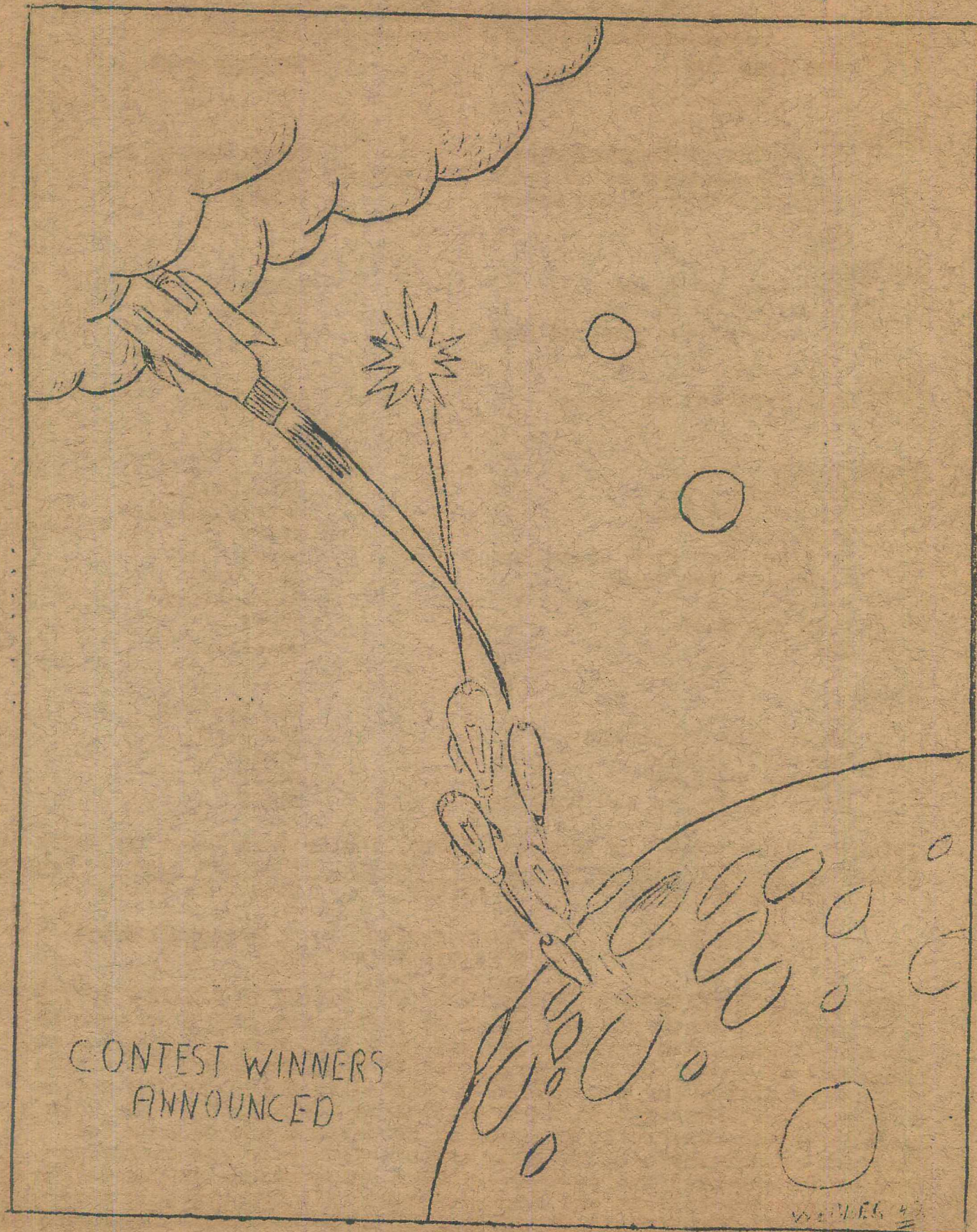


# SPACE TALES

JULY  
NO. 4

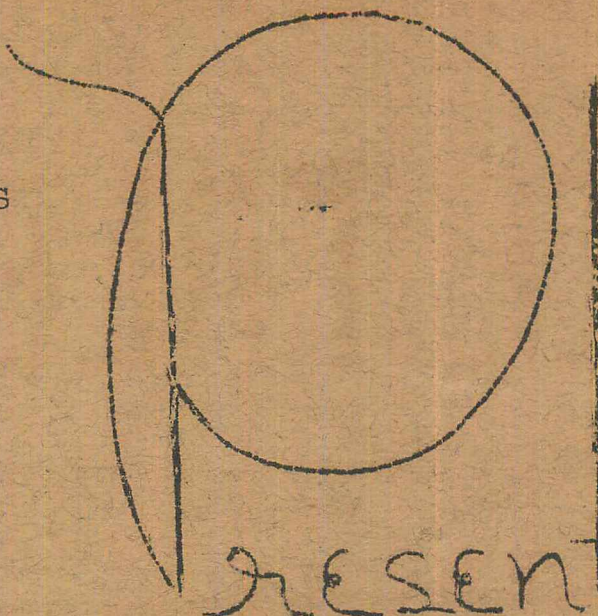


CONTEST WINNERS  
ANNOUNCED

W. M. E. 47



# SPACE TALES



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"SEND .25 FOR THREE ISSUE"

# THE ★ BEAM

For once when the Beam is printed all pages are senciled with the exception of page 14, so this should be a complete editorial.

Harry Warner Jr. came through with his pants down but we sucured a 2000 word article from him intitlled "The Perils of Completeness" which tells of a few of the things you might run into while trying to compile a collection of magazines and also gives a few helpful hints to fellow in collecting.

Loren Sinn did a story that is typical SF but it's really pretty good. Charles Nutt did a couple of stories and a article. I might mention that article that Charles did. It is not the usual kind of article but it is of interest for it compiled the biographys of most of the well know authors and artists into a small space and still told the most interesting points about them.

We made our promise good about the departments. First: "The Printed Page" shall clutter up a page or two every issue. "Back Slams" shall be in every issue. I might say that it is not meant to be slanderou. but nearly there to show a few of the mistakes made in fan and pro mags. "SF Sidelites from Carnation" will continue through-out the summer any-

way then it may be drop-  
ed. "Northwest Fan News" is for the Northwest Fantasy Society and will be in every issue or every other issue as needed. "Into the Past" is the rating of the last issues stories, articles, poems etc:

"Monster of Othe Worlds" shall be in every issue on the inside of the back cover.

This issue is twice as large as the last issue and as was said last issue it was twice as large as the one before. We will not be twice as large next issue but instead we will stay this size except for anniversary issues of course, they will be much larger than this of course. Say don't forget this 28 page magazine is more than 35 pages in letter size.

Take a look at the cartoons by Webber and Jackson pretty good. Eh!

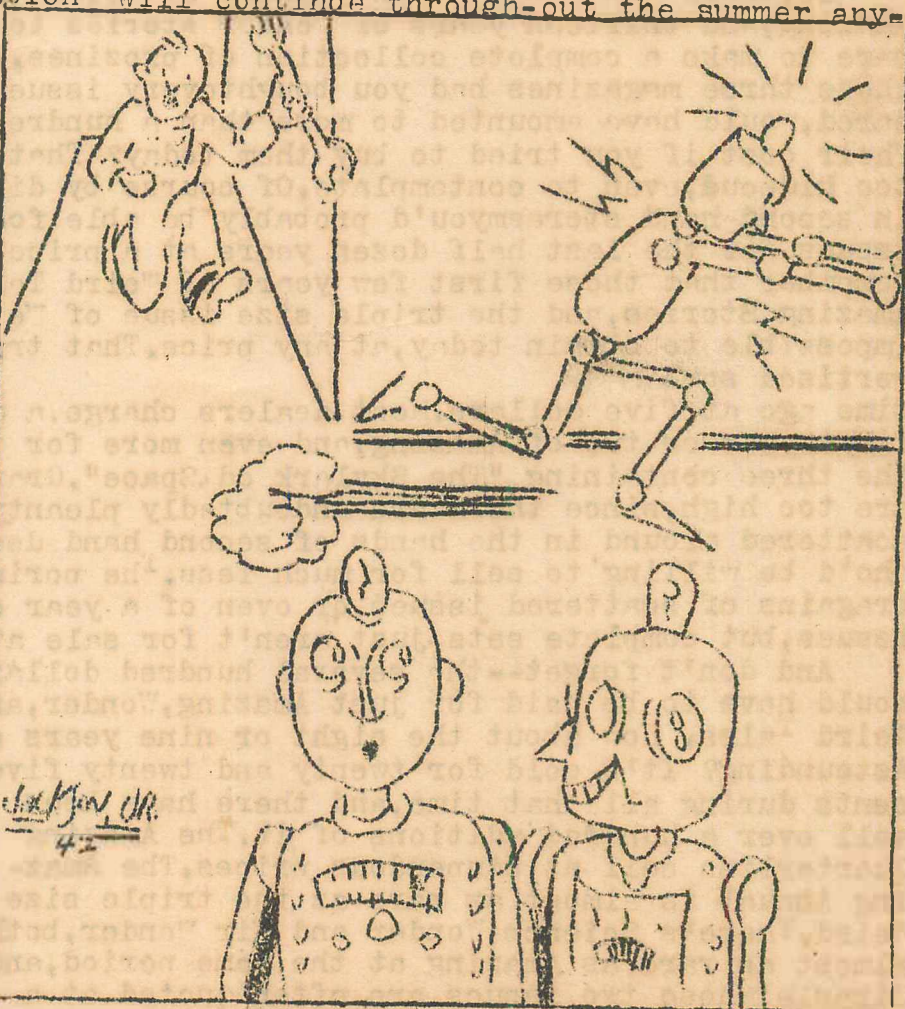
Don't forget to send in those

ARTICLES, STORIES, POEMS, and CARTOONS we can sure use them. We were short of matterial this issue and had a lot of trouble getting matterial.

Please note on the contents page that we now have a couple of Co\*Editors, Loren Sinn and Bernard Webber.

Also send in those comments for print in SPACE NOTES.

If a large red X appears in the space at the left your subscription has expired please send .25 for three more issues. A large number, in fact the majority of the subscriptions expire so please send .25 right away so you won't miss the next Issue. Do it now send .25 . TL

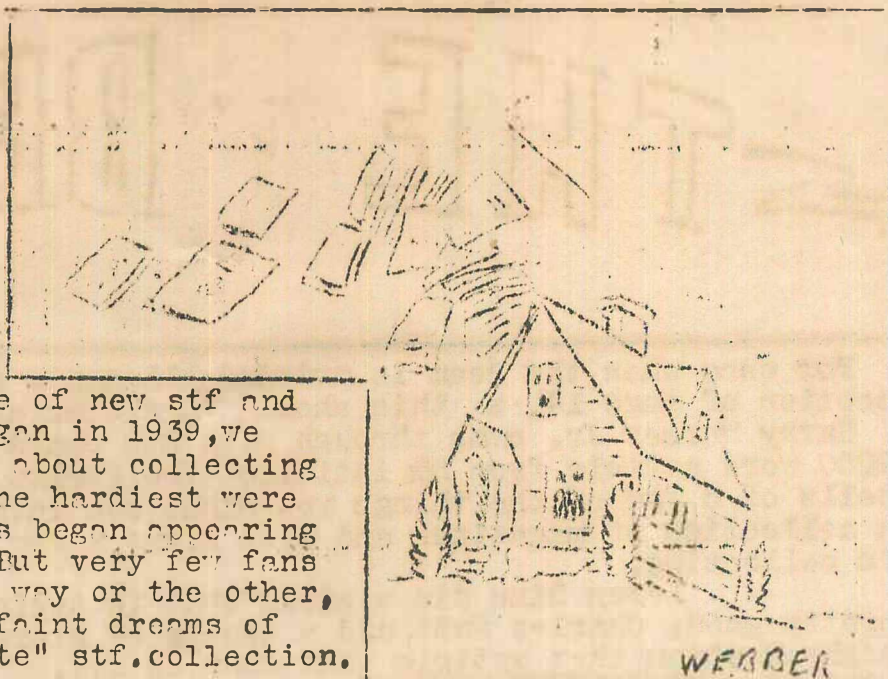


\* "His inventor just heard of the prices the \*  
\* government's paying for scrap metal!" \*



The  
Perils  
of  
Completeness

by Harry Warner Jr.



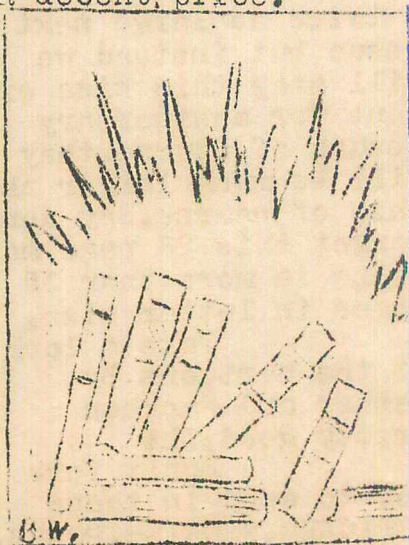
Since the great deluge of new sf and fantasy prozines that began in 1939, we don't hear quite so much about collecting and collectors. All but the hardiest were discouraged when prozines began appearing in such vast quantities. But very few fans aren't collectors in one way or the other, and a lot probably hold faint dreams of someday having a "complete" sf collection. Poor fellows!

Collecting can be broken down into four divisions. There are books, professional magazines, fan magazines, and excerpts from non sf publication. Of the four, we know everything about only one division--the prozines. It's quite simple to make up a list of all the prozines that have been published in this country and England, and to add a supplementary list of Canadian and British reprint editions.

So, there are almost twenty years of *Weird Tales*, sixteen years of *Amazing*, and thirteen years of *Wonder* stories to buy as a starter, if you care to make a complete collection of prozines. The newsstand prices of those three magazines had you bought every issue of each one as it appeared, would have amounted to more than a hundred dollars by this time. Their cost if you tried to buy them today? That's something just about too hideous, even to contemplate. Of course by dint of much looking around in second hand stores you'd probably be able to get quite a few of their issues for the last half dozen years at a price below cover cost. But remember that those first few years of *Weird Tales*, the first year of *Amazing Stories*, and the triple size issue of *Weird Tales*, are virtually impossible to obtain today, at any price. That triple issue of *WT* was advertised some

time ago at five dollars. Most dealers charge a dollar per issue for the first year or two of *Amazing*, and even more for the very first issue and the three containing "The Skylark of Space". Granted that such prices are too high, since there are undoubtedly plenty of these old issues scattered around in the hands of second hand dealers and collectors who'd be willing to sell for much less, the point is that you can get bargains of scattered issues, or even of a year or two's consecutive issues, but complete sets just aren't for sale at a decent price.

And don't forget--the several hundred dollars would have to be paid for just *Amazing*, *Wonder*, and *Weird Tales*. How about the eight or nine years of *Astounding*? It's sold for twenty and twenty five cents during all that time, and there have been well over a hundred editions of it. The *Amazing* Quarterlies sell at stupendous prices. The *Amazing* Annual is almost as rare as the triple size *Weird*. There's *Science Wonder* and *Air Wonder*, both almost as rare as *Amazing* at the same period, and *Miracle*, whose two issues are often quoted at a dollar or more each. And then there've been hundreds of issues of other magazines in the last couple years, and if you want a really complete collection of professional magazines, you'll have to satisfy your conscience by buying *Oriental Tales*, *Strange Tales*, and possible *Scientific Detective*, *Magic Carpet*, *Ghost Stories*, and even and absolutely unobtainable *Black Cat* and *Thrill Book*. When you have all those (and have built several large sheds in which to store them!), you can finish by trying to find the sixteen issues of the *British Tales of Wonder*, and three issue of *Fantasy* from the same country, Canada's *Uncanny Tales*, which is still going strong after a dozen or more issues, its one issue of *Eerie Tales*, and all the dozens of issues of British and Canadian reprint magazines. (Can you stand the further shock of remembering that for a No. 1. complete collection you'd have to have a complete set of the





Canadian Edition of "Weird Tales", which was issued for perhaps fifteen years?) But to obtain a set of complete prozines is the acme of simplicity compared with the other three divisions. They're fewest in quantity, and you know just what has been issued. When you start to get a complete collection of fanzines, the going begins to get sort of tough.

Doc Swisher's monumental Check List catalogs most of the fanzines that have been issued, so there's a fairly good list of them available. But it doesn't pretend to record each and every one, and information is lacking on many of them. I don't think anybody has ever listed the number of issues of fanzines that have been put out, since Weisinger started all the trouble with the first Time Traveler, but they must run up to the thousands. Worse and worse, when is a fanzine? To have a really "complete collection", you'd have to have a copy of each issue of each one, no matter how limited its circulation may have been. Since there have been carbon copied fanzines turned out on rainy afternoons of which there were only two or three copies to begin with, you can begin to get an idea of what you're up against. And of course it's even possible to consider a single typed sheet of paper a fanzine, if it has a name and an issue number. Provided that you did up information on every fanzine every published, and for the sake of your sanity decided to consider as a fanzine only a publication of which two or more copies exist, where would you buy back issues of fanzines? Few realize just how hard it is to obtain old fanzines, because it's so hard to keep up with the current ones that not many fans have the time or dough to go after the back issues. A few can be had here and there, and you'll see certain of the best old ones occasionally advertised, like "Fantasy Magazine" or "Crawford Marvel Tales". But all the myriads of little hectographed and mimeographed publications that saw two or three issues and circulated a few dozen copies of each--where will you buy them? Fans aren't in the habit of presenting their collections to other fans, when leaving fandom, they either hoard or destroy all their old fanzines. If you think I've exaggerated the situation, just try to buy a few of the fairly obscure fanzines of the last few years. You'll have an awful time. I've seen only two fairly large accumulations of fanzines advertised for sale in the last two years--and if you'd bought both of those collections, you'd have made a start toward a good fanzine collection. As in the case of prozines, it's not hard to find bargains in fanzines, but scattered bargain buys won't go far toward making a good collection. There are probably only three good fanzine collections in the world--they belong to Ackerman, Wollheim, and Swisher. I know that none of them is complete. If the three were merged I don't think they'd be complete even then. (And as a side remark: in these perilous days, wouldn't it be a good gesture for Ackerman, Swisher, and Wollheim to make a mutual agreement pack that if anything happened to one of them, his fanzine collection would be willed one or both of the two? The loss of one of those three collections would be a terrific blow to the lore of fandom.)

And now we're going to dive into a really tough angle of collecting. Fanzines and prozines are a cinch compared with books. There isn't, to begin with, any sort of a bibliography of sf, fantasy, and weird books. Dikty and Shroyer, Rosenblum, Unger and Ridley, and possibly others have worked on such a bibliography, but none had yet appeared. So we have no idea just how many such books there are in existence to collect. But Unger expects to get five thousand titles for his bibliography, and I don't believe that to be too high a figure. A bibliography, to be worth the effort of compiling, should be as complete as possible, and this one ought to list all border line books, that merely touch sf or fantasy: and if books were listed in a bibliography, you'd have to obtain them to have a complete collection. Quite aside from the amount of five thousand books occupy (You'll have to build a whole new wing to your house, if you're planning to collect that many). think how fast you're going to have to collect them. If you are twenty, which is about the average fans age, you can look forward to forty or fifty more years of your life, if you don't discover immortality or try to walk across a busy intersection while reading "Einlein's latest story. If you manage to add one book to your collection each day (and that will be quite a task), you'll be well along into your thirties before you have all those five thousand, and in the next fifteen years we can expect another thousand or two to have been discovered and newly published to add to the bibliography. Sometime between the ages of thirty and forty you'll have all the sf and fantasy books in existence, and then you will start reading them. (You must be sure to have made enough money by the time you are forty to retire from business.) Allowing yourself ten hours a day for reading, you'll be able to finish a book a day by reading pretty carefully. Just think, when you'll have read all the sf, fantasy and weird Books. If that (Continued 10



# ATTENTION ALL FANS

DONT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY

HAVE YOUR NAME AND SNAPSHOT  
RECORDED ALONGSIDE ALL THE  
GREATS IN SCIENCE FICTION,

SCIENTIFCTIONS ONE AND ONLY "SCIENCE  
AND FANTASY FICTION ALBUM" IS NOW BEING  
COMPILED. DONT HESITATE, SEND YOUR  
SNAPSHOT AND YOUR AUTO GRAPH TO,

THOMAS R. DANIEL  
176 W. 2<sup>ND</sup> ST.  
POMONA, CALIF.

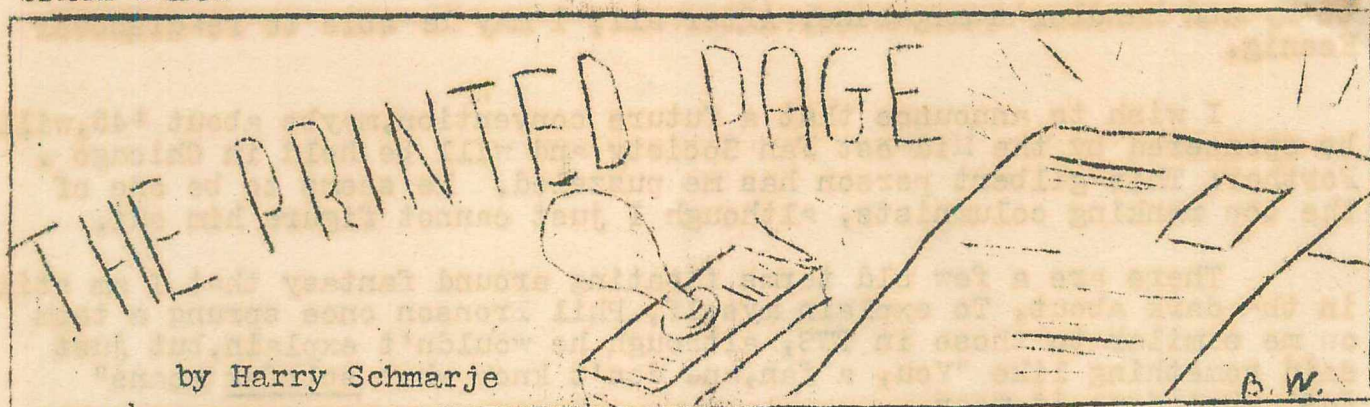
WRITE YOUR NAME IN THE MIDDLE OF A SLIP  
OF WHITE TYPING PAPER FIVE INCHES LONG  
BY THREE INCHES WIDE.

IF YOU HAVE A MINIATURE CAMERA SEND  
NEGATIVE FOR ENLARGEMENT.

DO IT NOW!

Let me take this opportunity to thank you in adance, as it will  
be hard for me to carry on a correspondence concerning the ALBUM,  
but I do kow any full-fledged fan will appreciate the work i am ex-  
pending on this. So until the day when you will see it on display,  
thanks again!





First off, I am not going to say I am pro AMAZING or anything of that sort. I am conservative. I like the SF magazines the way they are. If Amazing were to change its policy, just how would that effect fandom? Now very well, I wager. Our pro mag situation is just dandy.

Although he is generally considered a past, closed tight issue, I am still thinking of Jack Chapman Miske, whom many considered a "Magnificent Dope". The ghost of Miske's STARDUST is still hanging o'er fantasy fandom. I can only hope that the fans will not jump on me for saying something nice about Miske instead of calling him a louse, as I really think we should revere JCM's name. True, some of his ideas were quite in opposition with those of other famous fans. I hope I am not erring when I compare myself with JCM. I feel strangely akin to Miske, as did Art Winder at one time. Miske was, or rather is, a genius. (Gad, how did that get in here?) I am sure that Miske will re-enter fandom if Winder or somebody else invites him politely; what say, famous fans? Let's get back a Miske written Stardust column.

I wonder just how many fans have "Bothered" pro editors with fiction? I remember the first fiction story I sent to an editor; it was back in the '30's, in the days when SF was booming. I sent it to Weisinger, expecting an easy market for the story, which was a three-page Martain classic. I early found that pro editors were heartless beings who rejected stuff without even bothering so much as to write a personal letter telling why the stuff wasn't good enough. They just attached a rejection slip with a paper clip and sent the story back. I was disallusioned. After several flops, I quit the "Writing" business. I wonder, how many fans' past history includes an episode like this?

I am no authority on recent SF classics. By recent, I mean stuff like SLAN and "Gray Lensman" (which brings out the point, why does Campbell print classics regularly while Palmer leaves his readers out in the cold?) From the comment on these stories I gather that they were rather exceptional reading, which is quite unusual for science fiction these days. However, if I mention a few titles such as "The Ark of the Covenant" and "Planet of Peril" (this latter sounds like blood and thunder, but it's one of Otis Adlbert Kline's greatest classics), would any fans perk up to attention? The "Ark" was indeed one of the greatest fantasies I have ever read. Another point I wish to stress in comparing fantasy of '20, '30, and '31 is that most of the stories that appeared in every issue of Science Wonder Stories, Wonder Stories, Air Wonder stories, and Amazing Stories were down and out classics, stories that could be read and re-read at will without any tediousness, as they were worthwhile. Now are there many stories published in today's TWS and Amazing that warrant re-reading? Hell no. But Astounding; now there is a mag that has gone places, and Unknown must be mentioned too. Campbell has gone miles out of his way to perfect two really readable magazines. Where would fantasy be without him, Tucker, and Winder?

Has anyone ever wondered what a fan's point of view about the current war is? Here's a bright thought: I suggest that someone write an article (or essay) on "What the war means to science fantasy". Since Raymond Washington likes to blow off about "Future predictions" etc: I am appointing him to the job of writing this article. I only hope that in suggesting this I am not being looked upon as another Miske.

I wish to state that in my opinion H.C. Koenig has been unappreciated in fantasy. Maybe it's because I am comparatively new in fandom, or maybe it's because I can discern true genius when I see it. Koenig can interpret humor from it's first printing---humor that otherwise would go unnoticed. Koenig's "Their Own Petard" rivaled JCM's Stardust in reading enjoyment. I suggest that Koenig submit a manuscript



to my and Handler's magazine. After all, I may be able to re\*discover Koenig.

I wish to announce that a future convention, maybe about '45, will be sponsored by the Midwest Fan Society and will be held in Chicago. Forther: This gilbert person has me puzzled. He seems to be one of the top ranking columnists, although I just cannot figure him out.

There are a few old terms floating around fantasy that I am still in the dark about. To explain myself, Phil Bronson once sprung a term on me similar to those in TWS, although he wouldn't explain, but just said something like "You, a fan, and don't know what splrfsk means" Just what does it mean.

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## Far! Far! Out in Space

by Amaryllis

Far! Far! Out in Space  
A rocket roared on to Mars  
Far! Far! Out in Space  
Among the countless stars.

Far! Far! Out in Space  
The great ships' passengers  
Were Disussing topics of the day  
The cold bleak Earth and the price of furs.

For furs on Earth were almost gone  
And the World was steadily freezing  
Their only hope lay on the planet Mars  
Where furs could be had for the seizing

So the great ship rocketed on and on  
Like Columbus, but setting a faster pace  
While its motors whirled and weirdly whined  
Far! Far! Out in Space

Suddenly a flaming comet was seen  
To the left of the ether ship  
And the Captain, keeping his presence of mind  
Cried: "The Ray" Quick, Johnson, man it.

Johnson leaped towards the ray  
But his efforts were in vain  
For the comet did instantly  
Upon the unfortunates gain

The crew was doomed, they know it too.  
So waited for their fate  
And in a moment the comet struck  
Exactly as I relate

It hit the ship with colossal force  
A soundless crash and flare took place  
And in a moment Earths' only hope  
Was fused and floating, far out in Space

Then I awoke from my troubled sleep  
Shaking -s with a fit  
And vowed never again before going to bed  
"Would I eat a Welsh rare bit

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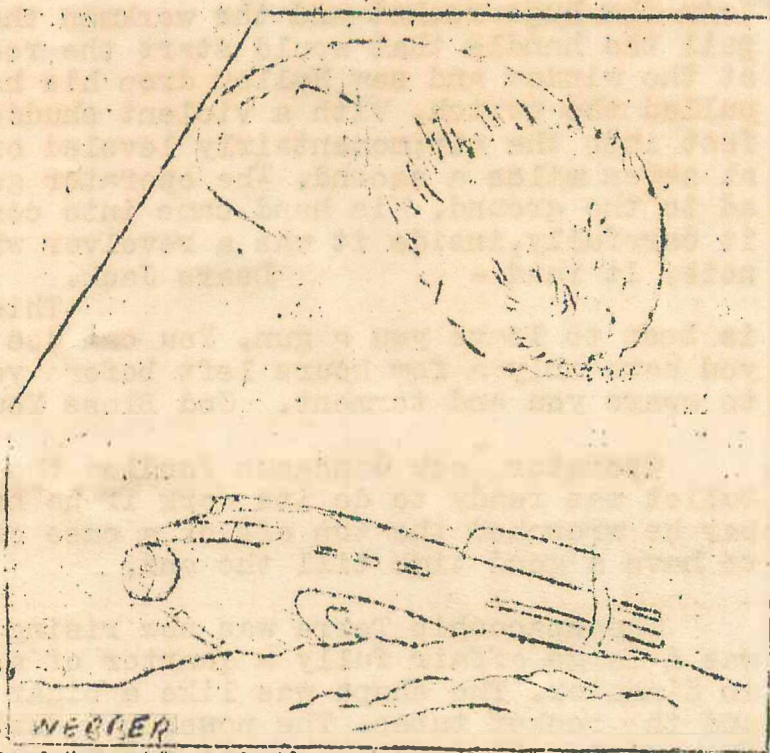
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The  
Last  
Days  
of  
Terra

by Loren Binn

Outside the grim structure Nature ran rampant. Torrents of rain smashed unceasingly intermingled with almost continuous flashes of lightning. The storm was at its height while flood waters cascaded against the stout barricades. "Rotten night, Hensley!" observed Cordett, his small form almost invisible in the diffused candle light.



"Yeah" muttered the man called Hensley. "This is just a sleeper compared to what's comin' through! The lines are all down and we'll have to depend on the dam candle for light," Cordett yawned and folded up his blueprint specifications. He knew Hensley had a little too much to drink so. Not that he could blame him though-- any man would crack up under the realization that Earth was doomed. "It's a dirty rotten shame! That's what it is--" Hensley was mad. "Just a whiff of flame'll wipe out mankind and all what he's struggled for through the centuries!" "It may not be as bad as all that," soothed Cordett. "We've got a chance-- remember what Doc Halley told us. We're perfect physical specimens and our mentality tests were above par so, that lets us in for a place aboard the rocket." Doc Edmond C. Halley was an old inventor who had foreseen the catastrophe. His financial resources were unlimited so he immediately contacted workman and supplies. Though curious, the workman never, in their wildest dreams could have realized that the mechanisms they were constructing was a small planet! Eventually it proved to be their means of escape from Earth. And tonight, as two suns, sol and a marauder from outer space rushed headlong toward each other, Cordett and Hensley awaited a summons from the old scientist. At length in the hours before dawn the summons came in the old man. Hensley blew out the candle and procured a flashlight. This was of little use; the light failed to show more than a few feet at a time through the mist. Hensley soon lost the light, such as it would be, when he tripped over a snag in the knee deep water.

Although the rain slackened, the electrical storm continued with vengeance. The whole sky was becoming as bright as day now, lit by the invading star. The motor boat they had gotten into made but slow progress but eventually Halley's fortress was reached. As the three climbed out of the boat and trudged toward the house few words were exchanged. The doom that hung over them was horrible and they knew it. Halley greeted them at the door and quickly ushered them into seats. "You'll appreciate the need for this urgency later", he said. "Something unforeseen has occurred to upset my calculations. Originally I figured on at least a week before the collision. We now have to leave in eight hours. The unforeseen is this: You gentlemen, of course realize that we have little knowledge of the interior of our sun. For all we know", he said, "the sun's interior may be rotating much faster than the outer surface. By my calculations this has proven to be true. The delicate balance has been upset. Of course we know now that the sun's spots occurring on one main section of the sun mean one thing. Near the surface of the sun the rapidly rotating second sun was boring to the surface. So the alien sun has only speeded up the solar systems doom by a few million years! That section of the sun is one huge sun spot.

"But Doc! , "How about the rest of the world? " , said Hensley. I was coming to that-- Their end will be swift. Many millions have already died from the floods and disappearing of air. We've lost communication with the outside. As for those cubicles of metal they've built, they won't keep out the heat or the crash. The cubicles that they have built deep into the earth and completely stocked with people and provisions are doomed, even the scientists that built them don't have any faith in their chances of survival from the sunflame. After this is over nine charred lifeless planets with their moons will circle the remains of the sun. All the people and workmen had climbed



into the huge rocket and the workman that had been picked to stay and pull the handle that would start the rocket had been found. We stood at the window and saw Halley drop his hand-- the operator saw it and pulled the switch. With a violent shudder the ship leaped a thousand feet into the air; momentarily leveled off, then shot directly upwards at seven miles a second. The operator gazed after the ship then slumped to the ground. His hand came into contact with a box. He opened it carefully, inside it was a revolver with one cartridge and a small note. It read -

Dears Jack.

This may seem coldblooded but it is best to leave you a gun. You can use it if you want but in any case you have only a few hours left before you meet death. I just wanted to spare you and torment. God Bless You--

Halley

Operator Jack Gonnasun fondled the gun and checked to be sure the bullet was ready to do its work if he had to use it. The with a crowbar he wrenched the top off of a case of whiskey, whence he proceeded to have a good time till the end.

This spaceship Terra was now rising through the stratosphere. It was a large affair fully a quarter of a mile long and a half block in diameter. The shape was like a cigar smooth but for a few portholes and the rocket tubes. The power was derived from atomic power. Between the outer hull, and the inner one, which housed the refugees, was a complete vacuum. The outer hull, on the general principle of a planet, rotated. The rocket tubes jutting through the outer hull did not move but neither did they impede the rotation of the outer hull due to a sliding mechanism. The only noise inside the globe was a low drone as several men including Cordett and Mansley gazed breathlessly through the telescope. They were now in outer space. "Look down there", whispered Mansley-"A tidal wave is ripping Earth to pieces. No one will live through that."

Three long buzzers rang-"That's the danger signal," said one of the men. "Somethings wrong".

In a low monotone, a voice, that of Halley's, sounded over the audiophones. "No panic, if you please; Luna, Earth's moon is folding up. We are in a direct line between Earth and Moon and there is a possible chance of collision with a section of Luna. We will attempt to sideslip out. Every man to his post!" The ship began to rock and shake (NEXT PAGE)

Continued from page five. From "The Perils of Completeness" by Harry Warner

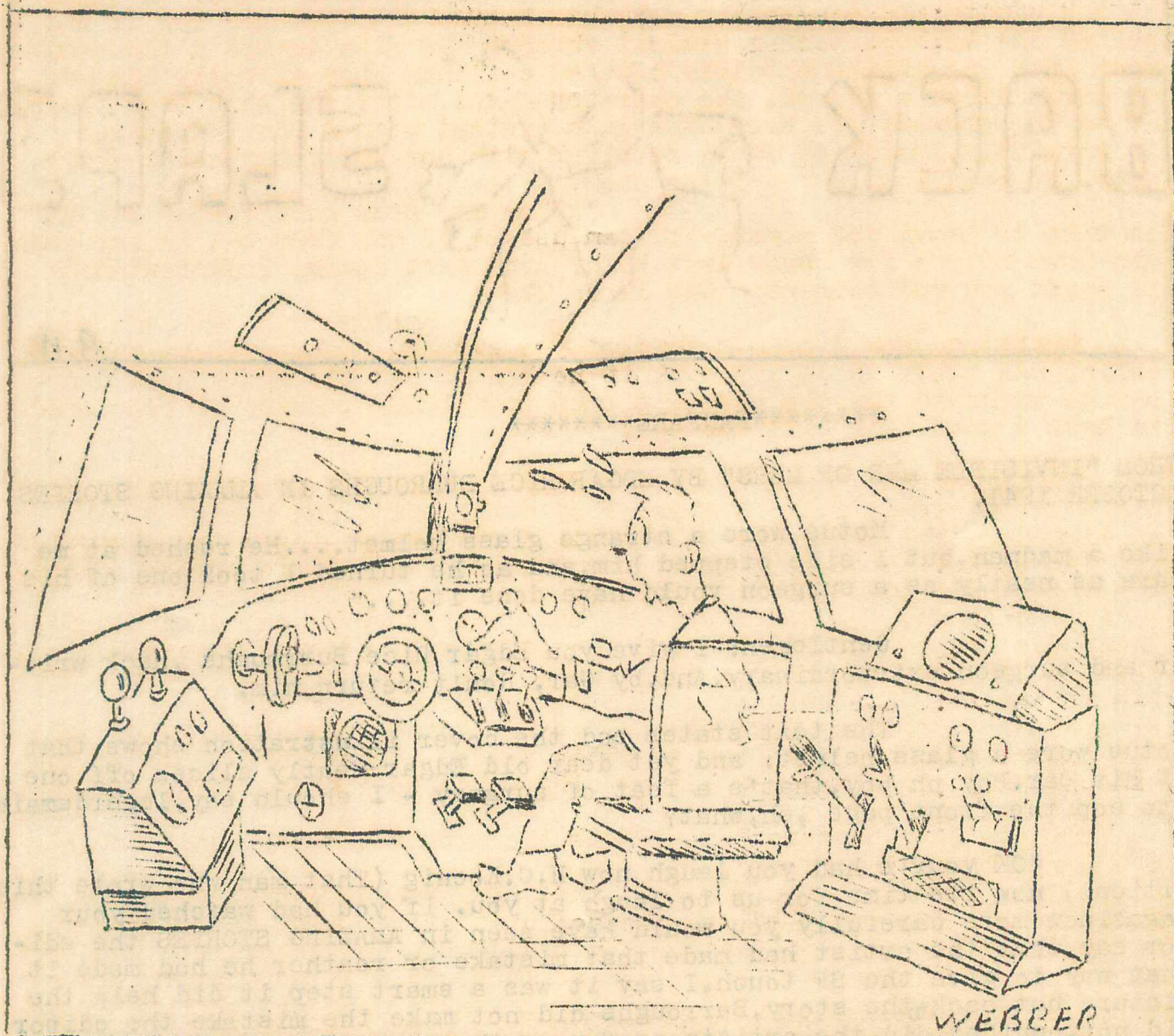
prospect appeals to you, go to it, You might remember how much it'll cost you, though. A new book is usually priced between two and three dollars. Used books, if you buy them second hand, can be gotten for from ten to fifty cents, maybe two or three dollars even for used ones, but you won't find five thousand used books that way. You'll have to buy from dealers, and pay from one to five, or even more, dollars per volume. If there's a millionaire in the audience.

Finally, we come to excerpts. Here is complete chaos. No one, as far as I know, has even thought of cataloguing them stuff, Fantasy and weird stories that have appeared in general pulp and slick magazines in books of short stories, in anthologies, newspapers, pamphlet form, privately, even high school and college publications. Every now and then, some collector like Ackerman or Smith writes an article for fanzines listing his excerpts and making notes on them, and there have been lots of items in fanzines mentioning or describing isolated items of interest. Larry Farsaci has done the only work along the line that is really cataloguing, but his efforts are merely token attempts to get information on the stuff appearing in certain publication down in orderly fashion. So there's little use thinking much about making a complete collection of excerpts. You could always find more. You wouldn't know where to start, you would have no guides by which to go, and the only method of procedure would be to hunt through every scrap of printed matter you could get your hands on for eligible matter. Therefore, if you want to make a complete fantasy collection, don't expect to finish the job in the next few weeks. As a matter of fact, if you have a complete phobia, you'd better start collecting stamps. There are less than a hundred thousand different ones listed in Scott's catalogue, I believe; and while no single stuff item will cost you a thousand dollars or more as certain rare stamps do, I can promise you that it's theoretically easier to make a complete collection of Stamps than of stuff matter.

But I'm certainly not going to let this article discourage me from trying. Does anybody want to sell his December, 1932 Amazing?

End





"Now how did he say to start this thing?"

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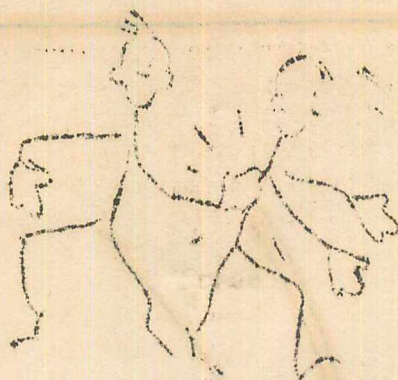
as derbis and rock sprayed against it. The ship adopter a corresponding speed to that of the rock stream and once again fell back toward Earth slowly however, sideslipping out. Several times collision seemed imminent but under the able command of Halley they averted disaster time and again. Now once again in free space the Terra applied concentrated drive. Past Mars, Jupiter, Saturn with an occasional passing of some sattered Moon. Neptune was near and so was the dwarf star. Close to Pluto twice as far from the sun as Jupiter, trouble came in the form of an inaccurate rocket tube. "Well have to land on Pluto for repairs," decided Doc Halley, chafing at the delay as were all the men. In five minutes Mercury would be swept clean by flame. It's about an hour and a half before Pluto gets hers then, tell those workmen to hurry up."

"Earth has about seven minutes left-- Yes, Mathews? "Halley listened intently through the ear phones. "Somethings gone wrong!", he explained tensely. "None of the men outside can move-- their suits are frozen as though they were entomed blocks of ice. "Halley! Halley! "It was Hanson the meteroligist. "What is it? ", cried Hensley and Cordett at once. "Were hopelessly trapped! Pluto has rotated this side away from the sun." The air has almost frozen. "Can't we try to blast out," whispered Cordett. "That would be suicide," said hanson, his voice falling to a corresponding whisper, "We're finished". Halley sat down and waving a hand toward the sin said, "We've for thrity minutes left, Lets play a hand of poker. "Mechanically he shuffled a worn deck and dealt out a hand of cards to each. The he passed out the chips. Twenty minutes ticked by, to some it was an eternity, to others, but a second. Strangely no one cracked up. The under the terrific pressure of the air and the air currents the ship began to breack and the sides began to fold. The poker gamr continued faster now. A terrific roar and explosion of the realeased air and that was the end survivors. In the twisted metel a hand juttet through holding an unmarred Jack of Hearts who seemed to leer.....

End



BACK



SLAPS

B.W.

\*\*\*\*\*FANFARE\*\*\*\*\*

FROM "INVISIBLE MEN OF MARS" BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS IN AMAZING STORIES OCTOBER 1941.

Motus wore a strange glass helmet....He rushed at me like a madman, but I side stepped him, and as he turned I took one of his ears as neatly as a surgeon would have done it...."

Gentlemen: I give you Edgar Rice Burroughs, hack writer and surgeon extraordinary. And, by Gar, don't return him.

The text states and the cover illustration shows that Motus wore a glass helmet: and yet dear old Edgar neatly slices off one of his ear. Boy oh boy, that's a feat of surgery - I should say, legerdemain, to cop the front page, eh, what?

\*OK you've had you laugh now H.C.Koenig (That man who wrote this article) now its time for us to laugh at you. If you had watched your magazines more carefully you would have seen in AMAZING STORIES the editor say that the artist had made that mistake or rather he had made it that way to give the SF touch. I say it was a smart step it did help the picture but back to the story, Burroughs did not make the mistake the editor did not, neither did the artists as far as that goes so pull down your hat a close your (CENSORED). I just say you had plenty of time to see your mistake before this was printed. Well-well-We just straightened out a sucker and I don't mean a fish.

\*\*\*\*\*LEPRECHAUN\*\*\*\*\*

FROM THE FIRST ISSUE. THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN BY STEVEN A. RANDALL.

There was a fan. His name was unimportant. Call him Mortimer Fann. He was a very unusual fan.

In his entire career he wrote but one letter to a magazine. That was a brief note congratulating the editor of his favorite mag. on the publication of an especially fine story. He was not surprised when his letter was printed. That was because he never saw it in print. He never so much as glanced at readers sections.

He never joined a fan club. There were several reasons for that. To tell the truth, he never heard of any fans club. If he had heard of one, he probably would have thought that it was just a gang of silly kids. And he wouldn't have liked belonging to a club where there was any arguments or discussion about the stories he read. He never did like arguments.

He didn't know who the number one fan was. He didn't care. The idea of fans having numbers would have struck him as foolish. If he had heard of the idea, that is.

He never published a fan mag. He never read a fan mag. In fact, he never heard of a fan mag. He couldn't have thought of one reason for the existence of such a magazine.

On the other hand, there never was another fan who got as much enjoyment out of his hobby as Mortimer did. There was nothing he loved as much as reading his favorite type of fiction. He bought every magazine in the field religiously. He read and derived great pleasure from the stories by the authors he liked. If there was an author he didn't care much for, he simply didn't read his stories. He didn't feel that he was getting gypped, or that a magazine shouldn't print stories by the author he disliked. For that matter, "disliked" is rather a strong word for Mortimer.



feeling for those authors.

He regarded the illustrations only as illustrations. If they were good, that was nice; if they weren't so good, what difference did it make anyway? Mortimer didn't even know one artists from another.

When he finished reading his magazines, he put them away in the attic. Occasionally, he liked to get them out and look back over the old issues, perhaps rereading a few especially memorable stories. If the attic became crowded, he threw some of the magazines away. He could have had a collection to be envied, if he had ever thought of acquiring a real collection. He never did, though. He was just as happy.

Yes, he probably enjoyed his hobby more than any ten Science Fiction fans put together.

He was a Western Fiction Fan.

We stop pulling our hair for a minute to say that that makes as fighting mad. I also hope that not to many of you have read the above artical before. Well now that Tom Ludowitz and Loren Sinn have started to organize the fans in a lot of the western states we hope that we will not find any fans like Mortimer Fann. If you live in the states of WASH., ORE, IDAHO, WYO, OR MONT. you will want to join the NORTHWEST FAN CLUB, for info look in the back of this magazine. If you call me.

\*\*\*\*\*INFINITE\*\*\*\*\*

FROM INFINITE NOVEMBER 1941 in the department called RUMORS

It's a rumor that 85% of "andom has at one time or another fallen in love with Pogo.

First how many fans have seen Pogo even a picture of her. Well not many of them have. We don't know what she's like. I will have to grant that she look OK in the pics. but how is she in real life. If ever fan that reads this writes in and lets me know if they have seen Pogo or not, if they have even seen her in a picture or if they know her it will help us answer this question once and for all.

\*\*\*\*\*STARTLING STORIES\*\*\*\*\*

FROM MAY ISSUE OF STARLING STORIES IN THE REVIEW OF THE SF FAN PUBLICATION

Another new space crafy? Or is it the Way Science Fiction News Monthly comes out when it hits outer space. Twelve pages of misspelled typing including the covers. Purple ink on white paper. Ho, Hum. by Sargent Satarn.

Well, well sarge you didn't know you were going to get it back double from that same magazine months after it was printed in SS eh. Yes, we were or reather UNIVERSE STORIES was at that time pretty terrible but Sarge you made some mistakes too. First the front cover was not printed on it had a picture if you can call it that but it was a drawing. Also using white paper is nothing to get mad about white paper is used by about 80% of the fan magazines. I would like to know where you ever hear that SFNM was published by TL. Well, well hope that took you back a few months Sarge. Say, pull your beard out of the soup it's all over we will stop reminding you of those little mistakes you made yourself now.

\*\*\*\*\*INFINITE\*\*\*\*\*

FROM AN ARTICAL BY BOB TUCKER INTITLED "WHY YOU ARE NOT A SF FAN" Nov/41.

You are not a SF fan because it's a lot of bunk..... that is over your head. Who wants to read a lot of hooey, that you don't understand. Anybody with sense can tell you that you can't flit around in rocket ships from Mars to Venus. .... Cities of the moon, invisible people, a world beneath the ocean. Why even your imagination can't stretch that far. And so on.....

Well Bob our readers might have something to say to that but I will stick in my two cents worth. First S" is not over the fans head for you would not read something you could not understand. Yes, we know that rockets don't go from one planet to another now but....who knows. This subject is open for discussion lets hear from you mean while Bob you better built a fort because you are going to be bombarded with letters.



adv.  
 Watch for it! The newest Fan Magazine on the fan market. SCIENCE FICTION JR. First issue containing stories and articles by Malcolm Jameson, Willy Ley, Dale Todd, Etc: Out June 8th. Write to SCIENCE FICTION JR. Editors 515 Cherry St. Burlington, Wash. 5¢ Copy.

Continued from Page 13. BACK SLAPS A new fan is needed to take it over.  
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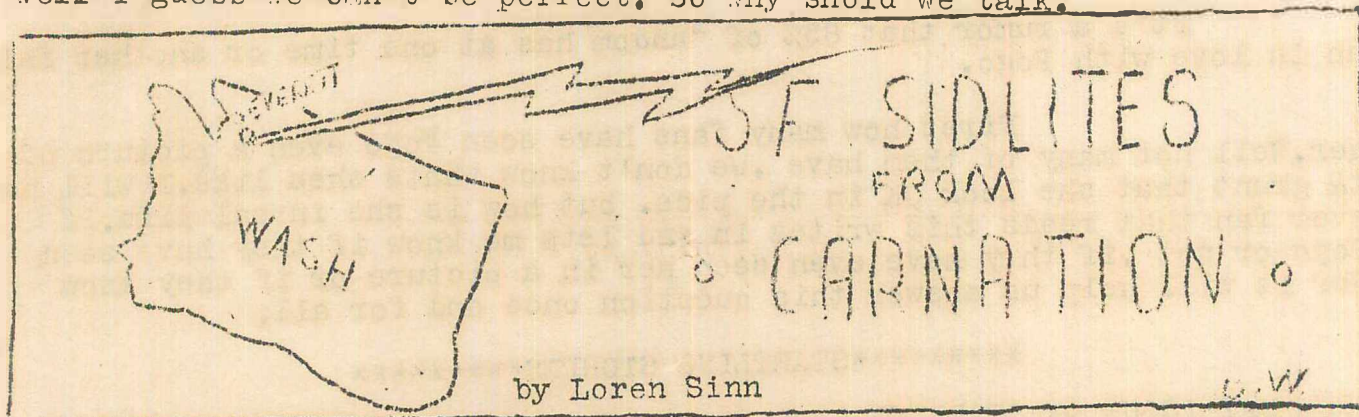
Charles Nutt who had a story and a article in this issue has had his letters of comment in the Discussion Department and Readers Page of Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures almost in every issue for the past year and in most cases it was the first letter in the department, and in a few cases he had two letters.

Say Charles whats the secret have you got a brother working for AMAZING or something. Just check back a few issues readers or watch the next few issues of the Ziff-Davis magazines.

\*\*\*\*\*

AMAZING STORIES MAY 1942 on PAGE 78-79 and 102-103 "THE CRYSTAL PLANET"

On page 78-79 of Amazing the artist made the monsters have three fingers with three tenicals on each finger but on page 102-103 the artist, who by the way was Ned Hadley, made the monsters have only two teniclas. What a mistake. But we found five more in the same issue well I guess we can't be perfect. So why shold we talk.



Well here we are with the forth issue. Don't forget to send in your ratings and brickbats to the editor. Bouquets will not be founed on either. And when you send in your comments, why not send in some matterial for possible inclusion in a future issue. We can use about anything; even if it's a little out of the ordinary don't hesitate. We don't want STF to get into a rut. D.W. Boggs did a long story this issue which is unusual not of the ordinary type of Scientifiction but very good. It is intitled "The Isle of the Ancient Race".

A newcomer hits Sp.T. with a poem "Far! Far! Out in Space" by Amaryllis! To balance the Science Fiction diet is a neat bit of fantasy authored by Charles Nutt who is rumored about to leave the Windy City (Chicago) and situate in Washington.

Here are the results of the Prize Contest. Leonard Marlow grabs the first prize with Charles Nutt tramping hard on Len's heels for a close second. Third is Dolores Lapi.

Our staff artist has decided to drop the Back Slap column so if anyone would like to take over get in touch with Tom Ludowitz in care of SPACE TALES. A qualification is, however you must read at least four fanzines and four pro magazines every two months. The column would average about two thousand words including recopying of short articles, poems or any part of manuscripts.

Don't forget to send in articles, poetry, fiction, cartoons and illustrations, (Or Covers).

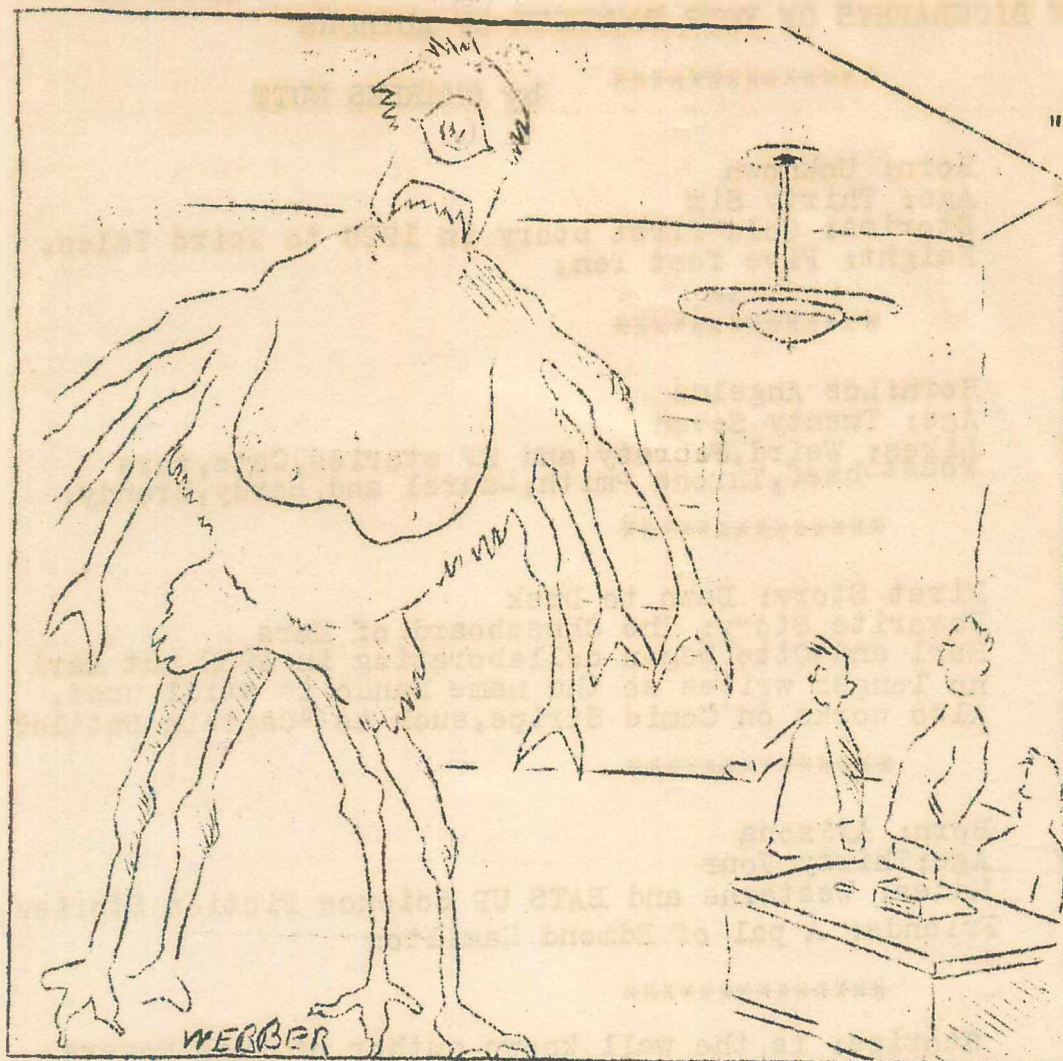
How would you fans like to have a new contest starting in next issue or the following one after that. The prizes would consist of magazines, books and subscriptions to this magazine. The contestants who wrote the best essay on science fiction ingeneral will get the prizes. There will be five prizes besides special mention prizes if we have this contest. If any of you fans are interested let us know and we may start this conest. (It has not started). A smaple could be "How I started reading scientifiction". Let us know.

So I leave you with this one comment, "Fan mags have somethin better than most pro magazines -trimmed edges.

Yours-

Loren Sinn.





"Four  
Arms  
Too!"

by

Charles  
Nutt

The original idea was to scare Jimmy out of his writing this science fiction stuff. How was I to know it was to end this way? Heres the way it started. Jimmy thats my son is nineteen and I treat him like he was nine. At least thats what he tell me. He would have a different hobby

every month. he never stuck to anything long. That is, until he picked up one of those science fiction books. For about three months he was content to sit down and read them, that was perfectly okay but then he got the idea he could write it too.

I thought at first that it was but a passing fancy, but as the weeks drew into months I decided that something had to be done about it. He neglected his school work, music, and other important factors. Then he started selling his stories. He was a regular author.

At first I tried to use persuasion, then I started to joke about it when ever I found him indulging in his auro of mystery. All to no avail. The my friend Bill came forth with what seemed an excellent idea. We were to visit Jimmy on one of the days he received one of his expectant inspirations, then we were to stare at, what would seem to him nothing, and we would stare and stop then stare some more.

I would be a novel idea we thought even though we might get know where. We mrt after I finished at the office, and leaped into Bill's car and sped over to the house. Where upon we strode into Jimmys room where dimly we could hear, "\_\_\_\_ and through the ink blackness a thin pencil of light knifed into the monster \_\_\_\_". "Ahem." I politely interrupted. Jim wheeled and looked faintly surprised when he saw me fairly beaming on him.

"Mind if we watch you?" Bill asked.

"Err-aa, no. Not at all." ,replied my offspring diligently.

We started to chat when Bill stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked up into empty air.

Jim seemed a bit ruffled.

I had in my mind a picture of what Bill was staring at.

It was a strong sented monster ,(Of six arms , ,had four legs, and one huge eye etc:

I chuckled inwardly at my thoughts.

"Well", I said.

Bill continued and I joined in then I let me eyes rove the room. Thus it continued for about fifteen minutes when I happened to notice Jimmy and Bill both turnning a pale white.

Bills eyes bulged and I could see that Jimmy was thoroughly horrified. "What is it", I said impatiently.

Then my eyes caught sight of a black mist in the center of the room. I raised my hand and tried to run but couldn't. I could feel the hair of my head go up for slowly the mist formed in a huge creature with a greenish yellow skin and one huge eye, six arms and four legs.

We nearly stared with mouths open.

"Hnnnnnn," It muttered in a hoarse voice, "Hnnnnnn" , "Hnnnnnn", "Hnnnnnnnn.....



## BRIEF BIOGRAPHYS OF YOUR FAVORITE SF AUTHORS

\*\*\*\*\*

by CHARLES NUTT

EDMOND HAMILTON

Born: Unknown  
 Age: Thirty Six  
 Stories: Sold first story in 1925 to Weird Tales.  
 Height: Five feet Ten.

\*\*\*\*\*

HENRY KUTTNER

Born: Los Angeles  
 Age: Twenty Seven  
 Likes: Weird, Fantasy and SF stories, Cats, rare  
 Roast beef, Thorne Smith, Laurel and Hardy, Brandy.

\*\*\*\*\*

EANDO BINDER

First Story: Dawn to Dusk  
 Favorite Story: The Chessboard of Mars  
 Earl and Otto began collaborating in 1932 but Earl  
 no longer writes so the name Eando is still used.  
 Also works on Comic Strips, such as "Captain Battle"

\*\*\*\*\*

JACK WILLIAMSON

Born: Arizona  
 Age: Thirty Four  
 Hates: Westerns and EATS UP Science Fiction Stories.  
 Friends: A pal of Edmond Hamilton

\*\*\*\*\*

PHIL NOWLAN

Stories: Is the well known author of Buck Rogers  
 Died: 1939  
 Three stories of the 25th Century appeared in  
 Amazing stories but wrote nine Big Little Books  
 1. BUCK ROGERS AND THE CITY UNDER THE SEA was  
 the first of the series and appeared in 1932  
 since then one has appeared nearly every year.  
 New Author: Dick Calkins who did the drawing be-  
 fore now writes the story and draws the pictures.

\*\*\*\*\*

NELSON S. BOND

Born: Washington D.C.  
 Stories: His stories appear in almost every SF  
 and Fantasy magazine.  
 Worked: Once worked for Esquire, and Scribners

\*\*\*\*\*

EDGAR R. BURROUGHS

Born: Chicago, Ill.  
 Age: Sixty Seven  
 Stories: Tarzan, John Carter of Mars, Carson of  
 Venus, David Innes at the Center of the Earth and  
 the adventures of many others are his works.  
 Children: John C. Burroughs and Hulbert Burroughs  
 both do SF work. One writes the other draws.  
 Is probably America's most widely read authors.

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## BRIEF BIOGRAPHYS OF YOUR FAVORITE SF ARTISTS

\*\*\*\*\*

JACK BINDER

Born: Unknown  
 Age: Thirty Eight  
 Has Been: Lumberjack, Miner, Blacksmith, Boxer, Print-  
 er, Milkman, Engraver, Wrestler, Scoutmaster.  
 Brother of Earl and Otto Binder  
 Draws: He draws mostly for Amazing-  
 Stories and "Antastic Adventures" but  
 does some for other SF magazines.  
 Likes: Good stories and drawings. (Continued on 23.)



# "Forgotten Orbit"

by Charles Nutt

"Whew! Pierre, we make eet by ze skeen of our teeth. Won more second and ze gurdy would 'ave been almost on top of za rocket."

"True, true, but the point is, Drago, that we did make it, is it not wonderful? , it was a perfect escape. We are now safe in the rocket speeding to Earth where we are not heard of." Was Pierre's gleeful replt. The two renegades were about to fry on the seat for murder but just as they reached the death room they made one last attempt to tear away from the Martian guards. A succesful one. Then strangely enough there was a profound silence between the two outlaws. Gigantic stars loomed up almost to their very windows but then faded in the distance. Pierre broke the silence with, "According to my calculations we should reach Earth by dad after tomorrow."

Then suddenly the ship lurched in a space pocket and Drago was hurled against the space calcumeter which was dashed to the floor, breaking into a million pieces.

"Fool! "Pierre spat". Fool! Now our knowledge of the planets is checked, but wait! I forgot our chart, remember?, we made it way back in 2014! Fumbling in his pocket he drew out the crumpled map, or chart, and scanned it hastily. "To the controls Drago, and set our course at 54.67 by 8.5. They then proceeded in breaking into the storeroom and dragging out an amount of food. For about three days nothing unusual happened when suddenly Drago became frantically gripped with hysteria. He leaped at Pierre and shrieked, "You said in one day, its five days already and through telescope there isn't a sign of Earth. With that he jumped on Pierre and was about to club him when Pierre slugged him. Five more days passed and still not a sign of Earth. "But we're following the course", Protested Pierre. Then after another painstaking week the food supply ran out and Drago in a mad state of frenzy leaped out of the air lock. One days the nearly exhausted Pierre scanned the heavens with the telescope. Finally he let out a yelp Pierre saw about five billion miles out to right a small green ball, the Earth. The food supply was gone, oxygen was nearly drained, and it was approximately five weeks to Earth from his present position. He, Pierre La Vallee was going to die because he had foolishly forgotten that Earth had an Orbit.

\*\*\*\*\*

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The following note flashed over the radio about the 6th of May. We don't happen to remember who the commentator was but it seems that he was the only one that announced it over the air. Well here it is a month old but..

Quote " EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' author of the famous Tarzan stories was sued for divorce by his wife yesterday. She said he had often said he would like to live alone like his jungle superman.

\*\*\*\*\*

For Paul Hanson

Amazing Stories  
Fantastic Adventures  
Thrilling Wonder Stories  
Startling Stories  
Captain Futute  
Astonishing Stories  
Atounding Stories

Weird Tales  
Super Science Fiction  
Famous Fantastic Mysteries  
Science Fiction Quarterly  
Planet Stories  
Stirring Science Stories  
Unknown Worlds



## Contest Winners

This contest was started last issue and ends this ish with the winners below. The prizes will be sent on the 10th of June. We also give 4E (Forry Ackerman) special mention for being close but not quite close enough. As given below Leonard Marlow rated the pro mags. almost the same as we did, Loren Sinn was second, with Dolores Lapi third.

\*\*\*\*\*

Leonard Marlow	1. Thrilling Wonder Stories	
	2. Startling Stories	First Prize
	3. Captain Future	

\*\*\*\*\*

Charles Nutt	1. Thrilling Wonder Stories	
	2. Astonishing	Second Prize
	3. Startling Stories	

\*\*\*\*\*

Dolores Lapi	1. Thrilling Wonder Stories	
	2. Fantastic Adventures	Third Prize
	3. Startling Stories	

\*\*\*\*\*

Forry Ackerman	Three very close ratings	Special Mention
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The above Beauty Contest was judged only by yours truly TL

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Big Little Books by (Alex Raymond)

1932 : FLASH GORDEN ON THE PLANET MONGO  
 1933 : FLASH GORDEN AND THE MONSTERS OF MONGO  
 1934 : FLASH GORDEN AND THE TOURNAMENTS OF MONGO  
 \*1936\* : FLASH GORDEN VS. EMPEROR OF MONGO \*  
 1937 : FLASH GORDEN AND THE WITCH QUEEN OF MONGO  
 1938 : FLASH GORDEN IN THE WATER WORLD OF MONGO  
 1939 : FLASH GORDEN IN THE FOREST KINGDOM OF MONGO  
 1940 : FLASH GORDEN AND THE PERILS OF MONGO  
 1941 : FLASH GORDEN AND THE TYRANT OF MONGO

\*(Fast Action Stories) Dell Publishing Co.

\*\*\*\*\*

Big Little Books by (Late) Phil Nowlan

1931 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE CITY UNDER THE SEA  
 1933 : BUCK ROGERS 25th CENTURY A.D.  
 1935 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE DEPTH MEN OF SATURN  
 1936 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE DOOM COMET  
 1937 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE PLANETIC PLOT  
 1938 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE MOONS OF SATURN  
 1939 : BUCK ROGERS AND WAR WITH THE PLANET VENUS  
 1940 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE FIEND OF SPACE  
 1941 : BUCK ROGERS AND THE OVERTURNED WORLD

In the latter part of 1938 Phil Nowlan died. The comics strips were made up ahead of time so they continued under his name till about September 1941. Dick Calkins who has always did the illustrating now does the writing and drawing both but because the BIG LITTLE BOOKS (which most of the younger fans read and many of the older ones too) are about three years behind the regular comic strip. New copies of BUCK ROGERS and FLASH GORDEN comes out every year from the WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO. but can be bought at any 5 & 10¢ store if you look hard enough. TL



## The Isle of the Ancient Race

by D.W. Boggs

Dick Strongfort awoke to find himself half submerged in a pool of melted foam and salty sea-water, evidently left by the ebbing tide. A Brassy sun blazing down on him with a pitiless fury, and his head was woozy as he sat up and painfully dragged himself out of the pool. Wiping a tendril of sea-weed from his face, he stared unbelievably at the scene before him. To his right, the ocean lapped against the white, glaring sand. To his left, a palm tree grove swayed in the hot breeze.

Dick tried to piece things together in his mind. Nothing seemed to up with this scene. Nothing at all. The last thing he remembered was the take-off from Randolph Field, Texas. He and Professor August Bellem had been testing the Professor's new rocket-powered plane for the U.S. Army. They were making a stratosphere flight across Central America for an air field in Peru. He recalled something more. A steering jet had blown unaccountably. The sudden jerk had caused the plane to tailspin. What had happened then? He couldn't remember....

Trying to recall something more, he wandered down the beach, and finally into the palm grove. It wasn't quite so torrid here, and finding a tiny waterfall cascading hazily down a steep slope of mossy rocks, he slaked his thirst. Straightened up, he was surprised to hear a human's voice behind him.

"Dick Strongfort!", shouted the voice. Dick jerked around to discover Professor Bellem hurrying toward him. "How did you get here?"

"I don't know," Dick admitted, as he shook hands. "Somehow, our plane must have crashed in the West Indies. But now I got out on the beach, I can't guess."

Bellem shook his head. "The rocket-plane did crash over there in the trees. I was in it when I came to, but you weren't around."

"I must have fallen out somehow," said Dick. "Just where are we, I wonder?"

Bellem looked seriously at the young aviator. "I just shot the sun with the ship's instruments, but I can't believe them. They put us somewhere in the mid Pacific, about 20 degrees South Latitude and 140 degrees West Longitude. We're apparently on some island of the obscure Tuamotu Archipelago, French possessions."

"Incredible," Dick murmured. "Our rocket must have run wild while we were unconscious and landed us here by accident. But, after all, carrying us 'way out here--!"

Unable to account for their strange adventure, the two marooned companions trudged through the palms to the rocket. They climbed into the rocket and settled themselves in the control room. The giant aircraft wasn't hurt much, for it had nosed through the trees without hitting them and had landed gently in the thorny undergrowth. Dick believed it could be repaired in a few hours.

"We've plenty of fuel, too," said Bellem. "Half a load of U-235." Dick glanced at the fuel gauge. "It says 'Empty'." He observed. The Professor was incredulous. "I looked at it only a few hours ago, and it said half full," he insisted. "I can't understand it."

Dick started to say something, then stiffened. "Look," he shouted, pointed through the open door. "Pygmies!"

Indeed, a group of strange, pygmy-sized beings were surrounding the rocket. Three or four of them were swinging up into the plane. They were amazing, strange-featured gnomes who looked like caricatures of men, or living prototypes from some Oz book illustration.

The leading gnome bowed before them. "Welcome to Mycronia," he addressed them in a childish voice. "We welcome you as our rulers forevermore!"

"Who are you and what'd you mean?", asked Professor Bellem.

"Why, we're Mycronians," replied the dwarf with obvious pride. "I am Neoke, Prime Minister --- formerly I was king."

"Why do you call us your rulers?", asked Dick curiously.

Because you brought us Wenest. Long ages ago, when our supply of Wenest was exhausted, the Prophets said in some future age, strange beings would come, bringing a new supply, and when they did, they should become our kings, in order that they could share in the benefits of their gift."

Dick gripped Bellem's arm. "They must call U-235 'Wenest', Professor. That's where our '235 went--they've taken it."

"What do you use Wenest for?", asked Bellem.

"To run our civilization!", said Neoke impressively. "You, O kings,



have brought us enough to last us for centuries."

"They must have real atomic power," whispered Dick excitedly. "We've only an unstable and unreliable method. Perhaps we can learn from them."

The professor was fully excited. "Can we see your city?" he asked.

For answer, Neoke bowed and leaped out of the rocket. With a chattering of childish voices, the gnomes of Mycronia made way for the two rocketiers, then followed them through the palms. Neoke, leading the way, climbed the mossy cliff and pulled a curtain of vines aside to reveal a large cavern mouth. Clambering agilely, the gnome ushered them inside, where they beheld a weird view.

Neoke pointed out a tall, wide structure across the city. "That's our power plant," he explained. "We have already inserted your great gift of Venest. Now the lamp glows and the factories run again."

"What did you do before we brought Venest," asked Dick. "Nothing", replied Neoke with a short grin. "You see, we lived--most of us--in suspended animation for nearly a thousand years. Only two of us awoke at regular intervals to see whether the Strange Beings had come yet!"

Dick and Bellem examined the power plant, and both were amazed to discover that they easily understood the process by which the Mycronians extracted much power from the infinitesimal bit of U-235 that the professor had been able to isolate.

"It's only a refinement of the principle we invented," Bellem added. "But it would have taken years for us to improve our atom-engine to this stage. We must get this secret back to America. We can win the war with our knowledge."

"Right--but how?", asked Dick. "The Mycronians have our '235 fuel and they won't want to give it back".

Neoke corroborated Dick's statement. "The secret of atomic power must not be known to others," he stated positively. "You cannot leave this island."

Dick was about to reply, when a disturbance across the city startled them. Neoke climbed nimbly to a parapet to see what was wrong, but it was Bellem who discovered the trouble.

"Men--invading the cavern!", he ejaculated.

"Japs!", yelled Dick. "Half a dozen of the yellow bellies!"

Neoke was puzzled. "Who are they--why do they come?", he asked.

Dick shrugged. "I don't know, Neoke. But I do know that your secret of atomic power will not be safe if they find it. Come on, Professor!"

The two men broke into a run, leaping over the tiny Mycronian buildings and trees. The Japs were standing awe of the city they had just discovered and didn't see the Americans until Dick was within five feet of them. A bandy legged Nip soldier suddenly shouted and raised his gun, but Dick lunged under its barrel, and knocked the soldier into his startled companions. Three of them tumbled like bowling-pins.

"Get 'em, Dick!", encouraged Bellem, snatching a fallen soldier's gun. He raised it and fired just as a Jap shot at Dick. The yellow-skinned invader died instantly. Meantime, Dick had jerked aside and was boldly attacking both standing Orientals. He slammed his fist almost elbow deep into their briskets, and they toppled, knocked out by the terrific solar-lexus blows. One soldier, dropped in Dick's first charge, tried a jui-jitsu hold on Dick, but the young aviator expertly locked a full nelson hold over the Jap's neck. The sound of the Japs' neck cracking was loud enough to be heard all through the small cavern they were now fighting in.

"They deserved it!", spoke Neoke, staring down at the Nipponese--two dead and four comatose. "My people tell me that these marauders killed three Mycronians since they landed their rocket here."

"That's the kind of birds they are," stated Dick grimly. "These are the kind of snakes we're fighting against." He slapped one of the Japs awake. "How did you yellow rats find this island," he asked.

"Following you," informed the frightened soldier. "Friends in America sabotage your rocket and we follow you, thinking you soon be forced down and we can discover rocket's secret. But you go very far after sabotaged steering-jet blow--"

Neoke had been watching. "This is a sad, brutal tale," he said sadly. "The world has changed little in a thousand years. You may go, my friends, if you go to defeat such lowly animals as these. May the Mycronian secret of atomic power help you!"

"We'll need some--er--Venest," said Bellem cautiously. "But if we change the rocket motors, we won't need but a few micrograms."

"The Mycronians will help you design your motors," offered Neoke. "As for these filthy brutes"--he indicated the defeated Japs--



"We shall execute them immediately."

Two days later, Dick Strongfort and Professor Bellem climbed into their rocket. Their atom engines had been re-modeled, using the radical design seen in the Mycronians' power plant.

Dick believed the rocket now should be able to fly to Randolph Field in only a few hours.

The rocket blast flamed and the rocket zoomed swiftly into the purple sky. "Good-bye my friends," said Neoke to the dwindling mote that winked in the far sky. "Be sure to clean out every one of those lowly, filthy animals you call the Japs."

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Well after reading that story I am sure that the cartoon below which was done by Freeman Jackson Jr. is very appropriate.

\*\*\*\*\*



"HE SAYS IT GOT TOO HOT FOR HIM ON EARTH!"



# Transportation of the Future

by Rajecz

Transportation of the future will probably be through the air or might be accomplished by some way inconceivable to any person of today. As most things, transportation has evolved and is still evolving. First, man learned to walk. Next, he learned to swim, to ride an animal, to sail a boat, and to ride in an animal driven carriage. At that point, when man was riding in animal carriages, the evolution of transportation seemed to stop. The evolution of transportation did stop for about five hundred years. In the eighteenth century the train was invented, in the nineteenth century the automobile, and finally, in 1903, the airplane was perfected.

It seems, at a glance, that there is no other form of transportation for man. This however, is not true. Why cannot a person be decomposed to his primary atoms broadcast, as in radio broadcasting, to a special place and, when received there, reshaped to form the original person? All matter science teaches, is composed of atoms, and the only difference between objects is the arrangement of the atoms, the placement of the atoms. If the atoms of a person could be decomposed and sent by some means to a distant place and there be rearranged as they originally were, man would have a quick and compact means of transporting both himself and his possessions. However, this is improbable, for at the present time man does not know and for milleniums will not know how to do this. This form of transportation is probable for the distant future, but not for the near future with which I shall deal. Because I shall deal with the transportation of the near future, I say there are only about two possible methods of transportation left and both of these are through the air. The first, and more developed, is the airplane. All ready, airplanes are used to connect points of the world. More and more are completed and put in service every day. The tempo of modern life is speed and the airplane is synonymous with speed. If something is demanded and it is produced, it will succeed. The tempo of modern life demands speed and the airplane fulfills the requirement, which all ready insures its success.

The second method of transportation in the future is the rocket. At the present time the rocket is in its adolescence. Experiment have been conducted in the last forty years which have resulted in the development of proper streamlined bodies for the rocket. Special fuels are being invented and tested for use in the rocket and, when these have been perfected along with the nearly perfected rocket motor, the speed of the rocket will surpass that of the airplane. When the rocket is completed, it will be possible to reach Paris, London, or Rome from New York in less than five hours. The world will be circled by the rocket in less than twenty-four hours.

I mentioned, elsewhere, that transportation of the future might be accomplished in some way inconceivable to nay person of today. There is every possibility of this being true. When the first man took his first step, did he ever imagine man would fly. By imitating the bird and using artificial wings. The steamboat, railways, and airplanes were all heartily laughed at and jeered. "Get a horse!", is a cry reminiscent of the early days of the automobile. The shapes of the automobile, airplane, and locomotive at. Some unconceived of method of transportation will be brought forth in the future because man's imagination will have developed more by then and be able to conceive and imagine many things that are inconceivable to the man of today. Anything man can imagine is possible.

\*\*\*\*\*

Attention All Fans

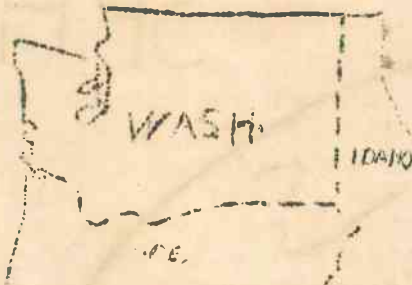
Adv.

Tom Daniel's is compiling fandoms one and only "Science and Fantasy album". Send your name and snapshot to him right away. "Let me take this opportunity to thank all you fans who help me in advance, as I will be unable to do much correspondence concerning the ALBUM, but I do know that the fans will try to help me. So till the day when you see it on display. Just remember to send your name and snapshot to TOM DANIELS  
176 W. 2nd St  
Pomona, Calif

Don't delay! Do it Now! Grab a pen quick.



# WASHINGTON FAN NEWS



No. One . Organ of Washington Fantasy Society

The Washington Fantasy Society is for fans in the state of Washington. If you live in Washington you should join this club. The state will be divided into two sectors with two secretaries one for each sector and then a director will be voted for until that time I your editor will act as director. Every issue you will be brought up on the fan activities and arrangements for meetings will be made right away. Fan activities have been almost none existing in the Northwest so if the fans will only try to cooperate I am sure before long the Northwest will be very active.

To join just send your name and address in to this magazine letting the editor know you want to join and you will immediately be a member of this club. OK here it is. you probably have been expecting this to come up. Twenty -five cents a year is all it costs and you will get a number of stickers that say WASHINGTON FANTASY SOCIETY a small amount of printed Stationery and very four months you will get a copy of the WASHINGTON FANTASY DIGEST besides this page nearly every issue, besides (Ahem) the fun you will have with the other fans in the meetings.

If you haven't got a subscription to SPACE TALES you should send .25 for three issues so you will be able to keep up on what is coming from this department. Don't delay send your name and address right away to the editor.

No. 2 of WASHINGTON FAN NEWS will appear in No. 5 of SPACE TALES

\*\*\*\*\*

(Continued from Page 16. BRIEF BIOGRAPHYS OF YOUR FAVORITE SF ARTISTS)

\*\*\*\*\*

Julian Krupa Born: Poland  
Age: 35  
Pet Peeve: Bad SF publications  
Draws for: Amazing and Fantastic

\*\*\*\*\*

Virgil Finlay Born: Rochester, N.Y.  
Age: 28  
Pet Peeve: Sloopy pictures  
First Story: Was sent to Weird  
Draws for: Famous Fantastic Mysteries  
Is married

\*\*\*\*\*

Leo Morey Born: Peru  
Age: 49  
Favotite Authors: Bob Olson, A. Hyatt Verrill, Dr. Smith

\*\*\*\*\*

H.W. Wasso First Cover: "Red Peril"  
Born : Germany  
Full Name: Hans Waldemar Wessolowski  
Age: 53  
Likes to draw: Gets a kick out of cartoons

\*\*\*\*\*

The End.



# SPACE NOTES

\* Tom Daniel  
 \* 176 W.2nd St  
 \* Pomona, Calif

Heres a 1.75 for a ful page ad and add the rest on to my suscription.Glad to see you're in accord with the idea of the ALBUM I am just beginning to realize how much of a task I've bitten off for myself. This will actually take two or three years. But I'm a Science Fiction Fan, and I can't let me hobby suffer.I was very glad to receive the new large size SPACE TALES,and I would like to make a few comments upon it,As is the wont of all STF fans. I have seen a good many of the Fanzines that are published all over the country.but none have really heald out what looks like the future of you publication. Say this is getting pretty good eh! First,you have incorporated the naivete' that I feel every amateur publication shoudl have,at least to some extand.By this I mean less of the humbug and more of the straight forward type of treatment of articals and stories."Oh!"Boy"Oh!Boy"Second,I like a good poem,and the one by Miss Lapi is worthy of any fans adulation.I agree with your policyof only one to an ish, as this keeps the quality of this kind of contribution at a high standard. Thirl.add another story or two,but no more,this is something that others have overdone tremendously. Just four or five stories of good material ,and the fans won't be scared of reading the magazine from cover to cover.Well we didn't give you so many stories this ish but we will try to do better nextish. The articles were arranged nicely ,and this is what the average fan dotes on,good,interesting articles concerning his favorite fiction. But have'nt you room for a Fanography? A short autobiography of one fan each ish. Thats an idea readers ,how about a Fanography.Are you interested let us know. Don't forget to corral the other boys for their contributions to the ALBUM.

\* Raym Washington Jr.SPACe TALES came today,and I think it is quite an  
 \* Live Oak Fla. improvement over your hectographed issue.If you will  
 \* try to cut the sencils a little harderand use more ink,it will show up plainer.The legel size is dustinctive, isn't it. I would be honore' to do a cover or two for SPACe TALES.Let me know what you want I promise to equal or exceer the artist you are using now. Keep plugging away and SPACe TALES will be sure to improve. Well Raym go .. and do a cover but I don't know Webbers pretty good.Take a look at the cover.

\* Clif Simak  
 \* 1321 N 44th  
 \* Seattle,Wash.

Out here probably for the duration of the war,I've been wondering if Seattle and vicinity has any Science Fiction Fans.My name is not anything to you but I've written a few stories mostly for Astouding."Cosmic Engineers" probably was the most outstanding.This is just a brief note to let you know I'd like to hear from you abouy your club and magazine. If possible I would like to meet you,If you get down to Seattle look me up and if I get down by Everett I will do the same.Well let me know about your magazine and club I am very interested.

\* Harry Warner Jr. You really caughtme with my pants down. I had no idea  
 \* 303 Bryan Pl. that you'd construe my promise to write something for  
 \* Hagerstwon,Md. you sometime as a definite vow to do something so soon. But your reminder of how I too have waited for expected material was a stroke of genius. It hit me right on my sore spot,for I have waited and worried and said awful things where no one could hear me. Therefore I dashed off the inclosed as soon as possible could. I hope it hasn't held you up too much and isn't too late. If you've already finished that issue,of course,you may use it in a later one, if you like it.If you don't care for it,will you please return ig? There are a half dozen others hounding me for material,and now that I've finally gotten around to doing an artical,I don't want it to go to



waste! I hope this is satisfactory, anyway, and of approximately correct length. I didn't take time to count the words, but believe it's reasonably close to two thousand words as you requested. Thanks for the artical Harry, after reading it I am sure all the fans will get a lot of injoyment out of it and will be able to use some of the tips in it.

Paul C. Hanson So you changed the name, huh? In your card of the 14th 935 Sims Ave. of March you said the next ish would be out the 7th of St. Paul, Minn April but here I recieve the new SPACE TALES on the 27th a suprise, but a pleasant one. Swell cover, but personly I would like to see a nice space scene. Good stories you've been having too! Heres hoping you have bigger and better deptments. Well we gave you a space scene on the cover and we gave you more deptments and we hope that you liked the stories we gave you this issue.

Frank Wilimczyk Jr. I received your card the other day, asking me to 3 Lewis Street draw a series intitlled "MONSTERS OF OTHER WORLDS" Westfield, Mass. so I am sending a sample or first of the series. It is done in India Ink I hope this is satisfactory. I am inclosing .10 for the first two issues of SPACE TALES. Your picture was satisfactory Frank and so begins the series, I am sure that all the fans will want to be sure to get all the rest. Your two issues have been sent. By the way readers we wtil have a good many copies of the first a second issues at .05 apiece. No issues three though.

D.W. Boggs I note some improvement in your magazine in mimeod 2215 Benjamin form. I don't however like the large size... And you've Minneapolis, Minn scarcely lived up to your claim of no words misspelled either. You might make up your contents page last of all, since I was driven to the brink of insanity trying to find several items listed there, but evidently cut out of the text. Much of my copy was illegible. better splash on the ink more next time. And get some correction fluid. Who says we haven't any correction fluid. Didja know that you should leave two spaces after a period? How about dummied right margins? The best thing that could happen to your mag is the latter. Material: "I Like--" is a rather interesting reprint article, but you might have edited out mentions of COMET, COSMIC, etc: , now defunct. "Escape Through Time" the Thomas novel was fair, as was the story by Nutt "Slave Ship of Space". Undoubtedly your authors read Amazing. You would find such stuff in ASF.. In SS of S, I'd like to know what Earth called the scouting ship home for? Incidentally, tho not entering that contest, I'll bet you rate the promags thus: FANTASTIC ADVS, AMAZING, STARTLING STORIES. Well pretty close TL. The best thing in the issue was the poem by Mrs. Lapi. But where'd you get the idea the avarage fan would like to have a story or article instead. I inclose a story if you like it well use it next ish. Well we used your story.

Edward C. Conner I'm writing about your fanzine, and am inclosing .25. If 929 Butler St. that is not enough dough for three copies let me know Peoria, Ill. and I'll remit the remainder. I beleive you sent me a card a couple of weeks ago advertising your fanzine, but due to an ungodly occurance I must of mislaid it, which is something that never happened before. Luckely I ran across your address in Fantastifc Adventures. The bit in Fantastic Adventures interested me, as I have been thinking of attempting to write articals or stories for subsission to your fanzine. Please let me know what kind of stuff you want. At the present time we are in great need of articals but we can also use storis and cartoons. Make those cartoons 7 1/2 inches across the top and 6 inches down the side.

Bob Nadeau Happened to note your inquiry in the Correspondence 404 1/2 Center St. Corner of the current ish of Amazing Stories magazine. Johnsonburgh, Pa. Whats your angle? Are you trying to start up a magazine of your own, or are you looking for established outfit. Anyway, thats beside the question. Your inquiry intrigues me. I am a SF fan ---- of a sort. You'll have to excuse the obnoxious typing, I'm being pestered by a your lady who wants to know the whys and wherefores, etc; of this letter, but you can't let the better half in on everything you know. Well, to get on. I've been writing a few stories none for publication in a pro magazine anyway. I just was told I could sleep in the quest room for the rest of the week and it sort of upset me, thats why there's so many mistakes in this letter, you know how these things are, and Lorraine, my wife, who's doing all the pestering things I should have some of them published in pro if possible or fan magazines. She thinks the one I'm writing now in my spare moments is OK and would be



accepted. She an't seem to get rid of the idea that I'm an author in the embryonic---three years of marriage hasn't seemed to change her views either, I'm sorry to say-- just because I used to get all A's in English class, and could write a wacky essay with the best. And she thinks I have the makings of an author in me. (Laughter) And I never even went to college to get a start on journalism. But anyway, let me know your proposition, and maybe we can get together on something.

Well, I'll be closing now and I hope to hear from you in near future. If your angle is to start up a magazine or anything, lets have the dope.

Charles Nutt I didn't understand your card of March 13th. In it 3025 Ainslie you said one of my stories was under par, also you Chicago, Ill. said that it was latest one I had sent you.. Then you said that the latest one I sent you was "Swell". Do you mean "When the World Died"? Enclosed is one more contribution to the cause, it contains 349 words, and I hope you like it. "Lost Abyss" is nearly completed and even though the odds are against me I will take a chance----- I've got an idea--- (Clap, Clap). If they don't use it you might though it is a six thousand word novel, maybe run it as a serial. I think it's pretty good. Accepting humor is a great asset. Did you see "Here Comes Mr. Jorden" It's a swell SF picture.

Loren Sinn About that subscription angle-- I am working on it.  
Route #1. I am having some trouble getting some pro mags. here  
Carnation, Wash. like Thrilling Wonder Stories, Weird, Captain Future.  
Also can't get a copy of Cosmic (now discontinued)  
and Stirring Science Stories so I am sending in a subscription to all of them. These mags. are certain not going to be more plentiful as the war goes on. I've been reading pulp for 19 months. My first pulp was Jungle Stories. I liked it so well I zoomed back and got Planet Stories, then Startling, then ----- and so on. Thanxs a lot for a preview look at the pics. If you ever run short of material why not give a write up on Webber. Anybody that can draw as well as he can must be interesting. Well readers how would you like a short autobiography on the different artists, authors, and well know fans that have work in this magazine. Maybe we would give you a picture of them too. Let me know. While on the subject of Webber, I think he is the best fan illustrator in the field. Yes, I've seen Roy Hunts, Damon knights, and others work. Well Webber theres another comment for you. It seems that the fans like you so.....

Paul Hanson Here .25 for three issues. Do you suppose you could  
935 Sims Ave. secure a list of all the SF and Fantasy and Weird  
St. Paul, Minn. pro magazines that are coming out on publication date. Do you know if Cosmic and Stirring Science Stories are still being published. No, Paul Cosmic doesn't come out any more (I hope) but Stirring still does. By watching this fan mag. or any other you will soon be able to find out which prozines still are being published. See page 18. for list

The ole Scribe I have written SF and (sold) it, but I would like  
229 Saunders Ave. to have more of it see print so this letter. Let  
Louisville, Ky. me know all the details I'm willing to try anything once. SF is my long suit in the pulp field; in fact the only magazines I read in that field at all, and (Next Page)  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Advertisements

Would like to trade Colliers, Science Library Volume X for old Amazings or Burroughs novel. Write Paul C. Hanson 935 Sims Ave. St. Paul, Minn.

Ads	Attention All fans
Are 1.50 per page, .90 half Page .50 quarter Page, 30 eight of a Page or .30 for a three inch square.	Don't miss this opportunity, have your name and snapshot recorded along side the greats in SF. Read page six for all the information.

"Esteef Lending Library", 3025 Ainslie St. Chicago, Ill. has a complete file of Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures and many various miscellaneous SF magazine in stock, also books by Welch, Burroughs, Cummings, Stoker, Etc: Those interested write for a free list.



their prophetic views is a real revelation to me. Best entertainment in the literary (pulp) world. In other words, I go for scientifiction. But times awastin', my papers running low my ribbon's getting dry and the call for dinner just sounded so I shall sign off for the present.

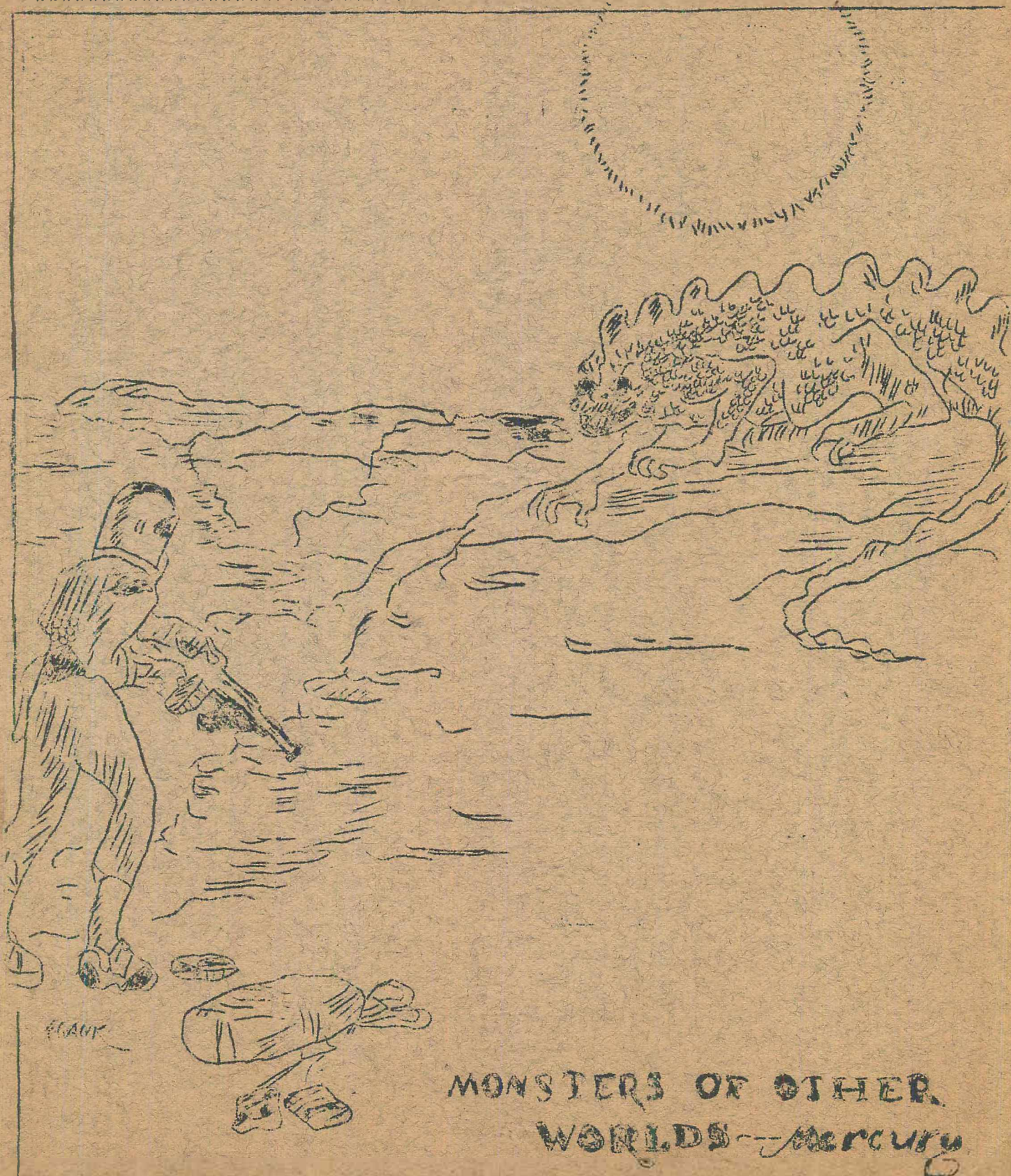
We also thank, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Robert Moore Williams, Dolores Lapi, Harry Harrison, Reinhold Pawlowski, Dave Elder, Raym Washington, Roy Hunt, Bill James, Sally Harriman, Hilmar Saffell, Joan Entwistle, Edgar Martin, Bill Jenkins, Freeman Jackson Jr., Corlen Berwald, Harry Schmarje, Leonard Marlow, Paul Cox, Don Grant, Prono Malczewski, Joe Vallin Jr., Jim Odell, Earl Thierry, Waring Jones, Marty Kenyon, H.C. Koehig, Ellsworth Snither, R.W. Hentges, Frank Lyman Jr., Kenneth Harrison, Forry Ackerman, Art Winder, and the many other fans who wrote but whose letters have been discarded or were missed. Thanks for the comments anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*

## INTO THE PAST

Ratings- 1. Star Gazer 2. Slave Ship of Space 3. I Like... 4. Escape Through Time 5. Cover by Webber 6. Corney Joke of the Month 7. First Rocket Flight 8. The Revolt of the Warrior Robots 9. Fanzine Review 10. The futurescope.

\*\*\*\*\*



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