



# Argonotes

## The Readers' Viewpoint



WE HAVE made it a habit of late to let you know, on the first of each month, a little of what lies ahead for you in ARGOSY. This week, because we have so many fine stories scheduled for future issues, and because we're starting a new year as well as a new month, we're going to peer even a little further into the future.

First of all, of course, there's the new Burroughs serial, *Carson of Venus*, starting next week. We believe that this story, a continuation of the thrilling adventures of Carson Napier on Venus, is one of the finest things Mr. Burroughs has written in a long time. But we aren't resting on that alone. The following week Garnett Radcliffe, the author of *Doomed Liner*, comes back to us with a long novel, *London Skies Are Falling Down*—an absorbing story of revolt in London and a strange ray that pierced the fog from above, seeking its victims.

Ere you've gotten well into these two tales, we're coming right back at you with a new novel of the old West by Luke Short. It's the kind of Western we've been looking for, not the hard-riding, shoot-'em-down sort, but one filled with real people and genuine color. You won't want to lay it down. (No title as yet.)

After that, who should appear but our old friend Borden Chase, in a gripping story of New York cops on the trouble-wagon, at present entitled: *Hell's Kitchen Has a Pantry*. As exciting as *Blue-White and Perfect*, as real and moving as *Sandhog*, this yarn has already been snapped up by Universal Pictures before we've even had time to publish it.

You've been asking for a historical

serial. Remembering the high standard set by *The Golden Knight*, we've been hunting for one. We've found it. Late in February *A Ship of the Line*, by C. S. Forester, will appear. If you've already read this author's *Beat to Quarters*, published last year by Little, Brown and Company, then you already know that sturdy British sea-dog, Captain Hornblower—but whether you have or not, you're going to find this rousing yarn of battles and loves at sea in the days of Napoleon a rare treat indeed.

We'd like to go on now about some of the novelets and shorts lined up ahead; but we haven't the space. We haven't the space because the Poetry Department demands it. Usually, we keep the bards locked up in a gloomy loft on the floor above, but—overcome with seasonal sentiment—we let them out last week and, since then, they've scribbling doggerel on bits of waste paper. Pick-a-back, a moment ago, they came rhyming up, the lyric wretches, and this is what they handed us. They call it, in their forthright way, *Ode to the Authors of Dear Old Arg: Circa '38*. And here, so help us, it is:

Ho for the New Year!— the weather's  
fierce.

And it's time for benisons to Frank R.  
Pierce.

And here's to Four Corners' favorite  
son, Roscoe,

We wish him Legions of luck with a dash  
of tabasco.

And to fans with dewlaps and fans with  
juleps,

And give you a favorite—Judson Philips.  
The old year is sown and we'll plow new  
furrows

Wishing well, meanwhile, to Edgar Rice  
Burroughs.  
And, while we're about it, let's heave  
a bag at  
Our esteemed contributor, Mr. A. Leo  
Zagat;  
And Drink You Deep, sir, of the sea-  
son's cheer  
While we pause to wish a Happy New  
Year  
To our old Genius, né Jones, Dent;  
Oh, Lester, may '38 bring in the rent!  
And pause, all you Misters and merry  
Madams,  
To sing a Hosanna to Eustace L. Adams.

*Chorus:*

Oh we've authors big and authors small  
And it's Happy New Year to them all!  
  
So, the Yule is done, and more Wassail  
spare us,  
But let's not forget to cheer Foster-  
Harris.  
And there'll be a Strike and a lot of  
squawkin's  
If we don't give our best to jolly John  
Hawkins.  
And, while there's time, we'll wish the  
best, sir,  
To that pixilated prosodist, our friend,  
Richard Wormser.  
But let's not forget sweet Martin  
McCall,  
The most mysterious scrivener of them  
all.  
Then, for a snack, we must go to the  
cupboard  
And toss a boné westward to L. Ron  
Hubbard.  
So ordered, so be it, so Orders is  
Orders,  
Upon old '37 babe '38 borders.  
Time marches on, and the years flow  
like sand,  
But we have always with us that rare  
spirit, Max Brand.  
And in the New Year where he's carved  
out his niche,  
We'll pause and kowtow to Cornell  
Woolrich.

*Chorus:*

Oh we've authors big and authors small  
And it's Happy New Year to them all!  
  
So ring the welkin and keep the pace  
While we toss an orchid to Borden  
Chase.  
And give a new six-gun with a loud  
report  
To that King Colt cowhand, laconic  
Luke Short:  
To Chicago we'll send the tongue of a  
snark  
For Leo Lawson Rogers to feed to Dale  
Clark.  
And if, to this gesture, there should be  
a rebuttal,  
We'll call on Sheriff Henry, via W. C.  
Tuttle.  
Oh, please keep them all hearty and  
hale,  
Make the tarpon and tuna like Richard  
Sale.  
Make all authors happy, especialy Sin-  
clair Gluck;  
May the New Year bring him all kinds  
of luck.  
Let joy undefiled assail T. T. Flynn,  
And keep him in the good shape he's in.  
And by no means must we leave in the  
lurch  
Our good Southern companion, Henry F.  
Church.

*Chorus:*

Oh we've authors big and authors small  
And it's Happy New Year to them all!  
  
Peal the bells and banish all malice.  
Regards to Georges Surdez, Bruce and  
Challis.  
To H. Bedford-Jones serve rich mar-  
row bones;  
Brew strong tea, and toast and golden  
scones!  
Elston, Chidsey, Carse and Leinster  
Know ye that we are no rhymster,  
But, Happy New Year! Wait—odds  
bodkins!  
We nearly forgot Richard Howells  
Watkins!

Well, now that the poets have had their say, let's go on with the serious things of life—by which we mean the mail. Since this area seems mostly concerned with authors this week we will finish up with a selection from our Mail-From-Authors-Department. To-wit, to-woo:

#### RICHARD SALE

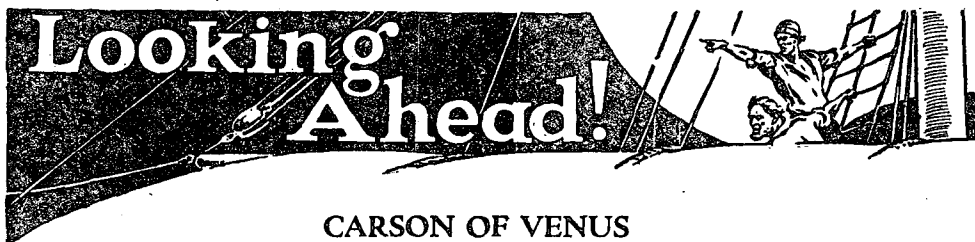
*A Swap for Stonewall Jackson*, despite my faith in Cork Wilson who told the tale, is historically inaccurate. According to the records, it was General Hunter who raided Lexington and this was in 1864. At that time Stonewall Jackson was already dead. There is a possibility, however, that Phil Sheridan reached the town in his Valley campaign and that Jackson was there at the time in 1863. In any case, I did not want to argue with Cork Wilson's memory, which is eighty-four years old at this writing,

preferring not to spoil a good story. Jackson, today, is buried in Lexington in the little cemetery up Main Street, and if you should chance to stop over in the town sometime, you will undoubtedly hear again of how Johnny Ragoo saved the General from the Yankees and will, like myself, want desperately to believe in it.

Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Truth, it appears, is not only stranger than fiction, but much harder to make a good story out of. In any case, it's almost certain that if Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan *had* met in Lexington something like this would have happened.

We're sure that most readers will sympathize with Mr. Sale and condone him for his desire to believe Cork Wilson in preference to the history books.



#### CARSON OF VENUS

Edgar Rice Burroughs has never written a finer, more imaginative tale than this new story which continues the thrilling experiences of Carson Napier on cloud-wrapped Venus. Searching for the lovely Duare's lost land of Vepaja, Carson meets with the fierce fighting women of Houtomai, is embroiled in the wars of Korva. A serial novel by

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

#### THE STOLEN PASSPORT

Expatriate Dan Harden comes home! New-York bound with Valerie Borden, Dan is plunged into a mystery that he wants no part of—until he discovers that it is the mystery he wants most of. A complete novelet by

FREDERICK C. PAINTON

#### DAISIES WON'T TELL

There is a skeleton in every family closet, and in every village there is a black sheep. Four Corners was no exception. Andy, the doctor's son, disgraced his name and fled to Australia. Fourteen years later, when people were riding tandem bicycles and singing "Daisy, daisy, give me your answer, do . . ." Andy returned. He came not to worship at the family shrine, but to bury it. . . . An exceptionally fine story by

THEODORE ROSCOE

COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S ARGOSY—JANUARY 8th