



# Argonotes

## The Readers' Viewpoint



**B**ELIEVE it or not, this letter from

MARGARET HAYNES

"A la Ripley," I've read ARGOSY since several years before I was born. When nine years of age I found a huge pile of ARGOSYs in our attic, and I never left off until every one of them was read from cover to cover. And being now thirty-five years of age, can truly say I've seen the fantastic, impossible stories you printed yesterday become the ordinary facts of today. To me it's a rather odd thing. I've seen so many ARGOSY stories become historical facts, a few years after being published. Enough so to make one think pretty seriously about many of the things which we mortals are prone to believe are only stories to be read and forgotten.

Tonopah, Nev.

**"PAY no attention to them,"** advises

WILLIAM M. MYERS

Just after I had purchased my usual ARGOSY for the week of Oct. 26th, I turned to the Argonotes, to give my weekly friend a preliminary thumbing. There's a letter to Theodore Roscoe from a yokel who signs himself "J. D." I also find Mr. Roscoe's very fine, but too mild, answer. I have read ARGOSY steadily ever since the appearance of Edgar Rice Burroughs's "Moon Maid," and while often I have felt the urge, I have never written to Argonotes to express my approval or disapproval of the reading matter published by the magazine. I believe it is high time I did so.

Since I have been reading your magazine you have printed some lousy stories—by that I mean, stories that left me cold, or which could not even interest me. However, I know that some readers of ARGOSY probably enjoyed them very much and might heartily dislike the stories I go into ecstasies over. It's all a matter of taste; I read them all—those I like and those I don't like.

This "J. D." reader really got a rise out me, however; and he gave me just the spark I needed to write to you. I would like to ask him—"What possible enjoyment do you derive from reading? And why do you read at all?" I read to exercise my imagination, for relaxation from everyday life, but not just to pick-pick, like a sour old grandmother. Maybe Mr. Roscoe's inner

feelings regarding the "J. D.'s" that infest the earth are the same as mine. I rather think they are. By this time Roscoe surely must know the right way to answer these idiotic blundering-ass letters that come into the offices of publishing companies. . . .

I feel better now, after expressing myself a bit on the subject of these "J. D.'s." Pay no attention to them!

It has taken me a long time to write to you, but at last you have it! I'll close, as I wish to read the latest issue, which has been patiently waiting for me while I got this off my chest.

Detroit, Michigan.

**ONLY** half read—and "Midnight Taxi" is the best to

M. J. REICHEL

Picking the best story published in ARGOSY wasn't such a hard task as one would think. The story that I chose not only takes the blue banner for all ARGOSY efforts, but also rates, in my estimation, as one of the best stories I have ever read—and believe you me, I have read aplenty in the past twenty years!

I chose "Midnight Taxi" after I had read only three installments; as far as I was concerned, the rest of the story could be mediocre and the yarn would still be great. At this writing I am on the fifth part, and if some one would hand me the two remaining parts complete right now, he could name his own price.

The part of California in which I live would provide a fine setting for a good writer such as F. V. W. Mason. The land reeks with romantic history. It is the old stamping ground of Joaquin Murietta, Sontag and Evans, and a score of other famous outlaws. And the romantic colonization of the country by Henry Miller, whose name still lives in the great land company founded by him, Miller and Lux, Inc., is a novel in itself.

The story of how Henry Miller acquired the larger part of his great holdings is even stranger than a press agent's nightmare. It seems he was given a grant of all the land that he could encircle in a boat. The ingenuity of the man was manifested when he constructed a boat upon a large wagon, and hauled it for hundreds of miles about the country, with himself as passenger. I

do not think that there is any record of the amount of land he acquired in this fashion, but we know that it extended from Mexico to Oregon.

I am sure that someone with the gift of writing

could make a wonderful story of all the facts connected with this wonderfully romantic episode in California's colorful history.

Dos Palos, Calif.

### Of Interest to You!

**W**HAT do you consider the best story (of any length) published in ARGOSY since June 1, 1935? For the twelve post cards or letters from readers which name the best reasons why this or that story stands out above all others the magazine will give twelve full, yearly subscriptions. Literary style or skill will not count, for what the editors want to know is exactly what stories readers like best, and *why*.

Letters selected will be published from week to week, but *not all letters published will be rewarded with subscriptions.*

Your letter must reach us not later than January 1, 1936. Address it to The Editor, ARGOSY Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.



## LOOKING AHEAD!

### TEXAS SHALL BE FREE!

Beginning the second of two serials in honor of the Texas Centennial Celebration. If you read the first one, "Bowie Knife," you'll surely want to read this new yarn, the story of the Lone Star State's fight against Santa Anna. Real history, in five thrilling parts by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

### THE BROTHERS

Two brothers who had hated each other for years—and how a typhoon and a native revolt stirred them to even greater bitterness. Sea adventures in the Dutch East Indies; a novelette of exciting action by

ROBERT CARSE

### A DEAL IN DOGIEVILLE

Well—what *would* four drunken cowboys be likely to do with the present of a circus menagerie? Only the mind of a man like the author of this crazy short story would know—and he, of course, is

W. C. TUTTLE

### THE WOLF OF COBBLE HILL

A dramatic moment in the early history of the United States. Vividly retold as an exciting novelette by

WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

COMING TO YOU IN NEXT WEEK'S ARGOSY—JANUARY 4