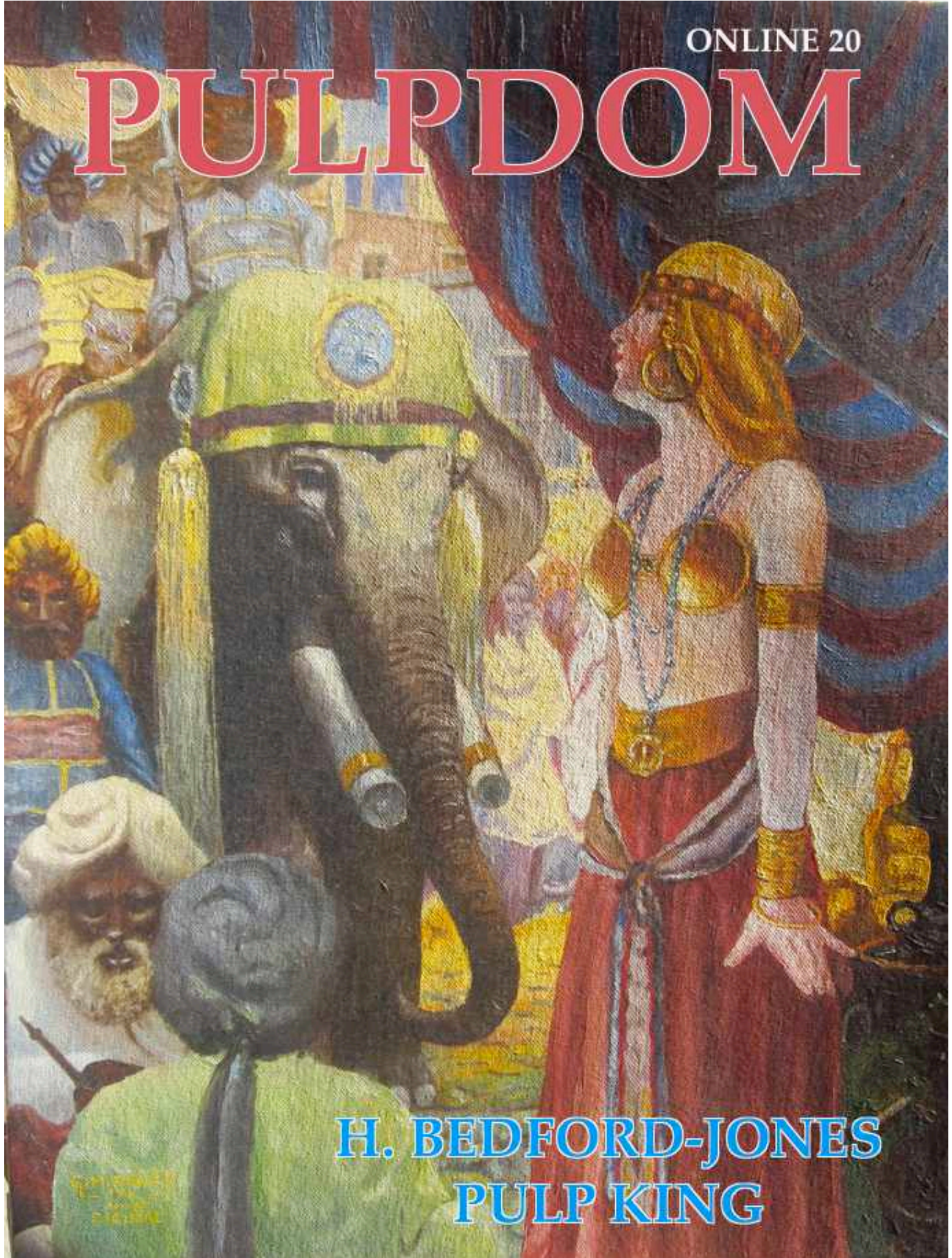


ONLINE 20

PULPDOM

H. BEDFORD-JONES
PULP KING



PULPDOM Online 20 • Fall, 2018. Edited by Camille Cazedessus "Caz"

Associate Editor: Mike Taylor ••• New text contents © 2018 by C. E. Cazedessus

Celebrating the pulps and their authors since 1960. ••• ridgefirecaz@gmail.com

Pulpdome #1 - #75, (1997-2013) available in PDF units at \$1 ea. by Email, or all 75 for \$50

Pulpdome Online #1 - #20, (2013-2018) are available in a single PDF unit for \$20.

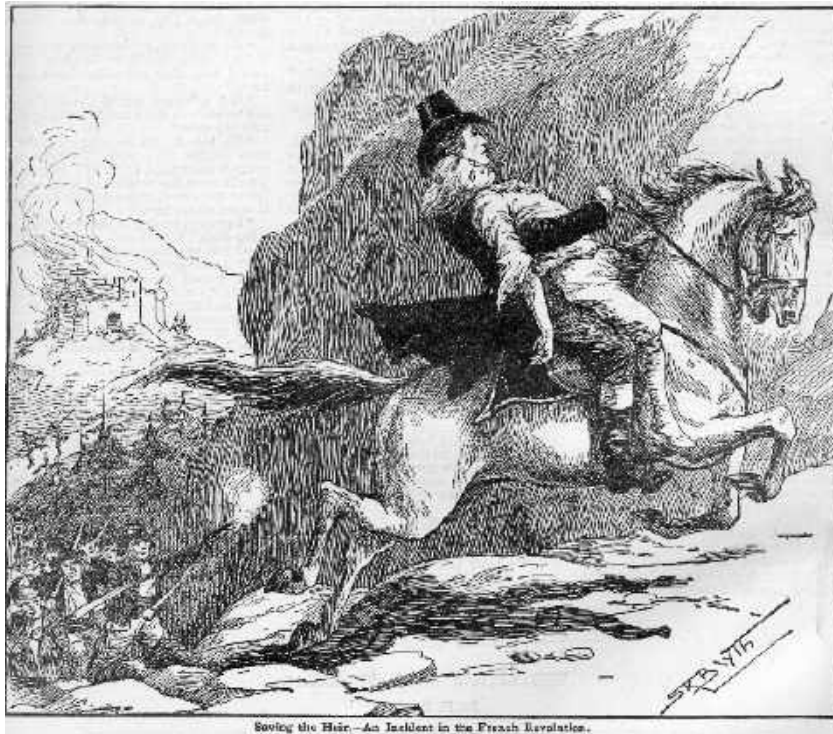
•~~ Pulpdome.com ~~•

With the advent of computers and the internet, Pulpdome on paper + postage is unnecessary considering the efficacy of the PDF, and thus Pulpdome Online was born. The first 20 issues of Pulpdome O contain a variety of fiction, articles and book reviews, described in some detail at pulpdome.com, a fun and good place to look around. -Caz

A very
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Saving the Hair.—An Incident in the French Revolution.

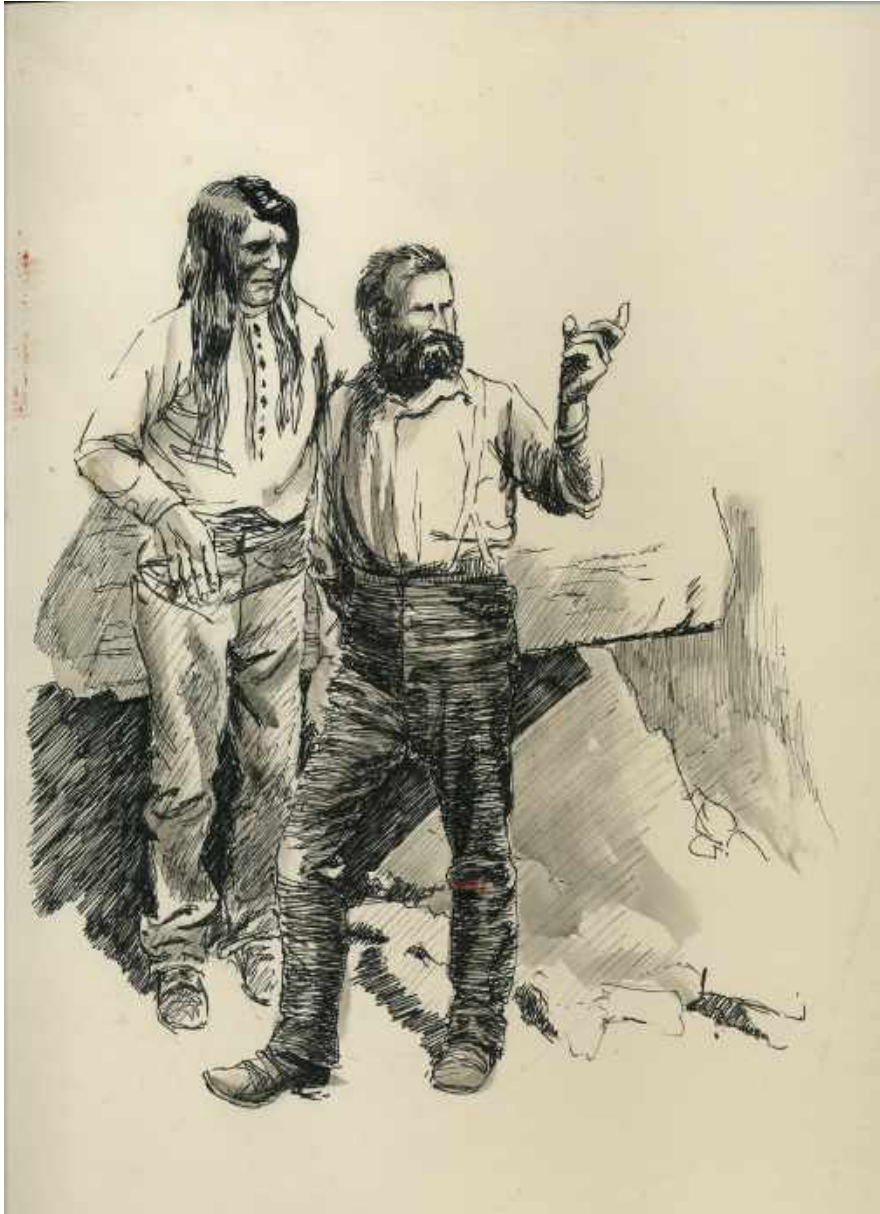
Here is what Will Murray, noted pulp historian and author, has to say about *Pulpdome*:

"Reading through the first 10 issues of *Pulpdome* took me back to the 1970s and 80s when I subscribed to Caz's memorable *ERB-dom*. It has the same look, the same design, feel and ambience. Its horizons are greatly expanded, however. Burroughs is not neglected, but he is not the primary focus. The magazines of his lifetime are explored in satisfying detail. Especially *Argosy*, a magazine I love but have insufficient time to read in-depth. ~~~~ The reviews are also wonderful, offering a thoroughness I really enjoy. "Pulp fanzines are not as prevalent as they were 40 years ago. That's unfortunate. But *Pulpdome* does a great job in keeping the flaky torch burning bright!" —Will Murray

I would hope he would say at least the same thing for the remaining 85 issues.

EDITORIAL

This special issue is about H. Bedford-Jones. His name is probably on more pulp covers than any other pulp writer. Clearly, he is "King of the Pulps," not just because of volume, but 'cause of story variety; from narrative historical fiction to exciting high adventure, and without SF or much fantasy. Herein are book reviews, comments, an HBJ serial part and some illustrations from a number of scarce sources for your reading and visual pleasure. -Caz



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NEXT ISSUE ALL FICTION FORMAT

This is the last of our old basic mixed format. Most future issues of *Pulpdome Online* will contain almost all fiction. Original works, pulp reprints and/or excerpts from rare old books.

You are invited to submit fanciful stories in the pulp tradition. Some will be published. Please submit by Email, and limit wordage to about 20,000, maybe more later.

Study what HBJ says in his two books about writing. Send me a story that "throbs with life (and) swings along with a rhythm of smooth fascination" —*The Editor*

Coming soon in PULPDOME ONLINE - "Young Kit Carson" by H. Bedford-Jones

"ARE EDITORS HUMAN?"

by Caz

By the 1920s, the name H. Bedford-Jones was a familiar one on a pulp Table of Contents page. In 1922 he wrote a book about writing titled *THIS FICTION BUSINESS*, and it was reprinted in 1929. A modest blue cloth edition of 179 pages, it's a remarkable read, rambling through many aspects of writing fiction, as the 21 chapter titles hint at.

The first chapter is "Can I write Stories?", followed by these beauties: "The Amateur's Chance", "The Deadly Sin", "Honesty and

Suggestion", "Hack Writing" and "Are Editors Human?"

"Being fashioned in the image of God," says HBJ, "man needs to create," and "if he can make his imagination pay his bills, he is in the seventh heaven."

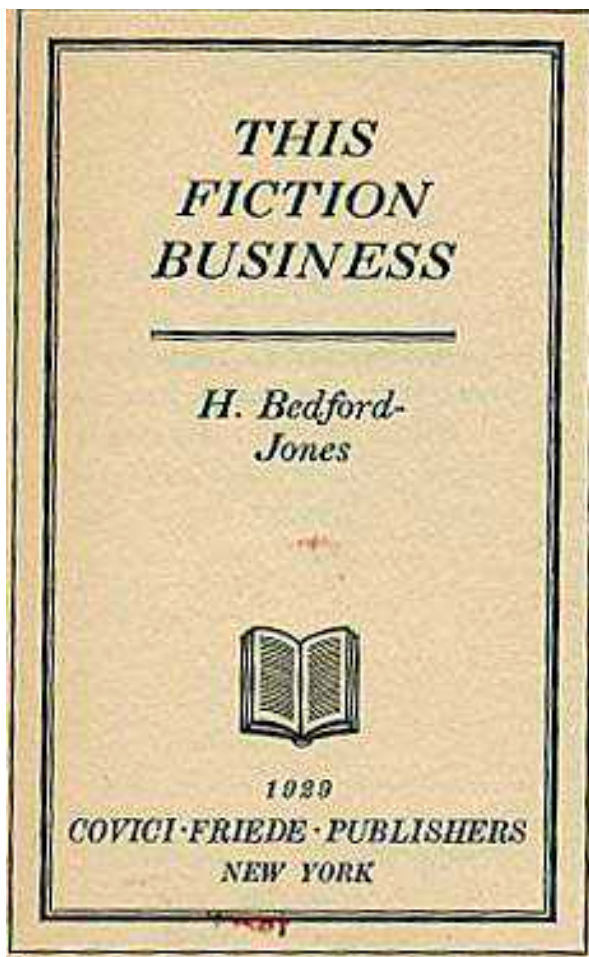
HBJ says in answer to his first question is: "Of course you can (write)." The project becomes can you get someone else to read several hundred pages of script or type, then buy it to print it, and then sell it to a large enough crowd to pay for the printing, ink, paper, packaging and something for the retailer on the street?

"We are talking, remember, of plain commercial stories; stories not written because you have a message or want to say something, but written to sell. Commercial stories, not literature." Later HBJ will say "Action, not fine writing."

FicBiz is remarkable book, available today for about \$10, though some swindlers may ask up to \$100. It's a worthy member of any pulp fiction collector's library.

Pulp historians might note that HBJ "dedicates" this book: "...to the tutelage, encouragement, and great-hearted friendship of William Wallace Cook." Mr. Wm. W. Cook wrote extensively for the earliest pulps of the 1900s. Caz's *Fantasy Collector* Nos. 253-257, contain two W.W.Cook fantasies reprinted from *Argosy* 1904 and 1912.

In the Preface, HBJ says "in (my) opinion one can only learn (how to write) by



experience, practice, and the innate qualities which make up a story-teller." Pulp historians should take note that Edgar Rice Burroughs, with NO experience and NO practice, was a world success because he was clearly a vastly superior "story-teller."

Fictioneers might reflect that if you are not an "innately superior story-teller," practice and experience are absolute necessities, according to HBJ, back in 1929.

He never achieved the world wide success of ERB, but, wow, take inventory of what he says about himself: "Under my own and assumed names.....forty books, of divers natures, and well over 100 book length novels, with as many novelettes and some hundreds of short stories...even making verse pay a living wage." Ever wonder who wrote all those unsigned little verses in the early Munsey and other pulps? I suggest HBJ is surely responsible for quite a few of them.

Says HBJ, "This book (FicBiz) is not to be regarded as an authority on story-writing...it is destined only for those who desire to make a living writing stories."

• • •

In 1932, HBJ wrote THE GRADUATE FICTIONEER, sort of a sequel to his FicBiz book. It's a little brown cloth 126 page tome and when a copy can be located, it can be priced at over \$100. A reprint is needed.

GRADUATE FICTIONEER is a rather rambling anecdotal filled book, recounting a number of personal stories and concerning several well known authors, who were

obviously his friends. For instance, Earle Stanley Gardner wrote the Introduction, in which he says some interesting things.

"Ten years ago the wood-pulps, with one or two notable exceptions, catered to the immature mind." He's thinking 1913. Hmm.

Erle goes on to say "Today wood-pulp magazines" are read by professional men, students, thinkers ... (and) ... even the glazed-paper magazines...are commencing to publish stories of gang life, detective stories, adventure stories." Like *Liberty*, *Sat. Eve. Post*, etc.

Mr. Gardner starting writing in about 1926 with no experience and sold almost nothing. Then he says "...much of whatever success I have made is due to that book, THIS FICTION BUSINESS. I wasn't selling fiction when I got it; and I started selling fiction almost immediately after I got it."

Erle recounts a 1913 event "reading a yarn about two prospectors, a mine, a battle, a girl, a mystery — and the characters seems to live and breath. When I finished the story I felt that I knew those characters." He didn't notice the name of the author.

Erle continues, "... I picked up another magazine. This time the story that interested me was a Western. Cowpunchers galloped across the range, six-tuns talked, hard bitten men of the outdoors faced each other with glittering eye. And I seemed to know those men, seemed to see that action."

Soon he discovered both of his favorite stories were written by the same person, HBJ.

Immediately, Erle Stanley Gardner “became a Bedford-Jones fan.”

After some measure of successes, Mr. Gardner decided to meet HBJ in person, and “thought up a thousand questions to ask him.” When he did, HBJ would not “talk shop” and Erle described him like this:

“He looks at one with a good-natured smile, talks interestingly and well about the philosophy of the Chinese literature, is an international authority on postage stamps and will talk about them, knows his Algiers like a book, and will tell interesting tales of it; but he won’t discuss reader psychology.”

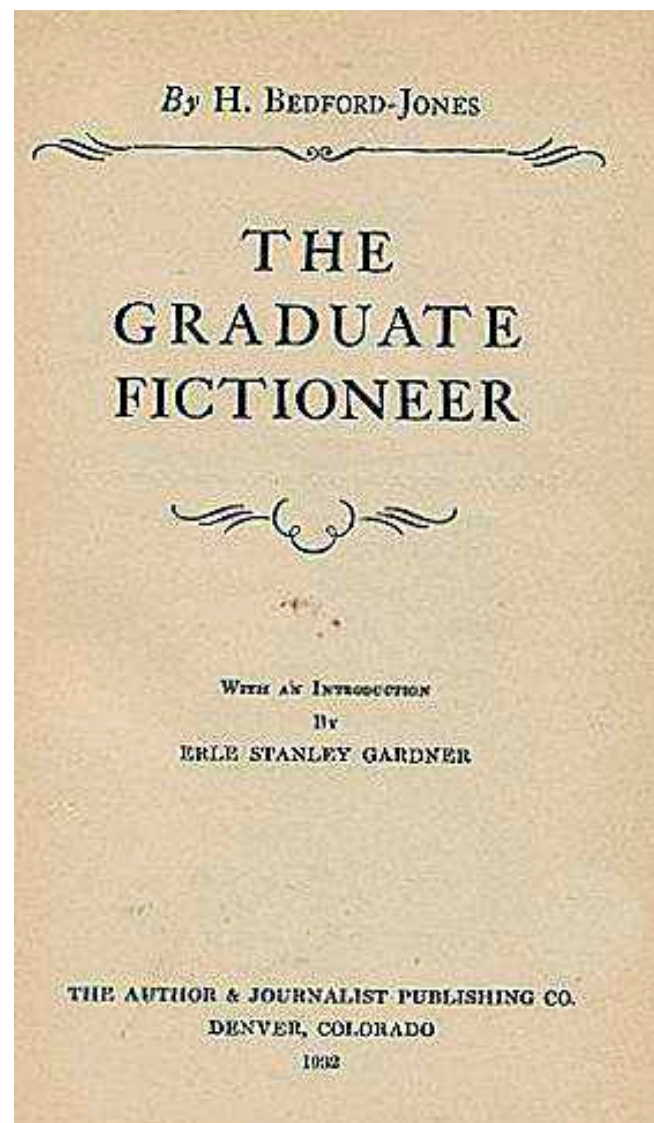
Stating the fact that W. W. Cook and HBJ “have turned out a greater quantity of high class wood-pulp fiction over a longer period of time than any other author dares to think about,” Mr. Gardner says “A university wanted to create a chair of commercial fiction and have HBJ as a full-time professor, simply on the strength of that book (FicBiz) and the years of study behind it.”

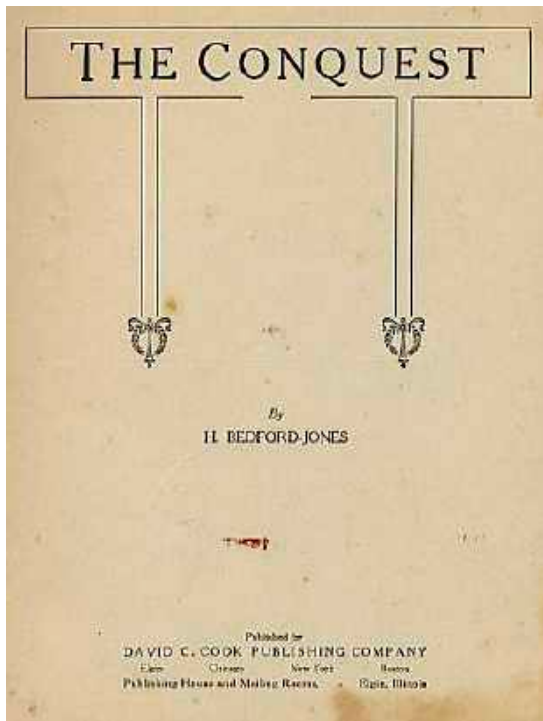
HBJ nixed that idea to continue writing. But soon enough he announced that “he was thinking of writing a book that would be for the professional writer as well as the amateur..... about what would happen after those few sales had been made.” HBJ would “look back upon twenty years of more than ordinarily successful writing and tell the truth.”

And so was born THE GRADUATE FICTIONEER, where “a professional writer would really tell the innermost secrets of the game.” A book where he would “just loosen

up and part with some of the secrets that he uses to make his characters stand out, make his stories throb with life, make his yarns swing along with a rhythm of smooth fascination... (and) help a lot of writers raise their standards.”

Fifteen years later, in 1949, HBJ would pass and leave hundreds of yarns that millions have enjoyed. Indeed, one of the most virtuous of great pulp writers. I salute you, Mr. HBJ.





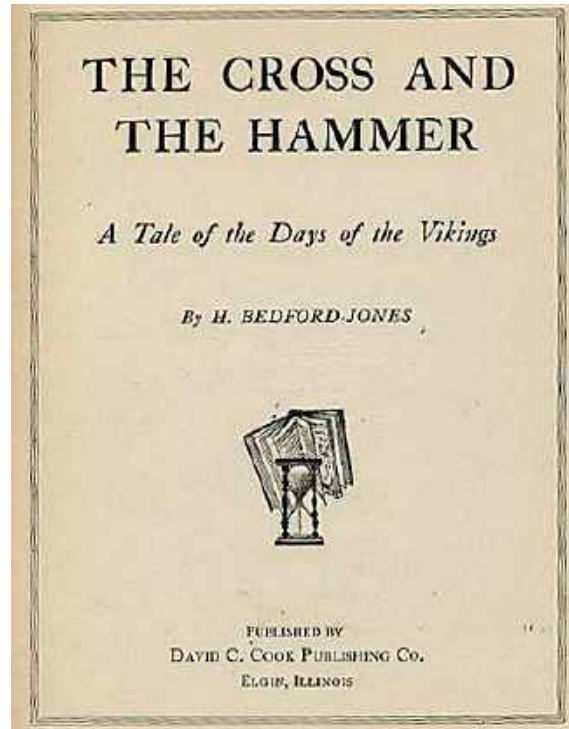
Published in 1912, this little 95 page 6.75 x 8.5 inch book is bound in red cloth, with a decorative paper addition glued on. It contains 8 full page illustrations in b&w by F. H. Hartke with a Foreword and Notes by HBJ. This is the first edition.

HBJ has retold some of the old sagas of Norway, a "viking age full of the clash of arms and of unknighly deeds."

"The hammer of Thor, the War-god of norther Europe did not yield to the Cross of Christ without a struggle, and the story of Norway's conversion is intensely dramatic."

In the Notes, HBJ says "nearly all of the facts about which the story of Sigurd Fairhair is woven are historical...compiled from the accounts of eye-witnesses of the events ... and especially true with the life of Olaf Triggveson."

Reprinted by several publishers, the Altus Press edition of 2016 is the standard.



Published in 1914, this little 95 page 6.75 x 8.5 inch book is bound in green cloth, with a decorative paper glue on. It contains 4 full page illustrations in b&w by I. Doesff.

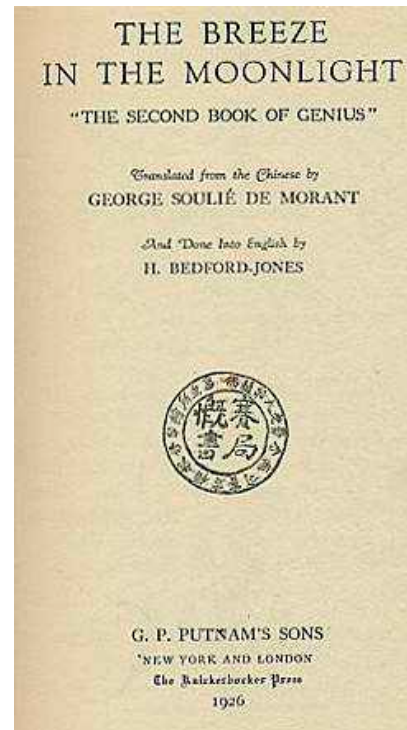
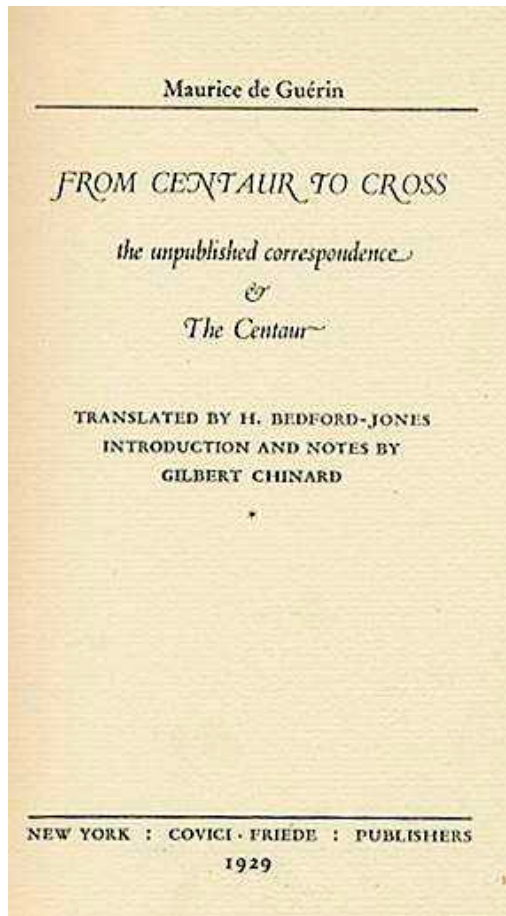
In the Foreword, HBJ calls this "The story of Pierre Radisson....the first man to reach the Mississippi after De Soto. It was he who founded The Hudson's Bay Company and who opened up the great Northwest to the world."

HBJ rightly credits Agnes C. Laut for rescuing P. Raddisson from oblivion.

HBJ dedicates the book to his mother "whose picture is the picture of Ruth MacDonald in these pages."

Reprinted by several publishers over the years, often by "print on demand", the 2016 Altus edition is the standard, and both Altus eds reprint the original illustrations says.

A bookseller in Pennsylvania has this first edition for sale for just over \$1900.



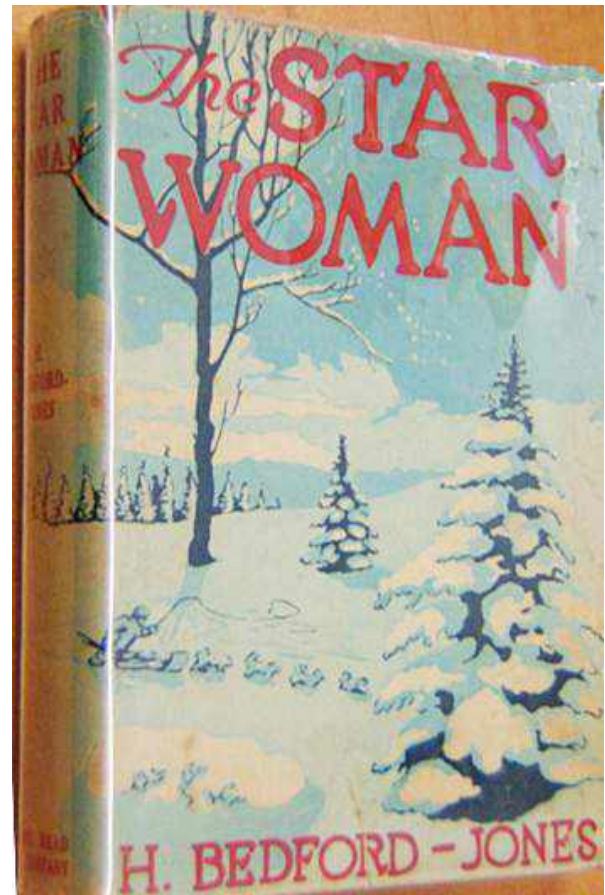
My copy of this 214 page book is clearly a rebound copy of the original pages with no cover lettering.

The Introduction is 56 pages by Gilbert Chinard, "who recognized the value of these letters and transcribed them." The original mss. was "found in a little packet by a well known American writer looking for stamps amid a mass of letters" (HBJ) "written to different correspondents" from 1829 through 1840. They were all written by a famous French poet named Maurice de Guérin, and this final English translation is by HBJ. "The Centaur" is an eleven page fantasy, apparently by Mr. de Guérin. Rather odd. It is an remarkable little fantasy, and I will reprint it in a Pulpdom O.

The Introduction to this 371 page book says it was first written in the late 14th century and is considered the "first novel", not counting Greek romances. Mr. de Morant traces the life of the mss in some detail, with a 'final publication in French in Paris in 1842 under the title "The Accomplished Woman."

In a Postscript by HBJ, he says "This ancient novel is most earnestly recommended to all who delight in word realism...a peep-show into the harsh barbarism of antiquity, a glance at the nakedly bared everyday acts of an orient age when Europe was throwing ham-bones beneath the table... one will read these living pages from ancient China with shudders of horror and will finally stand appalled before the realization of their import ...an actual picture of life in ancient times. Here the story's the thing...It (is like) a pre-sent day thriller." Done into English by HBJ, this is a very ancient story of "inspiration."

One day I will read the whole book.



My blue cloth 1931 Covici-Friede edition is the first, 244 pages, plain cover, decorative spine, no illustrations, with 25 chapters.

In the Dedication, HBJ acknowledges Arthur Zinkin "collector and expert" help in the acquisition of this romantic document, tho in regret "he has not been able to settle definitely the matter of its authenticity."

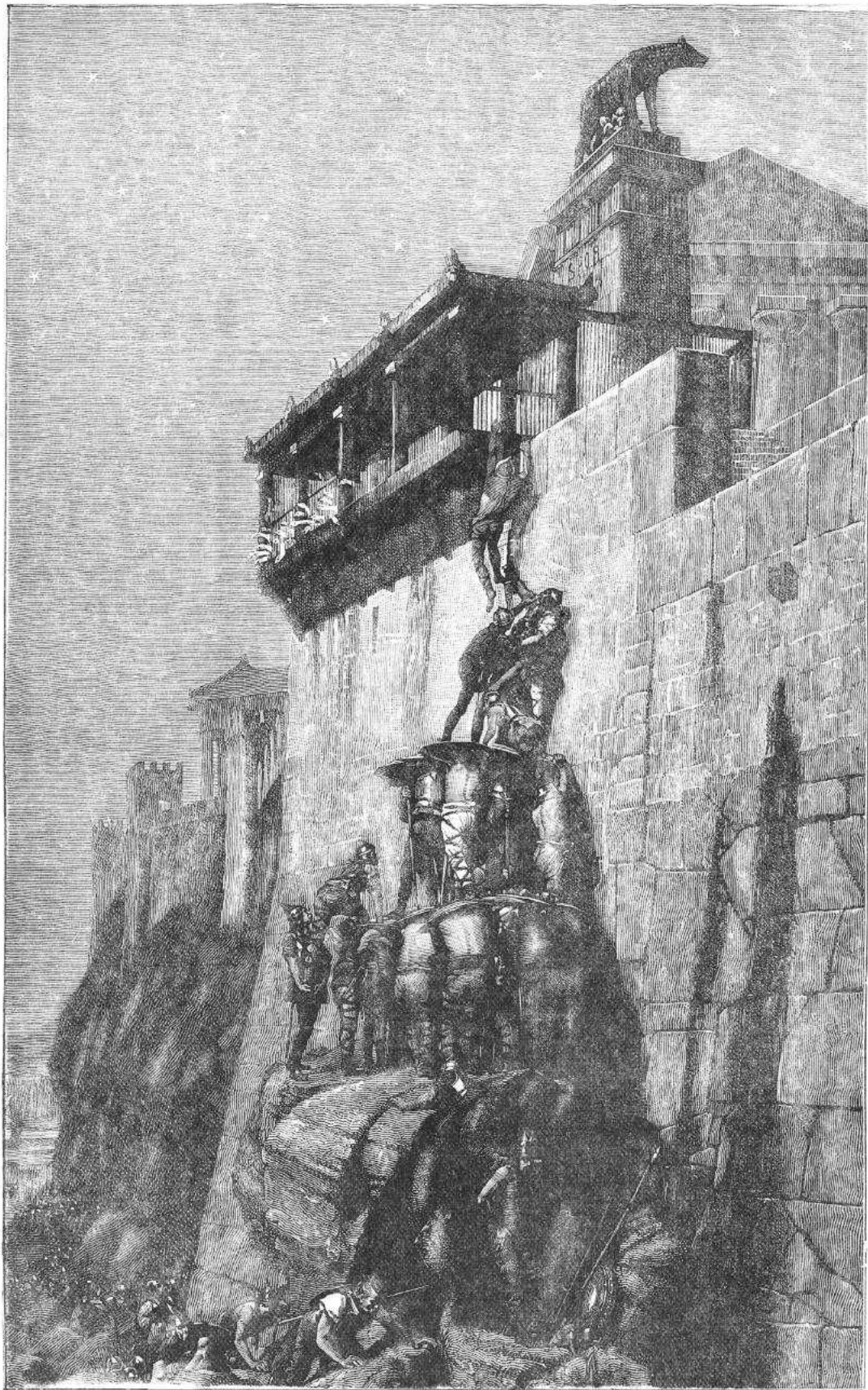
It concerns the discovery, at an auction, of a letter supposedly written by D'Artagnan giving a clue to a missing fortune; the book centers on the search for that fortune. Written by HBJ along with his wife Mary. A Boston Transcript reviewer called this opus "a romantic tale with a happy ending, which moves swiftly with an adventure on almost every page." Done in English by HBJ, it's about as good as it could be.

The orange cloth and embossed Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924 first edition has 293 pages.

The Preface by HBJ begins "The historical portions of this novel will be found to differ considerably from generally accepted versions of the events related. The prime sources utilized are both contemporary, both French and both untranslated...."

It ends with "...the names of Canadian families; as though the terrific struggle of the French pioneers against man and nature had aroused in the ensuing generation all the dormant blood of knightly and heroic ancestry, so that the same names etched in the icy annals of Hudson Bay are the be found burned into the cypress of Louisiana." -HBJ

Hal Crawford the hero quests for Star Woman, a mystical female known to wear a star shaped jewel on her breast. A fantasy?



The Geese that saved the Capitol.—(After HENRI MOTTE.)

THEY LIVED BY THE SWORD

By H. Bedford-Jones

THREE men sat at a wine-shop table. Above them, the upper Isère valley stretched to the passes of the Little St. Bernard, beyond the Alps towered jelly, but this quiet little village was nestled cozily out of the October winds.

"War and war and war," said the village mayor gloomily. "Where will it end? Now the whole world is in upheaval, with fire and death and starvation everywhere. Spain is swimming in bloody ruin. All northern Italy to the Alps is in rebellion against the furies of Rome. And now the African hordes move up the Rhone like a countless swarm of locusts—whither? No man knows."

"Perhaps Mancinus, who used to be a Roman, knows," said the second man, a brown Gaul with long brown-dyed mustaches and hair. "Explain, Mancinus! why are these Africans here? They're not marching against the Romans, who hold Marseilles and the nearest towns, but they pour out of Spain against us! We pay tribute to Rome; we have a small Roman army here; but that's no reason for 80,000 Africans to bring us fire and sword!"

Mancinus nodded, and eyed the other two. They were simple, untutored men, honest and friendly; yet his was the prestige of being a Roman, even though broken and exiled. Five years he had dwelt here among these Gauls, adopting their dress and customs and speech; he still stood out from among them in looks and manner, a different being.

The smooth girth of his tall and

STAR
WEEKLY

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1940

massive figure, the unkempt light-brown hair and beard, could not hide the difference. He conveyed an impression of vital energy and power. The deep eyes, the careless winning laugh, the strongly carved features, marked him with intelligence far above those who accompanied him.

"The earth teems with men; there's the secret," he said slowly. "Rome is

but a little state with few allies, exhausted by her wars with Carthage, now she's at war with the entire world. This country of Gaul, and the northern forests, pour forth uncounted myriads of warriors. There's not enough land and treasure for all.

Last year, in Spain, Hannibal destroyed 100,000 men in one battle, and scarce made a gap in the population. Gaul, Spain, Germany, provide soldiers by the million; the earth teems with men!

"These vast masses of wild fighters

are helpless against disciplined legions. Rome and Carthage fight for control of Spain; now Hannibal leads his army into Gaul. Why? He means to march against Rome."

"He can't reach Italy from here," The local mayor jerked a thumb toward the mountains. "The Alps prevent."

Mancinus shrugged. "So you think

COMPLETE NOVEL

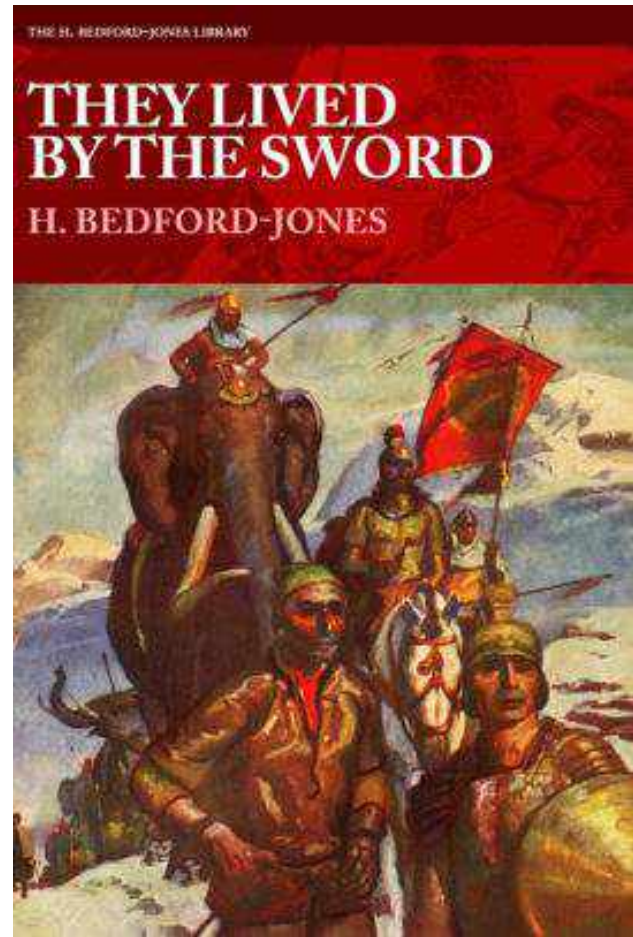
THEY LIVED BY THE SWORD

by H. Bedford-Jones,
Altus Press, 2018, , 221 pp,
\$19.95

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

Originally running in the December 1939--March 1940 issues of BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, this is HBJ's retelling of Hannibal's crossing of the Alps in 218 B.C.—a feat unanimously nominated as one of the greatest achievements in military history. It contains the original interior illustrations by Herbert Morton Stoops and is rated by many to be one of the best of HBJ's novel-length works.

In the opening pages we are introduced to the main character, the Roman outcast Mancinus. His appearance in a wineshop nestled in the northern Alps is reminiscent of a certain iconic barbarian's memorable entrances: "...he still stood out from them in looks and manner, a different being. The uncouth garb of his tall and massive figure, the unkempt light-brown hair and beard, could not hide the difference. He conveyed an impression of vital energy and power. The deep eyes, the careless winning laugh, the strongly carven features,



marked him with intelligence far above those who companied him."

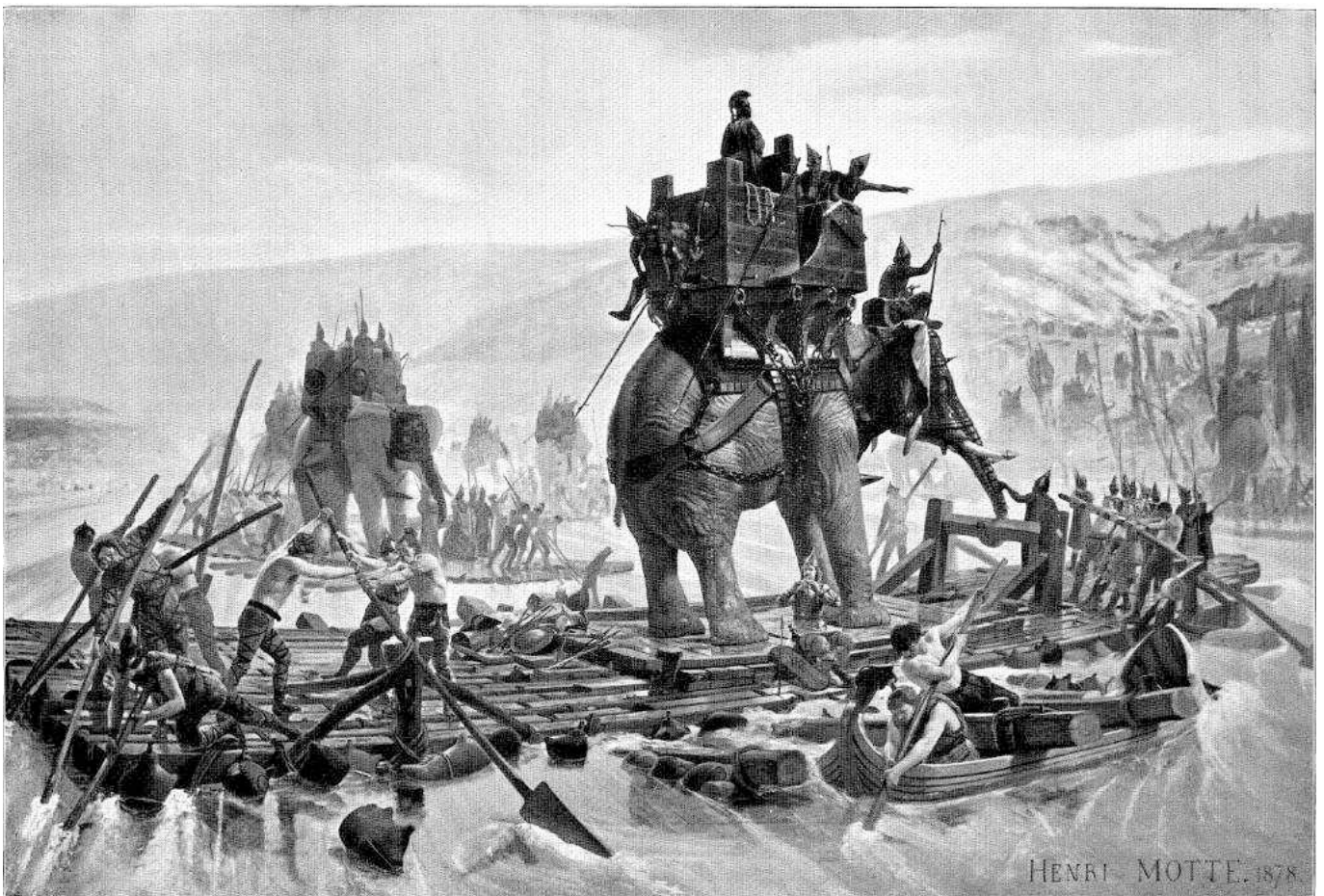
Mancinus holds an intense hatred of all things Roman due to his father having been unjustly stripped of his citizenship and exiled. In the wine-shop he meets one Pelargos, a tall, stork-like, sling-wielding Greek who entices him with a promise of great wealth and possible revenge on Rome. The Greek christens him with a new name, Ramnes, spins a tale of a treasure cave hidden high in the mountains on the estate of a beautiful wo-

man, Drusilla Veturis, and we're off to an incredible adventure.

Mancinus/Ramnes gets a rude intro-duction to Hannibal's army when Grex, his great surly wolfhound, is killed by one of the general's commanders. But Pelargos counsels him to bank his hatred. The young warrior, familiar with the mountain terrain, warns Hannibal of an impending ambush if he follows the route laid out by his guides. After he is proven right, a grateful Hannibal welcomes him into the army and he and Pelargos join up in the impossible undertaking, crossing the Alps with an army of elephants.

From there on HBJ weaves a two-pronged tale: the incredible hardships suffered by the African army crossing the deadly mountains, and Mancinus' search for the treasure while pursuing the Lady Drusilla and seeking to wreak vengeance on Rome for the death of his father.

The cold and the high altitude of the mountain passes are devastating to the great pachyderms and the attrition rate is high. But Hannibal is determined to win through and his guide's hatred of Rome helps to spur him on. Pelargos the Greek plays a large part in the story as a thoughtful sidekick who provides counsel and guidance to his adopted charge.





Wait, Drusilla intervened, breath coming quickly, eyes alight, "I want for myself this little casket." Artist unknown, from *Star Weekly*, Toronto, Dec. 14, 1940.

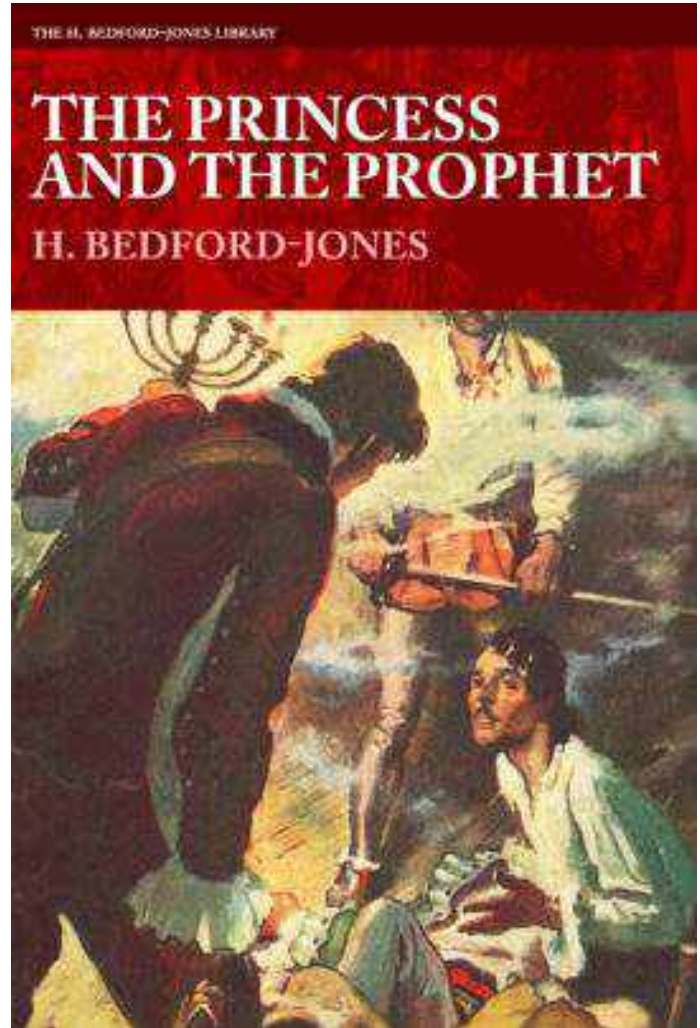
THE PRINCESS AND THE PROPHET

by H. Bedford-Jones,
Altus Press, 2018, 212 pp,
\$19.95

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

Originally appearing in the December 1941 – March 1942 issues of BLUE BOOK, this edition includes the original interior illustrations by John Richard Flanagan. The year is 1559 and Scottish gentleman Malcolm Campbell of Glenlyon is bearing a secret message to young Queen Mary Stuart. Wounded and temporarily blinded while journeying in France, he is nursed back to health by none other than the infamous physician Nostradamus. At almost the same time he rescues an Irish wolfhound named Thorn from a beating by a cruel master and the dog becomes his traveling companion.

There follows a torrent of intrigue and deception peopled by a slew of inter-related royals and scoundrels. The dog's true owner turns out to be one Anne Haworth, lady of honor to Mary Stuart. She agrees to provide Campbell safe conduct to Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of the King of France, who is a

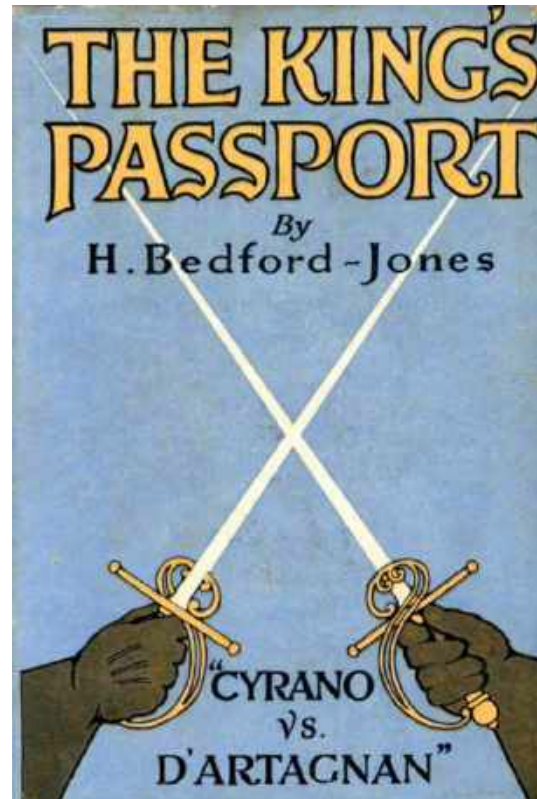


confidant of Queen Mary's. He delivers the message he is carrying: the great lords of Scotland have formed a convention to seize the kingdom and depose Mary Stuart. They intend to replace her with the Earl of Arran, head of the Hamilton clan, who coincidentally is currently Captain of the Scottish Guard contingent quartered in France. The Earl is to leave France at once and travel to London where he is to marry Elizabeth, thus uniting England and Scotland.

And we're only three chapters into the story...I won't even try to summarize the rest.

Suffice to say if you're a fan of his-torical adventure you will eat this up. HBJ throws more facts around than a history textbook and makes it all palatable with a complex moving plot. It was a surprise to learn that all this palace intrigue surrounding England and Scotland could be taking place in France. HBJ's protagonist, Malcolm Campbell, is the requisite stalwart warrior, equally adept with steel or repartee. Rest assured that after considerable struggle all comes to a satisfactory conclusion and HBJ wraps it up with a clever framing device which ties his hero—and even the dog!--together with the many actual personages of the era, leaving the reader to ponder how much is truth and how much invented.

A one-page ABOUT THE AUTHOR sheet is appended to the story, which reads as if it might have come from one of those writer profiles that sometimes accompanied a pulp magazine appearance. In part it claims, "At present writing HBJ is en route to Morocco, and when this appears in print he will probably be somewhere on the Mojave Desert in company with Erle Stanley Gardner."



THE KING'S PASSPORT

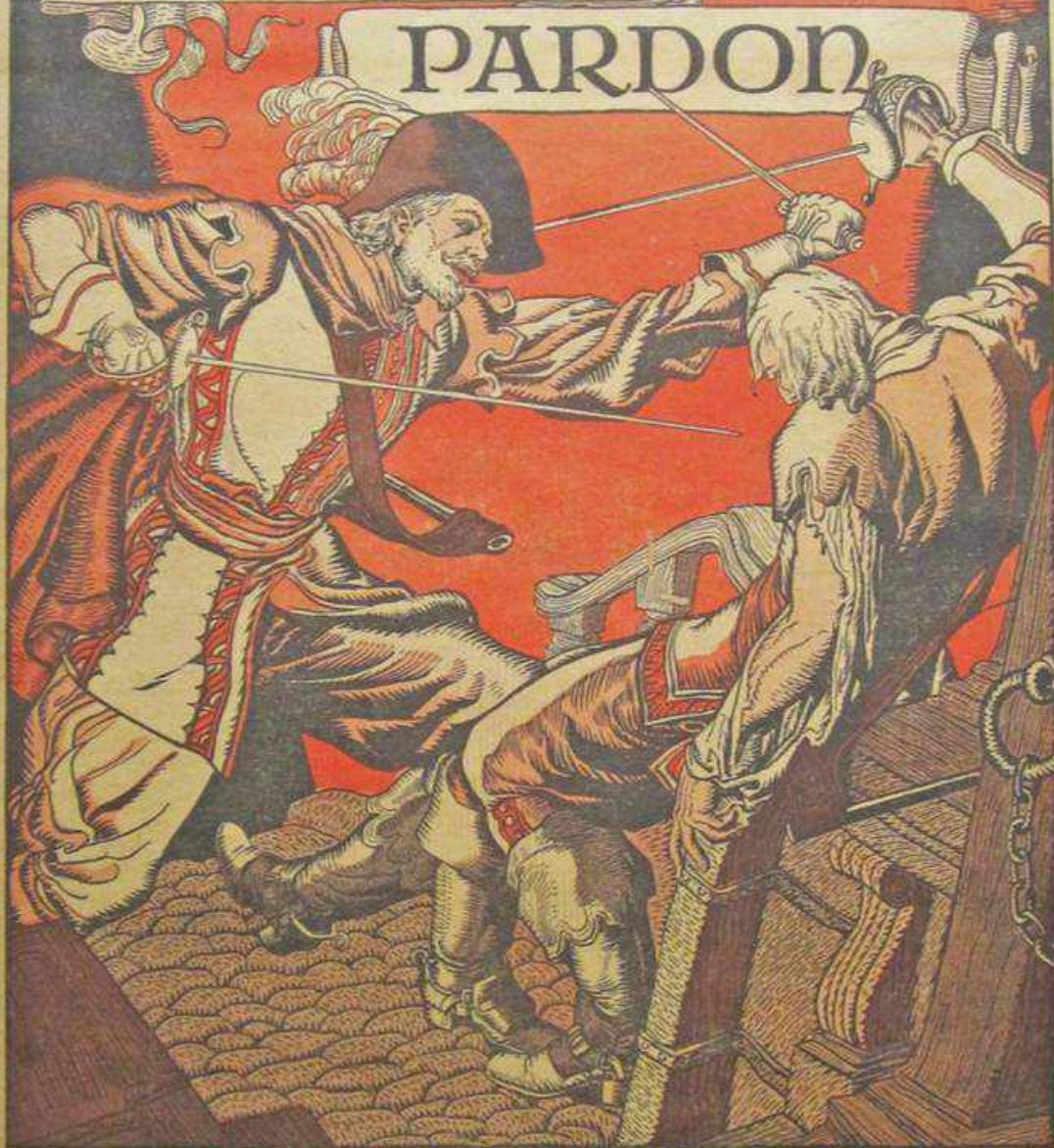
In a cold November night of the year 1640 three young men coincidentally meet in a Parisian tavern—a musketeer of the king, a poem reciting guardsman and an escapee from the Bastille, the infamous prison of the French king. Soon these three men will be part of an intrigue of Cardinal Richelieu in his struggle for power. Around the mysterious past of the fugitive and a damsel in distress unfolds a swash-buckling adventure by the "King of the Pulps" H. Bedford-Jones, using two immortal heroes of 19th-century French literature, Alexandre Dumas' musketeer d'Artagnan and Edmond Rostand's large-nosed poet Cyrano de Bergerac.

Now available in an Altus Press edition.

THE KING'S

PARDON

BOOK OF THE WEEK CLUB
Supplement of
PHILADELPHIA RECORD
Sunday, April 7, 1932



BY H. BEDFORD JONES

A DEAD man lay in the road, his neck broken, his horse cropping the hedge beside him.

Except that he had died of a broken neck instead of a sword-thrust, this was not so very astonishing. In this year of grace 1604, France was nominally at peace, but not within herself. The Queen was Italian, of the Medici house; many Italians had come into France in her train, and some of the greatest nobles at court were foreigners. These hated the French, the French hated them.

The nobility, still independent of the crown in a country that was but a collection of provinces, fought each other bitterly. Religious strife was even more bitter. And Henri IV cared no whit how many dead men strewed the roads, so

long as he kept his crown secure, his life safe, and his many mistresses content; all of which he did beyond reproach.

The dead man lay in mud where his horse had slipped and crashed. The rider who had just halted, and who now sat his saddle and gazed down at the dead man, had evidently ridden hard and fast, for his horse was exhausted; horse and man alike were splattered with mud, but the man's face was also blurred behind a beard of some days' growth. The rapier at his side, curiously enough, was heavily daubed with mud over the hilt. His garments and cloak were of fine blue velvet touched with gold.

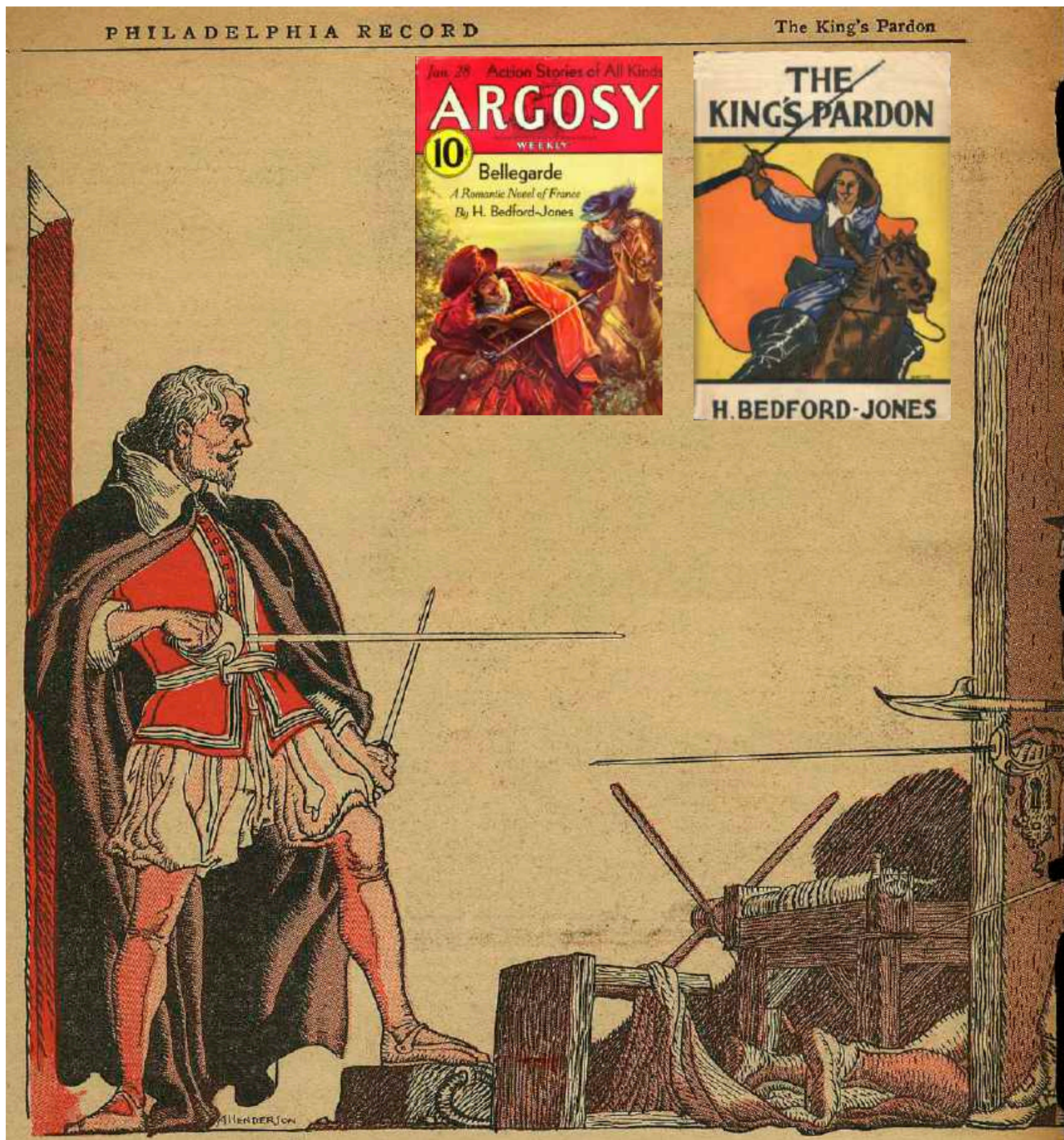
He turned in his saddle and glanced up and down the road. In the distance, toward Tours, showed a moving object

denoting an approaching rider. The cavalier swung out of the saddle with lithe grace, and his eyes showed gray, clear and piercing as a flame of light.

"Not yet cold," he muttered, after touching the dead man, who was clad in traveling garments of stout leather. "Fell from the saddle and broke his neck. Evidently a gentleman. A tall fellow, eh? Like myself. Now, have I outridden those assassins or not?"

He looked back in the direction whence he had come, but the rolling country hid the road there from his sight. He was a tall man, slender, with wide shoulders and long arms. After a moment he turned and watched the rider coming from the direction of Tours.

This rider was revealed as a cloaked





KING'S PARDON

book title of **BELLGARDE**, *Argosy*, serial, Jan-Mar. 1933, and Altus.

Action during reign of Henry IV, hero returns from war in Hungary to find his lands seized, he turns outlaw, serves the king, wins a fair lady.

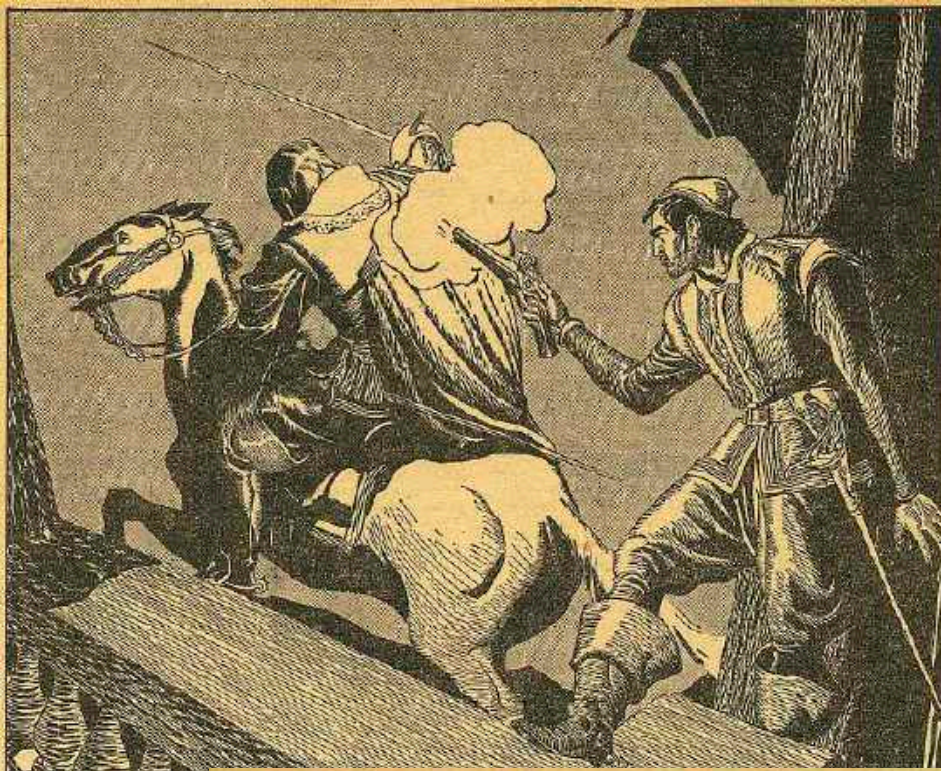
NY Times reviewer says "If sustained violence and bloodshed constitute the main essential in a story of this kind, the book easily rates the rank of a masterpiece."

H. BEDFORD-JONES

The signature of Bedford-Jones to a story guarantees a tale of tingling adventure in a world of yesterday. Through his yarns his readers live again in colorful romantic scenes and associate with the swasbuckling heroes arisen from the dust of history.

H. Bedford Jones, who is really Henry James O'Brien, is 45, son of a Canadian clergyman, is the father of three children, lives at La Jolla, Calif., spends much time in globe-trotting in search of copy, is a poet and a translator of Chinese legends and French verse.

He is probably the most prolific short story writer of the present day, and has been represented in most of the national magazines. Despite his distinctive style and huge list of stories, he scoffs at the notion that one must be born to write or inspired in order to spin a fine yarn. His formula is a fertile imagination careful preparation, and hard work. -anon

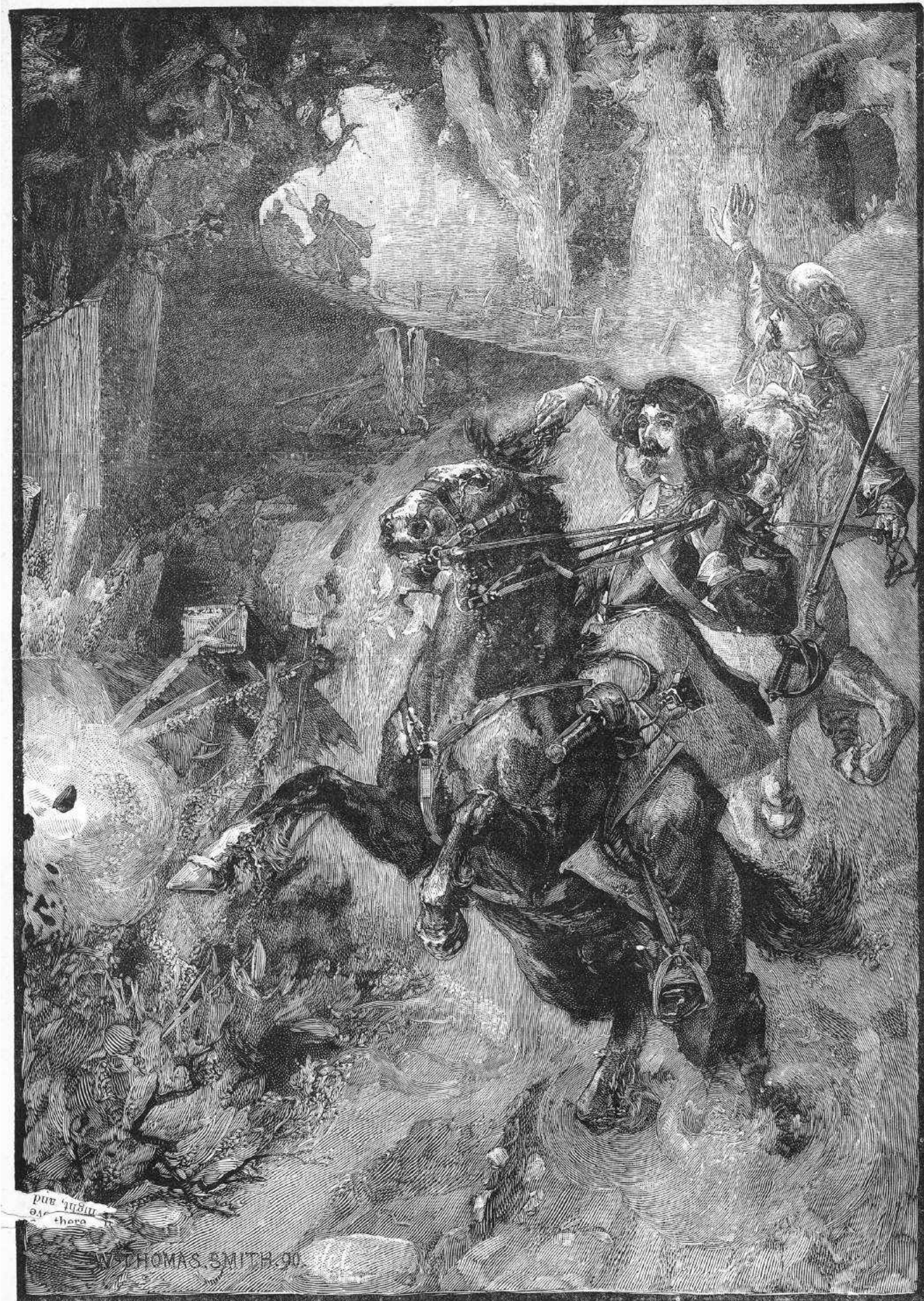


THE
KING'S
PARDON

by H.Bedford-Jones

Illustrations
from
Philadelphia Record
Apr. 7, 1935





"The Wrong Road."

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by W. T. SMITH.)

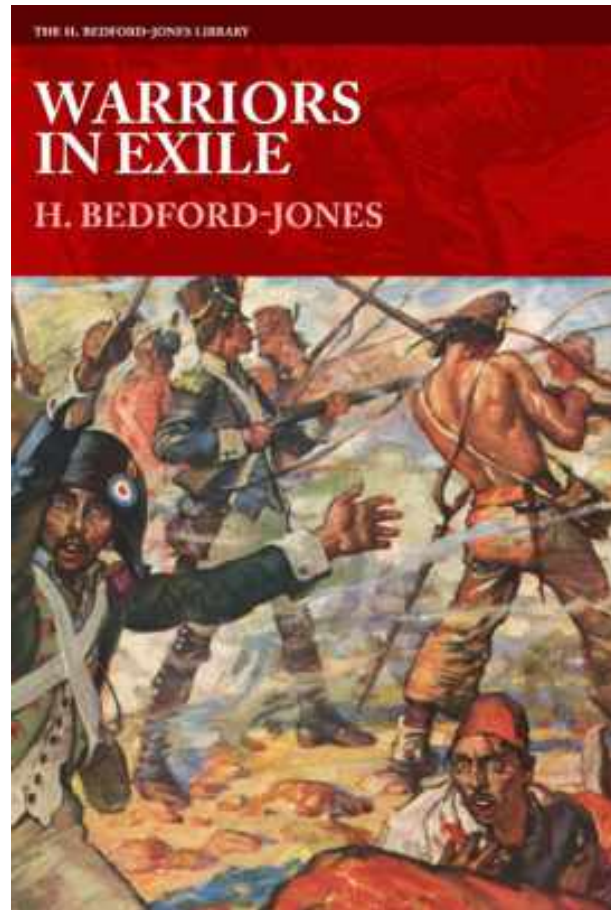
WARRIORS IN EXILE

By H. Bedford-Jones,
Altus Press, 2018,
374 pp, \$24.95

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

A 17-part saga of the French Foreign Legion which originally appeared in the June 1937– October 1938 issues of BLUE BOOK. This edition includes the original interior illustrations by Herbert Morton Stoops. The stories are set in various locales and time periods throughout the Legion's history—to borrow from the teaser: "Crimea, Italy, Formosa, Tonkin, Siam, Dahomey, Sudan, Madagascar, the Sahara of course, with Maximilian of Austria in Mexico, war-torn Spain in 1835, and the Franco-Prussian War." HBJ uses a framing device to present each story: Usually a small group of veterans, presided over by the narrator, are gathered to discuss or argue over some facet of the Legion's storied history. The contents:

"We, About to Die" – Recounts the Legion's first great test. Colonel Hans Porson commands the defense of Cairo against an army of vastly greater numbers—10,000 ragged, hungry and ill-armed men go out against 60,000 Janissaries, the elite regiments of the Turkish Empire. With a daring stroke, the Legion, made up of a dozen different nationalities, attempts to cut



through the battle lines of the Grand Vizier.

"A Touch of Sun" – From the decree of Louis Philippe, King of France, in 1831: "First, a Legion of foreigners will be formed. This legion will take the name of Foreign Legion..." Originally the Legion was made up of seven battalions, segregated by nationality: (1) Swiss, (2) German, (3) Swiss and German, (4) Spanish, (5) Italians, (6) Belgians and (7) Dutch and Poles. Pan Andrei, an exiled Polish prince, winds up in the 7th Battalion, but he has discipline problems and deserts the force, winding up with a Turkish soldier, Murad Bey, and his daughter Khatifa. Pan Andrei becomes a

raider against the French along with Khatifa, now his wife, at his side. In the end he must choose where his true loyalty lies.

"The Legion in Spain" – War-torn Spain in 1836. Gaspenjo, an old Spanish mountaineer, tells the narrator (traveling by himself this time) of his father, Don Jorge, who joined the Legion on the run, after a duel over a girl. This tale features a lot of cavalry action, as Don Jorge is ultimately forced to do battle with his brother, Don Miguel, who is actually a murderous raider by night known as El Picador.

"The Grandson of Pompey" – This one has a humorous twist and takes place in an ancient town near Algiers. A titled and stuffy Englishman becomes entrapped with the Legion during a lengthy siege by the Arabs and learns a lesson in courage.

"Leather-Bellies in the Crimea" – Casey, an Irish ex-Legionnaire and soldier of fortune, recalls for the group how, battling against the Cossacks in the early 20th Century, he runs into a most unexpected relative. Ultimately his fate comes to rest on the flip of a Czarist silver coin.

"Life, Not Courage, Left Them" – The Legion in Mexico! Relates what led to the storied fighting force becoming entangled with the ambitions of Emperor

Maximilian at Vera Cruz, and how a disgraced bishop took refuge with the Legion.

"The First American to Fight in the Legion" – Further adventures in Mexico as Civil War veterans Ellis Clarke and Bill Hicks head south in 1865 to join up with Cortina's irregulars in their resistance to Maximilian's ambitions. After concluding an impossible march—90 miles in 32 hours!—the two are invited to join up with the Legion.

"One Night in Magenta" – Under the leadership of Napoleon III the Legion takes on the Austrian army in Italy. Basetti, a Swiss member of the force, carries a fierce hatred of the invaders. He is captured near Milan but escapes and takes refuge with the famous Dr. Torini and his daughter Maria. Through Torini he conceives of a splendid revenge on the Austrians.

"Dust of Dead Souls" – Colonel Wiart, a decorated veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, tells of a daring attack led by his noncom father which altered the outcome of the war. Quoth he, "Scientists say the blue of the sky comes from dust. If so, then it is the dust of men long dead."

"A Crown is Earned" – A Legion battalion sails to the Far East and lands in the Gulf of Tonkin to go up against the dreaded Chinese Black Flags, notorious

for beheading their enemies. A German soldier, Bernard, is obsessed with the idea of obtaining a Chinese crown as a trophy.

"The Crime of the Legion" – Still in the Far East, this one takes place on Formosa. Legion forces are hemmed by the Chinese at the town and harbor of Kelung. An irascible and apparently indestructible old veteran, Papa Weber, comes up with a unique solution for cutting through enemy lines and breaking the siege.

"Fighting Through" – Back to the Gulf of Tonkin where a Legionnaire named Hindmann is maligned by his lieutenant and labeled a mad dog. The soldier proves himself by going up against overwhelming forces, including Chinese mine-layers, earning a respectful sobriquet as The Dog of Tuyen-quan.

"Gentleman Royal" – The Marching Battalion of the Legion disembarks at Bangkok in 1893 and blockades the river. A survey party is sent upriver to Nampak, where a love-struck private, Dupre, is plyed with liquor by a renegade and must be rescued from bandits.

"The King's Pipe" – In Dahomey the Legion goes up against black Amazon warriors, the bodyguard of King Behanzin. It's 1892, and France is looking to annex more African territory under the Tricolor. In addition to the fearsome women fighters, the campaign is plagued

with fever and dysentery. The story centers on Bauer, a soldier who "had his head cut off—and yet he served with the Legion for another eight months and was discharged on our return to Algeria."

"The Little Black God" – A Sudanese idol plays a curious part in the Legion's pursuit of Sultan Samory's brigands. In the headquarters at Kayes, two friends, Lang and Bisterdt, become infatuated over the daughter of a half-caste Spanish trader. Before the competition is ended only one of them will still be alive.

"Reilly of the Legion" – The Madagascar campaign has a horrific attrition rate, with the hospitals burying twenty to forty men a day—and more of those from suicide than enemy bullets. The redheaded Irishman Reilly becomes separated from his column and meets up with Harrison, an American soldier of fortune. The two change the course of the campaign.

"A Devil in the Heart" – This final entry takes the Legion back to its best-known field of battle—the Sahara. It's 1903 and the Legion under Captain Vauchain's mounted detachment is escorting six hundred camels with ammunition and supplies to the post at El Aschad. They are attacked by Moroccan raiders and are losing badly when a Legionnaire named Forrester turns the tide of battle.

THE BORDER OF BLADES

by H. Bedford-Jones
and W. R. Foran.

First published in *Argosy*, July, 1913. First reprinted in the UK by Hodder & Stoughton under the pseudonym of Capt. Bedford Foran. Retitled **THE BORDER OF BLADES: An Anglo-Indian Romance**, and attributed to Robt. W. Foran. Reprinted several times by many publishers.

A rousing adventure of the Khyber Rifles set in India shortly before the turn of the 20th Century.



Published as "The Sunday Novel," complete in the *Akron Beacon Journal*, March 31, 1940.

The two illustrations here from that newspaper, the artist unknown.

KING OF THE PULPS

The Life and Writings of H. Bedford-Jones

by Peter Ruber,
Darrell C. Richardson
& Victor A. Berch,

Battered Silicon Press, 2003

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

It seems appropriate that it took three people to construct a biography/bibliography of this most prolific pulp wordsmith. During a forty-year career he worked in virtually every genre and published 85 books and 1335 stories, mostly in the pulps, nearly half of those of novel or novelette length — but whether this is a complete accounting is anyone's guess. Anyway, this book is broken down into five parts. Here are brief overviews of each:

I - "King of the Pulps" consisting of separate essays on HBJ by Peter Ruber. Three areas are covered: "The Life and Times of H. Bedford-Jones" is a thumbnail biography of the writer, hardly satisfactory, but it appears personal information on HBJ is scanty, particularly when compared to some of his contemporaries like, say, Edgar Rice Burroughs or Max Brand. His two marriages are dealt with briefly. There was apparent-



ly a good deal of inter-family turmoil and conflict. And a surprising amount of space is devoted to his relationship with his daughter Nancy, particularly the difficulties caused by her Socialist activism. Most fascinating to me was a part that detailed the plagiarism of some of HBJ's writings in the early 1930's and the legal hassles that ensued. (There seems to have been a spate of this going on around that time, perhaps brought on by the Depression — A. Merritt's biography relates similar problems.)

"An Overview of HBJ's Writings" is exactly what it says, a quick-and-dirty look at the pulp industry and HBJ's place in it. Various sources for insights on his writings are listed—for example, the New York Herald-Tribune obituary which

credits him with earnings of a million dollars a year (unlikely--that was big bucks back then, in today's dollars it's astronomical).

"Pseudonyms and Collaborators, Real and Fictitious" explores the 23 pen-names HBJ used during his lifetime. Some are fairly familiar, like Allan Hawkwood and Gordon Keyne, others quite obscure like Emerson Baker and Margaret Love Sanderson. He had five actual collaborators during his career, the most familiar among them being William Wallace Cook. The other four were William R. Foran, E.L. Sabin, J.F. Davis and Barton Browne. In each case the co-authorship involved either a book-length novel or a pulp or slick magazine serial.

II – "The Bibliography of HBJ," including stories under his own name and pseudonyms. This gets down to the nitty-gritty, listing each book and every magazine appearance, including re-prints, broken down by publication. Want to know how many times HBJ appeared in WEIRD TALES? SEA STORIES? It's all here, by title, date, and story length.

III – "Post Mortem" by HBJ, an uncompleted autobiography. In 1947 Vincent Starrett, newspaperman, mystery writer,

bibliophile, and founder of the Chicago chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars,

suggested to HBJ that he write an autobiography. Several chapters resulted; however, HBJ chose to couch his revelations in the third person format, writing as if he were dealing with another person altogether, the writer Henry Bedford-Jones. The work was never finished. The most entertaining sections deal with HBJ's somewhat jaundiced view of the publishing business.

IV – "The Wisdom of Solomon," A Newly Discovered John Solomon Adventure and "The Affair of the Aluminum Crutch," A New Adventure of Sherlock Holmes, both by H. Bedford-Jones. Two relatively obscure HBJ stories are presented. The John Solomon story is a reprint taken from the September 26th, 1926 Boston Globe Sunday Magazine. The original magazine appearance is unknown. The Holmes tale was done by HBJ to spoof Alexander Woollcott and the Baker Street Irregulars. It first appeared in five parts in the Palm Springs News between January 16th and February 20th, 1936.

V – "A Selection of HBJ Magazine and Book Covers." As stated. A nice gallery of HBJ covers and a few interiors from both book and magazine appearances. Their impact is diminished because all are black and white shots, so you don't get the full pulp flavor of his work. Nevertheless it's a generous sampler of his voluminous and varied output. Once he

became established, HBJ was one of those “go-to” writers that editors liked to put on a cover to boost sales. He was a main-stay at ARGOSY and BLUE BOOK, but could also be found on pulps like THRILL BOOK or PEOPLE’S FAVORITE.

Tacked on at the end of this book is a reproduction of a one page notarized document spoof by HBJ, sworn on February 29th, 1934, ceding his title as “King of the Woodpulp” to his good friend Erle Stanley Gardner. Ironically, it was around this time that Gardner was leaving the pulps behind...

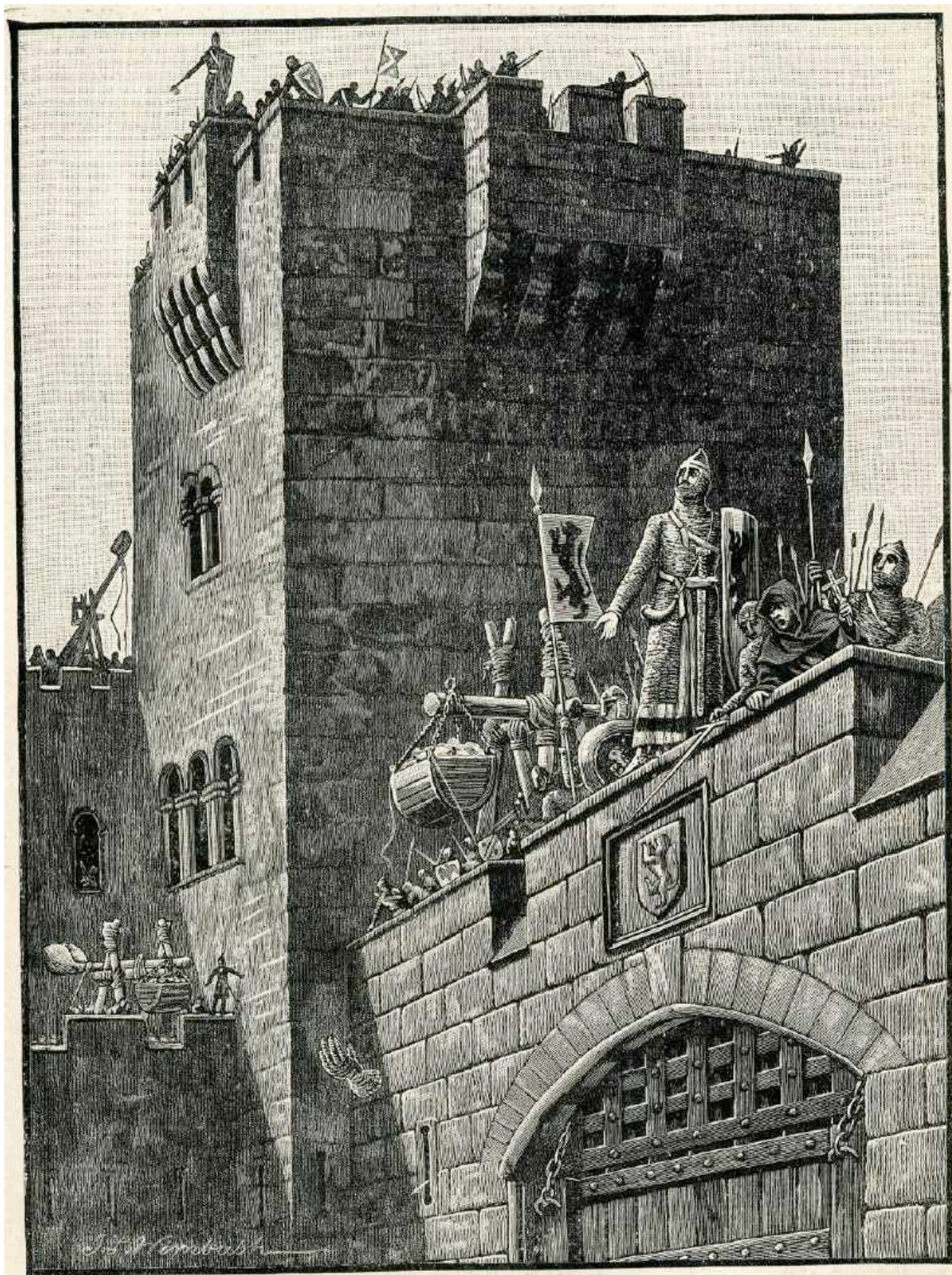
As I noted in my review of FLAME-HAIR THE SKALD (his second published book), while he became one of the true giants of pulp fiction, HBJ failed to parley his fame and writing skills into venues beyond the printed page with any great success. He created a radio series, ABE LIN-COLN’S STORY, which ran for 25 episodes. Meanwhile only one film was adapted from his vast output of fiction—GARDEN OF THE MOON in 1938. Ignoring all the exotic locales he wrote about, this sole movie appearance was a Busby Berkeley musical about a New York nightclub owner. It was taken from a *Saturday Evening Post* short story. Contrast that with dozens of film properties that flowed from his contemporaries: Zane Grey’s innumerable westerns, Max Brand’s Dr. Kildare and more westerns, Edgar Rice Burroughs Tar-

zan franchise, to name a few. If HBJ considered such matters at all, “King of the Pulps” must have sometimes seemed a rather hollow title.

(At last count Altus Press has published 36 volumes in its H. Bedford-Jones Library. This is an ambitious undertaking and, like HBJ’s writings, the selection is wide and varied, covering genres from historical adventure to westerns to contemporary tales. We are reviewing three of those books, all historical adventures.

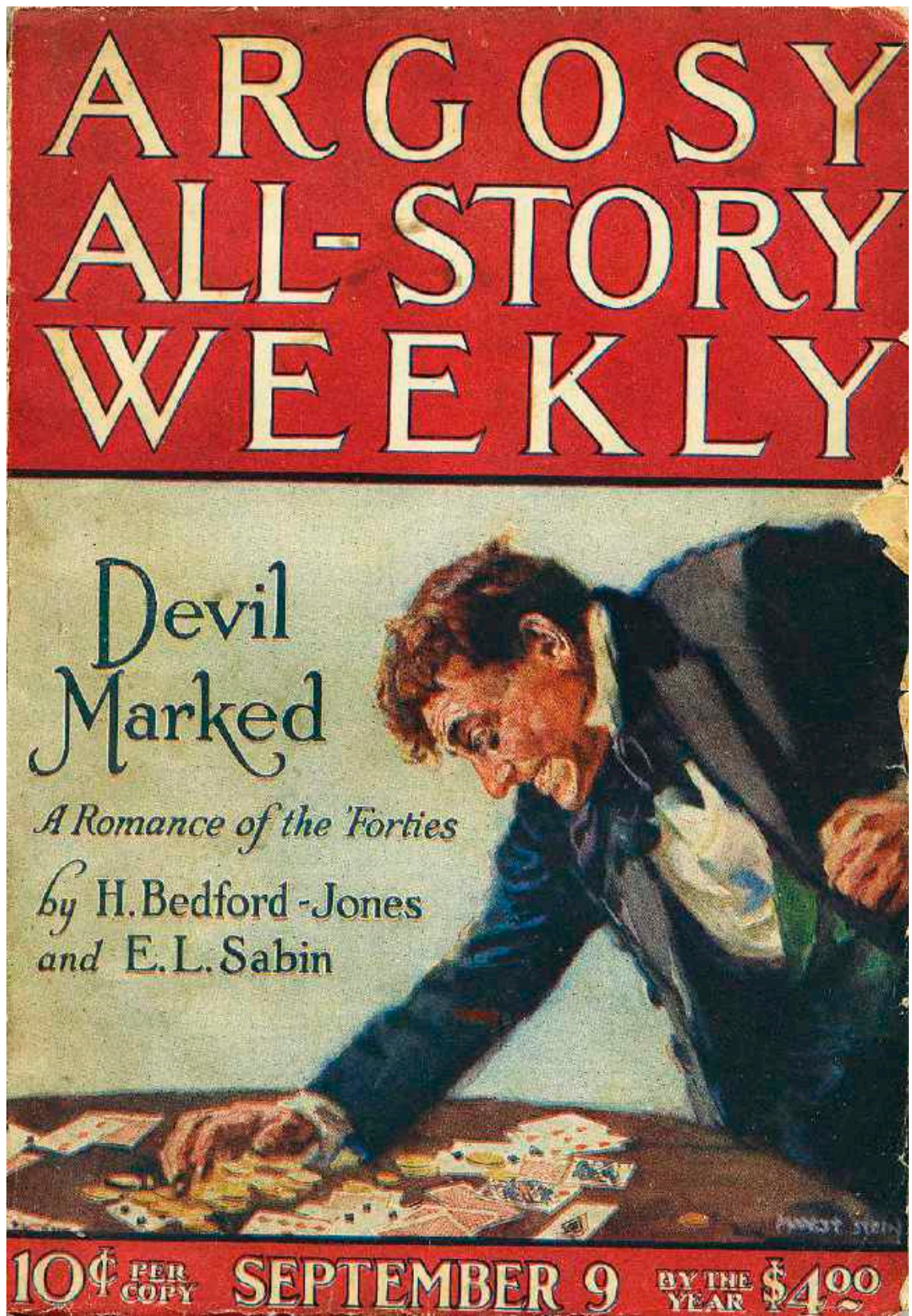
The back cover blurb on each volume has the following information: “It’s estimated that in the 40-year writing career of Henry James O’Brien Bedford-Jones (1887-1949), he wrote nearly 200 novels, 400 novel-ettes, 800 short stories, totaling some 25 million words while appearing in such pulps as *Adventure*, *All-Story-Weekly*, *Argosy*, *Blue Book*, and *Short Stories*, among many others.” This well exceeds the 1335 mentioned at the start of this piece; whether one of the counts is inaccurate or additional works have been discovered during the last 15 years is not known.)

Caz Note: P. Ruber carefully ignored all HBJ articles and fiction that had appeared in *Pulpdome* by 2003. I returned the ‘favor’ by calling his book “Ruber’s Rubbish,” especially since it has no index. He also missed “**Young Kit Carson**” by HBJ which I found in an old newspaper.



Defiance.

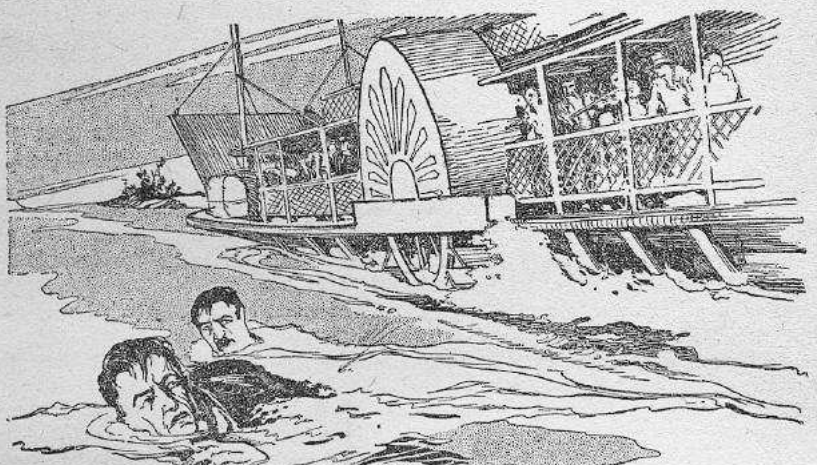
(Drawn for the "Boys' Own Paper" by J. L. WIDRUSH.)



1922: A 3 part story about men and riverboats on the Missouri in the 1840s.

ARGOSY-ALLSTORY W E E K L Y

VOL. CXLV SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922 NUMBER 4



Devil Marked

By **H. BEDFORD-JONES and E. L. SABIN**
Authors of "Piracy on the High Seas," "Big Injun," and others.

CHAPTER I.

"DEVIL MARKED AND INJUN BRED!"

THE dingy curtain at the doorway of the room waved slightly. The man outside, the fourth man, checked his entrance and stood there, staring into the room with horrified eyes, gripping the soiled curtain. He made no sound. The others did not observe that he had returned, in this paralyzed moment of tragedy. Then the curtain fell again into place. The fourth man recoiled, stole away, was gone like a shadow.

This was the private room of Gaspard's—a catch-all groggery and river resort facing the New Orleans levee. Sprawled across one corner of the low, heavy table lay a man, dead. Two men stood breathless, transfixed. One of them yet held the smeared knife.

From the table corner redly welling fluid jetted and softly splashed to the rough plank floor. Evidently the cruelly curved blade had severed an artery. From the body was diffused such a redness, such a vivid hue of crimson, staining and soaking it, spreading from it across the floor, that all the room was ensanguined by the reflection.

Only the faces of the two breathless, staring men escaped the brand. These con-

Of all the books ever written about Kit Carson, *KIT CARSON DAYS* (1919) by Edwin L. Sabin, is the most detailed analysis of them all. Period. -Caz

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

HENRY STEEGER
PRESIDENT

June 15, 1972

Messrs. Camille Cazedessus, Jr.
and Bob Jones
OPAR PRESS
P.O. Box 550
Evergreen Colorado 80439

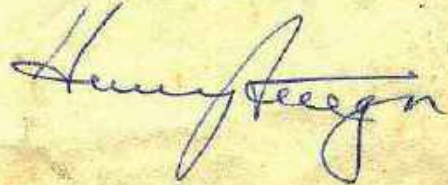
Dear Messrs. Cazedessus and Jones:

I have just received your publication, "The Weird Menace" and I can assure you, as you might imagine, I got a real big kick out of it. It is well presented and well printed and I think your editorial selection was excellent. I have been drooling nostalgia ever since turning the opening page, and I thought your article, "Popular's Weird Menace Pulp" by Bob Jones was outstandingly good. I would really like very much to know how Mr. Jones comes by all of his knowledge. Maybe he's writing under a nom de plume! The piece was, so far as I could see, accurate and well researched - and I compliment you both on the effectiveness of your publication.

At the present moment, Al Norton and I are compiling a book on the pulps for the University of Illinois Press. It will be a definitive history and, since there are not too many of us left who could author such a project, we hope to accomplish the publication before too long. Ted Peterson is giving us all the help he possibly can - and, as you know, he is most knowledgeable on this subject. We would also like very much to rely on Mr. Jones, if this can be done, because he seems to know a good deal of the history of the pulps. Will he please let me know if we could depend on him for a few questions.

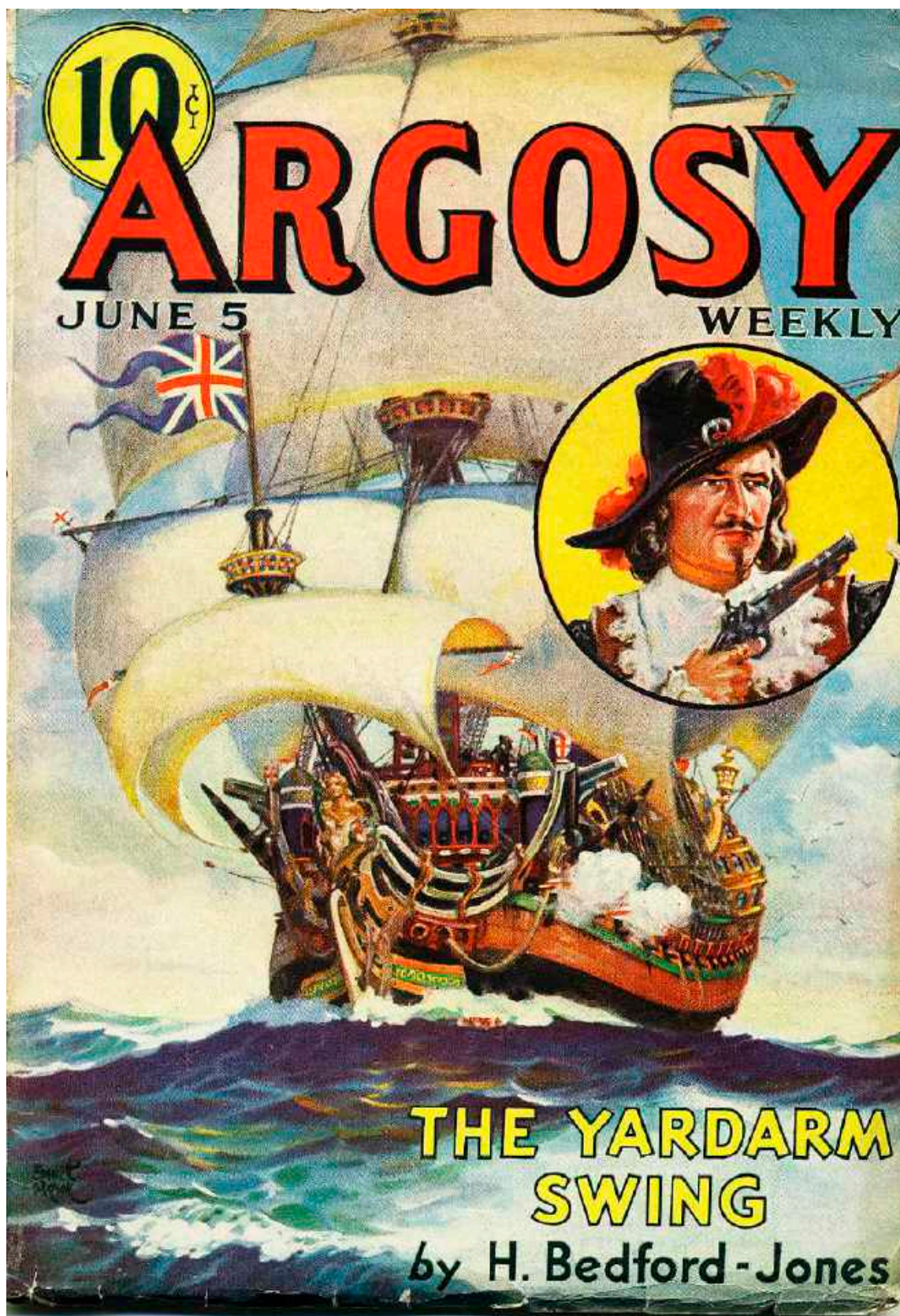
Thanks for sending me the publication - and here's wishing you much luck in its dissemination.

Sincerely,



HS:lbt

A long ago letter about the history of Pulp magazines. *Those were the days, my friend.*



By special permission of Matt Mooring and Steeger Properties - ARGOSY, 1937

The Yardarm Swing

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Author of "Will o' the Wisp," "Raid of the China Clipper," etc.

THE manner of his coming to Tortola was no mystery, but the man himself excited a surly admiration among these hard, lawless killers. Three days had passed since Captain Breda's return in the *Haarlem*, bringing the loot of a French vessel and this man who had been pulled out of the sea; already the newcomer bore himself as though he owned the whole island.

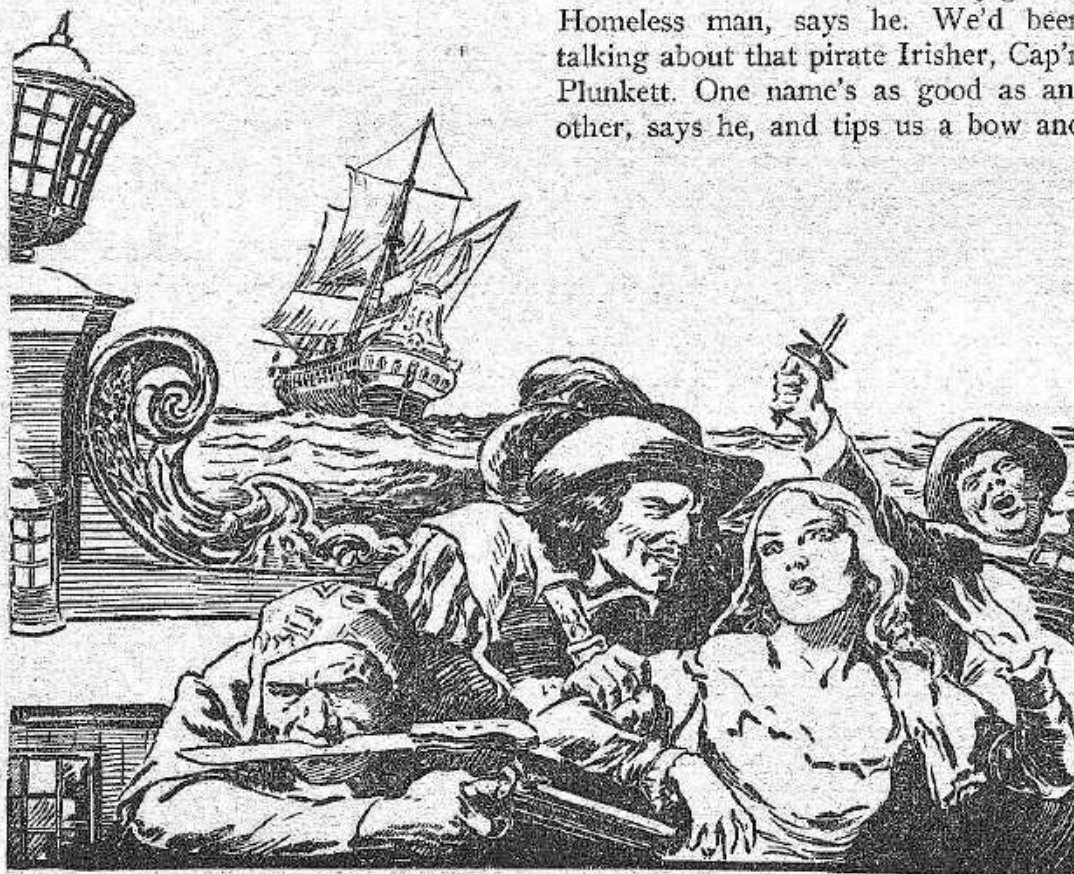
Don Carlos, helping to build the gun emplacements for St. Michael and the three other brass cannon, eased himself in his chains. He wiped sweat from his

lean, black-bearded cheeks, and listened as a group of buccaneers discussed the man.

A black-bearded man was speaking.

"I mind he was stark naked when we drew him out o' the sea, and lashed to a bit of wreckage. Some ship had foundered in that hurricane. And look at him now! He brought us luck, he did. It was the next morning we picked up the Frenchman."

"Blow me, what is he?" said another. "He slings English better'n me. Cap'n Breda swears he's Dutch. Slip him a word in Spanish, German, French, and he comes back like any one of 'em. If he ain't some fine lord, I miss my guess! Homeless man, says he. We'd been talking about that pirate Irisher, Cap'n Plunkett. One name's as good as another, says he, and tips us a bow and



THE YARDARM SWING

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says his name is Plunkett. Just like that."

"Look at him—look at him wi' the rapier!" went up a cry. "Breda has enough. The cap'n can't stand against him!"

An overseer cracked his whip. Don Carlos bent again with the other prisoners to his labor; but his dark quick eyes sought the figures in the shade. Cap'n Breda, the agile, powerful Dutchman with a satanic glint in his eye, and the slender, handsome man in borrowed clothes—the man with the fine laughing face, the curl of new beard, the hair flying about his neck in a golden mass. Plunkett, eh? A borrowed name.

"*Dios!* There's the man for my job," muttered Don Carlos. "Why, he looks at them as though they were dogs! He has the air of a prince, the look of a prince—good! I'll hook him if the chance comes. He'll bite, quick enough. He's not

one of these bloodhounds. Soldier of fortune, eh? Oh, he'll bite!"

Don Carlos, himself a gentleman and a very capable soldier of fortune until fate brought him to Tortola, was in "hell," and he very much wanted to get out. That is, he was in "hell" except when he was chained of mornings and set to this labor, being far too useful to fry to death just yet.

"Hell" was an iron cage eight feet square, out on the sand just beyond the first palm tree up the beach. There was a door in the cage, fastened by an iron padlock of huge size. The enormous key that fit the padlock was hung to a nail on the palm tree.

Set naked in that iron cage under the broiling sun, one perceived why Captain Breda named it "hell." The iron Dutchman had a sense of humor. The dungeon up yonder under the so-called castle, he had named "purgatory," and



not without reason either. The big brass cannon overlooking the cove, from which a captive was sometimes blown, he called "St. Michael." The humor was a bit obscure here, but was well meant.

"Sail ho!" The man on watch, beneath the sun-shelter on the high sand crest, bawled out the words. "It's the pinnacle, Cap'n! But the wind's falling. She'll not be in afore sunset."

Captain Breda, who had been fencing in the shade with Plunkett, hooked his arm in that of his laughing guest, and bore him away to the castle above. The afternoon was past its heat, sunset a good three hours distant. Don Carlos flicked an eye toward the sail-dot far out on the brazen sea, and went on laboring without complaint. There was iron in Don Carlos, too, and plenty of it; his spirit was strong and he had the will to live.

From the huts and barracks above, drifted the thin screaming of a woman. The overseers exchanged a grin and a jest. More than a few women up there, and any woman who reached Tortola alive had a grim time of it. There was no illusion about this place or the killers who had settled here. The men who were blown from St. Michael's mouth were envied of their fellow captives.

AS he sat with his guest, Captain Breda put the matter into plain words. The powerful Dutchman had taken a liking to this man from the sea, whose intelligence was so obviously superior to any around him. Pipes alight, rum and Spanish wine at hand, they sat under a thatched arbor and looked out at the sea and talked.

"What's in your past?" demanded the hard, grim Dutchman. "You're English, I'd say, yet you're not one of

these bleating Englishmen who killed their king. A Cavalier?"

Plunkett smiled at him. "My good cap'n, my past is a blank. I've wiped it out. I'm dead, and born again. A past—bah! It sickens me. No home; wanderings; penniless, dependent on charity, too much of a gentleman to beg, ashamed to steal—out with it all! Now I'm a free man in a new, free world. That's enough."

"Enough for me," and Captain Breda nodded. "You'd make one of us, with training. I can use you. Here's a whole world for the taking; anyone can seize what he wants, if he can hold it. Another year, and I'll have a buccaneer stronghold here that no fleet can put down. But mind you, no silly sentiment! Throw in with us, and overboard with all fine gentleman's notions."

Plunkett still smiled. "So I understand."

"Aye. Clap an eye to number one first, and a yardarm swing to all the rest." Breda wiped rum from his stiff beard. "It's a killing game in this new world. The English threw us Dutch out o' Santa Cruz; the Spaniards came on 'em and not one was left alive. The English in Barbados and elsewhere are fighting each other like madmen. The French fight each other cat and dog. The Caribs, who owned all these islands, are getting killed off fast, but they still have teeth. It's a world for the grabbing, and I've grabbed this island of Tortola as my share."

"A mad world," said Plunkett. "Hard to credit we're living in modern times, in the year 1652! Yet it's a tempting world, this of yours. I'm for it. I'm not so sure I'm for you, Cap'n."

"You'll never find a better friend or partner," said Breda bluntly. "Here's a world for the taking, and the strongest

THE YARDARM SWING

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takes. All law's broken down. The quickest to kill is the top man, has the most land, rum and women. A simple creed. Another twenty years, and the powers will have divided up or seized all these islands; now's the time to act. We were all Dutch when we settled here, but now we've got a mixture of the damndest fighting men you ever saw. No milksops, mind. Killers. A hundred and two-score in all. Plenty of others coming in to grab, like this fellow Plunkett, whose name you took. He's a dirty pirate if there ever was one. It goes to show that if you step in now while the time's right, you'll get in ahead of the crowd."

The blue eyes of Plunkett dwelt curiously on that hard, grim face, with its glint of satanic humor.

"I'm surprised you ever bothered pulling me out of the sea," he said ironically.

"The men said you'd bring us luck; they were right." Breda chuckled. "Mind you, look out for number one if you join up! Anyone who disputes me, gets a yardarm swing; it's a good motto. My word's law here. I've got brains. So have you. I can use you; I offer you friendship and a place. Where can you find a better?"

"I don't know—yet," said Plunkett.

"Ha! What you need is a wench, to make you contented. There's a Spanish jade Bose has broken in finely. She has a sweet face; if you'd like her, I'll get Bose to turn her over to you."

Plunkett repressed a little shiver, smiled again, shook his head.

"Thanks; I like your advice better than your offers. Save the women for those who want 'em; if I see one that I like, I'll take her. A yardarm swing, eh? Like the Frenchman you swung up yesterday when he went against your will. Aye, a good motto."

He rose and stretched himself. "Well, I'm off for a swim."

"Sharks, you fool!"

"Carib John says there are none about today. He knows. I'll chance it."

He sauntered away toward the dazzling white curve of beach beyond the cove, and as he went, his smile died out, and his blue eyes chilled.

An empty, impoverished title behind him, none to mourn him save a brother, a life he loathed; and here, freedom! A bloody freedom, yes, but for five years past he had lived with war, with men who had a cause and slew for it. He was twenty-five, and no stranger to death.

He sunned himself, swam lazily, reflected lazily. This strange new world was fascinating and repellent. Islands everywhere, and all the tales alike. The Spaniards at Santa Cruz massacred by the French. The English at St. Lucia massacred by the Caribs. The Caribs—sleek brown Carib John was one—massacred by everyone. Each man's hand against that of very other man. The yardarm swing—a good motto.

Of these men around him, even of Breda, he felt contempt. Animals all of them, savages, killers, in a world where the underdog got no mercy.

"My place isn't with them," he thought. "With the French, the Spanish, the English? I've no reason to join any of them; I'm reborn. I've no cause, save my own self-preservation. Time enough when I find a reason, a cause, an interest."

He knew the change in himself. He **had** landed here a derelict of sunny good humor. The things he had seen here made him writhe—the cruelty all around, the brutality, the excesses. He hated this isle and its buccaneers. Plunkett! He laughed to think of the name he had taken. Once he had met

this Plunkett, with his commission from the Duke of Ormond; a cruel, lusty man, now no better than a pirate.

HE stroked back to the white beach. Sunset was at hand. The pinnacle, of some thirty tons, was winging slowly in with the falling breeze. Everyone ashore was crowding down to watch her arrival in the cove. The work had stopped, the prisoners put back in chains for the night.

Slipping into his clothes, Plunkett headed to join the throng, and then came to a startled halt, glancing around.

"*Prince!*" The voice came again. He knew he had betrayed himself, and turned. He found himself close to that iron cage called "hell." He met the flashing smile of Don Carlos, who was speaking French.

"*Monsieur*, will you return here later tonight, when we may talk without being noticed? I wish you to help me. I can offer you what your heart most desires."

"Little you know," said Plunkett, eying the man curiously. "What made you address me by that title? Who are you?"

"Don Carlos Alvarado. That title? Perhaps I know more than you think. Careful! That bull of Bashan wants you. Return later."

Captain Breda was roaring at Plunkett to hasten and join him. As Plunkett obeyed the call and strode away, Don Carlos grinned anew. The fish was hooked! With the proper handling, all might go well.

Two hooks are better than one, however—or worse.

The pinnacle came in. A score of men splashed ashore, the craft was run high, the unlading began, half a dozen prisoners were hauled to the beach. At sight of the dainty slim girl among

them, Plunkett stared hard for a moment.

She was young, garbed in tattered, sea-stained silk brocade, the ruins of a hat were perched on her head, blood was smeared across her dress and shawl; yet she was delicately slim and slender, her head carried high as only few could bear to do, her face white with fear but her eyes level and unafraid.

Then Plunkett was striding toward her, parting the throng and breasting the two surly guards from the pinnacle. To them, he was a complete stranger, and they would have struck him aside from the women; but he shoved one and tripped the other, and unheeding their curses, went on to the girl.

He stood before her, met her gaze, and bowed very gallantly. He was about to speak, when those two guards overtook him with a storm of oaths and blows.

Next instant, with a snatch of steel, wild uproar mounted the fading sunset. A sword clashed and clanged, blood spurted on its quick slash, a man was down. The crew of the pinnacle poured around. Captain Breda was into the mêlée with a storm of oaths, and there stood Plunkett with the second man cutting at him, a smear of blood on his curly beard, his eyes all ablaze as he thrust and cut.

It was over in a flash, before Captain Breda could intervene. The second guard staggered and caught at his throat, and pitched down beside his fellow. Plunkett stood leaning on his blade, panting a little.

"Blast you, art gone mad?" shouted Breda.

"The lass belongs to me," said Plunkett. "Look out for number one, says you! I'm doing it."

"Swing him up! A yardarm swing!"

THE YARDARM SWING

11

yelled the crew of the pinnace, who had brought in the loot and the women. They pitched at Plunkett. Breda's men jumped in and prevented them. A surge of figures, hot words storming up, fury let loose all around. Breda himself recovered from his astonishment to still the noise with his blasting oaths.

"You fool, you've killed two good men!" he roared at Plunkett.

"Aye. They struck first."

Assent shrilled up. Others cursed at him. Captain Breda shifted his gaze to the girl, and wiped his lips. He looked at Plunkett, and his rum-shot eyes narrowed.

"I'll settle this i' the morning, lads," said he to the men. "Take her to my quarters; lock her in the back room and give me the key. Leave the other loot for sharing by daylight. Tonight's for rum, women and talk. Those who brought in the other women can have 'em. Tell the cooks to break out all stores regardless—every man his fill of rum and meat. Plunkett, you with me. Poincy, with me also and make report."

A howl of delight went up, a wild ringing yell from all hands. Tongues buzzed as the men of the pinnace met explanation of Plunkett's presence.

Poincy, the squat Frenchman who captained the pinnace, fell in with Breda and Plunkett. The slim girl was led away to the captain's quarters. The other women were whirled off with scream and struggle and bearded obscene laughter, as the hundred-odd buccanciers broke up and flooded for the huts and barracks above the cove.

BREDA'S was the castle, so-called; a ramshackle affair of beams and canvas and thatched roofs, around the core of a building erected by French or Spaniards years ago from coral

blocks. Here Breda kept his Carib women and his possessions safe; and here, while the twilight deepened into starry night, he sat with his two guests, one of the golden women serving out food and rum and Spanish wine.

"Report," said Breda to the squat Frenchman.

"Little enough, Cap'n." Poincy was obsequious, currying favor, a powerful little brute of rolling muscles and hair. "What we got, was out of an island craft bearing up for Martinico, crowded with French refugees. Where from? I dunno. We took out the likely ones, unloaded everything worthwhile, and knocked a hole in her bottom. I fetched that slim girl for you; a fine lady, she is. There were two of 'em, but the other gave us the slip on the way home and went overboard. This one ain't been hurt. I kept her for you."

Captain Breda fingered his stiff beard and his hard chin, and shot a glance at Plunkett. The latter had altogether lost his sunny look; his eyes were no longer young, but chill and old. He got up and left the table and went into the next room. Poincy jerked a thumb after him.

"He kills our men and doesn't swing for it? Or is he one of us?"

"Not yet. Most of the men are for him; luck, they say. He'd make a leader, if we had another ship. He can give orders. He has the knack."

"Be damned to him," growled Poincy. "You're not giving that girl to the likes of him. I'll take her, if you don't want her."

"I want her. I'll keep her."

"Right. Then I'm off, before somebody grabs that woman I grabbed for myself. No more need of me?"

"Not tonight. I've posted the guards."

Poincy swaggered away. Plunkett came back with a fresh pipe, sat down

and filled it, lighted it at a candle, and met the gaze of Captain Breda.

"Well?" he said, unsmiling. "I saw you look at her. What's to be next?"

"The yardarm swing, if you force it," said the older man with level threat. "Wake up to yourself. Forget your fine gentleman airs. Here you're one of us."

"I'll make you realize it," said Plunkett, and swigged off his tankard of rum.

"What d'you mean by that? Look here, life's cheap. Women are for the taking, anywhere. Plunder, ships, what you like; but needs must be a man to play the game, like the one whose name you've taken—that Plunkett. Raiding the English islands, with a commission from Ormond so he can't be hung as a pirate. Who the devil cares for such things? Here's your commission," and Breda slapped the sword at his hip. "Forget this lass."

"Suppose you forget her," said Plunkett evenly.

The Hollander scowled. "Are you drunk, to oppose me?" bit out his voice.

Plunkett took warning. "Drunk? Perhaps. This rum has gone to my head. I'll go for a stroll, cool my brain, and come back to settle matters with you."

"In half an hour, then," Breda nodded. "That Poincy is a surly fool; say the word, and he'll swing in the morning, and you in his shoes. Think it over. Either you're one of us, or you're not."

Plunkett sauntered away, along the trail to the cove. Two men sat down there in the starlight, swigging rum as they talked. No sense setting guards to watch the cove; boats don't walk away when the tide's out. Plunkett agreed with them, paused for a word and a jest, and went his way.

He swung his course around toward the palm trees. The face of the delicate lass tormented him. The words of Captain Breda, those keen satanic eyes, were further torment. One of us—or else not! A yardarm swing? Fall in with Breda, and all was well; go against him in the smallest thing, and it was another swung up for the men to stare at. Leave that girl to Breda, eh?

"So, Prince, you have come back."

The soft, low voice brought him to the bars of "hell" where Don Carlos peered out.

"What makes you call me that name?" said Plunkett curtly.

"Oh, a little girl told me you were a prince! Here, take the key from the palm tree yonder, and free me. There are boats in the cove. Take the big one, put water and stores aboard, and go. Everything from the pinnace is piled there. Do it quietly, and they'll never know till morning."

"Go?" said Plunkett. "Where?"

"To Barbados, the English island. My galleon was wrecked there; I know the place, know where to look aboard her. Gold, if that means anything to you; pearls from Mexico, emeralds from Peru. She's ballasted with silver—guess what she has in her lazaret! I wouldn't tell these swine even to save myself, but I'm telling you. There's fortune for the having. Will ye do it?"

Out of this hell and away! Plunkett stared at the starry horizon. This Spaniard was worthwhile—fortune for the taking, eh? Two men were better than one, yes. And the French girl up yonder, the slim and lovely girl, with Breda lusting to turn her into a screaming crazed slattern like the others—no, by Heaven!

"I'll be back," said Plunkett, and went striding away.

Frantically, Don Carlos spoke after

THE YARDARM SWING

him, tried to fetch him back. The low soft pleadings turned to bitter curses as Plunkett disappeared in the obscurity.

The hook had not failed, however; it was merely that another barb was exerting a stronger pull. Plunkett had found reason, cause, and interest in life. When he came back to where Captain Breda sat, his eyes were shining again and a laugh was on his lips, so that Breda looked at him with a thin smile.

"I see you've found your senses."

"Right," said Plunkett, and took up the big pewter candlestick from the table. "Come into the next room, Cap'n. I've some news for you."

Breda, who was top-heavy with the rum, stumbled after him with half-laughing curses.

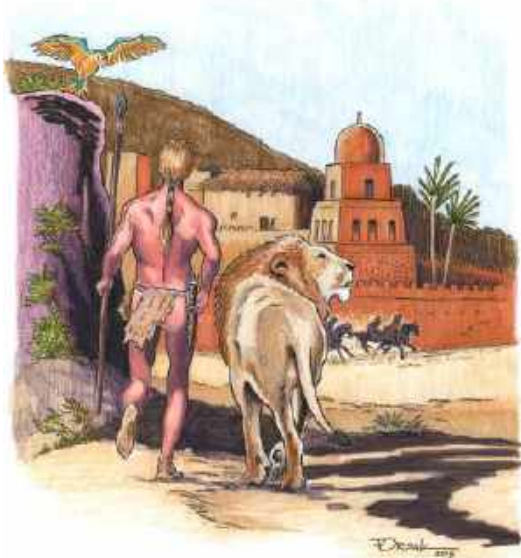
"What the devil is your news?" he demanded.

"Watch," said Plunkett, and blew out the candle.

Not a sound came from Captain Breda, except the heavy thud as the solid pewter hit flesh and bone, and the scuffle of the sandy floor as he dropped.

They found him there in the morning, all trussed up and gagged to boot with bits of the silk brocade dress the slim girl had worn. It was Poincy who recognized the bits of dress, and who belched out a bawdy jest on the matter, which had better have been left unsaid. Captain Breda relished no humor save his own, and said as much when they swung Poincy up to the yardarm of the ship and left him to turn and twist in the wind.

To Be Concluded in the next issue



KASPA AND THE LION GODDESS

By Mike Taylor

is coming in Pulpdom O.

SWORDS AGAINST THE MOON MEN

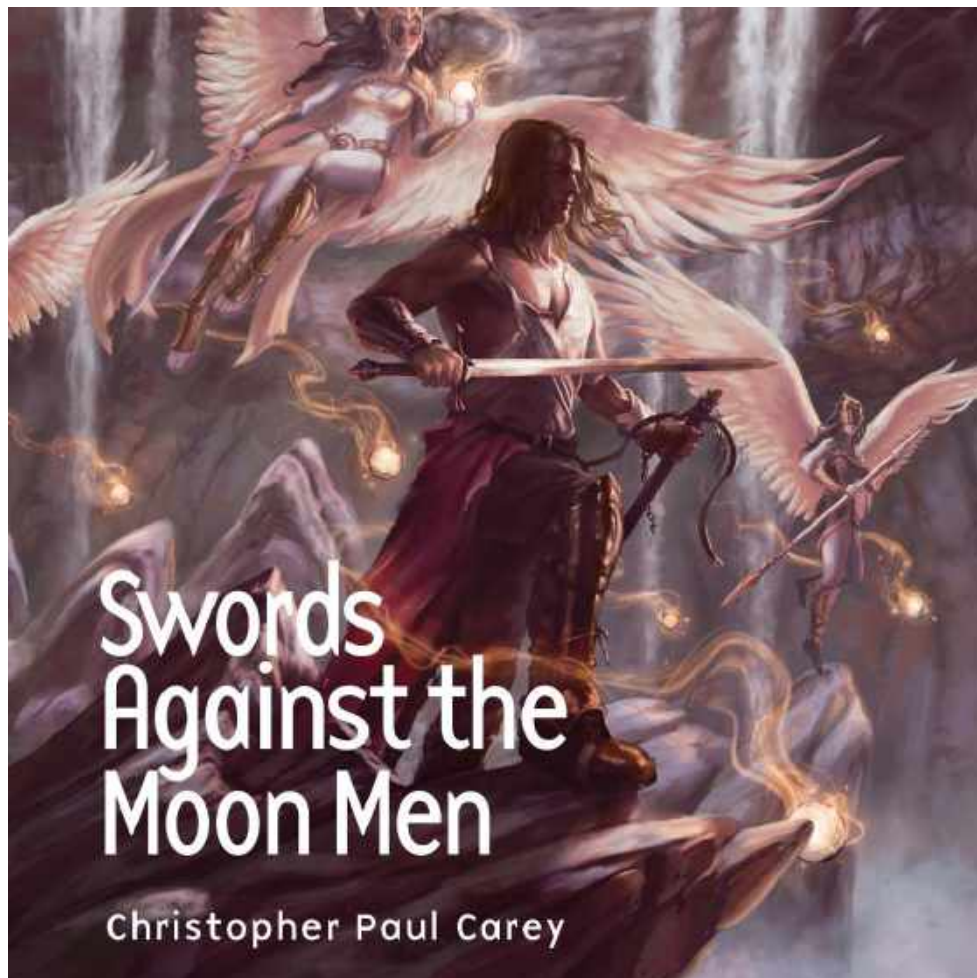
(The Wild Adventures of
Edgar Rice Burroughs #6)
by CHRISTOPHER PAUL CAREY,
Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., 2017

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

A new addition to ERB's original lunar trilogy consisting of THE MOON MAID, THE MOON MEN and THE RED HAWK. Chronologically, this story falls between the events told in THE

MOON MAID and THE MOON MEN. If it's been awhile since you read the original trilogy, it might be helpful to revisit them before tackling this one. The stories all stem from Julian 3rd, who possesses the odd ability to recall his future incarnations, which seem to occur every second generation. The lead characters in the original trilogy were Julian 5th, Julian 9th, and Julian 20th.

Here it's Julian 7th narrating the tale and the action occurs in 2076 A.D. Earth has been conquered and humanity brutally enslaved under the



cruel tyranny of the Kalkar invaders. They are led by the descendants of Julian 5th's old enemy, Orthis, whose evil conquest was spawned from Vannah, the moon's hollow interior, as related in THE MOON MAID.

Residing with his family in the ruins of Chicago and training horses for a livelihood, Julian 7th encounters Or-tis, descended from the original villain, and the two immediately clash. With the help of Bataar, a Mongolian horseman whom Or-tis wrongly believes to be loyal to him, Julian penetrates the local Kalkar headquarters, where he receives a radio transmission from a mysterious woman on Barsoom. She tells him a diplomatic mission traveling from Barsoom to the moon's hollow interior has gone silent. Because of his lineage, he is called on to find a way to get to the moon and investigate the disappearance.

Bluffing his way aboard a Kalkar interplanetary ship, Julian makes it to the moon's interior where he joins forces with Voo-rah-nee, a princess of Valthayne, and No-ma-ro, a fierce centaur-like quadruped with a boundless taste for meat. Julian is still viewed with suspicion by the princess's father in spite of his taking heroic action to save her from the Kalkars.

He soon learns that the missing Barsoom mission was headed up by none other than the Warlord of Mars. Soon John Carter and Julian unite in a desperate struggle to thwart the ambitions of Or-tis, whose development of a new super-weapon threatens not only the other inhabitants of the moon's interior but Earth and Barsoom as well. They penetrate the stronghold of the Kalkars in an attempt to destroy this weapon—an electronic rifle capable of disintegrating various types of matter—and a tremendous battle ensues.

A final flip is added when the ruler of Valthayne, Tu-lav, decrees that Julian's memory of these events must be wiped clean so that his knowledge pose no threat to Vannah in the future.

The author does a competent job of channeling ERB, unraveling exotic peril and wild battles reminiscent of the original trilogy. He follows the tried and true Burroughs template—whenever there's a lull in the action, something threatening charges over the next hill or rushes out of the forest and we're off again.

C. Paul Carey is a senior editor at Paizo Publishing and is known for his posthumous collaboration with Philip Jose Farmer on THE SONG OF KWASIN.

COSMIC KILL

by Robert Silverberg, and

EMPIRE OF EVIL

by Paul W. Fairman

Armchair Fiction, 2011 & 2014

Book Review by Mike Taylor

EMPIRE OF EVIL is a tale of interplanetary kidnapping and slavery by Paul W. Fairman which first appeared in the January 1951 AMAZING STORIES, credited to the house name Robert Arnette. Check out this blurb: *"The world faced a horrible situation — alien pirates from Venus were looting the heartlands of America and the rest of the world almost at will. Not only did they make off with valuable booty, but their most prized pickings were Earth women — beautiful women who were lusted after by the creatures of all Earth's neighboring planets."* Well, that should get your blood boiling...

COSMIC KILL originally appeared in the April and May 1957 AMAZING STORIES also under the house name Robert Arnette. Paul W. Fairman, author of the first story, had recently become the editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC and found himself with no time to complete this sequel. At the last minute he asked 22

year old Robert Silverberg to write the story for him. Silverberg admitted decades later that, facing a very tight deadline, this was one story he wrote with some pharmaceutical assistance. Asked recently by Caz which of his many stories came closest to duplicating the style of ERB, he chose this one. So let's review it.

The two stories have different protagonists but the action — and there's a lot of it -- takes place in a shared solar system, ripe with weird and intelligent creatures hailing from



various planets. In *EMPIRE OF EVIL* the hero is called Ron Kratnick and the action is on Venus, in *COSMIC KILL* it's Lon Archman and this time we're off to Mars. Both men are agents for an organization called Universal Intelligence.

Intelligence sends Archman to Mars on a deadly mission — to assassinate Darrien, a power-hungry overlord. Five years earlier, Darrien had ruled a criminal empire on Venus which was destroyed by a Terran space fleet. Now he runs an even greater enterprise from Canalopolis on the Red Planet. Archman's assignment to kill the dictator is complicated by the fact that Darrien utilizes several orthosynthetic robot duplicates of himself to protect his identity.

At the same time, Hendren, a blue Mercurian agent acting for Krodang, the ruler of the inner planet, arrives on a similar mission — to kill Darrien and secure his arsenal of secret weapons. When Archman first encounters the Mercurian, Hendren has just purchased a captive Earthgirl, Elissa Hall, from a pair of drunken Venusian soldiers. He means to use the girl as a means to gain access to the overlord's palace. Sensing an opportunity, Archman follows them.

The crafty Mercurian convinces

Dorvis Graal, Darrien's Viceroy, to allow him to take the girl to Darrien. Archman also gains entry, by proclaiming that Hendren is actually an assassin. But on hearing this, the Viceroy has second thoughts and orders them both arrested. Archman is captured in a tunnel that leads to Darrien's palace, while Hendren and Elissa make it through to see the overlord

Darrien is immediately taken with the girl and buys her, but his current mistress, Meryola, is jealous of the newcomer. She bribes the Mercurian to spirit the Earthgirl away and hide her in the palace dungeons. Archman and Elissa wind up in the same cell. They are both to be executed the next morning...

Lively enough for you? This is space opera at its rip-roaring best, science be damned! To me, it reads more like Edmond Hamilton than ERB, and I gladly report it's pure escapist adventure. Enjoy.

Howard Miller says this Emsh painting originally appeared as the cover of *Galaxy Novel No. 25, "The Last Spaceship"* by Murray Leinster, which was actually 3 linked novelettes; I'm not sure where those were originally published. (The hardback version was originally published by Frederick Fell, Inc., in 1949; the *Galaxy Novel* version doesn't give a date but I'm guessing '52, '53, or thereabouts. — pulled from FACEBOOK

Bob is alive and well, somewhere in California

ZANE GREY:

HIS LIFE —

HIS ADVENTURES—

HIS WOMEN

48by Thomas H. Pauly,
University of Illinois Press, 2005

Reviewed by Mike Taylor

Zane Grey! There's a name which is certainly synonymous with stirring western fiction. Who was this phenomenally successful man, who appeared briefly in the pulps, placing seven novels in the likes of POPULAR, ARGOSY, ALL-STORY, MUNSEY's and BLUE BOOK, then went on to dominate the best seller lists in the 1920's and '30's? This is the second Grey biography, the first having appeared in 1970, written by Frank Gruber. Gruber was an unabashed admirer of Zane Grey and that work, while easy reading, was fairly subjective and not backed up by a lot of strong research. Pauly, however, gets down in the weeds, documents his claims meticulously, and tells us everything and more that we might want to know about his subject.

Pearl Zane Gray (note the surname spelling, later changed) was born January 31, 1872, in Zanesville,

Ohio. He was of pioneer stock and his first book, BETTY ZANE, published in 1903 told how his ancestor was instrumental in saving the settlement. He spent his own money to see BETTY ZANE in print. He wrote two sequels, THE SPIRIT OF THE BORDER and THE LAST TRAIL also set on the Ohio frontier. He followed these up with THE LAST OF THE PLAINSMEN, a semi-true account of western scout and guide Buffalo Jones.

His first work of genuine western fiction came in 1910 with THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, which appeared first as a POPULAR MAGAZINE serial, then in hardcover from Harper & Brothers, the beginning of a decades-long association with that publisher. In 1912 his seminal western RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE appeared, introducing Lassiter, the wandering lone gunhand, an iconic figure whose image has dominated countless westerns ever since. Although Grey's last pulp appearance was in BLUE BOOK in 1918 with THE ROARING U.P. TRAIL, he continued to share an audience with the same readers for decades to come.

Aside from his writing, Zane Grey's other great passions were sport fishing, camping in the wilderness, and women. The first is covered

exhaustively in this book; Grey had lavish boats constructed for him and traveled the world in search of record-setting catches. Each triumph was duly written up in the sporting journals of the day, and there was many a jealous set-to with anyone who challenged his claims. Grey was also an inveterate explorer; he wandered throughout the American west and Mexico, sometimes venturing into wilderness areas where few had gone before. And this wanderlust led directly into his third major interest; he was always accompanied by bold, handsome women—sometimes two or three at once-- who shared his adventures and his bedroll.

This last revelation has caused considerable controversy to swirl around this book. But the author has documented the many occurrences and Grey's heirs have conceded that the facts are true. Since a large portion of Grey's most ardent readers were female (at one time he had an agreement with LADIES HOME JOURNAL to serialize his stories as quickly as they were completed) one has to wonder what the fans would have made of his hedonistic lifestyle. His stories were always considered "good, clean" entertainment fit for those readers of a gentler disposition. And for the most part they were. But a closer reading reveals that beneath a

veneer of proper romance and chastity lurks an aura of repressed sexuality. What would his loyal readers have concluded had they been aware of his collection of explicit photos, documenting him and his women in various erotic frolics?

Which brings us to perhaps the most intriguing aspect in all this—Grey's wife, Dolly. They were married in 1905, two years after BETTY ZANE, and remained together until his death in 1939. It was with her guidance that his writing skills improved; she continued to proof and critique his manuscripts even after his death. She was fully aware of her husband's philandering, commenting on it frequently in letters, even giving her tacit approval to some of his partners. Well, as someone observed, every marriage is unique.

Bottom line: this book does what a biography of a famous person is supposed to do, paint a thorough portrait of the person, reveal a few things that you didn't know, and entertain without lecturing. It covers not just the writing but all major aspects of the man who popularized western fiction. And more than a century after he first came on the scene, Zane Grey's stories are still being reprinted.

