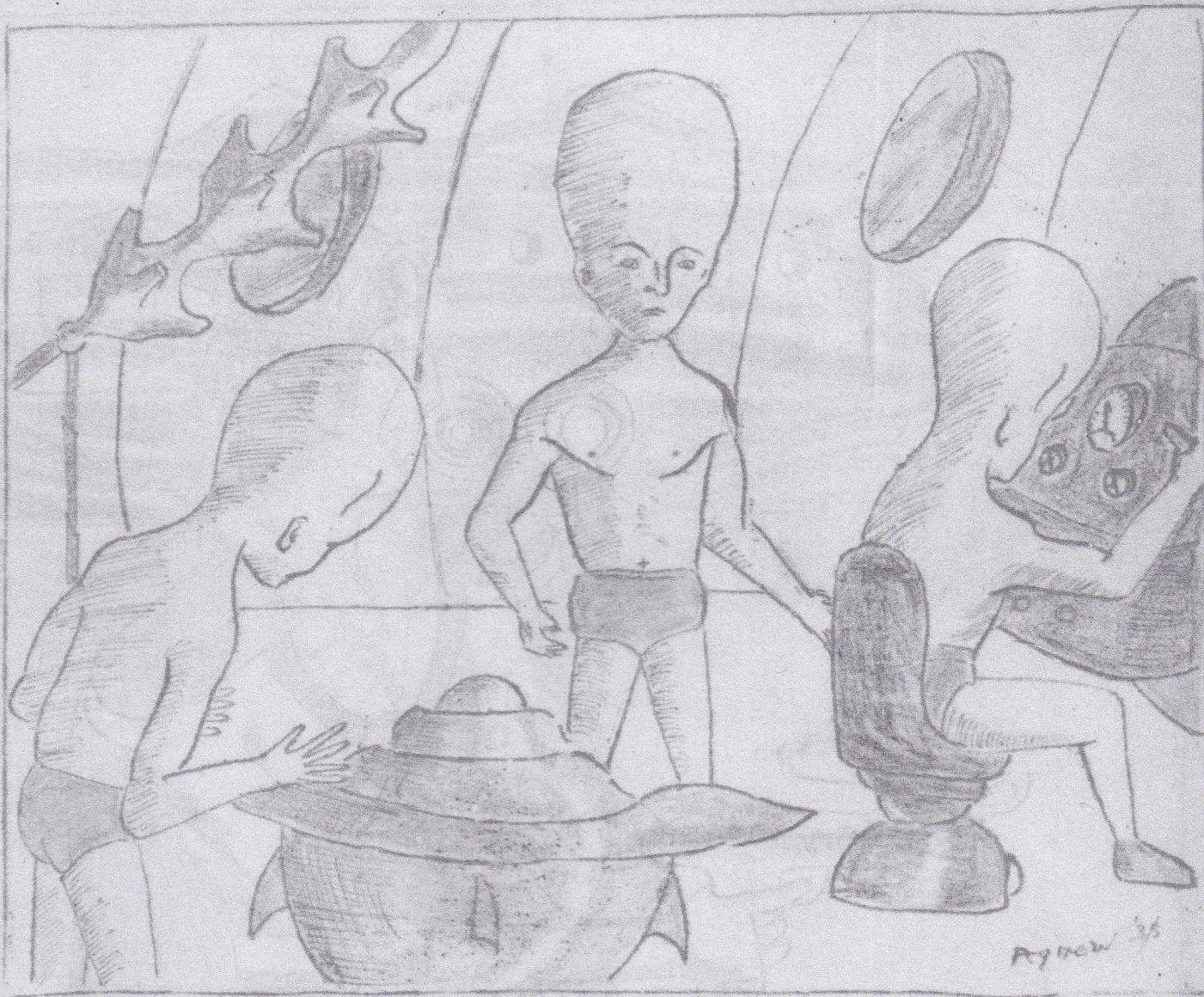


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DIGEST

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Volume 1-----Number 6

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INTERIOR DRAWINGS by Agnew, Baltadonis, Taurasi and Giunta.	

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A STATE AWAKENS, and interesting history of Oklahoma fandom, written
by Jack Spear.
BETWEEN THE COVERS, reviews of the various fantasy books, by John
V. Baltadonis.
ALSO many other interesting items by the leading fan writers.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Having undoubtedly noticed the change in format, you are probably wondering just what prompted this action. Therefore, a little elucidation will probably not be amiss.

After publishing the first issue of FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, we, the editors, came to the quite natural conclusion that it wasn't up to the standard we had intended it to be. The format was undoubtedly one of the primary factors, and after considering the subject from various angles, we decided to change to the present larger, and neater format. I believe that you will not question my contention when I say that this issue is everything the first one wasn't. The material is just as good, if not better, and the heterography is infinitely superior to that of the initial issue. Furthermore, you now receive, for the same price, more than you did previously. 20 large pages is equal to 40 of the smaller pages! Please let us have your comments on this alteration.

As the majority of the readers who wrote in favored the inauguration of a readers' department, we are pleased to present one. Two pages have been allotted to this department; however, if you desire to see it enlarged, merely speak the word, and it shall be done.

A word in reference to subscriptions. For some obscure reason there are very few science fiction fans who are interested in fan publications. Even the well known FAN-

FANTASY MAGAZINE had but 200 subscribers, and the average hetroed fan magazine is doing good if it attains a circulation of fifty paid. Now, it is surprising, but nevertheless true, that very few fans have sent in subscriptions for the FD. Perhaps it is because most fans are wary of fan magazines due to their customary unreliability, and wish to make sure the magazine sees a second issue before they subscribe. We fervently hope this is the case, because under the present circumstances we cannot hope to bring out a large magazine every two months. Tell your friends that the FD will positively be published every two months. Perhaps that will tend to inspire them to send in their subs.

It seems to be a very difficult task for a fan magazine editor to secure material, sufficiently good enough for publication. I wish some of you readers would help me by submitting any articles et al that you consider worth publishing. I had to solicit some of the material contained in this issue, and that is a task I do not exactly care for. It seems to me that there should be a little more fan material going the rounds—how about trying the FANTASCIENCE DIGEST first? The latter statements apply also to art work. All letters referring to art work should be addressed to our Art Editor, Jack Agnew, 2308 E. Belgrade Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EDITOR

THE PROMOTER

By
DAVID H. KELLER



The young man and woman met for the first time in the office of the Chairman of the N.P.C.B.

The National Population Control Board was in many ways the most important unit in the government. It was no accident that Caleb Carlson was its Chairman. For many years he had devoted his waking moments to an intensive study of Eugenics and sleeping hours to dreams of a better race. He had lived to see the time when the nation's welfare had forced the formation of a Board which had complete power over the production of children.

On his desk were two folders. In front of his desk sat the two young people. He opened the folders slowly and arranged the papers and then started to speak to them in a kindly, but low and monotonous tone.

"I have sent for you today because there is a matter of great

importance to discuss with you. This summer you both graduated from our National University with honors. For years our Board has been following your progress. I have before me a complete record of your lives from the day of your birth. You probably do not know it, but you were born on the same day.

"I not only have your personal histories, but also your family records. Your relative ancestors for three hundred years have been famous in the history of our nation. They have contributed Governors of the States, Presidents of the Universities, famous scientists, theologians, prominent welfare workers and two Presidents of the Nation. For three centuries there has not been a criminal, alcoholic, epileptic, or abnormal of any kind in either family.

"Your families were destroyed like so many families soon after your birth by the Mysterious Disease

You have studied that period in history in your college courses. You know that in a few months we lost over 70% of our population. You two were among the survivors, and became wards of the nation.

"As you know, the great loss of life forced the creation of the board which I head. We felt that since there was bound to be a great reduction in births, the time had come to have better babies. Our new national marriage license law gave the husband and wife the right to have one child. The permission to have more children was only granted to those who showed by the development of their one child that they were fit to be parents of more.

"Naturally our population continued to drop in numbers, but increase in health, intelligence and physical vigor. But we have felt that so far no one has shown the ability to create families of outstanding brilliancy, such as were the families you two came from.

"We need leaders, powerful, dominant, remarkable men and women such as represented the Putnam, and Barnes families for the last three hundred years. For years we have felt this need and for an equal number of years we have hoped that someday we could find the proper answer to the question of how these leaders could be given to the nation.

"That is why you are here today. You have never met. Through you are both graduates of the National University, one was educated in the Pacific Sector and the other in the Atlantic Sector of this University. As you know, you were both trained with the idea that love and marriage were social factors that were not to be considered till you were through with your education.

"We want you to marry, and in the next twenty years give the nation as many children as possible. The records show that twin births have been frequent in both families. You are now twenty years old. By the time you are

nearly forty you can become the parents of at least thirty children.

"That will be your life work. The nation has cared for you in every way since your parents died, and from this was the program formulated for you. Now have you any questions?"

"I have several," sharply replied John Barnes. "How do you know the young lady wants to marry me? How could we support a family of that size? How about my training as an expert in the conservation of Natural Resources?"

Galeb Carlson smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I think these are all proper questions. In regard to the lady's willingness to marry, perhaps we had better leave that to her to answer. As far as supporting the children, that will be the happy task of the government. On your future home in Michigan you will find a bird sanctuary of three thousand acres of land of every kind. There are many acres of virgin timber, lakes, and swamps. Animals, fish, and birds live there in great variety. You are to study their lives and habits and write on proper methods of conservation. It is your hobby. You will be provided with all the necessities of life and many luxuries.

"Your future wife, Caroline Putnam, has specialized in cottage industry and feminine handicraft. We have selected a library of five hundred volumes dealing with every form of handicraft known in America, since its settlement. We would like to have her spare the time to teach the subject to a very few, carefully selected young women who will in their spare time organize schools in various parts of our country. It is believed that the brilliancy of our feminine minds in the past was due to the intensive use of their hands in sewing, knitting and weaving.

She will have ample time because she will not be asked to care for her children. A large home is being built for them where they will be raised and educated and their births. The best leaders in medicine, sociology and education will be entrusted with their future welfare. We hope to raise to adult life all of our children, but we are asking you to assume no responsibility. In fact, we feel that they will grow into better leaders of our future society if they are raised in this way rather than with their parents. They will be wards of the Nation.

"Your future welfare and security will be provided for in every way. From the time you marry and move into your Michigan home, you can be assured that for the rest of your life you will have no financial problems. Even your social life is provided for. If you have a few good friends you can have them come and live with you. You may play bridge, golf or tennis."

"In some ways the future is an attractive one," whispered the young man, "but we still do not know what Miss Caroline Putnam thinks about it."

"Suppose I leave you to talk it over."

The old man slowly walked out of the room.

John Barnes turned to Caroline Putnam and said one word.

"Well."

She smiled.

"A most unusual proposition, but it seems we are living in an unusual age. I have always wanted three things, a husband, a home and babies. For years you have been my dream man. I have a scrap book filled with everything I could find out about you. That is

that. As for the home? It seems to be ideal in many ways. And the babies? Not just what I longed for, but at the same time we do owe the nation something.

"It is all very strange," commented the man. "For the last five years I also kept a scrapbook and in it are newspaper pictures and clippings and my personal comments and hopes concerning Caroline Putnam. I have met many girls, but you were the only one I ever wanted to marry, and I simply know you by reputation. Perhaps all this is fate." He could start a family library with these two scrap books and a new book for each of the children. They would send us pictures, and their school reports and Intellectual Quotient tests, and thus year by year the library would grow. We may live to see our children form a new social order leading the men in every way worth while. I have given a great deal of thought to babies of birds and fishes and little wild animals, but I never anticipated having babies of my own. I also am not sure of some parts of the program, but perhaps the men who have worked it all out know more than we do about the wisdom of it all. What shall we say to the Chairman of the N.P.C. B.?"

"I think we better say 'YES'."

"It will take courage and sacrifice on your part."

"Yes, but I will have much of what I wanted and, after all, a woman cannot have everything. And I will have you, and now that I have seen you and heard you talk, I know that many of my dreams can come true."

John Barnes walked to the door, opened it, and asked Caleb Carlson to come in.

"Our answer is 'YES'," he said with a smile.

"Good. I almost knew it would

28. The scrap books worked.

"What do you know about the scrap books?" asked Caroline.

"Everything, my dear child. We have been furnishing you for years the material you put into them, but that was a part of the plan. We wanted you to know and love each other before you met. Now suppose we sign the papers and take the first plane to Michigan. Your new home is ready for you in every last detail. Some of your friends are waiting for you there. From them you can select those you wish to share your life with."

Ten years later John Barnes came in from the woods, bathed and put on his flannels and hunted up his wife. At last he found her where he thought she would be, in her private library. She was at her desk surrounded by scrap books, papers, pictures, and paste pot.

"Busy?" he asked, kissing her.

"Always, but not too much to stop and talk to you. A lot of mail came from the home today and I am putting it into these baby books. There are ten of them now. Think of that! Three sets of twins and four solitaires. Look at those ten pictures on the wall. Do you remember when there were only two there of the first little twins? They are older now, and we have any number of charming pictures in the baby books, but just ten little baby pictures on the wall. I like to think of them just as babies. I saw them once, kissed them and said goodbye to them, but they will always be my babies. Somehow I cannot think of them growing up."

"Four years ago," replied her husband. "I found a baby beaver with his paw caught under a log. I rescued it, but the paw was ruined. I saw that beaver today. He is a big fellow and has a family. I think he knew me; at least he sat still long enough to enable me to identify him. Beavers grow up; foxes and deers and birds and fishes grow up. Do babies grow up?"

"They must. Do you ever feel that you would like to see our babies? Do you ever dream about them?"

"Sometimes."

"When you awoke crying?"

"Yes. I thought I was there, and little Angelica, the little one was crying, and the nurses and doctors could not find out what was making her cry. But I knew, and I tried to tell them, but they did not understand and when I tried to make her stop, a great chasm came between us and there I was on one side, and the little one on the other side, and that was when I awoke."

"Let's go and golf!"

"Sorry, but the doctor suggested that I had better not golf for the next two months."

"Well, how about a rubber of bridge?"

"In an hour. I really must finish Maud's book. Bring it up to date. Then I will come down to the card room. I am really very happy, John. You have been very wonderful."

Ten years brought ten more babies. Magdalena at one end past eighteen and almost through college. Rose and Philip at the other end, the last of the celebrated Barnes twins. Twenty baby pictures on the wall. Twenty large scrap books in the book case, with the more of John and Caroline. The parents were twenty years older, but did not look it. Time had aged them very, very gently. John came in one evening later than usual. All that day he had been watching, through his field glasses, a pair of American eagles feeding their young ones.

The butler met him at the door.

"There is a radiogram for Mr. Barnes," he said softly.

wife opened it and read it and then said that I should give it to you and you were to keep it in her private library."

"Anything wrong?"

"I am afraid so."

Barnes took the envelope. He looked at it, but did not open it. Then, holding it in his left hand, he walked to the little library which for twenty years, belonged to Caroline. The desk and chair and the book case cleared, except for one baby book. She was bent over the desk, her face buried in her arms, silent, motionless. The man walked over to the desk and looked at the book before him. On one side was the picture of a young, rather beautiful woman. Under it, in his wife's handwriting,

"MAGGALONA PUTNAM ENTERED THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE NATIONAL COLLEGE WITH HIGHEST HONORS."

The opposite page was blank.

T H E E N D

The man took the radiogram out of the envelope, opened it and read:

Mr. John Barnes:

Your daughter Maggallona killed in airplane wreck today. The National College extends deepest sympathy to Mrs. Barnes and yourself.

Signed

Joseph George, Pres.

Barnes looked at the radiogram and then at his wife. The letter trembled in his hand, but his wife remained motionless. He slowly reached over, opened the paste pot, and securely fastened the message on the blank page. Then he closed the book and put it in its place on the shelf. Then he returned to the woman, and dropped one hand on her shoulder.

"Perhaps," he said very slowly, stopped and started again. "Perhaps we might adopt a baby."

The woman started to cry.

.....
 LOOKING AROUND with Willis Conover --Continued from Page 16.

CLIFFORD BALL searched a number of weeks for a card bearing the picture of an ape or large monkey to send VIRGIL FINLAY at Christmas time. But the young Rochester artist, who impishly had illustrated BALL'S THIEF OF FORTHE with the ape scene which the author once had publicly pronounced cases, received only a card picturing a jackass--the best that BALL could do in good-natured retaliation.

.....

Science Fiction is full of un-
settled questions. The one which
most immediately concerns science
fiction is the one which bears the
above title. Many were the pro and
con, but no definite conclusions
were reached. Permit me to add some
later, and perhaps last, words.

Science Fiction, as a literature
are, is definitely not juvenile. The
majority of science fiction stories
which have been published are juve-
nile, but the deals of science
fiction, the ideas and ideals be-
hind it, the foundation of the lit-
erature, are NOT juvenile.

The stories currently being
published are little indications of
the real possibilities of science
fiction. I believe I can safely say
that few of the juvenile readers of
these magazines realize the deep-
ness of the philosophy and ideals
that could be inherent in science
fiction. The stories, with but few
exceptions, are superficial. They
make a vague attempt to depict life
in the future, full of cheap advent-
ure, melodrama, unconvincing situ-
ations, but they do not make any
mention of the real basis of the
literature; The portrayal of scien-
tific spirit projected into the
future.

The standard test for a liter-
ature is whether it portrays life
as it is. Although science fiction
must look into the future it still
can include human beings in human
situations. Science fiction stories
now being published in pulp mag-
azines do not contain people; they
contain heroes, villains, artificial
characters, but not real human be-
ings. The science fiction hash be-
ing dished out at present is NOT

Literature!

It can be literature, though.
It CAN escape from the stigma of
juvencity, if authors can be or-
dered who will write adult, soph-
isticated stories of life in the
future, of scientists who act like
laborers, of laboratories without
sufficient returns, and which show
the hard, monotonous years of work
which go before a discovery. The
gigantic laboratories and brill-
iant accidental discoveries are
slightly thickening. Things just
don't happen that way. And science
fiction, in order to be true lit-
erature, must show events as they
happen in real life.

So, the actual literature of
science fiction is not juvenile,
but the stories which readers are
forced to accept as a standard of
science fiction are as juvenile as
all the detective, wild west, and
Book of Knowledge stuff put to-
gether!

.....
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.....

MISSION

TO HEAVEN

By
Doy A. Wellbeing

I walked through the golden streets of Paradise on my way to the Palace of the One True God. All about me crowds of angels were passing, their sweet faces glowing in vacantly idyllic smiles, their blue eyes vapid and devoid of sense, their mouths voicing swelling paeans of glory and praise, mainly happily out of tune and usually not the same song. I had to shoulder my way through mobs of these creatures, often getting a wing tip in my eye, or my toes stepped on, or having the hard jewelled tip of a harp thrust into the small of my back.

I finally found my way to a street corner and stood against a radium lamp post while I wiped my brow. The eternally shining sun, reflected from the gold sidewalks (which were heated in the process) and from the diamond windows, made such a dreadful glare that I wished I had not taken this mission. I would like to have gone back for my green sun-goggles but I dared not. President Lenke had sent me to Heaven to ask aid in restoring prosperity as he had finally given up hope of humanity doing it. I would not let the party down, so I set off again.

All streets led uphill in Heaven as the Lord is All-Highest and His House is above all. This made it hard walking. Yet, eventually I arrived at the gates of God's House. Two radiant creatures (I wished again I had my sun-glasses) with fiery swords that made me perhaps profusely barred the way. I explained what I wanted and they let me pass.

Inside it was drafty. It always is in God's House. The ceiling was about a mile high, and gloomy gray stone Gothic walls towered about me. I trudged along the hall for nigh half a mile, and then came to a desk and telephone switch-board where sat a sneezing Archangel. I questioned him, and he directed me to God's Bed-Room where he said I would find Him whom I sought.

After much devious ways, and after acquiring a promising cold in the head from the drafty, dumpy corridors, I arrived before the door. It was narrow but high. I knocked.

There was no answer, but from within came a sound of motion and noise as of things being tossed about, and a deep breathing. Gathering up courage I pushed the door open and entered.

It was a bed room all right, but what a mess! Things were topsy-turvy, pillows and drawers scattered about, all manner of things strewn on the floor. And on His Knees on the floor, His Head under the bed, was GOD! I stopped short wondering what He was looking for. I gathered breath to ask Him how we humans might find Recovery.

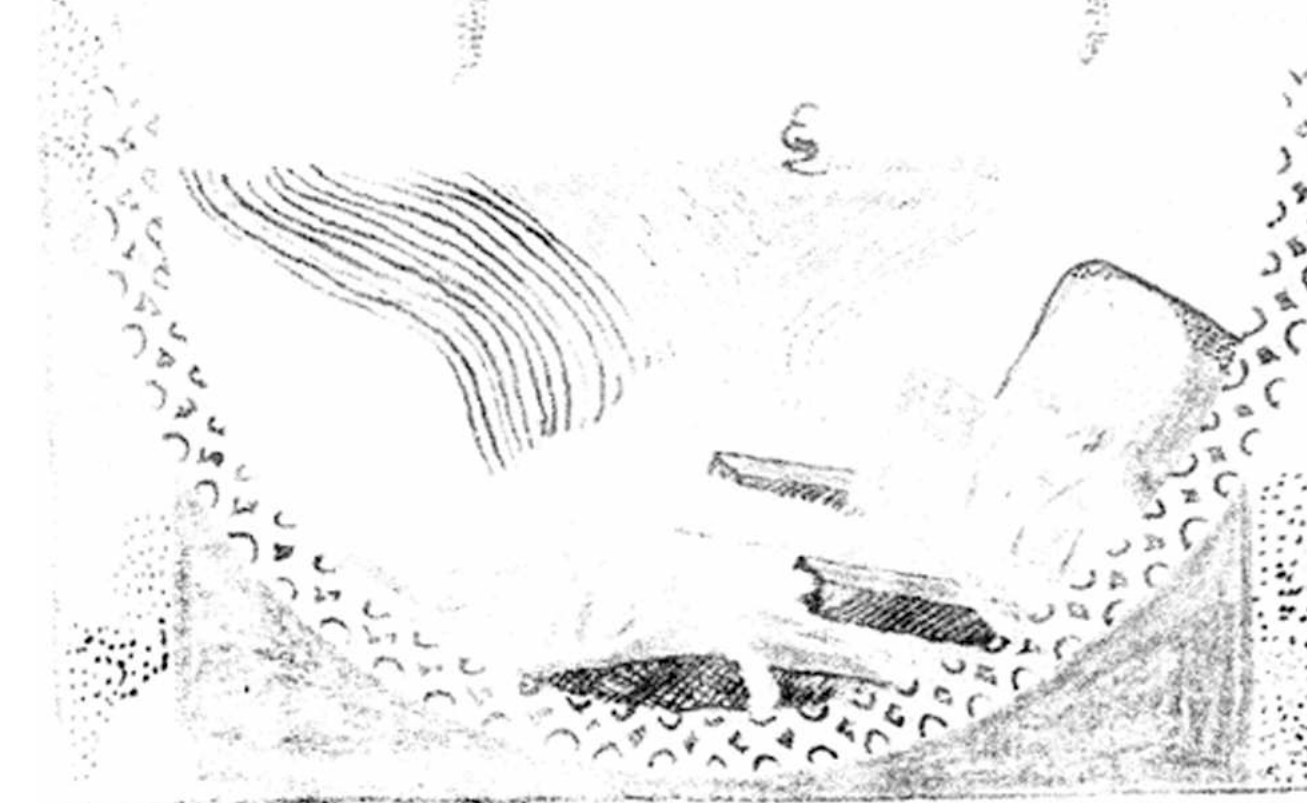
But just then I heard Him mutter angrily. I listened and fled. For our cause was hopeless for it would do no good asking Him to find Recovery for us, until He'd solved his own greater problem. And from experience, I knew not even He could do that. For I heard Him mutter:-

"Where in Heaven did I leave that Collar Button?"

NEXT ISSUE

"A STATE MAKERS"

by Jack Spear



Frank Johnson, who had only recently become a full blooded science fiction fan, dropped his magazine on the floor beside his bed. He had just finished reading a Utopian story of the future and so keen had been his interest that he had placed himself in all the situations confronted by the hero.

"Boy, that's the life for me," he said aloud. "A penthouse home, all sorts of labor-saving devices and nothing to do but press buttons a few hours a day to control the robots, and do as you wish the rest of the day! Wish I'd been born a hundred years from now." He closed his eyes for just a moment, the better to see the figments of his imagination.....

A musical chime rang out in the room, and Frank H36J opened his eyes sleepily. Somehow the place seemed different--- but he was too tired to worry about it, and anyway, he had only lived in the place for a few weeks. So he just rolled over to sleep again. But a moment later Frank

H36J was flying out of the bed, then stopped suddenly; he could not pass the wall. The non-stop flight from the bed to the wall was caused by a powerful spring which set off automatically when the sleeper remained in bed, catapulted him clear out of the arms of Morpheus. It was required by law in this year of our Lord 3037 to have one of these installed in the bed of every worker.

Frank cursed it a minute or two heartily for a moment, then took a shower to completely waken him up and got dressed. By this time he had worked up a pretty good appetite, so he walked over to a control board. He twirled a dial to indicate the breakfast he desired, then pressed a pink button. Ordinarily, he would have received his breakfast, but this time the only thing that came out was a slip of white paper stating that he had neglected to pay his food bill for the past week, and therefore service was discontinued. As Frank H36J was a modern young man, there was no kitchen in his apartment. So he had to go to

for work with a vast emptiness in him.

The morning was perfect, so Frank walked to the elevators. At these elevators he had to descend to the lowest level to get his train. He was just about to enter one, but a long metal arm poked him gently in the stomach and pushed him away from the door, which slid shut.

"Elevator full! Next one in two minutes!" announced a mechanical voice loudly in his ear. So Frank did the only thing he could do; he waited.

At last he got down to his level, and at the station paid his fare and waited for the 21st century model subway train. Here he had better luck for he got inside before the metallic arm could shove him away. But he had to stand--a century of progress had not been able to eliminate the packed subways. Frank hated to stand--not because he would like to sit but because at the very next stop--as happened often--he was swept out of the door and onto the platform by the crowd getting off at that point. And before he could get on again the door slammed shut in his face.

It was only a minute, however, until the next train and he was carried on with the crowd. This time, while he did not get a seat, he was able to fortify himself behind a giant of a man. After that he managed to stay on the train, for the large man could not be budged by the other passengers.

Frank determined that, as soon as he could afford to operate one, he would have a plane of his own to fly to work. He could afford the plane all right, but as his eyesight was below average he was required by law to have a robot pilot, and at present that was beyond his means.

At last he reached his station and managed to get up to the office where he was employed.

By the time his lunch was done he got back to his little apartment completely tired out--but not from his work. He decided he would stay at home and read that night, as his girl friend was away on her vacation.

The periodicals of those days resembled a three dimensional motion picture, only instead of the images shown on the screen, they appeared on the side of the box-like affair. But it was not one of those wonderful things he chose. He had a number of yellowed and tinseltorn science fiction magazines and he read them--the "ancestors", of his modern periodicals.

Three or four short stories he read before he stretched out luxuriously in his comfortable chair.

"I'd hate to have lived a hundred years ago!" he thought. "Just think of the conveniences I would have missed. Don't I wish I had been born a hundred years from now in 2137--that would be something!" He closed his eyes peacefully....

Frank Johnson awoke suddenly as he thumped on the floor. At first he thought that he had been catapulted out of bed by the electrical device but he looked ruefully about when he realized that he had fallen out of bed.

THE END



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If you want people to sing your praises, goes the saying, you must lead the chorus. This month we'll let the Fantasy celebrities speak for themselves--please copyright 1930, by F. O'CONNOR FLOWE, PH. D.--with excerpts from recent letters to Yours Respectfully. The writers quoted in this column may be considerably chagrined to learn that all the actual praise singing has been omitted.

I have been out of touch with the science-fiction world for some time, having exchanged communications more exclusively with WEIRD TALES readers. Those readers who take their fantasy in strictly scientific doses, therefore, are charitably advised to skip these few pages.

First we hear from NIOTZIK BYALHIS, the old favorite of WEIRD TALES.

"Last Sunday I woke up a whole lot nearer Hell than I like to remember. Old sister Fleurisy had me in her foul embrace, squarely in the cardiac region.

"Lasted all day, and I came close to hearing 'Doesn't he look natural?' but made it through, thanks to the grittiest little woman who ever lived.

"But there's a darker and more sinister side to the matter; viz. knowing me well and unfavorably, The Great One doesn't want me....and the devil won't have me....I said quite a lot of Un-nice things about HIM in THE ETERNAL CONFLICT and showed his brother up rather baldly in THE DARK LORE, so you can easily comprehend why I'm personally non-grata in the Pit.

"Just the same, ol' sis P. will juggle me once too often, and I'll succumb to her wiles."

BYALHIS, by way of biographical explanation, is Russian, and fifty-eight years of age.

Now the well-known ASTOUNDING STORIES illustrator, ELLIOT D O L D, lets a little criticism fall free.

"...don't narrow down to ultra-scientific science. That's one thing I hope you'll watch and combat; too much absolute hard and fast science. Why? Because if this tendency grows, eventually there will not be any authors left to write fantasy. It becomes too difficult and too

much expert criticism and research required. As evidence Arthur J. Clarke has practically quit the field. He's a hard-headed business man and realizes that he can't make money if he has to research too long.

To a great extent the readers of fantasy are individualists; many specialize in one or more subjects. How I ask you can the average writer be a specialist with a complete knowledge of all the different branches of science? It's utterly impossible and therefore mistakes and blunders are bound to take place—the more scientific the yarn, the greater the chance of errors. Heaven knows I've caught it going and coming in the drawings. There is scarcely any time to look things up. If you don't know you fake or try to cover the object in question with a figure. Pure fantasy subjects are comparatively easy for there only the imagination is required. But when some definite electrical, mechanical, biological, medical, astronomical, chemical, etc. object has to be perfectly reproduced and you can't thoroughly remember and visualize it you are sunk. Nearly always the drawing must be in within a limited time and there is just no time to go into the necessary research.

"It seems to me that this side of the picture should somehow be brought to the notice of the readers of fantasy—for their own good the welfare of science-fiction and the relief of authors and artists. They should be shown the other side of the problem—the danger that may eventually threaten science-fiction if it is allowed to grow too ultra-technical."

DOLD has quite a problem on his hands now. His aged father, who has never been sick until now, has a severe case of chronic rheumatism. As a result DOLD, JR., is nurse, companion, and errand-boy; and this leaves him little time for his work except at night.

THOMAS ALBERT McCLARY, residing at the Vanderbilt Hotel on Park Avenue in New York, informs us: "I'm writing a couple of pieces now, but neither of them are up to REBIRTH. You'll probably like the later-appearing one best of the two pieces—a short serial along the REBIRTH order."

"I can't reciprocate the snapshot as if one exists there'll be a murder committed unless I get the negative back. I do exposes and muck-raking as well as fiction, you know. A lot of people would like to know what I look like."

OLIVER BALL, the new 39 year old sensation of WEIRD TALES writes: "I had a sad experience about seven years ago. I paid one of these so-called agents five dollars to criticize a story. He did so, typed me several sheets of remarks meaning practically nothing, and then demanded fifty dollars to rewrite certain portions of said story before he would place it on the market. He did not guarantee to sell the story even then—but in case he did, he wanted 15% commission. THE STORY WOULD NOT HAVE BROUGHT OVER THIRTY DOLLARS! It is sharks such as these who so often trap the unwary amateur into the depths. You pay five or ten dollars for a reading and immediately learn you must lay ten times that on the line to have your story revised. They tell you your stuff is great, that you've got something, but because you are new in the field you need an advisor or re-adjuster. Then they proceed to bleed the happy-hopeful until he's dry. So I'll pay nothing for readings and add no tribute for corrections. If the story is that bad we have an incinerator in this joint!"

DEAR EDITOR:

Van Houten having used a word equivalent to "impossible", i.e., "never", I am obliged to take issue with him.

Let us see why he says we'll never use atomic energy for space travel.

Atomic energy, he says, will assume forms in which it cannot be used. By definition, any form of energy can be transformed to heat, and heat, by its expansive power, can expel matter and produce a reaction to drive the ship. Not that I believe that method will be used, but I wish to show, from the start, the fallacy of Van Houten's beliefs.

Suppose atomic energy turns up as light. Van Houten says it must have something to press against, overlooking the fact that light itself has mass, and at its tremendous speed, it can kick up quite a reaction, NV, you know.

Van Houten is right in his epilogue re the wheel. It was suggested in Science Discussions that the wheel be used to throw off weights, which would propel the ship. A clumsy method, but possible. — Jack Spear, Comanche, Oklahoma.

THE ABOVE ARGUMENT AGAINST MR. VAN HOUTEN'S ARTICLE, PUBLISHED LAST ISSUE, WAS FORWARDED TO HIM, AND HIS REPLY IS AS FOLLOWS:

DEAR MR. SPEAR:

R.A. Madle kindly referred your criticism of my essay in the first FANTASCIENCE DIGEST.

If you will take your PD in hand and read the first few lines, you will find that I didn't dogmatically state that atomic energy will "never" be used for space travel. I said that "I was afraid", intentionally giving the impression that such was MY belief. Therefore, your very reason, as you yourself give it, for differing with me is dissolved.

The expansive power of heat, which you mention, must have something to expand. Expanding the space ship itself will not produce the desired result: (motion of the whole mass), but I think I seem to gather some notion that you believe, that by applying heat to a quantity of matter in a specially constructed chamber at the rear of our craft, it would expand rapidly and push itself out of the orifice and thus create a reaction. My dear fellow, if you believe that, I'll not bother to argue with you further.

In reference to the light, I did not say that the light must have something to press against. I said that the mass of the light itself must create the reaction. Granted that light has mass, but I doubt whether you realize just how "small" it is. It takes an almost infinitesimal "amount" of light to make a weighable quantity. Now, in applying this to our problem, if

we can get one ounce of matter to turn completely into light (the chances are almost nil) by some process, we will have an ounce of light, at the speed of 186,325 miles per second. By the formula $E = mc^2$, this gives us $(186,325)^2$ poundals. If the mass

of our ship is anywhere over ten tons, our acceleration would be pretty slim. Due to the great distances that must be traversed in space travel, a small acceleration is no good, since it would take years to build up a feasible speed.

I predict that, if ever atomic energy is released in the quantity hoped for by science, heat, which seems to be a favorite form of energy, will be so prevalent, that nothing will be devised to control it. Nay, nothing will even be fabricated to come within hundreds of miles of the scene of the triumph of science. You know the highest melting point of any kind of matter is below the temperature of the sun, where, science tells us, all of the energy flitting about is produced by atomic processes toward which we aspire. And the sun loses most of its power by radiation! No! Atomic energy will never be used for space travel! —RAYMOND VAN HOUTEN

IT SEEMS THAT MR. VAN HOUTEN HAS THOUGHROLY SQUELCHED MR. SPZER'S CRITICISMS OF HIS ARTICLE. IF ANY READER DESIRES TO ENTER INTO THIS DEBATE, HE IS VERY WELCOME. HOWEVER, PLEASE KEEP YOUR LETTERS AVERAGE LENGTH.

DEAR EDITOR:

Received the copy of FD today, and it's a very good issue. The cover is striking. JVB can be good when he will. He is at his best on this out.

Lowndes' article on Weinbaum was tops in the issue. Conover's "Looking Around" was next best. Van Houten's and Rothman's science articles were fairly good. The fiction was punk. The editorial was interesting, as are all such writings.

To make the next issue perfect you will need a readers' corner. How about it? — OLON F. WIGGINS, DENVER, COLORADO.

WELL, MR. WIGGINS, THE READERS' DEPARTMENT YOU REQUESTED IS HERE. DOES IT MEET WITH YOUR APPROVAL?

DEAR EDITOR:

The cover is colorful and well done, but I maintain that a magazine cover should give the date and volume and number as well as the title. The art-work and decorations are very good. I dismissed the science articles as uninteresting as this type of article doesn't appeal to me. Many others, however, no doubt found them interesting. And for the reason that poetry, with the exception of Sarcophagus Dribble's, leaves me cold, I didn't enjoy J. Francis Hatch's "Sonnets in Memoriam." You might have taken Professor Oglewog out and sloughed him over the noggin before publication so that he would be in no fit condition to appear before your readers. His condition, even without noggin-sloughing, was none too good. I struggled about half-way through before giving up in disgust. No more Haggard horrors, please. Just one more brickbat; the hektoing was muddly throughout, and a bit hard to read in spots. This isn't your fault, I suppose, so much as the Weather Man's.

I liked Hank Kuttner's snicker story. Robert W. Lowndes' article was good too. I wish he would write a little less heavily for the fan magazines though. Willie Opnover always writes interestingly. His "Looking Around" is excellent. I hope you do inaugurate a readers' column—and a large one—in the magazine. I think these are the most interesting parts of the fan mags, or any magazines for that matter. —Richard Wilson, Jr., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

WE ARE QUITE SORRY THE MAJORITY OF THE ITEMS CONTAINED IN THE FIRST ISSUE DID NOT SOLICIT YOUR APPROVAL. THANKS FOR THE LAST PARAGRAPH.



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