

Vulcan



v 5

THE ACCURSED DREAMER

At night I dream of strange places,
Of dim memories and forgotten races.

I've stood by the banks of gloomy Styx,
And heard the wail of anguished souls,
Who waited there for Charon, the ferryman,
To come to shore to read his rolls.

I dream of lost Atlantis and forgotten Mu;
I walk by the ancient Nile in the midnight dew.

At times I sail over Babylon,
Like a drifting mist of the night,
Dogs bark when they see me,
And people vanish from sight.

Guessing that I am a monstrous ghoul,
A man who has forever lost his soul.

-Lionel Innman.

The Vulcan

LIONEL INNMAN, EDITOR

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Naturally, he said, THE VULCAN is published approximately bi-monthly by Lionel Innman, Route 1, Ripley, Tenn. It is a member of VULCAN PUBLICATIONS. Other members are MARS and APOLLO. If you don't know the address, write us. We can't accept responsibility for statements made by contributors. All contributions are more than welcome. Unused mss. and artwork returned free if author requests. Sub. rates: 10 cents for one; two-bits for three. Ad rates: full page 75c; half page 40c; smaller 20c.

FROM G. H. Q.

By the editor

THE FORMER publisher and editor of THE INDIANA FANTASY REVIEW, who has been in the army for about two years, has recently been sent overseas. Remember "Ted" Thaddeus Dikty of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, anybody? He's the one I refer to. I'm sure he'd appreciate a Wmail letter or Christmas card from some of you. His mailing address is: Thaddeus Dikty, 3525824, Battery C-227th AAA, Sl. Bn., APO. No. 4721, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

But back to our immediate problem of writing this editorial for Vulcan. We think you'll find quite an improvement in our duplication this issue, except for page 5, which was done with carbon paper that had been folded. We should have known better. Oh, yes, we're using carbon. We finally learned how to manage the dang stuff. If any of you are fortunate(?) enuf to have a copy of #1, remember how I said that the stuff wasn't anygood nohow and that if you were wise you'd take it from me and use a ribbon? Well, we've found that you don't gwy very good results when you type through several sheets of paper onto the carbon! Yeah, we're dumb.

Right now were wondering what in heck has happened to Andy Anderson and his ma, CENTAURI, which we mentioned last issue..... We congratulate late Art and Thelma Sehnert on the arrival of their new slan. May he grow up to have much fame in the world of fandom!Mentioning Art, we'd like to announce his new fanzine (of course, you've heard of it). As yet, we haven't received our copy, so can't make any comments. Of course, his address is still Art Sehnert, 1414 Poplar, Memphis 4, Tenn. The mag is SATURNALIA.

As was announced last issue, we selected a new name for the letter department. Thanks for THE FORGE go to William James. It seems that he has suddenly taken the mag by storm. First he sent in his most interesting letter, and quickly followed with the story you'll find somewhere else in this issue.. Then the pic on page 14 came in and we used that. He promises more material soom.-

Which reminds us that you should be sending in more material, while we're not actually hard-up for stuff, we'd certainly like to have a chance to be more choosy in our pickings. When we can do that, we'll naturally bring you more and better material, which is what you want, isn't it?

We'd hoped to mimeo this issue, but the financial details didn't pan out as planned. We'd like to promise mimeeing for the next ish, but past experience has taught us not to make such rash promises. If we don't, we'll certainly use carbon paper, which makes reproduction fairly readable if you have good eyes.

We wonder if it would do any good to apologize for the headings in this issue that seem to have slipped out of place. Let us assure you that that was not the case. When we hecto'd we found that the headings done in red ink wouldn't dissolve onto the hecto, so we had to do them over in purple and hecto them again. As a hecto is not a precision machine, some of them didn't land in quite the right place.

We'd like to apologize for everything, but we know you wouldn't accept the. For one thing, the number of pages are out about $\frac{1}{2}$ of that of last issue. Then this editorial is much too short.....

CARE YOU

INTERESTED

By STANLEY HAYNES

Sharpen up the pencil; hunt up the ink bottle; roll a fresh sheet of paper into the Underwood! We're going to write a letter.

What about---that should be easy---everybody else and his neighbor does it!

Who's to---that should be easy, too---to the editor of our favorite magazine, of course!

Probably as much a part of the fantasy and science-fiction magazines as the stories themselves is the readers letter department. (For a lot of readers say: "This feature is not a new innovation. It is a part of ALL-STAR" was back when George A. England and his associates were turning out their earlier masterpieces. But today it is really coming into its own. The editors recognize it as a fresh impetus to reader interest in their magazine.

Famous Fantastic Mysteries in its December issue devoted ten and a half pages to the "Readers Viewpoint". Twenty-six presumed buyers got a big boost of moral from the enviable distinction of seeing their creations actually in print. Thrilling Wonder and Startling Stories don't devote quite so much precious pulp paper to their little "vox pop'ri". Subtracting the editor's comments, four or five pages would be the average estimate. Amazing Stories generally equals this, though the letters run to shorter lengths.

But the admitted leader in the field of reader participation is Planet Stories. Editor Peacock goes all all out to welcome the readers to his mailbox. He sets aside twelve full pages each issue for the readers' grieves, gripes, pleas and praises. He conducts a contest, with original illustrations as prizes for the most interesting letters as also judged by the readers.

It seems that I'm getting off the track of our discussion. We were going to write a letter.

What do fans write about---or, rather, how do they write? Take it from me, pal, don't put a chin on your shoulder, and use a sheet of asbestos to tell the editor of Super-stunorous Stories what a bum, stinking magazine he's trying to sell the highly intelligent public. If you don't like it, don't read it! If you cry loud and long enough, maybe the newsdealer will will give you your dime back!

I invariably read the letter section of my magazines. Its fun learning what the other fellow thinks. It's interesting to see how he expresses his likes and dislikes. Some people are intelligent, too. They read easy if you get what I mean.

And, to be frank, it's a pleasure to compose something of my own good enough to:

1. Get into print.
2. Swing a bit of weight in the direction of my desire.

Now if I were to tell you what to write, or how to write your magazine correspondence I'd probably get a kick in the puss for my pains. But you can't hit me for getting a few pet peeves off my chest. Add them up and exterminate the following:

1. Guys who do nothing but criticize.
2. Fellows who gush all over the place with enthusiasm.
3. The same old routine----one, so so; two, could be better; three, this shouldn't happen to a dog.
4. The chap who includes his life history and a diary of his travels.
5. The lad who thinks that he should get a lot of free advertising in before he says "I read your magazine".

I could go on all night, but then you'd say, "Who's spouting off steam now?" Instead, I'll jot down what I like in a letter:

1. A difference in approach.
2. Brief and to the point discussion.
3. Constructive criticism, solid suggestions.

The pencil has gone dull, the ink bottle tipped over, and the typewriter keeps making mistakes. In other words, it's time I signed off for this time.

THE END

THE

MEMORIAN

GARDEN MYSTERY

FRAN WILIMCZYK

IT WAS A VERY dark night (of course, it would of necessity be dark if not night) for my asteroid home has no atmosphere), when this particular case began. I was sitting before the fireplace writing, and Joe-Jack Printwhistle was in the center of the room, making faces at himself in the mirror.

Joe-Jack is something of a character. He is like Jekyll and Hyde, only at the same time, sort of, if you get what I mean. Joe-Jack sometimes confused his parents, though not very seriously. But that never bothered them. Joe-Jack's father stabbed JJ's two sisters to death, lopped off the old lady's head with an axe, and committed hara-kiri with a fountain-pen (an eversharp). I picked up Joe-Jack sometime later at a side-show, where he was arguing between himself as to whom they should take out that night: the midget's wife or Little Egypt. They finally compromised and let me take them out.

I was very busy solving mysteries and occasional murders and sex-murders, that I had very little time for writing. Since I needed an assistant to act as my chronicler, a Dr. Watson as it was, I signed up Joe-Jack. Not only would he be able to set down my escapades, but would

simply be with diversion.

After he had signed the ten-year contract, I found that he couldn't write anything but Armenian. I get some rather interesting fan mail now. It just pours in. I wish I could read Armenian.

Joe-Jack illustrates....he does that in Armenian too. He gets some rather interesting fan mail. He likes to eat it with chili sauce and chocolate cream puffs. He claims it prevents indigestion.

But I digress. On that particular night, I was working on some of my notes, when the audio-visor began to buzz. Joe-Jack crawled to the table, picked up the audio, and murmured softly, "Hephzptlkthmnrllkooo..." Joe-Jack talks like that sometimes. It's one of his little peculiarities. He tries to talk, both of him at once, and it's rather confusing at times. Sometimes he does it in Armenian. I can't understand him then, either.

Philosophically, Joe-Jack extricated a double headed coin from my pocket, flipped and dropped it into his collective wallet, and pulled himself back to the audio. Jack answered. Jack always picks heads when he flips.

He informed me that it was Snodgrass Hewlingate, the wealthy plantation owner of Venus who had called. Snoddy wanted me to investigate some strange going-ons at his mansion. Some ghosts had scared hell out of him and killed a couple of his friends. He wanted me to show myself on the plantation and scare hell out of the ghosts. Heh-heh, good old Hewlingate, always the clown...heh-heh.

But Snodgrass is filthy with lucre, so I leaped into my space-suit, dragged out the space-ship, and rolled Joe-Jack into it. Joe-Jack ploughed through the aster-old belt, hitting only a few asteroids, an all-time low. I've tried to talk him into flying over the belt, but he claims it's more fun his way.

We got to Venus eventually, and after swimming for about half an hour through the swamps, we arrived

at Snodgrass' mansion. An android butler let us in with a few words of greeting, and ushered us into the presence of Snodgrass Hewlingate. Suddenly Joe-Jack cried out, "I have it!"

Only it sounded a little different, since both of them cried out at once. They pilfered another coin from me, and tossed it. This coin was honest, and Joe won the toss, and, consequently, I heard him speak for the first time.

"Missuter Hewligate," he said a little nervously, "we have ge-solved your caseet for you."

Hewlingate was flabbergasted and stuff. "Tell me more, pray," he flustered, his lips flapping wildly.

"Your butler dood it!" declared Joe, delivering with these words, a stout kick to the butler's back mid-section, whereupon the butler reiterated, "Get the hell away from me, you horrid person!"

"You see? He's not an android, even. He is a human being. He is the one which has been manufactulating these ghosts that have been scared hell out of by you. He has been blackmailing your daughter and after you die, she will get your dough, which from her he will get by devious means." Snodgrass nodded eagerly and forked over a couple million credits to Joe-Jack in payment for his services.





"CREATION"



SUBJECT: Lionel Inman, your editor
 SPECIFICATIONS: Five feet, ten inches tall; weight, 140 pounds; Grey eyes; light brown hair; 17 years old.
 LIKES: Science-fiction and fantasy prozines and fanzines; pool; editing a fan mag; trying to be an artist; Meet fans.
 DISLIKES: "Wolves"; Claude Degler; messy mimeographing.

General History

I was born somewhere back in 1925 or 1926. I raised a hell of a racket at the time, but a guy's born only once, so yer can afford this.

I was considered a bright pupil in grammar school. When I was in the sixth grade, I wrote my first story. It was detective, involving some new kind of masked superman and very amateurish. I let some of the boys read it and they liked it. The pool dopes didn't know any better. Anyway, I hid it so no intelligent person would find it and use it to blackmail me.

I started another, but didn't finish it. The next one that I completed was while I was in the eighth grade. I had just discovered stf, and, naturally, that was what it was. I kept the thing for a year or two before I showed it to anyone. When I showed it, it was hailed as a classic, of course. Of course! Honestly, though, it wasn't too bad as fan fiction. The story? It was "Robomageddon" the serial that was completed last issue. Since that, I've written several more but just filed them away. Lately, I've been sending some to fan editors, who bury them instead of publishing them. I admit, though, that I've fooled an editor or two lately.

I suppose the rest of this should concern the history of VULCAN in a condensed form. I conceived the whole idea while seeing what made the school mimeograph tick. I reasoned: if those guys who call themselves fan editors can fool the readers, then why can't I?

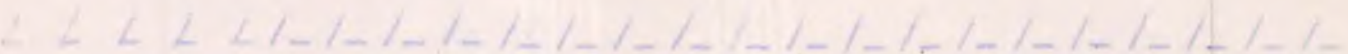
So I went to work on the first issue. I still remember the time I had writing nearly the whole thing by myself. Stanley Haynes helped out with his column "Are Yo- Interested". When I was through, the whole thing amounted to about 12 pages. Only a few copies were made, as I wanted to try out my friends before I put my work up for the scorn of the cruel, impersonal public. As result, there are only a few copies of that first issue now in existence. I have only one copy myself.

With the second issue, the number of pages was increased to 24. Also there was better duplication since I had bought a hecto of my own. There were twice as many copies made as of the first issue, but they soon sold out. I have only copy of this issue left.

Well, the rest is history----how the number of subscribers and
 am I indebted

Raynes, Russell Gale and Darrel G. Lefever for their financial aid, encouragement and advice.

See, what a screwy autobiography! Can you beat it?



ADVENTURES IN A

STF FAN

DARREL LEFEVER



HAVING ONCE OR twice edited small, amateur newspapers I know what a demand it is to an editor to have copy---any kind of copy---appear when he's struggling to fill that empty space. So this, if it makes the VULCAN, will have to stand sore as an ameliorant of editorial suffering and fulfillment of a promise I once made to write an article for the magazine than a timely, pertinent document of any phase of the science-fiction movement.

It is, in fact, no more than a recounting of my reading adventures through the years---real and vivid to me, but perhaps not so to another. Perhaps it is slightly "off-the-trail" in that it is designed for publication in a s-f magazine and despite the fact I've been seeking out and reading s-f for years, not one tenth of my reading has been in that field. But reading and the world of books interest you then any failure of mine to do so is my shortcoming and not that of the subject, I believe.

It was in '30 or '31---exact time and details forgotten---but the particular character has not since that first copy of Astounding came into his hands experienced the same feelings of enchantment which transported him to another time and the depths of another world, into the presence of alien creatures awakened from a long sleep, back to earth and safety by rocket ship.

I think the new concepts of excitement and adventure contained in that story literally shocked my uninitiated mind into a desire for more. Often since I've speculated as to whether I'd ever felt the interest from that time did in the action magazines, I read and still read if that one copy of Astounding Stories had not come to my attention at that particular moment. Which brings up interesting conjectures. Would I have started reading as probably the greatest influencing factor in my life if beginning events had been otherwise? Was I predestined through any combination of natural inclinations and tendencies to turn to diversion, whatever events might have been?

Followed... of the most helter-skelter reading orgy. The pulp--- Shadow, Spider-Man Savage, Phantom, Secret-Agent "X", Operator #8, Amazing, Fighting, Fight, Sport, horror, detective, western. There must have been thousands. I followed the adventures of certain characters avidly in many magazines, reading the detective magazines like Shadow, Spider, etc., in practically consecutive order, seldom missing an issue. I could name all characters participating in any series and give the

action or phase of their career at any particular time. By many and devious means I obtained them---the aviation and air-war, the miscellaneous adventure magazine. In like proportion was a heterogeneous representation of slick magazines, boys' books, mythology, fairy tales, "David Copperfield", "Robinson Crusoe", the best sellers, "Les Miserables", histories and texts, the Book of Wonder and Book of Knowledge in a great many volumes. In short, the supply never equaled the demand; I read for the joy of reading, rather than for interest derived from the matter itself in a great many cases, and I read everything that came to hand.

One of the thrilling experiences of this time was the reading of "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire", while for years I read and saved every Buck Rogers strip. A serious interest, too, was the following of the many character series in Wild West Weekly---thrilling indeed to a small boy living in a world of space-ships, miracles, of infinite variety, beauty and wonder. G-8 and his Battle Aces was always engrossing; Battle Birds, Dare-Devil Aces, and the Lone Eagle were studied as carefully as any lesson; I could give figures on performances and specifications of the World War I planes at a time when I could not distinguish between any of the more common makes of cars. Fokker D-7's, Albatross's, Pfalz's and Spandau Machineguns were terms as commonplace to me as the modern plane today.

1932 provided new fields and interests. I acquired a new neighbor with the proverbial garage full of Argosy, Blue Book and others. I read "When Worlds Collide", reams of Max Brand when he was writing for Street and Smith's Western Story, Detective Fiction Weekly, Railroad Men's and always---Argosy. "Spawn of the Comet", Chas Alden Seltzer, the "radio" stories, Gillian Hazeltine, Bill and Jim, A. Merritt, Burroughs, Fred Mac Isaac (what a writer!), "The Hothouse World", "He Rules Who Can", F. Van Wyck Mason; endless is the list of stories and authors enjoyed from the pages of hundreds of Argosies that year and the next. About this time, too, I remember a Rifer Haggard serial in some old mag; title and story hardly a memory---and some splendid stories in Ace-High and other magazines of western, of which probably few copies are in existence today.

Between 1933 and early 1939 I read, as before, the magazines, more books, having gained access to a library with Jules Verne, Burroughs, Wells, Zane Grey, and other types and authors by scores, but no Argosy, though I can't give a plausible reason.

I thrilled to Louis Tracy's "Wings of the Morning", "The Jungle" though recent re-readings reveal much I did not, could not, grasp then. Rex Beach was outstanding as an author of adventure---"The Ne-er-do-wells", "Heart of the Sunset", "Going Some", "The Net", "The Rainbow's End". My list is so long any attempt to mention a part would be superfluous.

In the first months of 1939 I received a pleasant shock when in a back number shop I came across some 1938 Argosies containing "Carson of Venus", "Trouble Wagon", and an excellent fantasy novelette by Richard Warner about the little man who gained strength through chemicals---"Featherfingers", I believe.

Soon I was piecing together from here and there the parts to fill out "Ship of the Line", "The Living Ghost", "The Man With the Magic Face", reading meanwhile, "Synthetic Men of Mars", "Minions of the Moon", and the Dr. Kildere stories. But some weeks elapsed before the germs of the new idea---to whole-heartily adopt magazine collecting as a hobby---manifested themselves.

It was slow work at first---few pre-1937 Argosies were obtainable and I read them all as fast as I collected them---faster. But soon conditions began to materialize and I was hard-put to go to school, do the usual things and raise the money to pay for the magazines offered.

at me from all sides, leading to some embarrassment at times. At this time--1940---came my first correspondence with other fans and my first fan-magazine, all lending as much fun to the game as anything else. Also in 1940 a man in Long Island was writing long, repetitious letters avowing his destitution, his invalid state, and his willingness to sell a collection of 12,000 magazines containing files of all the magazines you and I have ever wanted to own---the rarities, the old Black Cat, and All-Story, Thrill Book, the old Cavalier, Argosy, and the files of the Street and Smith Pubs when they ran as weeklies---20 to 35 years of Detective story and Western Story magazines. These were the files, practically complete of Blue Book, Adventure, Short Stories, and every issue of Popular, the issues of Saturday Evening Post since 1898.

What to do? I sent the address to friends, distributed it as widely as possible. But the thing was too big; that was three years ago and I don't know now the fate of this remarkable collection.

In October of 1940 I received about 500 issues of Argosy and Argosy All-Along from a new Jersey address---back to 1925. Slowly I was obtaining other magazines, the stf, Blue Book, Adventure, maintaining, meanwhile, a file of many current magazines, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, etc. In early '41 I obtained some Argosy back to 1905 and 100 1905-24 Popular, a magazine discontinued by Street and Smith in 1930,

which rivaled Argosy in those days, and in its first few years of publication recorded 200 or more novels from its pages published in book form and probably had as many published until 1930, doubtlessly equalling the lists published in Argonotes, P.c. 30, 1933, and June 16, 1934.

In popular were featured Rex Beach ("Going Some"), H.G Wells with "Tono Bungay", Frank L. Packard with some of the top railroad short stories ever published ("On the Iron at Big Cloud") and "Doors of the night" in 1918---one of the greatest underworld stories. Jack London in 1912 an '13 with "Adventure" and "The Abysmal Brute", Stewart Edward White, Emerson Hough, Zane Grey, Chas. Nevill Buck and many others added to its laurels. Frances Lynde and B.M. Bower were published almost exclusively; Henry Herbert Knibbs, A.M. Chisholm, William Le Quez, Raymond S. Spears, G.W. Odgen and other prominent writers were featured. During the '20's Fred McIsaac contributed regularly such serials as "Senator McGuire", "The Last Atlantite" and "Tin Hats".

In Blue Book of the '20's were, as today, the best writers of adventure---Zane Grey, Chas. Alden Seltzer, Burroughs from 1916 to the present, H. Bedford Jones (his remarkable series, "Arms and Men" and "Ships and Men", are a landmark in publishing history), and Clarence Herbert New. In 1924 Blue Book published Agatha Christie's "The Man in the Brown Suit"; a writer, Bigelow Neal, produced great outdoor stories and of the west. Raymond S. Spears with "The Mountain Sheriff", "Mississippi Magic" and "Swamp Angel", wrote serials of their types unexcelled.

In excellence of format, departments stories and all-over true value, the old Adventure probably stands alone. Edited by Arthur Sullivan Hoffman for nearly 20 years, it reached heights in the 20's few action magazines reach. H. Bedford Jones, Gordon Young, Hugh Pendexter, Leonard Mason, Brobeur, T.S. Stribling, Raymond S. Spears, Harold Lamb, were contributors. The "Ask Adventure" and "Campfire" departments in those old magazines make as interesting reading today as when published. J. Frank Dobie and other writers on subjects of interest to adventurers has quoted "Ask Adventure" and "Campfire" among the bibliographies of their books. One of my favorite short stories in any magazine is Raymond S. Spears' "The Shepherd" in a 1924 Adventure.

Out of Argosy has come the bulk of my magazine reading of the past 4 years, however, its large circulation making the old copies comparatively easy to find. To list the hundreds of fine stories would be repeating

names and titles that are household words among magazine readers. But the best--the Fred MacIsaac stories(not all, but "The Golden Woman", "The Devil and the Deep", "The King Who Came Back", "The Hothouse World", "Soft Money", an old one, and stories like "The Golden Serpent", and some whose titles I forget, are not soon forgotten), the first two Dr. Kildare stories, the Hornblower trilogy, the Frank L Packard serials, Max Brand westerns, "The Golden Knight", "The American", A. Merritt, Burroughs, Otis A. Sear, Geo. F. Worts, and a hundred others from Zane Grey to Buchan to Theodore Roscoe have published their superlative stories here.

Also in 1940 came a transcending interest in Jack London and the desire to collect his books, of which I now have 18. "Martin Eden", "People of the Abyss", "The Iron Heel", I consider some of the greater serious writings ever published, "The Scarlet Plague", "Before Adam" and "The St. Plover" rank among the greatest imaginative novels ever written.

Of late I've tended to read more Stuart Chase, Upton Sinclair, and Stone biographies, "Out of the Night", travel books, world affairs. But collecting and reading magazines interest me as always. Since early 1940 I've doubled my collection; as of March, 1942, had over 1,000 issues of Argosy---nearly complete from 1920, a hundred All-Story and many old Adventure, Blue Book, Amazing and Astounding besides.

Some other projects are collecting off all Max Brand stories wherever published and the collecting of all Rex Beach, Burroughs, Haggard and stiff and fantasy books I can lay han upon.

I don't know where it will all lead but I do know that I've enjoyed it, that I'll go on reading and collecting, that the call of adventure and the realities of life will always bring memories of those other adventures and live only slightly less real than my own, and that among the confines of memory this one pleasure will stand as prominent as any other:

*****we love you*****

THE VENUS GARDEN MYSTERY (continued from page 7)

I now have a ten-year contract with Messrs. Joe and Jack Printwhistle, Detective, Extraordinary, to chronicle his adventures. Messrs. Printwhistle is a very fine boss, and he is teaching me to write American.

THE END

A R E Y O U A M A R T I A N ?

Even if you are a Martian or Venusian and can't read anything but hieroglyphics, we know you'll like the three VULCAN PUBLICATIONS.

THE VULCAN
 Colonel Innman
 Route 1
 Ripley, Tenn.
 10¢

APOLLO
 Joe Hensley
 411 S. Fess
 Bloomington, Ind.
 5¢

MARS
 Van Splawn
 915½ West 8th St.
 Coffeyville, Kansas
 5¢



SOLYG GAZED through the rear port. The black velvet canopy of space, jewel-studded, was spread before his eyes. But, beautiful though it was, he was not looking at that. He was looking at a planet, one which was growing small by the minute. It was his home world, which he was leaving forever.

The world behind was a dying world. It was red; red with the dust of the great desert Tsuryl and the desert Iruylmar---dust that was iron oxide. Once his world had had a thick atmosphere containing much life-giving oxygen, now it was thin, for most of the oxygen was gone, combined with the iron of the planet. And now Solyg, and the five-hundred other creatures aboard this ship, were the last of their race.

As Solyg stared at the red planet he saw tiny lines criss-crossing the red of the desert. He saw the small dot at the junction of several of the lines, and he knew it for one of his people's ancient cities---Klik by name---long since abandoned. And he thought of the world that was the ship's destination.

It was a beautiful world. Blue-green it was, with continents covered with growing things. And water---another thing his world was dying for the lack of---was there in abundance. Great oceans of it stretched over the face of the planet, and on the continents there were innumerable lakes and rivers. Water! His world was nearly devoid of it, and the blue-green world had more water than land.

Intelligent beings lived on that blue-green planet, but Solyg had no scruples about wresting their home from them. To him they were little more than the savages, for his intelligence ranked above theirs.

But Solyg was wrong in thinking of them as little more than savages. His assumption was based on observations made over the two-thousand Tungs (the name for his home planet's year, which was twice the length of the blue-green planet's) ago. No observations had been made after that time. Since that time, unknown to Solyg and his fellow citizens, those beings had built a great civilization. Great cities covered the face of the planet; machines traveled both on the land and in the air, many carrying freight and passengers. Solyg and his fellow beings were in for a surprise!

Days later the globular spaceship of which Solyg was commander, was bearing the blue-green planet. Behind lay the blue-green planet's satellite, a globe about two-thousand miles in diameter, covered with blue plains.

and huge craters. It was completely empty of air and water----a dead world as his home world would soon be.

Solyg pressed a button and looked again at the blue-green world. It had been growing swiftly before, the ship moving rapidly toward it; now it seemed to grow more slowly, for the space-ship was decelerating, its gravity propulsion drive working against the mass of the blue-green planet.

Solyg turned from the port as the door opened. One of his officers entered.

"We near our new world," said Solyg telepathically. "Order them to be warned. We shall have to exterminate the savages now inhabiting it."

The creature made a movement with his arms, the evil intent of a call to arms, gave what stood for "Yes sir," turned and left the room to carry out his orders. Solyg turned back to the port, looked out at the world. Then he saw the thing with the tail of fire.

It was streaking out of the planet's atmosphere at an incredible speed. Queer looking thing, thought Solyg. What could it be? Then suddenly Solyg knew the clutch of fear. For a moment he stared at it, fear freezing it to one spot. For he realized that swiftly moving object was going to strike the ship! Then he started to race for the control panel to throw the globe from its course. He was too late; at that instant the thing struck!

It was a glancing blow, but nonetheless hard for all that. Solyg was hurled from his feet, struck the wall and all went black for him. He had been standing near the control panel, and after striking the wall his body fell across it. His hand struck a lever, shoved it as far as it would go. Instantly the globe accelerated with a fearful speed, its gravity repulsion turned fully on and aimed at the mass of the moon! It struck the atmosphere of the blue-green world....

The field was aglow with lights. Great crowds were gathered about it, pushing and shoving against the restraining ropes stretched around it. Hundreds of guards stood about the field, to make sure none slipped in under the ropes.

This field was located in the state of Arizona, the United States of America. The thousands of people crowded around the field were gathered here to witness the start of the first voyage into space. The destination of the voyage was to be the moon.

Beginning near one of the sheds, where there were clustered several large sheds, a concrete runway, rising at a slight angle, ran the length of the field. On the runway were set greased rollers. This was the runway from which the ship would take off.

The muffled roar of the crowd suddenly died away. A line of automobiles carrying the captain and the crew of the ship was approaching. They roared across the field and came to a stop before one of the huge sheds. Television cameras were trained on the cars and on the men who got out of them. The crowd started to surge in the direction of the sheds, but the guards held them back. Then the captain and the crew entered the shed and the crowd was quiet.

Suddenly the great sliding doors of the shed opened and the monster of the skies slid into view. It was a great torpedo-shaped ship, with short wings sticking from the sides of the hull. Three great rocket tubes formed its propulsion mechanism. It was moved to the end of the runway.

The captain and the crew were already aboard the great ship. A man announced that it still liked five minutes of the starting time. The crowd waited, silent, expectant. Slowly the minutes ticked away. There was but half a minute left. Then twenty seconds. Ten. Five. Two. One!

There was a great thunderous roar, a great gush of flame from the three rocket tubes, and the ship was streaking up the runway. It reached the end, rose into the air. Like a comet it rose into the star-dusted

heavens. Soon it grew small, a mere streak of light in the sky. Then it was but a dot, merely another star. Slowly the crew dispersed.....

Aboard the ship (it had been named the Sirius after Sirius, the brightest star in earth's sky) the captain and the crew lay in their hammocks, without which they could not have stood the terrific acceleration. The captain, whose hammock lay in easy reach of the controls, was looking through the control-room window. They had just left the atmosphere of Earth, when he suddenly stiffened in surprise.

"Good Lord!" he exploded, and tried to sit up in spite of the terrific weight that seemed to be pressing him down. He reached for the controls.

The captain had good reason for surprise and excitement. For, bearing down upon the Sirius, was a great meteorite, a perfect globe in shape! The meteor repulsion was, of course, in operation. But even though the repulsion field was of great strength, it could never protect the ship from a head-on collision with a meteorite the size of that one! The captain turned the ship suddenly, at the risk of killing everyone on board, and even that was not enough.

Crash! The Sirius vibrated in every joint, as the meteorite struck them only a glancing blow. But even that had come close to demolishing the ship. The repulsion screen had been strong enough to save them.

It was only several hours later, when the Sirius was farther out in space and the acceleration had lessened to a point where the occupants were again comfortable, that the captain spoke of the meteorite. One of the other men who had seen it said:

"Gee, but it was huge! A regular giant."

"What puzzles me," spoke up the captain, "is its shape. How could a meteorite so far out in space be such a perfect globe?"

"Say!" said one of the more imaginative men of the crew, "maybe it was a spaceship carrying creatures from some other world."

"Perhaps," said the captain doubtfully. "Anyway, it's a puzzle....."

As the crowd about the field from which the Sirius had taken off was dispersing, they were suddenly treated to a sight none would ever forget. High in the night sky a point of brilliant light appeared amid the stars. In a moment it had grown to a great globe of flame, falling all the while. It lighted the landscape as brightly as day with a weird glow. In awe, the faces of the crowd were turned to this phenomenon of the skies.

As it fell, the meteor continued to grow brighter until none could bear to look directly at it. It was apparent that it would strike the earth several miles away. But suddenly, just before it struck, the meteor exploded.

Later a radio message was received from the Sirius, telling of the space voyagers' narrow escape from the meteor.

But none of the myriads of persons over the whole surface of Earth who heard the news knew how narrow the escape had been---both for the members of the Sirius' crew and all the peoples of Earth. Nor did they know that in the explosion of that meteor had died the last of a great and ancient race.

THE END

DO YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE?

When you have an occasional nightmare, does it take the simple form of vampires and ghouls? Or is it something far worse? Yes, we have the physical counterpart of your subconscious symbolizing--quite horribly done up in messy hectoring & awful proffering. Such morons as Chad Oliver and Paul Miles and poetry by Karden; not to mention Ray Palmer and others.


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*****
"
"
"   ADEQUATE   JUDGEMENT  "
"
"   By
"   Art R. Sehnert
"
*****

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IT WOULD be wise, I think, if some Eager Beaver in fandom did a little research to help fan-eds to get a more accurate picture of the reactions to their magazines.

I feel pretty safe in saying that reactions, as they now stand, are far from adequate. For instance: Here's a fanzine I have conjured up for this article. It's a small hecto'd affair, maybe seven, eight or even twelve pages. It contains one piece of fiction, poetry, articles, columns and an editorial. In other words, a straight mag. Circulation runs to maybe fifty copies. Average reaction letters are of four types: (1) The answer from the thirty year old fan, (2) The answer from the new fan, (3) The answer from another fan editor, and (4) The answer from the fan that hates everything, AMAZING included.

Taking the four types in order we have: (1) the thirty year old fan, chronologically, gentlemen, not mental, with his older, (maybe) wiser, more worldly outlook. This gentleman is like most working men, in a hurry. Since the mag is hecto'd and usually unresdible without effort, he doesn't like the mag as a whole because it takes a lot of his time perusing the thing. Consequently, with this dislike already in mind, he judges everything from that viewpoint. (2) Now, the new fan. This boy is ecstatic simply because it is something done by guys like himself, and because he hasn't gotten over the daze which first enveloped him at his first contact with fandom. (3) We come to the other fan editor. He coats his criticisms with saccharin because he wants praise in return for his own magazine. Yes, you fellow eds, you do. Remember, praise builds reputations, and reps build circulations, and cir...well, why go on. (4) Now we come to the guy who hates everything. If I go into this I'll end up writing a treatise on the bigotry of the human race, so I'll dissuade and allow you to draw your own conclusions.

Here we have four types of answers. Four utterly unlike reactions. Reactions based not on a set of true, unbiased standards, but on a set of standards that run from tolerance to contempt.

Some of you readers may be tempted at first thought to want to inform me that the system of judging by numerical standards takes care of this. Not so, boys, not so. The same bias enters into this type of judging.

Without attempting to offer any means of rectifying this, we'd like to suggest the origin of a committee of fans to review and pass on a true judgement on all fan stuff printed.

THE END

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Harry de la Ree, Jr.

3 Bogert Place
Westwood, N.J.

The fourth issue of THE VULCAN arrived today. It was indeed an improvement in several ways over the first three numbers. It's a pity that such an improved makeup had to be spoiled by poor reproduction, which after all, is the fault of the hector, not you.

Going through it item by item, I would rate the issue as follows:

6, ROBOMAGEDDON--5, ARE YOU INTERESTED--8, CLUB LIBRARY--3, MAFIERS FAN--7, FROM G.H.Q.--7, COLORED BALCONY--8. Art work as a whole--6.

The printed table of contents was an excellent addition to the magazine and if possible I would attempt to continue this practice. A printed head for the cover might also be an improvement. The headings for the various articles and departments were fairly good, altho blurred because of the hector. The art work is definitely better. The illustrations on pages 6, 8, and 18 seem to be the best, but the back cover is also good. The cover is not so good, and you would have been better off with any other illustration in the ish for a front cover than what you did use. It was neat, however.

I was surprised to see Miller's piece from SUN SPOTS reprinted. I remember that you asked me if you could reprint some of SSP material, but I had completely forgotten about it. The letter section was interesting, especially Edward Conner's little pop-off about AMAZING and ASTOUNDING. I don't think so much of Conner's system of gauging the respective popularity of the two mags. I know it for a fact that about two years ago, AMAZING was outselling AST each month. Perhaps the tide has turned more recently; I cannot prove that it has or hasn't and neither can Conner. UNKNOWN has fallen by the wayside because of the paper shortage. But is that the only reason? If UNK had any kind of a circulation, don't you think that Street and Smith would cut out some less popular mag and retain the other? Jumping at conclusions, I would say that Unk has become less and less popular the last few years and that AST is also on the downgrade. Don't get me wrong now, I'm not saying that the Ziff-Davis mags are going up all this time, for most assuredly they are not, BUT, doing a little guessing, I would venture the opinion that AMAZ is still outselling AST, despite MR. Conner's infalible system of canvassing a number of Chicago newsstands.

At any rate, it makes little difference, for we both agree that to our minds ABT is the better, tho the fiction printed in AMAZ appeals to a greater number of people.

Back to VULCAN: You're still making too many incorrect divisions of words and are twisting around sentences and leaving out words. I know one reason it is: you are chewing off too big a bite. There is no reason to jump to a thirty page mag. Keep it around 16 or 20; that's plenty. Just keep your fanzine on a regular schedule and forget about super issues. That will all come in time. Concentrate in improving your format, reproduction, material, etc. You'll see what vast steps forward you'll make if you take this suggestion. If you can possibly get hold of a mimeo machine, by all means do so. It will be 100% better than a hecto. (also 100% more expensive!) Inclosed you'll find a dime for the next iss

Bob Tucker
Box 260
Bloomington, Ind.

#4 VULCAN read and appreciated. Can I get the first three issues? (Sorry, but we've been sold out too long ago to think about having back numbers)

No complaints on the material in #4 except with the general tone of the article bemoaning the "death of fandom" Upon our entry into the war a good many people, including myself, expected fandom to shut up shop. We were far wrong. Fandom and Fanzines are by no means dead or dying. Those who proclaim it so are shortsighted and refuse to accept the evidence around them.

There are many fanzines appearing today (and still more announced) as any other average period in fan history. The present does not match the past--no. I believe 1941 to be the peak with over 80 fanzine titles in work. But we are a long way from the bottom. So away with the moaners!

William James
10016 Aurora Ave.
Detroit 4, Mich

Received my copy of your fanzine, THE VULCAN, today. I am enclosing 25¢ for a three issue subscription (waddya you mean "subscribe at your own risk"?) and an extra nickel in complete payment for the first issue. (I sent you only 5¢--remember?)

Now I suppose I had better give you my opinions on your mag. Your cover was not too good; especially the futuristic bombing plane. It was rather silly looking, don't you think? ((NO!)) Otherwise, I liked it. The inside illustrations were uniformly good (except for that tangle of scarp parts the here was holding in the pic on page 6) and the back cover was excellent. ((N-Man paused to throw a beaming smile at you))

The printing wasn't too good in places, but it is about as well done as can be expected since you use a hectograph. You have a great number of misspelled words, and here and there, your typist has apparently skipped a syllable and sometimes a whole word. You say that you had to get this issue out in a hurry, however, so this time I'll forgive you.

I've read everything in this issue but the serial story. (can you tell me how to get the other installments?) I liked the poem for all its evident errors; tell "Joel" to keep it up! ARE YOU INTERESTED was intere

esting, but the author's thinking seemed a bit illogical in some places. Maybe I'll write you an article later on, giving my opinions on the subject. (do you accept articles from your readers?) ((NATURALLY!)) Those reprint articles were OK, but I think you should use as much new stuff as you can. Discontinue CLUB LIBRARY and enlarge your reader's department. N.S.P. was OK; it gave me a piece of news I hadn't heard--namely, Merritt's death.

By the way, don't discontinue the fiction. Although it naturally isn't as good as pro fiction, it's still fun to read. I think you ought to have a short story and one serial installment in each issue.

Well, all in all, you've a pretty nice mag here. Keep up the good work!

Henry Elsner, Jr.
12618 Cedar Grove
Detroit 5, Mich.

Number 4 VULCAN was good, but not as good as no. 3. The one thing I didn't like was Stan Haynes' article ARE YOU INTERESTED. On page 17, he states that rocket propulsion would never work, and that electric "gravity" is the only practical power for a space-ship. I disagree severely with him there.. In the first place, he said that the occupants of the ship would be killed by the acceleration at the take-off.

It has been proven that a space ship need only attain the speed of 7 miles per second to clear Earth's atmosphere and attraction. In Germany before the war, centrifugal machines were built and men volunteered to get into them. They reached a speed of eight or nine miles per second without hurting the men. Furthermore, the electric "gravity" would help the ship considerably in leaving the Earth. In the second place, the electric gravity would never work as a means of propulsion out in space, away from the planets.

Russell Wilsey
87 22-252 Street
Bellerose, N.Y. NY

.....The cover was pretty awful. You should get a better lettering job on the title. As to the picture--having full side-view is nice, but not when you have monstrosities as that plane? The building was OK and so was the ship in the background, and I like the idea of having your "VULCAN" seal on the cover. ((Xplanation: that "seal" was done in red ink, which didn't dissolve so good, so didn't get onto all the copies. Sorry.)) But that crate in the foreground. Ugh!

We turn the page to find a small slip of paper flepping in the breeze. After reading it, I was sorry to note the NULL stamped on it. Now I am in the market for back number mags, but this evidently means that they are no longer for sale. Please correct me as soon as possible if I'm wrong. ((You are right----they are no longer for sale. We detect your sly attempt to get in some free advertising. Shame!)) I would have skipped the poem for it looks very unappealing in its barren surroundings. But being a poetry fiend, I read it, and I'm glad I did for it was good. Something like the type I kid myself into believing I can write. But couldn't you have touched up the borders with a few suns or stars twinkling? As it is, it definitely lowers the poem's rating. On that ingenious net) (of scoring, 1-10, I would give it seven.

The title page was also excellent, but for the fact that you left the border above "THE VULCAN" bare. Could have used a rocket ship or something. ((If you ever had any printing done, you should understand why we didn't use a cut such as you mentioned. The cost is frightening.)) The nice job led me to believe that this would continue throughout the issue. Alas, this is not the case. I would give it a 7.

That absolutely sloppy heading for the story dealt it a death blow as far as I'm concerned. I don't think that I would have read it anyway as I never read a serial until I have all the parts. So much for that.

Picture on page six was perplexing, can't figure what the guy is sitting on, now what was the spiked thing near the robot's head is. 5 (which is fair). Six and 7 for the next one. Girl's face was good. At first, I didn't get the Hermit cartoon, but I gathered from one letter that it accompanied a story on a past issue. 7

ARE YOU INTERESTED was better than most articles. This gravitation reminds me of Gernsback's Baron Munchausen's Adventures. 8. The accompanying picture was worth 5.

THE FUTURE OF FANDOM was easily the best thing in the issue. Gerry, of course, has the best and only side. 9

You might as well drop the CLUB LIBRARY; you don't really don't have enough things to keep it going. No raving.

Dave Miler's article is so true. Luckily, I have very understanding parents, but I still have trouble trying to "talk science" with my friends. Eight and 7.

Although Conner's letter is just a re-hash of something everybody ~~xxx~~ knows, it was interesting in spots. I would like to contest his statement that ASTOUNDING's circulation could match AMAZING's. I think he's off his trolley on that. I like the way Haynes calls Willmczyk a "Big fan". No comment on Laney.

I don't understand the back cover, but it's worth 6.

Thus I leave the poor, perspiring editor.

Stanley Haynes
Route 1
Pardeeville, Wis.

You surprised me! How? By issuing THE VULCAN with clock-like precision for four consecutive issues. This is quite an accomplishment in the fanzine field. The vast majority spring up like mushrooms, but like-wise vanish after one or two appearances. Keep your nose to the grindstone. I like the results.

Last night I read all three installments of ROBOMAGEDDON. Won't say it was perfect or even nearly so. But, honestly, it was pretty good. It showed a lot of promise for a future author. I know it was a lot better than anything I could cook up. Let's have more, but not quite so long.

Did I mention before that VULCAN is improving? Well, I'll repeat it. From cover to cover it showed a lot of conscientious effort. The rough points are wearing off with experience and practice. The title page just about stole the show, being printed in slick style. (Why not use one of these for a front cover sometime?) ((what about it, readers?)) Best art work was by Van Splawn on page 7 and n)Man on the back cover.

I'm certainly pleased to see more and more articles by various authors. This variety of ideas and topics of discussion as should be in a fan mag. All too often the mag is the mouthpiece and effort of one or two individuals. Readers soon tire of the same old stuff--and editors soon run dry of inspiration.

Let me add my voice to those desiring a new title for the letter department. Can't suggest any special name, but "COLORED BALCONY" seems to lack distinction and definition. Edward C. Conner's letter was excellent. This should have been given a column heading. Let's have more letters from the readers. TWILIGHT shows class, though perhaps not the type that brings 25¢ the line from the pulp magazines. The creator, Joel, may be going places in the world of poetry yet!

My letter is getting too long. Will close it a hurry by suggesting you ring in a few more SCIENTI-CARTOONS.

Russell Gale
Box 222
Leadey, Okla.

Number four was quite a commendable issue. The cover especially stands out. An overly good drawing to start with and an excellent reproduction. Here's my 1-10 rating on the rest of the issue:

TWILIGHT--5. I'm no poetry lover or this would rate higher. ROBOMAGEDDON--6. Above average for this concluding installment. ARE YOU INTERESTED--9. The Wisconsin Wildcat turns out another masterpiece. THE FUTURE OF FANDOM--3. No reflections against anyone. It just didn't click with me. CLUB LIBRARY--An excellent try at keeping this dept going. MEMOIRS OF A STF FAN--8. I like these babies. FROM G.H.Q.--7. Still good enough but not up to past performances. COLORED BALCONY--6 Three excellent letters of comments but the dept. should be enlarged.

Suggestions: Stick with Haynes for the return of SCIENTI-CARTOONS. And don't let anything (even that subdirector job) interfere with VULVAN's publication schedule.

THE EDITOR: Many thanks to all who wrote. Won't you continue to write, also you that have never written before. You're always welcome to the "Halls of Vulcan", More next time if you write 'em.
#####

EPITAPH

Here lies a fan,
He's gone to greater glories.
Now he sits in the city of gold
And reads Celestial Stories.
From I. F. A. REVIEW.



VULCAN

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13618 CEDAR GROVE
DETROIT 5, MICH.

NOTE: TITLES OF MAGS THAT ARE IN RED
ARE MEMBERS OF VULCAN PUBLICATIONS

INSERT

Because of the delay in receiving the printed part of this issue, the whole issue has been delayed. This outdated many items. Also, the issue was boxed before some of the ads came in. Below and/or on the opposite side of this sheet you will these ads in addition to some we are repeating because part or all of the addresses are illegible. We wish to announce two new members to that rapidly growing fan-publishers alliance, SATURNALIA and THE. You will find the names of the editors and the addresses with their ad. You will observe that we now have 5 members.

.....

PARADOX

The sixth issue of PARADOX, that veritable "old-timer" (it's all of a year-and-a-half old now) will be out in the middle of December. This issue features "Disturbing----Isn't It?", a thought-provoking article by Raymond Washington, Jr., "Dreams for Science-Fiction" by Roscoe E. Wright, "Obituary", by Andy Anderson, "Thoughts On a Future Metropolis", by Bob Tucker, a storyette by Franklin Lee Baldwin, "The Chronion", PARADOX's hyper new department (and, wonders of wonders, the Anachronist merely comments on the letters, all two of them!), besides the usual departments and features. Three copies for 25¢, or singles for 10¢.

Frank Wilkoszyk, Jr.
8 Lewis St.
Wes. Hill, Mass.

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