

The zine that will never fly American Airlines again:

# BACK NUMBERS CAN BE EASILY PROCURED

Prepared for P.E.A.P.S. mailing #65  
September 2003  
Issue 8

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## Corrections:

Corrections to Back Numbers, Issue Six:

Franklin H. Martin is the correct spelling of the author's name.





### Special Issue

Back in January 2001 I skipped a mailing and I've always regretted not making that deadline. It's always seemed that I was behind one issue from where I should be. So I'm putting out this special Pulpcon issue in August September to "catch up." I'll now have averaged four issues a year and my October anniversary issue will be issue nine as it would have been had I not missed an issue.

This issue is almost all about Pulpcon. In addition to my convention report and convention photos, our featured issue was bought at the Pulpcon auction, the main part of our Men Who Make The Argosy comes from a pulp I bought at Pulpcon and our mailing comments are from the PEAPS issue that was distributed at Pulpcon.

We're also reviewing the August issue of Smithsonian Magazine, so if I can get this finished and posted to the [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) site soon, I may actually have a timely issue.

### Even Our Special Issues Are Late

I told Curt Phillips at Pulpcon that I was going to post a Pulpcon report soon after getting back from Ohio. However, current events have overtaken us. This issue was delayed while I consulted with my political advisors and campaign team. After due consideration I have decided NOT to run for governor of California. (I blew the campaign funds at Pulpcon.) I hope all of my supporters understand that this wasn't the proper time for me to throw my hat in the ring.

## 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. 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. He is now carrying Blood 'n' Thunder.

B 'N' T can also 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 now has more than 250 pulp stories available in PDF format 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 the 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 30, is out as well. The web site is: [howardhopkins.com/page4.htm](http://howardhopkins.com/page4.htm).

Pulpdome, 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.

Smithsonian Magazine is available on newsstands or can be ordered from [www.smithsonianmag.com](http://www.smithsonianmag.com).

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# Mailing Comments:

**Mailing 64 July 2003**

## **Argassing:**

In the P.E.A.P.S. roster, my email address needs a \_ instead of a - in Argosy\_Collector@yahoo.com My address also needs to be updated to: 1130 Fourth Street, #116, Santa Rosa, CA 95401.

## **Another Part of the Forest #3**

**Mike Ashley**

Thank you for reprinting your article on Nelson Bond. There's plenty of interesting information here on Bond and on collecting his books.

## **Fillyloo#32**

**Graham Stone**

I found a copy of The Sentimental Bloke at a library booksale. I would have passed it by if you hadn't mentioned the title. I'm not much of a poetry fan, and the best part of the book was what you reprinted in your pages, but I'm slowly working my way through the parts of interest.

Your story about the fate of David Cohen's collection is very sad.

Harry Harrison's Great Balls of Fire sounds like it might be a book I need to add to the want list.

Thanks for another installment on Australian SF.

## **Kisset**

**Howard Devore**

I enjoyed your stories from your days as an international book smuggler.

## **The Inside Story of "The King of the Pulp"**

**Darrell C. Richardson**

I'm sorry to hear of the difficulties over the publication of the Bedford-Jones bibliography. I own a copy of the book, but I haven't found the time to go through it yet. If you produce a book on Bedford-Jones, I'll certainly pick up a copy.

## **El Dorado #20**

**John DeWalt**

I, too, have recently bought a DVD player. You seem to be watching more enlightening work than I. I mostly watch Hong Kong action movies and Japanese anime, but I did enjoy the 32 episodes of Peter Gunn that are available.

Watching DVDs is cutting into my reading time, so I hope I'll get bored with the new toy soon.

I missed my chance to see The Mark of Zorro here,

and I regret it.

You ask about early movie novelizations. I don't know if it's the first but Achmed Abdulla wrote The Thief of Bagdad based on the screenplay of the silent movie. Thea Von Harbou's Metropolis is perhaps also in the running, although I'm not sure whether the book or the screenplay came first. Metropolis was first published in English in 1927. My copy of The Thief of Bagdad conveniently neglects to list the original publication date but the Encyclopedia of Pulp Fiction Writers says it was 1924.

Anyone know when the first Photoplay books were introduced?

## **Not Worth 1/4 Cent a Word**

**Rick Hall**

The two copies of Blood Money that I have are Dell 53 and Dell 486. I should have said that the Dell 486 was a new edition with new cover art rather than call it a variant edition. Both are mapbacks, but with different backs. The Dell 53 has no year of publication, but mentions that it is manufactured according to wartime restrictions. The Dell 486 does not appear to be missing pages, but does not have a copyright page. It starts right in with the table of contents, making me wonder if my copy is missing a loose page.

## **Thin Air Wonder Stories whole #33**

**Joe Sokola**

I'm glad to see you back with a nice thick issue after your extension. Your comments about your collections "deteriorating" because of a lack of time to enjoy and work with them and your other thoughts on storage issues fit right in with my Collyer-syndrome stuff I ran last issue. Your comments certainly resonated with me.

I'm not sure how many issues of 10-Story Book were published. That's one reason I think the project needs to be started. I haven't been able to identify the last issue, often a thorny proposition at best. The magazine often boasted that they never missed an issue, but I know that isn't true, there is at least one month where an issue wasn't published. The volume numbering is consistent for long stretches, but then gets off track. At least one issue was miss-dated, meaning two issues share a date but have different volume numbers. One well-respected reference claims it went out of business decades before it actually did. There was at least one change of ownership, and perhaps two or three and I don't know if this led to missed issues. In short, there are more gaps than knowledge. But that's what makes it an interesting research

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project. If there is only one missed issue and if the last issue was sometime in 1940, I'm looking at less than 446 issues. I suspect there are fewer than that, but more than many people might suspect.

### Ramblings of a Perambulating Pulp Fan #58

**Albert Tonik**

Wow, what a thick, varied and interesting contribution this time. Lots of good stuff in here.

I enjoyed reading of your African adventure. I wish I had been able to go to Ankor Wat for the eclipse there a few years ago, but Africa and then a cruise sounds like a good second choice.

I see you've found more information, via King of the Pulp, about the Mercer plagiarism and answered Norm's question to me about it. Thanks for the information. Too bad we don't know what compensation Bedford-Jones extracted. I wonder just what James Francis Dwyer did about all this.

Thanks for the information on Ayers and other pulp census data and where additional information can be found. I should have realized somebody would have beaten me to it. Good, now I don't have to add that to my list of projects.

I'll check with Tom Johnson about those issue of Echoes you mention. I've been meaning to write to him anyway.

### Sons of the Blue Wolf #40

**Kevin L. Cook**

It's funny that everyone complains about the tigers to be found in Burrough's Africa, but nobody objects to the dinosaurs, ant men, amazons, the Waz-Don and Ho-Don of Pal-ul-Don and the ape-like men of Opar. I'd think finding one Indian tiger in Africa to be more likely than any number of triceratops.

Thanks for the moral support over my Doc Savage heresy. I tried to like the series, I really did. It just wasn't for me.

### The Pulp Hound #38

**Will Murray**

I enjoyed your look at the behind-the-scenes development of a new plane in the Bill Barnes series. I've never read one of these, but your article interested me enough to want to do so.

### T'rilling Action Vol. 2, No. 4

**Duane Spurlock**

I noticed the sudden ending syndrome in Max Brand's work that you mention when I was reading both *The Untamed* and *The Firebrand*. The books just end once the action is over without a resolution. In *The Firebrand*, written under the George Challis pen name, Tizzo abandons his reward—a good position and the love of a beau-

tiful woman, in favor of riding off for a life of further adventures. In *The Untamed*, Whistling Dan rides off to follow the geese rather than stay with the woman he loves.

I think there is a difference here between Brand and Burroughs, though. Brand seems to fear any sort of maturing of his characters or settling down. Burroughs is just getting ready for the sequel.

In *Tarzan*, Burroughs used a writing trick he was to use often elsewhere. By ending the book on an unsatisfactory note, he leaves it open for a sequel. Burroughs after all saw writing as a business and was writing with the marketing of the material in mind. Tarzan loses Jane in *Tarzan of the Apes*, only to regain her in *The Return of Tarzan*. The same thing happens in *The Mucker* and *The Return of the Mucker*, *The Cave Girl* and *The Cave Man*, *The Mad King* and *The Return of the Mad King*. If I recall correctly, the first books in the Mars, Venus and Pellucidar series end either on cliffhangers or unsatisfactorily, thus requiring a sequel.

John Crowley's *Little, Big* is one of my favorite books, but if he's going to champion stories that don't have endings, I'll put off reading his Aegypt sequence until the last book is published and I can be assured that it has an ending.

### Blodgett #57

**Scott Cranford.**

I would never have thought about using a camcorder to duplicate the infra-red imaging techniques uses by conservators. It looks like Bama painted more than he needed so that he could get the figure proportioned and placed correctly and then painted over it to finish the painting.

I look forward to further looks at your paintings. So how many paintings do you have?

### Rough Edges Revisited #4

**James Reasoner**

Thanks for the review of the F. V. W. Mason story from Argosy. I've read a Col. North novel, originally published in the '30s and rewritten as a cold war spy novel, but that's as much as I've gotten around to. I have a few more books of his here someplace, but other books always look more interesting.

Thanks for letting us know of some T.T. Flynn reprints. I've read stories by him that I liked, and some I didn't. I'll have to look for these Westerns.

I'd love to go to Howard Days, but I doubt that I'll be able to fit in a trip to Texas any time soon.

I don't believe there was a Women Who Made the Argosy. I only have one, very brief entry on a woman writer. During the period where Argosy was printing author biographies, the writers were overwhelmingly male.

I have an extra copy of *The Adventures of Paul Pry* by Gardner if you still need it.

### **The Happiest Blue Elephant #64**

#### **Kurt Shoemaker**

That was a lovely Morgan Stinemetz cover you ran last time.

My copy of *Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers*, second edition, says writer Alan Caillou is an actor as you suspected. Among his credits are Clarence the Cross-Eyed Lion. His real name is Alan Lyle-Smythe.

You mention Marion Hargrove in commenting on John DeWalt's pages where he in turn was commenting on my pages. To bring this thing back full-circle, I just read Hargrove's obituary here at the end of August in the local paper. The obituary quoted him to the effect that, while he continued to write after the war, he had a hard time living up to the success of his first book at such a young age.

### **SULPH Vol. 2, No. 61**

#### **Norm Metcalf**

According to *The Black Mask Boys*, there were only six Ken Corning Stories, so all of them should be in *Honest Money*, unless a Corning story appeared in another magazine.

Re: my typo of Franklin H. Martin's name, I should cut back on the martinis before I do my proofreading.

The other item you mention is not a typo, just a poor job of my describing the opening scene. The Ed Jenkins story opens with Jenkins in a room with a blond woman. There is a corpse of a drug smuggler on the floor. He needs to get some answers from her quick and make his escape as the police are racing up the stairs in response to the gunshot that killed the man. The Phantom Crook can't afford to be caught in the room. Did she kill the victim? Did she see who did?

I hope that clarifies what was a very busy opening scene.

### **Hidalgo #66**

#### **Brian Earl Brown**

You mention the need for an adzine that would allow one to know of all the pulp-related printing projects. I think Bill Thom's *Coming Attractions* fills this need quite well. It is updated frequently on the web, thoroughly covers the items of interest and is quite well done. For a hard copy, you can print out Howard Hopkin's *Golden Perils* where it's reprinted in every issue.

I disagree, I do think that the well-known classic SF author James White is the James White that wrote an *Earth Final Conflict* novelization. I think it was one of the last things he wrote before he died. I haven't read it, but I can't help but wish he'd spent the time writing one last *Sector General* novel instead.

You ask what I hope to achieve by putting my books into a database on a PDA. I find that I am no longer able to remember all of the books I own, particularly books that I haven't yet read, books that didn't impress me, or books that are part of large series. When I reunited the various parts of my collection I found that I had a number of duplicates, and a number of books that I thought I had that I clearly don't. Without a list I can reference at book sales and book stores, I wouldn't know what to buy. Without my PDA I wouldn't have known at Pulpcon which copies of the 8 Berkeley G-8 reprints I needed to fill out the set. I could swear that I owned a copy of *Gray Fist*, one of the Shadow adventures reprinted by Pyramid. But a check of my PDA at Pulpcon told me I needed it.

J.T. Edson has written over 150 books, most with the same cast of characters or related casts of characters. Quite frankly, they aren't all memorable enough for me to remember which I own and have read, which I own but haven't read and which I don't own. I have the same trouble with the *Destroyer* series with more than 100 books, and the 87th Precinct series with more than 50 books.

The days when I had 100% faith in my knowledge of my personal collection are long gone and as the collection grows and as I age my ability to keep track of it diminishes.

The hardback collection of *The Amazing Adventures of Lester Leith* has the same contents as the digest paperback.

Not getting good TV reception since I left Reno, or any television reception at all at the new place, I'd not seen more than one or two episodes of *Futurama*. The few I'd seen hadn't really impressed me, I preferred the *Simpsons*. But a co-worker is loaning me his sets of *Futurama* DVDs and I've been enjoying them very much.

I even found a pulp reference. In the audio commentary to the second season episode "Put Your Head On My Shoulders" the writer says a gag involving a person playing ping pong with himself came from an old mystery story. In the story a murder suspect's alibi, that he had been heard playing ping pong with the deceased at the time he was supposedly deceased, was revealed to be the murderer playing ping pong with himself. The author and story title were not mentioned, but the detective was T. Ashley, who is a Harry Steven Keeler character, I believe.

It certainly sounds like an HSK plot. I can't help but wish that the writers had read more classic SF instead of classic detective fiction. The show's SF seems to be drawn more from *Star Trek* than pulp fiction. The Science Fiction references all seem to be drawn from movies or television.

# The Men Who Make The Argosy



I should have run this last issue when I was talking about Chidsey's work in *Argosy* and ran the Frank L. Packard biography in this issue since I'm reviewing part of a Packard serial this issue. But then I hadn't bought the issue of *Argosy* with Chidsey's biography or the issue of *Short Stories* with the Packard serial until Pulpcon.

## CHIDSEY, DONALD BARR

*Author of "Time to Quit," "River Pirates," "The Prodigal," etc.*

There are writers (I've met lots of 'em) who really seem to dislike their jobs. I don't. I've been writing ever since I can remember—I've published five books, besides more short stories than I'd care to count, and articles, poems, humorous sketches and the like—and I still enjoy it. Enjoy the mental labor of throwing a yarn together, and the physical labor of putting it on paper. When I can't think of anything better to do, I sit myself down and write long letters to my friends.



**Donald Barr Chidsey**

And the Lord only knows how many hundreds of thousands of newspaper stories I've written. My first newspaper job was in 1920, at the age of 18, on the *Daily Journal* of my home town, Elizabeth, N.J. Since then, until a few years ago, I was banging out newspaper yarns pretty steadily for a variety of sheets—the *Journal*, the *Elizabeth Times*, the *Newark Star-Eagle*, the *Hudson Dispatch*, the *Associated Press*, the *New York Morning Telegraph*, the *Standard News Association*, the late lamented *New York World*, the *Denver Post*, the *Florida Times-Union*, the *Paris Times*, the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, the *New York Sun*, the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*...Probably

there were some others too, but I can't think of them now.

Before this, and in between newspaper jobs, I found time to try my hand as an actor, an assistant stage manager, the foreman of a road gang, an ice man, a golf caddy, a newsboy, a waiter, a ship's steward, a bookkeeper, a farm hand, a gardener, a drug store clerk, a cigar store clerk...

You see, I keep moving. But always I was writing.

Thirty years old now, and still roaming, and still writing. Free, white, amiable. Like my cocktails dry, but my taste in humor is catholic. Used to do a lot of boxing and a lot of fencing, but nowadays my only active sport is swimming. Crazy about the opera. Have a weakness for buying high-powered automobiles that have been junked or should have been junked and fixing them up and making them take me places. I've driven everything from a Ford to a Lincoln through 43 of the 48 States, and through parts of Mexico, Canada, Cuba, England, Scotland and the Hawaiian Islands. Never succeeded in saving enough money to buy a plane. I'm practically always broke. But I still think it's a great life, if your typewriter doesn't weaken.

—*The Men Who Make The Argosy*, November 19, 1932

Lived in Punaauia, Tahiti, Society Islands.

—*Argonotes*, April 20, 1940

Chidsey's "Time To Quit" was one of 365 Honorable mentions for the O. Henry Memorial Prize in 1933

*Here's a Donald Barr Chidsey extra from the pages of Detective Fiction Weekly courtesy of Monte Herridge who provided the following:*

A bronzed young man in a soft hat and a polo coat came into the office once about a year ago and said he was Donald Barr Chidsey. And here we had thought all along that Mr. Chidsey was at least of the same vintage as O. Henry, or Richard Harding Davis. We had been seeing so many stories by him in so many different places that it didn't seem anyone but an old vet at the game would have gotten around to writing so much.

The bronze on young Mr. Chidsey at the time, by the

way—that day he had dropped in on us for the first time—was from Hawaii, the sun out there.

The reason for Mr. Chidsey's big crop of stories is the author's insatiable writing bug. He loves to do it.

When he can't think of anything else to do, he sits down and writes long letters to his friends.

He is the author of "Murder's End," nov-elette in this week's issue.

He is a rover. During his thirty-one years he has crowded in trips to forty-three of the States, Mexico, Canada, Cuba, England, Bermuda, Scotland, the West Indies, and the Hawaiian Islands. One of his hobbies is buying old high-powered autos which other wiser people junked, and fixing them up until they'd take him places fast. Right now he wants to buy a plane, but says he practically always broke.

A newspaper man by trade, he has worked on the Elizabeth, N.J., *Daily Journal*, the Elizabeth *Times*, the Newark *Star-Eagle*, The Hudson *Dispatch*, the Associated Press, the New York *Morning Telegraph*, the Standard News Association, the old New York *World*, the Denver *Post*, the Florida *Times-Union*, the Paris *Times*, The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, the New York *Sun*, and the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*. Probably there were some others, too, he said, submitting this list, but he couldn't think of them.

Sandwiched between newspaper jobs Mr. Chidsey has had a go at acting, assistant stage manager, foreman of a road gang, ice man, golf caddy, newsboy, waiter, ship's steward, bookkeeper, farm hand, gardener, drug store clerk, and cigar store clerk.

Once he liked to box and fence, but nowadays his only active sport is swimming. "And," says

he, "it's a great life if your typewriter doesn't weaken."

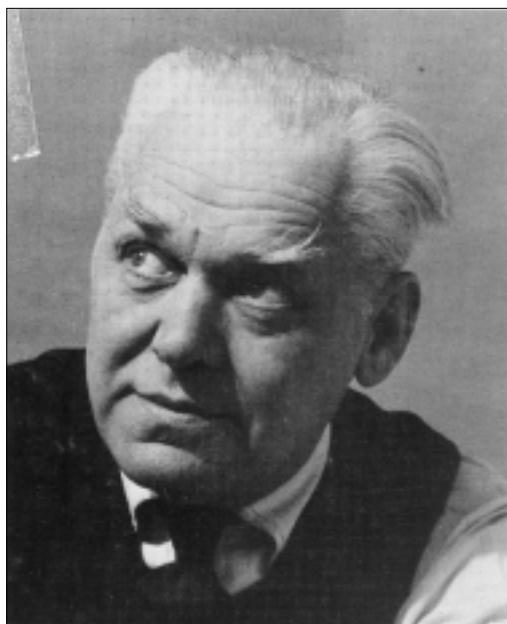
—FLASHES FROM READERS, *Detective Fiction Weekly*, June 24, 1933

Donald Barr Chidsey, who began his career as a newspaper reporter and rewrite man, used to be an avid sportsman. He loved to sail, box, and fence, play golf and tennis, and even fly a plane; but lately he has been too busy writing and studying history to do anything else. The result has been nine biographies, including Nelson's (Thomas Nelson, Inc., Publishers) *The World of Samuel Adams*, twenty-two novels, thirty-four books of popular history, including Nelson's *Mr. Hamilton* and *Mr. Jefferson*, and no one knows how many magazine stories, serials, and articles in such publications as *Esquire*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *House and Garden*, and *Redbook*.

He does all this in Lyme, Connecticut.

—Andrew Jackson, *Hero* 1976

Donald Barr Chidsey's work is equally divided between history and fiction. His biographies include *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, *Marlborough*, *Sir Walter Raleigh* and



**photo by Boris Artzybasheff  
for Andrew Jackson, *Hero***



**photo from book club edition of  
*Reluctant Cavalier***

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*Elizabeth I* (of the Knoph “Great Lives in Brief” series). His novels are *Captain Adam*, *Lord of the Isles*, *Captain Bashful*, *This Bright Sword*, *His Majesty’s Highwayman*, among others. Two very successful popular histories are *July 4, 1776* and *Valley Forge*.

The combination is sound. A veteran writer, Mr. Chidsey’s historical books are exciting and his novels (as well as being exciting) are accurate. His own life has been neither tame nor secluded. He has been a newspaperman, actor, farmer, boxer and ambulance driver with both the British and the United States armies, the Free French in Tunisia and the 51st Highland Division. But throughout all his adventures he has been a writer. He now lives with his wife in Lyme, Connecticut.

—*Reluctant Cavalier*, 1960

There is a handsome, middle-aged gentleman who lives quietly with his wife in Lyme, Connecticut. He is a Justice of the Peace, and is active in the local P.T.A., Boy Scout movement, concert association and Church.

It was not always thus.

Donald Barr Chidsey has covered a good part of the earth in tramp streamers or tramp schooners, pearl shell boats or copra boats, or private yachts. He owned a plantation in the Punaauia district of Tahiti, visited or lived in most of the South Sea Islands: the Society Islands, American and Western Samoa, the Austrails, the Cooks, the Fiji Islands, the Gambiers, the Tuamotus, New Guinea, Papua, new Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and many others; Central and South America, China, Indo-China, Japan, Malaya, the Near East.

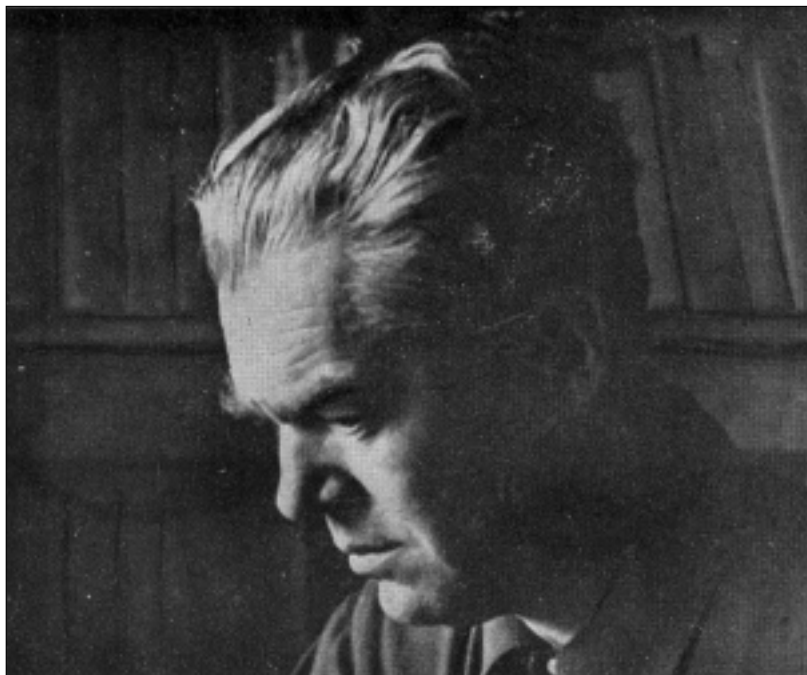


photo by Robert B. Picks for *Captain Adam*

Mr. Chidsey has been a newspaperman, Broadway actor, farmer, road gang foreman, mountaineer, bartender, boxer, and fencer with foil, epee, saber, schlaeger and broadsword. He was an ambulance driver with the British 8th Army in North Africa, has served also with the 9th Army in Syria, the New Zealanders, the United States Army, the Free French in Tunisia, and the 51st Highland Division. Throughout his own adventures, he has always been a writer. Many previous works include the best-selling novels *Panama Passage* and *Stronghold*.

These days, Mr. Chidsey hardly ever dreams of returning to the South Seas. He likes it in Connecticut. However, he has one new hobby, stunt flying...

—*Captain Adam*, 1953

## Pulp Art Gets A Little Respect—Very Little



**Smithsonian Magazine**

**August 2003**

**Title** Guys and Molls

**Written By:** Doug Stewart

**Review By Warren Harris**

Inspired by the Brooklyn Museum of Art’s exhibition of Robert Lesser’s pulp painting collection, the Smithsonian Institution’s monthly magazine has run a story on pulp art that is both incomplete and too short.

With only six pages devoted to the subject, author

Doug Stewart hardly has time to cover the basics, let alone produce a thorough look at the subject. Even a story on monkeys in the same issue gets eight pages.

This is all the more disappointing as it is the cover story. The cover reproduces a wonderful Rafael de Soto that originally appeared on the cover of *Detective Tales* in 1947. The cover reproduction is striking and makes this issue of the magazine very visible on the newsstand.

One major oversight is where Stewart describes certain pulp covers in the article, but the covers are not printed. For example, he starts the article with a breathless description of the July 1946 cover of *New Detective Magazine*. But to see the actual painting one would have to attend the Brooklyn show or own a copy of Lesser’s book. The painting in question is reproduced on page 63 of *Pulp Art*.



He doesn't even mention the source of the next pulp cover he describes. It's from the August 1930 issue of Detective Story Magazine and can be found on page 59 of *Pulp Art*.

The story of the Spicy cover that so incensed New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia that he launched a crack-down is told, but the painting itself is not shown. It can be found on page 100 of *Pulp Art*.

The existence of Lesser's book is not mentioned, so anyone wanting further information would not know this, or any other pulp resource existed. Smithsonian Magazine used to include a list of further references at the back of the magazine, but this feature has been a victim of the general dumbing down that this magazine has undergone in recent years. We are directed to visit [www.smithsonianmag.com](http://www.smithsonianmag.com) for further information where we find a short version of the story, and if one follows enough links, a slight mention of Lesser's book.

In *Pulp Art*, Lesser makes the observation that there are two types of pulp collectors, word people and art people. This article is written firmly from the perspective of the art people. There is no mention that the primary purpose of these magazines was to be vehicles for stories. The obligatory list of great writers who wrote for the pulps and a discussion of them is done in less than two paragraphs. There is no acknowledgement of the debt that American popular culture owes to the writing inside these magazines. Reading this, one might suspect that the only reason to buy a pulp was for the cover art.

We are told of Lesser's pulp-painting-filled apartment, but we are not shown a photo. There is no information on how Lesser gathered this collection or any attempt to interview other major collectors. I would think an interview of Jim Steranko or Robert Weinberg would be a good place just to start.

All of the images found in the magazine can be found in *Pulp Art*. The images included are a Shadow pulp

cover for "The Grove of Doom," and original paintings for "A Straw for the Thirsty" (used as the cover for *Pulp Art*) Frank R. Paul's "Golden City on Titan," a Walter Baumhofer cover of a doomed parachutist for Adventure, an N. C. Wyeth from All Around Magazine and "River of Pain" by John Newton Howitt.

At least each image represents a different genre and not just dames in distress.

Stewart even repeats a quote from *Pulp Art* without mentioning the book or crediting the original interviewer, Steve Kennedy, by name.

It looks as if the article was written after a quick skim of Lesser's book and perhaps a short interview with Lesser himself. There is no depth, no critical under-

standing, and no information that isn't readily available to the pulp community. For somebody who knows nothing about pulp art, it might serve as a brief introduction, but there is a lack of depth here that is disappointing.

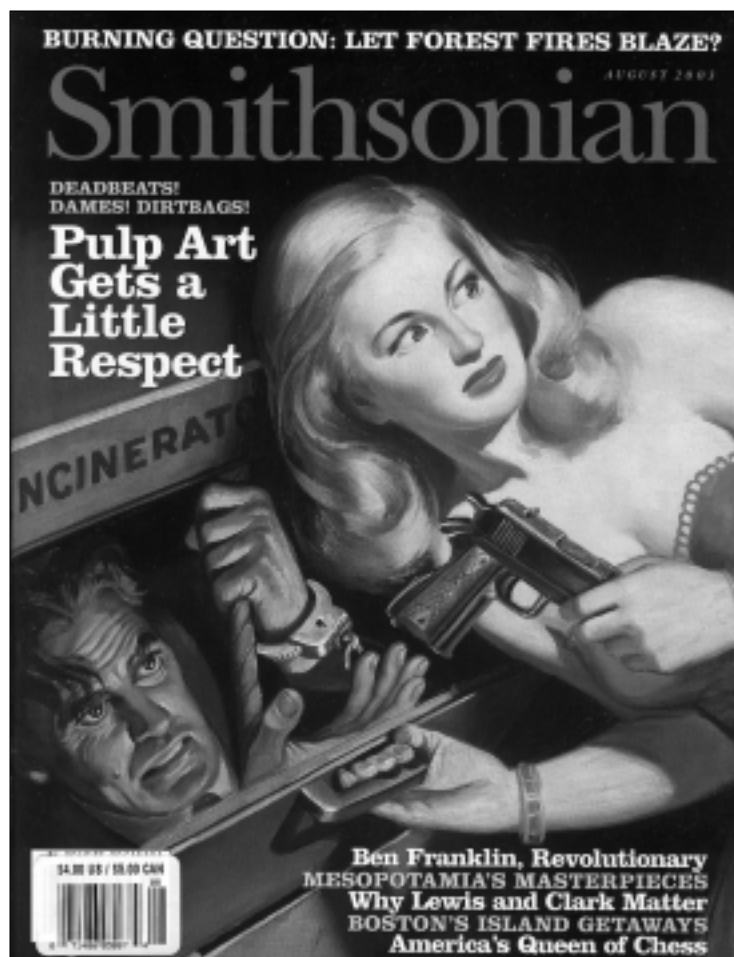
Considering that the Brooklyn show is the reason this article is being run, we don't learn much about it. There is no critical commentary on the show itself, and no photos of the gallery or of people enjoying the exhibit and no interviews with art lovers who attended the show.

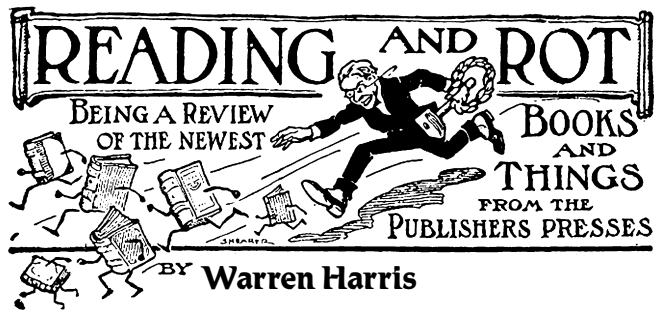
This isn't a bad article, it just is far too short. With three of the six pages taken up by full page reproductions of pulp covers, and large illustrations on the other

pages, there is at most two pages worth of text. The subject needed much more space to do more than a cursory look.

The cover reproductions here are very nice, better than the original pulp covers. On the larger illustration you can make out individual brush strokes and tiny details.

There isn't anything here that can't be found in *Pulp Art* and there is a lot that's been left out. If you have *Pulp Art*, you don't need this, if you don't have *Pulp Art*, spend your money buying that instead of this magazine.





### Ambulance Ship By James White

Well, this is it, the last of the Sector General book I hadn't read. I've been reading James White since at least early high school and I've always liked this series, set in an intergalactic hospital. I suppose I first started reading these when I was looking for more books like Murray Leinster's Med Ship series.

These stories are excellent examples of pure puzzle science fiction. The characters are presented with a problem caused by an encounter with a new life form. There isn't a good-versus-evil plot, but a how-do-we-figure-out-what's-going-on-by-using-our-brains plot. Pretty much everyone in this series, alien and human is a good guy and the only trouble is figuring out how to communicate. White postulates a universe where any species intelligent enough to have interstellar travel is intelligent enough to get along with other intelligent races.

When I say I like Science Fiction, it's James White's brand of it that I'm talking about. His Doctor Conway is a man of reason, curiosity, and compassion who encounters alien life forms and has to figure out, from the physical evidence, the nature of those life forms and how they can be helped.

I'm too much of a cynic to believe in White's altruistic vision of the future, but it is sure a nice place to visit.

### Dames, Danger, Death Edited By Leo Margulies (Ghosted?)

Just when I think I ought to give up on private eye fiction, a book like this comes along and shows me that there are authors who can write good detective fiction within the constraints of the formula.

The cover says that the book has "Eight tough private eyes in their most sensational cases!" Well, try four private eyes, one boozy ex-private eye, two police homicide detectives and a professional gambler. Is 50% an acceptable rate here?

These were all pretty good stories. I enjoyed the two police procedurals starring homicide detectives more than the private eye stories.

"Now Die In It" by author Curt Cannon, staring washed up, drunk, Curt Cannon was pretty good, but I knew who did it from the third or fourth page, which means I've read this one somewhere else. Cannon, who

has lost his license, drinks his way through a case where he's asked to find the killer of a teenage girl as a favor to an old friend. Cannon the character shows more personality than the other detectives here and does a pretty good job of acting like a real detective.

I liked "Sweet Charlie" the Peter Chambers tale by Henry Kane ok, but I thought the crime was too elaborate to be realistic. I did enjoy reading about Kane working the case.

I've read "Squeeze Play" the Shell Scott story by Richard Prather before, but I enjoyed reading it again. Scott is his usual wise-cracking skirt chasing self and the story is amusing. Scott gets hit a bit too often for my liking, but a good introduction to Prather anyway. If you like this, you'll probably like the rest of his work.

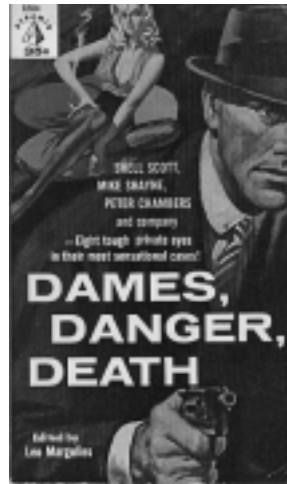
I've read a Michael Shayne novel and I wasn't impressed. "Death Goes To the Post" by "Brett Halliday," however is quite good. Perhaps I've been reading the wrong Brett Halliday. In this story, Shayne, on his own time, gets a hint of a good tip at the races. It's a nice set up where we see a detective use his skills to try to line his own pocket. When the jockey of the horse he bet on dies on the track, Shayne figures it for a murder, and more to the point, somebody owes him the money he would have won on the horse. I liked this story a lot. There was a good mystery, Shayne

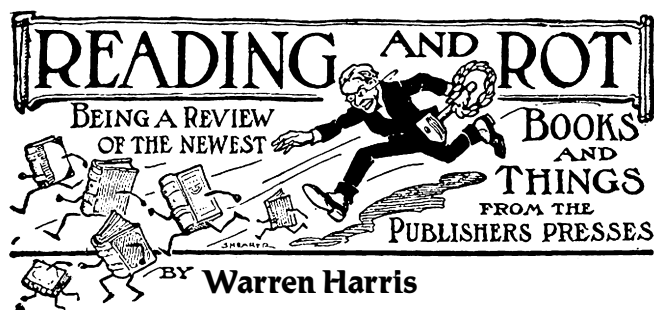
has a good reason for getting involved and stirring things up and there is a real mystery to unravel. I thought there should have been a little more explicit explanation of the solution, why the murderer needed a horse with higher odds against it to lose when he could be pretty sure it would win in favor of making less money by betting on a worse horse, but it all made sense with a little thought.

"A Lady of Talent" by Johnathan Craig was a good police procedural. A solid story, but the characters didn't really stand out for me.

Frank Kane's Johnny Liddel continues to disappoint me. "Sleep Without Dreams" isn't a bad story, it just isn't that good. I figured out the gag before the detective. The detective doesn't do any detecting. He even admits that the police are going to solve the case before long even without his help and he just sits back and lets them do it.

"Optical Illusion" by Richard Demming is a very good story about a professional gambler who decided to solve the crime when four of his rivals use him to set up a fake alibi to the murder of a deadbeat gambler. He does walk into a trap, but he also managed to get himself out of it. He also solves the case, not for justice, but just to





get even.

Richard Marsten writes "Classification: Dead" the second police procedural and it's a cold hard story about a woman who was killed after having an illegal abortion. Marsten gives a good look at the sordid world the homicide detectives have to dig into to get their man.

This 1960 collection is a rewarding read and I'll be looking for more stories from all but Frank Kane. The stories seem to be reprints from *Manhunt*, but one: the Halliday which is copyright Street and Smith, 1942 so it could be from a pulp.

I had a very entertaining evening reading this.

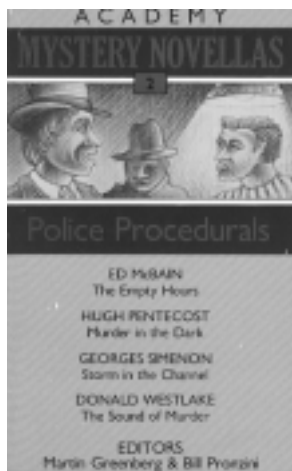
The penciled note inside the cover says I paid \$6.00, probably from Kayo Books. I've had this a while, a year or so, and I have no idea why I decided to pull it off the shelf. I guess I was just in a P.I. Fiction mood.

### Police Procedurals

Edited by Martin Greenberg & Bill Pronzini

This is number 2 in the Academy Mystery Novellas series. I've seen four in this series. Somewhere I picked up this and *Women Sleuths*, but I don't think I paid much for them.

From time to time I've seen sets of all four at library book sales and I've never thought these were worth 50 cents. I must have picked these two up to fill a bag of books at the end of a sale.



Now that I've read this one, I have to say that I was wrong to pass these by. The idea behind the series is a good one: to collect novellas that are too short to publish separately but too long to include in a short story collection.

The publishers seem to have had big plans to make this a regular series, with two books published "each season" in the series. So with good stories, experienced editors and a good idea, why did this fail after four volumes?

Bad book design. Each one of these books looks

like the most boring assigned reading in the worst class you took in college. Pastel colors with heavy text and tiny, dull, crude, black and white pencil artwork. And choosing PINK as the dominant color on the cover of the volume on police procedurals is just stupid. Nobody should ever use pink on the cover of a book jacket unless they are selling series romances. And probably not even then.

I skipped the first novella, Ed McBain's "The Empty Hours" since I had read that in the McBain collection of the same name.

Donald Westlake's "The Sound of Murder" was a wonderful story. It was a solid, well-crafted, suspenseful piece that built its mood slowly until its unexpected climax. Westlake kept me guessing until the end with some good misdirection, but all the clues were there. His detective is fully fleshed out and has a weakness, a bad heart and smoking habit, that both illuminates his character, gives him an incentive to solve the case, provides him with an understanding of how the murder was committed and places him in jeopardy. It took a skilled writer to make such a small detail do so much work in such a limited space.

"Storm in the Channel" by Georges Simenon is a Maigret story. I'm not a Simenon fan, but I didn't mind this one too much. It was a little too slow, too long, and too detached for my taste.

Maigret, newly retired, is trapped in a boarding house by a storm that cancels his trip across the channel. A murder occurs and Maigret gets to look over the shoulder of the local inspector. I didn't think much of his investigative technique or the style of the story.

Nothing here is going to make me a Simenon fan.

I've meant to read some Judson Phillips stories in the pulps, but I've never gotten around to it. I'd always had the impression that when he wrote as Hugh Pentecost, he was a bit too soft boiled and dull. But as Pentecost, he does a good pulpy job with "Murder in the Dark."

I don't know if this really counts as a police procedural. The story is first told from the point of view of the police detective investigating the murder of an elderly eccentric who has just bought \$121,000 in uncut diamonds sight unseen. The diamonds are missing and there are a good number of suspects. However, the point of view switches to the victim's young friend, who was as good a suspect as any of the other characters, to finish out the story.

The story moved right along with a couple more deaths, a kidnapping, several red herrings and lots of crooks after the missing diamonds.

After reading this, I intend to give Judson Phillips another try under either name.

So the tally for this one is: one I skipped, a really excellent and well written one, a dull one and a fun one. Not bad for a few pennies.

# Pulpcon Report:

It's been a few years since I was able to make the trip to Pulpcon. This year, thanks to Ray Skirsky, who arranged for plane tickets, and to him and John DeWalt, who let me crash on the floor of their hotel room, I was able to make it back this year.

I was really looking forward to seeing my old friends and meet some new ones. This is the first year that I've been to Pulpcon since I started doing Back Numbers and the first since I joined the Pulp Era Amateur Press Society and the Pulpmags mailing list. I looked forward to meeting in person the PEAPS members I'd come to know from their mailings and the Pulpmags members I knew only from their posts.

I intended to do a really great con report. I bought six rolls of film and two notebooks so that I could record everything and interview a lot of people. I ended up using two pages in one notebook and shot less than two full rolls of film. I was just too busy most of the time to bother with working on a con report. I think I did pretty good at getting lots of photos of current, former and future PEAPS members and other notables, but my photos of Rusty Hevlin, Jim Steranko and Cat Jaster all were either blurry or had weird color shifts. I was too busy at the auction to take photos at the auction. I think the only other PEAPS member that I missed getting a photo of, aside from Rusty, was Howard. Every time I went to take his photo he had on that wig. I was trying to get a nice photo of him, but I suppose it would have been a more descriptive photo with the wig. Wait, why don't I have a photo of Scott Cranford, or Will Murray, or Brian Earl Brown or former members Curt Phillips and Dave Garreki. Wow, did I do a lousy job of taking photos.

I flew into Dayton Tuesday morning, and as planned, met Ray Skirsky in the baggage claim area. We'd timed our flights to arrive about the same time so we could meet up. Ray rented a car for the week, so we had good mobility, which we used to our advantage in book hunting.

Ray, being the seasoned world traveler, had managed a full night's sleep on the plane and was ready to go. I, on



*Ray Skirsky, PEAPS waitlister, getting first dibs on the pulps at Bookery Fantasy on Wednesday before the con.*

the other hand, needed a nap after spending all night on a plane or in airports. So after checking in, I checked out and Ray went down to Bonnett's for some early recon. I think he made the first pulp purchase, one of the pulps left over from last year, but I can't recall what it was. By the time he came back to the room I was at least a little awake and we walked back down to Bonnett's so that I could peruse the stock.

I didn't find anything I had to have. I'm sure there were paperbacks and other things in that store that I needed to have, I just couldn't locate them in the general disorder.

They were sorting the pulps they were going to put out this year so we snuck a preview as they were pricing them and the pulps looked really good. They chased us off as they were determined not to sell a pulp before its time. I can't really understand this attitude. They are in the business of selling pulps. I'm in the business of buying pulps. Let's deal. Don't try to tease me like you're a hoochie-coochie girl. (Unless you are a hoochie-coochie girl, in that case, tease away) I suppose they are counting on the feeding frenzy aspect to drive sales, but I don't care to shop for books like I'm at a white sale at Macy's.

But I guess it works for Bonnett's, when I went in after the frenzy, it was picked clean.

Because of a late start they decided that they wouldn't be putting out the stock until Friday at noon. I didn't bother, but Ray was first in line when they opened. Ray didn't find much of interest but he said he learned the technique for buying at Bonnett's. He watched the



*Don Hutchison, editor of *It's Raining Corpses in Chinatown*, *Scarlet Riders* and other pulp related books, talks to a pulp fan as Ray Skirsky looks over the former PEAPS member's table.*

experienced buyers grab an entire box, then wander off to loot it at their leisure and then “return” the dregs. I’ve always found this sort of behavior reprehensible at book sales. I’ve seen dealers come in and scoop up books, dump them in covered piles along the wall and then sort through them at their leisure and then return the unwanted books at the end of the show. I think that if you’re going to pick a book up and cart it off, you should



*Karen Cunningham, granddaughter of pulp author Frederick C. Davis, talks with PEAPS member Rick Hall after the auction.*

be intending to buy it. If not, you should leave it where I and the other folk can see it and buy it.

After checking over the stock Bonnett’s was willing to sell us on Tuesday, we walked down to the Dublin Pub and had a very tasty and filling meal. This became my favorite place to eat during the convention, although I think I missed more meals that I ate.

The next morning, as early as Ray could get me to stir out of bed, we started the serious book hunting. We drove down to Bookery Fantasy and got first crack at all of the great pulps Tim Cottrill had there.

The prices weren’t bad, particularly when they gave a substantial discount to Pulpcon attendees. There were many good pulps in good condition. Bookery was very strong in pre-1920 titles with significant runs of All-Story, Argosy, People’s Favorite, Scrapbook, Cavalier and Munsey’s.

Many were in nice shape and those that weren’t were priced as “reader’s bargains”. I bought a handful of Argosy issues and got away with paying less than \$30. Ray needed a box to cart away his finds.

While we were there, another Pulpcon member showed up and started loading up a long box with Western pulps, but I think Ray and I were the first to pillage the stock.

All weekend long I heard many people say they had found great stuff at Bookery, so the trip was really worth it. It seemed as if they had a bottomless stock of great pulps at fair prices. I bought a number of bedsheet Argosy issues. I saw more bedsheet sized issues this year at both Bookery and the dealer’s room than ever before. I filled in as many issues as I could afford as who knows the next time so many will surface at once. Ray filled in a few of the last Argosy issues from the 30s that he needs. By the end of the show, if his want list was correct, he managed to finish a run from mid 1929 to 1940. I’m a long way from matching that feat. With more than 550 issues in a row, I guess he doesn’t have to think twice about starting to read a serial like I do.

After we left Bookery, we went to the bookstore next door. It was an OK store, but I didn’t find anything I wanted bad enough to ship home. If this store was in Santa Rosa, I probably would have bought a stack of books, but I was trying to save my money for books that I can’t get at the local bookstores. Ray, as usual, found a



*PEAPS member Steve Young and his wife look on as PEAPS member John DeWalt, author of *Keys to Other Doors*, gets excited about the start of the auction.*

stack of stuff. His buying led mine by at least a five or ten to one ratio.

After lunch, our next stop was Bookhaven in Springfield. This is a great bookstore and we both found lots of stuff. I picked up the fourth book in the Kioga series by William Chester here and this must be where I found four volumes in the Lone Wolf series by Joseph Louis Vance. I think I also found a Maurice LeBlanc book, but not in the Lupin series, and an old mystery anthology with some pulp reprints, including a Chidsey from Blue Book. Ray found lots of stuff but the bulk was TV and movie tie-ins including a stack of Space 1999 and Partridge Family books. He also found some history books.

We then ended the day at Darkstar in Yellow Springs. This too was worth the stop. While they didn't have any pulps, we both found books. I don't recall everything I

bought, but I did get "Astounding Days" here at a reasonable price. One thing I didn't like was that they put several reference works on the shelf that I really wanted to buy, but when I got excited and looked for a price, they were marked "store copy, not for sale." We looked around at a couple of other bookstores there, but they were all foo-foo stores selling stationary or new-age self help books.

So with that it was time to head back to Dayton. Ray wanted to try a Thai place that was around the corner from Bonnett's. On the way, we met Rich Harvey, Rick Hall and a pulp fan from New Jersey who

was attending for his first time. I was glad to meet Mark Isoa, who has an interesting collector's interest. He collects just the Blackbeard reprints.

Ray and I talked them into trying the Thai place and so we all had a great conversation over food that only Ray could identify or pronounce. I don't know what it was that I had, but it was tasty and filling. Ray said it was a little bland compared with the real thing, but the rest of us thought it was plenty spicy and flavorful.

After dinner Ray and I went back to the hotel where we found John DeWalt, the third member of our party, and his rubber snake, waiting in the room. He couldn't believe the pile of stuff we had already found. He soon added to the piles of paper in the room when Robert Flowers stopped by with a big box of excerpts for him.

It was great to catch up with everyone, after having to miss the last several pulp gatherings. We talked pretty late into the night.

One major topic of conversation was the announcement that the dealer's room wouldn't open until 2 p.m. the following day. There were also rumors of dire portent about the meeting Thursday morning. Many people thought that there would be some serious discussion about some long standing issues and recent airing of same in various forums. I think a lot of people were unhappy at the late opening of the dealer's room. We never did get an explanation as to why the room was opening so late this year.

The con suit was open for early registration. This year the registration was far better than in years past. I only had to wait a few minutes and the process was painless. I can't think of a Pulpcon where my registration went so easily and sensibly. I was not pre-registered but I was able to fill out two cards with my information,



*PEAPS member Doug Ellis looks over Glynn Crane's copy of Ellis's *Uncovered: The Hidden Art of the Girly Pulps* before signing it. Ellis edits *Pulp Vault* and is one of the people behind the *Windy City Pulp* and *Paperback Show*.*





*Gene Christie looks on as former PEAPS member Tom Roberts, now publisher of Black Dog Books, gives some of his books to PEAPS member and High Adventure magazine publisher John Gunnison, who distributes BDB chapbooks through his Adventure House website.*

pay my fee and get a badge. Badges for pre-registered attendees were pre-printed and everything seemed to run smoothly. While I didn't hang out at the registration table, I never saw a line to register. The registration people did a great job this year and I am very impressed at the improvements they've made. I had a lot more trouble registering at Worldcon last year and I had pre-paid for my badge.

Registration was also able to quickly issue John DeWalt a duplicate badge one day when I took his badge by mistake.

The only suggestion I might make is to have some pre-printed cards made up so that the registration

folk don't have to repeat what information they needed to each person. A little handout with the spiel the registrar had to tell each person would have saved her voice. I'd be happy to type-set something for next year, if the committee wants me to.

There was no Pulpster distributed this year. I understand that Tony Davis did the work and had the issue ready to print on time, but the printer chosen by the committee to do the actual printing did not get the issue done on time. Attendees are supposed to be getting the issue in the mail. Quite a few people were unhappy that the Pulpster wasn't ready.

Thursday morning John DeWalt and I went out to breakfast with PEAPS member Steve

Young and his wife, whose name I neglected to remember. (You will quickly discover that I'm terrible with names.)

We had a great conversation and I was very happy to meet a member of PEAPS in person who I had only known through his mailings. John broached one of his favorite subjects, that of just what it is that separates us readers from the non-readers.

I looked forward to talking with Steve again, but we were both so busy that we didn't get another chance. There were so many interesting people to talk to and so much going on that it was impossible to spend as much



*The dealer's room seen from the back corner. PEAPS member Mark Hickman, son of PEAPS founder Lynn Hickman, wonders just what I'm up to.*



*This is the Room 325 loot BEFORE the convention opened. By the end of the convention, we barely had any room for the three of us. The alert will spot John DeWalt's rubber snake amidst the loot.*

time as I wanted with any one person.

We were so interested in our conversation that we were a few minutes late getting back to the meeting.

It turns out that the important meeting was a whole lot of nothing. I haven't been to Pulpcon for the last two years, but this is my fifth overall and I've heard this same speech four times before. Rusty is stepping aside, other hands are going to be the hand on the crank that turns the wheel of Pulpcon. Somebody asks if this means that Rusty will actually be at his table this year selling pulps and gets a chuckle from the membership.

Again the discussion of allowing dealers to set up early came up. Joe Ranoine mentioned that the rush to get in taking place while dealers were setting up was a safety hazard. We actually got some surprise movement on this issue when Rusty asked how many people would object to having the dealers come in at 1:45 to set up. Not a single objection was noted and so it was done. Or at least that was the plan, I wasn't right there to see if it worked out, but I didn't hear any complaints from either side.

Bob Gordon, the chairman this year, was ill for several weeks before Pulpcon, and also had some teaching commitments that kept him from the meeting, but I saw him wandering the

huckster room doing con chairman stuff later on. The place didn't catch on fire over the weekend, so as far as I'm concerned, Bob did a good job.

Several times during the convention there were panels titled : "What Pulpcon Means To Me" which seemed to me to be a response to the recent critical comments. Instead of tackling the issues and at least airing the arguments, there seemed to be a circling of the wagons. Instead of asking "what do you the members want to see and how should we evolve into a better con?" we get "tell us how great we are so we don't have to listen to the malcontents."

I don't understand this attitude. For many years registration was... less than enjoy-

able. It was a complaint of many attendees. The committee seemed to think that stating that registration was not going smoothly was an attack on the people doing the registration and the answer was to loudly proclaim how much work registration is and how wonderful the registration people are. Yes, the registration folk are wonderful for doing a thankless task and, yes, it's a lot of work. But it always seemed to me that a few simple changes to the procedure would reduce much of the work.

This year I saw the changes that I thought were needed. Registration worked. I didn't hear one com-



*Recently lost (hopefully temporarily) PEAPS member Larry Estep, who had a new book from his Blue Mushroom Press at the show, and Johada Flora talk with PEAPS member Randy Vanderbeek. Larry has posted more than 250 pulp stories at the [pulpgen.com](http://pulpgen.com) site.*





*John DeWalt hides out at Alice Bently's table after hiding his rubber snake at Rich Harvey's table.*

plaint. The registration folk listened to the complaints and fixed the system. I suspect that fixing the system made life easier for everyone on both sides of the registration desk.

Why can't we have a more open discussion of what direction Pulpcon needs to take in the future rather than a love fest of what Pulpcon has done in the past?

It's clear that Pulpcon is not the center of the pulp-collecting universe as it once was. Other shows, the internet, the pulp reprinting boom and the passage of time have forever changed the pulp collecting hobby. While the dealer's room is still great, it isn't what it was just a few years ago. Now collectors can amass a great collection through Ebay, ABE, and internet dealers. I think a lot of great high-grade stuff is just not showing up at Pulpcon. Perhaps I was spoiled by the great estate auctions at the first few Pulpcons I attended. But I just don't see the ooh and aah factor as much now as I once did. If Pulpcon doesn't change to meet the times, it will become irrelevant to much of the collecting hobby.

One comment I heard more than once was that many attendees enjoyed the social aspects of Pulpcon more than the dealers' room, but it was the dealers' room that everyone came for. I certainly spent my fair share of time in the dealer's room, and I brought home my share of finds, but this con will be remembered for the people I met and the conversations we had more than for the pulps I bought.

It's simple economics for me, with the money it takes to get to Pulpcon and register and stay at a hotel, I could stay home and buy more pulps on the internet than I can afford to buy at Pulpcon after the expenses

So, I agree with Rusty that Pulpcon is the people and

letter for next year, I'll declare a truce over the late Thursday opening and the erratic hours the con suite was open.

Getting back to the filthy hucksters, the dealer's room opened and the rush was on. The room seemed pretty crowded on Thursday and there were lots of pulps to look at. If you haven't been to a Pulpcon, it's hard to describe what it's like to see a huge dealer's room filled with tables piled high with pulps.

I got smart this year and made a beeline for Harry Noble's table. Harry is a nice guy and somehow he finds the best books and then sells them for next to nothing. I came away from his table with a stack of books and I still had money left over for other dealers. Some of the books may have been reader's copies and not collector's copies, but, well, I'm a reader. Harry filled in more items on my want list than anyone else.

A number of

that it is wonderful, but I just don't think we need to have a big ole love-in to prove it. If we had a Pulpcon without an auction, a dealer's room or guests of honor, who would show up? Just how many of those running around talking about how Pulpcon is the people and not the pulps would attend if there were people and not pulps. The hucksters may be filthy, but their presence should be overlooked and their needs should be taken into account.

I have to say, even though I've been labeled as one of the malcontents, this year things seemed to be running much smoother than in previous years. If I get my copy of the Pulpster and I get the news-



*Auction Guru Jack Culler and PEAPS member Mike Chomko, publisher of Purple Prose, carry in items for the auction.*

## Back Numbers

dealers had boxes of Argosy issues. I didn't find several key issues that I wanted, but I filled in some other spots in my collection at very reasonable prices. I paid between two and five dollars an issue for a pretty good sized stack of reading copies. I was on a tight budget this year, so I didn't spend the money needed to get some of the higher-priced issues, but I did fill in a few holes.

I was hoping to find a Black Mask in my price range, and I was willing to come home with a smaller stack of Argosy issues to make it happen, but I didn't see many there. Those that were, were later issues. I was looking for the February and March 1933 issues. I know that there is no chance of finding one of those two issues in my price range, but hope springs eternal.

Somehow I missed the evening's programming, including guest of honor Joe Hensley being interviewed by guest of honor Jim Steranko. I was disappointed that I'd missed this as I kept hearing stories that Hensley is a real wild guy. I bought a Hensley book, but I never got around to asking him to sign it.

There's a gap in my memory as to what I was doing that kept me from the speech. There are gaps here and there in this report and the cause is that I was either socializing or napping to recover from a late night of socializing.

Ah, yes, this must be the night that I hung out with Kevin Cook and some other folks in the room. Kevin is yet another members of PEAPS who I had known only from his writing. Kevin was another interesting guy to talk to that I always seemed to only see in passing for most of the week-

end.

I did show up for the auction Thursday night. I put in an impulse bid on a stack of three Short Stories and won the lot for \$20. I found that two of the three issues have two parts of a four-part Frank L. Packard serial, "Jaws of the Dragon." I spent the rest of the show trying to complete the serial and managed to find a third part. I just need the February 10, 1937 issue to complete it.

Thursday night after the auction was spent in the room talking into the night with Ray, John and several other people. It's hard for me to sort out who all was there which night, but at various times Bob Flowers, Ivan Snell, Rich Hall, Kevin Cook and Rich Harvey joined us around the campfire.

Friday morning was spent in the dealer's room. I think I went out to lunch with DeWalt, Brian Earl Brown and Howard DeVore. I remember this as a lunch, but DeWalt recalls it being dinner the night before. It was an interesting conversation, but mostly we young'n's just shut up and let Howard regale us with stories. For those of you who don't know Howard, he's a storehouse of information on science fiction, fandom and fans. He's also quite the character. The last few conventions I'd either been, at first, ignorant of Howard's importance in fandom or, later, too awed at his legend to talk to him. This year I finally had the opportunity to listen to him and it was time well spent.

Friday evening Ray and I headed out to a library book sale. I think Ray and I were some of the more inventive book and pulp hunters this weekend. The book sale was only a few miles from the convention center. We arrived and found that they were assigning numbers to people for entry. After a pretty long wait, we got in and started looking for books. I didn't find



*Tom Roberts (standing) shows his great taste in pulp zines. Randy Vanderbeek is sitting to the left and Ray Skirsky can be seen in the background spending more money at Don Hutchison's table. The crowd in the background at left is gathered around Guest of Honor Jim Steranko.*



*A very poor photo that doesn't do the original justice, this is the Steranko cover for the new Domino Lady collection from Bold Ventures Press.*

much, a single paperback, but Ray, as usual, found a bag-full. All books were only 50 cents each.

We arrived back at the convention center just at the start of the Guest of Honor speech by Jim Steranko. Steranko is a class act and a great guest. He's very accessible and could often be found in the dealer's room or the programming room surrounded by fans asking questions.

He talked about his art and told stories from his career. Rusty Hevlin conducted the interview, but Steranko didn't need to be prodded, he was always ready with an interesting story. Then Steranko and Rich Harvey talked about the new Domino Lady project that is coming out in the fall from Harvey's Bold Venture Press imprint. It was great to hear a publisher, Harvey, and the cover artist, Steranko, talk about how the process of putting the book together went. According to Harvey, Steranko really supported the project, becoming the book's designer as well as its cover artist. Steranko was very generous with his support. Steranko unveiled the cover art to be used on the new book and it was on display at Harvey's booth for much of the convention.

The cover painting has an Art Deco/Egyptian theme and looks great. Steranko also did interior illustrations for story headings that are stunning. Later in the show, I heard Steranko say that he didn't have a "Steranko Style" but these double page illustrations screamed "Steranko" to me. There were many comments at the show about how gorgeous these black and white interiors are.

Steranko also brought a number of pulp-related paintings that were put on display. Among the covers were the original cover paintings for four of the Pyramid Shadow novels, a Berkeley G-8, and two cover paintings, one of Doc Savage and one of Sherlock Holmes, that were done for the Argosy Magazine revival.

After Steranko was finished, the Friday night catalog auction began. I helped out as an auction runner. I've done this before and



*PEAPS newest member, Rich Harvey at his table with the cover for the Domino Lady talking to Don Davidson. Apparently he hasn't encountered the rubber snake just yet. Rich also publishes reprints of the Spider through his Bold Ventures imprint.*

I always enjoy it. The auction crew was a little short handed this year as Al Tonik didn't make it because of family commitments. Many people were disappointed that Al didn't make it as he is probably the best-liked pulp fan in the world. I had been looking forward to seeing him again myself. Having a good conversation with him was probably the thing I was most looking forward to at the show.

I don't recall anything significant at the Friday auction, but I was kept pretty busy trying not to drop anything.

The auction also made a change for the better this year. At registration all attendees were given a number for bidding at auction. This allowed the bookkeeping to be done on a computer and really speeded up the post-auction redistribution of wealth. In some ways it was a little odd as many of the bidders were well known to



*PEAPS member Rick Hall talks with PEAPS members Rich Harvey and John DeWalt at Harvey's table.*



*Rick Hall talks with PEAPS member Kevin Cook at Tom Robert's table. Michele Dolan in background talks to Randy Vanderbeek. Way in the back you can see First Fandom member Ray Beam just behind Dolan.*

everyone and it was hard to remember that we needed a number and not their name, but it seemed to make things easier and the auctions this year ran really quickly. Perhaps there were fewer items put into the auctions, but I think the organizational work was also responsible for making things finish well before we had to be out of the convention center.

One person in the Saturday auction, I believe it was Joe Ranoine, put in a number of items with minimum bids. To my recollection none of the minimum bid items sold. I think some of the items would have reached the minimums if the bidding had started low and been run up, but the membership seemed to reject the idea of minimum bids.

While at the convention I managed to come down with a nasty cold and so I went to bed early Friday night in the hopes that I could get enough rest to shake it off. I thought that Saturday night would be the main night for socializing. Unfortunately this meant I ended up missing out on the social whirl of Friday night. PEAPS member Duane Spurlock came in late Friday and was gone by Saturday afternoon, so I didn't have a chance to do more than say hi to him. I think I missed out on a lot of great conversations, but the cold was really wiping me out.

Saturday morning there was a PEAPS breakfast. Unfortunately getting PEAPsters together isn't easy. I think only four or five people showed up to eat. I

thought I had told John DeWalt, but he said he didn't know about it. DeWalt was in no shape to attend. He's not a morning person anyway, and he couldn't be getting much sleep sharing a room with me and Ray. I snore when I have a cold and Ray just snores. I slept too late to eat with the group, and in fact I would have missed it entirely if Ray, who seems to operate on only four hours of sleep at night with no ill effect, hadn't woken me up. After the breakfast, Ray and I went back out to Yellowsprings to a local book fair. People brought books and set up tables in a park. I found five

books, while Ray, once again found a whole bag full.

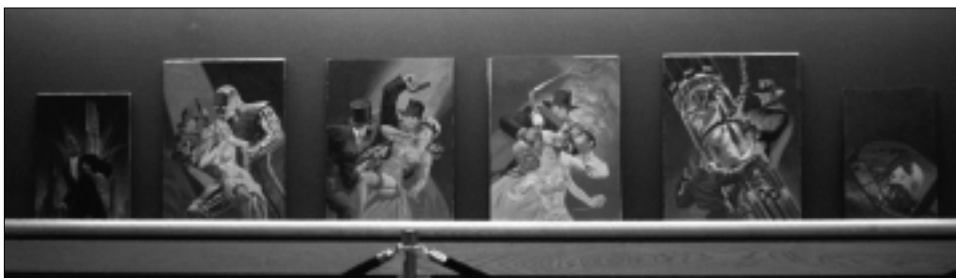
We drove back to the convention and I spent the afternoon doing some serious book and pulp buying.

Doug Ellis premiered his new book on the hot pulps, *Uncovered*, at the show and could often be found signing copies. Tom Roberts also had several new chapbooks out from Black Dog Books. Larry Estep's Blue Mushroom imprint had *Guns in the Shadows*, a collection of gangster pulp stories, out in a trade paperback.

Tom also had several cover paintings he has done for various pulp reprint projects. When I reviewed the Jo Garr collection two issues ago, I praised the cover that Tom had done. What I didn't know then was that the original was far better. The book had poor reproduction leading to many of the details being lost. The original cover is much brighter and the overall design draws the eye to the central figure of Jo Garr. The details in the original are really eye catching and it's a shame that such a great piece of work was so badly handled by the printer.

Copies of the two-book Peter the Brazen set showed up after the con had started. It's a nice set, but overpriced. I know I'll get some flack for this, but I stand by it. Battered Silicon Press is charging too much for these. I'd rather see an inexpensive version than a ritzy set that I and many other pulp collectors will never buy.

After the pulp room closed, I decided that between my cold and general lack of enough sleep I needed to get some rest if I wanted to make it through the auction. The cold, which seem to hit me out of nowhere Thursday was really draining my energy and I only managed to get through the



*Some of Sterako's originals on display.*

auctions on cold medicine and Tylenol. So I napped through the radio show, the Lamont presentation and the third “what Pulpcon means to me” panel to gather strength. I arrived in time to help out at the auction again as a runner.

I later heard, after I’d gotten home, that Jim Steranko had won the Lamont Award.

I really like the auctions. I have a great time and being a runner keeps me too busy working to bid on stuff that I really don’t need. I’m normally a pretty serious guy but I caught myself grinning like an idiot at having so much fun. But after the show, I was told that I looked really serious up there as if I wasn’t having much fun. I don’t know what to say to that, I guess I come off as serious even when

I’m having fun. I suppose I do take the responsibility to heart. I want to make sure that I’m in the right place to “catch” the auction item from Mike Chomko so he can get the next item ready. I want to keep an eye on potential bidders and alert the auctioneer if he doesn’t see them. I want to make sure I don’t damage the merchandise. I want to make sure that the bidders get a good look at what they are buying. I think I did OK, but I was a bit late a couple of times and I dropped a paperback, fortunately without damaging it. But just because I take the job seriously, that doesn’t mean I’m not having fun.

After the auction I stopped in at the con suite and talked to a few people. There were people that I wanted to talk to, but I’m not good at just walking up to people who don’t know me and starting a conversation. I remember I talked a few minutes with Mark Trost, but I neglected to mention how much I enjoy Blood ‘N’ Thunder or ask what sort of articles he might be looking for. After listening in on a few conversations, I returned to the room I was sharing with Ray and John and joined in on the conversation there. I think Ivan and Kevin were there that night but I’m sure I’m forgetting a few people who wandered in and out. We had so much going on in our room that we should have declared a room party. The con suite seemed to close early, but perhaps that’s just by the standards of the night owls that we all are.

Oh, John left his giant Pez dispenser at the Con Suite and didn’t get it back before it closed. If anyone has seen it and knows of its current whereabouts, let DeWalt know or drop me an email and I’ll pass the information



*Doug Ellis talks with Tom Roberts.*

along.

Cat Jaster was kind enough to put out a book I had for sale on her table Sunday and it actually sold. I was happy as it was bus fare home from the airport. By the end of the con, I was that broke.

I was all set for a great day of bargain hunting on Sunday, but everyone seemed to pack up and leave long before I was ready for the convention to end. We made a big deal about getting back to four full days. I’m disappointed to see us wasting that last day. There were boxes I wanted to go through, conversations I wanted to have, but everyone left before I was ready for the convention to end.

I guess I can understand, I was pretty tired too. John and I were going to take a nap we were so tired, but then we realized that John hadn’t been to Bookery and we had just enough time to get there before they closed. We met up with Rich Harvey and Rick Hall who were also there and we closed the place. John and I went back to the Hotel and John, Ray and I all fell asleep for several hours. Pulpcon is non-stop fun, but it’s exhausting.

John woke up and decided it was time to drive home, so I packed up the stuff I was sending with him to ship to me. While loading the car, I found Rich’s box of stuff that John had brought and was taking home unopened. I couldn’t let one last buying opportunity slide past so: Hey Rich! I owe you \$6 for stuff out of your sale box! I picked up a Francis Stevens novel and a Nolan book by Max Collins. John just shook his head.

Ray and I had a leisurely Monday. Ray shipped his books home by UPS and we easily made it to the airport on time. We were on the same flight out of Dayton for



*PEAPS member Duane Spurlock at Harry Noble's table just before Duane left.*

Dallas, and that flight went well.

It was after Ray and I parted company that the trip home became a nightmare for me.

There was a bit of weather trouble up around Chicago, which threw off flights across the country. That wouldn't have been a real problem, just a delay of a couple hours, if it hadn't been for the incompetence of American Airlines.

They had us playing musical gates at the Dallas airport, first they sent us to one gate and then to another. They kept telling us that our flight would arrive soon, but kept pushing back our departure time. Two hours late, we boarded our flight and thought we were finally done with the nonsense.

When we got into San Francisco, I had just enough time to grab my gear and make it to the last BART train to make my bus connection. But they refused to give us our luggage. We sat there as they repeatedly lied to us that our luggage was coming. For two hours we stood there in the baggage claim area as the assigned luggage carousel started up, dumped out other people's luggage and then shut down again. Then American would tell us more lies, promising that our luggage was coming, the carousel would start up, luggage would come out and it still wasn't ours. We waited until I had missed the BART connection and then until I'd missed the Sonoma County airporter bus.

The airline employees were rude and unhelpful. They didn't seem to care that they were holding our luggage hostage and continued to lie to us. They couldn't seem to call any baggage handlers to get us our luggage or any supervisors to resolve the issue, but they could summon airport police to protect themselves against angry travelers.

Finally two hours after landing, we were given our luggage. That was when I made my biggest mistake.

Instead of insisting that American Airlines put me up overnight or else sleep in front of their check-in counter with a sign that read "American Airlines Screwed Me" I left the airport in an attempt to catch the last bus to Santa Rosa. After a \$40 taxi ride to downtown San Francisco I found that I had missed it by ten minutes.

So there I was, stranded in the middle of the night in San Francisco with my luggage. I found an all-night donut shop and drank coffee all night long to keep awake so that I could keep the junkies and whores from stealing my bags.

Now I've seen skanky hos before. But these really achieved a new low. One of them walked around with her sweat pants around mid thigh so as to display her bright red panties. Even when one young stud started harassing her so badly that she called her pimp to come and rescue her, she didn't bother to pull up her pants and cover the goods. We had the stereotypical crazy guy wandering around talking to himself, bums sleeping off their last bottle and one guy who appeared to be drawing a comic book. You know you've hit bottom when they'll even let in those nutty comic book guys.

So about 5:30 a.m. the first bus northward arrived. I paid the fare and took it as far as a bus pad on the side of Highway 101 near San Rafael. I had been drinking coffee all night long to stay awake and then I found out the restroom at the donut shop was out of order. So I disembarked to find a Denny's for a pit stop and some breakfast. I then missed the next bus back north and ended up standing out on the side of the highway as the wind blew the rain straight into the shelter until I finally got a bus that went as far as San Rafael where I could transfer to a bus to Santa Rosa. As I was waiting on the bus pad, I saw the first Airporter to Santa Rosa come flying past on Highway 101. I could have spent the night at the airport and gotten home cheaper, sooner and dryer.

So I finally stumbled home about 10 a.m. Tuesday. Luckily there was a scheduling error and I was put down for vacation until Thursday so I spent most of Tuesday and Wednesday in bed sleeping and trying to recover from my cold.

Now all I need is to get those boxes of books and pulps that John is mailing to me and I'll be able to call this Pulpcon done.

And next time: No Camera, No Notebooks, and NO AIRPLANES!

# Pulpcon Treasures:

Title	Author	Source	Price
<b>Books Bought:</b>			
The Operator	Donald Westlake	Dealer's room at Pulpcon	\$3.00
Kidnapped by Cannibals	Dr. Gordon Stables	Bookhaven in Ohio	\$3
Forty Years – Forty Millions	George Britt	Ray Skirsky	\$6
Rustler's Valley	Clarence E. Mulford	Harry Noble's table	\$2
Me and Shorty	Clarence E. Mulford	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Yellow Document	Marcel Allain	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Woman of Mystery	Maurice Leblanc	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Memoirs of Arsene Lupin	Maurice Leblanc	Harry Noble's table	\$2
Red Masquerade	Louis Joseph Vance	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Lone Wolf's Last Prowl	Louis Joseph Vance	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Lone Wolf	Louis Joseph Vance	Harry Noble's table	\$2
The Brass Bowl	Louis Joseph Vance	Yellowsprings booksale?	3 for \$5?
Dave Dawson at Singapore w/DJ	R. Sidney Bowen	Yellowsprings booksale	\$5
Thirty Corpses Every Thursday	Fredric Brown	Dealer's Room	price unknown
Homicide Sanitarium	Fredric Brown	Dealer's Room	price unknown
The Dark Barbarian	Ed. by Don Herron	New from Mike Chomko	\$19.95
Astounding Days	Arthur C. Clarke	Darkstar in Yellowsprings	\$5
Murder for the Millions	ed. by Frederick Fell	Bookhaven	\$8
Sea Cursed	Ed by McDonald, et al.	Dealer's Room	price unknown
Science Fiction of the 40's	Ed. by Pohl, et. al.	?	\$6
Bait Money: Nolan #1	Max (Allan) Collins	out of Rich Harvey's box that John DeWalt brought to Pulpcon	\$1.00
Claimed	Francis Stevens	out of Harvey's Box	\$5.00
The Split	Richard Stark	Table at Pulpcon	\$5.00
Flight From the Grave (G-8)	Robert J. Hogan	Pulpcon Auction	price unknown
Fangs of the Sky Leopard (G-8)	Robert J. Hogan	Pulpcon Auction	price unknown
The Mark of the Vulture (G-8)	Robert J. Hogan	Pulpcon Auction	price unknown
Scourge of the Steel Mask (G-8)	Robert J. Hogan	Pulpcon Auction	price unknown
Gray Fist (Shadow)	Maxwell Grant	Dealer's Room	\$5
The Clan of the Cats	Robet Adams	Ohio library booksale	\$0.50
When the Sacred Ginmill Closes	Lawrence Block	From Ray Skirsky	
Eight Million Ways to Die	Lawrence Block	From Ray Skirsky	
An Eye for An Eye	Leigh Brackett	Dealer's Room	price unknown
The Deep End	Fredric Brown	Dealer's Room?	\$3?
The Fabulous Clipjoint	Fredric Brown	Dealer's Room?	\$3?
Kioga of the Unknown Land	William L. Chester	Bookhaven	\$1
Babel-17	Samuel R. Delany	John DeWalt?	price unknown
The Adventure of the Peerless Peer	Philip Jose Farmer	John DeWalt?	\$2?
Dark Universe	Daniel F. Galouye	John DeWalt	Gift
Shaggy Planet	Ron Goulart	John DeWalt?	price unknown
The Citadel of Fear	Francis Stevens	? (Signed To Harry, best wishes, Sam Moskowitz) (Harry Noble?)	\$1?
The Best of Stanley G. Weinbaum	Stanley G. Weinbaum	?	price unknown
Seekers of Tomorrow	Sam Moskowitz	?	price unknown
The Pulp Western	John A. Dinan	?	price unknown
The Green Lama	Richard Foster	Dealer's Room	\$5
The Emperor of Death	G. Wayman Jones	Dealer's Room	\$5?
Builders of the Black Empire	Grant Stockbridge	Dealer's Room	\$10?
Master of the Death Madness	Grant Stockbridge	Dealer's Room	\$10?
Gallows Heritage	Robert Leslie Bellem	Mike Chomko	\$9.00



## Back Numbers

The Stinging 'Nting	Hugh B. Cave	Mike Chomko	\$9.00
The Secret Six:The Red Shadow	Robert J. Hogan	John Gunnison	\$10?
Roscoes in the Night	Robert Leslie Bellem	Mike Chomko	\$17.95
The Return of Senorita Scorpion	Les Savage, Jr.	Howard Devore	price unknown
Belarski: Pulp Art Masters	John Gunnison	Mike Chomko	\$20
The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook	Ed. by Peter Haining	Yellowsprings Book Fair	3 books for \$5
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye	Horace McCoy	?	price unknown
The Other Human Race	H. Beam Piper	?	price unknown
Dead Man's Walk	Richard Prather	?	price unknown
The Meandering Corpse	Richard Prather	?	price unknown
Son of the Flying Tiger	Marshal MacCao	?	price unknown
The Lone Ranger and the			
Outlaw Stronghold	Fran Striker	?	price unknown
The Living Shadow (Pyramid)	Maxwell Grant	?	price unknown
The Glass Man	Kenneth Robeson	Dealer's Room	price unknown
The Nightwitch Devil	Kenneth Robeson	Dealer's Room	price unknown
Dr. Time	Kenneth Robeson	Dealer's Room	price unknown

## Magazines, Zines, other Publications:

G-8 #8 and #9(Adventure House)	Robert J. Hogan	Mike Chomko	cover price
High Adventure #69, 70, 71		Mike Chomko	cover price
Blood 'n'Thunder #4, #5		Mike Chomko	cover price
Purple Prose #17		Mike Chomko	cover price
Illustration #5		Mike Chomko	
Pulp Vault #5		?	price unknown
Windy City Pulp Stories		Cat Jaster	cover price
Pulpdome, 7 Issues,		Mike Chomko	cover price
Argosy(British)September 1963		?	price unknown
Avon Fantasy Reader #5 (missing covers) (has detached cover for #6)			price unknown
P.E.A.P.S. mailing 39 V.1			
Pulp Era, Feb 1970?			

## Pulps Bought:

<b>Adventure</b>	July 1933	Nov. 1941	March 1946	July 1948
<b>Argosy</b>	12 April 1919 3 May 1930 13 Sept 1930 20 June 1931 5 March 1932 5 June 1937 August 1943	16 Nov 1929 10 May 1930 11 Oct. 1930 25 July 1931 23 July 1932 12 Nov 1938	1 Feb 1930 21 June 1930 18 Oct 1930 5 Dec 1931 19 Nov 1932 13 May 1939	5 Apr 1930 26 July 1930 14 March 1931 16 Jan 1932 22 June 1935 June 1943
<b>Blue Book</b>	Nov 1938			
<b>Peoples</b>	10 Feb 1919			
<b>Short Stories</b>	25 Dec 1936	10 Jan 1937	25 Jan 1937	25 Feb 1937
<b>Ten-Story Book</b>		Oct. 1932 (coverless)		

Carter Beats The Devil      Glen David Gold      on loan from John DeWalt

John tells me that I still have a tabloid sized Burroughs item, Argosy for May 17, 1930, The Shadow: Crime Oracle & Teeth of the Dragon and some odds and ends at his place.



# Our Featured Issue:

Ok, Ok, this is a cop out. I was supposed to have the January 10, 1938 issue of *Short Stories* as my featured issue.

These pulp reviews are supposed to get me to actually read some of the pulps in my collection. As I said last issue, I seem to be a pulp collector who doesn't like reading pulps. When I started doing these, I figured that I'd at least read four pulps a year.

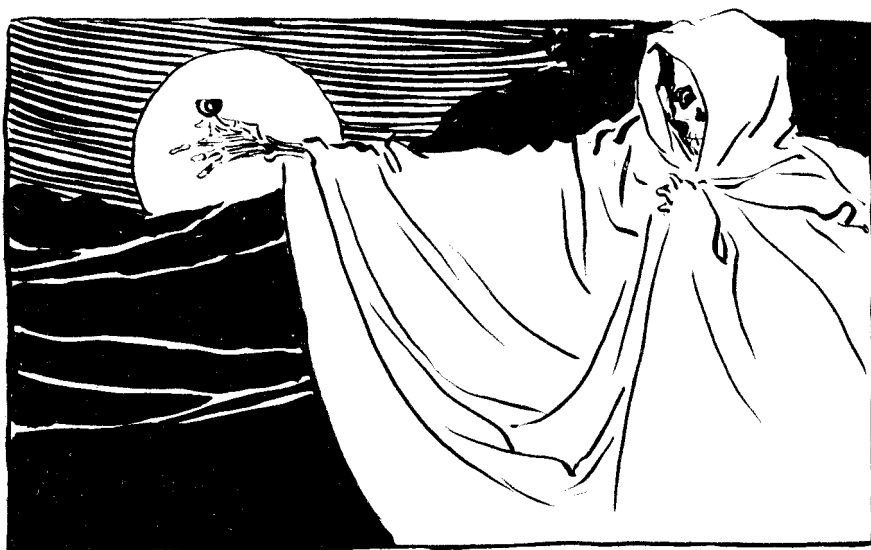
But every time I do my pages, the featured issue is the last part I finish, and a couple of times now I've given up and sent out my pages without a featured issue. This issue was no different. I now have every other page ready to go, but the only thing I've done is scan the images and read one story, a short one, out of the pulp that I was supposed to do.

Instead of being an excuse to enjoy reading a pulp, this has become a required reading assignment. One I continually find ways to put off until it's too late. Books and zines I intend to review are getting to be the same way. I've been trying to read several pulp-related books so I can review them, but by making it an assignment with a deadline, I'm taking all of the pleasure out of reading.

So I'm giving up. I read this issue, for February of 1904, of *10-Story Book* because it was loaned to me for my indexing project. I read the stories, not because I had to, but because I wanted to see what kind of fiction *10-Story Book* was printing back in 1904. I scanned the images for the index, so I had them ready to go when I needed an issue at the last minute to replace the issue of *Short Stories*.

This isn't, I suppose, a pulp at this point. The paper is slightly better than pulp stock and it is saddle stapled. But later issues of this title are printed on pulp paper, although all issues I've seen are saddle stapled. I don't think that the binding prevents it from being a pulp, if other people are willing to accept *Flash Gordon Strange Adventures* as one. It is certainly an all-fiction magazine.

In format, it's 64 pages on slick paper, plus a card-stock cover. The cover isn't glossy, but is smooth. There are 8 pages of ads, including inside back cover and back cover. The cover is a two tone, black and red. This is the sort of cover that *10-Story Book* would use for most of

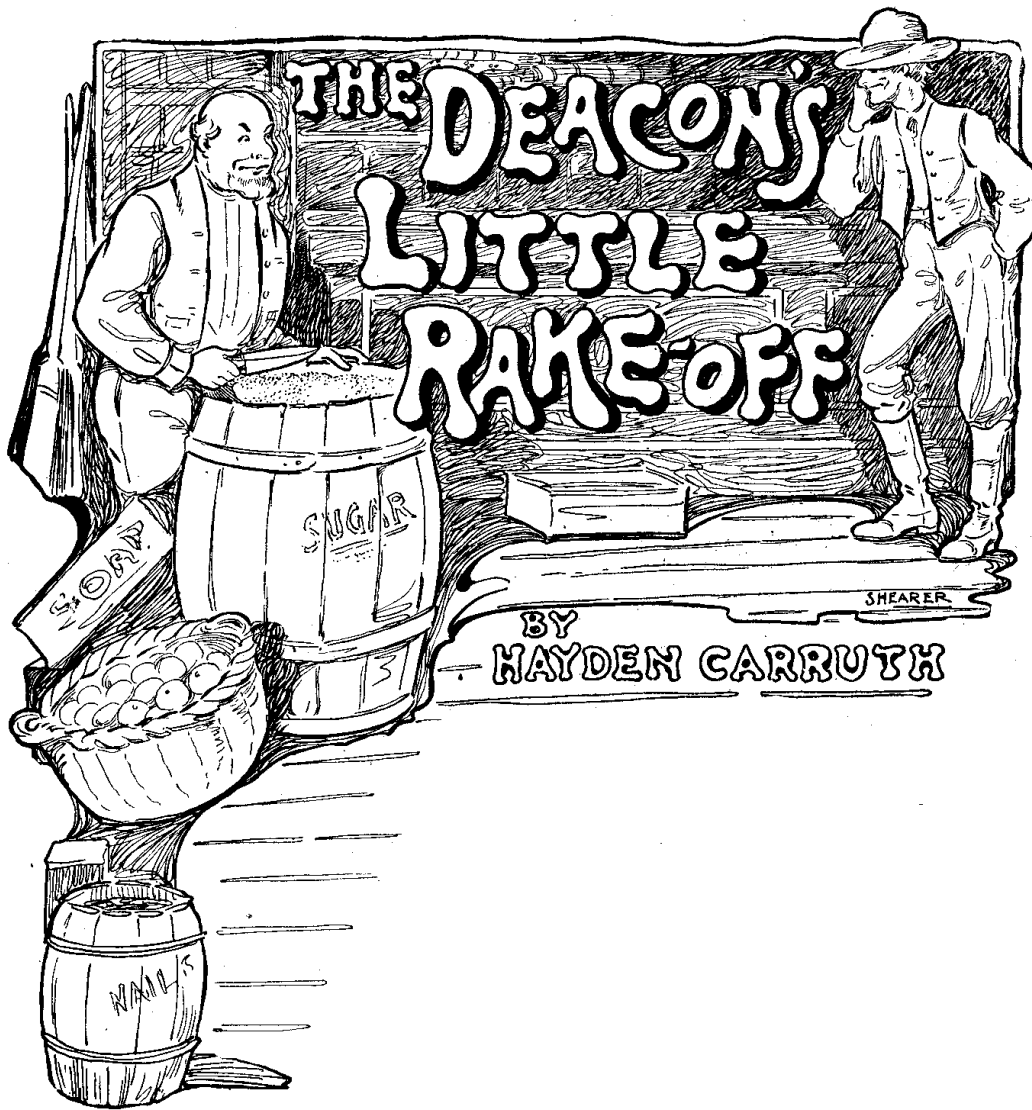


its life, with the cover printed in black ink and only one other color, usually red.

I really wanted to find an undiscovered gem here—some story that I could point to and say: “See *10-Story Book* is worth talking about!” Sadly, I didn’t find what I was looking for. The magazine is too dated, aimed too much at an audience that no longer exists.

The magazine leads off with “The Toast of Death” by Adrienne Roucolle. Lousy story. Roucolle telegraphs the ending and it’s told not as a story, but as a fable. A lovely, and two-dimensional, courtesan seduces any man she wants, except one who is impervious to her charms. That seems reason enough for her to plot murder once she finds out that he is secretly married to a woman below his station. After she kills her, she successfully seduces the man. But wait! It’s all a ruse by the husband who serves himself and her a poison wine while toasting her and telling the story of the murder, which he had uncovered. Once the story is told to the engagement party dinner guests they both die. End of story.

“The Deacon’s Little Rake-off” by Hayden Caruth is a sort of charming little story about a hick from upstate New York (we all know how unsophisticated those country bumpkins are) who goes to the big city on business and promises his wife he’ll buy her the latest style bonnet. When he comes back, late, it’s obvious that he’s had quite the good time away from home, but he has brought back a bonnet that he swears is a very expensive one just in from Paris. His wife becomes the envy of all the other provincial housewives and the Deacon is prevailed upon to get the other women matching bonnets, at inflated prices. But lo! His scheme is uncovered when a visitor asks the Deacon’s wife where she got that old



Salvation Army bonnet from. The Deacon gets a rolling pin to the head. Ha ha, aren't country folk less sophisticated than we readers of the urbane 10-Story Book.

Anne Shannon Monroe is up next with "The Blot on His Name". This is a story with a moral, like most of these. It seems that they could get away with being "sophisticated" if they made sure there was a moral. The main character is a clubman who is "fast" as they called it back then. He marries a girl who it turns out has a slight blemish on her past. She falls ill (of shame?) when he rejects her upon learning the truth. She married him because she thought a rascal like him could forgive her taint. Ah, but the old double standard rears its ugly head. It was OK that he ran around with floozies, but for her to have done, well whatever, it is another story. But he learns to forgive her past, since she is willing to forgive his, but too late! She dies, punished for her never described sin. He is remorseful. We have learned a lesson about the injustice of holding women to a different social standard. It's a pretty strange story to somebody who lives

in an era where a girl is a goody two-shoes if she limits her body modification to a tasteful butterfly tattooed on her butt.

"Jane Ware's Dream" is a lousy story by H.S. Canfield. Jane is a spinster schoolteacher who scrimps and saves her pennies for years so she can go to Europe. She sacrifices her happiness and her social life for her dream. Then she falls in love with a smooth con man who convinces her that he'll marry her if she gives him her money for a publishing venture. With the proceeds on the fortune he's going to make, he'll take her to Europe for the honeymoon. Well, she loses her dough. That's it folks, that's the story. It's unconvincing and telegraphs the ending before it's half done.

Dorothy Dix's "A Saint To Play the Devil" seems at first to be the best story of the issue, and I guess it is, such as it is. The

"Saint" is a woman who is a success as a Broadway singer. She's a big hit, going places. But she is married to a man who works for a mine in the country. She had big dreams of being a singer. He loved her enough to let her go with the promise that she'd return in two years. She made a big splash, but at the end of the two years, she gives up success to return to the man she left behind to a life as a rural housewife. Ah, bliss. Diapers and laundry on the line beat stardom. I had a hard time believing that the two hadn't talked in the entire two years. While the plot isn't much, and certainly won't win any awards from the National Association of Women, it was at least competently written.

"From the Days of the Gladiator" by Harry Lawrence Baker is terrible. In ancient Rome a cheating wife kills a gladiator who swears vengeance with his dying breath. Switch to modern times. It's a coming out party for a girl we quickly recognize as the reincarnation of the wife. Enter the foreign prince who is the reincarnation of the gladiator. Sparks fly between the reincarnated

# A SAINT (TO PLAY THE DEVIL



lovers. They slip away from the party. They are found dead. He's killed her and killed himself. End of story. Even for 1904 this plot has a white beard. And the handling is very clumsy.

"The Kiss That Was Not Hers" was a lame story by Isabel C. Whitehurst that also didn't have much of a plot. Guy tells this story about a girl he once met. She fell in love with a guy who has TB. He goes off to die, but not before she refuses him a kiss. She's upset. End of

story.

"The Avenging Spirit of Pali" by Charles Eugene Banks continues the lameness. Guy is going home to England from Australia to marry the girl he left behind. He has a layover in Hawaii. He falls for a half-native girl. They hallucinate that the spirit of Pali is after them. They die. I guess you can exchange smoldering glances with a hot native girl, but you'll burn in hell for it.

"Raoul's Shattered Romance" has the narrator learn the story of why trapper Raoul never got married. He fell in love with a girl, but so did this rich guy. She was 50/50 between them. So he took off to the woods to give his rival a clear field. Seems he loved her enough to give her up, she was too good for a life as a trapper's wife. But the happy couple name their boy Raoul. Sniff, Sniff, pass the hankie for this less than thrilling story by Frank H. Sweet.

I'm somewhat of a fan of Rudyard Kipling, but the short story masterpiece for this issue "To Be Filed For Reference" was the dullest RK story I've ever read.

The trouble with all of these stories is that there is no action. The conflict comes from the flouting of then-risqué subject matter. Ooh, mild passion. Aah: interracial dating. 99 years later, the thrill just isn't there.

The cover is by Earl Shearer who also does interior illustrations. Ike Morgan does some interiors as well.

I was thinking of typing up a story from this and sending it off to Larry Estep so he could post it on the pulpgen website, but I can't get enthusiastic over any of these. Perhaps "A Saint to Play the Devil" but even that one, while slightly better written, really doesn't have any punch to it. I suppose it's interesting from a historical point of view: this is the sort of thing our poor ancestors had to make do with.

Frankly the illustrations are the best part of the pulp. There are a couple that are at least interesting, such as the one that goes with "A Saint to Play the Devil". I also like the illustration of Death holding out a cup of wine that was used with "The Toast of Death." I just wish the story hadn't been such a dud.

For those who are interested, and to fill up the rest of this column of text so I can go to print, this was Vol. 3 no. 9 and was advertised as being the third year of publication. The publisher was the Daily Story Publishing Co. with offices at 320-326 Dearborn St., Chicago.

They said their Eastern representative was The Fisher Special Agency, 150 Nassau St., New York. Anybody know anything about these guys?

