

The Timely Zine That's No Mystery

THE PERSONVILLE EVENING HERALD-ARGUS

Prepared for EMDAPA
July, 2004
Issue 4-B

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Corrections:

In our last issue, we mistakenly said that a schedule printed in the Pulpster was incorrect. There was no schedule printed in that issue of the Pulpster. We apologize for our error.

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A Few Words About Parallel Universes and April Fools Jokes

OK, I suppose I do owe you folks an explanation. Although I am more than a bit disappointed that nobody seemed to figure it out from the clues. Perhaps I'm just premature and the intrepid sleuths in PEAPS are just waiting to unmask the culprit in the July mailing.

So with a maniacal laugh, I, Jack Avery, pull the domino mask aside and stand revealed as... Warren Harris.

Yup, it was all an April Fools joke.

What I was trying to do was an old-fashioned faan-ish hoax issue. But my sercon instincts kept me from just making stuff up.

So what I decided to produce was an alternate time-stream version of Back Numbers—a time line where The 2003 Pulpster had been distributed at Pulpcon, where a few other books had been published a little earlier than in this universe, where a certain Warren Harris published a zine under his fan name instead of his real name and where his pulp collection was mostly *Detective Fiction Weekly* instead of mostly *Argosy*.

Why *Detective Fiction Weekly*? It's the flip side of the coin from *Argosy*. Same publisher, very similar editorial policies, many authors in common. Plus I could do author bios from DFW that would mirror the bios I usually do in *Back Numbers*.

I planned on releasing this on April 1, but I had to scramble to get it out in mid-March when I found out that *The Black Book* would be on sale at the Windy City convention and when there was a rumor going around the internet that the 2003 *Pulpster* was going to be mailed that week. It wouldn't have been much of a gag if my reviews were of items that had been published.

One of my goals was that I wanted to have an issue that would stand up over time. Eventually I hope that all of the items I reviewed will be out. I wanted to have all of the "fake" reviews become real reviews. I worked hard on these reviews, and I stand behind them.

I was able to get really good information on the contents of *The Black Book* and to a lesser extent *The Pulpster*. Neil Mecham provided a scan of the cover for *The Black Book* and with a little doctoring I faked the cover to *The Pulpster*. I was hoping that having the two mirror-image reviews of these two would cause some heads to turn, but I neglected to consider that the on-line version wouldn't display both pages side by side.

I re-read all of the stories that were scheduled for *Treasures of Tartary* from other sources and editor Paul

Herman was kind enough to email me a copy of James Reasoner's article.

For *Compliments of the Domino Lady* I got lucky. Rich asked me to print out the advance reviewer copies so I was able to read the book from the PDF he sent me.

The shakiest review is the one for *Zorro: The Master's Edition Vol. III*. As is obvious from reading it, I didn't actually have any of the stories at hand to read. I faked it based on my knowledge of the overall series. Cat Jaster helped me out here with a scan of the cover.

So far both "The Black Book" and "The Pulpster" have come out. "The Black Book" review looks dead on, while "The Pulpster" review is off by just one paragraph. *Treasures of Tartary* is shipping now from the publisher. So I'm more than halfway to having my April Fool's issue become a real zine.

Hopefully we'll see both the Domino Lady book and the Zorro book out soon.

I did have a member of DAPA-em, the mystery APA, email me and inquire if I was a new member. In "Jack Avery's" universe, he's not a member of PEAPS, just a waitlister, but he is a member of Elementary My Dear Amateur Press Association. This is the name that DAPA-em was originally supposed to have, but an error in the first mailing caused the name to change. DAPA-em is not actually an acronym for anything. This was meant as a clue to the sharp eyed about the parallel universe rigamarole I was playing with. The purported membership in EMDAPA is the reason I started the numbering with issue 5, that and to camouflage the fact that this was a one-shot. I wanted to give the illusion that this was an on-going project.

Other clues included the tag line: "The Mystery Zine That's Ahead of It's Time", all of the Recent Reading stories and novels are either time travel or alternate universe tales, and the April 1 date on the cover. I also established DFW_collector@yahoo.com to match my normal email address of Argosy_collector@yahoo.com. Yes, it's a working address. And "Jack" has the same address and telephone number as the real me.

The name of the zine is also a clue. It's no secret that I'm a fan of the works of Dashiell Hammett. My favorite Hammett novel is *Red Harvest*. The novel takes place in Personville, California. The Continental Op is sent to the town to investigate the killing of the young publisher of the Personville *Evening Herald*. I've always admired the novel because the Continental Op spends the novel

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telling lies to everyone he meets. In one chapter he'll tell what appears to be a very plausible theory of the murder to one person to get them to act the way he wants. In the next chapter, he's telling somebody else a completely opposite story. I like the idea of telling lies to expose the truth, and that's sort of what I had hoped to accomplish with the *Evening Herald-Argus*. While I was being deceptive, I was seeking an eventual truth.

So why Argus? I thought the name needed a little something extra, Argus is a name that has been used for newspapers before as a variation of the more common Mirror, and Argus glass is, after all, a mirror. Yet another clue that the zine you were reading was coming from a mirror universe.

Just like me, "Jack" started contributing to PEAPS while still a waitlist. I actually sent Brian the money, as "Jack" to get on the waitlist. Although I notice Brian didn't send "Jack" a copy of the Argassing, Brian spotted the similarities with *Back Numbers* right away. He was kind enough to make sure that *Back Numbers* was run in a different section of the mailing as the *Herald-Argus*.

Plus, of course, the layout looked nearly identical to an issue of *Back Numbers*. For the print version that went to members of PEAPS, I did reverse the black and white areas on the cover to present a mirror image effect from the regular zine.

So as you can see I wasn't trying very hard to fool anybody.

In the *Back Numbers* issue that went out with the

same mailing I did a review of *Author Unknown* which is all about finding out the real identity of authors working under other names. I had been meaning to write about this book since I'd read it, but the opportunity to provide another clue was irresistible.

In the review, I commented on how the author used unique phrases and styles to compare known samples with questioned documents. I deliberately used several phrases and words in that review as examples that I had used in *The Personville Herald-Argus*.

Looking back at the issue, I feel that the *Evening Herald-Argus* was one of the best issues I've done of *Back Numbers*. I actually have timely, more than timely, reviews of books. I'm pleased with the way the reviews turned out. Except for the Zorro one, I think they're as good as any review I've run in *Back Numbers*. The issue is very pulp-focused, unlike *Back Numbers* that has strayed too far from the path on many occasions. I had a good selection of pulp author biographies. I even had a featured issue, something that always gets left for last in *Back Numbers* and ends up not getting done before the deadline.

The layout worked well, with plenty of illustrations, although I should have run the cover to the new Domino Lady book on the even page rather than the odd page. I forgot that those reading it online would see the even page first. It's really designed as a double-page spread. I sometimes forget that not everybody sees my zines as double-sided pages bound in a mailing.

Dear Jack,

I just finished reading the Personville Herald-Argus #5 on eFanzines.com and enjoyed it very much. Prior to discovering your zine and Warren Harris's "Back Numbers", I was pretty much ignorant of the pulp magazines. I was aware that they had existed, and I had read some reprints of the science fiction and fantasy from the era, but had never really looked at collecting them or at the other genres. Now that I've learned a little bit about it, I find myself wanting to learn more. I will be eagerly watching for the next issue of the Herald-Argus, and if it would be possible for you to send me numbers 1-4 I would greatly enjoy and appreciate it.

Take care,
Jason K. Burnett

Well, here's "Issue 4" but I have doubts that issues 1 through 3 will ever exist. I emailed Jason back, explaining the joke, and he was a good sport about it.

He wasn't the only person confused. In addition to a member of DAPA-em who wondered if Jack was a new recruit, I had another Back Numbers reader who didn't catch the joke

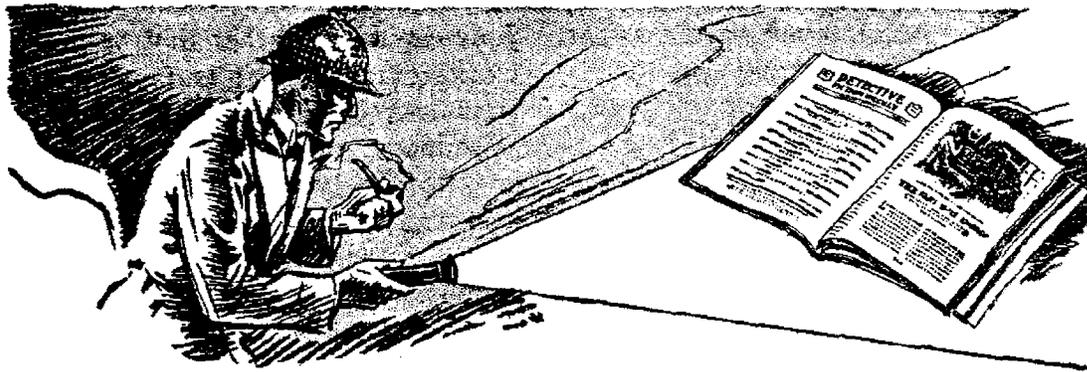
at first, he thought that "Jack" was following a house style for members of PEAPS and that was why the two fanzines looked similar.

Warren-

I suppose if I had read *Back Numbers* more recently (I read it about a month or so ago), the layout would have given it away. But as it was, you caught me - mark down one person who fell for your April Fool's joke. I'm definitely going to have to check out pulpgen.com as soon as I have time. Talk to you later.

Take care,
Jason

"Jack" also received a message from Rick Hall questioning whether I was claiming that the Black Book #1 had the exact same contents as The Pulpster. He appears to be the only person to pick up on what I was saying. I emailed him back, as "Jack" saying that the two weren't "exactly" the same. Now that both issues are out, a close examination shows that there are some minor differences, mostly that the Pulpster has a registration page for this year's Pulpcon.



FLASHES FROM READERS

DAVIS, FREDERICK C.

Frederick C. Davis has been writing and earning money at it since his high school days, when he started a college fund for himself by writing short articles. He managed to pay his way through Dartmouth by selling short fiction.

Mr. Davis, tall and serious looking and younger than you would expect, now has an index file of stories sold about six inches thick. He claims to have written almost every type of story—"but it's most fun to write detective and mystery stories," he adds. "I try to write 'em so the reader will have as much fun reading 'em."

He was born in St. Joseph, Missouri in the country of the Pony Express and Jesse James. He has worked at newspaper reporting and magazine editing, but his preference is for writing and he has been doing that almost exclusively for the last ten years. He is thirty-one, and married and he says, "I've done a bit of globe trotting with my very globetrottable wife, and we've had a swell time."

How do writers write? Mr. Davis says, "I think hard, plot carefully, and write fast, 6,000 words or more a day when I'm at the machine—which is, by the way, an electric one. I work systematically and produce on schedule. To me writing magazine stories is a business and a study, but also it's fun."

—Detective Fiction Weekly, Flashes From Readers, July 21, 1934

KANTOR, MacKINLAY

MacKinlay Kantor's vocation is writing and avocation is chasing bugs; and he was born in Webster City, Iowa; which explains somewhat the unusual setting and unusual circumstances of "The Beast That Was Black," dramatic novelette in this week's issue of Detective Fiction Weekly.

Incidentally, bulls have suddenly become popular in fiction. In the August 20 issue of Detective Fiction Weekly, "The Wrong Eng," Ernest M. Poate wrote about bulls too. Both stories came to the editorial desk

about the same time; they were so excellent we bought them, realizing that we were running the risk of turning Detective Fiction Weekly into a farm journal.

Mr. Kantor sums up the jobs he has worked at by challenging us to "name something I haven't tried, some time or another"

—so we gave up right away. Out of what he saw in Chicago, where he took a hand for a while in ward politics, he wrote "Diversey," the first novel about Chicago gangs, and incidentally the first book published by Coward, McCann, in 1928. He has written two other novels since then—"El Goes South" and "The Jaybird"—a lot of poetry, and some extraordinary detec-



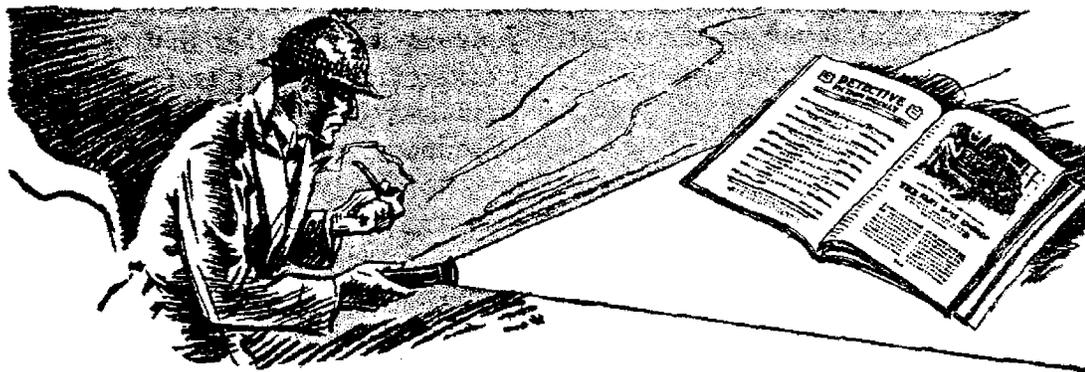
tive stories. He has been writing fiction since he was seventeen. He confesses to a passion for reading histories of the Civil War, playing a fife, and attempting to play a guitar. He admits to a rotten game of golf and prefers to hunt mushrooms, or even better, pursue his entomology and hunt butterflies and bugs.

He is married, twenty-eight years old, has one child, and lives in Westfield, New Jersey. He claims that he has had thirteen operations, but he warns us not to get him started on the subject.

—Detective Fiction Weekly, Flashes From Readers, September 3, 1932

TIERNAN, JOHN L.

John L. Tiernan, whose story "Second Day Party," appears in this issue, writes an interesting auto-



FLASHES FROM READERS

biography. Mr. Tiernan has been a steady contributor to *Detective Fiction Weekly* for several years.

My friend, the editor of *Detective Fiction Weekly*, has asked me to write the harrowing story of my life for his readers. He says if I write four hundred or five hundred words, so much the better. I don't think I can do that.

I haven't lived five hundred words' worth of life—yet.

But, for what there is of it, here goes:

Born on Mare Island Navy Yard, Vallejo, California, on November 13, 1902. Yes, I'm one of them native sons.

During my infancy I lived in a house within a hundred yards of the naval magazine—storehouse of numerous tons of TNT. The TNT behaved itself, and I'm still among those present.

After the usual exposure to education—it didn't take very well—I just naturally drifted into newspaper work.

Things like that can't be helped. They are preordained.

I served my apprenticeship on the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It seems an awful long time ago. Probably it wasn't more than five or six years ago. Maybe four.

One day I was offered a job with a title on a small-town paper. I was able to be country editor! Not knowing any better, I accepted. There is always a catch to those title jobs. I was not only country editor, but sporting editor, dramatic editor, city editor, telegraph editor, book editor, exchange editor, day editor and night editor. When they wanted to make me managing editor I fled in panic. I did enough work in my six months on that paper to last a lifetime. Ever since then I have been looking for ease.

Upon my return to San Francisco, I accepted a job as a common, ordinary reporter with gratitude. For

several years I did fancy and artistic reporting for various papers—the *Examiner*, the *Bulletin*, the *News*, et cetera. I even migrated to Los Angeles for awhile and worked on the *Times*.

Most of my work was on police stories.

That's why I'm such a splendid writer of detective fiction. (Editor please note.)

But even police work gets tiring. I decided to throw myself upon the hard, cold world, to assail the bastions of N'Yawk. I took stock of my finances. I had exactly ten cents—not quite train fare from San Francisco to New York.

There seemed only one other way of getting there—to go by ship. I got a job as a wiper in the engine room of the steamer *Manchuria*. They told me I'd have to wipe oil off the engine. It sounded easy. So, with the ten cents and a package of cigarettes, I started for N'Yawk with high hopes and all that sort of thing.

Well, I wiped and wiped and wiped, I scrubbed decks, and painted steam pipes in a temperature of a hundred and thirty. You don't have to believe it, but it's true. Then I wiped some more.

I've since made the trip as a passenger—first class. I recommend that method of travel. It's highly preferable—really.

When I arrived in New York I was paid off with thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents—not a particularly lucky sum.

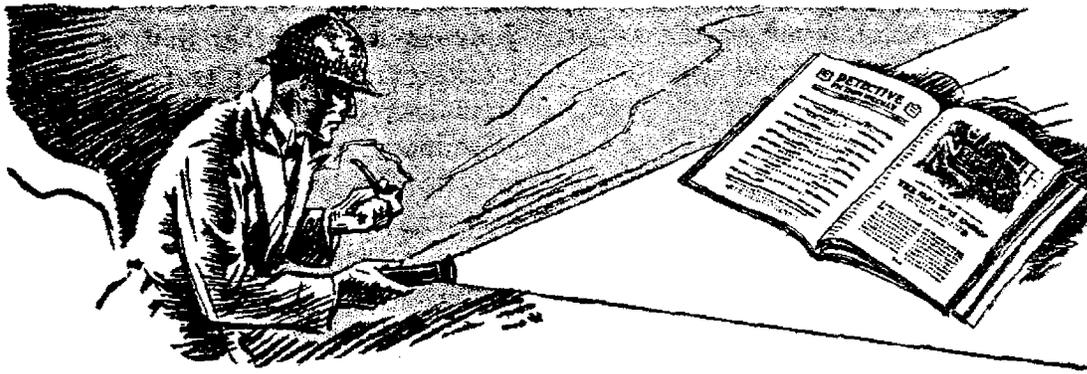
But I took it, every cent of it. I'd earned it.

I obtained a job on the *New York Journal*—because I had to. A few months of newspaper work, and I began to investigate the fiction business. It seemed interesting. I sold a few stories—I'm still selling stories—as many as I can.

One of these days I intend to go back to California and set up my fiction shop. It's really a swell place.

I'm unattached, very smart and very handsome.

—Detective Fiction Weekly, *Flashes From Readers*, February 16, 1929



FLASHES FROM READERS

MAXWELL, VICTOR

Sergeant Riordan and *Captain Brady*, the creations of Victor Maxwell, have a large following among Detective Fiction Weekly fans. Thousands of our “regulars” know that when *Riordan* takes up a case he always gets his man, and it’s never an ordinary case and the sergeant always tries a brand new trick or two.

Here’s what *Inspector Halloran* has to say about Victor Maxwell:

“Yes,” said *Inspector Halloran*, who was imparting some of the wisdom he had learned in years to young *Mr. Willis*, the latest member to join the flock of dicks who worked for Detective Sergeant *Riordan*, “yes, sometimes yuh got to know when to let go of guy, too.

“It was only the other night I was makin’ the dumps down along the river and I spots a new egg. Hard lookin’ guy he was, in a way, too. Like he had a lot o’ nerve or experience or somethin’. I braces him an’ asks him where’s he from.

“‘U p the road a wyas,’ he sez. So I asks him where his home is. ‘Wherever I hang me hat,’ he answers. Fresh like. I don’t like his way, see?

“So I asks him what he’s doin’ here. An’ he sort o’ laughs, an’ says: ‘Me good man, I’m lookin’ for what they call local color. Yuh don’t know what that is.’ I darn near took a paste at him for luck. ‘What yuh do for a livin’?’ I asks him. ‘Write for it,’ he syas.

“That gives me a laugh, an’ I asked him did they answer his letters. ‘Bull,’ he says, ‘yuh don’t know it, but I’m a newspaperman. I tell the world what it wants to know, an’ sometimes I tell ‘em what you bulls really do. I can tell yuh all about what yuh’ve done, an’ I can tell yuh what yuh’re goin’ to do.

“‘An’ what might your name be?’ I says. An’ I near to fell over when he answers: ‘Maxwell, Victor Maxwell. Didja ever hear tell o’ me?’ Yuh see, *Willis*, he says he’s the guy what’s been writin’ all about the cap’n an’ the old man an’ *Matt Riordan*. If he was who he says he was, it was up to me to be nice, for yuh know what he

could do to me. He’s done enough already at that.

“So I acts like I believe him an’ just wanted a sociable chat. But just the same I buzzed him. Well, he says as how he begun what he calls his ‘nefarious career,’ whatever that is, in New Yawk on the old *Sun*, an’ went from there to the New Yawk City News Association, an’ then to Brooklyn an’ other bad luck burgs, includin’ Wilmington, Delaware, and Boston, which went Democratic—yuh know the place—an’ then how his feet got to itchin’ and he come out West, infesting for some twenty years all the live burgs an’ them as was foredestined to become live burgs.

“Most of the time, he says, he was a newspaperman, but once or twice he deteriorated into bein’ an editor, an’ once he was advance man for a show. One time, he says, he ran for sheriff an’ got as far as gettin’ the Democratic nomination; an’ another time he says he was a special agent for the Governor of Oregon, doin’ high-class gumshoe work after wobblies an’ such.

“An’ it was then, he says, that he run across *Don Thompson*, who writes for Detective Fiction Weekly, an’ he thought *Thompson* was a right smart guy. From what he says I got a hunch, too, that he done some Intelligence work durin’ the war; but yuh can’t tell about them guys.

“Well, anyway, he seems like a good enough feller, so I didn’t bring him in for the line-up like maybe I should have; him bein’ a new mug in that river dump.”

Willis nodded. “Yeah, old boy,” he said, “you either used your head or pulled a boner. If this guy was bad, you ought to have brought him in; but if he was who he says he was, I guess you did right. If that was really this Maxwell guy, an’ you brought him in, he sure could have raised hell with the force, couldn’t he? Why, I bet he could make us all look like a bunch of rummies, if he wanted to.”

—Detective Fiction Weekly, Flashes From Readers, January 5, 1929

Featured Issue: Detective Fiction Weekly

Our featured Detective Fiction Weekly this issue is from February 13, 1932.

Unfortunately, I didn't think this was a very good issue of DFW. Other than a serial part, there was only one author that I was enthusiastic about, and he turned in a poor story.

I picked this issue to read because the cover story is a Jimmy Wentworth yarn from Sidney Herschel Small. I've really enjoyed other appearances by this character, but I was disappointed with "The Jade Serpent". I think this is one of the weaker entries in the series. It's certainly the weakest I've read.

The story starts out with Wentworth, while on patrol in San Francisco's Chinatown, being bitten by a rare ant from south China. This isn't an attack, it's just coincidence that the one person who is capable of recognizing the ant, the one man on the police force who is knowledgeable about all things Chinese, is the one person who just happens to be in the right place to get a clue to the upcoming mystery he will have to solve. This happens at exactly the same time as he witnesses two hatchetmen threaten a navy officer and his wife. Could there be a connection? Only in a badly plotted pulp story.

There's a plot here somewhere about how Wentworth's nemesis, Kong Gai, has replaced the priceless jade objects at the local museum with replicas and is trying to smuggle them out of the country.

Wentworth keeps mentioning that the one clue he has is the word "torture" in a note Kong Gai has sent to a witness. The trouble is that we see the whole text of the note, and while it is threatening, it doesn't mention torture.

One of the disappointments of this story is that I really



Zorn swung his victim into line so as to be protected by him

It Was a Crazy Game of Life and Death That Kurt Zorn Played with the Footless Man and the Red-Headed Keeper of a Madhouse

like this series for its authentic San Francisco flavor. But the jades are stolen from an unnamed museum, and not the San Francisco Asian Art Museum, which does indeed have a world-class collection of jades. Sure there is a scene or two set on docks and with the visiting fleet, but it seemed to me that it could have been set in any city with a port, rather than in San Francisco during Fleet Week. The local color and accurate descriptions of the city, were sadly missing.

It also seemed that the ending was rushed and there wasn't a good resolution. I didn't get the sense that Christopher had thwarted his opponent, all of the victims were already dead; all Wentworth finds is the room where one of them was killed. While the stolen jades are recovered, Wentworth never has a real confrontation with Kong Gai. In fact, it's an unnamed cop checking a pawnbroker who recovers the loot.

And finally, I like the series because of its positive presentation of Chinese characters and Chinese culture. Yet this had no sympathetic Asian characters, and what

Herald-Argus

Chinese culture was shown, wasn't exactly complimentary.

"The Devil's Double" by Lew Allen Bird was also not very enjoyable. It was a passable story of the locked-room variety, but the amateur detective would have been killed by the murderer if it wasn't for the thick skull of his Irish cop sidekick which enabled him to withstand a blackjacking and come to his senses in time to save the day. The story has nothing to do with the villain being "The Devil's Double" either.

While I liked it better than the aforementioned story, I still had problems with "Too Many Mice" by George Allan England. The mystery is reasonably good and this is a precursor to the police procedural. We get to see the detective, T. Ashley, methodically track down clues. He interviews people, takes samples, ferrets out facts and puts the clues together in a reasonable fashion.

There is one clue that is withheld from the reader until the final confrontation with the murderer though, that keeps this from being a fair play mystery.

So why did I have trouble with this? I have a hard time believing in a private investigator who is invited into a suspicious death investigation by his medical examiner friend who would pursue the case at his own expense without a client.

Ashley has his own private and well-stocked laboratory for doing chemical analysis. He spends money freely to travel in order to interview witnesses. I just can't abide by these dilettante detectives who solve crimes for their own amusement and who have a unlimited expense account. I'll accept it in a hero pulp, but not in a detective pulp.

If there had been a reasonable excuse as to why Ashley was involved in the case, I'd have said this was the best story in the issue, but we just aren't given any justification as to why he's there.

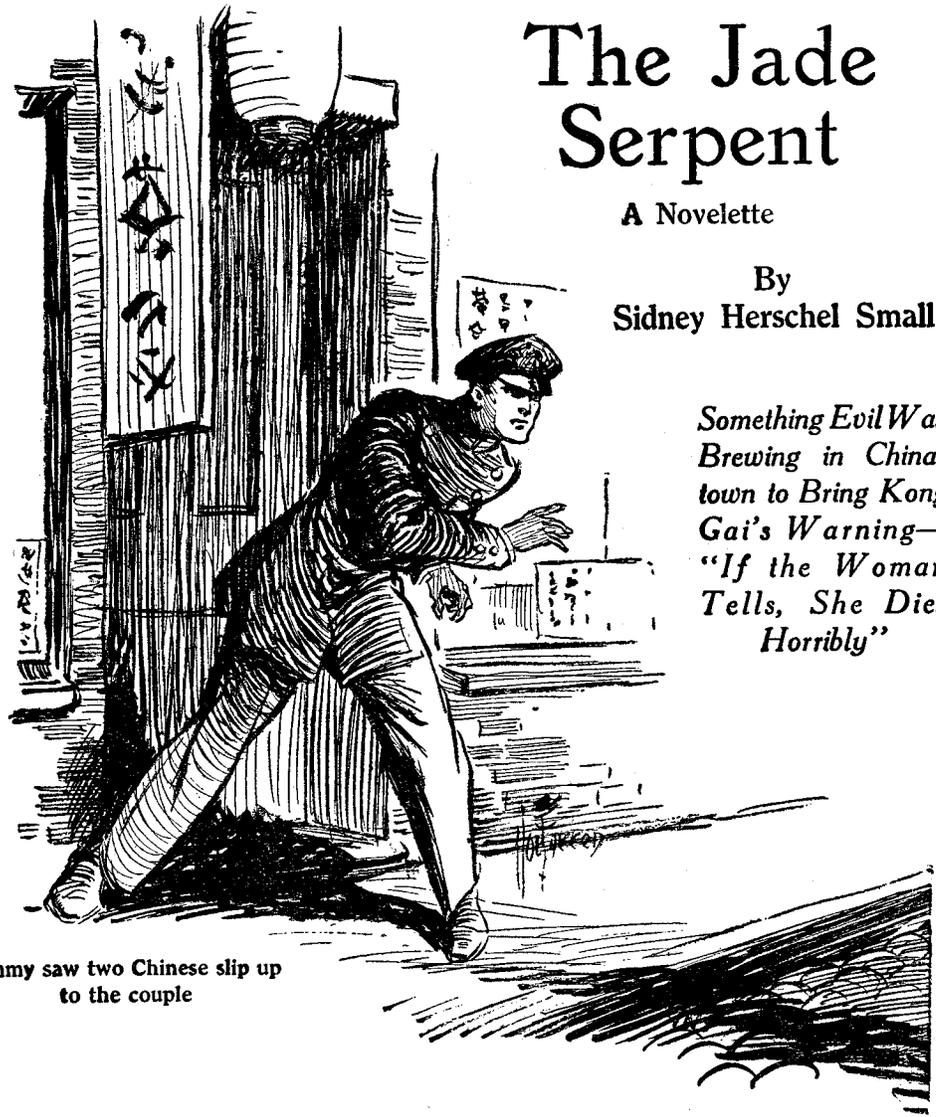
Moving on to better stories, "The Justice of the Bayou" by Frank Del Clarke is pretty good. There's

The Jade Serpent

A Novelette

By
Sidney Herschel Small

*Something Evil Was
Brewing in China-
town to Bring Kong
Gai's Warning—
"If the Woman
Tells, She Dies
Horribly"*



Jimmy saw two Chinese slip up
to the couple

some nice local color. The story is about a Cajun who's sister is murdered by a city slicker. The law can't convict him, so the Cajun seeks to avenge her death, and get away with it.

I liked this mostly because the Cajun does get away with murder. Usually these stories told from the point of view of the criminal ends up with the criminal being foiled by some point he or she overlooked. Of course, since he's giving a killer his just deserts, there's a justification for escaping the law.

The structure is a bit odd—we see the main character get away with murder, then we jump back in time to see how he pulled off the "impossible" crime. Still it worked, even though the ending structure interrupted the narrative flow.

"Hit-and-Run" by Robert H. Rohde is exactly the sort of "perfect crime goes awry" story that "Justice of the Bayou" is working against. The main character reads a newspaper article and realizes it gives him the method of a perfect crime.

Of course, he's given himself away to the local cop long before he's ever even committed the murder and he

true. "Spies in Strait-Jackets" by Richard Wilmer Rowan looks like part of a continuing series about a group of Allied spies in Germany during World War I led by the dashing Kurt Zorn.

I thought this story was OK, but for over-the-top, wild WWI spy action I prefer the nutty adventures of G-8 and for tense, gripping stories of being a fugitive spy in an enemy country I prefer Adam Hall's Quiller.

I thought Rowan spent too much time setting up his situation, that of four Allied spies hiding out in a German insane asylum, and not enough on the scenes set in the asylum itself. I also didn't think he introduced his characters very well.

While there is no indication of this, I suspect that this is an ongoing series. There is mention made of a rescue of one of the characters and the story opens with them on the run from German authorities.

Once we get to the asylum, the villains are also not given much characterization. We don't even see the arrival of the evil villain-



The woman turned white at the hatchetman's words

makes a very obvious error that leads to his downfall. It's written well enough, but I'm just not fond of these "perfect crime" stories. The characters are never sympathetic and the only mystery is in how the crook is going to screw up.

The serials this time are the first of three parts of "The Fifth Man" by Robert S. Case and the last of three parts of "Murderer's Intrigue" by Judson P. Phillips. As usual, I don't have the issues with the rest of the parts to these.

"The Fifth Man" frankly looked dull. I don't think I'd have read it even if I had the rest of the serial at hand.

I read the summary of previous parts to "Murderer's Intrigue" and wasn't impressed. A little too melodramatic and clichéd for my taste. It's one of those "house of danger" stories where the ne'er-do-well relatives off the rich old man and hold the beautiful daughter prisoner so they can loot the estate. Of course the daughter has a boyfriend who must prove his worth by foiling the plot and freeing his true love from the clutches of the villains. This one even has an evil butler as one of the plotters.

The first of two "true stories" this time clearly isn't

ess, Olga von Decker. von Decker gets a big build-up, but only gets a total of 8 words of dialog. She doesn't seem to be too formidable either.

This could have been a good story, if a little more work had been put into it.

"The Squealer and the Linguist" is the second "true story" in the issue. This pair of brief accounts by Charles Somerville, who seems to specialize in these, tell purported real accounts of arsonists who are caught by fire investigators. These were interesting enough and competently written, but they were just filler items to me.

The issue rounds out with the usual features: the narrative crossword puzzle that some previous owner has partially worked, M.E. Ohaver's Solving Cipher Secrets and the Flashes From Readers. This Flashes has some biographical data on Frank Del Clarke that I ran in issue 5 along with the usual letters from readers.

The cover, as is usual for the sedate Munsey chain, is not nearly as exciting as covers from rival detective pulps. I can't make out the signature on the cover, so I don't know who the artist is, but at least he painted an action scene. It shows Jimmy Wentworth breaking down a door in Chinatown.



DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY

Formerly Flynn's

With Thrilling True Stories

FEB. 13
10

The Jade Serpent

by Sidney Herschel Small

The Fifth Man
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