

Chapter 1 : The Lion of Farside (Farside, #1) by John Dalmás

Author John Robert Jones (who wrote science fiction under the name John Dalmás) was born on December 3, Dalmás grew up in Michigan and Minnesota, and for a time, lived in Spokane, Washington where he moved with Gail (his wife), their daughter and one grandson, starting in the year

It does not deserve them, it is a bad book. I am very aware of when the book was written and my comments fully take that into account. The author supposedly did a great deal of research prior to and during the writing of this book. Which is strange as it is not reflected in the actual book, which contains so many factual errors it is a disaster. The list is not exhaustive by the way! This is just bad writing, sloppy writing, from an author who should know better. The book also has large tracts of polemic from the main character on how to improve America. If the author wanted to write a book of essays on how to improve matters then more power to him, I advise reading the non-fiction output of Harlan Ellison and Robert Heinlein for examples of how it can be done. But in a fiction book this should be undertaken either to move the plot forward or to improve our understanding of the character. Very little of the pontificating in the book does either. And so to the actual story. Or rather four stories. The story of a man who has the Presidency of the USA thrust upon him at a time of national crisis, and how he deals with this in his personal life and how it changed him. The story of how America was dragged back from the brink of disaster. The story of an internal plot to turn America into an oligarchy. And the external plot of an USSR in disarray, lead by a madman, pulling the world into war. The problem is that looked at hard none of the plots are done particularly well. In order to cram everything in character development is poor, with most characters left hanging in mid air as the story veers elsewhere suddenly. Points are raised and then completely ignored. If taken out and looked at in isolation huge plot areas are brushed over in only 2 or 3 pages. The sheer amount of plot in the book could fool you into thinking this was a good novel. And I admit that there are a lot of ideas here. Some even might be original! But good ideas do not make a good book. How you then deal with those ideas, how you structure the narrative, develop the ideas and the characters, build suspense and drag the reader from page to page, that makes a good book. And all of that is missing. How you deal with the plot and sub-plots to bring them all to a satisfactory conclusion except for those signalled as giving you hooks for the sequel! And that is missing too, as none of the plots are really dealt with at any real depth. I cannot recommend this book. The author has thrown it together, badly, and achieved nothing.

Chapter 2 : W.M. Irwin's Blog: Weekly Short Story: The Picture Man by John Dalmás

"The Lizard War" (ISBN) by John Dalmás, author of the Regiment series, has written another book that is exciting to read, in this story he has combined two plot lines together for a possible future path of the people of Earth.

Everyone gets some, benign or malignant: The rules of the Pittsburg Steamship Co. From there he took me through a door into a different world With the crank room door closed behind us, it was relatively quiet, the engine sound much reduced, interspersed with mysterious crunching and ringing. My dad spoke casually: Nor do I recall the fierce heat. It was the words and -- call it "the stage" -- that imprinted me. And in I would become intimately familiar with that particular venue of "where the he-men work. All a mystery to me then. Lots of things are a mystery to a little kid. The world and its people are an interesting combination. The Next 75 years Less than two years later, in , my dad died. In the bottom of the Great Depression. So I grew up mostly in foster homes but twice in boarding houses, mainly with an aunt and uncle in the small rural village of Linden, Michigan, population then and something. To keep the children warm in the Minnesota winter, it had a small, pot-bellied coal-burning stove in back. It was a very different world. Some came back in army coffins, while I never experienced hostile fire. By the time we got there, our assigned division, the 11th Airborne, had left the Philippines and landed peacefully in Japan. Peacefully, but not without concern: My service in the Philippines was in several outfits. First I worked on construction, building a base hospital for casualties from the battle of Japan, which was already cancelled, thanks to the Manhattan Project. When the hospital was built, the army turned it over to the Filipino government. Next I worked on the docks as an army stevedore unloading ships. It seemed I was a magnet for strenuous labor! Next, however, I was assigned as a medic to the st Infantry Regiment, with on-the-job training; our battalion mission was to demobilize Filipino guerrillas in Batangas Province. And finally, guided by pigmy aborigines, I was the medic in a patrol searching for two planes missing in the mountain jungles on northern Mindoro, missioned to bring out the bodies. Why so many transfers and assignments? Because the war was over, and guys were being sent home in large numbers. Including guys in jobs that had to be filled. I took full advantage of the opportunities. As I later told my mom, I was collecting characters and scenes for stories. But it went beyond that; I was collecting experiences in general, growing, evolving as a human being. In October , my turn came, and I went home to Linden, to family and friends. I had more evolving to do. So I bummed around, working as a merchant seaman on the Great Lakes yes, in the stoke hold , and as a logger. In an era of hand saws and axes, of coal shovels and slice bars. Does anyone reading this remember Blue Book? Loading up on story telling, and loosening my mental strictures on what the world is like, or could become. Working in logging camps colored the rest of my life. And as things stood, I was likelier to become an alcoholic than a husband. During summer vacations I returned to logging or the boiler room. Meanwhile I found time to take three terms of creative writing, under two professors, Randall and Bradshaw. Who were unusual in creative writing faculties: That was in the hey-day of published fiction, before TV took over, capturing much of the market. Meanwhile there were still things to do before becoming a professional writer. A course in silviculture applied forest ecology had added perspective to my interest in forests. Later, as a husband and dad with two forestry degrees, I was employed by the U. Forest Service, preparing and administering timber sales. After two years of that on snowshoes from late November to late April , I decided to return to college and get a Ph. Never heard of it. A little-publicized science had given its name to a crusade. And if the crusade was seriously flawed crusades generally are , it was also much needed. It began, however, with a 6-month fellowship from the Quetico-Superior Wilderness Research Foundation. I fell further in love with the high country, "the wilder, the better," and in my spare time, back-packed and day-hiked, learning constantly. Meanwhile, one day in August , I picked up what I soon decided was a really poor novel, Brak the Barbarian, and told myself "I can write better than that," then wondered if I actually could. The time was upon me! Campbell bought it, and serialized it that fall in Analog SF, where the opening installment received the highest reader rating for a string of 20 issues. It would soon be published in paperback by Pyramid Books. Some years later, with my son and daughter out of school, and with only a single novel and two novelets published, I went to Los Angeles to explore the possibility of

writing for films. I soon sold a film option nothing came of it -- worth about three months rent. So I became "casual labor," which allowed me to work as necessary. For a while I worked regular four-hour shifts as a night typesetter, and for several months was a full-time secretary in a small film-production company. Finally returning to casual work as a free-lance editor, taking moving jobs when editing jobs were scarce. I even joined a cult, which provided some interesting experiences in human behavior. I was still evolving; am still evolving. In , along with my wife Gail, our daughter and a grandson, I moved to Spokane, Washington, where our son lived with his small family. There, Gail and I struck roots that held even when son Jack made a series of career moves, and Judy went back to California. Meanwhile we were aging In we moved to Ohio. I keep giving birth to books, but more slowly now. I attend science fiction conventions when I can, more than a hundred at last count.

Chapter 3 : A Little About John Dalmas

Soldiers by John Dalmas This isn't a new book. It was published in Looking at Dalmas birth date, he appears to be 89 years old. I find that interesting in that his first book that I read was The Yngling that was serialized in Analog magazine in

Dalmas grew up in Michigan and Minnesota, and for a time, lived in Spokane, Washington where he moved with Gail his wife , their daughter and one grandson, starting in the year He died on June 15, He majored in forestry, but took creative writing while at Michigan State, and would later go back to college, and get a degree in Ecology, which at the time, no one had really heard of. This PhD course he was a part of led to almost twenty years of research, a lot of which was done in the plateaus and mountains of states such as New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. John took creative writing course, during his time obtaining his first forestry degree, that was taught by two professors, Bradshaw and Randall; one thing was unusual for these two professors: During the second world war, he served as a parachute infantryman, and in the year , he was discharged without seeing much harm. During his life, he had quite a few jobs outside of writing, some jobs that he had include: By March of , the book had sold. Under the John Jones name, he wrote about governmental and military themes. Macurdies are a farming family, and had been for generations. She has green eyes and red hair. Varia comes from a place called Yuulith, which is a magical place that is separated from the Earth by a dimensional barrier that can be breached during certain times. She is abducted by her own family and they take her back to her magical homeland of Yuulith. He buys a revolver and a rifle, and goes in pursuit for her. There are complications that pop up. His guns will not work, magic runs rampant, and he gets captured by some slavers the instant he goes into the new world. Curtis Macurdy has two lives he leads. He is a farmer on planet Earth, but on the opposite side of a hidden cross dimensional gate in Yuulith, he is an unstoppable mystic warrior. He is known as the Lion of Farside. The war has ended and Curtis simply hopes that he go back to life as a simple farmer. Trouble grows in Europe, while Hitler rises up to power. Curtis goes through the gate into a place where his peculiarities are not cursed, but honored. It is here that he finds some old foes and one more war he must fight. He also finds a peace that comes with a large price. His old rival starts preparing a major weapon of doom. Some felt this book has a good ending to it, and it was a wonderful read, something that they are glad they picked up in the first place. This is an interesting series, if you are expecting something fun and light. Earth in the year European tribes are ripped apart by some petty rivalries and broken apart into some factions at war. A hero, or Yngling, has to emerge, or it will mean the fall of Europe forever. Nils has to take the title of Yngling, and quickly. Who would take the boasts of a simple stripling? Will any of these tribes vouch for this young alien and give him a sacred sword for conquest? Fans felt this was a superb novel and were glad they had read it, finding it to be a fun fantasy escapist read. It is a thoroughly enjoyable read, and is full of interesting characters with an excellent flow to the story being told here. Some would be interested in reading more from this interesting and entertaining series. These books are able to transport readers, not just to the time they are set in, but even to the period that they were published in. He is now aided by his buddies of the Star Men friends. He heads off to Japan to talk with a prominent holy man. The voyage is a disaster and it proves to be a monumental challenge for all involved. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series.

Chapter 4 : The Regiment: A Trilogy by John Dalmas - WebScription Ebook

by John Dalmas. It's a thousand years after World War III and Earth lies supine beneath the heel of a gang of alien sociopaths (they look like snakes with legs) who like to torture whole populations for sport.

Posted Jun 15, Last Updated Jun 16, I last talked to John a few months ago and knew it would probably be the last time we spoke. For an hour John went in and out of the current timeline, intermixing his week with events that happened years and decades past. John Jones died today. That was his real name. But the world mostly knew him as John Dalmas, an accomplished science fiction writer who gifted the world dozens of books since the late s. In fact, it was at the end of his writing career that we became friends around when he moved to Central Ohio. It is my time with him that I want to share. John was a quintessential story teller. He loved stories big and small. Many of his stories were rooted in his own history; others from the history of his interestsâ€”which were varied by most standards. I want to give a backstory on Johnâ€”not necessarily in fact, but more in impressions and stories that John told me. I never took notes unless we were on the phone, so these must not be taken as facts. John loved to talk about his childhood. His father had been an engineer on the boats ferrying goods in the Great Lakes early in the last century. It seemed that John had few concrete memories about his father except that he had been a strong and good man. His father died when John was still young. After this John and his mother moved in with his Uncle Al in Michigan. John doted on his memories of Uncle Al. This likely played a role in formalizing a philosophical outlook in John where he did not find occasion to harbor ill feelings towards other humans. Whether it was intentional at the time I cannot say, but he told me that much of the work after the war was his way of collecting stories and experiences for stories. He may have wanted to know more about who his father was, as he spent time on the steamers of the Great Lakes like his father had. Predominantly, he spent time as a logger. Eventually, this took him down a path where he got a Ph. He married Gail, had two children and meandered into his career as a beloved writer. By the time John moved to Ohio, his career had already started winding down. His book the Second Coming came out around that time, which was the last hardcover book he wrote. Over the course of time we became good friends. Although we talked about doing it often, we never did get to wander the woods togetherâ€”as he was already in his seventies. John loved to talk about philosophy and metaphysics and science. He loved to study history and often fixated on obscure military campaigns that happened hundreds of years ago. Poetry was a passion of his. Everybody who knew John loved him. I tagged along to a few of his science fiction conventions. Sometimes he was an official guest of honor. Other times, he was the unofficial guest of honor. I laughed many times to see young women crowd him out and cuddle up to him and listen as he sang songs often in Finnish. I was still in my twenties when I met John, and at the first convention I traveled with him, I was shocked at how much energy he had. It seemed that the fans and friends invigorated him with a second life. He could stay up into the late hours, sharing spirited drinks with spirited conversations and laughing. Listening to John and his old friends talk was always funâ€”but often a challenge. John had a quiet voiceâ€”very quiet. But in a room full of talking people, you often had to lean forward and stare at his lips to tell what he was saying. After the conventions, John would come back home to an increasingly somber reality. His wife Gail died a few years after I met John. Then his health started to fail progressively. Over time he needed to have an oxygen machineâ€”though he kept mobile even after that. He kept up with exercising all along. And he started having more senior momentsâ€”forgetting what he wanted to say. He knew he was getting old and time was limited. But he kept on ticking. He talked proudly about his son and daughter and grandchildren. And even after the Second Coming, he continued to write. But he was definitely slowing down. Then another convention would come and he was come back to life again. From the great overwhelming show of love at conventions was the lonely reality of his life at home. I once took John to a local bookstore. John wanted to see how many of his books were on the shelf. We found three when an employee approached us. But he never seemed to be offended by anything. And he never really let himself get downâ€”even as his body regressed and his mind started to slip. Reading, writing, exercising and emailing people seemed to sustain him during the interludes of the conventions. His integrity of mind was surpassed only by his integrity of heart. His

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sense of wonder and creativity is something this world needs more of. There are many ways to do that. Some ways that John did it was to smile, to hug and to share a bowl of ice cream with a friend as much as humanly possible.

Chapter 5 : John Dalmas - Book Series In Order

John Dalmas may also refer to a fictional character by Raymond Chandler. John Robert Jones (3 December - 15 June) [1] wrote science fiction as John Dalmas. He wrote many books based on military and governmental themes throughout his career.

Chapter 6 : The General's President by John Dalmas

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Chapter 7 : Listen to Audiobooks written by John Dalmas | calendrierdelascience.com

Some writers take a small theme and create a landscape. Dalmas takes a big premise (Alternate universes! Magic!) and creates a puny story about a guy that has no idea why he does things and is lead by the nose by his destiny, until things just stop.

Chapter 8 : John Dalmas Obituary - Cape Cod, MA | Wicked Local Cape Cod

John P. Dalmas died on Sunday September 13, at home with family in Wellfleet. John was born in Alden PA. on May 30, He attended Boston University and the University of California at Los.

Chapter 9 : The Lion of Farside, Volume 1 (Audiobook) by John Dalmas | calendrierdelascience.com

John Dalmasâ€™ pseudonym for John Robert Jonesâ€™ wrote many books based on military and governmental themes throughout his career. He grew up in Minnesota and Michigan and resided in Spokane, Washington.