

The zine for minds that aren't primitive:

# BACK NUMBERS CAN BE EASILY PROCURED

Prepared for P.E.A.P.S. mailing #63  
April 2003  
Issue 6

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## Corrections:

Corrections to Back Numbers, Issue Five

Despite his signature, it's clearly pulp artist Earl Mayan not Ed Moyan who did the interior illustration for "The Purple Candlesticks" that ran in last issue's featured issue segment.

Curt Phillips was the one who was kind enough to put me in touch with Bill Burns, leading to my being distributed by the efanines.com site. I apologize for the error.





### Pulpcon Here I Come

Thanks to the generosity of friends, I am planing on attending Pulpcon® this year. I'm looking forward to this. I think that Pulpcon is probably the only convention that I'd travel across country to attend.

### The Back Numbers Manifesto

I've been meaning to write a bit about what my editorial policies and intentions are with this here zine. I suppose my first issue as a full member is as good a place as any.

Back Numbers is an APazine intended for distribution in paper form through the Pulp Era Amateur Press Society. I also distribute an electronic version in Adobe Acrobat format thanks to the kindness of Bill Burns at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com).

For those wondering what an Amateur Press Association is, it's been best described as a round-robin letter between 28 friends. The Usenet news groups have also been described as an electronic version of an APA. In practice, P.E.A.P.S. has 28 full members who print 30 copies each of their zines which they send to the Official Editor, currently Brian Earl Brown, who collates the mailings, staples them together with a cover and the Argasing, the official publication, and mails the result to all of the members. One copy is sent to Bowling Green's Popular Culture Library for their archives and one is kept in reserve to replace any lost mailings. Once all members have received the mailing, the extra copy is made available for sale. The membership is kept to a certain minimum so that it isn't too much of a burden and expense for the members to print their contributions. Unlike some APAs, P.E.A.P.S. membership is open to anyone with an interest although if there are no open slots, a prospective member has to wait until a slot opens to join.

In order to remain a member, you have to pay your dues. These consist not only of monetary dues to compensate for the cost of running the APA and for postage to ship the mailings, but also contribution dues. Each member must contribute at least six pages of original material each mailing.

As for publishing schedule, Back Numbers is published whenever I get around to it. That allows me to slyly side step any questions about whether or not I'm meeting the publishing deadlines. In practice, I try to have an issue published for each mailing of P.E.A.P.S., which means I try to have an issue out in January, April, July and October. Now that I'm a full member, I have to have at least two issues each year, or I risk losing my membership.

Because P.E.A.P.S. is a pulp-oriented APA, I try to keep on-topic, or at least to restrict content to items of some interest to pulp collectors and readers. Sometimes this is loosely interpreted, I tend to talk a lot about books that are not "pure" pulp related, but I try to avoid making Back Numbers a personal zine or an SF zine or a counter-culture zine.

My goal is to print at least six pages each issue of material that is both directly related to pulps and that is original to me. So for this issue, I wouldn't count the reprints of biographical material from Argosy because it isn't original. I wouldn't count most of my Reading and Rot column because most of the books are not pulp reprints, although the reviews of and comments on Doc Savage novels would count. The review of *Jo Garr's Casebook* and the review of my featured issue do count to my minimum. This isn't a requirement of the APA, but I feel I should be pulling my weight around here. I'm kind of the new guy in pulp fandom and Back Numbers is pretty much my only claim to fame in pulp fandom. By having

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a tight standard for what I count toward the minimum it forces me to make sure my pages have something worthwhile for the other members to read.

I also try to have at least one feature article or essay. I've failed to do that this time, but I hope to do better next issue. I want to do original research that makes a contribution to the available knowledge about the pulps. Scheduling a feature article or a research project forces me to get down and do some real work instead of just talking about what everyone else knows.

Another regular feature is the mailing comments. As the purpose of the APA is conversation between the members, I think mailing comments are the heart of an APA, after all the purpose of the APA is conversation between the members. I try to have some comment for each contributor of each issue. I sometimes worry that many of my readers are getting to hear only part of the conversation. I don't know how to remedy this. I like the way Norm does his mailing comments by paraphrasing whatever he's responding to. It also helps remind me of the original comment that is at least six months in the past. But whenever I try to do it that way, it just seems awkward and coldly formal.

Like most fanzine editors, I love Letters of Comment. My policy is that I run all letters of comment without changes, other than correcting obvious typos, unless there is a problem with libel or good taste.

Because of my previous experience with being a fanzine editor, I don't usually sell my zine or sell advertising. I may occasionally print a few extra copies to use for trade or to send to contributors or perhaps to have something to show at Pulpccon. I'd much rather give it away as a PDF.

When I started Back Numbers, I decided that, also based on prior experience doing a zine, that I would start with the assumption that I would be the only one writing for it. Much to my surprise, I've had several contributors whose work I was very glad to print. So I suppose that I accept contributions, but I don't count on them. If they come in, they come in, if not, they don't.

### • **Membership at Last**

Well, it looks like I finally made it to full membership, faster than I expected based on the length of the waitlist.

With this being my sixth issue, I think I've established a pretty good track record and that Back Numbers is going to be a going concern.

A lot of zines have one or two issues and disappear, and I wouldn't have bet that Back Numbers wouldn't have been one of them. I'm actually pretty surprised that I've managed to do six issues, with the last five on schedule.

I always start out with big plans for the issue, and

then have to abandon them as the deadline draws nearer and I rush to finish what articles that I can.

### • **Computer Update**

Since other members do regular computer updates, here's mine. I don't have a computer at home, but I do own a Handspring Visor. A Visor is one of those handheld "personal digital assistants" that all the yuppies seem to have. I go through periods where I use it, and periods where it just sits in a drawer. Part of the trouble is that I find it tiring to enter data using the stylus.

I was trying to enter in data on all of my books but I gave up after it took me days to enter in a few hundred of the books I own. But I recently bought a second hand keyboard for the Visor and I've been able to enter in two shelves of books each night. At that rate I should be finished in only a couple of months.

The only drawback is the database program I'm using, Hand D Base. I don't seem to have a way to export the data to a real computer or into a text file. It also doesn't allow me to use the keyboard to check or uncheck a check box. It does allow me to tab through text fields though. The keyboard shortcuts are also strange. I have to hit command O to copy a record and command s to select all. In every other program and system I'm familiar with, command-A is select all and command-S is to save the document, command-N gives you a new blank document or record.

But even with those oddities, I'm still getting a lot more of my books entered into the database.

The keyboard is quite neat and appeals to my love of gadgets. It folds up to the size of a small paperback. It also came with a word processing program that allows me, with some extra work, to transfer files to and from Word and to type at home. I'm hoping this will allow me to do some writing at home.

It seems strange to be trying to use a little Palm OS organizer as a personal computer, but my little 8 meg Visor is faster and has better and more advanced software than the first two desktop computers I owned, a Commodore 64 and an IBM 8088. With the addition of a keyboard, it is pretty much the only computer I really need at home. The only drawback is that the screen is pretty small and it has to run off of batteries. I may get some rechargeable batteries so that I don't have to spend a fortune replacing them every few days.

### • **Black Mask Special**

This issue we are having a Black Mask theme. Our featured pulp this time is an issue of Black Mask. Our Men Who Make The Argosy feature spotlights several Argosy authors who are also associated with Black Mask. One of these authors is Raoul Whitfield, who, under

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that name and as Ramon DeColta wrote extensively for Black Mask. We have a review of the recent Whitfield collection taken mostly from Black Mask.

### Bouchercon—I don't think so

Surfing the web, I ran across the Bouchercon 2003 website and found out it is being held in Las Vegas this year. This was tempting at first. I can sometimes get cheap flights to Las Vegas, and it would be an excuse to see my friends and family there. I could borrow transportation and stay with my folks for free. I might even be able to persuade my mom to make some of her great home-made cookies.

Then I saw the price. \$175. \$180 if you pay by credit card.

If I were to spend that much in Vegas, I'd expect something involving illicit pharmaceuticals, farm animals and twirling tassels.

You've got to be a bigger mystery fan than I am to spend that kind of money in Vegas. I can't imagine anyone attending if they had to pay for a hotel room and

transportation around the city.

And I'll never understand people who go to Las Vegas just for Las Vegas. It's a great city, and I liked living there, but why would anyone go there just to lose money at the casinos and see the white tigers? Growing up in Nevada, I realized early that gambling was what the tourists did to pay my state taxes for me. I also had the sad example of those folks who lived in Nevada because of the gambling to keep me out of the sin pits.

Just for fun, I looked up what the San Jose-based Baycon was charging this year. Also too high priced and too far away for me to consider.

I doubt that I'll go to Wondercon this year, even though it's being held in downtown San Francisco. I just don't have the money to spend. I'm better off staying home and reading. I'll have more fun that way.

I may be a fan, but I'm just not a convention fan.

### I've hit the big time

I'm pleased to announce (or brag) that my review of Hugh B. Cave's *Long Live the Dead* has been reprinted in slightly different form at the Blackmaskmagazine website. There are lots of other resources for Black Mask fans there, including other reviews, articles and a few pulp reprints.

### New Art Header

Our recent reading column has been renamed and has snazzy new artwork. Or at least new to us. The Reading and Rot header first appeared in 10-Story book almost a century ago on their book review column.



## Pulp Sources:

Mike Chomko is my source for many of the pulp-related books that are reviewed here. He offers free shipping on orders over \$25. (And it's not hard to spend more than that with him, let me tell you.) He will hold books until your order reaches \$25 if you want. He has been able to get me pretty much any pulp-related books I asked for. He also publishes an excellent pulp fanzine, *Purple Prose*. *Jo Garr's Casebook* is one of the many fine pulp-related books he carries. Drop him a line at [chomko@enter.net](mailto:chomko@enter.net). For those of you not on the web, he can be reached at 2217 West Fairview Street, Allentown, PA 18104-6542. He has a catalog available as a Microsoft Word document.

Blood 'n' Thunder is one of the few items Mike doesn't carry. It can be obtained from the publisher at BNT Media Services, P.O. Box 0174, Baldwin, NY 11510-0174 or from Bud Plant Books at 1-800-242-6642. Subscriptions from the publisher are \$20 for four issues.

Larry Estep and his busy pulp-scanning elves continue to publish lots of great pulp fiction for free at [pulpgen.com/pulp/downloads](http://pulpgen.com/pulp/downloads). He's posting up to five stories each week in a wide range of pulp genres. If you don't know what pulp is, his site is a good place to stop and find some great, and not so great, authentic pulp.

Bill Thom's Coming Attractions pulp-related news site is a great place to find the latest pulp-related information. The address is: <http://members.cox.net/comingattractions/index.html>.

Howard Hopkin's latest issue of *Golden Perils*, number 28, is out as well. The web site is: [howardhopkins.com/page4.htm](http://howardhopkins.com/page4.htm). He is offering issues 21-28 on disk for \$15. For ordering address, contact [hhopk15447](mailto:hhopk15447).

Pulpdom, a great fanzine that covers early pulp fiction, can be ordered from the publisher at: P.O. Box 2340, Pagosa Springs, Colorado 81147-2340. A subscription for six issues runs \$24.00



nals.”

While there is not the frenzied rushing around or numerous gun battles of many hard-boiled series, the stories often end with the murderer taking a slug from the little island detective’s trusty gun.

Garr is an interesting detective with a distinctive style. One of the joys of the series is watching how Garr interacts with the police, both complimentary and adversarial and the other Manilla residents and visitors.

Reading all of the stories at once is probably not a good idea, though. When seen one after another, Whitfield’s repetitive tricks are obvious. The local

police have a suspect, usually a native houseboy or other servant, who they are convinced will confess after “questioning.” Garr politely disagrees and proceeds to find the real culprit.

Garr often is the beneficiary of coincidence, as when he happens to have seen two suspects together the week before a murder, or he happens to notice a fan in the window of a shop that hours later turns up as a clue in a murder.

Another weakness is that he does the real detecting out of sight of the reader in many stories. At the end, he produces the evidence to solve the case, clues that we are seeing for the first time. Sometimes the murderer is introduced very late or at the end of a story. Fair play mysteries these are not.

Still, even with these shortcomings, the series is well worth reading. These are entertaining and flavor-

ful crime stories with a colorful and clever detective.

Unfortunately, this is not a complete collection of all of the Jo Garr stories. Because of length, two serials, one a two-part and one a six-part, are not present. Hopefully sales will be sufficient to allow for a second collection with these last eight stories. The six-part *Diamonds of Death* is a major part of the series and deserves to be reprinted.

Extra features include reprinted essays from the late Black Mask scholar E. R. Hagemann and an bibliography of his work in Black Mask compiled by Hagemann with additions by Tom Roberts and Peter Ruber.

## Jo Garr’s Casebook

By Raoul Whitfield

Edited by Keith Alan Deutsch.

Black Mask Press/Crippen & Landru

Large-Sized paperback

\$20.00

2002

ISBN 1-885941-77-3

Available from Crippen &

Landru at P. O. Box 9315,

Norfolk, VA 23505 or

on the web at:

www.crippenandlandru.com

There is also a limited

cloth-bound edition avail-

able for \$40

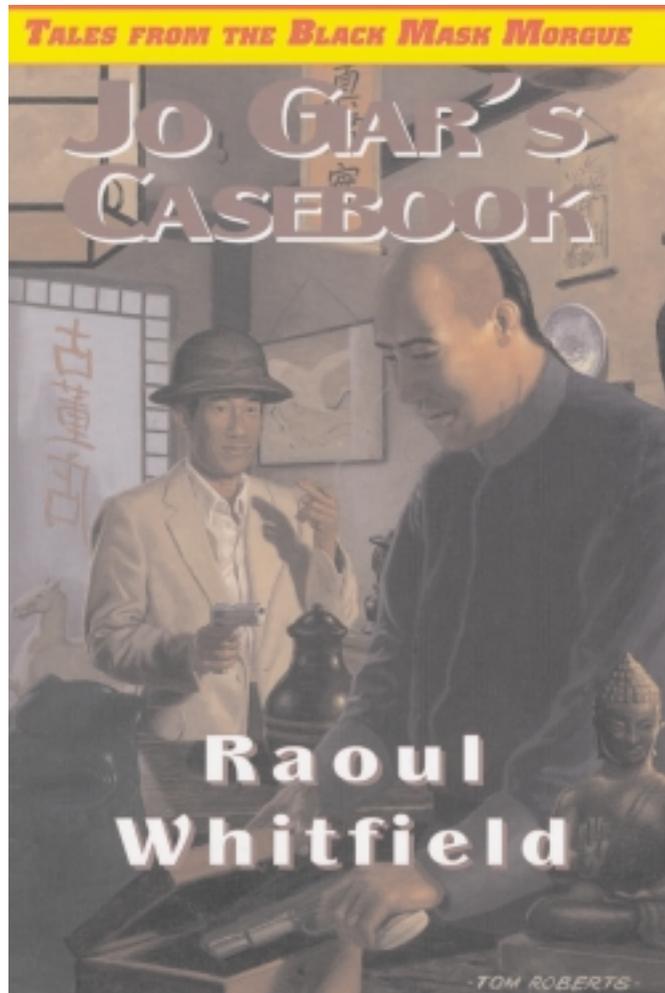
Raoul Whitfield, one of the founders of the hard-boiled school of fiction, finally gets his due in an excellent collection of his Jo Garr stories that originally appeared in Black Mask.

A prolific contributor to Black Mask, Whitfield wrote these stories under the pen name Ramon Decolta. Even though he did not use his own name for these, they are considered some of his best stories.

Starting with a great cover painted by Tom Roberts, this is a well-done book with good production values, a few pulp illustrations and plenty of extras. But the real star is the stories themselves.

Whitfield uses his pacing and style, along with description to evoke the flavor of the Philippines. Unlike a typical hard-boiled story, the pace is slow and languid. The oppressive heat of the tropics beats on the characters, and quick movement is not a good idea.

Whitfield’s use of language aids in giving an impression of foreignness. His characters talk in what seems translated English, using foreign sentence structure, such as referring to “signals of storm” rather than “storm sig-





# New Lovecraft Movie Disappoints

**Dagon**  
2001

**Starring:** Ezra Goodden, Francisco Rabal,  
and Raquel Merono

**Director:** Stuart Gordon

**Producers:** Brian Yuzna, Julio Fernandez

By **Richard J. Berman**

The makers of *Re-Animator*, *Bride of Re-Animator*, and *From Beyond* have returned to familiar territory in this adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's short story "The Shadow over Innsmouth."

However, familiarity does not necessarily translate into excellence as this film suffers from a multitude of problems. The plot centers around a whiny stockbroker named Paul, who has been having dreams of a beautiful woman swimming under the sea.

However, the Little Mermaid she is not. When he gets close to her, she takes on a more monstrous appearance.

Paul wakes up and realizes that he and his friends are sailing off the coast of Spain. Soon, a mysterious storm appears and smashes their sailboat against some rocks.

Paul, clad in his Miskatonic sweatshirt, goes ashore with his girlfriend to a small fishing village for help. The creepy villagers agree to take Paul back to the sailboat while his girlfriend (I think her name was Barbara) stays in town.

Big mistake. Paul discovers his friends missing from the boat and some locals attack Barbara. He returns to

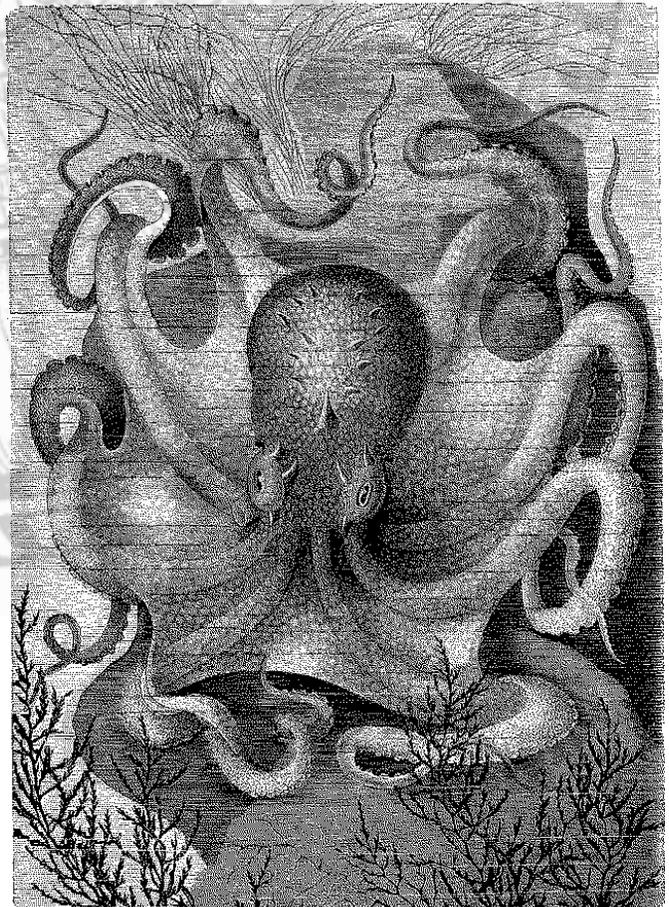
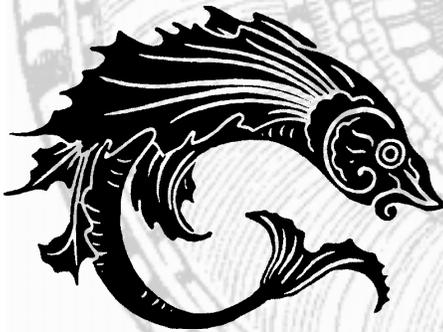


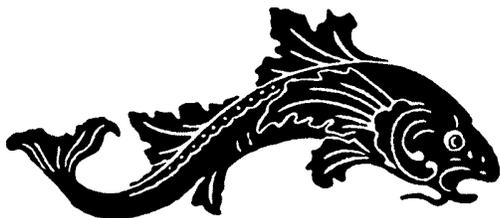
the village and there's no sign of his girlfriend.

Now, the movie has been okay up to this point, except for Paul's incessant complaining. Things go downhill rapidly.

Our hero spends the rest of the film being chased by the fish-like villagers throughout the town until a climatic showdown in the underground temple. Trust me, it sounds better on paper.

The chase consists of Paul stumbling and whining with the villagers stumbling and moaning close on his



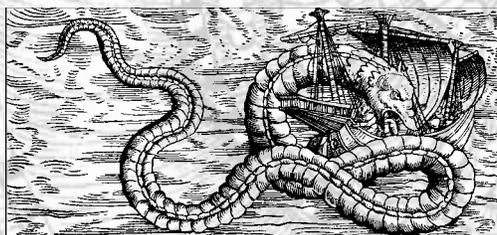


inept that they don't appear to be the least bit threatening. The only reason Paul can't get away is that he is more pathetic than they are.

This leads me to the fight scenes, what few there are. They are played strictly as comedy. Now, granted, the fights are hilarious, but they are in stark contrast with the rest of the film. In fact, parts of the movie are incredibly grim. This combination of comedy and horror may have worked in *Re-Animator*, but it really doesn't come across well in *Dagon*. The filmmakers should have picked a genre and stuck with it.

Another massive fault with the movie is the way that important information is delivered. Twice in *Dagon*, explanatory dialogue necessary to understand the plot is given to actors who are unintelligible! If I hadn't read the short story, I wouldn't have a clue as to what the heck is going on.

For example, Paul comes across an old drunk who proceeds to explain how the town became so cursed. However, I had no idea what the heck the guy was saying. Was he speaking in broken English? Garbled Spanish? The lost language of the Great Race of Yith? This kind of mistake is inexcusable.



One positive aspect of the film is that the atmosphere is appropriately dark and moody. The buildings look wet and filled with mildew. Everything appears rotten and poorly maintained. The sets really conveyed the message of a village being taken over by a malevolent sea god.

What everything boils down to is that *Dagon* is just not a scary movie, or a good one for that matter.

Yes, it has all the trappings to make it a Mythos movie. The requisite chants and phrases are there.

Even Cthulhu, er, I mean, Dagon makes a *very* brief appearance in the film. To me, this does not make it a Lovecraft movie.

What Lovecraft excelled at was slowly building the horror up until the reader was faced with the awful truth

heels.

This is hardly edge of your seat action. The bad guys are so physically

right when it was most effective.

The filmmakers have made enough movies based on this material to know better by now. As of this review, I have heard that they are making another sequel to *Re-Animator* so I guess the lesson isn't learned yet.

If you are looking for a good horror movie in the Lovecraftian style, I highly recommend the Japanese film, *Spiral*.

The horror starts off small (as small as a snail, in fact) but gradually builds as more and more terrible things occur in an isolated Japanese village.

The main characters are competent and brave considering what they are up against. When they do freak out, it is over something truly frightening. (*Don't look in the washing machine!*)

Sorry, Paul, but being chased by some moaning degenerates with the speed of arthritic slugs is no reason to scream like a banshee.

The protagonists in *Spiral* actually try to find a solution to the mystery rather than running around whining as Paul does in *Dagon*.

There is some humor in *Spiral* as well, but it is not played as slapstick, like in *Dagon*. The humor is subtle and once you understand what the heck is happening, maybe it isn't quite so funny.

*Spiral* is one of the best films I have ever seen done in the Lovecraftian tradition. *Dagon* is just a waste of time.



# Mailing Comments:

## Mailing Comments

Mailing 61

October 2002

Section One

### Argasing

I think it would have been a good idea to run a statement as to why Mark was not bumped to the bottom of the list when he didn't have a contribution in the January issue, particularly after Rich was bumped in what appears to be identical circumstances in September. I'm sure there are any number of logical reasons why these two really aren't the same situation, but the reason should have been printed to avoid the appearance that they were being treated differently. I can see an exception being made, for example, if Mark wasn't notified, or did not receive notification in time to contribute. That certainly wouldn't be his fault. Or if there were extenuating circumstances and he formally requested an extension.

### Another Part of the Forest #1

Mike Ashley

Welcome aboard, even if technically I'm coming aboard after you.

I'm looking forward to seeing your comments and research on the British pulps.

I have a few questions about the British pulps that you might be able to answer. Was the American version of Argosy connected at all with the British version? I know that the British Argosy was an all-fiction magazine much later than the American version. Is the British version considered a pulp at all? In the American Argosy, they list a London address, which leads me to think that it was also published there. Is this correct?

I took a look at your *Mammoth Encyclopedia of Crime Fiction*, but I see that it concentrates on modern authors, and not on any from the pulp era. Was this the publisher's decision? Did they feel that no one would be interested in the older writers, or were there just too many authors to fit into one book, mammoth size notwithstanding?

I'd be interested in any insight you could give us about editing anthologies, especially how the whole "Mammoth" series is put together. I've got a batch of them on the shelf.

I just picked up a copy of *Who's Who in Fantasy and Horror*. I'm enjoying it quite a bit. I do have a question, in the entry on Robert Lory, you mention that it could be a pen name and based on the title of a short story col-

lection, link him with Michael Avalone. Have you confirmed that there is a link, or is Lory a real person?

Thanks for letting us know about *The Time Machines*. I've got it on order from Liverpool University's American distributor.

### Fillyloo #29

Graham Stone

So you didn't care for *The Son of Tarzan*? That was one of the first I read, and one of my favorites. I haven't read it since I was a teenager, so I don't know if my fondness for it would stand up to re-reading.

### Rough Edges Revisited #1

James Reasoner

I enjoyed reading your introduction. I'm looking forward to your contributions. Any tales from the professional publishing world you would care to share would be more than welcome.

Your review of "Bowie Knife" by H. Bedford Jones was excellent, as were your color Argosy covers.

I too have a number of pulp excerpts and I find them a convenient way to read pulp stories, although I would never dream of creating my own.

I also have the Fisher and Savoy stories by Donald Barr Chidsey this way. I have a total of 12 of the stories in two volumes. I've also tracked down an earlier Donald Barr Chidsey story that stars just Fisher. I will try to dig these out and run a list next time of the ones I have.

I was going to put in some Tuttle data for you, but I see that somebody had beaten me to it in Mailing 62

### Always an All Star

Darrell C. Richardson

I see Donald Barr Chidsey gets cover credit on two issues of All Star Adventure Fiction. Is this for a series character?

Did this magazine run any biographical data on the authors?

How about the stories, are they any good, any particularly noteworthy ones?

It looks like there are a number of good authors listed on the covers. I imagine this was a relatively high-paying market for authors.

Do we know anything about the editors and publishers of Western Fiction Publishing Company? Is there a connection here to Western/Gold Key?

Did the pulp have any sister publications?

I see the Adventure House Guide to the Pulp lists the publisher as Western, while the Bookery Fantasy Guide says Red Circle.

**Stacks #29****Rusty Hevelin**

Thank you for printing information on The Wickedest Show on Earth, it sounds interesting. I'll have to hunt down a copy.

You make three contributors in a row to mention Donald Barr Chidsey or have a Chidsey item of some sort. Must be something in the air.

Thanks for your comments on *Bats Fly at Dusk*. I've enjoyed the Cool and Lam books by Erle Stanley Gardner, but I did not think this one was very good. The series only works with Lam as the main character, Bertha Cool is at best a foil for him. I agreed with the blind man, Cool as an investigator did the sort of things anyone could do, and not the things that only a sharp operator like Donald Lam would do.

**Yesteryear, October 2002****Glenn Lord**

You ran some great research by Rusty Burke on the history of the Weird Tales copyrights. Thank you for printing it.

**Hurricane H(e)aven #7****Steve Young**

Thank you for the extensive report on available e-books. While I like having these texts available, I rarely read them. I'm one of those folk who don't like to read more than few pages on the screen. Part of this is that I spend most of my workday looking at a computer screen, but I can't really read for very long there without being interrupted. Part is that I don't have a working computer at home. Printing out the pages leaves me with stacks of paper lying around the house, and I have plenty of those already. So I end up saving the files to disk, putting the disk in a drawer and reading a "real" book.

I did download a bunch of the Dr. Syn books the other day that I hope to get around to reading. The originals in book form are hard to find. (I just found the first two Dr. Syn books in paperback, so I will be much more

likely to read them. The electronic versions are still sitting on my computer, unread, a month later.)

For a long time I was editing the Shadow e-texts in Pagemaker, converting them to PDFs, printing them out in four-novel omnibuses and coil binding them with color covers. This had left me with a shelf-full of about 40 volumes, only a few of which I've read. I don't like the way they look on the shelf, and they were a lot of trouble to do. So for the last couple of years, I've just been downloading the Shadow texts and saving them to disk. Some day I'll get around to printing them out as little booklets and reading them.

I do print out some of the stories that Larry Estep posts to the [www.pulpcon.com](http://www.pulpcon.com) website. I'm experimenting with putting them in 3-ring binders, organized by type of story, to see if that might be a solution.

And we have a fourth sighting of Donald Barr Chidsey in your pages. It must be DBC month here at PEAPS.

Thanks for your review of Harold Lamb's *The Grand Cham*.

**Pulp Monger #11****James Van Hise**

Your report on Forrest Ackerman and his sale of much of his collection is sad. Yet another great collection cast to the winds instead of being preserved as it should be.

I don't know what to say in response to your comments on Pulpcon. I can understand your frustration, but I'm not sure that I would have put it quite as strongly as you did.

Pulpcon is pretty much the only convention, no, it is the only convention, that I'm willing to fly to. I'm not even willing to drive across the Bay Area to get to a convention these days. For all its shortcomings, Pulpcon has always been a very enjoyable convention for me and I hope that this summer's event will be as good as the ones I've attended in the past.

That said, you are not the first person I've talked to who has decided that Pulpcon has some serious shortcomings.

I can forgive some of Pulpcon's foibles, such as the fact that when I attend the prior year and do not move, I don't get a newsletter, but when I skip two years in a row and move three times, it shows up in my mailbox. I understand that the volunteers work hard, and no convention is going to run without some problems cropping up.

But what annoys me to no end is that when feedback is asked for and given, it is met with a hostile and defensive reaction. Even if every attempt is made to be con-

## Back Numbers

structive, it is taken as an affront.

I've heard it said many times that Pulpcon is for the attendees and we should let the committee know what we want, but when the attendees say they want something different, the reaction is "that's the way we do it here." I've also seen those who volunteered their time, effort and money to help Pulpcon be treated rather poorly or their efforts dismissed. I won't name any names here, in what is probably a vain effort to avoid a fan feud or embarrassing anybody.

That wasn't my experience when I volunteered to help out at the auction a few years back. I had a good time and would happily volunteer again. But I was certainly willing to do even more. I sometimes get the impression that they really don't know what to do with the volunteers they have, so the established members of the committee take on more than they really have to. I see this as a control issue. I can understand this viewpoint, I too think that if you want to do something right, you have to do it yourself. Perhaps they need a volunteer coordinator position to make better use of the resources they have.

It's the Catch 22 of so much of the Pulpcon experience that bothers me. In recent years, the exclusivity of Pulpcon has been justly eroded by the efforts of those outside the committee. I can recall my first year. There was no advertising, so if you weren't a member of the inner circle, you couldn't find out about the convention. I only heard about it because somebody, probably John Gunnison or Rich Harvey, posted the information on alt.pulp.

I had trouble with my registration that year because I didn't have the correct form. I could only get the correct form if I had attended Pulpcon. I could only attend Pulpcon if I had the correct form. The powers that be couldn't seem to see this for the absurdity it was. The fact that there was no information distributed outside of the select few seemed to be taken as my fault for being a newcomer.

There are several West Coast dealers and collectors who missed the San Jose show because it wasn't promoted. Yet it was a failure because of the low turnout. This is seen as justification as to why we can't have another West Coast show: "we've tried it and YOU didn't want it."

I can recall an auction where, because it was going faster than expected, they brought out and auctioned items that had not been on display. People tried to look at the items, but were admonished. Then when items were rejected by winning bidders because of defects that were not obvious, they were admonished because "you had a chance to examine it before bidding." It's these cases where the perception of reality seems to be altered to fit that bother me.

Still there have been improvements, such as with the

newsletter. This year Jack Cullers has been making a real effort to make sure the newsletter gets out to everybody, posting messages on the pulpmags newsgroup and asking for feedback. He seems to be making a real effort to fix things.

In addition, these past two years have been tough for all sorts of conventions. Perhaps attendance and spending were down because of that instead of because of the reasons you list. A lot of the professional shows I've attended have been disappointments lately because nobody is traveling or spending any money these days.

So I can understand firing a broadside as you did, after more politic comments have failed. I don't think it's going to do you much good though. There have been a number of other folk making similar comments, both publicly and privately and nothing seems to change.

### Flakes from the Ragged Edges Press #12 Victor Berch

As always Victor, you have done a great job of research. I've often thought of trying to track down this kind of circulation information, from sources such as the Ayer's Newspaper Directory, but you actually did it.

I would like to see this sort of data for more than just three years. It would be interesting to see this sort of thing organized by title, genre and publisher over much longer periods. You could chart the rise and fall of circulation numbers over the course of a couple of decades.

If you are not interested in doing this, let me know and I'll add it to my list of projects. It's work that needs to be done.

One thing you may want to be concerned about is the accuracy of these reports. The Oakland Tribune, hardly a fly-by-night outfit like many pulp publishers, got in trouble recently after it was found they had inflated their figures. They had to give many of their major advertisers free ads to make up for it. I'm sure this is not an isolated incident.

It would be interesting to see how these figures compare with the figures submitted to the post office for their mailing permits. A company would want the figures to be as high as possible in the Ayer's Directory and as low as possible for the post office. I wonder how much fudging went on.

Now why is Ranch Romances in the Men's List of the Newsstand Group?

### Kissett October 2002 Howard DeVore

I was sorry to hear of the deaths of Lloyd Biggle and

Dal Coger. Thank you for letting us know.

Based on a few short stories in anthologies, I haven't thought much of Loren Estelman. After your recommendation, perhaps I shall have to give him another chance.

I see where we've lost Harry Warner Jr. too. I'm sorry now that I didn't send him a copy or two of Back Numbers before it was too late.

**Ramblings of a Perambulating Pulp Fan #55**  
**Albert Tonik**

You certainly do perambulate—California and Australia recently and now Africa. I'm looking forward to hearing of your African adventure.

I still hope that someday I'll be able to read your history of the pulps.

**The New, Complete, Thrilling, Popular, Spicy, Mammoth, All-Comment Magazine #18**  
**Mike Chomko**

Thanks for the information on Arch Whitehouse's *The Casket Crew*. That's another one for the want list.

My speculation back in issue two that Bellem wrote the stories in a hurry was mainly because they seemed to be the same story, with the same phrases, written over and over again.

Franklin H. Martini isn't a name I'm familiar with, but I'll have to see if I have any of the issue of Detective Fiction Weekly that you list. Thanks for the bibliography.

**T'rilling Action Vol. 2 No. 2**  
**Duane Spurlock**

I don't have any Shanghai Jim novels among my Packard hard covers. Perhaps these ran as a serial in Argosy or in one of the Street and Smith titles?

**Sons of the Blue Wolf #37**  
**Kevin L. Cook**

As always I enjoyed T.G. Cockcroft's bibliographic article on A. Merritt, this time on "Through (Thru) the Dragon Glass."

I found the letter from A. Langley Searles interesting. John DeWalt sent me some back issues of his Fantasy Commentator that were quite good. I think they originally came from Mike Chomko. It's good to hear that he's still active in fandom.

I agree with you about not wanting to re-read *The*

*Synthetic Men of Mars*.

About reviews: I find it much easier to write reviews of books that I feel strongly about, whether positively or negatively. Writing reviews gives me the opportunity to really digest and think about what I've read, and perhaps make connections that I wouldn't otherwise make.

**Blodgett #51**  
**Scott Cranford**

Since I wasn't able to attend Pulpcon last summer, I appreciate the auction list that you ran. I always enjoy the auctions very much. Even if I had attended I think this list would have been very useful. I'm usually too busy bidding to keep track of all the lots and prices.

**From the Pulp Vault #23**  
**Doug Ellis**

Thanks for the list of pulps that you are going to include in your upcoming book. I'm looking forward to reading it.

**Thin Air Wonder Stories**  
**Joseph Sokola**

I can sympathize with you when you complain about having to work on holidays. As I write this, I've just finished putting in a full day at work on President's Day. I didn't even realize it was a holiday until one of my coworkers mentioned that we didn't have to pay for parking.

**El Dorado #17**  
**John DeWalt**

The painting of the Golden Gate Bridge (run in my July 2002 pages) is looking north, toward Marin County, the planes are headed out to sea, and the ship is headed into the San Francisco Bay.

I just finished *The History of the Mystery*. I found it uninspiring. I agree with you on the factual errors, such as claiming that Fredrick Brown's Ed and Am Hunter are father and son. At least it isn't as bad an error as that of calling them a couple, as Lee Server does in *The Encyclopedia of Pulp Fiction Writers*. I suppose what I'm looking for in this kind of book is some new information or insights. If the book is mostly information I already know, and images that I have in other reference books, I feel cheated. Yet if the book failed to cover hit all of the "required" high points, I'd hold that against it as

## Back Numbers

well. There were some interesting parts, such as his comments about McFadden's true crime magazines and their impact on the pulps, but I thought he failed to support his conclusions.

## Mailing Comments

### Mailing 61

October 2002

### Section Two

### Sulf Vol. 2, No. 58

### Norm Metcalf

I enjoyed your comments on Arthur J. Burks.

Thank you for recommending the works of Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

I'm sure this is old news to everyone else, but you mention that H.K. Fly and Bernard McFadden "illegally" owned *Amazing Stories* and *Amazing Stories Quarterly*. I'd be obliged if you could share the story behind this.

Thank you for sending me copies of some of your fanzines.. Somewhere here I have a set of items to copy and send your way, they got buried during the move.

### Randy Vanderbeek

### P.I.I.P. Vol. 3 No. 3

The author of "The Seal of Satan" is Fred MacIsaac, so his total should be increased to nine cover stories—more than twice that of any other author that year. For awhile, MacIsaac became almost as popular in the pages of *Argosy-Allstory* as "The Author of The Seal of Satan" as he was under his own name.

## Eclectic Collector

### John Gunnison

You ran lots of nice color cover art in your pages this time.

Thanks for the preview of coming attractions from Adventure House. I'm looking forward to the book reprinting articles and contemporary data culled from period writer's and publisher's trade magazines. I hope lots of information will be included from sources such as the *American Fiction Guild Bulletin*. I wonder if there is a set of these someplace? Or were there different publications for the different chapters?

### Hidalgo #63

### Brian Earl Brown

Thanks for the lengthy review of "The Copper Prin-

cess" by Perley Poore Sheehan. Since you've already spent the time and effort to OCR this, why not send it to Larry so he can post it to the Pulpgen website? Or you could publish it as a booklet.

You mention liking Butler's *Steve Midnight*, and that you'd like to see more of his work reprinted. One of the series characters that you mention, Tricky Enright, has a story in *Detectives A to Z* edited by Frank D. McSherry, Martin H. Greenberg and Charles G. Waugh. Along with "Why Shoot a Corpse?" the anthology also reprints the Kennedy and McBride story "Take It and Like It" by Frederick Nebel and the Sidney Zoom story "The Case of the Scattered Rubies" by Erle Stanley Gardner.

In your review of the Major Lacy collection from Blue Mushroom books, you mention that Lacy seems familiar. A Lacy story that does not appear in that collection was reprinted in *The Pulp Review* #6. The villain in "Too Smart to Live" is Francis Assisi, not the Scarlet Ace, but Lacy does head up Amusement Incorporated and has the same M.O. The story is from the July 1932 issue of *Black Aces*.

Thanks for the (now outdated) list of etexts available from the Pulpgen website and the Adventure House website. There are also stories available for download at the *Black Mask Magazine* website. I have been downloading these files regularly, but seeing the list in one place really shows just how much Larry has accomplished in a short time.

You ask what is the purpose of Burning Man. I don't really know if I'm qualified to answer that. It started out as a small alternative art project when the founder, Larry Harvey, burned the first "man" on a beach near San Francisco. The event became a once a year event and soon moved to the Nevada desert, where there is more space.

It is now a pretty major event, with folk coming from around the world to participate. The basic credo is that "There are no spectators, only participants." So everyone is expected to contribute to making "art" in the desert. The locals, of which I was once one, pretty much think it's an excuse for a bunch of them California yoyos to act stupid, take drugs, get sunburned and burn things down.

Some of the art projects include art cars, art bicycles, drum circles, sculpture, performance art, pagan rites, punk feminist opera, and the ever popular running around butt nekkid while taking copious amounts of illicit pharmaceuticals.

It's held over Labor Day weekend each year, several thousand people flood onto the public lands a couple hours north of Reno and over the course of the weekend build one of the largest cities in the state and then burn it down. There are no amenities, everyone has to pack in all food, water and shelter. If there's any interest, I could run a few more photos I suppose. I don't know if they really belong in a pulp zine though.

# The Men Who Make The Argosy



## ELSTON, ALLAN VAUGHAN

Author of "Mystery Beach," "Seven Up," "Rogues' Parade," etc.

SINCE becoming old enough to vote, I have spent four years railroading, three years copper mining in Chile, four years cattle ranching in Colorado, two years soldiering in France, three years surveying highways in the Ozarks, one year staking out lots in Florida and seven years writing fiction.

No moss other than experience has thus far been gathered.

My first job after graduating at the University of Missouri in 1909 was

axman on a party setting slope stakes in Illinois. Salary \$40.00 a month and found. We toiled thirteen hours a day and pumped a hand car back and forth to work. We slept on cots in the loft above a cross-road saloon and boarded with the barkeep's wife. In order to stand in with her we brought home each night a load of German carp, which, she would cook up for, the barroom's 'free lunch next I day. We got the carp by kicking them out of the borrow pits as we worked, the pits being flooded by overflow from 'the Mississippi River.

After that I built trestles in Arkansas and located a wild-cat railroad in Wyoming. The Wyoming venture was crooked, but we hired help didn't know it. The promoters left us marooned on the Continental Divide in four feet of snow. Some of the party went snow blind. After weeks of isolation, we finally saw two wagons coming over the pass. We cheered, thinking it was the promoters coming with relief and three months' back pay. But it was the sheriff with a writ of attachment. He pulled the tents down over our heads and drove off with everything but our shirts, leaving us stranded in the



Allan Vaughan Elston

snow.

Other pictures — an Andean camp 4,200 meters above sea level with tired men lying on the ground beside pack llamas; the deck of a tramp freighter thirty days without sighting land, with the captain mad at me, refusing to speak to me, and with no one else aboard who could speak any language but Norwegian; a box car I labeled "Chevaux huit, hommes quarante"; calves dying with blackleg on the range; the smeary mess of a dehorning chute; deserts and swamps; Panama and Jamaica; the bottom of the sea seen through the window of a copper helmet; condors, albatrosses, magpies pecking brands, and sometimes a songbird chattering cheerily in the sun.

Then I began spinning yarns, and discovered that those ventures worth most are the ones which went wrong. It is always the spoiled goods, the tough luck, the failures, which make yarns. I disagree with the above heading; not men, but the squalls logged in the lives of men and filed in the album of memory, have made the ARGOSY.

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, May 6, 1933

## ROSAIRE, FORREST (J.-J. DES ORMEAUX)

Author of "Ten Minute Egg," "Rapiers Ride," "The Black Sorcerer," etc.

I was early introduced to the hardships of this world by being obliged to sleep with my big brother, who would let me warm a place in the bed and then would kick me out so he could sleep in the warm place himself. That was on the Wild West Side of Chicago, where I passed my boyhood in a neighborhood that ran twenty boys to the block, where every boy had his fighting ring made out of a bent horseshoe nail, and where you either learned not to lead with your chin or you died young and unregretted.

The training I received here served me in such good stead that later on in high school I managed to get picked as All-Chicago football end—by a neat trick (not heretofore revealed) of kicking the opposing interference in the stomach when a play came around my end. My companions grew up to be gangsters, I grew up to be a writer. But not without some deviations on the way.

I was fourteen when the war came along and was bursting with patriotism. I borrowed my brother's overcoat (it had shoulders four feet broad), sold my schoolbooks, and dashed off to a recruiting station. When they

# The Men Who Make The Argosy



peeled the overcoat off and discovered me in the lining the recruiting officer hesitated—long enough for my irate parents to catch up with me, take me by the scruff of the neck, and put an end to my martial ambitions. But that had given me a taste for adventure which for some time nothing could discourage.



**Forrest Rosaire**

Once out of high school, I bummed my way down the Mississippi, starved for four days and four nights, joined the navy under an assumed name—and was found out. Back home again, I set out with three other rambunctious young colts to join the Foreign Legion. This venture ended abruptly one dark night out West when one of my companions, who walked in his sleep on top of a box car. (sic) After assembling him in the bottom of a gully we decided Algeria was too far away.

This episode subdued me sufficiently to get through college. There the wanderlust broke out all over me again like the smallpox. I satisfied it this time by roaming over Spain, France, Italy, Africa, the Levant, Turkey and Egypt, finishing up finally at San Francisco, where I now am, sitting in a house on the slope of a hill that overlooks the boats coming and going in San Francisco Bay. Some of my stories I wrote under the pen name of "J.-J. des Ormeaux."

I'm thirty, the stone's stopped rolling, and I mean to settle down for good. Say, look—did you see that boat out there? That goes to Australia. I wonder what the Fiji Islands look like?

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, September 16, 1933

## WHITFIELD, RAOUL

*Author of "Murder Extra!" etc.*

Born in New York City in the year 1897. Educated at Trinity School and Lehigh University. To Guam, Manila and Japan at the age of eighteen. Several months in

Hawaii on return, then rode forest patrol in Sierra Madre Mountains, California, for a short time. Acted in motion pictures and survived. Came the World War. Enlisted in American Ambulance Service, and was in the first uniformed unit to march into Allentown, Pennsylvania. Transferred to Air Service. Ground school training at Princeton. Air training at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Commissioned and ordered overseas. Crossed doing



**Raoul Whitfield**

sub-watch in the crow's nest. Trained, instructed and ferried various types of ships at Issoudoun, Orly, Romorantin and St. Jean de Monts, France. Several soft crashes and one not so soft. Up front on the Nancy-Toule sector, eleven days before the armistice was signed.

One crash after the armistice; home-bound in charge of troops (believe it or not) on a flat-bottomed freighter that took eighteen days between Brest and New York. Back in civilian clothes after a bit less than two years. In Pittsburgh steel mills, doing experimental engineering work, for three years. Selling bonds for three months. On Pittsburgh Post for almost a year. Started to write fiction and got married. More successful in one than in the other. Went to Florida and became more successful in the other. Went to California and stayed married in Hollywood. Wrote.

Have been writing in New York, Paris, Switzerland, Italy and Tudor City in the past year. Still married, but never mention the writing game to my wife. Am fond of planes, Greta Garbo, onion soup and champagne. Prefer Paris to Hoboken. Have published three novels and several hundred stories and have caused four typewriters (machines, not females) to fall apart. Am in favor of prohibition because of the superior comforts of the present period speakeasy. Still believe in Santa Claus.

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, March, 7, 1931

# The Men Who Make The Argosy



## GARDNER, ERLE STANLEY

Author of "Rain Magic," "Monkey Eyes," "The Sky's the Limit," etc.

About forty years ago there was a thunder storm in Malden, Massachusetts. In the midst of that thunder storm there was a yell. That—to be ungrammatical, but forceful—was me.

For half an hour the thunder storm and the infant did their stuff, and then the thunder storm subsided. That decided 'em. They'd make a lawyer out of me.

They did, but only after many tribulations. I'd get kicked out of school as fast as they'd get me back in. In between times I'd run away looking for adventure. Went to the Klondyke not so awfully long after the gold rush, worked with pick and shovel on the railroad construction and have flunkied in a cook shack. Colleges refused to have anything to do with me unless I'd yield to discipline.

The last scrape was serious and I didn't dare to go back. So I decided I'd study my law myself, to thunder with the colleges. Studied, took a stiff examination, was admitted when I was twenty-one, practiced law for awhile and then felt the siren call of adventure. I arranged for a lay-off from the law business and started out to see the world. Got mixed up in aviation somewhat with "Swede" Meyerhoffer, a great two-fisted talker, dabbled in photography, got interested in Chinese and learned some of the language. Then the old law partnership cornered me in a weak moment and made me promise to come back. But I made 'em promise I could have half my time away from the office, taken in such chunks as could be arranged. And I got a camp wagon, equipped with bed, bath, hot and cold water, radio, writing desk, and what have you. Then I took up fiction writing.

That's about the story.

I get into my camp wagon, head out into the desert, or for the Mexican border, write for a couple of weeks, take a plane back to the law office, try a few cases, rip off my white collar, board a plane and beat it for the camp wagon and another two weeks in the desert.

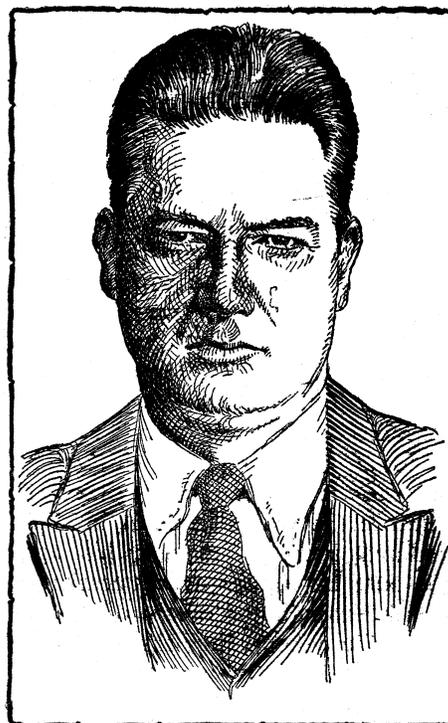
As for personal tastes, I have likes and dislikes. I love my friends and hate my enemies. I'm always in the market for some new buried treasure scheme and I've explored almost every nook of the desert west of the Rockies.

Favorite race—Chinese. Favorite pastime—hunting with bow and arrow. Favorite authors—William Wallace

(Uncle Billy) Cook and H. Bedford-Jones, to my mind the greatest writer of adventure fiction alive.

And as I look back on so much of life as I've lived, I find the most valuable memories are not memories of achievements, but of friends. I've quite a collection.

As some people collect rare postage stamps or coins, so I collect rare characters. There was Swede Meyerhoffer, and there was Bob Dunlap, one of the most original sales experts that ever lived. Years have passed since I was



Erle Stanley Gardner

with the C.A. Shaler organization, but I still point with pride to the fact that I was once a Shaler salesman under Bob Dunlap.

My camp wagon's in the Mojave desert. By the time this is printed I'll be out in the open, writing, shooting my camp meat with primitive weapons, and listening to whispers. How I love those whispers!

A cow-puncher drops into the camp wagon, whispers of a peculiar yarn that centers some where in the mirage tossed desert to the east. I start up the camp wagon, trailing that whisper. An old prospector whispers something that adds to it, points south, toward the Mexican border. I turn the camp wagon south, find a border patrol who nods his grizzled head, leans closer—and some day that whisper will be story, fictionized somewhat, perhaps, but true in the main, and it'll be printed in Argosy

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, December, 7, 1929

# The Men Who Make The Argosy



## FISHER, STEVE

We've heard many prognostications about the war, but none quite so pleasing as the simple statement made below by Steve Fisher, author of *RED IS FOR COURAGE*, the Argosy novel for November:



Steve Fisher

Steve Fisher: Listen, I'll see you in Europe; not this Christmas Eve, perhaps; but by the next one for sure—in Johnny's Bar in the basement of Hotel Chateau-Frontenac, 54 Rue Pierre-Charron, Paris; and we'll have a drink, and we don't sing those songs anymore about Paris the last

time we saw it; but of the new Europe being built again, and born again; the new London and the new Madrid; and how we'll spend the holidays in Berlin where American and British soldiers are on patrol.

*RED IS FOR COURAGE* (which 20th Century Fox is going to film as "Red Cross Girl" is an echo of the old world; of things some of us knew and saw and did; history, still a little fresh and raw, so that sometimes it hurts. All of it isn't fiction. I only wish all of it were.

You asked about what I've been doing. In these times, I cannot give you much, except to list, perfunctorily, what I imagine are supposed to be a writer's credits—pictures, novels: *I Wake Up Screaming*, *To The Shores of Tripoli*, *Destroyer*—and my forthcoming *Destination Tokyo* which I am writing as both a book and a motion picture.

— Argosy Authors, November, 1942

## MARSH, HOWARD R.

*The Author of "Smear'd with Glory"*

An old prospector whose tolerance I had purchased with a couple of oranges (the greatest of all treats to desert dwellers), once glared at me across his campfire as he spoke.

"So you think you know the desert, eh?" he demanded. "Say, lad, guess again. I've been livin' on it, and off it, for twenty-two years, and I ain't even begun to know it. It always pops up and kicks me in the behind, when I least expects it."

In the face of such an assertion I could only grunt an

agreement. But to myself I will modestly admit that I do know the desert, and the West, better than most men. For ten years I've traveled it with my eyes open—and sometimes "travel" has meant a heart-breaking eleven miles a day. Some of the places I worked into ten years ago—Death Valley, for instance—are now accessible to tourists; many are not and never will be, despite the "curse" of good roads.



Howard R. Marsh

What else about me?—Collidge-eddicated, by heck!—and not too many years ago. Specialized in athletics and journalism; and by some terrible mistake I came out with one of those square gold keys with three Greek letters on it. I lost it a month later, fortunately.

What do I look like?—I've always been so bow-legged that the proverbial pig could run through without touching my knees. Since I possess an Indian-like aversion to having a photograph taken, that accounts for the terrible one on this page. I am interested in a ranch, in an amateur way; I am interested in a mountain lake in a financial way. That means something, out in this country where water is gold. I am also interested in books, which are hard to come by; and I back down to no man, around my library. And of course I like dogs, hunting, camping, highballs, etc. Those likes are as natural to a man out here as hair on the head.

My writing is done in a Mexican 'dobe workshop facing across the valley to the High Sierras. Around it is a wall and inside the wall is a bit of the desert—yucca, Spanish bayonet, Joshua trees, ocotillo, and so on. Fifty varieties of cactus, all told. That's why, when my neighbors come to visit me on dark nights and then stumble homeward, they curse me and my cactus guards.

For four months of the summer and fall I inhabit a little cottage on a lake in the Michigan woods. At least twice a year I cross the continent; and occasionally I don't stop at the coastline.

—The Men Who Make The Argosy, June 8, 1935

# Pulp Sightings:

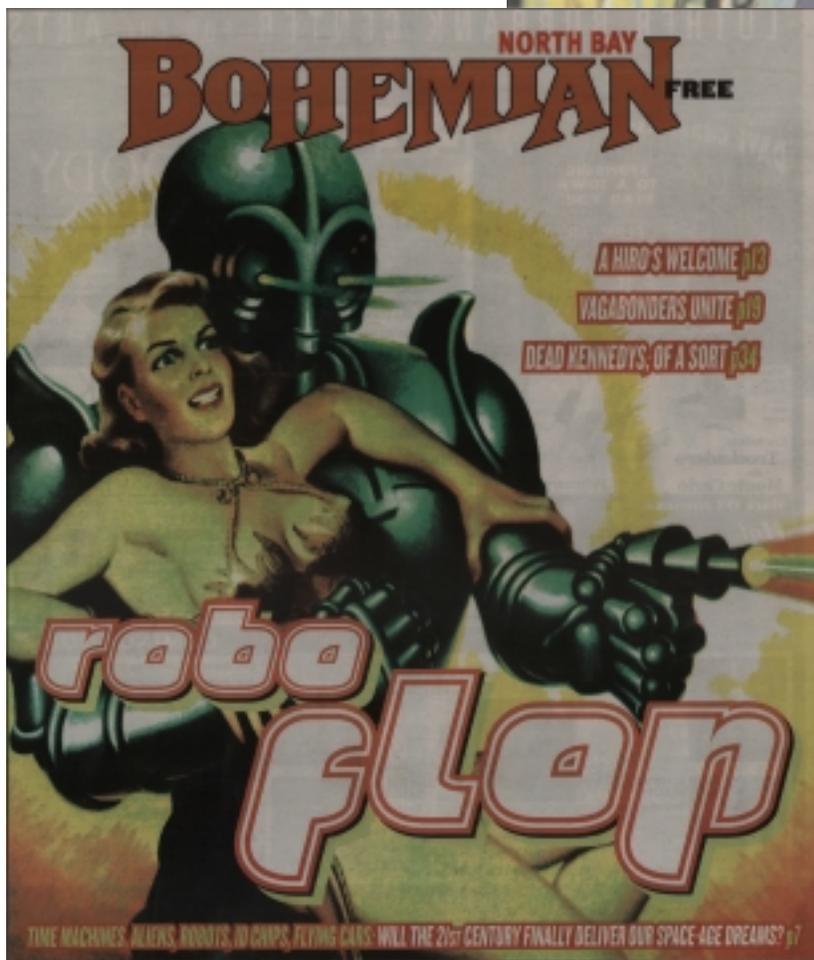
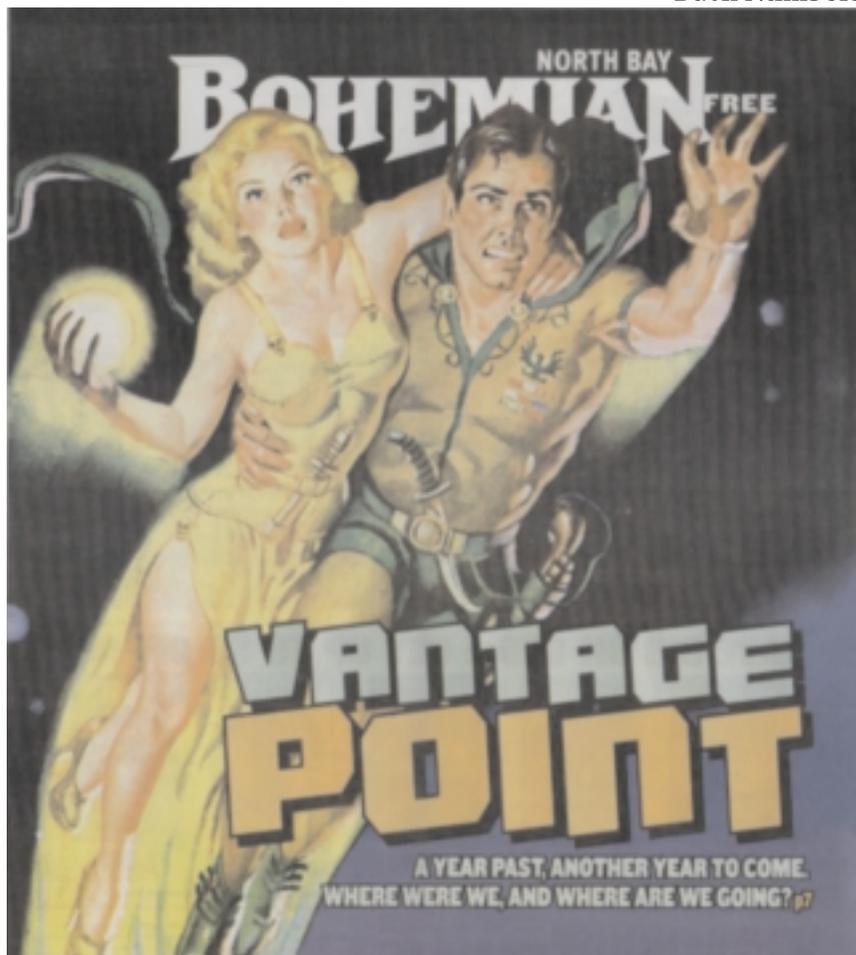
The local free weekly ran a pair of covers in early 2003 that are clearly taken from science fiction pulps.

They don't bother to print the original cover credit, in fact, they don't even acknowledge that these covers were not original.

If I were ambitious, I'd start looking through my pulp art books and then I'd check online for covers from Planet or Thrilling Wonder. But I'm not that ambitious.

So I'm holding a contest. Those folk who can identify the cover source will receive egoboo in the next issue.

I'm not looking for guesses. This is a contest where I don't know the correct answer, I'm hoping that somebody else does.



I'd also like to know who the artists were. Brian? These brass brassieres look like they are in your area of expertise.

Anyone know if these are supposed to illustrate a particular story?

I'll run these in color in the PDF version of Back Numbers for those who want a better look at them. For a change, I'm still at the same web address as last issue: [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com).

As for the articles these covers illustrate, well, sometimes I wonder why they bother to publish articles at all. I wouldn't have looked at either of these issues if it weren't for the covers. Even after all these years these covers are still moving issues off of the newsstand.

Send contest entries to:  
[Argosy\\_Collector@yahoo.com](mailto:Argosy_Collector@yahoo.com)  
 or

Warren Harris  
 1130 Fourth Street #116  
 Santa Rosa, CA 95404

Include your name and whether you want your name listed next issue.