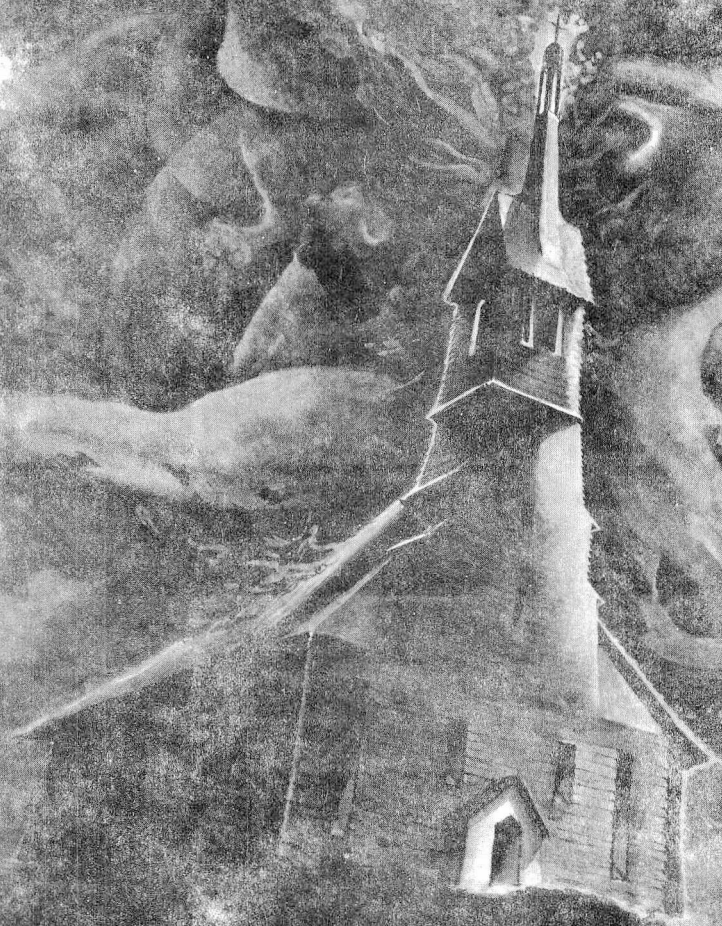


The Pulp Era 68



Lynn Hickman: Editor and Publisher

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If an X appears below, you must resubscribe or this is the last
issue you will receive.



Coming attractions in future issues: Terence X. O'Leary's War
Birds by Robert A. Madle. The Fantastic Sisters by Mac Mac-
Gregor. The Complete Frank Gruber Index by Bill Clarke (with a
foreword by Frank Gruber). The World's Weirdest Criminal by
Bob Jones. The Writing Game by Glenn Lord. King of the Pulp
by Stewart Kemble.

Be sure to send us your zip code if it is not now on your en-
velope.

I have had numerous requests from readers to try and complete an index to all pulp magazines. Mundell, Pachon, and many others seem to feel that I am in the best position, as editor of The Pulp Era, to accomplish this.

Frankly, it is a staggering job to even contemplate, but one that I've wished many times had been done. We will attempt it. It will take years and much help from fellow collectors. I will need help on many titles. I want all information possible, but the minimum information would be: Title - Starting date - Frequency of publication - Closing date - Number of issues.

Let me know what you can do. However, do not start the project until I write back. We don't want several people working on the same project and duplicating each others work.

The next two issues will feature Terence X. O'Leary's War Birds, The Fantastic Sisters and the complete Frank Gruber index. It is not lined up yet as to which will be coming first.

The new postal rates will affect The Pulp Era. We will have to keep the issues smaller. We will try to standardize between 28 and 36 pages and see how we come out.

Many thanks to Fred Cook (publisher of the fine zine, Bronze Shadows) for his help with the illustrations in this and coming issues. Fred and I have contemplated combining an issue of The Pulp Era and Bronze Shadows sometime. Maybe in 1968 we will put out an anniversary issue that way. Bronze Shadows 4th and The Pulp Eras 18th. Let Fred and I know what you think of the idea.

Once again I am trying to get back on a definite schedule. To do this will mean that I will have to have the next issue ready to mail sometime in Feb. Since it is now mid-Jan. that means that any letter of comments will have to be mailed at once to appear in the next issue.

Bill Mallardi (publisher of Double-Bill) and I have tried an experiment in that we will both be using the same covers on our current issues. My front cover will be his back cover and his back cover will be my front cover. We are doing this due to the cost of plates and because we feel that our subscription lists do not overlap too much. The covers are by Dave Prosser and were prize-winning paintings at the art show of the Tricon. It is doubtful that we will try the experiment again, but it is possible. If too many of you also sub to Double-Bill let me know. If you don't sub to it, you should give it a try. A Real good zine. Bill Mallardi : 369 Wildwood Ave.: Akron, Ohio 44320. 30¢ for a sample copy, 4 for \$1.00

DETECTIVE AND CROOK STORIES *THE* **DRAGNET**

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MAGAZINE



JUNE

The Three Scars

A COMPLETE DETECTIVE NOVEL

by Janet Z. Good

The Ruby of Blood

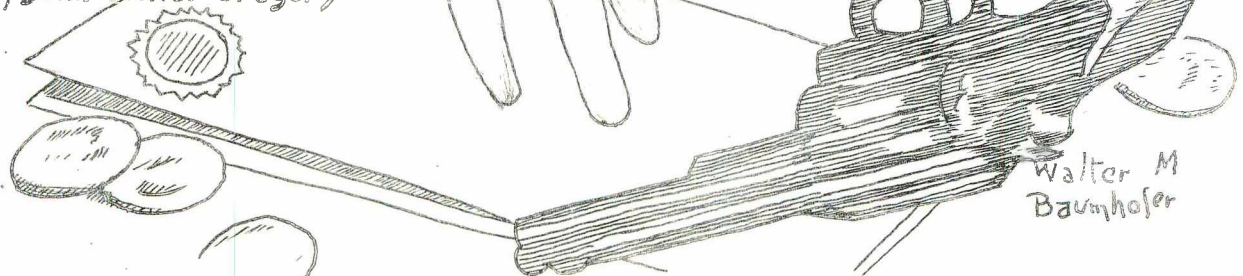
by E. Parke Levy

Curious Crimes

by Robert Guillaume

The Red Stiletto

by John Miller Gregory



DESIGN BY AMOS MOON FROM THE JUNE 1929 DRAGNET COVER

From Blue Swastika to the Ace of Spades

by Donald Wollheim

The history of old pulp magazines and the companies that published them is rapidly becoming more and more difficult to learn, for these companies have mainly faded from existence and the men and women who staffed them are fast disappearing. Unlike the ancient -- or so they seem! -- archives of the best hardbound book publishers, there never was any great pride or lore and legendry about the installations of pulp magazine publishers. They were in business to make money, to place cheap magazines on the newsstands for a month or two months, to take them off, junk the leavings, and count up the fast profits (if they were lucky enough to make a profit). Already anyone with a memory reading some of the supposed accounts of old pulps can spot a dozen errors in any such account.

And I've no doubt there may be some in this. Because I will just ramble about the history of the one pulp company I was intimately associated with -- the magazines of A. A. Wyn, generally grouped under the heading of Ace Magazines. When I joined Ace's staff back in 1942, a lot of history had already passed under the ephemeral bridge of pulpdom, and what there was to learn came only from the occasional reminiscences of the "old-timers" still on the staff. Anyone on a pulp staff five years was an old-timer. Add to that some poking around in the old corners of the stockroom (which the ogre who guarded that room frowned on) and what you could pick up here and there, and something emerged of the history of Ace.

Let me start with the ogre of the stockroom, who was technically the office boy. I start with him because he was, incredibly, the senior employee -- he had seniority over everyone at Ace, including the president of the company, Mr. Wyn himself! And so the history of the company goes to that office boy, whose name I can never remember probably for psychological reasons -- he was easily the most arrogant office boy anyone ever heard of! And what's even funnier, he is still the senior Ace staffer -- being at present manager of our New Jersey warehouse (which is why I haven't seen him in years and cannot recall his name).

Our office boy was hired by Harold Hersey back in 1928 when that doughty old pulp veteran started another of the many pulp companies he never could succeed with. This company was named

Magazine Publishers, Inc., and Hersey was partners with someone else; I was always told it was Harold Goldsmith, who later was associated with Popular Publications; but the indicia of a copy of The Dragnet, Vol. 1 No. 2, for November 1928, lists no Goldsmith, but only a John F. Edwards as Secy-Treas. By February 1929, that magazine lists Edwards as President. How our office boy rates seniority over A. A. Wyn derives from that. Hersey's venture was hard hit by the stock market drop and was about to go into bankruptcy, when A. A. Wyn and his wife Rose raised the capital and bought Magazine Publishers, Inc. from Hersey.

So when Wyn took over, he got the titles of the Hersey Magazines, and with them he also got the office boy! What were the titles that became the nucleus of what Wyn was to rename the Ace Magazines? Flying Aces and Sky Birds -- Two aviation magazines with air stories by real airmen; Western Trails and Golden West -- Two action magazines of the real west; The Dragnet Magazine -- The best detective and crook stories; Underworld -- New detective, gangster and mystery stories; Under Fire -- A magazine of war stories by men who saw actual service "over there"; Spy Stories -- A magazine of thrilling spy yarns; Fire Fighters -- A magazine of Smoke Eating Stories; Murder Mysteries -- A Ten Cent Thriller (the other magazines were all twenty cents).

Of the three issues of Hersey's Dragnet I have, an E. Post was always listed as Associate Editor (and once as Head Reader -- the first and only time I have ever seen such a listing!). Harold Hersey was listed as the Editor. If my own experience held good then, E. Post was probably the one who did all the actual work of reading, editing, and putting the magazine together. During the long life of this magazine (in various permutations), the Ass't Editor was always the real editor -- the other fellow with the title was just the owner and publisher who made all the money.

Among the authors found in those issues were Henry Leverage, Oscar Schisgall, Eugene deRezske, Mignon Eberhart, August W. Derleth (the Solar Pons stories began here), Joe W. Skidmore, John Miller Gregory, and a lot I never heard of since. Looking into the December 1929 issue, I see a change. Hersey is gone but Wyn had not yet arrived, for there is our Goldsmith now, listed on the masthead as Harold S. Goldsmith, Editor, with no ass't editor. And here in the contents page are two names that are still familiar today. One is Joe Archibald, the other -- with a feature novelette called "The Suicide Letter" is none other than best-selling author Irving Stone.

And the next issue I have on hand is August 1931, and the title of the magazine is now Detctive-Dragnet, the price is now 15¢, and the sole name on the masthead is A. A. Wyn, Editor. Publisher is still Magazine Publishers, Inc., and the address is 67 West 44th Street, New York, which is where it was when I came on the scene eleven years later. The colophon of the company however underwent a change in 1933 when a certain odious

individual became chancellor of a certain European country. Because, you see, when Mr. Hersey had founded his chain, he had selected an ancient good luck symbol as his company emblem and it will be on the cover of Dragnet and all his other magazines from 1929 until 1933. It was a blue swastika (up and down, not diagonal) on a white field enclosed in a red circle. Lettered inside the circle was the slogan: THE SYMBOL OF GOOD READING A HERSEY MAGAZINE. When Hersey dropped out, the slogan read: THE SYMBOL OF GOOD MAGAZINE READING. The blue swastika also appeared on the spine of each magazine.

I am told that it was not easy sledding for A. A. Wyn in the period of his first acquisition of these magazines. They had failed to keep Hersey afloat and Goldsmith after him, and the Depression was getting deeper and deeper. I have heard tell that A.A. and his wife Rose really did do almost all the work themselves on their chain of magazines and I believe it because Wyn had been a professional pulp magazine editor for Dell Magazines back in the twenties and my own experience with was that he knew his business thoroughly and ver ably. Rose Wyn herself was always an active editor -- and personally edited and managed the love pulps and the confession magazines right up into the early sixties.

But Wyn did work out the successful formula for Dragnet. He changed the title to Ten Detective Aces, dropped the price to a dime, established the rule of having ten stories in each issue to make the slogan 10 Stories for 10 Cents. It worked. TDA, as we called it in the office, survived right up to the twilight days of the pulps in the 1940's after the war. And so did Western Trails and Flying Aces.

Sometime in the thirties, Harry Widmer became the Ass't Editor of TDA and many other of Wyn's mens' pulps, and by then those pulps included another successful western called Western Aces, two sport pulps, about three or four love pulps, another mystery magazine called Ace Detective. There were various other pulp titles some of which lasted a year or two, others even shorter -- which is traditional in the pulp field. Wyn never did successfully establish a terror magazine though he tried three times: Ace Mystery, three issues, May to Sept., 1936; Eerie Stories, one issue, August 1937; Eerie Mysteries, four issues, August 1938 to April 1939. He also had two Character magazines: Secret Agent X which was quite successful for many years, and Captain Hazzard, an imitation Doc Savage which was not successful.

When I joined Ace, the pulp situation had become rather stabilized. Due to the wartime paper restrictions, no further experimenting was being done. Harry Widmer had left, Maurice Phillips had replaced him, and when the draft call came for "Mac" Phillips, I stepped into his desk. I became Ass't Editor for Ten Detective Aces, Ace Detective, Ace Sports, and 12 Sports Aces (in effect the full managing editor), and I also rapidly found that I was also first reader and associate editor for the other two men's pulps Western Trails and Western Aces, as Ruth Dreyer, the only woman Western editor in the business, was being

drafted for part-time work on some other Wyn projects.

Exactly when A. A. Wyn began to use the term Ace Magazines for his chain, I do not know. It was probably sometime in 1934 or 1935, and was probably due to the fact that Flying Aces and Ten Detective Aces already had the word in the title and were doing all right. The new emblem was in the standard shape of the Ace of Spades -- a spade-shaped shield with the words The Ace Magazines imprinted inside, the word ACE being several times larger than the other two. This emblem appeared on the cover of each magazine right up to the last of the pulp days.

When Ace Books was launched, I remember discussing with Mr. Wyn whether we would use this emblem on the books and was surprised when he decided not to, and it has never been used on any Ace Book -- though the word ACE in other forms always has appeared on the book covers. The spade emblem however survives as the emblem of the Ace News Company, our national distributor.

In a future article, I will carry on this account of the Ace Magazines and my own association with Ace.

Donald A. Wollheim.

The Defective Detectives.....(continued from page 23)

A far cry, indeed, from a Pendexter Riddle, "devoted to quelling fear that rides you like a nightmare."

By mid 1941, the magazine had scrapped the self-renouncing sleuth, and phased out the weird menace situation, resulting in an increase in price and bi-monthly publication for the first time.

Bob Jones

W A N T E D : Double Detective, The Lone Eagle, Bill Barnes, Buck Jones Western, Pete Rice Western, Popular Detective, Sky Fighters, All Aces, War Birds, The Green Ghost Detective, Black Mask, Black Book Detective, and The Phantom Detective.

Please send list and dates along with prices wanted and condition of the magazines.

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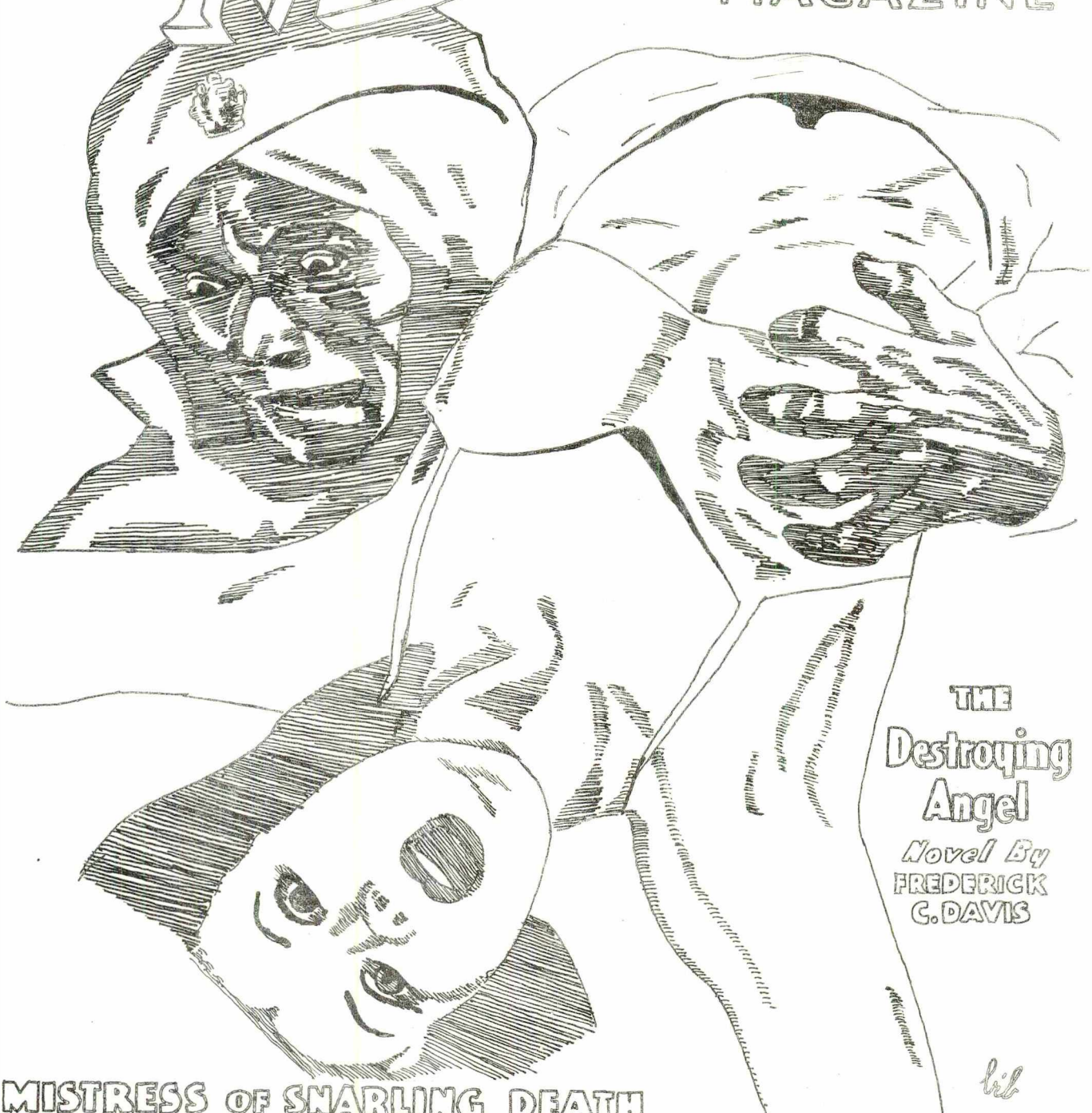
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JULY

ACE MYSTERY

MAGAZINE



THE
Destroying
Angel

Novel By
FREDERICK
C. DAVIS

MISTRESS OF SNARLING DEATH
By PAUL CHADWICK

design by Amos Moon from the July 1936 Ace Mystery cover.

Hersey Pulps

by Stewart Kemble

Harold B. Hersey, pulp editor, was connected with several pulp magazines and pulp publishers during the Nineteen Twenties and Nineteen Thirties. In 1937 he published a three hundred page book titled Pulpwood Editor (New York: Frederick A. Stokes) describing his experiences. It was probably the first book to deal exclusively with pulp magazines, but despite this distinction it is not widely known among collectors.

In 1919 Hersey was editor of Thrill Book and later felt that he had "failed miserably" with this early effort at a fantasy magazine. He also served as Head Editor for Clayton Magazines and directed pulps like Ace-High and Ranch Romances. The latter, according to Hersey, was conceived by himself and W. M. Clayton as the first pulp combining western and love themes. Later Hersey was Supervising Editor for Macfadden Publications and though True Story began as a pulp, it and other True titles would hardly qualify as pulps today. Better known in the pulp field are titles edited and published by Hersey under the corporate name Hersey Magazines, including among many, Gangster Stories, Riders of the Range, Flying Stories, Detective Trails, and Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories. At one time Hersey also published Model Airplane News and Ghost Story Magazine. Though Hersey worked with dozens of magazines, only a few, like Flying Aces, ever gained distinction. The number of titles listed at the end of Pulpwood Editor is not really so impressive as it might appear at first, for as Hersey himself explains, pulps proliferated during the Twenties and Thirties at an unbelievable rate and often disappeared equally quickly.

In his book Hersey attempts to cover every aspect of pulp publishing, from the audience who paid their dimes, through the process of starting a new magazine complete with estimated costs, editorial problems, makeup, art work, advertising printing, and distribution to newsstands. There is also a chapter on the sex magazines of the Twenties and Thirties, and a last chapter, titled "If You 'Must' Write for the Pulps," which undoubtedly appealed to aspiring writers who hoped to break into the pulp jungle.

As a writer himself, Hersey is chatty, verbose and repetitious. He has obviously relied on his memory of his earlier days as an editor of pulps. As a memoir, Pulpwood Editor is occasionally entertaining, but Hersey is seldom specific about years of publication, number of issues of a magazine, or writers who contributed to his pulps. Many writers and some of their stories are mentioned briefly but without much detail. For example, a writer as notable as H. Bedford-Jones receives only four references.

Hersey does devote one chapter ("Portrait of an Old-Time Fictioneer") to a sentimental sketch of W. Bert Foster, author of Homer of the Lazy D. western yarns for Ace-High. The description of Foster's final blindness is as pathetic as a scene in a pulp story. (Incidentally, Foster wrote juvenile series books under the pseudonym of Ruth Fielding. That Foster wrote such juveniles shows an interesting parallel between series books and series pulps: except for price the principle of such series writing did not differ greatly between fifty cent juveniles and dime pulps.)

But with all his references to pulp writers, Hersey is too general to be very helpful to the collector or library historian of the pulp era trying to complete a set of magazines or identify authors. In at least one instant Hersey's veracity has been questioned. "I discussed plans with Clayton," states Hersey (p. 188), "to launch a pseudoscience, fantasy sheet, but he (Clayton) did not issue Astounding Stories until about a year later." Read quickly, this sounds as if Hersey helped create Astounding, and his statement was, apparently, repeated in a fanzine about 1954. However, in "Editorial Number One." A Requiem for Astounding (Chicago: Advent, 1964) Harry Bates contradicts Hersey's statement and the idea that he helped plan Astounding. Bates says that Hersey was a Clayton editor "up to the fall of 1927" (a date not given in Pulpwood Editor). At the most Hersey may have given some slight inspiration for Astounding. Perhaps Hersey even went so far as to discuss a science fiction magazine with fellow-editor Douglas Dold, but it was Bates who brought the magazine into being (Requiem, pp. viii, xii; also see pp. 4, 31, for further comment on Hersey.)

Hersey's book, though wordy and padded, is interesting to pulp collectors for the list of magazines it records, magazines that may have existed for only a few issues. It is also useful for an occasional sidelight on an author or on a specific pulp title. Its chief importance is the depiction of how pulp magazines were planned and put together, some practically overnight, in a free-wheeling era of magazine publication.

Stewart Kemble

From Harold Brainerd Hersey, Pulpwood Editor, New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1937, pp 291-94

A LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS WITH WHICH THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED AS EDITOR, SUPERVISING EDITOR, PUBLISHER OR OWNER

Copyright Catalogue, Part Four. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. (Editor)

The Open Road (Owner and Editor)

The National Review (Associate Editor)

The Minaret (Advisory Editor, first issue only)

Le Dernier Cri. A trade publication. (Editor)

The Quill. Greenwich Village, New York City. (Co-founder and Editor)

The Spectator. Greenwich Village. (Advisory Editor)

Author's League of America Bulletin (Assistant to Secretary-Editor)

The Thrill Book (Editor)

The Birth Control Review (Managing Editor)

Telling Tales Magazine

| | |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| The | <u>Ace-High Magazine</u> |
| Clayton | <u>Cowboy Stories</u> |
| Magazines | <u>Ranch Romances</u> |
| (Head | <u>Clues</u> |
| Editor) | <u>The Danger Trail</u> |
| | <u>Five-Novels Monthly</u> |

True Story Magazine

| | |
|--------------|---------------------------------|
| | <u>True Romances</u> |
| The | <u>Dream World</u> |
| Macfadden | <u>True Experiences</u> |
| Publications | <u>Physical Culture</u> |
| (Supervising | <u>True Detective Mysteries</u> |
| Editor) | <u>Your Home Magazine</u> |

etc.

Swap -- The Swapper's Exchange (Founder and Editor)

General Advisory Editor for the Eastern Distributing Corporation's Magazines.

| | |
|-------------|---|
| | <u>Flying Aces</u> |
| | <u>The Dragnet</u> |
| The | <u>Under Fire</u> |
| Original | <u>Western Trails</u> |
| Hersey | <u>Sky Birds</u> |
| Magazines | <u>Underworld Magazine</u> |
| (Co-founder | <u>Golden West</u> |
| and | <u>Loving Hearts</u> |
| Head | <u>Fire Fighters</u> |
| Editor) | <u>Spy Stories</u> |
| | <u>Murder Stories</u> |
| | <u>Main Street Magazine</u> . A Quarterly |
| | <u>Famous Lives</u> . A Biographical Magazine |

Courtroom Stories (Editor and Publisher)

The American Autopsy. A Quarterly (Editor)

| | |
|-----------|--|
| | <u>Slapstick</u> (Publisher) |
| The | <u>Haywire</u> (Publisher) |
| Humerous | <u>Tickle-Me-Too</u> (Publisher for Owner) |
| Magazines | <u>Screen Humor</u> (Editor) |

| | |
|-------------|-----------------------------------|
| | <u>Gangster Stories</u> |
| The | <u>Racketeer Stories</u> |
| Red and | <u>Mobs</u> |
| Blue Band | <u>Gangland Stories</u> |
| Magazines | <u>Gangland-Racketeer Stories</u> |
| (Publisher) | <u>Outlaws of the West</u> |
| | <u>Prison Stories</u> |

Riders of the Range
Zoom
 The Flying Stories
 Red and Complete Flying Novel Magazine
 Blue Band Blue Band Magazine
 Magazines Detective Trails
 (Publisher) Lucky Stories
 Continued Quick-Trigger Western Stories
Thrills of the Jungle
Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories
Love and War Stories

Complete Gang Novel Magazine (Publisher)

The Hot Potato. An Anti-Prohibition Sheet (Publisher)

Medical Horrors (Publisher for the Owner)

The Headquarters Stories
 Complete Front Page Stories
 Novel Speed Stories
 Group Speakeasy Stories
 (Publisher)

Jo Burton's Follies (Advisory and Contributing Editor)

Jo Burton's Follies Quarterly (Advisory Editor)

Harlem Nights (Publisher)

New York Nights (Advisory Editor, first issue only)

French Night Life Stories (Advisory Editor, first issue only)

The Twice-a-Month Love Book Magazine (Editor)

Strange Suicides (Editor)

The Forgotten Man (Editor)

Knickerbocker, Jr. A new York Weekly. (Business Manager)

Model Airplane News (Publisher)

Ghost Story Magazine (Publisher)

Elite Styles (Editor)

The Dance Magazine (Publisher)

Mystery Adventures Magazine (Editor)

etc., etc., etc.

WANTED: *COWBOY STORIES: June 1936; July 1937; PARIS NIGHTS: December 1929; 10 STORY Book: November 1929; January, October 1930; May 1934; issue this period with Amy Worth's "The Headman"; *AMERICAN POET: April, May 1929; *TEXACO STAR: April 1931; *FRONTIER TIMES: June 1931; *SPORT STORY: December 25, 1931; SPICY ADVENTURE: *June 1936; November 1941; January, April, June, *September, *October, *November 1942; *FIGHT STORIES: September 1930, November 1930; May. December 1931; February, March 1932; *ACTION STORIES: January, June, October, November 1931; January 1932; April 1936; *SMASHING NOVELS: December 1936. Asterisk denotes that only fine copies wanted.

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DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE

BY TERRY JEEVES

Having been an aircraft buff since knee-high to a pulp magazine, and an avid reader and modeller for nearly as long, I can look back to 1930 - 1940 era with considerable nostalgia. In those far off days, aeroplanes had huge fans up at the sharp end, and the undercarriages were intended to stay fixed...unless a crummy landing decreed otherwise.

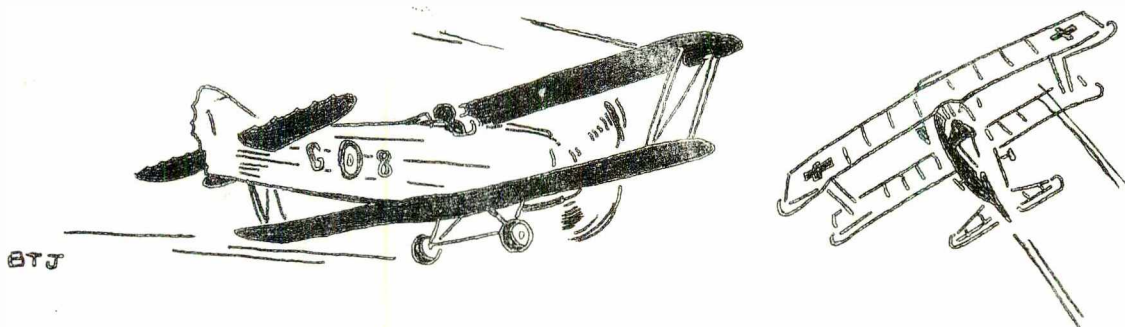
From where I sit today, only a handful of British journals have made sufficient impression on my brain cells to allow any details to survive. Aeronautics, a very s and c periodical appeared shortly before WW.2 and bore highly technical descriptions of such items as drag in high speed (200+ mph) aircraft, or the effects on future traffic patterns if someone flanged up an airliner capable of carrying 50 people. It had some nice pictures though, but price and pomposity diverted me to its older contemporaries Flight and the Aeroplane. These both appeared weekly, and featured all the current news on what was doing in the air world, both civilian and military. However, these were also adult in aim and presentation, and while nice to keep up to date with, didn't exactly have me hanging on the edge of my chair for the next instalment of 'An Investigation Into Wind Driven Generators In Light Aircraft'.

Air Stories was quite a different item. Published by Newnes and costing 1/6...a financial note calculated to sour me off it for life, had I not employed cunning stratagems and crafty subterfuges. By bugging my nose hard against a newsagent's window and gazing longingly at the latest copy while some relative with plenty of money but no brains passed by, I could often wangle an issue. One by one they caught on, and instead of Air Stories, all I got was a sore nose. The magazine wasn't really worth a squashed proboscis. S. Drigin handled the artwork and his style of 90% soot and 10% whitewash has been mentioned before in these treasured annals. For quite a while I was firmly convinced that all pilots had whiskers, until I found it was merely his enthusiasm with the inkpot.



WANGLING A COPY OF
AIR STORIES

The stories had more cliches and stereotypes per column inch than a dog has fleas. All Germans were bad, and all the Allies were good (although the odd one could be allowed to get big-headed for a chapter or

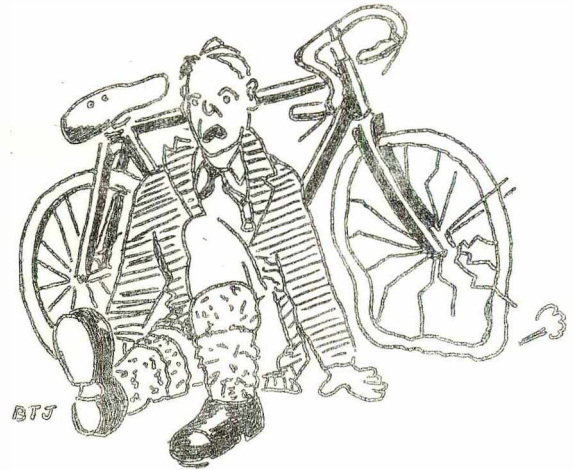


so before seeing the error of his ways). In an air battle, the Allied pilot always one except in two stock situations, viz. (1) The wily, crafty, sneaky, experienced old von Ricket-yoven (they were all 'vons') was allowed to sneak up on Allied airmen from his hiding place in the sun (he was a very sunburnt character) and clobber them one at a time. Of course, sooner or later he would sneak up on the hero by mistake, and that would be the end of von Ricketyoven for a month or so. Case (2) was when the author allowed twelve Jerry pilots to knock the spots off any two Allied airmen, providing that before going down, the Allied airmen knocked off three Huns each.. Of course, if the hero happened to be one of the two Allied pilots, a cast iron rule was that his Spad must cop a burst of slugs in the engine thus forcing him to run honourably away, yet live to fight another day.

In the case of an encounter on the ground after a forced landing, the Jerry would aim his pistol at the hero (whose own pistol had dropped out of its holster during the crash) and curl his lip in a sneer as his finger whitened slowly on the trigger. At this point, the intrepid hero would hurl himself at the villains legs, often feeling something whistle through his hair as he did so, and in the ensuing scuffle, poor old von Supponatime would collect a straight left which rendered him hors de combat for a while.

Flying weekly, at 3d was a much more worthy piece of escapism. In addition to all the stories of dauntless airmen going through their pre-ordained paces, it also featured plans for flying models. The first one was a Fokker D-7. I duly dug out my balsa wood, tissue paper, cement, and razor blade, and merrily hacked away. Motive power was in the form of a length of elastic, a quick scouting mission to the local girl's school soon solved that problem, and my model was complete...just like all those blood red (mine was real blood...I'd been using two-edged razor blades) Fokkers flown by old von Toothree and his mates. I sallied outside into a balmy strength five gale. Jerrys flew in this weather, why shouldn't I? The elastic was soon wound, and away soared my pride and joy. It performed just like the real thing in all the stories...it zoomed up in a stall, fell off on one wing, and crashed to the ground.

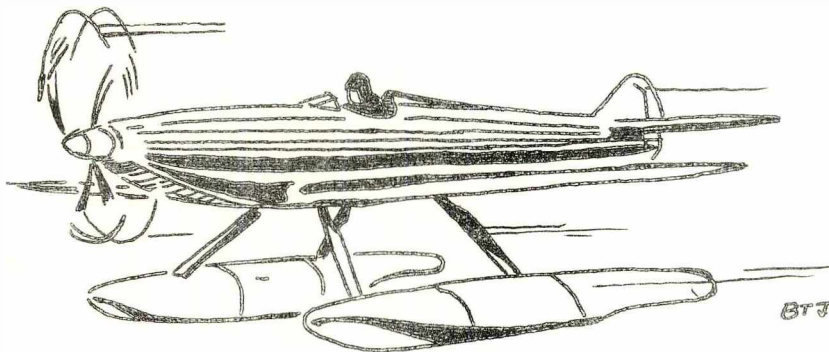
Air Stories and Flying were rather anaemic stop gaps between supplies of the real McCoy. American pulp magazines travelled to England as ballast, and retailed at 3d a copy. G-8, Dusty Ayres, Flying Aces and Dare-Devil Aces all vied for (and cleaned out) the contents of my piggy bank. In these full blooded yarns, the aircraft went down in flames! Airmen reared up in agony, before slumping over the side of the cockpit, dead! Even the hero occasionally stopped one in the arm, or perhaps fell before an enemy pistol shot, only to re-appear later with a plaster on his noggin, where the bullet had merely creased his scalp.



LOSER OF A 'DOG FIGHT'

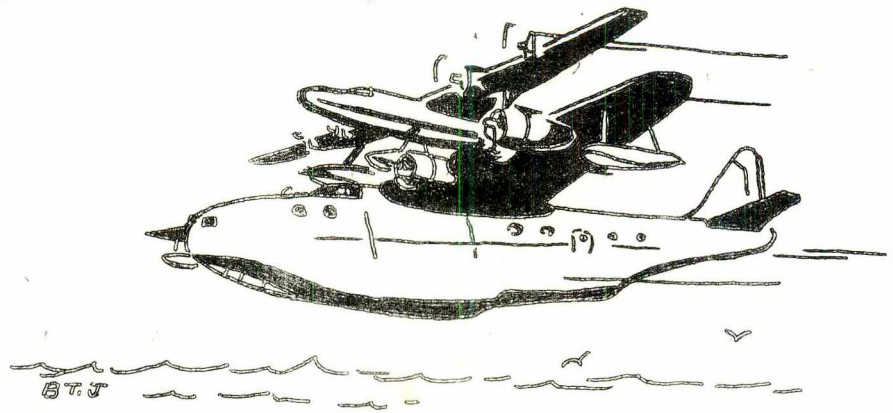
From these literary works, I learned many new words, both English and German, the latter proving useful when saying rude things to bossy adults. Now and then, said adults would also be readers of such edifying works, and a thump in the lung usually followed. This diet of Air Stories led to some curious offshoots. For many years I had a confused mental image of military cannon firing the kind of convoluted shell one finds on the seashore. I could never understand how they got it to fly accurately. Then, again, one always 'kicked the rudder bar'. A brutal trick that would have given any instructor the hab dabs if I had been given a bash in an aeroplane during this period...as would my 'yanking back on the stick' or 'cutting the engine and sideslipping in to a deadstick landing'. It also took a little while to catch on to the fact that 'filling up with gas' really meant putting in some petrol.

Another offshoot arose when several pals took to reading Dare-Devil Aces (under threat of a bashing if they didn't).



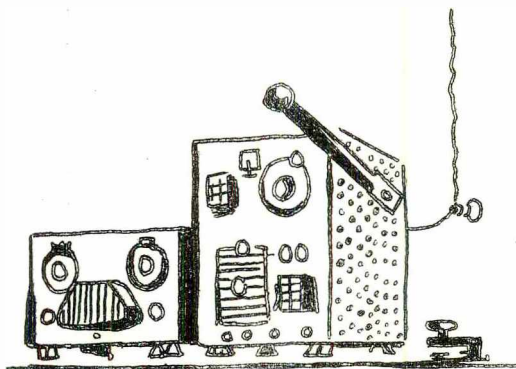
440 MPH MACCHI CASTOLDI SEAPLANE

In short order, our bicycles had become Spads and Fokkers, and under the spell of one particularly vivid yarn, we formed the 'Orange Tango', with every bike bearing a miniature wooden orange aeroplane on the front mudguard. Dog Fights (and busted spokes) were numerous, and a favourite game was 'limping home with the engine shot out'. This involved coasting home without pedaling, by utilising every bump and slope in the road to conserve flying speed. It became quite hectic at times, as to get over the next rise, it was very easy to take a corner too fast to maintain speed.



MAYO 'COMPOSITE' AIRCRAFT

Apart from the fictional aspects of this era, there were also many real heroes around, and many epic deeds being done. Amy Johnson had captured the public imagination, and her flights were hailed in song and story...even the toy shops were flogging clockwork driven propellers mounted on tin plate effigies of Amy. Then there were the King's Cup Air Races, and the England to Australia flights, mass displays at Hendon, and new aircraft appearing almost daily. I still recall nostalgically that beautiful Macchi-Castoldi seaplane, which for so long held the absolute World Speed Record at 440 mph. Then there was the original D.H. Comet...not the jet airliner, but the twin engined monoplane named Grosvenor House and lettered G-ACSS which won the England to Australia Air Race...many of its lines were to be seen in the fabulous 'Mosquito' fighter/bomber produced by D.H. during WW2.



R1082 AND T1083 'ONE-ARMED
BANDIT'
RAF RADIO GEAR

Then the heroic 'Mayo Composite' aircraft which boasted a complete Empire Flying Boat 'Maia' as the lower component. This took off carrying another four-engine floatplane 'Mercury' on its back. Once up to altitude, Mercury was released to fly on to a record breaking load/distance figure which she could never have achieved under her own available take-off power. Also unusual was the gawky Cierva, 'jumping gyro' which involved revving up the helicopter blades in zero pitch, and then letting them slip into the climb angle, with the result that the whole

machine leaped into the air. The forward drive prop gained flying speed before lift was lost. Mons Mignets home-built 'Flying Flea', from America, the Gee Bee super sportster, and Germany's king sized Dornier DO-X all contributed to give aeronautics of the 30's a flavour which now seems to have gone for good.

Naturally, with all this background, when I volunteered for the RAF I put my name down as a fighter pilot. No soap, I had a weak right eye. Air Gunner, then? Sorry, still no dice. Observer? I ended up as a Ground Staff Wireless Mechanic, but I still got at those aeroplanes. It shattered me to find that our wonderful new RAF still used bracing wires, and bungee rubber cords for shock absorbing! Fabric was still doped (and made highly expensive tearing noises if you stood on it). Flying box kites such as the Wapiti, Rapide and Heyford were still in service...in fact I made my first unofficial anti-sub patrol in a Rapide from Juhu aerodrome, near Bombay, in 1942. Despite such museum pieces, we also had Hurrybirds (Hurricanes to you) and Spitfires, and the Stirlings, Lancasters and Halifaxes were on their way. Incidentally, the Spitfires of this era still has fitted a prehistoric type of radio called the TR9, and the official procedure for testing it after retuning the thing, was to drop it several inches to ensure that it didn't go off frequency. Even the mighty bombers at first only boasted a 5 valve straight receiver, the 1082, and a two valve MOPA transmitter, the 1083, which, because of its huge aerial switch on the side, was known as the 'one armed bandit!'

I shudder to think what G-8 and all those WW1 peclots had to endure, if this was how we kicked off in 1939. As for machine guns, once I'd loaded and fired a Lewis and a Browning, there was no doubt about it. World War 1 fliers deserved to have all those yarns written about them.

Terry Jeeves

WANTED:

Blue Books 1920 - 1955. Also books and magazines with stories of James B. Hendrix. Send list with condition dates, and prices to:

Bill Caruth
1308 W. Clover Lane
Corinth, Miss. 38834

By Bob Jones

Would you believe a detective who is blind? Or one who is deaf? How about one that looks like a side-show freak? And if you want a real oddity, how's this: a crime-seeking sherlock who will bleed to death if scratched with a pin.

Well, they flourished once -- about as ill-assorted and unbelievable a bunch of but-inners as ever chased a crook. The period was the late thirties. The magazine: Dime Mystery.

This Popular Publications companion to Horror Stories and Terror Tales underwent many format changes during its near two decades of publication. In late 1938 it got on a crime-fighting kick, while the other two continued in the sex-sadistic vein that the lo center had successfully pioneered.

The October issue was the inaugural of a ballyhooed new policy. The purpose was to combine the eerie menace situation (a staple of the magazine for the preceeding five years) with the realistic plot complications and breathless tempo of the detective mystery. At least, that's the way the editor's page announced it.

Once the changeover was made, I must admit there wasn't a humdrum hero left in the house. It seemed that each author tried to top the other.

Actually, there wasn't much of redeeming valor about these stories. To mix metaphors, in the sands of time, they made hardly a ripple. Yet in looking back, it's fun to survey the period. With all their gritty grotesqueness, these detectives were peculiarly appealing.

There was Peter Quest. Veteran pulp author John Kobler's protagonist was a private detective not afraid to die, but fearful of living as a helpless, dependent cast-off. The reason was glaucoma. At a crucial point in each story, Quest suffered an attack, and became temporarily blind. Fortunately, he recovered in time to solve the case, and was never the worse for wear.

He was one of the first of the eccentrically-afflicted individuals who fought crime in the pages of Dime Mystery during the next few years. His debut was in the October issue, in the story, "Merchant of Damnation".

During the next year, the magazine's authors created a veritable crazy quilt of outrageous personalities. Nor were they any less imaginative in delineating the weird murder situations challenging the mettle of these investigators.

The stories followed the gory lead set earlier when the magazine specialized in the gothic. Murder was always gruesome or unconventional. In one story, for instance, radio directional impulses caused asphyxiation by electrocution. In another, the victims were torn to bits when their torsos erupted in a blinding, deafening crash. Then there was a poison used that ate all the calcium out of the bones, leaving the body little more than a sack of skin filled with pulp.

These were the macabre ingredients concocted by the authors as their recipe for the publisher's promise of offering the principal elements of the old with the freshness and novelty of the new. It was a pungent smorgasbord, to put it mildly.

In the same October issue, Nat Schachner introduced Nicholas Street. His name came from the street where he was found, an amnesiac. However, among his conspicuous compatriots, he seemed disgustingly normal in appearance.

He was described as "well set, personable, in his early thirties, lean, with a sinewy face, weather-beaten brow, and alert keen eyes." Although these were practically standard characteristics of most of the pulp heroes prior to that time, with his arrival, the clean-cut look seemed to have gone out of style.

For instance, Nat Perry, the Bleeder, had a pronounced leanness and pallor about him. He was a hemophiliac, one whose blood won't clot. A scratch would mean death. Needless to say, he flirted with death continually. The writing team of Edith and Ejler Jacobson thrust him into dangerous situations, from which he always escaped by the skin of his teeth.

Leon Byrne's Detective Dan Holden was a lip reader. A gunman's bullet had destroyed his hearing. He wore a silver plate in his head, and even his secretary didn't know he was deaf.

Then there were two Russell Gray inspirations: Private Eye Kane -- Calvin, not Martin, that is -- and the five-foot superman, Ben Bryn. Gray, incidentally, went on to fame under his real name, Bruno Fischer, as the author of many hard-boiled hardbacks. Kane appeared under the Harrison Storm pseudonym.

Kane, saddled with a deformed body, sidled like a crab as he dragged his withered right leg along. His right shoulder was six inches higher than his left. But he had one physical advantage. His arms were like steel.

This endowment, as a matter of fact, became the touchstone for Ben Bryn's fame. As a child, Bryn cursed with infantile paralysis pushed himself on a wheeled platform, selling newspapers and shoelaces. As Gray wrote, this "put tremendous power into his arms and iron in his soul."

When he regained the use of his wasted legs, through "sheer grit by heartbreaking exercises," he became a sort of foreshortened Paul Bunyan. His strength was prodigious. It was nothing for him to pick up an evil-doer like a doll and shake him silly. Somehow, the women were always attracted to bantam Ben.

Just as Gray was a cut above many of the pot-boiling authors appearing in the magazine in those days, so Ben Bryn is remembered when many of his fellow sleuths are forgotten. He carried over into the next phase of the magazine. These stories as well as much of Gray's other work, showed an instinctive pace and plotting that kept them rolling along effortlessly.

One of the best was "Hideout for the Damned", in the May 1940 issue. "Mary Errol was lying on an incredibly filthy cot when Bryn, gun in hand, burst into the hut. She no longer looked anything like the attractive young society matron whose photograph had been a feature of local society pages. Her naked body was wasted and covered with a mantle of mingled grime and blood. The cruel whip-welts which festered under the dirt on her skin signified the least of what she had had to endure." This is strong stuff, and it rings true. Pithy, not a word wasted, yet the picture is complete.

Bryn goes on to infiltrate the mountain lair of a gang of killers. There's some exciting action, heightened by Gray's ability to project character, even though circumscribed by the usual pulp limitations, as well as the author's obvious crash-writing commitments.

Not all the authors created unconventional crime-stoppers. Some were content to tag their detectives with unusual names. They de-emphasized a blighted background as prime motivation. Thus we meet Loring Dowst's Pendexter Riddle, the extraordinary question mark; Dale Clark's Ghostly Jones, the poltergeist specialist; Dane Gregory's Rocky Rhodes and Satan Jones; Daniel Craig, the Bystander, by Ralph Oppenheim; Stewart Sterling's Jim Big-Knife, last of the Kwanee Blackfeet, and Wyatt Blassingames Joe Gee, the detective who couldn't sleep while on a case that excited him.

As this series ran its course, the purple prose lost its blushing glare. No longer appeared such descriptions as the following: "Weltering in a corner was a thing blackened and charred and heaving wetly like hot bubbling tar." Or the description of a victim enveloped by green tentacular fronds growing out of his body until he was "no longer recognizable as a man, but just a bloated tangled mass of slimy vegetation."

At the same time, as new criminologists were introduced later along the line, the old motivational gimmicks were dropped. In the January 1940 issue, Willard D'Arcy refused to come up with anything racier than a John R. Parkhill who had become a private detective "because it annoyed the police."

(Continued on page 8)

LETTERS

Mac McGregor The anniversary issue is a monumental
Evansville, Ind. accomplishment and one that I'm proud to
 show to my friends and business associates
that know little or nothing about the pulps. I want to make
special mention of Gary Zachrich's cartoons, they are excellent
and so appropriate. I was, but probably shouldn't have
been, suprised at the consistency in the articles about why
people like the pulps. The two main points seem to have been:
1. They featured larger than life heroes rather than ordinary
guy next door bumlbers. 2. They assumed that sex was a participating
activity rather than a spectator sport. And probably
due to your editorial ability rather than sheer chance, there
was an excellent balance between personal analysis and evaluation
and research type articles.

 I was overwhelmed by Prosser's
contribution, both text and pictures. It was simply superb!!!
Pulp oriented or not - if this was the only article in the
issue it would have been worthwhile. Prosser should do a book
-- on air war -- on air war in the movies -- and on air war in
fiction.

Terry Jeeves Many thanks for a super issue of the Pulp
Sheffield, England Era. I enjoyed the 'behind the scenes'
 reminiscences of Lowndes -- how human and
frail he made our human and giants seem. In the old days one
could never (at least I couldn't) imagine that authors and
editors were 'real' people with their own day to day problems
of ill health, mortgages and money. As for publishers, well
they only existed to make sure the magazines appeared regularly.
A small word of praise for Gary Zachrich's Pulp Collector cartoons.
It was nice to see Pohl point out that many of the old
time super heroes were awful fatheads in some respects. If the
villain didn't get clobbered in the heat of battle, the rules
seemed to be that he must be released to get appish again.--
and as for their love affairs -- !! --- long well intentioned
looks into each others eyes, firm handclasps and the like were
a bit sickmaking.

 Part 2 of The Pulp Era was even better than
part 1. I really drooled over Overn's piece on Frank Tinsley
and as for Dave Prosser's fabulous contribution, words describing
that would really be trite. It is the best thing in fan
publishing I've ever seen, it surpasses even Alva Roger's great
'Requiem' articles for Donaho. If ever a man deserved a fannish
Hugo, it is Prosser -- and you deserve another for The Pulp
Era. Never satisfied, could you twist Prosser's arm for a series
on his interpetations of the old pulp heroes in characteristic
situations? Super, super, super!! One of the very best
pieces of gannish work of the generation. More power to you
and The Pulp Era. ((Editors' comment: Thanks for the very
kind words. I hope Dave will respond to the request above.
It should be good if he does. For all the years that Dave has
illustrated for me, I didn't know that he was as accomplished
with the typewriter as he is with the artists pen until he
suggested this series. LH))

Rusty Hevlin Your annish is almost unbelievable. Bount-
Miamisburg, Ohio eous, jammed full of good stuff and quite
 well balanced. My favorite item is McGregor's
series on the Spider novels. I am an admirer of Tinsley's art
and his writing, so Overn's article was a little like having
someone else putting down my own thoughts. Dave Prosser has
done a work of love on the air war in both words and pictures.
His art id better than much that was printed in even the better
pulp. He has researched thoroughly and written well. That,
plus my being an "air" bug, should make his effort one of my
top choices. However, my reaction is that it is not really a
part of what the pulp era means to me. I don't know where else
it might be published today, and I am sure you will get raves
about it, but I would prefer to see the space devoted to stuff
directly related to the old mags and characters.

Bob Coulson Since it was such a big magazine anyway,
Hartford City, Ind. did you have to include five separate items
 (Phillifent, McGregor, Cook, Conner and V
Wells) which said in effect "Gee, the old pulps were swell"
and nothing else? Two would have been plenty. On the other
hand, Lowndes' article on the Columbia pulps was excellent. A
couple of months ago I picked up the August TRUE WEST for a
single item; "My Thirty Years As a Pulp Writer" by Walt Coburn.
Lowndes' article was somewhat similar to coburn's -- reminis-
cences by a pulp era participant, rather than by a spectator --
but the Lowndes article was far more interesting than Coburn's
professionally published one.

John Harwood Most of the articles were interesting, but
New Bedford, Mass. the thing that was the most intriguing was
 the announcement of Frank Gruber's new book
The Pulp Jungle. Have their been many books published about
the pulps? The only other one that I have run across is Quentin
Reynolds The Fiction Factory, the story of the Street & Smith
publications. ((Editors comment: Stewart Kemble is doing a
series of reviews on books that have been published about the
pulp and the pulp authors. These will appear in each issue of
the Pulp Era. Frank Gruber's new book The Pulp Jungle may be
ordered from: Palisades Book Store / 15276 Antioch Street/
Pacific Palisades, Calif. The price is \$3.95. LH))

Stan Pachon The Bill Clark article on Frank Gruber is a
Bethlehem, Pa. fine piece of work. I know Bill for a careful
 and meticulous researcher and his facts are
always accurate. Mr. Gruber should feel a debt of gratitude
to Bill for his efforts in bringing to light the extent of his
literary productivity. I hope you can prevail on Bill to give
you more articles for future issues. Bill Clark articles are
worth preserving for historic reference.

 What I would like to
see undertaken by someone who has access to these various pulp
magazines is a checklist of the pulps. The starting and stopp-
ing dates of the issues and the total number of issues publish-
ed. ((Editors comment: Bill Clark is preparing a complete
index of Frank Gruber's works. It is almost done, but he has
a few more items to check out. You wouldn't believe the amount

of time and travel that Bill has put into this index. It will be a tremendously fine work and will take a special Frank Gruber issue of The Pulp Era to present it. I'm not yet sure which issue it will be, but it will certainly be worth waiting for. I also hope to have Stewart Kemble do an article-review of Frank's latest book The Pulp Jungle for that issue. On the subject of the pulp checklist, Elmore Mundell of Portage, Ind. has mentioned this to me a number of times and has suggested that through my contacts with readers of The Pulp Era that I could probably accomplish this. I had already started a listing, but many of these pulps are not available in my collection. Please read my editorial Argassing for my comments on this. LH))

Sid Costello, Jr. I was struck by the many fine articles stress-Sun Valley, Calif. ing nostalgic thoughts about the pulps.

While this is fine for the readers that lived through and read through the pulp era, you do have a fair number of younger readers who would prefer a little less nostalgia and more of the general type articles. An example would be the article by Robert Lowndes. This was a very interesting history of a publishing house and the forthcoming article on Ace will doubtlessly be as interesting.

I would like to see an article on the modern pulps, the paper-back books. Granted, they are not magazines or really traceable to the old pulps, but I believe they have taken up a large part of the pulp-type readers. To me, paperbacks offer the wild and woolly adventure stories, space opera, sex stories for those so inclined, in fact as varied and wealthy an assortment as in the dead, nearly lost era of the pulps. ((Editors comment: I agree that your idea has merit, but I believe that some other zine will have to cover them. I will, in my News and Views column, cover all of the paperbacks that I have information on that have been reprinted from the pulps, have been written by authors that wrote for the pulps, that are science fiction and fantasy, for that I believe would be of special interest to readers of The Pulp Era. But I cannot possibly cover all the paperbacks. My major interests are the pulps, the artists and authors of the pulps, and science fiction and fantasy. I cannot even cover all the things that I want to in these fields because of the time and cost elements, but will do my best to try and preserve the history of the pulp magazines and the authors and artists who worked for them. I feel that if I can do this much and interest others into doing the same, I will have contributed something toward the preservation of something uniquely American. The Pulp Era. LH))

I'm sorry that I can't reprint all the fine letters I received on my anniversary issue, but space just won't allow it. The three favorite items in the issue were: The Columbia Pulps by Robert Lowndes, Air War 1914 - 1918 by Dave Prosser, and The Spider series by Mac McGregor. Everything seemed to have been well liked, but these three drew the most comment.

Next issue: Terence X. O'Leary's War Birds by Robert A. Madle.

O. Raymond Sowers Until his airplane drawings I never realized Prosser's power. They equal anything I've seen in Amra, Witzend or ERB-dom; His airplanes, their movements, his evocation of space, his construction and suggestion of forms, his feelings for planes as dynamic, vital mechanisms, his revelation of combat tension are all exquisitely done, -- truly professional. His drawings touch the imagination and makes one dream of those nightmarish days and the heroes they brought forth. You printed the plates flawlessly, the best direct plate work I've ever seen. Also I like the blue you used on my drawing; it set a nice mood for the figure.

W A N T E D : Any Doc Savage Magazines between 1933 - 1938.
 Send list you have for sale. Will not pay any higher than \$3.00 for any between 1933 - 1936.
 \$2.00 - \$2.50 for any others. Would prefer in good, fair, or excellent condition.

Norman Bartley / Box 111, R.R. 1 / Williamsburg, Indiana 47393

A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE SPIDER NOVELS

part three 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 as a Pulp Era Booklet. Since the start of this series, it has been in the top three spots in readers votes. A tribute to the skill with which Mac surveys these novels. Coming up in an early issue, probably #70 will be The Fantastic Sisters, an article and index on Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Fantastic Novels, and A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine. L.H.)

Illustration is by John Howitt : Cover for the November 1933 issue. Printed with permission of Popular Publications, Inc.

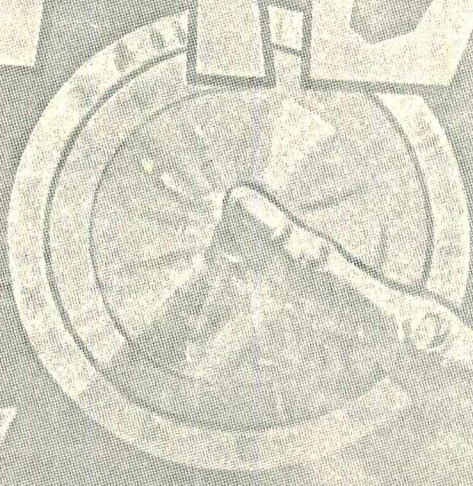
THE

MASTER OF MEN!

10¢

SPIDER

NRA
MEMBER



WHEEL OF DEATH

FULL-LENGTH SPIDER NOVEL

By T. M. SCOTT

Lead story by Grant Stockbridge.

Interior illustrations by J. Fleming Gould.

Cover illustration by John Howitt - The Spider, caped and masked, is pointing a revolver at a skeleton clothed in a cape of flames. Beneath and between the two is the city of New York, glowing blood-red from the flames.

Cast of Citadel of Hell:

Wentworth, Nita Van Sloan, Kirkpatrick, Ram Singh, Apollo, Prof. Brownlee.

Hanford Tyson, sugar tycoon - first victim of the Food Destroyers.

Janice Hally, an employee at Tyson's Sugar Refinery.

Denny, Janice's boy friend - killed by the Food Destroyers.

John Glastonbury, New York City District Attorney.

Small Perkins, a member of the Produce Exchange.

J. J. Callahan, head of a meat-packing firm.

Xavier Jones, of Amalgamated Can.

Timothy Walsh, heroic boy - recipient of the first Spider ring.

Dr. Jimson Hughes, a dentist whose testimony saves Wentworth in court.

Tito Caliepi, a Wentworth disguise - forerunner of the Spider.

The Story: Wentworth, aware that sugar king Hanford Tyson has been threatened with death, joins two police cars protecting Tyson's limousine. A Packard breaks through and its passengers throw an incendiary bomb which turns Tyson's car into an inferno, killing the occupant. Wentworth trails the Packard to Tyson's sugar refinery where he is confronted by Janice Hally, a pretty employee, who holds a gun on him and says she is going to kill him because of the death of her sweetheart, Denny. As he disarms her, the refinery goes up in flames. Killing a gangster who tries to bar escape, Wentworth affixes the Spider seal. When police appear, Janice yells that Wentworth is the Spider, and he barely escapes.

The next morning Wentworth goes to Kirkpatrick's office to advance the theory that recent fires have been aimed at destroying the country's food supply and that leading food executives should be called together. District Attorney Glastonbury appears with a warrant for Wentworth's arrest - having been identified by Janice Hally, Wentworth is accused of Tyson's murder.

Wentworth escapes and, assuming the identity of one of the food brokers, attends a meeting where it is revealed that Xavier Jones of Amalgamated Can has been threatened. Adopting a disguise as Tito Caliepi, a crippled, hunchbacked violinist who wears a cape and a black felt hat, the Spider goes to Jones' apartment and is confronted by a dope addict, member of the gang. Putting celluloid points over his own teeth, the Spider is about to obtain valuable information when the leader of the Food Destroyers - a man in a red mask - appears with other members of the gang. Wentworth escapes and heads for the scene

of the next fire. Unable to prevent the fire, he does save the life of a boy, Timothy Walsh, and his family. Later when Wentworth is overcome by smoke, the boy and a fireman save him. The police arrest Wentworth as the Spider, but the boy helps him to escape. Wentworth gives Tim a ring impressed with the Spider seal.

Suffering a severe bullet wound, Wentworth goes to Prof. Brownlee's home and is bed-ridden for three weeks. There is a severe food shortage, mobs are running wild in the streets. Nita has been jailed by Glastonbury as Wentworth's accomplice. Recovering, Wentworth captures Xavier Jones and assuming his identity, goes to a meeting of the Red Mask and his gang. The gang attempts to kill Jones-Wentworth but the police arrive. All but two of the gang escape through a secret exit. Those two lie dead with the Spider seal on their foreheads.

Wentworth, again disguised as Tito Caliepi, openly meets Kirkpatrick and identifies himself as the Spider. Desperate, Kirkpatrick makes a pact with the Spider and promises to supply a fleet of radio cars and policemen. Wentworth and Ram Singh, in one car, broadcast messages to the other cars and the gang of Food Destroyers are defeated. Confronted by the Red Mask and Janice Hally, The Spider convinces Janice that the death of Denny was the Red Mask's doing. As Janice and the Red Mask struggle, one of the incendiary capsules is broken and the two are burned to death.

In a unique closing episode, Wentworth and Nita stand trial for the murder of Tyson but the case is dismissed when a surprise witness is called.

Critical Comment: Citadel of Hell is an extremely readable and quite satisfactory Spider adventure. Strangely enough, the three-week recuperation period when Wentworth is disabled adds to the story's strength. It not only gives the reader a chance to catch his breath, but it enables the situation to worsen, thus making the Spider's reappearance even more necessary and his success even more satisfying. Too, the reader is gratified by the open alliance between Kirkpatrick and the Spider which gives each a more heroic proportion - each is willing to do the extraordinary if it means saving the people.

General Comment: Of special interest to the Spider historian is this preview of the disguise which is to represent the Spider in later issues. Wentworth, disguised as Tito Caliepi, affixes the celluloid fangs only in order to terrify a dope addict. In the story's conclusion, he wishes to draw out the gang and knows that they will recognize the Spider as the hunchbacked violinist - thus, he again dons the disguise. It should be emphasized that this is the forerunner of the Spider disguise rather than the birth of it. Stockbridge does not make the switch immediately.

In this month's installment of the magazine's department called "The Web", the Spider ring and club are announced:

"We're glad to announce that we've been able to keep the cost of this ring down to twenty-five cents. The ring itself is beautifully and substantially constructed of non-tarnishable white metal, with an inlaid spider of red enamel against a black enamel field."

"As for the Spider organization, it is to be devoted solely and exclusively to law-enforcement and the suppression of crime. It will be called the Spider League for Crime Prevention."

Perhaps older fans will remember the row of numbered, different-sized black circles which were to be used in determining ring size. It must have taxed the ingenuity of many a youth to find a way to fit a flat, black circle over his finger. If one cut out the circle and tried to fit his finger into the resultant hole, the pulp paper would invariably tear.

Additional Contents:

Anson Hatch, Killer's Knout (short)

G. T. Fleming-Roberts, The Standing Corpse (short)

N E W S A N D V I E W S

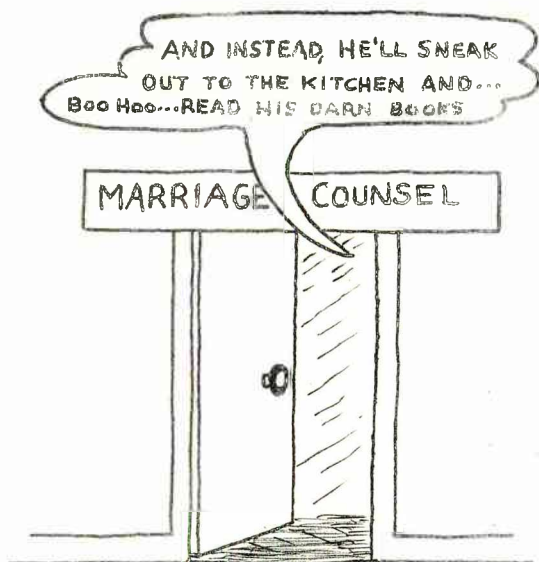
The best news of this year is the publication of The Pulp Jungle by Frank Gruber. (Sherbourne Press - \$3.95) Sherbourne has done the pulp enthusiast a service in publishing The Hard-Boiled Dicks, Brass Knuckles, and now, The Pulp Jungle.

The first two issues of World Wide Adventure (Health Knowledge, Inc.) are now available. This is a new magazine edited by Robert A. W. Lowndes and now brings his magazines that feature reprints from the pulp era to four. Magazine of Horror, Startling Mystery Stories, Famous Science Fiction, and now World Wide Adventures. These magazines sell at 50¢ each and sample copies may be ordered direct from the publisher. I would suggest that if your local newsstand doesn't carry these that you order sample copies and then subscribe to them. The address is Robert A. W. Lowndes, Editor / Health Knowledge, Inc. / 119 Fifth Ave. / New York, N.Y. 10003.

These are magazines that must be supported if we wish to continue getting the reprints from 1938 on back. Robert A. W. Lowndes is an editor of extremely fine taste in selecting the stories for reprint. I cannot recommend these magazines too highly.

World Wide Adventure in its first two issues have reprinted adventure stories from Argosy and Ace High magazines circa 1928 through 1935.

(continued on page page 35)



The Pulp Collector



Gary
Zachrich

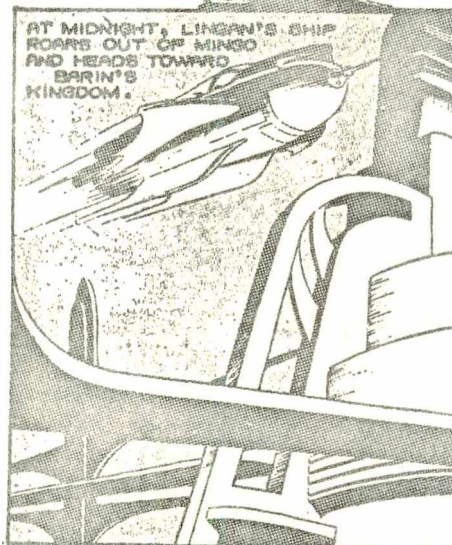


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I have just awakened from deep mortifying sleep to discover PULP ERA, a delightful oasis in the "offal" desert of most of the current publications. I am NOT new to the pulps, but I have just been made aware of PULP ERA through the good graces of Mac (Doc Savage, The Spider) McGregor (a silent film enthusiast.) Thanks, Mac!

I have for swapping (will sell if you insist!)some Wild West Stories, Complete Novel Mags, and Frontier Stories of the '20's.....a large stack of Argosy from 1933 to 1940, some with covers, some without. (All the Burroughs stuff is gone).....many serials bound and excerpted from Argosy starting from 1930.....huge mounds of science fiction mags from early 1940's to 1960.....various and sundry pocketbooks (mostly oldies and mostly science fiction.).....hardback Burroughs with a few firsts.....William MacLeod Raine hardbacks.....science fiction hardbacks.....Sax Rohmer hardbacks.....and much other stuff.....

I want: Bluebook, June 1936.....Silent Movie Magazines..
Silent Movie Trade Journals.....Silent Movie Stills.....Silent Movie Lobby Cards and Posters.....Silent Movie sundry items of all kinds.....Silent Movies (period!)

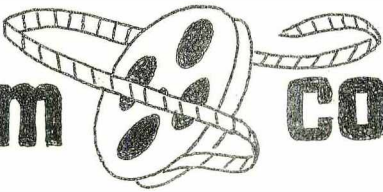
DO NOT SEND AND ASK FOR LISTS! I HAVE NO LISTS! TELL ME YOUR WANT! Tell me what you have to swap. Do NOT be dismayed if I fail to answer you immediately. My entire non-existent spare time is completely occupied in attempting to put out a publication on the silent film era. (For which I am now soliciting for subscribers.)

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(Editor's note: I receive the Classic Film Collector and it is certainly a fine and interesting publication whether your interest in the old films is high or not. I recommend this publication. LH.)

classic film  collector

Ballantine Books since last issue include Restoree by Anne McCafferey, Chthon by Piers Anthony, Outlaw of Gor by John Norman, and The Eskimo Invasion by Hayden Howard. These are all published at 75¢. All good books, but I would especially recommend The Eskimo Invasion, A+ rating, and for fantasy adventure lovers, Outlaw of Gor, Volume II of a new series, A rating.

From Bantam, The Devil Rides Out and The Satanist by Dennis Wheatley, and Cold Death by Kenneth Robeson, #21 in the Doc Savage series.

Pocket Books have brought Sherbourne's The Hard Boiled Dicks out in paper back. Well worth the 50¢. Ron Goulart has selected some good stories here even if his introduction and informal reading list leave much to be desired. I would have thought that he would have researched a little more before writing this introduction and compiling the list.

Avalon Books have brought out The Crimson Capsule by Stanton A. Coblentz, The Afterglow by George Allan England, Destination: Saturn by David Grinnell and Lin Carter, and Doomed Planet by Lee Sheldon. These are all published at \$3.50 except The Crimson Capsule which is \$3.25. Following is a list of Avalon books that I would recommend to the complete pulp collector. They can be ordered directly from Avalon Books : 22 East 60th Street : New York, N.Y. 10022 at \$3.50 per copy. The Exile of Time by Ray Cummings, Darkness and Dawn by George Allan England, Palos of the Dog Star Pack by J. U. Giesy, Explorers into Infinity by Ray Cummings, Polaris -- of the Snows by Charles B. Stilson, Beyond the Great Oblivion by George Allan England, The Mouthpiece of Zitu by J. U. Giesy, The Hothouse World by Fred MacIsaac, The People of the Abyss by George Allan England, Minos of Sardanes by Charles B. Stilson, Claimed by Francis Stevens, Jason, Son of Jason by J. U. Giesy, Out of the Abyss by George Allan England, The Insect Invasion by Ray Cummings, and The Afterglow by George Allan England.

Popular Library has been issuing a number of Jim Hatfield westerns reprinted from Texas Rangers but I donot have the books or a list of them here at the present time.

Ace Books and Pyramid Books have both been issuing some good reprints, but once again I donot have the books or a list here at the present time. I will try to bring you up to date on these in the next issue.

Starting with the next issue, Gary and I will review selected books and will rate the others as to interest for the pulp or science fiction fan.

Lynn Hickman

