problem by reducing the amount of space and writing much shorter novels than his fellow authors; but Stockbridge really faced a problem - not only did he deal with one central character but his novels were as much as 10 to 20 pages longer than the average "book-length" pulp adventure. Thus, we find in Wings of the Black Death and in City of Flaming Shadows a great many interim episodes which are not satisfactory in themselves (as in the Molly Ann episode in The Spider Strikes), nor do they progress the plot or provide additional exposition essential to the story; Ram Singh, because of his stoic nature or because of his foreignness, does not seem capable of carrying a chapter or two by himself. Stockbridge seems to be aware of the problem and in this story adds another dimension to Jackson, the chauffeur. In the preceding novel, Jackson is such a nonentity that Wentworth forces him from the car so that he himself might drive to a dangerous rendezvous. In this story, Jackson assumes a new personality - he is Wentworth's sergeant-major from World War I and a character with whom the reader can

associate. Although he has little to do in this story, his presence and actions contribute greatly to some of the adventures to come.

As stated before, however, City of Flaming Shadows is a fairly entertaining novel. The Tarantula, while somewhat of a stock character, is a time-proven stock character and is worthy of the Spider's attentions. Wentworth's assumed idenity as the Scotland Yard Inspector provides interesting variety and his running feud with Penrose provokes excitement. The revelation that there are two Tarantulas adds a degree of mystery not usually found in the series.

Added Note: One has to be amused by one episode in City of Flaming Shadows. Riding in a cab with a minor thug he has captured, Wentworth thinks of the hundreds who have lost their lives and can't resist the urge to lash out and smash the thug's nose. One thing about the Spider - if a crook encountered him and lived, he'd damn well think twice before he returned to crime again!

Additional Contents:

G. T. Fleming-Roberts, The Devil's Belfry (short)

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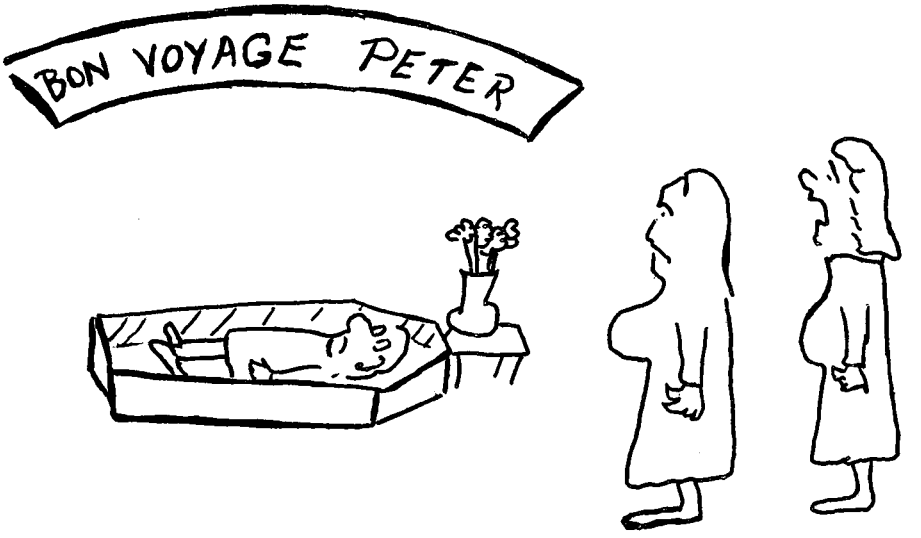
The Pulp Collector by Gary Zachrich



"I noticed he had not moved his head up from his book for three days! Finally I worked up enough nerve to touch him ....."

February, 1934 Vol. II, No. 1 Empire of Doom

Lead story by Grant Stockbridge.
Interior illustrations by J. Fleming Gould.
Cover by John Howitt - The Spider, unmasked, holds a strange, instrument which is spraying toward a ghostly hand that is dripping blood on the Capitol Building. A crowd is fleeing in the foreground.

Cast of Empire of Doom:

Wentworth, Nita Van Sloan, Kirkpatrick, Ram Singh, Prof. Brownlee.
Prof. Cather, who has discovered a deadly, green gas.
McCarthy, a minor criminal.
George Scott, a red-haired criminal - a disguise used by the Green Hand.
Harry Battleson, Police Commissioner of Loveland, Michigan.
Jonathan Love, industrial magnate - a tool of the Green Hand.
Renee Love, Jonathan's beautiful daughter.
Tremaine Smith, Renee's wealthy suitor.
Wilhelm Reuters, one of Love's scientists - another suitor.
Jack Delaney, a mere foreman and a third suitor.
Selden Crosswell, Love's personal secretary.
Madame Olga Bantsoff, Love's mistress - in reality Maggie Foley.
The Green Hand, the master criminal.

The Story: Richard Wentworth, disguised as a trapper, is in Northern Michigan's snow country searching for Prof. Cather. Cather, a friend of Prof. Brownlee's, has, under the guise of ordering chemicals, sent a secret message stating that he has discovered a terrible weapon and is being held prisoner. Wentworth kills one assailant and traps another in a cabin. His captive has a capsule of green gas with which Wentworth threatens him. Learning that Cather is dead and that the crook has been employed by George Scott, Wentworth is unable to learn more because a second thug barges into the cabin and accidentally breaks the capsule. Only Wentworth escapes and when he returns he finds that the green gas has eaten huge chunks of flesh from the victims. Affixing the Spider seal on their foreheads, Wentworth leaves. Wentworth captures Scott in a nearby lumbercamp but barely escapes with his life when the honest lumbermen surround the cabin.

Going to Loveland, Michigan, Wentworth contacts Police Commissioner Battleson. Together they go to the estate of Jonathan Love to investigate a threat he has received. Signed by a sinister green hand, the threat says that every man, woman, and child in the nearby town of Elkhorn will die unless two million dollars are paid. Love, a rugged individualist, refuses even to consider the matter. After meeting Renee Love, Jonathan's daughter and a friend of Nita's, Tremaine Smith and Wilhelm Reuters, two of her suitors, and Selden Crosswell, Love's obsequious secretary, Wentworth goes to Elkhorn to contact Jack Delaney, one of the factory foremen who agrees to help him

evacuate the city. The Governor, at Wentworth's request, sends troops, but although Wentworth shoots down the airplane carrying the gas, he is unable to prevent the death of many of the troops - the gas has eaten through their gas masks and clothing.

The Green Hand now threatens the city of Loveland but Love says he has the answer - giant fans manned by his own green-uniformed troops. Wentworth believes Love's plan is folly but when a green gas is loosed on the city, no one dies and Love is acclaimed a savior. Delaney is reported to have shut off one fan and is jailed as a traitor, but is released when the Green Hand's men attack the jail.

Wentworth faces Love and tells him he is being duped. The gas was not driven off by the fans but was a harmless gas, and the Green Hand is trying to make Love seem a savior so he can become dictator of America - then, the Green Hand will rule him from behind the scenes. Wentworth is even more sure of his theory when he discovers that Love's mistress, seductive Olga Bantsoff, is really Maggie Foley, a former convict and cheap thief. Love threatens to have Wentworth ousted when Commissioner Battleson arrives and arrests Wentworth as being the Spider. Wentworth escapes and confronts Maggie Foley, but learns nothing.

The city of Cleveland is next threatened. Using his disguise as Inspector Barton of Scotland Yard, Wentworth goes to the city but is unable to convince the military commander that the city should be evacuated. When gas is released, Wentworth is able to save many by broadcasting advice that all citizens should climb to the roofs.

Nita Van Sloan has gone to Renee Love's house to seek information but she has been kidnapped. Prof. Brownlee discovers an anti-gas which, when released in the presence of the green gas, will cause both to explode. However, he, too, is kidnapped. Wentworth trails them to a cabin in northern Michigan but the Green Hand, in his disguise as George Scott, is waiting and captures the Spider. All three are left to die but Wentworth escapes, and frees Nita and Brownlee.

Love is in Washington, D.C., and has been made dictator. Wentworth, by phone, secures the services of 50 of Kirkpatrick's best men and, meeting them in Washington, gives them some of the anti-gas. Discovering that the green gas is brought into the city in gasoline trucks, Wentworth issues orders and the city is saved in a rousing climax. Wentworth is captured and threatened with execution, but he cleverly gets the Green Hand to confess in front of a national radio hook-up. Learning he has been duped, Love rushes in and he, Olga, and the mastermind are all killed in a deadly exchange.

Critical Comment: Empire of Doom is a fast-moving, highly successful Spider tale. The different locales - from snow country, to a small city, to Cleveland, to the nation's capital - provide a variety not often found in the series. The

enemy confrontations, captures, and escapes are also individualized and do not seem repetitive. The basic plot has an extra dimension, too, in that the horror of the green gas is not an end in itself but is merely an instrument in a more gigantic plot - the taking over of America. The climax is truly exciting and would be very effective visually - the Spider and his men fire a shot into the gasoline trucks, gas escapes, the anti-gas is released, and the trucks explode in flames.

There is but one point which must bother the reader. Wentworth is Wentworth during the radio broadcast but, once the villians are killed, he speaks to the radio audience as the Spider. It would seem that his secret identity is no longer a secret, but in the novels to come there is still no proof that Wentworth is the Spider.

Additional Contents:

George Shaftel, Murder After Death (short)

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THE WAR IN THE AIR, 1914-1918

Article and artfolio by Dave Prosser

(Editors note: Dave Prosser concludes his Air War I with this issue. The entire article and artfolio will be republished as a Pulp Era Booklet with an added plate or two and the dialog on them. These were deleted from the original folios because of press difficulties at the time. Watch for details in the next few issues as to publishing date and price. I want to publically thank Dave for all the work and time he put in to have these plates to me on time. Only he and I know the work and time he spent on them only to have my press breakdown twice and the issue delayed anyway. LH)

THE WAR IN THE AIR, 1914-1918

The subject of this article and illustrations is one which has been distorted and glamorized by Hollywood, many writers and historians, and in one respect, to the degree that people going by these precepts alone, might well believe that the entire air-war of World War I was fought completely -- and solely -- with single-seat fighters (more accurately, scouts, by the terminology of the period) and while this was a great part of the action, nothing could be more erroneous than to picture the air-war in this light.

This mistaken idea of the situation has been caused simply by the single and logical fact that, as in any war, the "fighters" .....those who go out by themselves with little equipment and weapons and return with the mission accomplished, and quite often a great deal more. That the scout pilots did this and more in many cases there is no doubt, and there were many of all nations involved who flew these single-seat aircraft and were heroes in the truest sense; they were idolized and worshipped by noy only their fellow-flyers and the man on the ground but the "folks back home"; these were the men correspondents wrote about, and these were the stories that made headlines, and these are naturally the most glamorous of the millions of stories that authors write and Hollywood makes movies about.

The full story is composed of far more however, as is any great and massive upheaval. Thousands of real heroes went unsung, unheard of, and other thousands died unknown, except to those who loved them.

This has been brought home so thoroughly many times while doing the research for this work! Therefore, the entire original (and somewhat vague) ideas for this folio has been remodeled to entertain a much larger scale. Here, in these illustrations and dialogue I have attempted to present a panorama of World War I in the air; one which encompasses not only the well known scout planes and some of the well-known flyers, but also to show aspects of the war which are generally both unknown and/or overlooked, such as the (a) bomber forces, (b) little-publicized aircraft, (c) the naval air forces, (d) the Zeppelin raids, and other aspects usually neglected. With a brief history of its progress and growth, both of fact and legend, here then is a recounting of the story by one who was not born till 13 years after the story ended, but to whom those days, the deeds of the men and their aircraft, the sheer and unadulterated audacity of those who flew these clothes-props covered with bedsheets, will be ever-new and inspirational; here is one artist's view of: "World War I in the Air"

Abbreviations used in this article are "a.c." for "aircraft" either singular or plural, as fits the case, and "m.g." for "machine-gun"

In the air services of all nations, the yearly maneuvers of 1913 proved to be a novelty more than enything else, with nothing much accomplished of note. Germany had begun her buildup however, and at the war's beginning they had: 38 Zeppelins or Schutte-Lanz dirigibles; 800 aircraft, 36 sea-aircraft, and a total of 2600 mechanics and technicians. None of the other nations could approach them in this.

At the outbreak of the war, not one true military plane was in existence. For a long while both sides (militarily speaking) felt planes were only good for observation work; artilleray spotting, troop movements, etc.; even the German military could see no advantage at all to speed, since it in-refered with careful, accurate vision of the observers. The maximum useful altitude was 2500 feet. Out of the range of ground guns but vision was still relatvely good. No one realized in the slightest, the full terrible potential of this new airborne toy!

As the war settled into the beginning stages, all flying units were non-combatant. Had it not been for the basic animosities of the flyers themselves, the "war in the air" might have been entirely different. It was the inherent combativeness of the human beast which brought it on -- NOT the military powers, generals, and such; but the flyers themselves. Had they been content to fly and report what they saw, who knows what the course of history might have been!

As it was, the war had been on only shortly before various flyers began to haul with them such assorted items as bricks, carried in sacks; French flyers tried to drop them on planes above which they were fortunate enough to fly. The French also used on ground troops, the flichette - a steel dart dropped by the boxload from planes. One record states an instance where such a dart went completely through a horseman, his horse, and buried itself in the ground. Grenades, while dangerous in a bouncing aircraft, were still carried and dropped on ground troops as was a British invention, the petrol bomb, cans filled with gasoline, which exploded on contact with the earth.

So embryonic were the air forces that it was still difficult for many of those in command to realize this new branch was not "Groundborne". Like rigor mortis, tradition and the stagnant mentalities of the guiding forces still kept most of the brains earth-bound; despite the cramped quarters of a cockpit and the obvious asininity of such an order, German officers were required to haul the swords or cavalry sabers with them in flight (making obvious which end of the horse the brain responsible for this order was emulating).

British airman's manuals directed each pilot to carry field glasses, a roll of tools, spare goggles, a small stove, biscuits, cold meat, a slab of chocolate, soup-making material and a container of boiled water! Why some military geniuses neglected the necessity of a pre-dug field latrine is obviously a gross oversight! As it was, a side-car would have been appropriate!

Observation was the outstanding accomplishment of the air forces in the first year. Nothing else was thought of; nothing else was ordered. So in contempt was the thought of speed that the British S.E.4 which had a speed of 130 mph in 1914, (ultimately redesigned as the S.E.5) was never produced for there was no need for so fast an a.c. Balloon observation began use by both sides and continued throughout the war, though it had been thought that aircraft would eliminate their need. The first was brought down by a French flyer on 1/1/15. The year was mainly one of the flyers becoming accustomed to their tasks, quite often waving to enemy flyers as they passed in flight; there was little else they could do at the time. This was soon to change.

It must be remembered that these a.c. were literally "Flying Coffins" for their framework was of wood, they were covered with fabric and in a few cases, plywood, overall-doped with various paints and shellac; the only metal was in the engines, guns, fastenings and fittings. When the term "down in flames" was used, it was in the literal sense, for when fire began in these a.c., it was like putting a match to a pile of greasy rags and paint-soaked wood, with a gasoline appetizer. Not only would they burn like a torch -- and parachutes were a dream! -- but when bullets began to fly eventually, a direct hit in the right spot could cause an entire wing to collapse, or a tail assembly.

Gradually, however, flyers took to carrying rifles and pistols to fire at enemy flyers. Many and wild (though few did much damage) were the early combat experiments and escapades. At one time there was a sudden disappearance of stove lids from RFC Field kitchens. That this occurence happened immediately after one of the first British air casuakities, whose posterior was peppered by a pestiferous ground-fire (and whose name, possibly by his own request, does not appear on public records,) seems to indicate news traveled fast even then. It also points up the fact that a great many planes did NOT carry metal seats!

One early experiment at mounting machine-guns on a Farman so slowed down the plane by sheer weight of the gun that the Farman, which could reach 3000feet in 14 min. ordinarily, was still struggling to reach 1500 feet after a half-hour's climb. Orders were issued to take off the gun -- and leave them and all unauthorized equipment off all aircraft.

Allied airmen seeing the strange additions to the plane of German pilot Lt. Geirg Paul Neumann, might well have had a momentary heart-stoppage. Neumann had attached a huge gramaphone horn to his carbine which improved firepower and accuracy not a bit, but what a start this monstrous-appearing weapon must have given viewers!

The German attitude was much like the Allies generally -- "When your authorities can have machine guns fitted properly to your aircraft, they will be -- until then -- stick with your rifles and pistols". However, one by one, by bullets, bricks, and what not, planes of both sides began to fall. It should be

reiterated that for the first year or so, the primary and basic purpose of all the air forces was reconnaisance and observation; in the eyes of the military all else was secondary -- and generally unauthorized.

It cannot be emphasized enough --- and should be thought of rather deeply to realize just what a fledgling pilot, or even one who had many flights under his belt at this time, just what the situation was. Consider these factors for the best view of the situation:

a. The "airplane" for all practical purposes, was only 6 years old when the war broke out. Perhaps the greatest achievement of the entire period was Bleriot's flight across the English Channel.

b. What few a.c. were in existence were mainly owned by rather wealthy and adventuresome young men, to whom this was the latest challenge -- a playboy's achievement, minus "Bunnies". New toys practically, to fiddle with and gain admiration for their daring, provide a few thrills.....no one envisioned anything more; it was the fad.

c. When the war began the units were composed of many of these above mentioned young men and some others quickly trained for the service, all of whom were used to doing as they wanted, when they wanted.

d. There was not the slightest idea of anything which would become standard, common and necessary to preserving one's life in the next years. No comprehension of thought had been given to flying with one or more other pilots at all, let alone in any sort of formation. Map-reading was haphazard if such were available at all; the problems involved in aerial gunnery and bombing, taking aerial photos, communication, recognizing landmarks, care and feeding of a.c. --- none of these had ever been considered seriously, if at all. It is doubtful that any sort of true aerobatics or maneuvers had ever been tried; a flyer had enough to do in keeping the plane aimed forward and flying at all!

So....at the advent of the war, to most of the young men, the whole thing was just another aspect of the latest great experience and was felt to be a "lark", to be enjoyed, savored, with no problems at all.

-- 1915 --

The first months of the war had taught some lessons, and changes and revisions were made, though perhaps quite often grudgingly and with doubts and hesitation. France revised her air force for four specific types of purpose for their planes and flyers -- Bombing, Reconnaissance, Fighting, and Infantry and Artillery cooperation, and devised new, or revised old planes for these individual functions. The Germans led the other powers in aerial photography, while Britain pioneered

wireless telegraphy from the air to ground. Due to the haphazard but persistent pot-shooting and flying bricks, planes had continued to fall and to be forced down by obstinate flyers of all nations. Not only did this give the enemy the opportunity to carefully study the opposition's aircraft, but particularly did it cause loss of valuable information on troop movements and general reconnaisance and relay of vitally needed facts to the respective countries. The need for defensive measures had become obvious even to the blind and some steps were taken to alleviate the problem.

Pilots exchanged seats with observers, the latter now using the rear seat, thus freeing him of many obstructions encountered while using the forward seat and giving him a far freer range of fire in which to operate the newly-mounted (and generally quite haphazard) machine guns or rifles now fitted on all sorts of mountings. No one had real offensive aircraft, but Germany offset this somewhat with improved ground guns. The problem of equipping the aircraft with proper weapons and particularly of making it possible for the gunners and pilots to fire in the greatest possible "field of fire" without hitting the innumerable struts, wires, and parts of the aircraft, especially the whirling propellor blades. These were the problems which brought about many unusual and unique aircraft. It should be pointed out that the firing of bullets directly through the whirling blades of the propellor was seemingly disregarded by all the powers, DESPITE the fact that such experiments and tests had been made and were know as early as 1913! One patent was issued to a Franz Schneider of L.V.G. in Germany, and the war brought the end of experiments by Raymond Saulnier (of Morane-Saulnier Aircraft) when his work could have shortened the war and given his country the advantage.

As it was, the problems incurred by the gun mountings and limited arcs of fire was countered by the following solutions:

a. Mounting the gun above the wing, the line of fire clearing the blades of the prop. The pilot had to stand up to fire. Later this was remedied by a tubular attachment from gun to cockpit, permitting more or less regular trigger-firing.

b. Guns mounted on fuselage, angled about 45 degrees away from the fuselage, to clear prop. (Both these arrangements necessitated aiming the plane one way while firing another -- in varing degrees.)

c. On two seaters, the general arrangement found the weapon mounted on the edge of the rear cockpit by various means, permitting various degrees of elevation and horizontal fire. Occasionally one of the other arrangements above was added for the pilot.

d. The most outstanding result of the problem was the creation of an entirely new type of aircraft, the "pusher". In these, the propellor was mounted BEHIND, and at the rear of the fuselage which was generally a sort of bath-tub type receptacle

for the pilot and observer. In this arrangement, the front of the plane was free of the cluttering propellor, thus permitting direct forward firing of guns. These aircraft were of a somewhat freakish appearance, since the propellor's location necessitated connection of the tail assembly to the wings and fuselage by a wooden framework, widest where joining the wings (wider than the propellor arc by a couple of feet at least, on either side of it) and tapering to a point or close to one, forming a framework platform on which the tail assembly was mounted.

Due to an accident, the Germans had almost none of the pusher-type aircraft, since the accident made it unnecessary. Roland Garros was the man responsible for creating the "flying gun" -- firing machine guns through the propellor so that one had simply to aim the plane at the target so that in effect the aircraft itself became the weapon. At least no evidence has ever been discovered to deny him the title. Simplified, the story is that Garros met with Raymond Saulnier, the Frenchman whose early experiments with this problem and whose invention is discussed earlier in this article. By permission of authorities, and through cooperation of Saulnier, Garros tried out in flight the device Saulnier had perfected --- firing a machine gun through the propellor blades, the slugs not clearing the blades being deflected by metal plates attached to the blades. His experiments met with success when on April 1, 1915, he successfully shot down an Albatross 2-seater; this was the true beginning of the era of fighter aircraft. His success was repeated, totalling five planes downed in 18 days. Forced by enemy ground fire (or perhaps the repeated hammerings of bullets into the propellor forced it so out of line its out of line aspect caused engine trouble) to land in enemy territory, Garros was unsuccessful in his attempts to destroy his plane by fire, and it was captured. The device was immediately brought to Anthony Fokker, the Dutch genius whom the Germans had hired when no one else was interested in his aircraft ideas. After studying the gun, he set about his own variation and within a short time had originated the first practical, working device for firing thrpugh the propellor.....an interrupter-gear which caused bullets which would hit the prop to be stopped from firing, while the others which would not, fired away; it was truly an ingenious timing mechanism which gave Germany the edge in the war in the air.

Their single winged Fokker monoplane (generally reffered to as "Eindecker-single wing") became the scourge Of the skies for some months; so much so that the term "Fokker fodder" became applied to opposing airmen who had to contend with these planes. The Allies had nothing to compare and the first real solution came about with the DeHavilland DH2, the first pusher-aircraft designed as a fighter. Designed actually before the "Fokker Scourge" began, it reached the front in Feb., 1916, and was armed with a single Lewis machine gun in the nose of the"bathtub". During 1916 over 200 DH2s flew in the war and were largely responsible for offsetting German air supremacy, as they were for the British dominance in the early part of the Somme campaign.

From this point on, the armament situation continued to improve for both sides, with the Germans still holding an edge due to the lack of the Allies ability to come up with a forward firing gun, and no matter how one looked at it, the generally cumbersome pushers were not equal to the fleet opposing aircraft.

On 1/19/15 the first German Zeppelin raid occurred on the military installations at Yarmouth, Cramer and East Lynn on the English coast. This was the beginning of the terror by these monstrous creations which many people predicted would devastate all the major French and English cities. Lonson was first raided 5/31/15. All told, Zeppelins dropped 5806 bombs and killed 557 people. Although raids continued until 1917, the Zeppelins had been so soundly trounced by the defending aircraft that their sporodic raiding was relatively ineffective. The first Zeppelin to fall to aircraft occurred on June 20, 1915.

1915 became a year of laerning the hard way and of gaining experience. It must be remembered that at this time the things we take for granted had never been done before. NONE of the air tactics such as formation flying had even been done; and how did a flyer communicate with a comrade? This was a matter of grave concern, especially since other flyers had begun to fly in pairs for protection, since the "Fokker Scourge" had begun. This became especially pertinent and important to those who began the practice of formation flying, a new and somewhat bewildering practice. How far apart should the planes be to avoid collision if the flight did a sudden turn? Just consider that every small item of flying and fighting, and indeed, learning to fly itself, were brand new, never-before-accomplished, or even thoguht of, until circumstances caused the problems which grew and were surmounted by the "trial and error" methods and the formative years of combat flying.

Brigadier Hugh M. ("Boom") Trenchard took over command of the Royal Flying Corps in late summer 1915 and he knew that only by fighting the enemy over their own territory---by sending the scouts above and ahead of the great waves of observation and bombing planes he planned to use, in order to keep enemy scouts away from these planes and their haphazardously-gathered vital information---could his airmen do properly their job of supporting and protecting ground troops. The term "Fokker Fodder" was helped greatly into being by these intrepid flyers who flew daily against opponents who were better armed and usually flew better planes.

Despite the great pressures put upon him by Parliment, Trenchard's views proved ultimately fully justified, and his views backed up by the French Commandant de Peuty of the French Air Service. The future of offensive air attack had become an established factor now. Another important act of Trenchard's was to separate the heterogenous selections of planes at each flying field, for he realized from the German actions at Verdun that aircraft operated best together (as they must for maximum effect) when they were of the same---or at least of a similar-type---. Thus began the first really organized air force proper.

Prior to Verdun, the German, dissatisfied with some of their previous air tactics, decided that to protect their massive troop movements toward Verdun, hurriedly organized a staffel (equivalent of an R.F.C. flight) under the command of Oswald Boelcke. Shortly thereafter, when France was numerically superior in the air, another hasty reorganization took place. again with Boelcke in charge.

1916

1916 saw the era of the specialist begin in earnest and it became also the year of the individual. The specialized scout (fighter) squadrons flew as a pack --- a hunting pack, and while they usually started out this way, they quite often became separated during flight, after a battle, or in some other way, not the least of which was the individual instinct of this new breed to go hunting on one's own....a flyer would pick a judicious moment and ease his plane away from the flock to see how his luck ran. Just as often, when many individual flights began to take place, the pilot would somehow stray from his assigned path to "happen" to meet some one or more of the enemy and engage him. Poor communication on the ground and none on the planes helped this and many a flyer met his end on one of these lone-wolf sorties....or added to his glory.

Most if not all of the early problems --- formation flying etc., had been fairly well ironed out and flights of aircraft in orderly fashion became common-place. Many are the tales of the aviators taking off on their own, disregarding orders, and the like, but much of this is glamorization. It did happen quite often for it was commonplace for a single or a pair of planes to go on a routine mission, and seemingly, once an airman had proven himself, he was, to a great extent, at least in some areas, permitted to do as he wished regarding making solo flights for whatever reason. Whether it was to add to his score or visit friends at another airdrome. This situation was responsible for the majority of the really wild doings which have become so well-known and written about.

The word ACE came into popular usage, derived from the French "As" (the playing card) and was used to denote a flyer who had shot down 5 of the enemy. Oswald Boelcke and Max Immelmann, great friends and both German, were the first two, both before the end of 1915, but it was not until the following year that the term came into being.

Much of the newspapers glamorization and sensationalism began in this year with the advent of the first squadron to be formed of American pilots. First called the "Escadrille Americaine", due to pressure groups in the U.S. supporting the German Ambassador's protests, the name was changed to "Lafayette Escadrille". First inspired and financed by W.K. Vanderbilt on the theory that such a group would inspire Americans to sympathize with the Allied cause. First comprised of 7 American flyers, the Layfayette became the glamor group of the war, inspiring many to try joining (and many did) and far more to later claim to have been a part of it. A total of 180 Ameri-

cans DID fly with French units, but in a total of 93 different units, so the actual number of real Lafayette members was relatively quite small; however, as an outfit which served its purpose it may well have done the finest job of inspiration to others and more members toward a cause than any other of the period. Doubtless it was responsible for as many if not more, U.S. "propaganda" stories than any other. First into action in May, 1916 and the first victory occurred on the 18th (by Kiffin Rockwell); its first loss on June 3 when Victor Chapman fell to the guns of Oswald Boelcke.

Aircraft were used to help facilitate entrance of the Allies latest surprise weapon, the tank, when on Sept. 15, the British utilized the entire strength of No. 18 Sq., R.F.C. in flying over the area where the tanks were to attack in order to cover the sound of the tank's motors warming up. The powerful Rolls-Royce engines kept up their roaring over the area all night in relays, above the German positions until dawn when the tanks rumbled forth, sweeping all opposition before them.

Perhaps the two most significant events of the year were the introduction of the tank and that of the German's "Flying Circus", the elite squadrons of specially chosen fighter pilots.

The Somme campaign opened July 1 and found the Allies held near complete air superiority: Germany's General Von Buelow stated that "The enemy's airplanes enjoyed complete freedom in carrying out distant reconnaisance".

Both sides by this time established the secrets of the synchronized machine guns and many of the scouts began carrying two on their mounts, thus the entire scope of the war became more murderous, twice as deadly. German air dominance was to return quickly, however, due to the lack of vision and the stodgy attitudes of those in command of the R.F.C. Many of the early planes which should have been retired long ago were ordered again and again and continued to fly, when only better and faster aircraft could really combat effectively the newer German aircraft which continued to pour from the factories. When it was realized that the DH2 was now outdated, they called for a revision of the older B.E.2c, inadequate to begin with; into a single-seat fighter! Just one of many instances of the type, it is no wonder the enemy soon regained the upper hand.

The Sopwith 1½ "Strutter" was hailed as the first R.F.C. plane to wear the synchronized m.g., and soon afterward, and as fast as possible the other British planes were equipped, among them the S.P.A.D.7, forerunner of its more famous development, the S.P.A.D.13. On the "7", the gun fired "sometimes" and when it didn't, due to its mounting was impossible to repair or free a blockage. All such problems and others became worked out... but at what tremendous cost. It sometimes causes wonder that the R.F.C. was ever able to equip it's flyers with adequate planes. The bumbling, fumbling Royal Aircraft Factory (one of 2 companies authorized to produce the British aircraft, did somehow manage to produce one glorious machine and it bore the title S.E.5; this stood for "Scouting Experimental", NOT "Sopwith Exp." as has been stated. Designed to carry the

Hispano-Suiza engine, it could well have changed the course of the war, had not an engine shortage, caused mainly by German agents preventing shipment from Spain; in mid-1916, licenses were granted to produce the engine in England but these proved so inferior to the Spanish workmanship that they were near-useless, and no other engine did the job properly. When properly equipped it was an outstanding fighter and many of the aces scored most, if not all, of their victories in this type of aircraft.

After the Verdun offensive ended, Germany was heavy with 2-seat planes, but lacking in single-seat models. This condition changed soon with the introduction of the Fokker D-3, a bi-wing model of the earlier "Eindecker"; here the D prefix probably stood for "Doppeldecker" or "two wing" (but evidently had become a sort of series number by the time of the above-fuselage, single wing D-8 in 1918). Also there were the Albatros D-1 and D-2....the beginnings of the reversal in air-strength in German favor again. The German were flying offensively again and as the year ended, the December total showed over 2/3 of British losses of aircraft occurred INSIDE the British lines. The Seesawing left the year remaining for the most part as a year of indecision.

Among the German fliers to scor their first victories in the newly organized Jagdstaffeln was a young man whom Boelcke had taken into his own group. He scored his first victory as a scout pilot on Sept. 17, 1916 and was later to become one of the best-known of the WWI flyers and would be called "Red Baron" and "Bloody Baron" among the more printable titles, of which his correct and given name was..Manfred von Richtofen. By the end of 1916 his score of victories had risen to 15!

1917

At the beginning of the year, Germany further strengthed her air power with new, more powerful and better armed ships, while the British were plagued with the same outdated machines ---and the British had the more difficult job! (While the British ground troops fired a million shells a day in the Somme battle, they were prepared to fire 8 times that amount now!) Many of the German a.c. had ceilings far above the R.F.C. machines too. So desperate was the R.F.C.'s predicament that many of the fighters were cluttered with cameras and had to fly photo-missions far behind enemy lines because the 2-seat planes just could not get through! British High Command criticized the flyers unmercifully, instead of the antique planes they had to use, because they could not get the required information; the Germans simply continued to knock down anything that came within reach, as on March 19, when an entire flight of F.E. 8s was obliterated by Richtofen and the men of Jasta 11.

The United States declared their entry into the war on April 6, 3 days before the beginning of what was to be known as "Bloody April". The superbly equipped British ground forces assaulted the Germans with far heavier artillery fire than they

had in the Somme and Verdun, while the neglected, poorly-equiped R.F.C. lost 75 planes carrying 105 men in a 4-day period! Their losses were 5-to-1 over the Germans. To further demonstrate the point, Richtofen's brand-new Jagdstaffel 11, as of Jan.1, and victory-less on that date, had by April 22 scored its 100th victory!

Two more blows caused the British in particular, and Allies in general, great fear and despair: The terrifyingly new raids upon England proper by the great German Gotha bombers (replacing the Zepplins), and the Russian revolution which caused the abdication of the Czar on March 15, after which its Provisional Government desperately sought peace with Germany, thus freeing from the Russian borders all the air and ground forces formerly quartered there. (Nothing is ever heard of the Russian Imperial Air Service, but they fought well while they were able. Among the few groups known was the 19th Aquadron, which used the slogan "Death or Glory", and flew the Morane "N" the "Bullet", used by the Russian Ace, Ivan Smirnoff.)

Early on June 5, torpedo planes of the French Naval Air Service attacked and sunk a German in the English Channel. On June 3, French bombers dropped 37 tons of bombs on German installations, and on the 15th, over 73 tons of bombs fell on the enemy! This month the bomber crews gained more recognition than the fighter pilots!

It should be mentioned here that all the nations had a Naval Air Force of some sort and while they never gained the publicity they should have, their contributions to the war in anti-submarine and anti-shipping warfare and action against enemy a.c., to name a few of their activities, deserves far more publicity than it has received.

Mjr. Raymond Collishaw was responsible for more publicity of a Naval Air Group than any other. With his "Black Flight" of Naval 10 they brought fame to their activities, their service and to the Sopwith Triplanes they flew.

America's entrance was the one bright spot at this time, especially with the promise to "darken the skies of Europe" with aircraft. This never occurred for the U.S. had only 65 flying officers, mainly in training; it had none with a knowledge of modern military air tactics, no trained fighting pilots, bombardiers, observers, and mainly, NO MILITARY A.C. Politicians and other professional hot-air artists promised to end war "yesterday" but it was a terribly long way to Tipperary....and the end of the war too. A newly created commission arranged for training of U.S. airmen, training of mechanics in European a.c. factories, and the design and construction of a new engine, of which there was a great shortage. Months passed before any definate results occurred, the war was estimated to be prolonged until possibly 1919.

The French Air Service became unified and learning the lesson of Verdun, designers began to design new bombers in particular, and to generally strive to replace the older, outdated models. The bombers were essential for, while to

bomb French targets, the Germans, being much closer to their targets, had to fly relatively short distances, the French were forced to fly anywhere from 65 or 70 miles to as far as 235 miles to reach the military and industrial targets they desperately wanted to destroy.

The introduction of new British a.c., especially the S.E.5, DeHavilland D.H.4, and the Sopwith "Camel", began to stem the tide of German Dominance, and of such quality were these planes and some others, that they flew regularly long after the war in many services. With new enemy a.c. the supremacy swung back and forth and perhaps came closest to a generalized equality of power at this time. The German "Circus" had aligned against them a new and extremely versatile and powerful formation: Two-seat recon planes flew their regular patrols while above them in heavy layers flew, in ascending order, a layer of Sopwith "Camels", above these was a layer of Bristol Fighters (F.2B), above which flew another heavy layer of the new, powerful S.E.5s! The epic battles which took place when the "layer" formations tangled with the "circuses" are almost beyond imagination. Sometimes there might be 75 or 100 a.c. roaring hell-bent through the sky, engines screaming defiance, guns etching tracer paths of shattering death and destruction, while abstract designs of smoke-trails, atop flaming coffins borne earthward, slashed the skies. Each one marked inevitably the death of one or more men for the Allies for they were never able to devise parachutes of a size to fit into the cockpits of their a.c. (This applied to the French and Britsh, thus U.S. flyers.)

July saw the advent and successful use of the Heinecke parachute for German airmen; the Paulus parachute became used by Italian flyers several months later.

1917 closed with the armies deadlocked and digging in for winter; Russia out of the war and Italy reeling after the defeat of Caporetto.

1918

The final year of the war opened depressingly for the Allies, as had the previous 3. A great offensive was expected from the Germans and rightly so, for America's entry made this move imperative. Germany was feeling the strain of the war and definate measures had to be taken. The 42 divisions freed from the Russian front made this possible.

For the Allies, observation flights were imperative at any cost; against the formidable German circuses, one of the example of the efforts made in this direction is the fact that the French alone, from Dec. 1, 1917 - Feb. 18, 1918 flew 22,518 recon missions! British flyers must have flown even more, though figures are unavailable. The first 3 months of the year claimed a total of well over a thousand aircraft lost, for both sides. However, the offensive was overwhelmingly successful for the enemy for the enemy created a crisis for the Allies. (This occured despite the mistaken devotion of Germany to the circus-concept which was theatrical but extrav-

agent under the conditions.) The Allies solution was to create a Supreme Allied Commander of the 3 armies, united, and to later accede to the advice of General Sir Hugh Trenchard who advocated the founding of an Independent Air Force whose main and singular purpose was the straegic bombing of enemy factories ---a relentless attack on the enemies sources of supply, thus striking directly at his armies in the field. Though he wanted 60 squadrons, the I.A.F. began with 4 and never grew past 10 but here began the modern concepts of air power; never again was the airplane considered in a minor role.

In its short life, the I.A.F. was probably the most important single factor in bringing the war to a close. It dropped 540 tons of bombs, downed 150 e.a.c. and its destruction of industrial centers and airdromes and German cities certainly shortened the length of the war considerably.

Had Germany used her bombers similarly instead of the sporadic "terror raids" on England, had the French used their considerable bomber-force in long-range efforts instead of tactical bombing, the entire war could have been much different and much shorter, but the I.A.F. showed the true way. 1918 had become the year of tactical aviation; air-war would never be the same as it had been prior to this.

The U.S. contribution to the war has been much maligned, especially regarding the extravagant promises made by that country, compared to their actual contribution. While a few planes actually did manage to be made, not one military a.c. of U.S. design ever flew against the enemy in the war; the British and French planes were used by all U.S. flyers also. U.S. contributions were mainly in money and men, some 10,000 being accepted for the flying service alone. Much has been written accusing America of graft and corruption in attempting to explain why no actual aircraft and more tangible tools of war came from this country. Undoubtably some of it existed; there are those who grow fat on the proceeds of any war. However, a closer investigation indicates that the situation was to a great extent the results of what our European Allies quoted as their most pressing needs (a reliable aircraft engine was one of these) and so, along with the actual lack of design for, for, and having of, any actual military a.c., and needs most urgent, the maximum production was ultimately turned to that which was available in quanity quickest -- the newly designed Liberty engine and the British designed a.c. The creation and production of some 16,000 of the Liberty engines and some 8,000 OX-5 and an equal number of Le Rhone and Hispano-Suiza engines were the most important contributions to air-war, plus some 12,000 U.S. built, but British designed DH4s.

Her flyers turned out to be excellent, some of them proving to rank with the greatest of any other nation involved and a list of her aces is most impressive. Theirs was a major and inspiring effort and to be placed with the greatest, despite the brief length of time the actual U.S. squadrons flew.

The success of the I.A.F. raids ultimately caused the cry "Let's Bomb Berlin", but General Trenchard was already hammering at the aircraft companies to produce the bombers that could do it. One flight of the Handley/Page V/1500 bombers, (carrying thirty 250 lb. bombs) which could have reached Berlin from any point in Britain, did become available. Perhaps rumors of the plans reached Berlin....Perhaps not; still it is quite possible, and the fact that Trenchard planned to bomb Berlin on Nov. 20, might well have been one of the deciding factors, for Germany's surrender came only 9 days before this date!

Within a few short months, 50 years will have passed since these gallant, daring men flew and fought for their countries. To some it is only another piece of antiquarian lore from the dullness and dust of the past. To those who still find inspiration in the exploits of these Knights of the Air, who are intrigued by their individuality and fascinated by their daring, sheer animal courage and fantastic deeds, it remains a vast panoply of the resourcefulness and nerve of men entering a vast, frightening new world, one in which are enshrined the first -- and generally speaking -- the last heroic episodes where a sky-fighter, were he worthy of it, retained his individuality and became forever a member of this unique fraternity.

THE AIRCRAFT OF THE 1914-18 WAR

This is not a complete listing of the a.c. used, for any country. It is a general listing of the main a.c., and a study and comparison will show something of the numbers and development of types, as the war went on.

It should be noted that the a.c. listed are only those types developed by the country beneath whose name they appear. No attempt has been made to list a.c. of one country which were used by the air force of another. For example, none of the various French Nieuports used by the R.F.C. are listed for Britain.

Abbreviations used, and titles where known:

A.E.G.: Allgemeine Elektricitats Gesellschaft (Henningsford & Berlin)
A.G.O.: Aerowerke Gustav Otto (Johannistal)
D.H. : DeHaviland
D.F.W.: Deutsch Flugzeug Werke (Lindenthal)
F.E. : Fighting Experimental
R.E. : Reconnaissance Experimental
S.E. : Scouting Experimental
A.W. : Armstrong-Whitworth
S.P.A.D.: Societe Pour Aviation et ses Derives
S.S. : Siemens-Schuckert

Generally, German a.c. using an "E" in the identification indicated a single wing plane -- an "Eindecker". A "D" prefix to the number was for "Doppeldecker"; double-wing, and a "Dr" or "DR" was for a triplane -- a "Dreidecker". (This was NOT true for the Fokker D.8, however, for this was a monoplane, yet bore the "D" disignation.)

1914

Britain: GENERAL PURPOSE: Avro, B.E2, B.E.8
RECON: Bleriot 11, R.E.5, R.E.7, Sopwith "Tabloid"
Bristol Scouts were used as escorts, and the R.N.A.S. used the Short seaplane as a bomber.
Average speeds: 60 -- 90 mph.

France: No specific designations were used and most a.c. were used as the needs arose. France was using: Bleriot 11, 39, 43, Caudron G.2, Farman "Shorthorn" and "Longhorn", Morane-Saulnier, Nieuport monoplane, Astra C111 and the Voisin.
Average speeds: 55 -- 95 mph.

Germany: Most a.c. classed as "General Purpose" and utilized as were the French a.c. and included: Albatross, D.F.W., Gotha, Halberstadt, Rumpler, Etrich, Jeannin, Stahalz, L.V.G., 4 models from Friedrichshafen, 2 of which, the FF. 17 and FF. 27, were ordered as seaplanes, and the latter being one of the only 2 or 3 "pusher" a.c. the Germans had.

From this basic list, note the increase in different purpose planes, and numbers of new a.c. appearing, and remember this is a partial list.

(Italy produced 2 a.c. of distinction; the huge Caproni Bombers and the sleek Ansaldo S.V.A. fighter.)

1915

Britain: Fighters: Blackburn Triplane, D.H.1, 1A, 2, F.E.2b, 2d, F.E.8, F.2A, Martinsyde "S", Sopwith 1½ "Strutter".
Zeppelin Fighter: Blackburn T.B.
Bombers: Avro 530, Handley-Page 0/100, R.E.5, R.E.7, Sage 1.
Recon: B.E. 2c, B.E.2g.
Sea Scouts: Sopwith "Baby", Sopwith "Schneider", Supermarine P.S.
Average speeds: 70 -- 115 mph.

France: Fighters: Morane s27C.1, 29C.1, "Bullet", Nieuports 12, 13.
Bombers: Brequet 5, Caudron G.3.
Recon: Caudron G.2b, Farman.
Average speeds: 70 -- 105 mph

Germany: Fighters: Fokker E.1, E.2, E.3, Halberstadt D.2.
Bombers: A.G.O. C.1, Rumpler C.1 (also used as fighter)
Recon: Albatros, Aviatik.
Recon-Bomber: L.V.G. C.1.
Average speeds: 70 -- 95 mph.

1916

Britain: Trainers: Armstrong-Whitworth F.K.3, Avro 504L;

Scouts (fighters): Bristol monoplane, Sopwith's "Pup" and Triplane, DeHaviland D.H.5.
Bombers: F.E.8, DeHaviland D.H.4, Handley-Page 0/400, Short bomber, Fairey F.2, F.16, F.17, F.22, F.129, White R.R.
Recon: Armstrong-Whitworth F.K8, R.E.8.
Coast Patrol: Short N.2B.
Average speeds: 81 -- 130

France: Fighters; Nieuport 15, Morane "C", S.P.A.D. T.P. & S.5.
Bombers: Caudron G.4, Morane "T" & "S", Nieuport 6.
Triplane, 2 models by Letord.
Recon: Framan "N", Dorand A.H., Voison 10.
Average speeds: 78 -- 110.

Germany: Fighters: Albatros D.1, D.2, Fokker D.1, D.2, D.3.
Scouts: Halberstadt, Roland D.L., D.2.
Bombers: Albatros C.3, Aviatik "P", A.G.O. C.2, Gotha G.1, G1A.
Recon: Aviatik, D.F.W. B.2, L.V.G. C.3 (recon-bomber)
Average Speeds: 65 -- 115.

1917

Britain: Fighters: Bristol F2B.
Scouts: Bristol "Scout", Martinsyde F.3, Sopwith "Camel", S.E.5, S.E. 5a, Vickers F.3.11
Sea Scouts: Westland N.17, Sage 4.A, 4.B.
Torpedo bombers: Sopwith "Cuckoo", Short "Skirl".
Coast & Sea Patrol: Supermarine A.D., Blackburn N.1.B.
Bombers: Beardmore W.B.1, D.H.9, D.H.10.
Night Bomber: F.E. 2B.
Recon: Bristol F.2A., Beardmore W.B.2.
General Purpose: Fairey 3A, 3B, F.127, F.128.
Average speeds: 80 -- 138.

France: Fighters: S.P.A.D. S.7, S.15, S.17.
Bombers: Caudron R.4, G.4, Letord 3.
Recon: Breguet 14B2, 16B2, Dorand A.R.2A2, Farman "F", F.30B, Letord 5, Salmson 4A.B.2, 5A.2, S.P.A.D. 178B.
Sea Patrol: Donnet F.B.
Average speeds: 72 -- 122.

Germany: Fighters: Albatros, D3, D5, D7, Fokker D4, D5, Dr.1, Pfalz D3, Dr.1.
Bomber-Fighter: L.V.G. C.5.
Recon: Albatros C.5, L.V.G. C.4, Rumpler C.4, C.5.
Seaplane-Scout: Sablatnig Dr.1.
Ground Attack: Hannoveranner, Halberstadt
Average speeds: 95 -- 132.

1918

Britain: Fighters: A.W. "Armadillo", A.W. "Ara", Avro "Spider", B.A.T. "Bantam", "Basilisk", & "Baboon", Martinsyde

F.4, Sopwith Dolphin, Vickers F.B.16H..(The "Basilisk had a speed of 162!)
Ground-Fighter: Sopwith "Salamander"
Recon-Bomber: D.H.9a.
Night-Bomber: D.H.10a, Handley-Page V/1500, Vickers "Vimy".
Long-Range Bomber: Avro "Pike", Blackburn, Bristol "Braemar".
Naval Aircraft: (Note the sudden growth of a.c. assigned to this classification.)
Ship-to-Deck Scouts: Beardmore W.B.3, W.B.4.
Flight-Deck Fighter: Beardmore W.B.5.
Seaplane Bomber: Blackburn S.P., Fairey F.16, Short N.2B, F.3.
Seaplane Fighter: Blackburn "Baby".
Torpedo: Beardmore W.B.6.
Patrol: (1 & 2 seat flying boats - Gosport, Phoenix "Cork", Supermarine A.D., Supermarine "Baby".)
(Other designations included Patrol-Boat, Anti-Sub, Ship-Recon, Naval Recon.)
Average speeds: 90 -- 150.

France: Fighters: De Marcay C.(listed speed of 162!), Hanriot 3C.2, 5C.2, Nieuport 28C.1, 31C.1, S.E.A.4C.2, S.P.A.D.17CA, S.P.A.D.22.
Bombers: Breguet 16BN2, Caudron R.11, C.23BN2, Farman F.113B., F.50BN2, F.50P, F.60, Letord 9BN2, Voison Triplane, 10-BN2, 12BN2, 13BN2.
Recon: Salmson 7A.2, S.P.A.D. 18CA.1-2. S.P.A.D.11.
Sea Patrol: Breguet 14H.
Average speeds: 70 -- 140.

Germany: Fighters: Aviatik D.6, Fokker D7, D8, Pfalz Dr.1, D12, Roland D.6, S.S. D4.
Bombers: Friedrichschafen, Gotha G4, S.S. G8, Zeppelin "Giant".
Recon: D.F.W. C.37.3.
Bomber-Fighter: D.F.W. C.5, Fokker C.1.
Ground-Attack: A.E.G. C.4, Halberstadt.
Average speeds: 75 -- 128.

OUTSTANDING AIRMEN AND ACES

It should be stated unequivocally that 100% accuracy in the tallying of such material as this is impossible, not only from the time-span which has passed since the events took place, but mainly from the following causes, occurring on both sides of the war:

a. Official "kills" were required to have verification from other flyers, ground troops, observers to be claimed and the pilot credited. Often planes disappeared in clouds and were not seen again; in the midst of a dogfight it was not possible to watch the complete descent of a plane, so the ultimate outcome was often not known.

b. Dogfights, unless a pilot saw his victim fall apart from his own bullets, or explode as he fired, were nearly impossible to state accurately that any one flyer "csored" for with so many guns firing at the other planes, you simply say, except for the above instances, that one pilot got this one or that one. Of course, the actual cause of the "downing" might have occured minutes earlier from another pilots guns...the pilot being wounded or engine hit -- and after a time lapse, the former becoming dead or unconscious or the engine bursting into flame. If this plane was being fired on at the time, of course the "shooter" would naturally assume the "shootee" was his. A victory, when in a melee of this type, might at times be given to a youngster or the squadron favorite, or straws drawn for it.

c. Many actual victories were never credited because of lack of official confirmation.

d. In the R.F.C. and likely all other air services, the gunner of a two seat a.c. was never given any credit for any a.c. he downed: the pilot got the credit no matter what happened and lack of official recognition (among other things) earned the non-pilot the title of P.B.O. -- "Poor Bloody Observer". They received decorations for all sorts of things in time, but never for what they were assigned to do!

e. In the German Air Force, the story is that double credit was given to the pilot shooting down an enemy balloon: another example of the feelings regarding the danger of this pastime.

So, it can be seen that even official records can be misleading and most such records could be added to or subtracted from in some way, but with as much accuracy as is possible, these are some of the officially compiled and generally accepted versions of the final outcome of the war: Alphabetically by Country (For brevity only those with 20 or more victories are shown, except for the United States.)

Austrian		Belgian	
Cpt. Brumowsky	34	Major Willy Coppens	34
Cpt. Link Crawford	27		
Lt. Arrigi	26	(of the above 34, 26 were	
Lt. Fiala	23	baloons!)	

British

Mjr. Edward "Mickey" Mannock	73
Col. Wm. "Billy" Bishop	72
Mjr. Raymond Collishaw	68
Mjr. James B. McCudden	58
Cpt. Donald MacLaren	54
Mjr. Phillip F. Fullard	53
Mjr. W. G. Barker	53
Cpt. W.A. Proctor	52
Cpt. Robert A. Little	47
Cpt. G. E. H. McElroy	46
Cpt. Albert Ball	43
Cpt. Ira T. Jones	40
Mjr. Andrew McKeever	30

Others with:	
36--40 victories:	11
31--35 "	7
26--30 "	9
21--25 "	14
20 "	7

German

Rittmeister Manfred von Richtofen	80
Oberleutnant E. Udet	62
" Eric Lowenhardt	56
Leutnant Werner Voss	48
" Fritz Rumey	45
Hauptmann Bruno Loerzer	45
" Rudolf Berthold	44
Oberleutnant Lothar von Richtofen	40
Hauptmann Oswald Boelcke	40
" Edw. von Schleich	35
Leutnant Karl Allmenroeder	30
Oberleutnant Hermann Goering (The same Goering whose fumbling helped immensely to lose WW2 for Germany.)	22

Others with:	
36--40 victories	5
31--35 "	10
25--30 "	24
20--24 "	18

French

Cpt. Rene Fonck	73
Cpt. Georges Guynemer	53
Lt. Charles Nungesser	45
Lt. George Mador	41
Lt. Maurice Boyeau	35

There were 6 French flyers with from 20 to 23, and one each with 27 and 28.

Italian

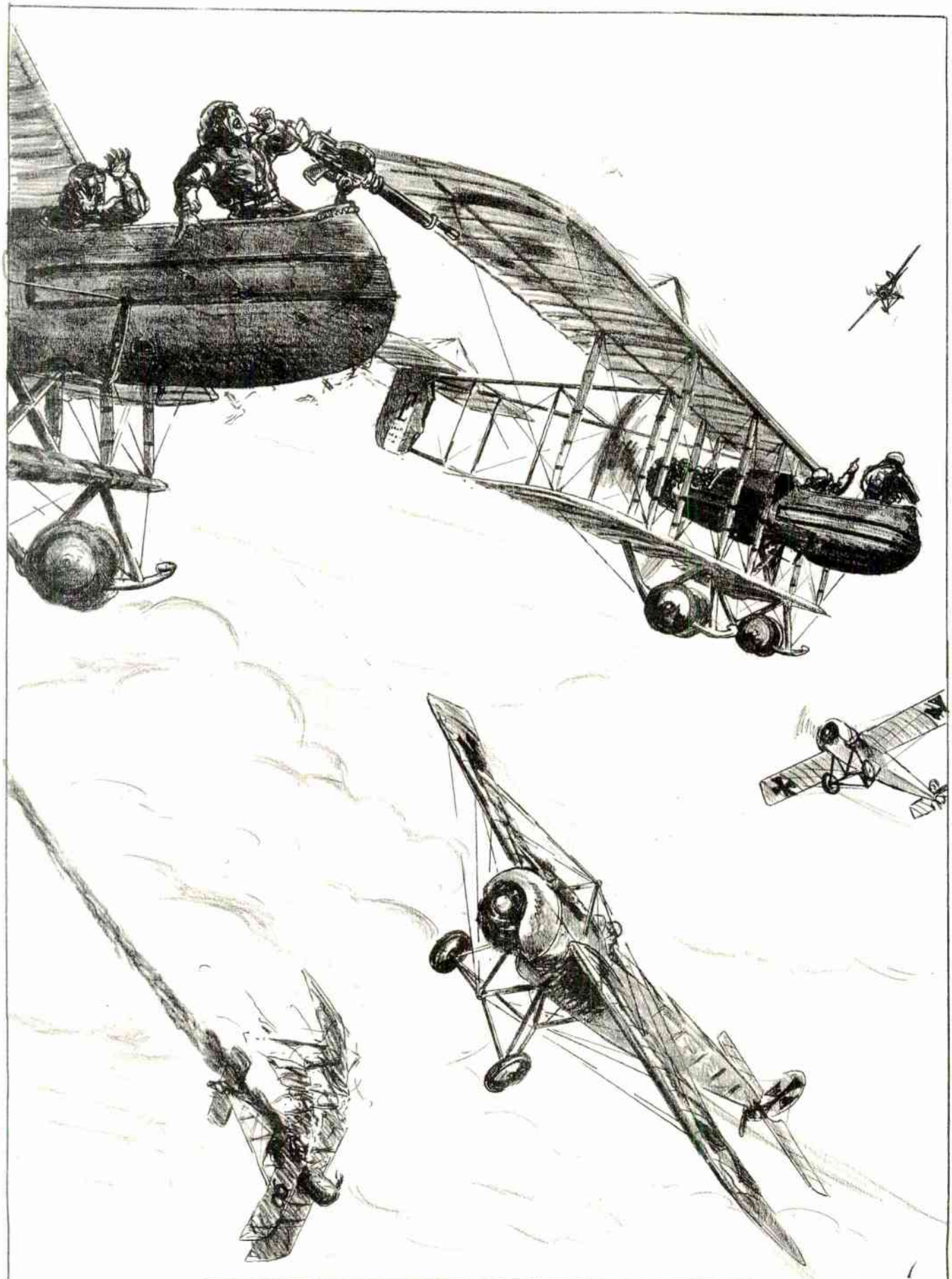
Mjr. Francesco Baracca	34
Lt. Silvio Scaroni	26
Lt-Col. Pier R. Piccio	24
Lt. Flavio Baracchini	21
Cpt. Fulco Ruffo	20

United States

Cpt. E. V. Rickenbacker	26
2 Lt. Frank Luke, Jr.	19
Mjr. Raoul Lufbery	17
" George A. Vaughn	13
Cpt. Field E. Kindley	12
Cpt. Elliot W. Springs	12
Cpt. Reed G. Landis	10
Cpt. Jacques M. Swaab	10

Others with:	
9 victories:	3
8 "	11
7 "	8
6 "	22
5 "	24

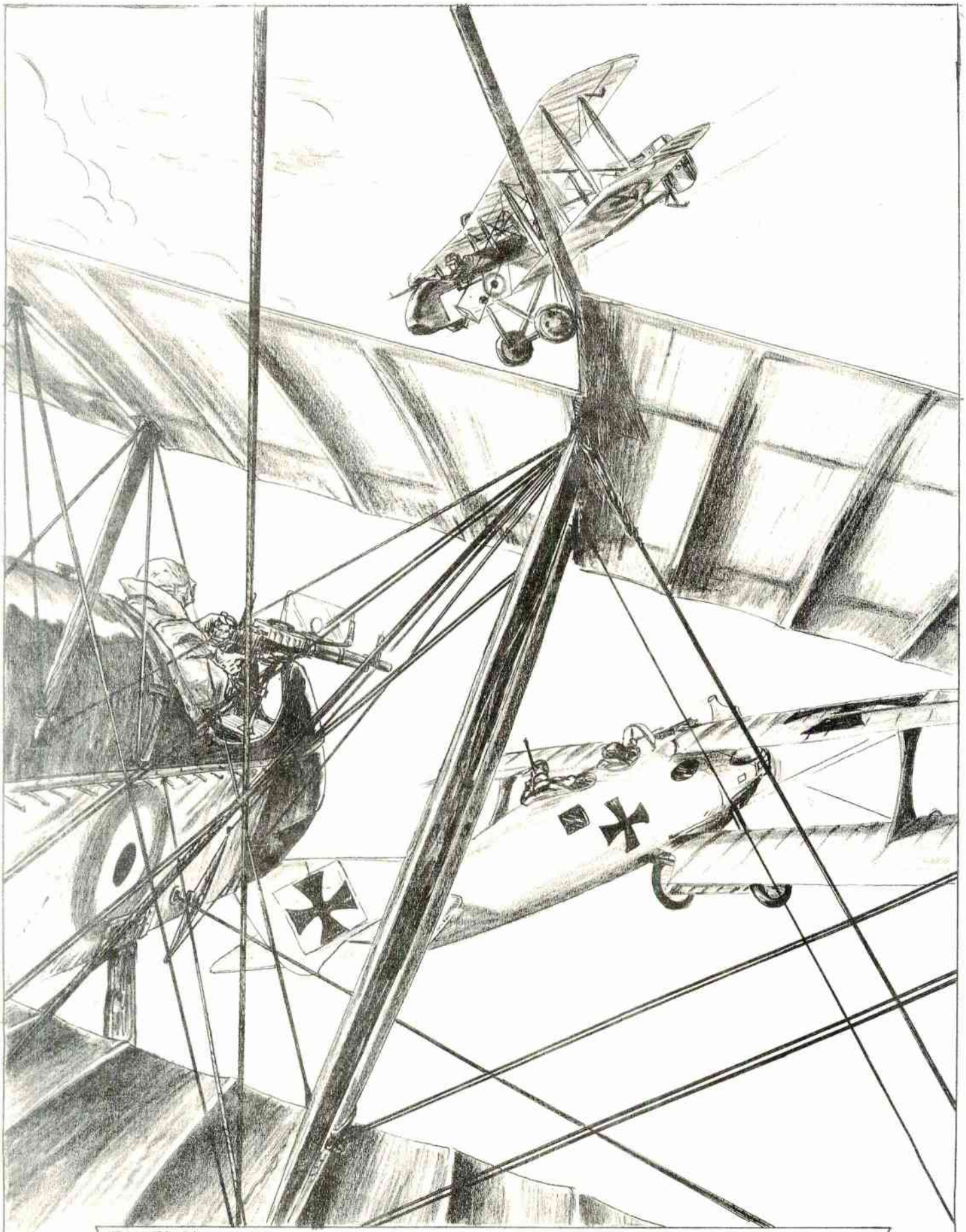
U.S. flyers with R.A.F. (did not transfer to U.S.A.F.:	20
U.S. flyers with French A.F.:	4



FRENCH : FARMAN "40" GERMAN: FOKKER E-III

PROSSER '67

PLATE A

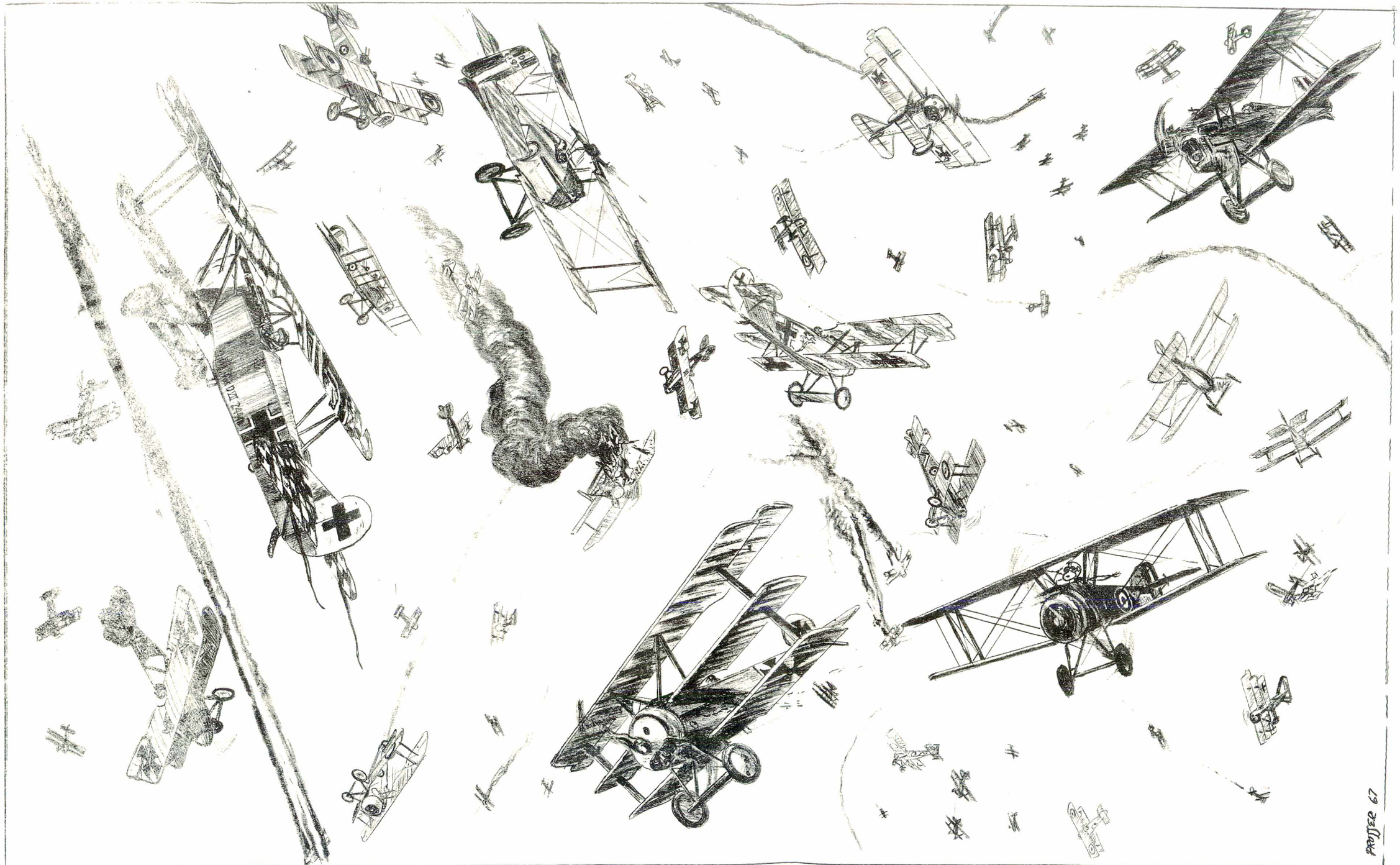


BRITISH: DE HAVILLAND D.H. 2 GERMAN: ROLAND C.2 'WALFISCHE' (Whale)

(NOTE GUN ARRANGEMENT IN COCKPIT. WINDSCREEN MOUNTED ON GUN, WHICH COULD BE RAISED, LOWERED, MOVED TO SIDE, AND WAS ORDINARILY PROJECTED THROUGH SLOTTED FRONT (VISIBLE HERE) OF COCKPIT.)

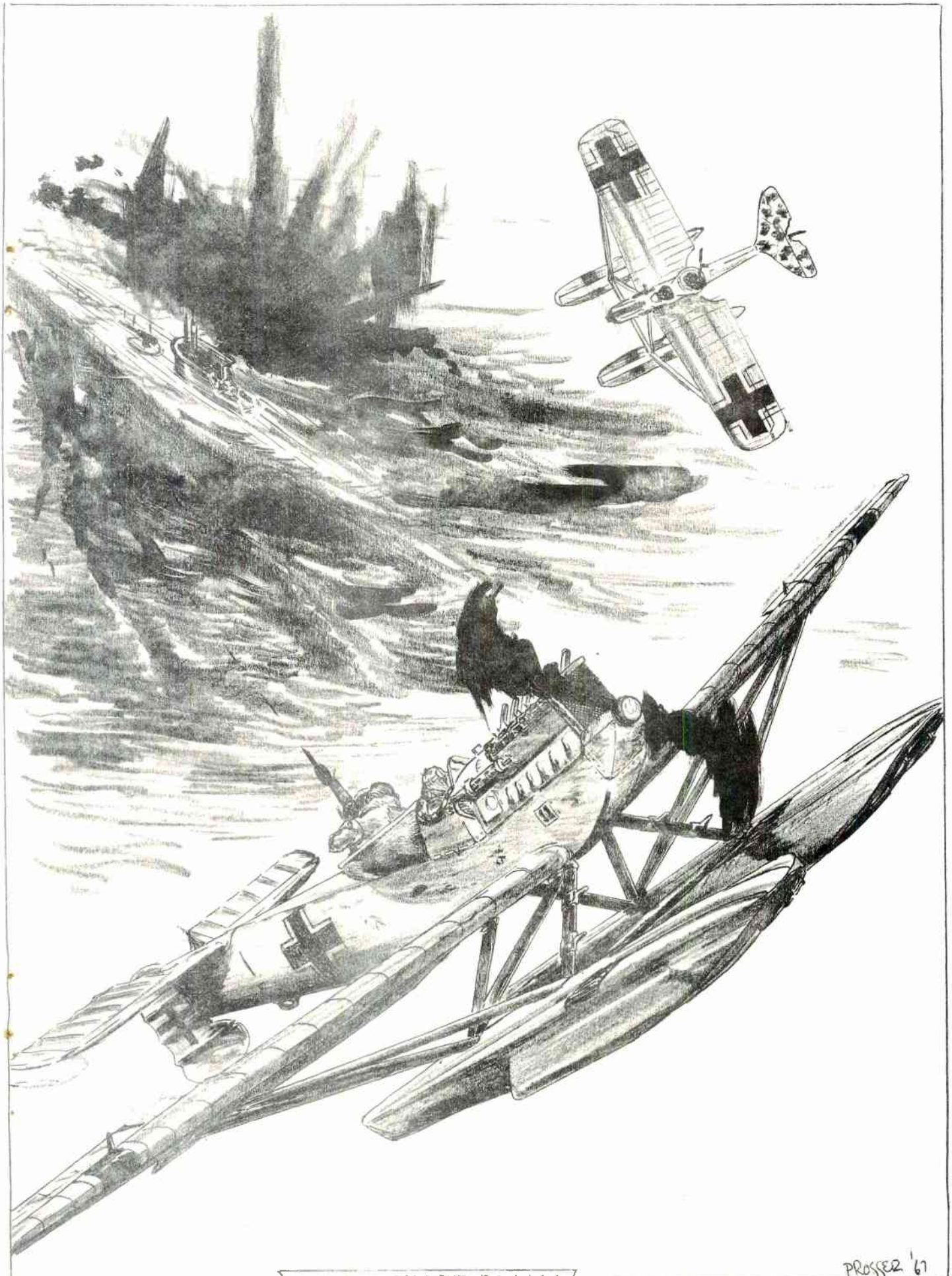
PROSSER 67

PLATE B



GERMAN: Black tailed Albatros D5s of Jasta 12; Yellow-nosed Fokker D-7s of Jasta 10 (D-7 No. 244/18 - upper left - was flown by Lt. A. Heldman) and Fokker Dr-1 triplanes. BRITISH: S.E.5a of No. 40 Sq.; Bristol F2Bs of NO. 22 Sq.; Sopwith "Camels" of No. 71 Sq. ☞ One lapse from reality occurs in this illustration, which the artist could NOT restrain himself from including: the "Camel" directly behind the Triplane in foreground bottom is "SNOOPY" (of the 'PEANUTS' comic strip), once again on the trail of 'The Red Baron'!!!

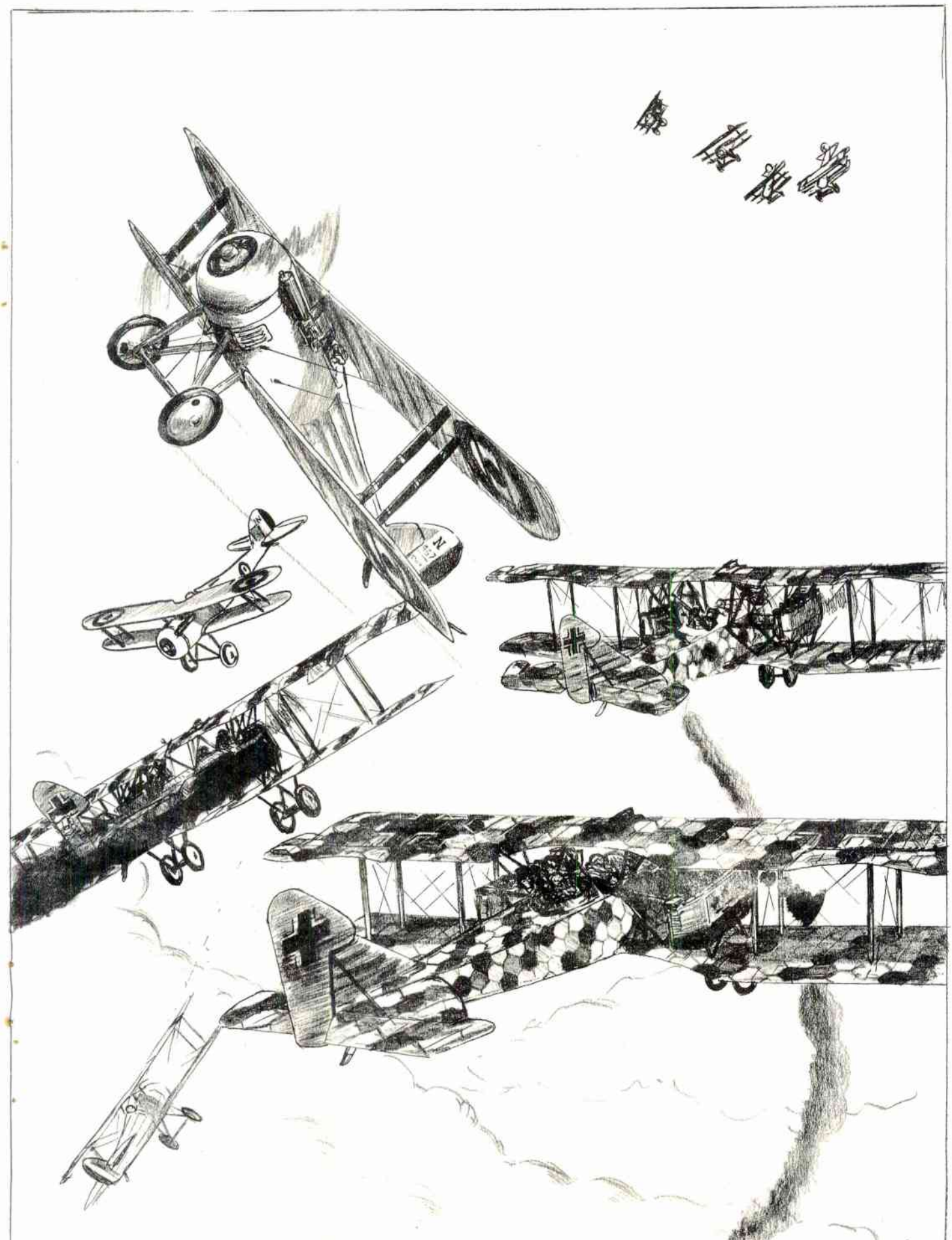
Phillips '67



HANSA-BRANDENBURG W.29

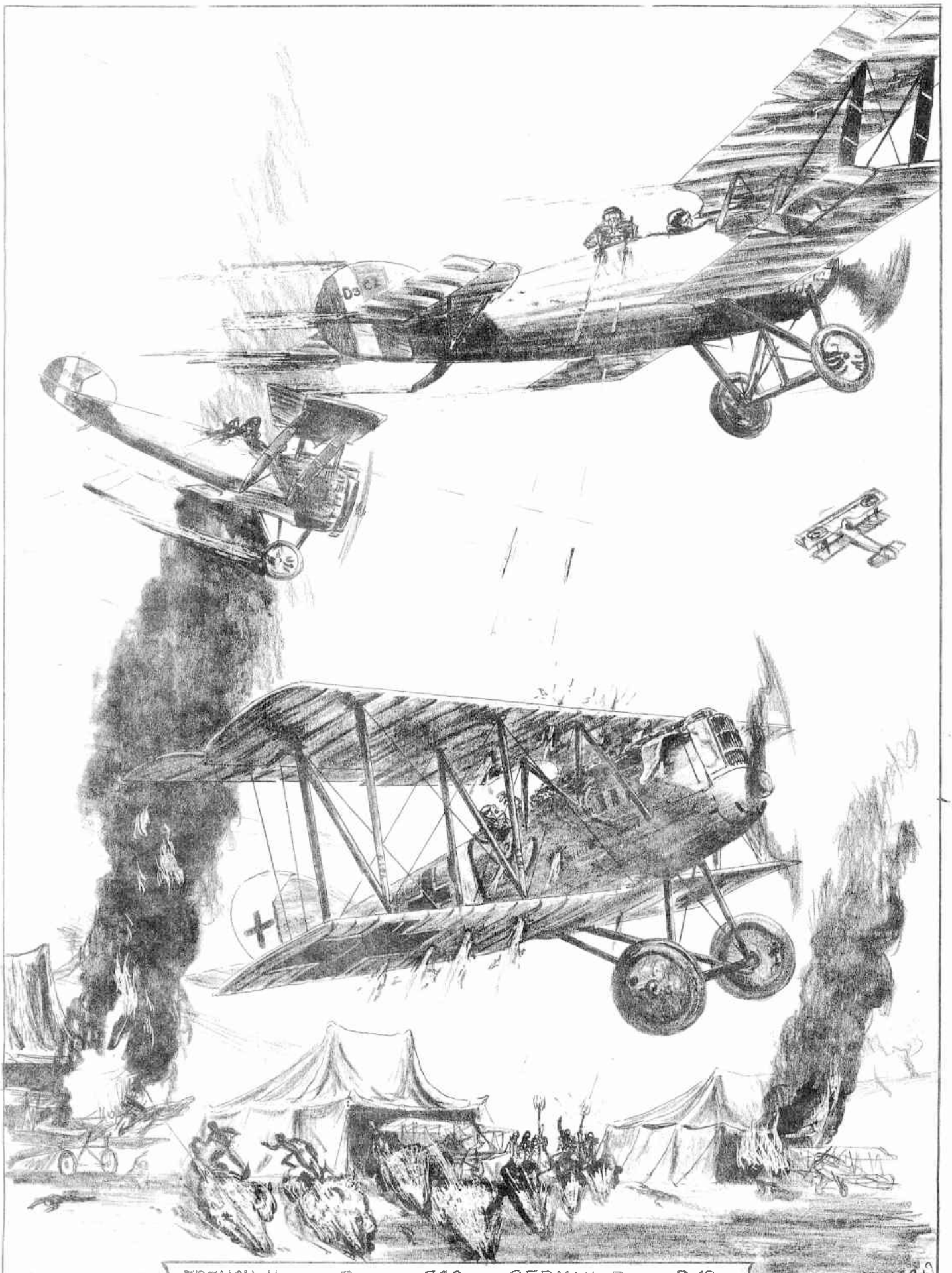
PROSSER '67

Plate 9



FRENCH: *Nieuport 28* —— GERMAN: A.E.G. G-4

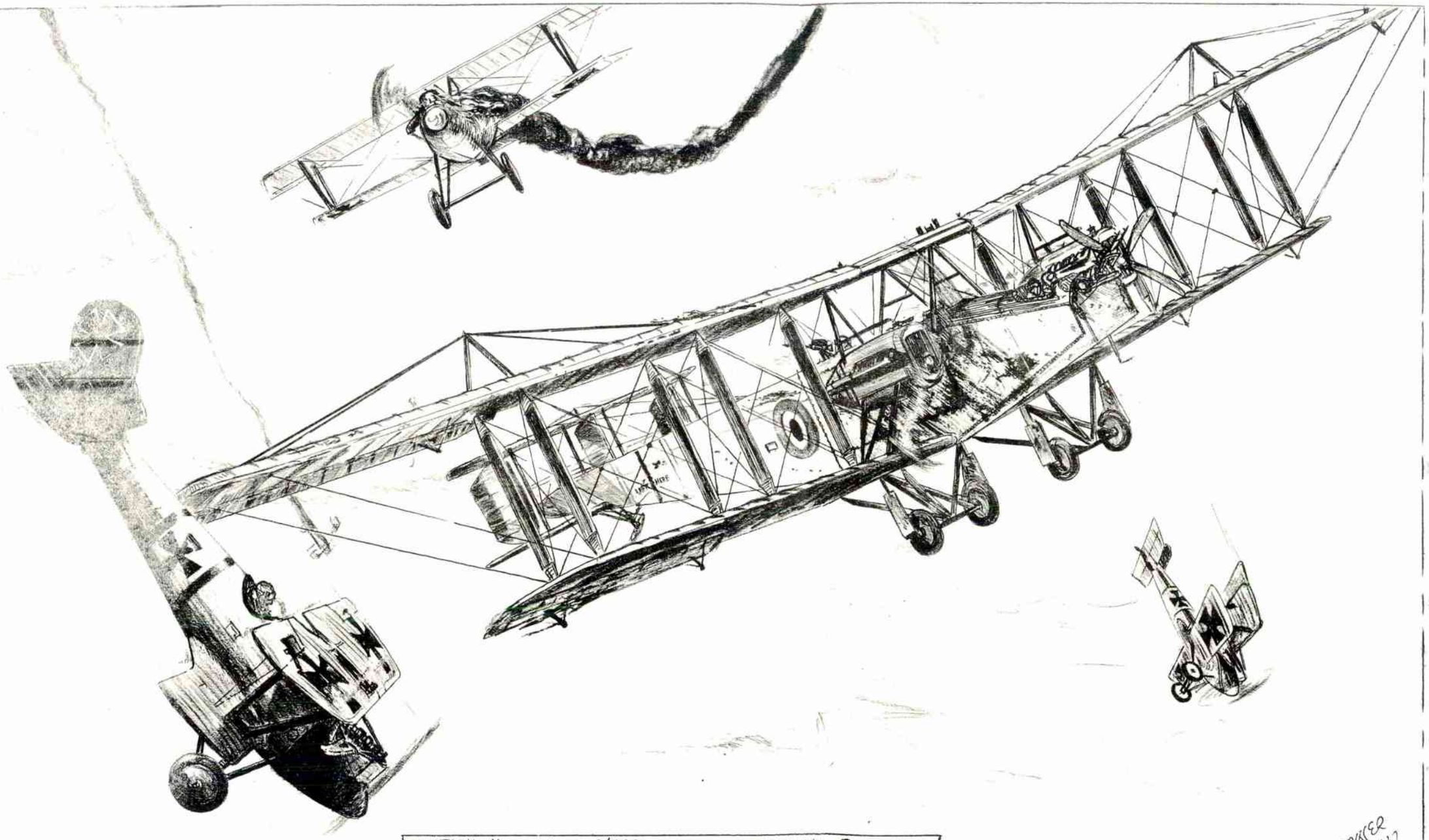
PROSSER '61
PLATE 10



FRENCH: HANRIOT-DUPONT 3C2 GERMAN: PFALZ D-12
(— NOTE A.C. SERIAL NUMBER ON FORWARD INTERPLANE STRUTS OF PFALZ.)

PARKER

PLATE 11

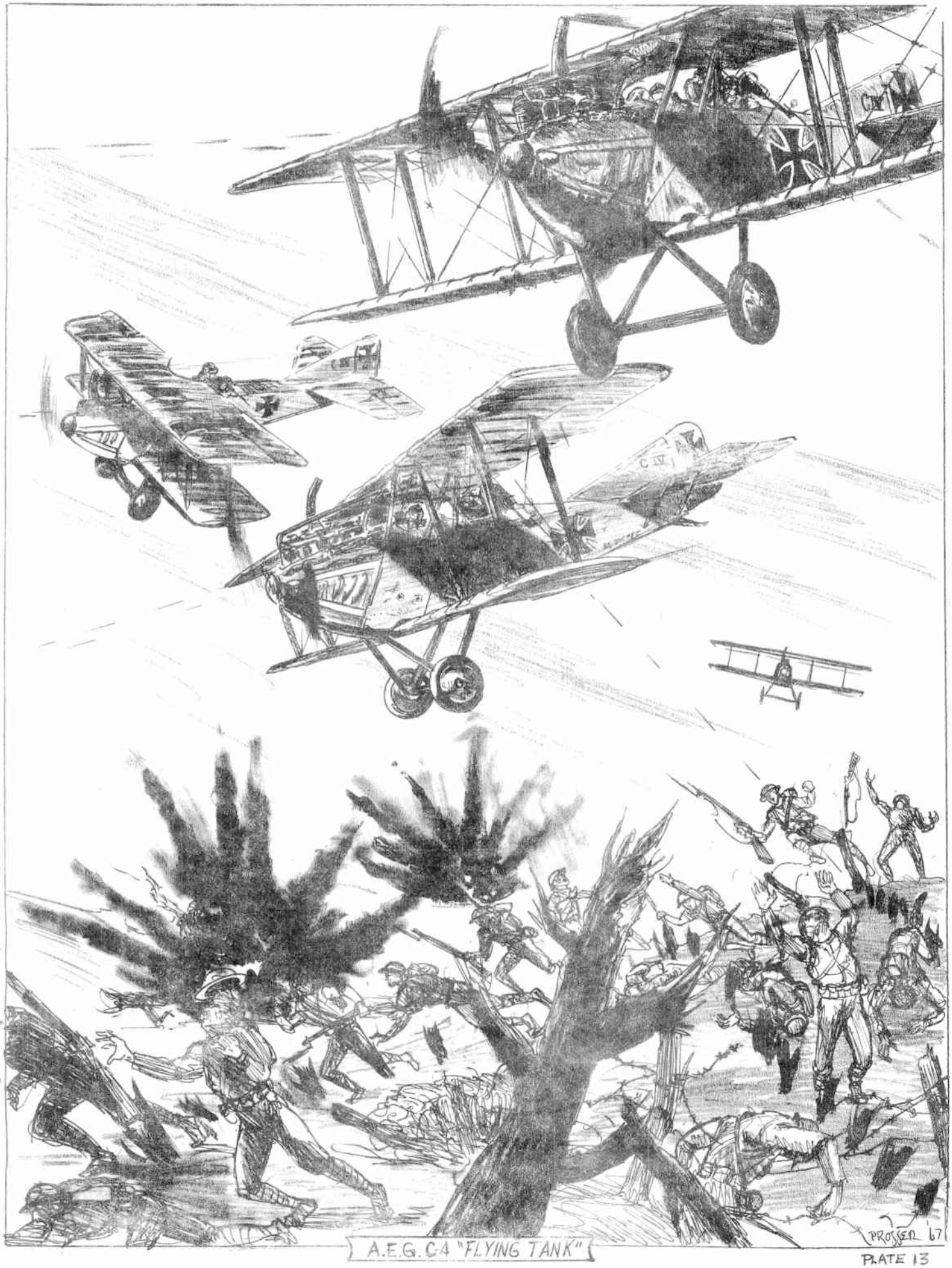


BRITISH: HANDLEY-PAGE O/400 GERMAN: PFALZ D-3

THE PFALZ D-3 IN FOREGROUND - SERIAL NO. 1370/17 (LAST NO. DENOTES YEAR OF MANUFACTURE) - WAS CAPTURED BY BRITISH IN LATE 1917; TESTED AND EVALUATED IN EARLY 1918.

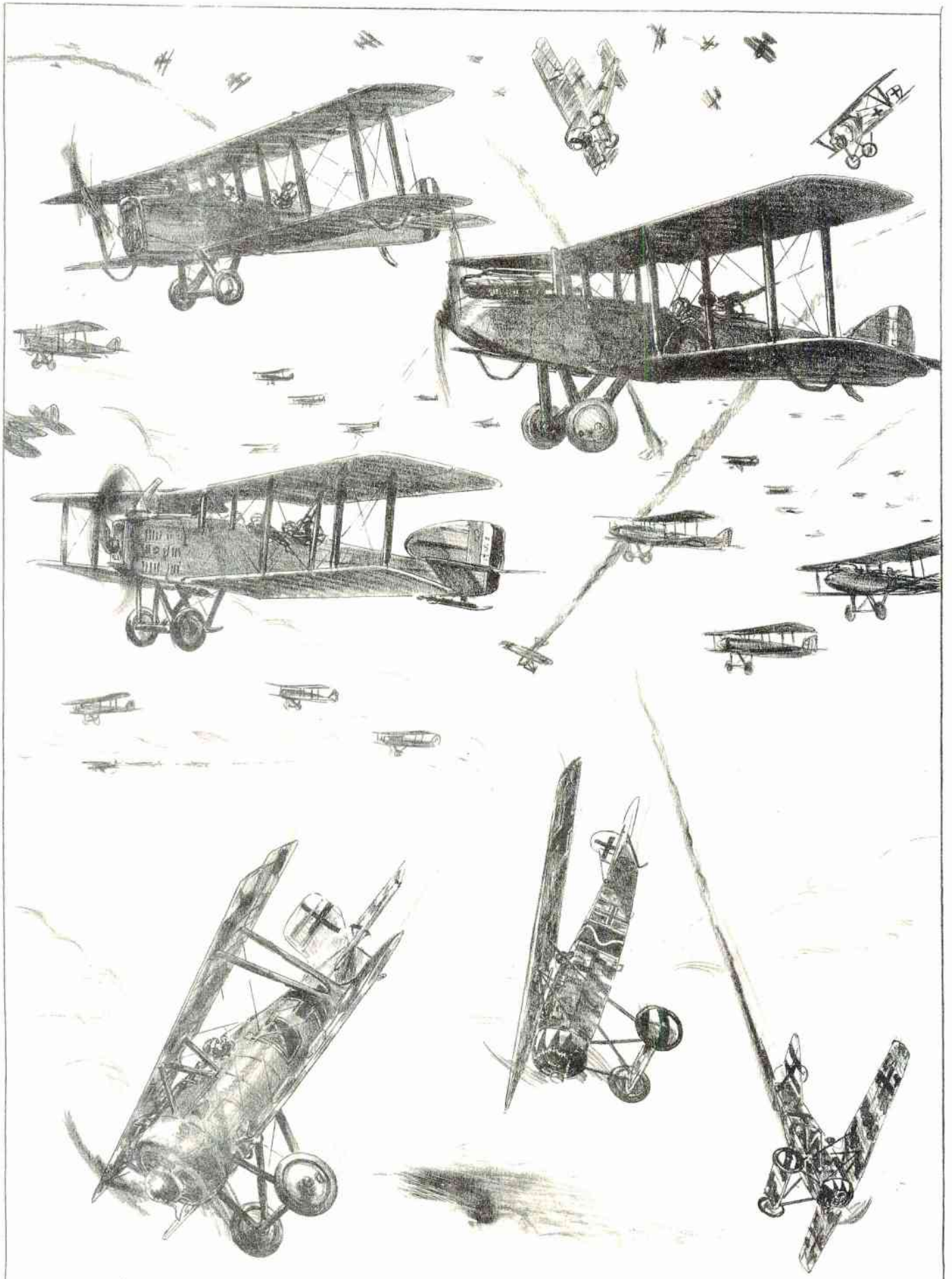
PRUSSER '67

PLATE 13



A.E.G. C4 "FLYING TANK"

PLATE 13

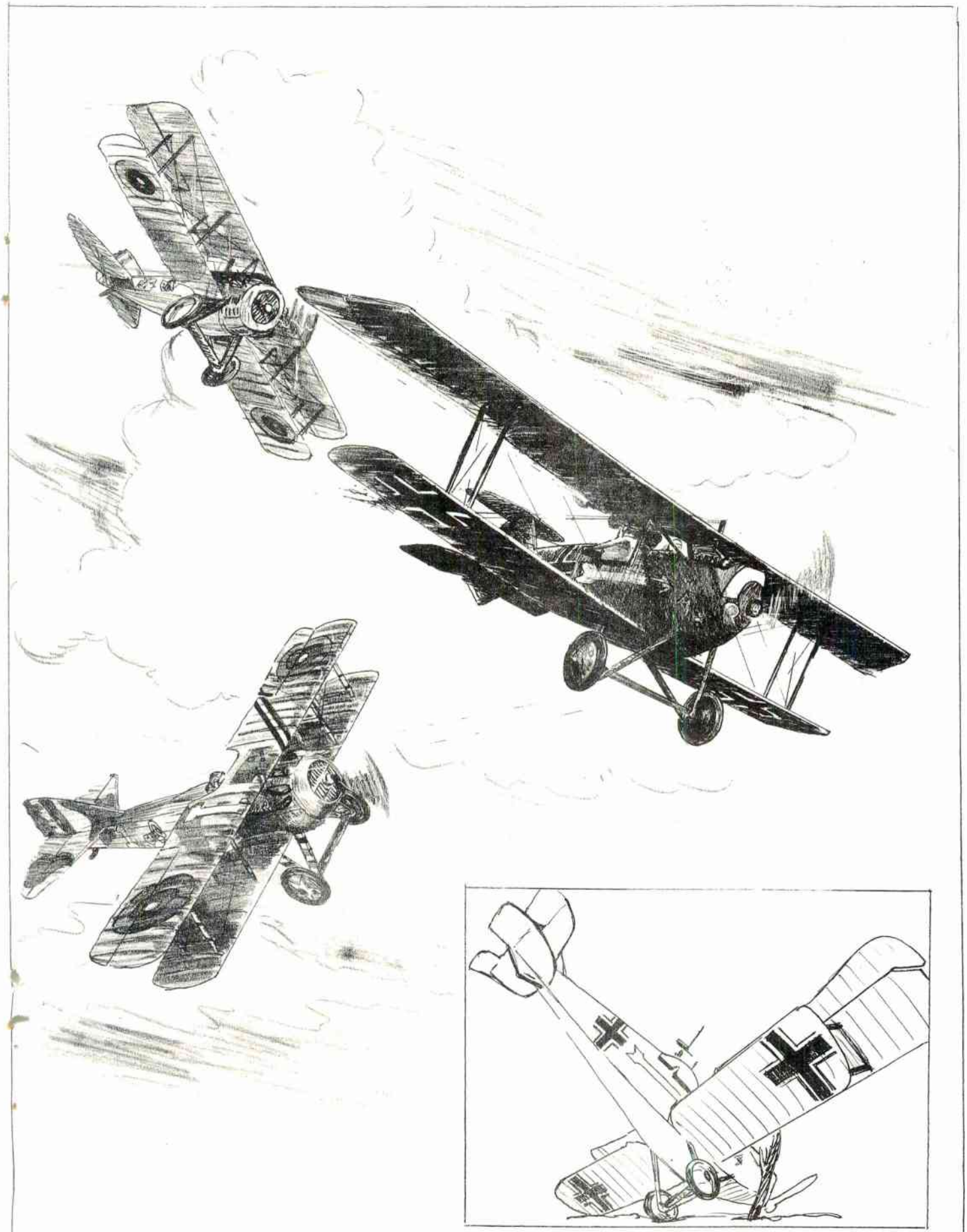


(FOKKER D8s WITH ACTUAL PILOT'S MARKINGS of JASTA 6, Busigny-Escaufort, France. Aug. 1918)

BRITISH: DeHAVILLAND D.H.4 D.H.9 (UPPER LEFT, RIGHT) FRENCH: BREGUET 14 A.2 (BELOW D.H.4)
GERMAN: SIEMENS-SCHUCKERT S.S. D-1; FOKKER D-8 (SINGLE WING)

FROSSER '67

PLATE 14



ALLIED: FRENCH S.P.A.D. 13 IN U.S. MARKINGS

GERMAN: HANNOVERANNER CL-3

PFEIFER '67

PLATE 15

Pl. A: "Debut of the Flying Gun" shows Fokker "Eindecker" monoplanes playing havoc with the clumsy Farman "40" general purpose French a.c. in 1915. The Fokkers were the first to have synchronized m.g. firing through the propellor and speeds from model E-1 through the E-4 varied from 80 to 100 mph. The latter was tried with a 3m.g. arrangement and flown by Immelmann but weight of the guns was too much. Only one 3-gun model was produced.

The Farman flew into 1917 before being relegated to trainer status, and was used as gen. purpose, recon and bomber. Its wingspan was just about double the Fokker's 29'6" and was weaponed with a Lewis m.g. on mount in the observer's part of the "bathtub" nacelle. The German a.c. shown wears single Spandau m.g. (Note: the black smear beneath the Fokker's wing is from engine (Oburersel rotary) throwing oil and grease back and upward.)

Pl. B: In mid-1916 the air fighting was very bitter and some of the most-often encountered a.c. were the British DH2's and the German Fokkers and Roland "Walfische" (Whale). It is the latter named for both countries pictured here. The D.H.2 was the best overall pusher scout of the war and certainly the only one which really lived up to its basic purpose of a real "scout" or fighter. Using the 100 Gnome Monosoupape engine, it climbed to 6500 in 12 min. and had a ceiling of 14,000' and was armed with a single m.g. mounted directly in front of the pilot. Probably the most epic battle of one of these a.c. was on Nov. 23, 1916 when Maj. Lanoe G. Hawker tangled with Manfred von Richtofen resulting in a battle which lasted about 40 minutes! Ultimately the winds brought them close to the German lines, and Hawker was forced either to land in enemy territory (fuel was low) or race for his own lines and chance being killed; he gambled and lost. A bullet creased his head and the plane cartwheeled upon hitting earth, killing him outright.

The Roland "Whale" was the most unique recon plane designed in the war, mainly because the observer and pilot both were placed <u>above</u> the upper wing. Using a 160 Benz engine, its speed was about 75 mph and had a span of 33'9" and was 25'4" in length. It was built by the Luft Fahrzeug Gesellschaft of Berlin which was originally the German branch of the <u>Wright Aeroplane Co.</u>! (When our farsighted army and gov't showed no interest, Orville and Wilbur went to Europe!) Despite the fact that the Allied ace Albert Ball wrote that it was the best of the German 2-seaters, a great many of his victories were at the expense of the Roland a.c.

No. 8. A panoramic view of one of the real "dagfights" in which 100 a.c. or more took place toward the latter part of the war. Seen here are the British S.E.5's with marked dihedral (upward slant of wings), one of their finest fighting a.c. of which more than 400 were used in 1918. With a top-speed of 120-25 mph when fitted with the Hispano engine, its general armanent consisted of one fixed (stationary) Vickers and one Lewis gun on the upper wing. Some outstanding British

flyers who scored most if not all of their victories in this a.c. were Ball, McCudden, Mannock, Bishop, Beauchamp-Proctor Rhys-Davies and Maxwell. Also seen are: One of the most famous of Germany's a.c., particularly due to its use by von Richtofen was the Dr.1 "Triplane". (The basis of the 3-wing theory was a concentration of lift through extra under-wing-surface, usually resulting in wings being slimmer than ordinary in width.) General order of their appearance in the war of "Tripes" was: Sopwith, Fokker, Pfalz and Albatros. (Neither went into production, as was the case with Nieuport and Curtiss (US) and the near-100' span Caproni Triplane Bomber which crashed on maiden flight.) The idea of extra lift and maneuverability through extra wing under-surface resulted in all models of the Fokker from then on even having an extra wide airfoiled plane added between the wheels! Below 6000' ft., the Fokker did 120-25, had a short span of 23'7" and an uncanny ability for rapid turns; it could dogfight with the Allies best and was armed with twin Spandau guns.

Also seen are the Sopwith Camel (no dehedral) and Albatros D-5s,(information on which appears elsewhere here) and the early 1918 Fokker D-7, called by some their greatest fighter. Richtofen was highly enthusiastic which was why he died in a triplane -- he was waiting for delivery of the newer D-7, passing up the newer model of Pfalz D-12 and others. Using a tubular steel, welded-joint construction and using NO EXTERNAL BRACING WIRES -- the first of this kind. (Note the extra "planes" on wheel axles.) It could do 125-130 mph, was armed with twin Spandau m.g., and spanned 29'4". Outstanding features were rapid dive recovery and perf. at high altitudes which plagued most other a.c. Perhaps the most outstanding of its records was set Jagdgeschwader 2 which downed 81 Allied a.c. in six days (!) using the D-7. Camouflage patterns on D-7 of small, uneven hexagons is correct. (NOTE: D-7's NEVER (except in incorrect illustration and Hollywood epics --"Hell's Angels", "Blue Max"-- wore the early cross patee (as do the triplanes here). Orders to change to the straight-edged "Latin Cross" were issued before the D-7 appeared.)

"Circus" markings appearing on the German a.c. here are typical of the individuality permitted their flyers at the latter part of the war. Among those well known "personalities" who flew the D-7 was Herman Goering. To Goering eventually fell the leadership of Richtofen's J.G.1, after his death. A Lieutenant-Colonel with 21 victories at war's end, he refused the order to turn over his a.c. to the Allies, instead telling his men to leave their drome, and head for Germany, to fly as long as their fuel held out! He was generally felt to be a good leader, courageous fighter and very disciplinarian (some will disagree!)

No. 9. Much overlooked were the naval services of all countries, so at least one scene should be included in any work trying to cover a general look at the war. Shown here is the most modern (in some ways far ahead of its time, especially in its design) appearing of all the WWI a.c., the Hansa-Brandenburg W.29.

Estimated dimensions are wingspan about 35', length about 20', armed with 2 Spandau and one Parabellum m.g. No other information available. This was most definately an aggressive a.c. an "attack" plane and most of the victories of the German Commander Christianson (German Naval Flying stationed at Zeebrugge) were scored in one of this type. Leading a flight of these a.c. Christianson and comapany damaged the British sub C-25 off England's coast. On Dec. 11, 1917 a formation of these a.c. destroyed the British coastal air-ship C-27. Christianson became Governor of Norway during the occupation in WW2, and was an active flyer until the late 1940's. (Information above on Christianson and 3-view plans for W.29 from Air Classics magazine, Vol.2, issue 3.)

No. 10. Easily identified from most other Nieuprts by its single bay, parallel struts, the Nieuport 28 was a graceful, sleek scout. It appeared in early 1918 and could do 130 mph under 6000 ft. and was armed with one or two Lewis m.g.s. Though the U.S. squadrons got it first, most preferred the S.P.A.D. which replaced it, for the 28 was to the S.P.A.D. as a fencing foil to a sabre, and while the French enjoyed a duel, most U.S. flyers preferred to slam into the fight and "slug it out". French flyers were accustomed to the rotary engines which always ran at top speed, slowed only by cutting the engine off and on; novice pilots or sloppy handling could cause gas to lodge in and blow out cylinder heads. The French thought it a dream ship. $20\frac{1}{2}$' long, 26'3" in span.

Wearing the multicolored hexagon camouflage pattern is the German A.E.G. G-4, a medium range bomber of great power and a crew of three, armed with m.g. behind and in front of, the pilot. Powered with a pair of 260 hp Mercedes engines, it managed about 80-90 mph with a ton of bombs. Span 60'5", length 32'5". It was used for French industrial bombing and that of Allied troops; it NEVER bombed England as has been believed. This camouflage was used on ALL A.E.G.s and many of the other bombers.

No. 11. Again introducing an a.c. which never saw any fame, nor the publicity it merited -- the sad case with so many fine a.c. -- this illustration depicts a strafing raid on a German airdrome by the French recon a.c., the Hanriot-Dupont 3C2., one of the finest of its type to be produced by France in the war. While listed as reconnaisance, the progressive design of the Hanriot, powered by the 270 hp Salmson engine, could do 125 mph and had a ceiling of 20,000 ft. Span 30'3" and length 24'. Armed with forward-firing Vickers m.g. and 2 yoked Lewis in the rear.

The a.c. being raked by the French planes are Pfalz D-12s, the successor to the D-3, and one of the finer German machines of the late part of the war. Evidently news of the Fokker D-7 preceded its appearance for, upon seeing the Pfalz's "N" struts, Allied pilots called it the Fokker. The D-12 was powered by a 200 hp Mercedes engine and could do 125 mph, reaching 10,000 ft in 14 minutes, and was armed with 2 Spandau m.g. Span 27'7", length 21'5".

Details of the German airdrome are as seen in many photos, with the actual hangers being the huge tents wherein the a.c. were kept when not in use, and for repairs. Men were housed in huts and/or houses which were near the drome, when available.

No. 12. "All The Way Home" depicts a scene that must have been repeated with variations, many times on both sides. This instance shows one of the Handley-Page 0/400 bombers, separated from its squadron, trying to get to its own lines, its injuries bringing it closer to earth constantly, while a flock of German Pfalz D3s swarm to down it. The 0/400 had a 100' wingspan, length of 62'10", was powered by Rolls-Royce engines which carried it at 80mph while hauling nearly 1½ tons of bombs. Armament was single or twin-Lewis m.g. in 3 positions of belly, amidships-top and nose, in which the m.g. sometimes was replaced by a recoil-less Davis cannon. 0/400s went to the R.N.A.S. which unit supported private industry and enterprise; (The Royal Flying Corps supported the Royal Aircraft Factory....a somewhat political situation which may well have been a cause of some of England's problems in the aircraft of the day.)

The Pfalz D3, due to political maneuvering, never reached the fame it deserved, but was a better a.c. than the Albatros it closely resembled in several ways, and was highly preferred by Germany's "Balloon Busters", Gontermann and Buckler and others. It was mistakenly called Albatros D4 by Allied flyers whom it gave much trouble when the Albatros had become routine opposition. Using the Mercedes 160 engine it could do 105mph and reach 10,000 ft. in 17 min. It was armed with 2 Spandau m.g.

No. 13. Use of the A.E.G. C-4 as intended when originally built might well have helped change the shape of the war, but German losses caused it to be used as a rather general-purpose ship, and as such, was nondescript and perhaps below average. Later some were used as the squadron "hacks" -- taxis -- by German units. However, when used in its original purpose, the C-4 in its modified later versions was a marvel of efficiency. Its purpose was strictly "infantry contact" and when it came to mauling the men on the ground it was in a class all its own. It was armor-plated, and called "The Flying Tank". Used in groups, the C-4s roared low over the ground, trenches, massed troops -- whatever was in their path was as good as dead; it became a true attack plane. The pilot needed both hands to control the plane at low altitudes, so front-firing guns were fired by the gunner in the rear cockpit, who also sprayed a mounted m.g. over the area. Span 42'7", length 20'8", speed - 80 mph.

No. 14. "Boom" Trenchard's I.A.F. brought true devastation to the enemy in 1918 and one of the bombing missions is depicted here, with massed bomber a.c. Shown in foreground top are 3 types of Allied a.c.; topmost of the 3 is Britain's DH4, with a speed of 119 - 135 (depending on engine used) and was the fastest a.c. in business in 1917. Basically a bomber, it was one of the most versatile 2-seat a.c. Britain produced, and has been called a "designer's triumph". Span 42'5", length 30'2". In August 1918, returning from a mission, 12 DH4s battled 40 Pfalz and Fokkers downing 10 of them and returning

without a loss to themselves!

Below and to the right of the DH4 is its later development, the DH9. Powered with a 200hp B.H.P. engine, it was generally similar to the "4" but differed in motor installation and cockpit arrangement, and was classed as a "day bomber".

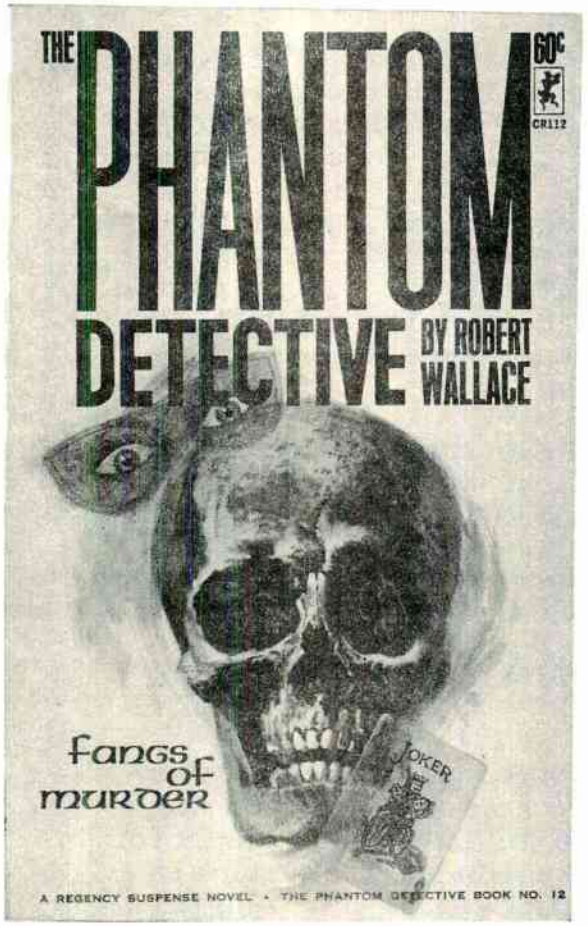
Lowest of the 3 is the French Breguet 14B2, considered the best light bomber of the French air service, and in these U.S. air service used the B2s in their first bombing raids. (While the I.A.F. may not have actually used B2s in their work, they are used here to show different a.c. and also how the massed bomber attacks used many different a.c.).

Above the scene hell breaks loose as the layers of SE5s, Camels, and F2Bs tangle with squadrons of enemy a.c. in late 1918. Two of the lesser-known German a.c. appear here, having broken through the defenses. The single-wing a.c. is the "Flying Razor", the Fokker D-8, which was extremely sensitive to controls, climbed fast and near invisible against the sun, so transparent was the cantilever-construction wing. Armed with 2 Spandau m.g., Germany's last air victories were by a D-8 which downed 3 S.P.A.D.s.

Another German fighter which received poor "press" was the Seimens-Schuckert D-4, because of the popularity of the Albatros when the S-S appeared in August, 1918. Far superior to its predecessors, some felt it to be THE best of all at this time. Flying 125-130 mph, its span was 27'6", length 19', armed with 2 Spandau m.g., it served throughout 1918. Several Jagdstaffeln on the French front were equipped with this ship.

No. 15. Among other happenings on October 2, 1918, was the downing of the first Hannoveranner CL-3 to be downed intact and was of great interest to the Allies. Basically a recon a.c., its ability to withstand groundfire was exceptional for it was partially armor-plated, and its biplane tail-assembly was unique: it was one of very few 2-seat a.c. to have a belly-gun, as the British ace, McCudden learned when first he attacked one. Of it he wrote, "This new Hun is deceptive. I'm betting it's armor-plated. It is going to cause trouble." And it did! Span 39'2", length 25'5" and a speed of 90mph.

The a.c. was brought down by a pair of American flyers of the U.S. 94th Aero Squadron -- Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker and Lt. Reed Chambers, the former of whom incorrectly indentified it as a Halberstadt (there were similarities). The observer was killed and the pilot, with a bullet in his jaw, nevertheless managed a good landing but the a.c. hit a stump and ended as shown in the lower picture (from photo of actual plane.) The U.S. pilots flew the French S.P.A.D. 13, a favorite of our flyers. (See section on Frank Luke for S.P.A.D. details). These bear the 94ths insignia -- a "Hat In The Ring", symbolizing the U.S. entry in the war. Rickenbacker's was a.c. with numeral "1".



NEWS AND VIEWS Lynn Hickman

Sad to say that I have been unable to get any news from Corinth and have seen no new pulp era books from them in months.

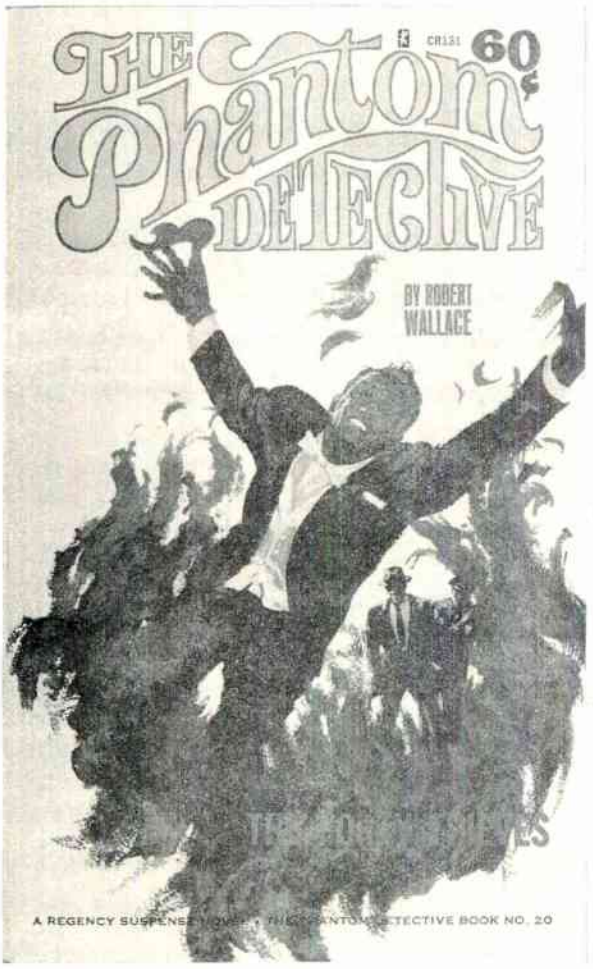
The issues I have seen are as follows: 5 Dusty Ayres, 2 Terror Tales, 8 Operator 5, 7 Secret Agent X, 4 Dr. Death, and 22 Phantom Detective. I hope this is just a lull until their distribution improves as these were good series.

Popular Library has issued SF Yearbook #1, a collection of good reprints with a cover by Jack Coggins. Also from Popular Library is a new series of paperbacks called Western Heritage Library. I have only seen one so far. White Gold of Texas by Jackson Cole. This is a Jim Hatfield western reprinted from Texas Rangers. I would like to see Popular Library reprint some of their old character series such as The Phantom Detective, The Black Bat, The Lone Eagle, etc.

The August, 1967 issue of True West features "My Thirty Years as a Pulp Writer" by Walt Coburn.

Ballantine Books have recently issued a number of good books, among them, Thorns by Robert Silverburg, Mistress of Mistresses by E.R. Eddison, Chthon by Piers Anthony, and Dolphin Boy by Roy Meyers.

Paperback Library has brought out The Star Kings by Edmond Hamilton.



FOR SALE OR TRADE

Sir Knight: Vol. 1 No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Adam 1957 Annual, Adam 1958 Annual, Adam Bedside Reader #1,

Adam: Vol. 1 No. 1, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Vol. 2 No. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Vol. 3 No. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Vol. 4 No. 7.

Will sell at $2.00 per copy or will trade for issues of the following: Bill Barnes, Pete Rice Western, Buck Jones Western, The Lone Eagle, Sky Fighters, Double Detective, Red Star Adventure, Thrilling Adventures, Black Book Detective, Black Mask, etc.

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Wauseon, Ohio 43567

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Pyramid Books has issued The Cometeers by Jack Williamson.

Ace Books now have 3 of the Professor Jameson books in print and are bringing out a new series by Edmond Hamilton. The first is Starwolf #1, "The Weapon From Beyond". While these are new novels they are written in the pulp tradition by one of my all time favorites, Edmond Hamilton who received the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award this year.

Avalon Books have published Out of the Abyss by George Allan England, The Everlasting Exiles, by Wallace West, The Insect Invasion by Ray Cummings, Druid's World by George Henry Smith, and Out of the Void by Leslie F. Stone. Of course my favorites here are Out of the Abyss reprinted from Cavalier, and The Insect Invasion reprinted from Argosy.

The Magazine of Horror is now back on a bi-monthly basis starting with issue #18 (November, 1967). It features a short novel by Jack Williamson from the old Strange Tales, Wolves of Darkness.

I recently picked up The Man From Uncle #11 from Ace Books, not because I especially care for the series but because it was written by Bob Coulson & Gene DeWeese under their Thomas Stratton by-line. The title is The Invisibility Affair. Haven't read it yet though. The only other book in this series that I have is The Mad Scientist Affair by John Phillifent. John also writes under the name John Rackham. He is also a contributor to The Pulp Era and Troat both in writing and artwork.

No room this issue for reviews of books as such, but Both myself and Gary Zachrich will review some selected books next issue.

Lynn Hickman

T H E P U L P E R A # 6 7

Special 17th Anniversary issue May - June - July - August - 1967

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The Pulp Era is published every other month by The Pulp Era Press at 413 Ottokee Street in Wauseon, Ohio 43567. Lynn A. Hickman Editor and Publisher. 50¢ per single copy. 5 issue subscription, $2.25. 10 issue subscription, $4.00. This special Anniversary issue is priced at $1.50 per single copy and counts as two issues on subscriptions.

Please mention The Pulp Era when answering advertisements.

Next issue will be published on Nov. 1, 1967