

# SPACESHIP

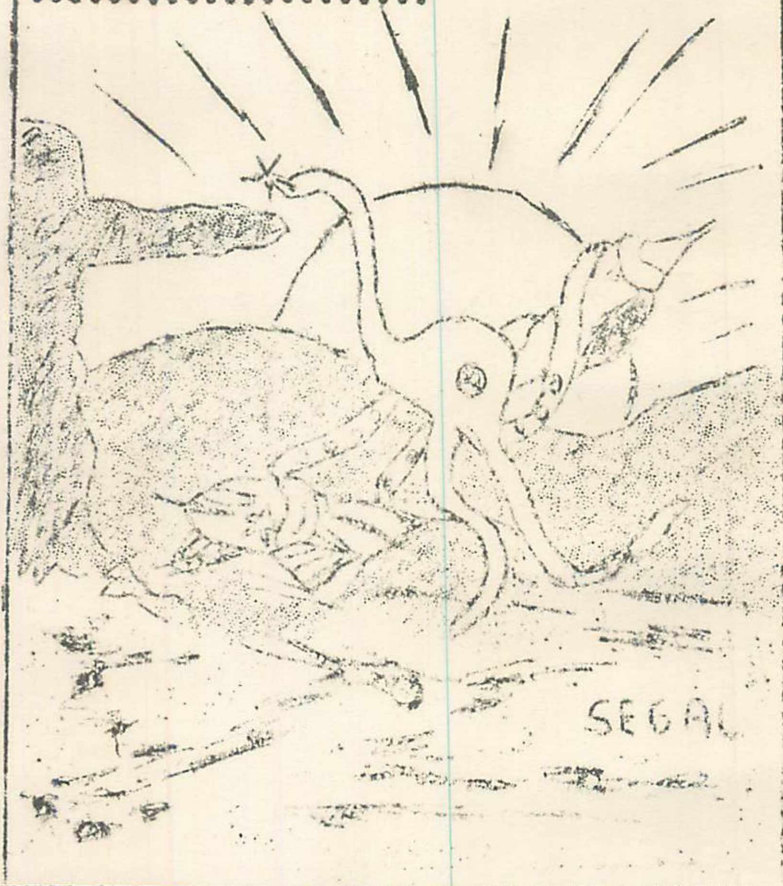
Volume 2

Number 3

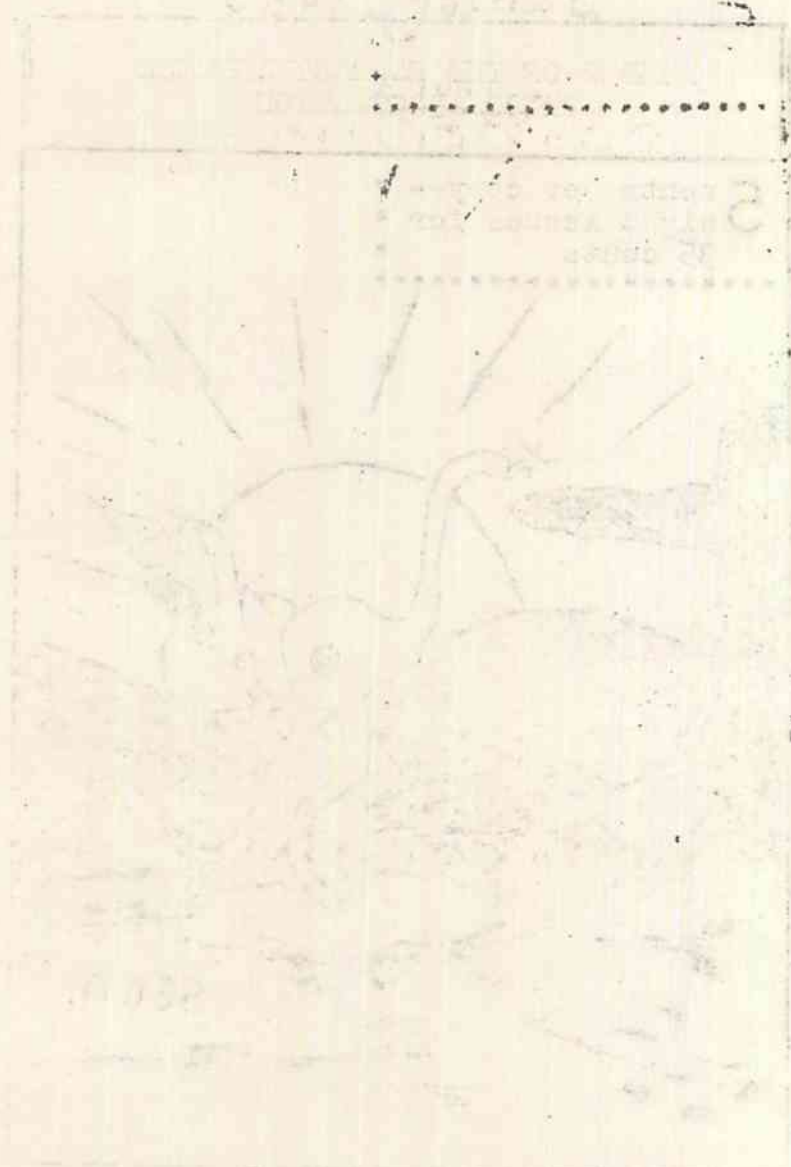
January, 1950

MEMBER OF THE FANTASY AMATEUR  
PRESS ASSOCIATION

5 cents per copy--  
eight issues for  
35 cents



Robert Silverberg and Saul Dickin  
Editors



SPACESHIP. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. 5¢ per copy  
Volume 2 No. 3. Issue 7. Member of F.A.P.  
Robert Silverberg and Saul Diskin, Editors

## CONTENTS

RAYS OF MADNESS.....	PAGE TWO
by Charles L. Morris	
CARTOON.....	PAGE FOUR
drawn by James Lewis	
SOAPBOX.....	PAGE FIVE
Spaceship's Readers Speak	
BEHOLD THE MAN.....	PAGE SIX
by Selwyn Roberts	
EVOLUTION OF A SF FAN.....	PAGE ELEVEN
SAUL'S SPOT.....	PAGE TWELVE
AN INTERVIEW WITH MORRIS.....	PAGE THIRTEEN
MARTIN MYSTERIES.....	PAGE FOURTEEN
by Alan M. Grant	

\*

## EDITORIAL

\*

Well, we're in FAPA--along with the big names of fandom--"Rog Phillips", "Charles Burbee, etc. We have seen and liked the other FAPAZINES, and obtained some hints from them...quite a few authors this ish...Charles Morris you already know... James Lewis is our cartoonist...you'll like his stuff...Alan Grant puts out a newszine, "News & Views in sf"...Next issue's lineup is a bit muddled, because we have too much stuff on hand... but we'll get out the best ish yet in April... don't mind "Evolution" too much...felt sarcastic that day...Stan Segal, this month's cover artist, is a classmate of ours...that's a nice Ghoulish Octopoid Monster he drew...dirty trick the Reds did about the underground animals...next they'll tell us about neurotic thiotimoline...by the way, what IS thiotimoline?...never did find out...a British fan writes offering 139 MEMBERS at 60%... devaluation!

Bob & Saul

PAGE FIVE

# RAYS OF MADNESS!

A SHORT STORY BY CHARLES MORRIS

The first great wave shuddered through the city of Thurg during the sleeping period. With it came panic and confusion and madness. A few were dead of shock; thousands, hopelessly insane, were incarcerated out of consideration for those lucky enough to retain sanity. It was a very long time before anything like order was restored.

Then the scientists went to work. They studied and experimented and theorized and finally they came to a mutual conclusion:

The rays had come from space, they said, possibly from outside their galaxy. In some strange way the alien force had penetrated the outer crust of their world, penetrating even into the interior, their home. It was deadly, very deadly, to them.

In the perpetual dusk of their artificially lighted city the inhabitants flitted about like motes of dust in a strong breeze. They were excited. For the first time since they had been forced into the interior something exciting had occurred. Not since a comet had stolen the outer atmosphere eons ago had they been so thrilled and frightened, all at the same time. Some were frightened to near madness. Others felt an exultant thrill at the havoc wreaked by the invader.

"It is the end of our world!" "Some enemy from space!" "How can we survive?" And so it went...

The scientists, hoping to learn the origin of the rays, sent a specially equipped expedition outside. But they returned raving mad. The beams of alien force were still potent out there and the project was discarded for lack of volunteers. It was a stalemate!

Then the rays struck again...



This time the damage was three-fold. Fully a half of the population was reduced to raving maniacs. The other half, crazed now with fear, were little less insane than their unfortunate fellows. Chaos reigned...

The scientific council, frantic now, called a meeting to seek a solution. As one, they agreed a giant signalling device should be built, so in case it was some enemy from another planet, they could concede defeat before the population died.

It was a project destined never to be finished.

The beams of madness began coming at regular intervals now, reducing the population at each pulsating wave. Thousands were incurably insane, millions dead; others roamed about like animals, memory and will gone, waiting for death. Again the rays came, and this time, they killed.

Finally, only the scientists were left, locked away in their tower, constructed of Burregh, a rare element impregnable to the beams. They were safe so long as they did not leave their retreat.

They were hard at work upon another project, a gigantic bomb made from a recently discovered explosive more powerful than any ever imagined.

"Our race is lost", said one, "but not in vain". Even though we will die when we leave this tower, we will have our revenge. It is a mystery from where came these rays, but we know they originated in this galaxy. We know, too, that they did not come from an exploding star. The frequency of the attacks proves that some enemy intent on destruction sent the rays. Whom or why, we will never know. But obviously they will be the first to land on our world. When they do, he pointed with one great tentacle, "that will explode, destroying this entire galaxy. There will be an enormous ring of dust circling the universe".

And 240,000 miles away, on the planet named Earth the inhabitants learned with interest of successful attempts to reach their moon with radar...





# SOAPBOX

## SPACESHIP'S REMAINS STAY

Dear Bob and Gail:

Thanks for the "Ship" number 5 which arrived last week. I enjoyed it very much, especially the "Special Feature". Truly amazing. Reactions such as this will most likely be taken by fans with no great surprise--we know it all the time. But the actual news of such a discovery is, well, thrilling! Keep scooping 'em.

The story I liked also--"Multiple Choice". The "Red" sequence gave me quite a chuckle. "Vernin of the Skies" was instructive, and the Soapbox is fine.

--Charles E. Morris, 111 Providence St., Caffney, South Carolina

"A few comments on Sship #5--"Special Feature"--best thing in the 'ish, altho you can't tell about those Russians--"Incident at Midnight"--good, ending too abrupt. Soapbox--good. Saul's Spot--also good. (Some opinions, eh? od.) "Multiple Choice"--excellent. "The Adventurer"--good (for a change, a new adjective) but should have been accompanied by a drawing."

--Alan M. Grant, 129 Edgeacre St. Fayetteville, N.Y.

Glad you liked that "Red" thing--but the Reds also messed up what we thought to be a scoop--they later denied their "underground animals" release and declared it "capitalistic propaganda". We'll check more carefully before publishing anything of the sort again. More science articles such as "Vernin" are coming up. Naturally Charles did not comment on the fine story--it was his. "Incident at Midnight" was greeted enthusiastically by all of our readers...Come on, fans, how about some lively letters!.....R.S.....S.I.....

# BEHOLD THE MAN

A STORY BY S E L W Y N R O B E R T S

Professor Swarthsky lifted up his phone and dialed the office of the Daily Bugle. Over 60, he was still at work though occasional subject of heart ailments. He had developed an artificial stimulant which, injected soon after an attack, would restore normal circulation. This had made the headlines thirty years before, in 1962.

"Hello, Daily Bugle? This is Professor Swarthsky--Alonzo J. Swarthsky. I want you to send your best reporter over to my lab immediately. I have a great story for your paper".

Charles Stantone, 50 years younger than the Professor, showed great interest in the machinery which was shown to him. "I've been told it's called an 'ancestor machine', but what does it do?" Most of the professor's reply was over his head scientifically, but he recorded it anyway.

"It has been proven that each animal, as it is born, inherits the memory centers of all its forebears. These are hidden in the cortex of the brain. My machine can stimulate them to bring the centers into dominance and if an increased rate of power is applied, the animal will actually take the shape of the one who possessed the original memories. After maximum has been reached, gradual lowering of voltage will return the animal to its real shape, quickly passing all previous evolutionary forms".

Swarthsky then led out a decrepit old horse yet bearing the junk-dealer's price-tag: \$5. He placed it on the stage of the apparatus and anesthetized it. He took a copper wire and inserted it in a pre-bored hole in the beast's head. He snapped it off after a few inches, explaining, "That's the antenna". He locked the plastic restraining barriers and turned on the current. The lights dimmed as the power strain cut the supply. A misty electrical vapor filled the cage and the antenna in the horse's head gave-



ered. Then, while both men feverishly took notes the horse shrank and its hoofs split! A wild mane stood out along its back.

"Watch its feet", the professor advised. As the horse grew smaller, the jaw shrank and the hoofs clove into toes. An hour later, a cat-sized, four-toed thing stood in the stage. Stanton snapped the only pictures ever taken of an Eohippus, the first known horse. Professors Swarthsky then stopped turning the electrical feed device and spoke:

"I have ten minutes to continue. I lost four monkeys in order to discover that fact. It is useless to go on. The horse in the barrier always vanishes and the power shuts off after further probing. It appears that the horse was a chance mutation of the past, along with most other animals. In the beginning, God created the animals and---?" After musing on the nature of the creation, he reversed the lever and the horse on the stage grew. A little dazed but none the worse for its time-travel, the horse was led back to the stable. Stanton noticed one unique thing: the tail of the horse was now bony, like that of the Eohippus. The scientist explained, "There is always some minor change. I don't know why that occurs". The next day, the journalist returned to watch a fantail pigeon inside the plastic cage. After fifteen minutes, the feathers thinly hid a leathery tail, and a full set of teeth was visible. Another 15 minutes was required to produce a screaming lizard with oddly shaped limbs equipped for gliding through trees. The artificial evolution was reversed, the bird liberated, and Stanton asked why the prints of the Eohippus pictures he had taken the day previous had shown nothing but a modern horse. Swarthsky gave an evasive answer and methodically unplugged the many connections for his machine. "Even scientists sometimes don't want to admit their lack of knowledge", thought the reporter.

Exhibit C was led out: a puppy Dalmatian. The usual procedures were followed; a wild, wolf-beast with inch-long fangs was the result. After carefully recording this, Stanton was asked to return

in one week.

As Swarthsky opened the lab door, the reporter noticed a drunk sleeping on a couch. "I dragged him in off the streets", confessed the professor. "I want you to help me anasthetize him". So the reporter held him down while Swarthsky jabbed him with a hypodermic. Then they carried him to the stage and laid him down. Stanton looked away, revolted, as the scientist bored a tiny hole into the drunk's brain and inserted the antenna. The cage was sealed and the current turned on. The drunk grew to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet and looked like a young Greek god as he assumed the appearance of a Cro-Magnon man! That stage was brief as the man lost a foot of height and the carefully-knit reindeer cloak became a wild, shaggy bearskin wrapping. The jaw receded unusually and the knees bent. The hair became a breeding-place for all sorts of insects, and the reporter wondered if plants could grow in the filth also. He was informed that this was the Neandertal man, 50,000 years ago. Then the skull expanded. Great, ape-like teeth showed through the powerful mouth. "It could have taken a man's hand off at one snap", shuddered Stanton. "This is called the Piltown Man of 500,000 B.C.", whispered the professor. Then the final stage appeared: a chinless, hairy naked thing about 5 feet tall, which tried to climb the plastic walls of the cage. "This is the pithecanthropus erectus, Mr. Stanton. I can bring man but a little further back." He nudged forward a lever, and a small brown thing, unmistakably an ape, leaped wildly around the restraining cage. Then the backward de-stimulation began rapidly. Pithecanthropus--Neandertal--Cro-Magnon. Just as the familiar modern-day form of the drunk was about to appear, the professor sank to the floor, his face flushed. "I'm having an attack", he creaked. "Get my injection: it is in that cabinet. Hurry!" While the reporter was preparing the syringe, the machine kept running, unnoticed. The professor slowly recovered, lying on the couch that had been used by the sleeping drunk.

Then his face paled--"Look in the cage--the machine must have kept going while I was sick, at least an hour. That's a disgusting thing there".





PAGE THREE  
Standing in the cage was a weird creature...



PAGE TEN  
Staring quietly in the cage was a weird beast, two feet high. Its skin was transparent; tubes connected the internal organs. There was but a rudimentary intestine, which sent food into the blood-stream. The small toe had disappeared, and the head seemed to be all out of proportion. Besides its two 7-fingered arms it had a pair of tentacles for better grasping. The teeth were arranged with more chewing and less biting ones-- "evidently it eats softer food than we do", reasoned the professor. The machine had stopped, and the thing looked around it with puzzled eyes. It opened its mouth and emitted some short clicks. Getting no answer, it began to brood. The brain, viewed through the transparent skull, pulsed and expanded. Suddenly, in a thunderclap, it was gone! Most of the machine had gone with it. The unfortunate drunk lay in a corner, electrocuted. A few silent moments passed. Then professor Swarthley consulted his voltmeter and announced the forward stimulation had been just equal to the reverse stimulation required to produce the ape. According to the best calculations that ape had lived a million years in the past. The thing on the stage was a human of 1,000,000 A.D., and it had taken the mechanism back with it into time!

With the machine gone, Stanton's story never saw print. He mourned the lost chance to have seen what the human race was to evolve into, and resigned from the Bugle. He was last seen in a Russian monastery, stone blind. The professor died the next day of an attack. The only ones happy over the affair were the heirs of the dead drunk, who had been an oil magnate drowning his sorrows. The thing from the future never reappeared, tho' bits of twisted wire one day materialized in the deserted lab, red hot, destroying all of the professor's notes....

THE END

\*\*\*\*\* MAGS WANTED! \*\*\*\*\*  
AMAZING: March, June, August, 1946. SUPER SCIENCE, January 1949. FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, any issues of 1947. Only mags with cover wanted. Quote price to Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

EVOLUTION OF A SF FAN

PAGE 11111

Elaborant youthful fan: "Fandom's great!"

Awakening fan: "Fandom is nice sometimes"

Veteran fan: "I could do without it".

Ex. Youth. F.: "I'm going to publish a weekly  
fanzine.

Awak.f.: "I'll contribute to SPACESHIP once a  
year".

Vet.: "Why bother?"

Ex. You. F.: "Kuttner's great!"

Aw. F.: "Kuttner's pretty good".

V.F.: "Who's Kuttner? Padgett's better!"

E.Y.: "I buy 11 different promags every month".

A.F.: "I buy ASTOUNDING S-F"

V.F.: "I borrow Bob's copies".

E.Y.: "I'll write a dozen stories and send 'em  
to the promags".

A.F.: "All of my stories have been rejected".

V.F.: "Tain't worth the postage".

E.Y.: "I'll start thirty correspondences".

A.F.: "I'll answer most of my letters".

V.F.: "I only answer the 'phone".

E.Y.: "I'll write to all the promag editors".

A.F.: "I'll start a couple of feuds in TWS".

V.F.: "The promag editors hate me".

E.Y.: "In a few years, if I work hard, I'll be  
a Second-Stage Fan".

A.F.: "Maybe I'll be a Veteran Fan someday".

V.F.: "A few more years and I'll be dead, thank  
Ghu".

-P.S.

-----

11111

111111

111111

111111

COMING NEXT ISSUE: fifteen pages of the best 5¢  
fanzine in America (at least, we think so)...  
The first part of a two-part serial, ON A SIL-  
VER PLATE R, by August Argyll, will be fea-  
tured, along with our regular departments. On  
sale about April 1. Subscribe now!

SAUL'S SPOT

This month I will rave. I rave from a prone position, because I am too damned lazy to get up. I will rave to my co-publisher, Bob Silverberg, who is equally crazy. Even now Bob is reminding me that those last few words would make a good opening for a science-fiction story. Why is it that everything we say is directly linked to science-fiction? If I am to have a stiff exam the next day, I think of entering the mind-part of the class genius and getting a terrific mark. This would not be good, however, because if the teacher asks me a question I would be unable to answer as my thinking facilities would be elsewhere!

WANTED: Astounding, March 1968. Will pay up to 25%. Alas, alack. Let's see now--hold, Bob! cross that out! (O.R.;:alas alack). I wake up in the morning, draw back my Venusian blinds, feast my eyes on the cool, green hills of Irth, and decide which bookstore I am going to visit today. If at the end of the day I have bought, acquired or shoplifted no mags (stf) (stfstuff) I mope around like a Sirian schlump.

WANTED. A cover by Bergey containing no semi-nude B.EI.s..will pay up to 1000 credits. (I believe there was one on the August 1964 ish of EWS). (shhh--here comes a poem)....

There was a young man from Arcturus  
Who drew covers for Startling Stories  
His work was laborious...

But not meritorious...

This painter of BEIIs from Arcturus

that's it. you better not like it..I may get encouraged...

don't mind the above column too much. It was inserted at the last moment because I ran out of ideas for the column. I'll try to have something serious in the next issue. Saul



This page was to have featured reviews of recent promags, as we had planned. But, plans change. In this column from now on, we will discuss anything at all relating to the promags, new and old. With a quarterly mag, no one wants to read ancient reviews. Without further ado, your editors present, a masterpiece of collaboration:

AN INTERVIEW WITH SAM MORWIN, EDITOR OF SS AND TWS  
 Science-fiction editors do not have three heads. We found this out early in December when we visited the jovial editor of SS and TWS, Sam Morwin. Very much human, Mr. Morwin granted us fifteen minutes of time in which we asked a few questions.

He started his literary career with the Princeton "Tiger". Before becoming editor of Startling and TWS, he worked for the Boston American and wrote a little free-lance stf. "The Scourge Below", appearing in TWS in 1939, was his first published science-fiction story. Since then he has written several others, including many under his pen-name of "Carter Sprague". In 1941 he joined the staff of Better Publications, and assumed the editorship of their science-fiction mags in December 1944. He took over the name of "Sarge Saturn" from his predecessor, but discarded it a year later as being childish.

His fourteen-year old son (Morwin's married--16 years) is certainly a lucky cuss, having access to all the back files around the office (if he reads stf). Morwin's chief activity in the world of stfandom is a membership in N.Y.'s Hydra Club.

He said among his competitors, "I prefer Campbell's mag". When questioned about the forthcoming quarterly reprint mag, he was unable to tell us anything, because a rival company had stolen a title of another of Better's mags before it was issued. Not that we were spies, but, you'll know about the new mag before this appears. We were told to watch for John MacDonald's novel in July, then undergoing a change in name--he predicted it to be the novel of the year. (can't on next page)

## MARTIAN MYSTERIES

an article by Alan Grant

I understand from a 'zine review that another fan recently wrote an article stating that the "canals" on Mars might be huge buildings. Unfortunately I had no opportunity to read this article. Without seeming plagiaristic (you better not be ed.) I would like to elaborate on some of the things the canals might represent.

One theory is that since the atmosphere on Mars has diminished, the inhabitants (if there be any) might have dug long narrow valleys, similar to the Grand Canyon but much deeper. These would serve to concentrate the remaining atmosphere. The theory that the ditches hold water would hold true in this case. That accounts for swelling and diminishing in the Martian seasons.

Now to the theory that these canals might be huge buildings. This seems to be the most plausible idea I've heard of lately. (-not to us-ed.) Why not, when the air gradually thinned, could the Martians crisscross the planet with buildings in which adequate air pressure was maintained by pumps? Then again, the canals might just be a series of blockheads, like me, laid end to end.

NOTE: Mr. Grant's opinions aren't those of your editors, who will answer him in the next issue.

We invite argument on this topic...r.s...s.d...

continued from p.13

Sam Morwin has achieved a reputation for maintaining a close, friendly relationship with his readers even though he is anonymous in his column. His two magazines have reached their highest peaks under the Morwinian administration, and we wish--we were going to wish good luck & that sort of stuff, but instead, we wish--that SPACESHIP would get an A-listing someday....

the end

## SPACESHIP'S FAPA HISTORY

Yuh see, it's thisway... before SPACESHIP an' erud FAPA it was a general zine--and we had never seen a FAPAZINE. So we entered FAPA with a general zine--the only one in that august body.

Rather than lose our general non-FAPA circulation, we decided to add a special FAPAinsert to our mag, which would appear only in the copies received by Fapans. Thus, the general reader would get the same stuff they would be interested in, and the FAPAns would be reading the highly personalized material they tote upon. O.K.?

We discovered SPACESHIP to have several other distinctions....its page size was the smallest in all of the 'zines, and it was the only one printed on one side of the paper. There are some good reasons for these:

SPACESHIP is half-size 'cause the only mimeo machine at our disposal (Bob's) takes no larger paper. In the past, we printed on one side only for appearances. The other FAPAmags care less for appearance than for content, and anyway we're short of paper, so--hope it isn't too tough to read it in its now format.

About ourselves--we are in all certainty the youngest members of FAPA--Saul is 15, Bob 14. If costs keep at the present level, we'll be the brokeest FAPAns also. We both became interested in stf about the same time,--early in 1946. Saul caught it from Bob, I think. We began our first venture in writing the stuff with "The Last Days of Saturn", a monstrosity appearing in the first issue of SPACESHIP. Since that first issue, six issues of the mag have appeared, this being #7. In each, drastic changes of some sort have been made. We hope to keep on improving both ends of the mag for a long time.

The first promag Bob saw was the July, 1946 issue of "Weird Tales", a mag we've long since abandoned. Saul's first was the May 1946 issue of ASTOUNDING. That mag has become the favorite of both of us.



ten others in back of it. Between two two of us, we read 'most all' of the stuff out on the market. The first fanmag we saw was Bennett's CATALYST 2. Favorite authors?-Luttner, Rog. P. Graham, Horriatt, Heinlein, in no particular order (although we might give slight tops to Graham for his FAPA standing).

We thought our first mailing of the FAPA was very interesting, at points exciting. It seems to be standard procedure to comment on all the other mags in the mailing, so.....:

LIGHT: This Gibson is good... "Mimoo Ink" interesting, to say the least. A nice mag, if hard to read in spots.

FAPARADE: Not much to comment about. We found the biographies very informative...

MOONSHINE: "Books I haven't read" is the most honest title for a bookreview column to ever to come under these bespotted eyes. Woolston:--there are 15 sfantasy mags now appearing, including THOR, Avon Reader, Horriatt's Fantasy, & the reprints.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: We hope Boggs is kidding about FAPA folding. Well, Redd, you have O.K. on the dues-increase from these two guys.

FANTASY FOUNTAIN: Interesting info, if not too valuable. Keep it up, Coswal.

FAN ROCKET: Hah!

HORIZONS: One of the more informative fapamags. Thanks for the tip on dummying, Harry. I wish someone would rephrase Courzen's article into the English recommended by Fleshh. James must have said something important, though we didn't get it.

LATE NIGHT FINAL: Also one of the best in this mailing. A minimum of faparguments, and a lot of good reviewing. A "Must" for new FAPAs. One item we noticed was the preponderance of purple ink in the fanzines. Wouldn't want to be Herwin or Rog Graham, wading through thirty purple-inked issues each month. Our four eyes hurt, but good!

MINDHARP: We think Rapp is warped in some way. That cover was a beaut, all the way through. There are as many if not more fan in Brooklyn than in Michigan, Art. "Old Mother Tho?" was the most humorous thing in the whole mailing, in those non-fan's opinions. We caught on to four of the fan-takes, couldn't figger out the other four. That SAPS ad. on page penultimate is unnecessary-plenty of saps in FAPA.

PRISM: Pro authors shouldn't have to compete with the fans--it's not fair to the pros. PRISM had just about the neatest format in the mailing, though little else is above average.

FANDANGO: One of the best. Lancy's Lessons in Semantics were a mild riot. Gilbert Gosseyn would murder you for such heresy, F.T. Also, I'd like to place a small bet with you about your page 19 statement that no native Brooklynites are on the Dodger roster. The Flock has a soft spot in my heart, and I don't like it maligned. Tommy Brown and Kevin Connors were born 'n bred in B'klyn...

SPACESHIP: Ugh.

We've left a few of the FAPAmags out, notto cause any omity, but because we have little or nothing to say about them. At the time of writing this no postpostings have arrived, and those mags will also go commentless. Some other mags which have come to the control room of SPACESHIP are:

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT, a hektood, scientific and illegible mag put out by Alan Grant, 129 Edgemore St., Fayetteville, N.Y. Al is now doing a free newszine, legible, for which enclose a 3¢ stamp.

SCIENTIFANTASY, published by Bill Kroll and John Grossman. A pocket-sized photo-offset (we think) artzine with the best fan artists we've seen, and some good fiction too. A real "general" fanzine.

ALIBIC, published by Norman Ashfield and his black cat. This is a British mag, featuring fiction and news. Two or three pages on British fan-doings make this a valuable mag. Norman distrib-

utes ALLIBIC fee, but expects readers to return the compliment. These Anglofen are doing a fine job despite such hardships as austerity, devaluation and miscellaneous shortages. We think it would be nice to send the British fanzine extra mag & copies of your fanzine. His address, for the benefit of generousfen, is Norman Ashfield, 27 Woodland Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey, England. A four-cent stamp will carry your mag across the Atlantic.

True, this issue is very hard to read--we had never done anything on ~~the~~ both sides of the page before, and had to pick up the knack as we went along. We'd like to hear from you Papans, by letter or comment in mailings, how you like this plan of combo-general-and-fanzine...if you don't, the idea will be dropped. And, that's about it for mailing 50. We welcome any Finnish correspondence & will reply promptly.

Bob Silverberg  
Saul Diskin

#### MAGS WANTED:

AMAZING: September, 1946, April, May, June, November 1947. All '45 except June. ASCENDING, Jan. '49. Fantastic Novels, March and May '40. A few mags on hand for trading. Make reasonable offer to Saul Diskin, 621 Crown St., Brooklyn 13 New York.

#### FOR SALE

ALL-STORY MAG., July 1905. Volume II # 3. The original Munsey mag. In good shape except for missing two-inch strip off front cover at bottom. Intact, but needs repair.....75 cents, to Bob Silverberg. See address on p.10. Deduct 25¢ from price for each promag listed on p.10 that is sent in payment.....bob