

# Lore

November, 1965

Vol. 1, No. 3

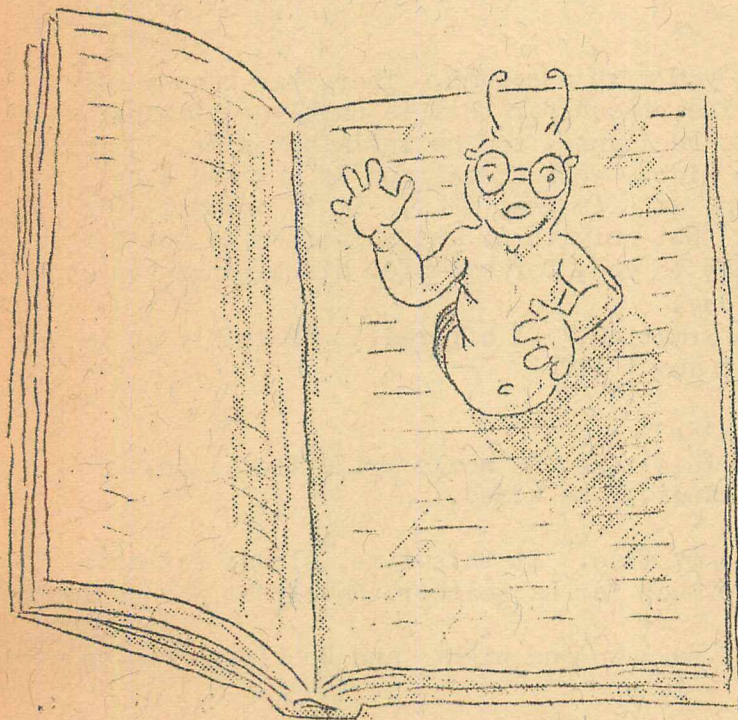
Edited and published by Jerry Page

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Jerry Burge - pp. 15, 22, 23, 26





# INSIDE ROSS ROCKLYNNE

Ross Rocklynne, once one of the stand-by authors in the field, has been seen but seldom of late. His "Darkness" stories, both controversial and hard to locate these days (At least it has been my experience that issues of Astonishing are relatively easy to come by except those issues containing the first three Darkness stories.) and his other series, Colbie and Deverel and Sidney Hallmeyer, are highly entertaining and thought provoking. Rocklynne was one of the three authors who wrote most (if not all) of the 'off-trail' stories for Planet---those stories which generally achieved a difficult and rare emotional and intellectual response while using the technique and framework of the common action adventure story. (The other two authors were Leigh Brackett and Ray Bradbury.

I recently wrote Rocklynne, asking for information about him for my column in Iscariot. The reply I received deserved printing by itself and I am grateful to Al Andrews for letting me use the letter in this issue of Lore. JP

July 14, 1965  
Wednesday PM

Dear Mr. Page:

Thank you for inviting me to help you with a column. There has been a delay in answering your complimentary letter. The reason for this is Rocklynne himself. The trouble is, I am a small person next to Rocklynne, and he intimidates me. I, for instance, am only two and a half mentals high, while Rocklynne is six and a half mentals high---quite a difference. On one of LA's best days, it is possible to see Rocklynne and ask him a few questions. But only then. And sometimes he won't answer those. I asked him what we should write to you, for example. His silence was rather tragic. I waited until the next clear day.

"Jerry Page wants all kinds of information," I offered. "Possibly an insight into what you personally are like. What about it?"

"We'll do it," he said.

"Eh?" I inquired, cupping my ear. "Eh?"

The godly boom reached me clearly this time. We would write the piece.

"We cannot, however, be entirely candid," he added.

"Candid about what?" I can be sly.

"About---" he paused, as if sensing my trap. At this time, clouds gathered. The four mentals which separate us were too much for LA weather. Rocklynne was no longer visible.

I had my chance a week later. I woke up one night and Rocklynne was up and



## BOOK REVIEW

### THE GIRL FROM FARRIS'S

*Reviewed by Jerry Burge*

THE GIRL FROM FARRIS'S  
by Edgar Rice Burroughs. House of Grey-  
stoke, 6657 Locust Street, Kansas City,  
Missouri, 64131. 1965. 76 pages. 6 3/4"  
x 10". Softcover. \$2.50.

It is no news to any Lore reader that Edgar Rice Burroughs is today, fifteen years after his death, the most popular writer of adventure fantasy. In only three years, sales of the paperback editions of his books have totalled nearly fifty million copies, averaging about a million sold of each title. Many readers, it would appear, are delighted to be able once more to enjoy the uncomplicated adventures of brave heroes and virtuous maidens in dangerous and exotic worlds.

And of these timeless elements of good yarn-spinning, Edgar Rice Burroughs was and is the undisputed master. His tales of Barsoom, Tarzan's Africa, Amtor and Pellucidar are as much fun to read today as they were when they were first published, twenty, thirty or even fifty years ago. Despite the almost revolutionary changes in customs, conventions, manners and even ideals in the past several decades, Burroughs' stories remain undated and timeless.

It comes as something of a shock to pick up a Burroughs novel and find it a once-timely moral tale about a prostitute.

Happily it turns out to be a rather pleasant shock. The Girl From Farris's will never enjoy the popular success of a Moon Maid or Cave Girl, but it does possess some qualities apart from its curiosity value to the Burroughs completist.

According to the bibliographical material in the back of this edition,

The Girl From Farris's was completed on March 19, 1914, just three months prior to the outbreak of World War I. It is very much a story of its time. The U.S. during this period was a world almost as exotic to today's readers as a Barsoom or a Pellucidar. Yet the era, not unlike today's was one of rapid social and technological changes. The telephone, the automobile, electric lights, the airplane, radio, the phonograph, moving pictures had all appeared within the past two or three decades and were busily wreaking their havoc on Victorian modes, mores and morals.

Isolationism would end in a couple of years, but meantime the self-contained, self-involved nation was a Seventh Heaven for social reformers. The civil rights crusades of the early 1900's had backfired, resulting in a new and frighteningly powerful Ku Klux Klan and a repression of Negroes considerably worse than had been the case before. But if Negroes were not yet ready for full citizenship, there was no dearth of other things that needed to be fixed, cleaned up or suppressed. If one can judge by such popular slick magazines as McClure's and Pearson's circa 1910-1912, there were very few areas of life indeed which did not have some sort of reform movement attached. Woman's suffrage, prohibition, child labor, political and police corruption, prostitution and white slavery, venereal disease, all were the concern of major crusades. Anthony Comstock's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was going full steam. Labor unions were growing and spreading into every industry. Socialists, communists



## QUESTIONS

The following questions are all asked by associate editor Jerry Burge: AIR ADVENTURES was a companion magazine to Amazing and Fantastic Adventures in the Palmer era. Jerry would like to know the number of issues this magazine actually saw. Was it perhaps revived after once being folded?

SOUTH SEA STORIES. The same question as for Air Adventures. How many issues did this magazine see?

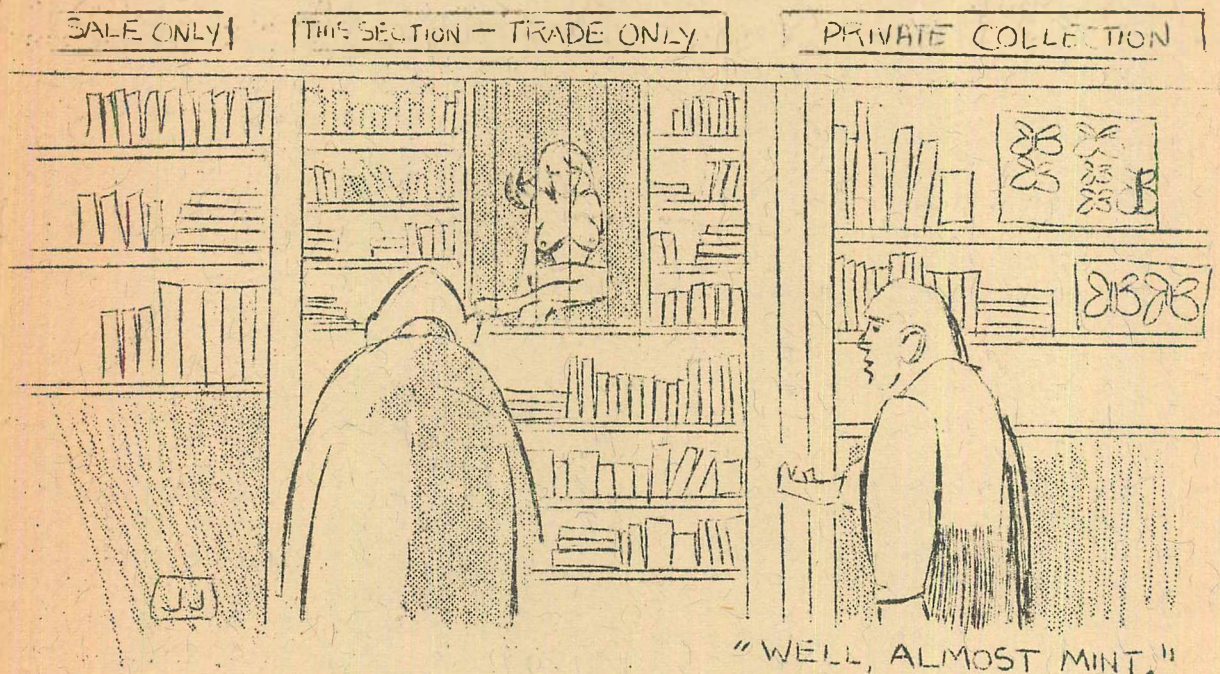
J. ALLEN ST JOHN worked frequently for Ziff-Davis in the Palmer years. How many illoes did he do for Z-D's non fantasy magazines? How many covers?

BRIGGS. Around 1932, there was an artist drawing for Amazing who signed his work "Briggs." What was his full name? Where else has his work appeared?

JOE W. PELKIE was a writer who appeared in Fantastic Adventures just after WWII and once in Planet. There is no evidence that he was a pen-name. However his work showed a certain level of skill indicative of experience. Just who was he and what happened to him?

CHARLES F. MYERS. Remember the Toffee stories, first in Fantastic Adventures while Hamling was the editor and then later in Hamling's Imagination and the early Thorne Smithish issues of Imaginative Tales? They were written by Charles F. Myers and so far as we know were the only stories he ever wrote. Unsatisfactory biographical sketches on him were in Madge and EA and that's it. Who is he? What's he doing now? And did he ever write any other fiction?

NEW ERA PUBLISHING COMPANY. In 1948, well-known Philadelphia fans Bob Madle and Jack Agnew published Keller's "The Solidary Hunters and the Abyss." The company is now out of business but a question remains: Was there a 2nd book?





read it over one night, and then placed it behind the typewriter, where it has been ever since, my appalled exhortations fruitless. Thus when I mentioned the "Darkness" manuscript, Rocklynne floated to the ceiling where he was bound to stay for some weeks.

Bitterly I left the house and went for a walk in the open sky. Over there lived Forry Ackerman. Down there was Ray Bradbury. Up on the hill was Elmer Perdue. Off in the Valley was Pogo. The old names rang like when the typewriter carriage comes to the end of a line. I thought of all the science fiction conventions I had missed because Rocklynne wouldn't take me. How wonderful, I thought, to be free of Rocklynne and with a typewriter of my own. Back in the old days I wrote "Quietus" to Campbell's order in three days. I wrote my favorite story for Planet, "Chicken Farm," overnight. I wrote the third Colbie-Deverel story, all 12,000 words, in one night.

Rocklynne was not the best of collaborators. Often, he turned out unpublishable trash. Up to the shelf would go the typewriter where I couldn't get at it. If Rocklynne had only believed me when I told him I could write stories without him! If he only knew what a drag he was! Well, he hadn't always been a drag, for originally we started writing for the sheer pleasure of making the science fiction magazines even more enjoyable to us than they were. We'd pick out the worst story in Astounding, and then simply write a better one. No trick to that. But Rocklynne got a lot bigger than me, and came into control of the typewriter.

As I walked, brooding, under the night sky, free of Rocklynne, an idea came to me. At home I began stacking Rocklynne's old stories under the typewriter shelf. I put "Water For Mars," one of our old favorites which made me shed a nostalgic tear, on the bottom. Then "Anton Moves the Earth," "Jackdaw," "Quietus," and "Courtesy Call." The pile was quite high already just with those five stories. It jumped up another half mental with the addition of "Backfire" and "The Diversifal." Rapidly I added "And Then There Was One," "Time Wants a Skeleton," and the three Colbie-Deverel stories. How they heightened my magazine ladder! Still, it wasn't nearly ten mental high, so I added "The Wicked People," "Collision Course," "Planet For Sale," and "The Last Outpost."

All this while, Rocklynne bobbed against the ceiling, meditating on who knows what--and who cared.

Now I heightened the magazine pile considerably with "The Immortal." I slapped on "Big Man," "The Mathematical Kid," and its sequel "Alphabet Scoop."

I climbed the pile excitedly, but there was still a full mental to go, so I added ten science fiction anthologies with my stories in them and threw in one of Campbell's editorials for kicks. And a few more stories.

Oh, it was frustrating! How many stories must I add? I had already used up many of the "giant phenomenon" or "Problem" stories which I once specialized in, and because of them the magazine ladder towered! Then "The Creator" from an old Future brought my fingers within inches of the typewriter!

I had my second big idea. I put your letter on top of the pile, Mr. Page.

That one page did the trick.

While Rocklynne dreamed on in that strange world where nothing ever gets done, I typed this letter at such terrific speed that it should have brought him down from the ceiling. But it hasn't, and I'm terribly excited. I'm going to write a story tonight. I'm going to send it to Fred Pohl, and get it published side by side with one of the old giants of science fiction. Then I'll do one for Camp-- Oh, NO! PLEASE don't. DON'T take my typewriter. PLEASE don't. Please. Pleaqueriop.

/s/ R.L.Rocklin

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about and rather chipper. I sat on the arm of his chair while he opened the pages of a very old magazine. The story was "Task to Lahri."

"You are a pig," I commented. "Why didn't you tell me you read Page's letter?"

"Page says 'Task to Lahri' is one of the real classics," mused Rocklynnne. "Along with the Darkness series." He continued reading. Rocklynnne has a reach of three mentals, and consequently I couldn't read the story. Not that I even care to read his old stories on the few occasions when he takes one out. I live in the present, but Rocklynnne spreads himself through past and future, which makes him difficult to be with.

"What did you think of it?" I asked anxiously when he finally closed the magazine.

"Not much," came his voice from above. "I would like to rewrite those Sidney Hallmeyer stories, though. They'd make a book."

At this I was fairly hopping up and down, but terribly disturbed because I could see that Rocklynnne was rubbing his jaw. Whenever this happens I think of a character of his in "Time Wants a Skeleton" who has a broken jawbone. Could this be a clue to Rocklynnne's strange behavior? Oh, but I was tired of psychoanalysing Rocklynnne!

"Why don't we rewrite the Sidney Hallmeyer stories?" I shouted up. "Now! While we're in the mood."

"Well--" said Rocklynnne, beginning to bob toward the ceiling. "I'll get the typewriter--perhaps--"

"We can do it! We rewrote the Darkness stories, remember--"

That was a mistake, for Rocklynnne fell into a horizontal position and floated to the ceiling where he studied patterns in the wall-paper. I should explain that Rocklynnne mastered the art of levitation some years ago when he studied hypnoanalysis. This is in addition to his other skills, such as reading a book without opening it, and time-traveling, mostly in the past.

I stared up at him hopelessly. "At the very least," I wheedled, "we could answer Page's letter."

Rocklynnne would stay in levitation for some weeks. I sulked. Rocklynnne was getting much harder to handle. Last year it was different, when I talked him into doing the "Darkness" stories.

He objected at first. "They're dated," he said. "We'd have to rewrite and yet retain the original flavor which the old timers remember."

I said nothing.

He brooded. "You know," he said at last, "I didn't write those stories out of inexperience."

"Of course you didn't," I cannily agreed. "Those stories are YOU. You're Darkness, gazing hungrily into the abyss of emptiness seeking to fill the void in his soul. You're poor Yellow Light, scorched with dreams. You're Devil Star, fried in the skillet of his death-fears--"

He lay his hand on my head and pushed me into the floor. "We'll do it," he said, while I extracted myself and moved happily to the desk.

Twice before the first three Darkness stories were contracted for as a book. Rocklynnne even became interested enough to write a fourth story, which was published in a reduced version with a bad editor's ending. But the book thing never came off. Now we would rewrite the Darkness stories as a single manuscript.

It took us a year, working at the tortuously slow pace Rocklynnne afflicted himself with. We would work for two hours and then Rocklynnne would place the typewriter on a shelf ten mentals high where I couldn't get at it. This was frustrating, for writing is absolutely no trouble to me. How does a person only two and a half mentals high haul a typewriter down from a shelf ten mentals high? It was all very difficult. The most difficult part came when the manuscript was finished. Rocklynnne



and anarchists were expounding the coming Utopia. One wonders how there could have been enough soap boxes to go around.

There were crusading novels, too. The most successful without doubt was Upton Sinclair's 1906 novel, *The Jungle*, which created a furor over conditions in Chicago's packing houses and was ultimately responsible for the passage of some early Federal pure food laws. And perhaps the most popular novelist of the period was Harold Bell Wright, a minister who preferred to deliver his sermons in the form of "uplifting" novels. Quite a number of people must have needed uplifting, since his books sold in the millions. It is not impossible that Harold Bell Wright's huge success with this category of novel might have persuaded Burroughs to try his own hand at a social-moral tale. Certainly during this period of his career, Burroughs was experimenting with nearly every type of fiction. What more natural than that he attempt a type that was reaping some spectacular rewards for its practitioners?

I won't defend this thesis beyond the negative assertion that if it be true, Burroughs evidently failed to stick closely enough to his models for his purpose. Harold Bell Wright made his mint with naive story-lines and ornamental prose. Burroughs erred in the direction of a relatively complex plot and a straightforward writing-style. Further, instead of dealing with a single problem, such as the evils of alcohol, Burroughs tackles a broad spectrum of the ills of the time.

The Girl from Farris's is a young prostitute of Chicago's Loop named June Lathrop (alias "Maggie Lynch") who is caught by a cop while trying to escape from Abe Farris's "hotel." The cop, who hopes to "get" Farris, persuades the girl to "peach" on him. Mr. Farris knows the right people, however, and the Assistant District Attorney dissuades the Grand Jury from bringing the case to trial. The Fore-

man of the Grand Jury, a young businessman named Ogden Secor, talks the girl into going straight. This is by no means the easiest thing in the world at a time when unskilled girl office workers were receiving five or six dollars a week, but the girl, with some help from a kind-hearted thief-pickpocket named Eddie--and no help at all from a professional reformer named the Reverend Theodore Pursen--eventually succeeds in acquiring a good position as Ogden Secor's private secretary. Ogden Secor is Victorian Prudery personified--he would be nauseated at the thought of sharing an office with a former prostitute. But fortunately he does not recognize the rehabilitated June Lathrop as "Maggie Lynch." Through some involved circumstances, June is recognized and to avoid a trumped-up murder charge she flees west to Idaho and again begins a new life. Due to a blow on the head which induces partial amnesia and a destructive character change, Ogden Secor becomes an alcoholic and loses his business and all of his inherited wealth except for "some land in Idaho." Going to Idaho to see what can be done with his remaining property, he encounters June Lathrop, again failing to recognize her. He is too far gone to do more than pan sufficient gold to keep himself in whiskey. He sinks to what he considers the depth of depravity, but with June's help he recovers his health and some of his self-respect. Now, however, June is tracked down by a Chicago cop and taken back to face the murder charge. During the trial, some loose ends are cleared up, and all ends happily.

Compared to other stories of the type, *The Girl From Farris's* is rather complex, yet very easy to read. The characters are very well-realized, the situations are interestingly developed and the writing, while not quite up to Burroughs' standard, is more than merely readable. Anyone interested in popular reforms of the early part of this century will find a half dozen of



them--from police corruption and white slavery to the problems of the Grand Jury system--treated interestingly.

The frontispiece, by Frank Frazetta, depicts "Maggie Lynch" most fetchingly.

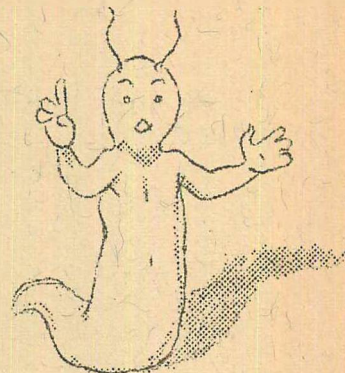
## LETTERS

October 17, 1965.

Dear Jerry,

I like Lore being about books, but now that MY ART will begin to appear... the zine will naturally become an ART-zine. Then, it will start to strive for Ghreater art form :comics: and be engulfed into comics fandom, only to later emerge as a Kipple-ish comics-zine in which there will appear testy, sharp drawings on such political matters as sex. I'm sorry, for it started out as a nice little book zine.

While a complete checklist of the pen-names of Robert Silverfish and his works is certainly a worthwhile undertaking, I hope you will not fail to include the ghreat stfinal-western he wrote for Palmer's Amazing entitled "Rocket-Tubes Roar Westward" under the pen-name John Tombstone. However, the tru-collector's world awaits the ghreat definitive checklist of those two ghreat individual sf-stylists Brett Sterling and Alexander Blade. Ah, indeed, what writer can even approach that remarkable inventive style of Alexander Blade in regard to his Pre-Dialog Pivotal Setting system, such as, "he said", "I said", "she said", "we said", "they said" and "it said". Gee



goobers and double wow, they just don't write science fiction like that anymore! (Or, do they?)

I don't know if Lore would be interested in the following, but I'll pass it along to you.

"The Booklover's Answer" (a magazine for book collectors) #15, Sep-Oct, 1965 (7x10, pro-printed, 167 pages, 50¢)... has some articles that will be of interest to sf book collectors. Such as:

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FANTASY

by Rodney Reston

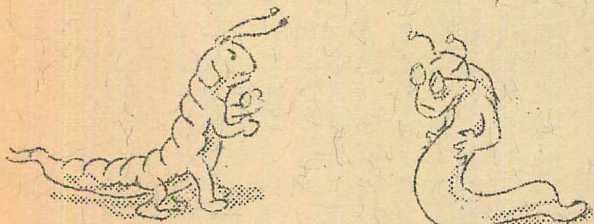
THE AUTHOR--A. MERRITT with a checklist by Reston

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY BIBLIOGRAPHIES with checklist by Reston

THE AUTHOR--HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT with checklist by Reston.

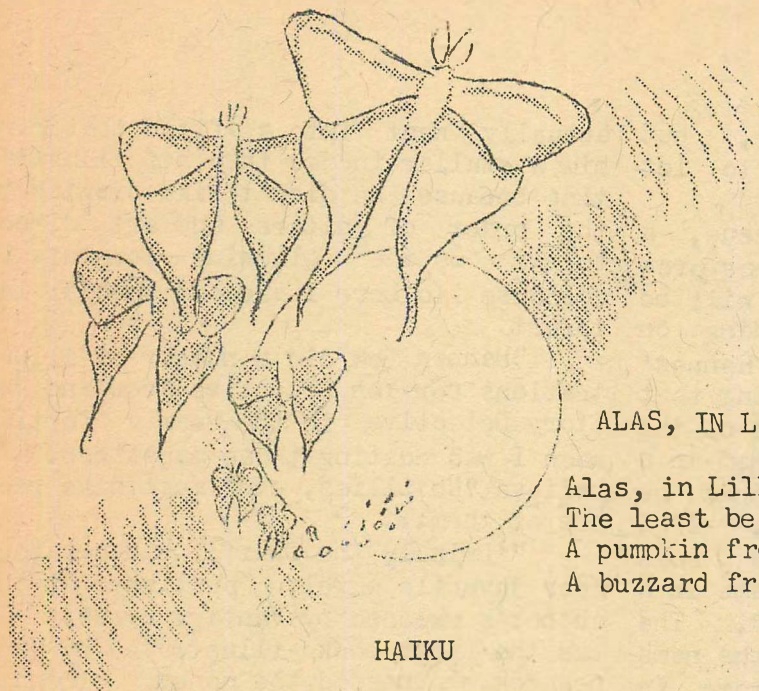
And in addition there are all sorts of fascinating book-info in "The Booklover's Answer." Copies available from "The Booklover's Answer", Box 157 Webster, New York.

Sincerely,  
Al Andrews,  
1659 Lakewood Drive  
Birmingham, Alabama  
35216





# FOUR POEMS BY THOMAS BURNETT SWANN



## SUMMER

Summer, the gypsy,  
Scattering grapes  
approaches;  
Stealing oranges!

## ALAS, IN LILLIPUT

Alas, in Lilliput  
The least begin to grow:  
A pumpkin from a betel nut,  
A buzzard from a crow!

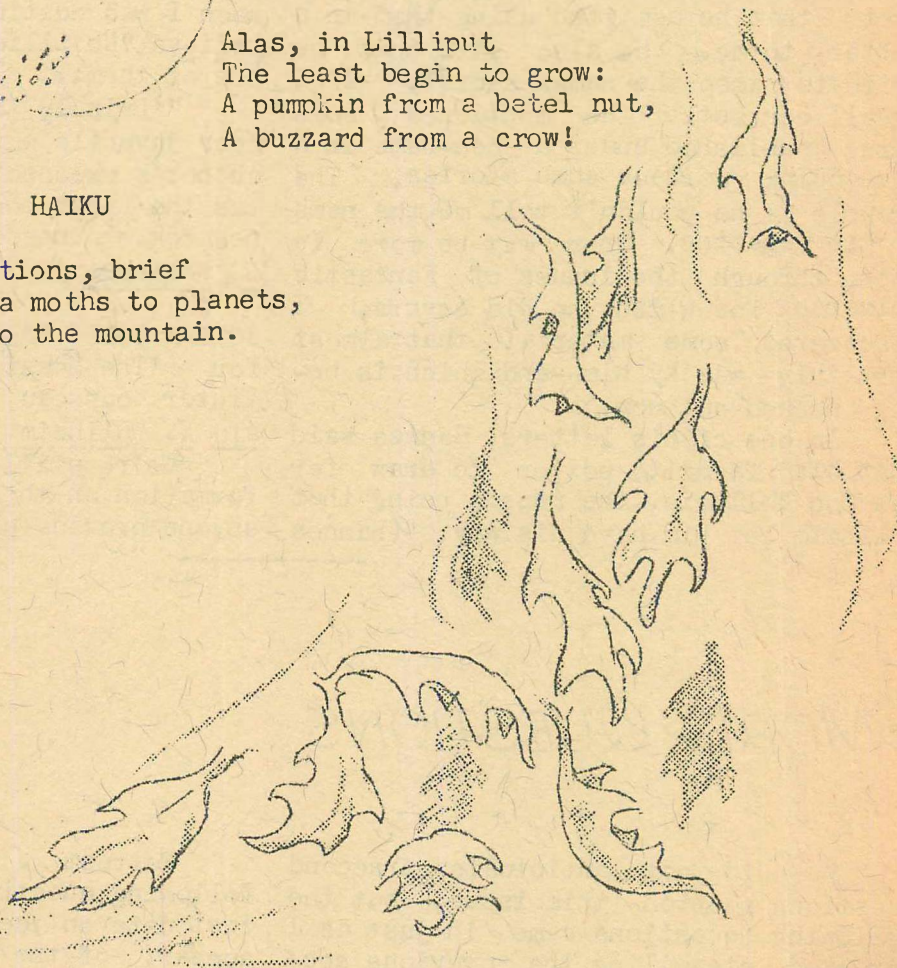
## HAIKU

Intimations, brief  
As luna moths to planets,  
Dust to the mountain.

## DIALOGUE: A CINQUAIN

Cyclops,  
Red and squid-eyed,  
Why do you plunder ships?

Because, kneeling to  
drink, I meet  
Myself.



The above verses are selected from "Alas, In Lilliput," by Thomas Burnett Swann (St Onge, 1964) and are reprinted with the permission of Achille St. Onge.



## ANSWERS

Not many answers this time, but what we do have is too good to let wait.

HANNES BOK: As reported last issue, a listing of stories by Hannes was provided me by Vern Coriell; it will be published at a later date depending on what we can unearth regarding Hannes' pen-names. My reason for insisting that Hannes used pen-names is based on the fact that he admitted using them in a letter to me. He also said that he tried to keep the names secret. If I recall correctly he mentioned some verse published under a pen-name in a love pulp; perhaps some stories. The trouble is he wouldn't tell me the name or the magazine. There may be more. In going through the issues of Fantastic Universe for which he did covers, I discovered some material that almost certainly was by him--and which is being checked out now.

In one of his letters, Hannes said that his favorite editor to draw for was Don Wollheim, the reason being that Wollheim let him have his way. (Hannes

actually went into a field that gave him a smaller income than stf illustrating because he didn't like drawing to the order of editors and art directors.) So the following comments in response to Lore 1 are of special interest.

"Hannes Bok did a number of illustrations for Ten Detective Aces and Ten Story Detective in the early forties when I was editing those magazines. I believe "No Lilies, etc" must have been one of them...

"'Dwinkle the Dwarf' was a rather poor juvenile novel, published at the author's expense by Vantage Press. It was the first book illustrated by Hannes Bok who needed the money." (Donald A. Wollheim.)

JOSEPH COLL: "Joseph Coll did the illos for 'The Messiah of the Cylinder' by Victor Rousseau, McClurg, 1917." (Donald A. Wollheim.)

We're still awaiting further information on this great artist. And can anyone provide us with a biography?

## MORE QUESTIONS

We did not anticipate a second questions section this issue, but the following questions came in just as I finished stenciling the previous section. Please note that I'm altering the format. I may or may not settle on this as the final format for this section of Lore.

Forrest J Ackerman submits the following questions: "What is the earliest date on record, and where did it appear, of the term "sci-fi"? (Don't ask me: I created it but I've forgotten. Professionally, it was in my Odd Genre feature in If in '55 or '56 but I believe I introduced it before that



in Science Fiction Times)." It was used in the 1st Dec 55 issue of Fantasy Times (now Science Fiction Times). Can anyone find an earlier usage?

Still from Forry: "Does anybody know anything about a story by Willis O'Brien in Bluebook, probably in the early 30s, possibly called 'The Beast of Thunder Mountain'? To this I'll add a commercial note--if you have any copies of the magazine containing this story for sale, contact me. (Preferably try to have two copies. I'm certain I want one and I'm reasonably certain Forry does.)

"Does anyone know if the following are still alive: S. Fowler Wright, Lowell Howard Morrow, Henrik Dahl Juve, Aladra Septama, Elliott Dold, Hans Waldemar Wessolowski, Joseph Gray Kitchell?" Tuck's Handbook lists Septama a pen-name of Judson Reeves.

"Does anyone know the address of Jack Tarrow (Clifford Kornoelje) or Allen Glasser?" The most recent address I have on Glasser is Dahil Road, Brooklyn; do you know a more recent one?

Still a couple others: The name & date of a story by Arthur Porges, in TWS or Startling, I believe, about some substance so hard that it cdn't be bro-

ken so the clever hero sent it thru the US Mails marked Fragile--and sure enough it arrived in pieces." This was "The Box" in the Spring 55 Startling.

"Name, date & author of a short story in Astounding, about 10 years ago ... about a postmark from the moon or a stamp from another planet; something like that." This might be "Stamp From Moscow" by Steve Benedict, ASF Jan 53. Anybody know a more likely story for it to be?

"Any stories (other than "Letter From the Stars", "A Matter of Size", "Letter to an Invisible Woman", "The Micro-Man", "The Last Letter") having to do (you guessed it) with letters, mail, the postal system, stamps, philately--may be sci-fi or Fsy.

"And how about some shorts & novelets about Atlantis, Lemuria & Mu (other than Shaver tales) without the islands' names in the titles?"

For these last two, I'll make a special offer (really I'll explain the basic policy of Lore on questions of this nature). Since Lore awards free issues for answers, and since this will more than likely result in a free for all, two points will be brought up. I'll send the free issues only for the first submission of a specific title. In other words, if you send in 200 titles but 20 other people each send in 10 of those titles before you do, you won't receive any free Lores. Actually this is unlikely: the more titles you submit, the more likely you are to get an extention on your subscription. The second point is simply that I'm forced to limit the number of free Lores given to any one person to five. Sorry. But remember, the more you submit and the sooner--the better your chances.

From Jeff Jones, of Atlanta, a question about the identity of the artist who did the painting for Edgar Pangborn's Davy, as published by Ballantine books. The signature on the painting is "A. Foster" and the story is circulating that this is the son of Harold Foster. Jeff wants confirmation of this and would like to know the artist's first name. (His point is that if

And Then The Dealer Said

"...but, it's a  
very old issue."



the A stands for Arnold, then "Hal" and "Arn" make an interesting counterpoint to the characters "Val" and his son "Arn" in the elder Foster's comic strip Prince Valiant.)

From Camille Cazedessus: "I once heard a story on the radio, some cowboys in the mtns., somehow got in a Cave... there they found some people who were blind... seems they had been driving Texas long horns thru the mtns, gotten caught in avalanche (?), driven into Cave...and had stayed alive by eating, breeding cattle down thru the years. This was in early 50's or late 40's... and I recall some other stories on this weekly series, one I identified (about spiders climbing on a pit full of water, 1st story in a Dell pb "Great Adventure Stories" of some years back), another, even more fascinating, about a guy who finds a note about a guy lost in Lost Dutchman mine, who finding a hole in the roof, he can't climb out, decides to make fire & produce smoke to help locate him. Throws bottle with note... into underground river, telling finder to watch horizon every day at noon for smoke. A guy finds bottle ok, but after watching day after day... suddenly realized the note is dated 1 year earlier... the smoke maker obviously long starved... with millions in gold lost again!"

Caz also forwarded some questions from Lloyd Fowler of Waycross, Ga, asking information about two films, circa 44-54, based on stories by ERBurroughs:

"I saw one of them," Lloyd writes. "I think the name was 'The Man from 50,000 B.C. ... based on... 'Jimber Jaw', ... a short movie about one hour long.

"The other was a movie about the 'Iron Mole'; I didn't see this show but I remember the write up in paper said it was based on novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs. My son saw it, and told me about the story, how these people in the iron mole bored down under a mountain and found underground cavern world and some blind mole like people living there."

The final question is from Andy

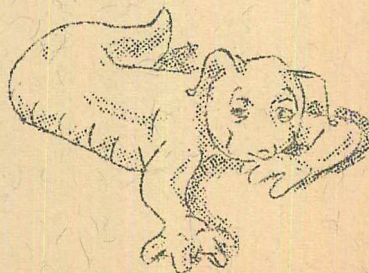
Zerbe of Montgomery, Alabama, and (perhaps appropriately) it's typed on a computer punch card... "Quite frequently I come across the term 'Middle Earth' while reading fantasy. Just what does it mean?"

Andy's probably referring to J.R.R.Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings", where Middle Earth is used as a term roughly analogous to Howard's "Hyborean Age"; that is, as a label for the era he has invented out of whole cloth. However, both Hank Reinhardt and Jerry Burge, when I mentioned this question to them, stated a belief that Hamilton may have used the term in one of his novels. A check failed to reveal this term in any available novel by him but Jerry and I concluded that the novel he and Hank were thinking of was "A Yank at Valhalla." Both "Yank" and "Twilight of the Gods" use a Norse mythology background and the term Midgard is commonly used; perhaps the term Middle Earth, altho we didn't find it in a hasty perusal. Jerry also has the feeling the term may have been used in one of Henry Kuttner's novels.

However this brings up two points that I'd like comment on: the first is the existence or non-existence of the relationship between Tolkien's "Middle Earth" and the Norse term "Midgard".

The second is the relationship, if intentional, between Middle Earth and the generally prevailing trinity of abodes in most mythologies: Overworld, Underworld--and middle world or earth.

In short--did Tolkien intend the term as just a convenient tag for the setting he constructed, or did he set his background solidly in some prototypical mythic mold?





## AN APOLOGY

The second issue of Lore was marred by some mistakes and oversights which even the editor finds startling. With the indulgence of my readers, I wish to apologize and correct those errors and omissions now:

It is Joseph Clement Coll, not John Clement Coll as reported on page 13 of the last issue, that we are concerned with. While I am relatively new to the ranks of Coll admirers, I am not quite so new to the ranks of proofreaders. Even though this was the result of too fast typing when I made up the dummy of last issue, it should have been

caught and corrected as it went on stencil. My apologies to other admirers of this great artist.

The other major oversights were closer to home. A last minute change in format last issue resulted in my forgetting to include credits. So, special thanks to the following for services rendered in Lore 2:

ALFRED MCCOY ANDREWS, who drew the cartoons on pages 5 and 14.

JERRY BURGE who drew the cartoon on page 13 and did all lettering for headings and the logo--plus stenciling for Al Andrews' work.

DAVE TRIBBLE, who mimeographed Lore with the precise craft of a professional. Dave's work at mimeographing fanzines--mine and his own, Chamber of Horrors (a monster film zine but an exceptionally good one at 15¢ from Dave at 1565 Athens Ave., SW, Atlanta Ga 30310.)--is certainly noteworthy when you consider that he's just started.

## BOOK WORMINGS

These continue to be fat times for collectors. Just in is "A. Merritt: A Bibliography of Fantastic Writings" compiled by Walter J. Wentz, Box 172, Lowell Oregon, 97452. It's limited to 175 copies at \$1.10, ppd. It contains 33 pages plus cover. It's about as thorough as you could hope for and well worth the price to anyone interested in Merritt and his work.

Not nearly so recent is Brad Day's monumental "Bibliography of Adventure" which is dated 1964. It's limited to 300 copies at \$3.25, available from most dealers. If you've seen Brad Day's smaller indexes on Burroughs and Rohmer, you have a pretty good idea of what to expect. This Bibliography contains complete indexes of the first editions of Talbot Mundy and H. Rider Haggard along with the previously published bibliographies on Burroughs and Rohmer. It is all done up in one of the most striking formats I've ever seen in a mimeographed edition with 128 pages, 8½ x 11, with a wraparound cardstock printed cover that lends not only sturdiness but a certain distinguished appearance. Perhaps the average collector will most appreciate the fact that the whole thing is very sturdily stapled with five large size wire staples, promising that the index will stand up under heavy usage for a good many years.



Vern Coriell was in Atlanta a few weeks back and naturally it was a red-letter occasion for Atlanta fandom with plenty of get-togethers, a lot of talk, a lot of information, gossip and lies swapped about--and one tip I'd like to pass along to you.

If anything has rocked the science fiction field in the past several years more than the sudden renewal of popularity in Edgar Rice Burroughs, a heck of a lot of us failed to notice it. The whole thing began some years back with the publication of two mimeographed editions of short novels from around 1956 (these might have been photo--offset) called "Beyond Thirty" and "The Man-Eater." In 57, Science Fiction & Fantasy Publications published both of these novels in a hard-bound edition of 3,000 copies. Photo-offset from typed masters, this is an attractively bound first edition of two scarce Burroughs items ("Beyond Thirty" has been reprinted by Ace as "The Lost Continent"), and perhaps has escaped the attention of a lot of collectors.

The point is that the book is still apparently in print, a remarkable feat for a limited first edition of ERB published in 1957. Either there were more than 3000 copies or the fans simply don't know about it. Possibly they confuse it with the earlier photo--offset editions with the soft cover. Another point of interest, especially to comics fans is that the jacket sports a drawing by Gil Kane, who is now working for D.C. The book can be ordered from F&SF Book Co., P.O.Box 415, Staten Island, N.Y. 10302, at \$4.00.

And many thanks to Vernell Coriell for telling me about it!

I also note that F&SF still lists new copies of Mandy's "Purple Pirate" (\$4.50) and "Tros of Samothrace" (\$5.95) in the Fantasy Classics edition, which is also supposed to be out of print. While not so widely read as Tolkien, these two Tros novels (and the third, "Queen Cleopatra", available in an Ace pb edition) have adherents who seem as fervently devoted. Grab these books in a hurry.

--Jerry Page

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Lore is published irregularly by Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta Ga. It is available for 50¢ (5 issues) or \$1.00 (12 issues). Ad rates are 1¢ a word---- with a 25¢ minimum. Lore 3 was mimeographed by Dave Tribble. Please note: There are two persons named Jerry connected with Lore. Do not confuse yourself. Jerry PAGE handles the editing and all answers to questions, questions and contributions should be sent to him, address above. All subscriptions and questions having to do with the mailing list should be directed to Jerry BURGE, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 30316.

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#### LORE

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