



Argonotes

The Readers' Viewpoint



WE'VE been crowded for several weeks, with Looking Ahead jammed up against our windpipe; and now when we get the chance to breathe and talk, we just sit panting foolishly. With an inch of space to fill we had splendid ideas—matters of consequence to discuss—but they have curiously vanished. Maybe they never were there anyhow.

We could talk about the weather, but here in New York it is something we are trying to forget. We might consider the state of the world, but who in his right mind would want to do that? So (probably to your relief) we will turn now to the correspondence; and perhaps next week will find us at ease again, with our voice back.

Here's a reader who has been following the career of ARGOSY for forty years. It is deeply satisfying to find him so appreciative, and we hope not to fail him in the considerable trust he places upon us.

T. H. NICHOLAS

Thanks for around forty years of good reading. From early teens to now I have read your magazine. I have no criticisms to offer. There are issues that I will not read more than one story and others I will read the entire contents. I have seen magazines disappear from circulation during these years which I enjoyed reading and I appreciate the ARGOSY keeping the old ship afloat during all of this time.

I realize that it is becoming increasingly difficult to entertain and interest people. The Lecture Courses, The Chautauqua and other entertainments which the American people used to enjoy have gone from us. One lady asked me the other day, "What will interest people? They will not even look up to see a plane." I did not attempt to answer her.

I attended the Baccalaureate program of our

high school last Sunday evening and the minister preached one of the most depressing sermons I have ever heard. There was little held out for almost a hundred boys and girls who were completing their twelve years of school. This is indeed a depressing time and many people are wondering if our methods are right.

This is a conservative mid-western community, lawabiding, churchgoing people, who believe in God and American institutions. They have been having a hard pull, but they have not lost faith either in God or their country. Magazines, regardless of price, owe it to the people of their country that their pages contain nothing which will cause people to lose that faith.

On your desk letters must come from all parts of our country and from foreign lands. Just put this letter away with those who have appreciated your efforts for more years than I like to think about.

SAVANNAH, MO.

THE next letter has a point to make that is rather unusual: The writer did not enjoy Charles Warren's "Bugles Are for Soldiers." Most people did, as any reader of this department knows; but we would have been suspicious of the story if there hadn't been some criticism of it. Anyhow, there's a letter below this one which sounds the familiar salute to Mr. Warren. First, however:

ARTHUR STRAW

I call you Brother in Travail after reading "Bugles Are for Soldiers". I can feel for anyone that has to take the brunt from a story such as that one.

I never have written to you before because I thought writing was for dopes and nincompoops. But maybe I am developing into one after reading the ARGOSY for twenty-two years.

I don't mind reading fantastic stories but I do want a writer to stick to a semblance of truth when he writes of Indians. I except him to understand that which he writes about.

I kept on reading hoping against hope that he would tell it right.

The ARGOSY is a magazine that I thought couldn't have such an author cram such a story down its throat.

Now for the ones that click with me. They are fantastic stories of Mars, and every one dealing in pure fiction.

As I write this I wonder if you will reprint a story I read about 1920 or '21. The title I believe was "The Pyramid of Iron". I am not sure that I ever finished it. I believe that not only myself but many more of the readers would enjoy that sort of thing.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

B. L. STEINMETZ

Stanley Haynes wrote you his choice for the best novel of the year up to 1939—my choice for 1940 is "Bugles Are for Soldiers". I hope to see a lot more of C. M. Warren.

WHEELING, W. VA.

Well—we hope to give you more fantasy and more Warren, too.

AND now for a reader who hides behind a whimsical sort of anonymity. He's anxious to see the return of certain established writers. Well, if he will follow ARGOSY closely for the next few months he ought to be fairly satisfied.

G. LUCK

Well, well! To find three serials in ARGOSY again will indeed be a pleasant improvement. (There used to be four.) Lately I've been expecting, instead, to see the magazine reduced to two covers and a title page.

It was ARGOSY's blue-ribbon book serials that made its reputation and me an avid reader. Short stories are far too plentiful elsewhere.

I should like to see more of the established authors in the magazine. Mason, Bedford-Jones, G. Bruce, Gery, Cummings are still active in the pulp field but long absent from ARGOSY. Remember them? Will Edgar Rice Burroughs favor us this year with a story? I sincerely hope so. (The name is fictitious.)

LOOKING AHEAD!



FLIGHT TO SINGAPORE

He's here again, for a whirl at the hot spots of the Malay States and the buried temples of Kammorirri—and rubies in fistfuls, no less. Who but Prince Mike, the Princeton-educated son of the last remaining independent Oriental potentate; the amiable little scrapper who flies the only plane in the Sultan's bailiwick, and leaves the smart boys picking themselves off the floor behind him. Prince Mike, returning with the devoted American ex-flatfoot who is his bodyguard.

in a swell complete short novel by

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

FIRST CATCH YOUR BEAVER

Another old friend of Argosy readers, Wayne McCloud of Dabbit Run, is stuck with bloodhounds and a seventeen-year-old cowboy. Both are disturbing no end. Even with seven different creeks to wade, no man could pull himself out of this without knowing the habits of those industrious animals that cut down trees to make dams. Smart outdoor detective work, in a short story by

JIM KJELGAARD

COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S ARGOSY—AUGUST 3