

CANADIAN FANDOM

NO.
14

A  PUBLICATION



CANADIAN FANDOM

NO. 14

A CAFF Publication

— Published for Canadians, by Canadians —

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by —
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CONTENTS

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FICTION

The Landslide David H. Keller, MD 4

FEATURES

Editorial WE. Beak Taylor 2
Stuff & Such. Fred Hurter Jr. 8
The Maelstrom Readers' Reactions. 17
La Nuite Blanche. Moe Dinor 23
Sky Wanderings. Barbara E. Boyard 24
As I See It Leslie A. Grouch 27
Index to CANADIAN FANDOM. Beak Taylor 30
Wee Willie's Wanderings William D. Grant. 31
Fan Personalities (Alastair Cameron). William D. Grant. 37
Canadian Fan Directory. Canadian Fans 38

ARTICLES

Seabrook Atmosphere Harry B. Moore. 14
The Lever Principle Beak Taylor 15
Atomocracy. D. J. Morantz 22
The Production of Radioactive Tracers Alastair Cameron. 25

POETRY

The Witch's Cat James Russell Gray. 16
Keller Can't Write. Kellerfan 34

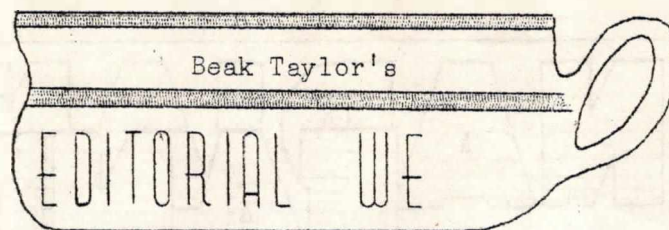
CARTOON

No Caption. Fred Hurter jr. 30

Cover by Hurter's girl-friend. Illustrations for TORCON Advertisement by Bill Grant. Abortive Art on pages 15 and 25 by Beak Taylor. Credits for dipsheeting and sorting go to Bill Grant, John Millard, Don Hutchison, Jack Doherty, and Al Betts. Ned McKeown did some too, even though he is now a staff member. Art Staff is composed of Al Betts, who did nothing this ish, and Bill Grant. Space to the right is left for the purpose of marking number of copies left in your subscription. A zero indicates that you should send your moolah, or be forced to languish in the valley of the unenlightened. Exchanges unmarked.

FAPA

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Every few months we pick up an arch or two and whip ourselves into some sort of condition for the production of CANFAN. When we do this, we realize the consequences: we are going to have to write an editorial. So we prepare ourselves, gird our loins, and make short notes on odd pieces of paper about things we intend to say. But it never works. In his own mysterious way our own personal Dero carries these memos off to some macabre never-never land on the very day we sit down to produce our masterpiece. They could be locked in a vault down at the bank and they'd still disappear.

So do you wonder why these editorial things read like a Chinese puzzle. When attempting to think of things to say, we feel about as efficient as a Mandarin running downhill.

Now to business. Chop, chop!

Fanwise, Canada is the most active it has ever been. CANADIAN FANDOM's still on an irregular schedule, but lo, new Fanzines appear on the scene. Croutch, of course, still springs an occasional LIGHT on a surprised world, and very pleasing surprises they are too. But now the mails are graced by the presence of MACABRE, edited by Don Hutchison and Jack Doherty, and published on Ned McKeown's Gestetner by the members of our Toronto Stf group. Jack & Don, two relative newcomers to the field, have done a very creditable job on their first issue — neat, profusely illustrated by both, good material by Joe Kennedy, Bill Grant, Forrest J. Ackerman, Leslie A. Croutch, and others. It also introduces another newcomer — Hamilton's Greg Cranston.

Greg is the corresponding member of Hamilton's only Science-Fiction Organization. We haven't heard from him lately, but at last reports this outfit was planning a zine of their own. No further details available. Write to Greg and see what he has on tap.

Biggest of recent Canadian Fanzine news, of course, is the reappearance of Fred Hurter's CENSORED. This corpse will be revived by a group of Zombies from

Montreal, including the inimitable Fred himself. The mere mention of CENSORED brings back fond memories to yours truly, for it was as "office-boy" on this zine that we were initiated into the rites of Fan Publishing. Under Fred's guiding hands, we learned the forgotten art of dummied two-column pages, of slip-sheets, of stencil-cutting. How many times did we stand watching Fred pump the handle on that decrepit Gestetner at St Andrew's College, as the ink-covered sheets, containing work by such as Oliver E. Saari, Les Croutch, John Hollis Mason, Fred, Barbara E. Bovard, Gord Peck, Nils Frome, Palmond A. Raymer and innumerable others, poured forth in interminable profusion? Ah yes! And the moans and groans of of compositor Kym Temby as that vindictive machine ripped and tore great gaping chasms in stencil after stencil. CENSORED will always have a special place in my heart. Let us pray that the Montrealers, Diner, Rattray, Reed, Hurter et al, maintain the glory of yesteryear.

The Canadian Fan Directory, on page 38, lists 55 names. Of these, many are inactive, some will never be heard from again. We suggest, however, that you send those not indicated with question marks a sample issue of your Fanzine. Many are in the embryonic stage where a kind word to raise interest could mean the eventual production of a Fan.

The active group, of course, are not neglecting their duties. Voluminous correspondence has been passing back and forth between here and Montreal. From Montreal has come the first concrete move — the premier draft of a Constitution for a Canada-wide organization, an organization which will knit the ravelled sleeve of care — oops — wrong quotation; to continue — an organization which will gather the loose ends and knit Canadian Fandom into a harmonic whole. Perhaps I am being extreme — in fact, there is no doubt about it. But we do intend to introduce a movement which will unify our Dominion greatly, and bring those in out-of-the-way centres closer to the pulse of

activity. At present, the organization's fundamental purpose is to support and encourage the TORCON, in itself a great boon to Stf here. Afterwards, well, that is still in the planning state. Suffice to say that it will be neither a repetition of the NFFF, nor will it be an FAPA.

CANFAN, LIGHT, and MACABRE, of course, are CAFF Publications. This is a separate group, sponsored by the CSFA or Canadian Science-Fiction Association, to promote publications. Again, still in the planning stage, more will be forthcoming later.

Locally, a rush of activity has caught Fans by the neck of their napery. Sunday has become a regular meeting day, when we gather at Ned McKeown's to talk over such momentous matters as the TORCON, CANFAN, CSFA, magazine ban, and so forth. The untiring efforts of Nedrick himself have produced an excellent club-room in basement, with wooden floor, bookshelves on three sides, but no heat. In these chilly times the latter has proven a distinct disadvantage. Club collection has been growing rapidly, with my own mags as a nucleus, and additions from Mrs Jessie E. Walker, local second-hand bookstores which Ned and I have been ransacking, and some of Ned's own library. From deJack we should be receiving a parcel of Froz any week now, since we left them in his care after the PHILCON, and we plan a trip to Buffalo in the near future for mag-trapping purposes.

The biggest disappointment, however, is the ban. With activity here at its highest point, we would certainly like to be able to receive the current mags, especially ASTOUNDING, in its new bi-weekly form, and the revived FANTASTIC NOVELS. Would anyone be willing to help out in this, perhaps mailing over a copy of some mag each month, for reimbursement, of course? Let us know.

Latest and most active of the localites is Bill Grant. He turned up during the Fall, wrote us, and has been hard at it ever since. Bill first made a brief appearance in Fandom back around 1941-2, joined the armed forces, and has finally re-entered the field. As an artist, Bill has one of the best stencil techniques we've seen — note his illustrations on

pages 32, 33, the first of his series Classics of Science-Fantasy, and on page 39, the TORCON Advertisement. The secret of his success, believe it or not, is a filed-down nail, which he uses for all his line work. Unfortunately, his shading has shown a tendency to weaken the stencil to such an extent that it eventually disintegrates — a disaster which befell his work on Shadow Over Innsmouth. We were able to run off only 200 of these, of which over 80 were touched-up by hand. Upon the other 30 pages, most of which will go to FAPA members, since they will not see our next issue, is Country of the Blind, which will be run next time for the rest of you.

Other newcomers in this issue are Alastair Cameron, whom we hope to feature regularly with his scientific slant on life, and Moe Diner, penman of the Montrealers' contribution, La Nuite Blanche. This we hope to make a regular feature, as Moe explains.

Next issue will see the first offerings of your TORCON Chairman — Ned McKeown itself, with a highly erudite dissertation on the Utopian Theme in Science Fiction. We have also a shortened Novellette by that novice at the typar, Fred Hurter Jr, entitled Heaven's My Destination, a neatly humorous but of wishful thinking. Continued, too, will be Fred's Stuff & Such, and The Evolution of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs. The latter is not in our possession, as yet, for this issue. It is now four days before final publication, and we have grave misgivings as to whether it will appear at all. You will recall, however, that the series was begun in Number 12, and absent last issue owing to Fred's travels across the face and other more remote parts of Europe. This is the same series which was begun in 1943 in the now-defunct MEPHISTO, and was cut off in the prime after only one installment — is it to suffer the same fate once again? Or has the death-knell of CANFAN been rung?

Thinking back, I somehow recall that the first issue of CANADIAN FANDOM, then known as 8-BALL, appeared during February of 1943. This, then, is our fifth anniversary. Weak cheers, since a check shows

— Continued on page 29 —

The Landslide

Dr. Morgan, surrounded by his California relatives, was very uncomfortable on a cement seat at the top of the Hollywood bowl. He should have been listening with keen enjoyment to the bird-like notes from the diminutive Lily Pons. Having scanty approval for classical music he was not in any way happy; and the seat was hard.

Thirty-thousand music-lovers filled the Bowl to capacity. The stage, with orchestra in front of it, was brilliantly lighted, but the rest of the Bowl was illuminated only by moonlight. Back of the Bowl was a long hill, which in the moonlight seemed to have a smooth top. It gradually rose from the back of the Bowl. Above it was a dark blue star-studded sky. Morgan turned his head and looked at the dark contour of the hill. The music seemed far away. For a moment he received no conscious impact from the thousands around and below him.

It seemed to him that the long smooth top of the hill was moving very slowly, in perfect rhythm, up and down. He started to count this movement, using for a comparative yardstick his respiratory rate. His rate was about 16 to the minute and the other movement was four. It was impossible to tell, at that distance, the extent of the movement but it was sufficient to be seen. Or was it simply an optical illusion?

The next morning he told his relatives that he was one his way back East. Instead, he drove to Hollywood, secured a cheap room in a lodging house, placed his automobile in a garage and walked over to the hill in back of the Bowl. Climbing through sage brush, mesquite and wild wheat, he finally reached the top. There, he slowly cleared a little piece of

ground and laid down on it, covering his eyes with a handkerchief. The noise of the constant traffic below him was irritating so he tore little strips off the handkerchief and stuffed them in his ears.

Morgan was palpating the hill, using his body instead of his fingers. As a medical student he had been taught to close his eyes when palpating an abdomen. "Learn to depend on touch unhampered by the other senses," the Professor had told him. Now, with eyes covered and ears closed he was palpating, touching the hill under him. It seemed that he could feel a very slight up and down movement. Once satisfied, he took out his watch and timed it; five to the minute. Last night he had estimated that it was four to the minute.

For over an hour he lay there, thinking. The movement never ceased, never varied in intensity. On and on it continued, with the rhythmic regularity of a smoothly running machine. As the Doctor continued to make his observations there was only one word that came to him with the same regularity as the movement; why? Why? WHY?

The next morning he was back on the hill but this time he had with him a pick and shovel and a small crowbar. Cautious inquiries had shown him that no one was very much interested in the hill and few had ever climbed it. Introducing himself as an amateur geologist he had easily secured permission from a real-estate firm to hunt for rocks. Rocks, however, were the last thing he was interested in. In fact, the fewer rocks he found the better pleased he would be. It would make digging easier.

Under the top soil he found sand with sea shells. It was hot and Morgan was now

used to excavating. Part of the sand slipped back into the hole and he realized that he would have to use planks to hold it back if he dug any deeper. Just as he was telling himself that no one but an imaginative fool would do anything like this he found something.

His shovel struck something hard. Down on his knees, he dug the sand away from it with his hands. Finally, he had cleared the top and sides of the thing, and even polished a bit of it. The surface had the hard, smooth feeling of bamboo, but he could not find a joint. Hasty investigation showed other similar objects on either side. What were they? Where did they start and where did they end?

Only after a week of hard work was he successful in liberating one from the covering sand. From the point where the thick end emerged from the sand to the tapering end it was over eleven feet long. It was hard but flexible; six inches in diameter at one end with the other end sharp. Flat, it resembled a gigantic pin.

Morgan did not try to dig up the long pins around and under the one he had spent so many days of hard work on. He logically concluded that they were all very much alike. That night he wrote in a notebook that the long objects all seemed to be running the same way with the small ends pointing away from the main highway. He raised the question as to the value of digging other holes in an effort to find out how extensive the deposit of these things was, but added the comment that unless he hired an excavating machine he would not have time or energy to dig many more holes.

The next morning he bought a hacksaw with several extra blades. Returning to the hole, he started to saw through the thing as close to the base as he could. It was hard work, but finally he had the satisfaction of severing it and raising it to the ground around the hole. Leaving his tools covered with a piece of burlap he put the thing on his shoulder and took it to his room. It was unhandy to carry but not very heavy. Once in his room he carefully washed it and spent some minutes looking at the cut end. Then he consulted a telephone book, located a lapidarist and once again looked at the cut end, six inches in diameter.

The lapidarist told him that it was not rock but that he would grind and pol-

ish it for \$ 5.00. Once this was done, the stone artist casually observed that it looked a little like petrified wood, but was much softer; that it would sell readily to the tourists and that he would pay \$1.00 for 25 or more. Just as a matter of interest, where did he get it?

Morgan was noncommittal. Simply said that he found it in the Mojave Desert, paid his bill and walked out.

After considerable hunting he found the Museum containing the bones of prehistoric animals dug out of the justly celebrated tar pits. There he found an international authority on bones.

He asked the old Professor one question:

"Can you tell me what this is?"

Professor Swenkhauser looked at it. Then he closed his eyes and felt it, after which he examined the cut, polished end with a magnifying glass. Finally, he exclaimed:

"This is not a bone!"

"I did not say that it was," answered Morgan. "All I want you to tell me is what you think it is."

"It is not a fossil," continued the Professor. "It is not a stem of any known plant. The cut end shows in various ways that it was taken from something that was alive. Alive! Wait here for me." He almost ran out of his office. In five minutes he was back. Clearing a long table he placed the eleven foot object on it. At the middle he laid a piece of typewriter paper and on that paper he carefully deposited a six-inch-long hair.

"I have just pulled this hair from one of our stuffed specimens, a giant ant eater from South America. If this is cut and the cross-section studied under observation it will show the same markings your specimen shows. Observe the color, the shape, the general resemblance. Can we say that you have brought me a hair? If we do, then we will have to admit that it is the longest hair ever seen or even imagined. And it is only one hair."

"That should not make any difference," argued Doctor Morgan. "Only recently an anthropologist brought a few molar teeth to New York City, but, once the fact was accepted that they were real teeth, the ancient man who once had those teeth was reconstructed and acknowledged to be larger by far than any other prehistoric man. You have on the table one hair, but I can bring you, if I wished, a hundred like it, or perhaps a thousand. One thing I cannot

tell you and that is how large this thing you think is a hair actually is. My excavations were very crude and so far I have not been able to dig out to the very butt end of a giant hair. They may be two, three times longer than this section I cut off."

"I am positive that you have cut off only a small part of it," the Professor said slowly. "In your specimen there are no signs of any circulation, no trace of a central medullary canal. The only way we could make sure would be to trace one of these down to the bulb which is in the epidermis. I said it was alive, but that does not mean that the animal it may be growing from is alive. Often the hair has been found growing on human bodies many years after death. As you know, I am a scientist; you also must be, otherwise you would not be a medico. The scientist in me says that this thing you brought me is a hair. I am certain of that, and, of course, if it is a hair, then it is from the body of an animal. If the animal corresponds in size with the possible length of one of its hairs, then, again speaking as a scientist, I have to say that no animal as large has ever been known to exist in any period of the world's history. It seems to me that it could not exist, could not move; not with a covering of skin. Perhaps with horn scales several feet thick it could hold the weight of its body. The giant ant eater is rarely more than four feet long. Its hair is at times six inches, but usually four inches. We might judge by that comparison that this animal may be about 75 feet long. Whales are longer than that, at least some of them, but they have the advantage of living in the water."

"You have given me something to think about," Morgan said. "In part payment I am going to leave this hair with you. I may be back again some time." He walked abruptly out of the office. Not till he was gone did the Professor realize that he did not know the address of his visitor. All he had was the one giant hair.

The next day Morgan filled the excavation. Then he walked back over the crown of the hill approximately one hundred feet and once again started to dig. The subsoil was the same sandy deposit and again he found many long hairs. He cut a three-foot piece off the end of one and filled the hole. Then he started to dig one more hole one hundred feet from the second one. At the bottom of this

one there were only a few long hairs; instead, a tangled, matted mass.

All this took time; but finally he considered it advisable to call again on Professor Swankhauser. The old man was more than pleased to see him.

"Did you see my advertisement in the personal column of the paper?" Swankhauser asked. "I wanted to see you. We have done considerable research on your specimen; examined it in every way. I must know more about it."

"That is why I am here," answered Morgan, "to tell you what I have done. I dug another hole one hundred feet away and found the same long hairs. Here is a small piece cut from the end of one. It is identical to the one you have. And then another hole, with only a few of the long hairs but a dense mass of this — " He took a handful out of his briefcase and handed it to the Professor, and continued.

"If you are certain that the long specimen is a hair, then it is a guard hair, and what you have on your desk is fur. Please don't say a word until I finish.

"I bought a pair of hedge clippers and started to cut through a mass of fur. Hard work, and it took time, but after I had cut down three feet I came to the end of it. I cut off a little piece and here it is. I think that it is skin but you can tell better after you section it and study the sections under a microscope.

"Then I did something that seemed logical. Bought a brace and a three-foot augur, the kind electricians use when they rewire old houses. I went down the length of the bit and when I pulled it out it was wet. The only glass I had was the crystal of my watch so I put some of the wet stuff on it and here it is. I can get more of it but for the present I want to know one thing. I think I know what it is but I want you to tell me."

In the laboratory the old man started to work with stains and a microscope while Morgan paced up and down the room. At last the old man gave his opinion:

"This is blood, Doctor Morgan. I can see pieces of broken corpuscles and a few whole ones. Not nucleated. It completes the picture; hair, fur, skin in blood; and not reptilian blood. Your first and third hole two hundred feet apart. You cannot leave me now. This is too big for you to handle. Too big for the two of us. We must find out what it is!"

"There is one thing I have not told you, Professor," said Morgan, "and I did not tell you because I could not believe it myself; but now I can. Whatever is there is breathing, four times to the minute or perhaps five. I saw the respiratory movement first in full moonlight and then I felt it."

The scientist caught Morgan by the shoulder, crying:

"You have to tell me where it is! Suppose something should happen to you? An automobile accident — killing you? Then I would not know where you found all this. The secret must not be lost. If this animal is breathing it must have access to the air. I can see how it without food but if it breathes it has to have air. No one has ever seen anything like this before — two hundred feet at least and perhaps more. Please take me with you and show it to me. I promise you that I will give you due credit. I will name it after you, the *Incredibilis Morgani*."

"I am going to sleep on it," Morgan answered. "That is, if I can sleep, and tomorrow I will come and see you and give you my answer."

Dr Morgan went back to his bedroom, packed a blanket, flash-light and some bread, and after dark walked to the hill, climbed it and laid down on the blanket. He had no doubt now about the respiratory movements but there was another movement now — little shaking ripples such as would be made by a miniature earthquake.

At one o'clock that morning Sadie Spario jumped out of Sam Smith's car and said she was going to walk home. When Sam parked his car and went after her she started to run. Suddenly she disappeared. Then Sam screamed and disappeared. That was the end of Sadie and Sam.

The next car contained five bobby soxers returning from a swim in the Pacific. Something struck and overturned the car, and the five young people followed Sadie and Sam. Then the hill back of the Bowl rose in the air and started to slide in a cloud of dust down the street. The street was not wide enough; the houses on either side were crushed. The sleepers who lived had only a very confused idea of what was happening. The automobiles returning from the beach were simply flattened.

Some along the pathway told of see-

ing a large mountain sliding towards the Pacific. One man hysterically told of a long, wet something that had crushed his house and taken his entire family, wife, and three children. The accounts given were as varied as the narrators.

Morgan was day-dreaming when he felt the first upheaval under him. Instinctively seeking a place of safety he jumped into the hole. He tried to think; endeavored to reason the cause; then he realized that the thing was moving. The dust was so thick that it was hard for him to breathe; it was hard for him to think. But he was certain of one thing: he had to get off. Whatever he was on he had to get off.

If this mountain of earth was a moving animal it was going head first. If it was an animal it had a tail; that tail would be trailing on the ground, and if he could reach the end of the tail he might be able to drop off safely. He started to crawl very slowly in the opposite direction to the movement. The jolting made him sick; wet with sweat and covered with dust he fell face down and vomited.

The next half hour was a nightmare, an impossible phantasmagoria. He kept on crawling back and back. There was one terrific moment when the thing slipped over the cliffs and with an enormous splash entered the Pacific. Morgan was caught by a miniature tidal wave and washed up on the sand.

Scientists studied that long gash in the earth starting at the Bowl and ending in the ocean. It was their opinion that it was the most peculiar and inexplicable landslide ever seen in Southern California.

Dr Morgan finally reached his boarding house. At least, he found the place it had been, for it had been completely obliterated by the landslide. However, he received assistance from the emergency Red Cross Station and by the third day felt ready to call on the old Professor who was more than delighted to see him.

"I was so worried about you, Dr Morgan. Many people simply disappeared in that landslide. Were you near it?"

"Near it!" exclaimed Morgan, "I rode the damned thing down to the Pacific. You and I, Professor, are the only two who know what that landslide really was; and I do not think it would be best for us to give the details."

STUFF AND SUCH

Well, at last I seem to be getting 'round to doing another Stuff & Such. It has been some time since the Beak has written me to hurry up and get it done. To begin with, I must say I did not quite like the tone of Beak's note (get that pun — tone, note — good stuff, eh?), for, believe it or not dear readers, such a column as this requires poetic inspiration such as that which is now seeping into me from the glass of beer parked on the typer. Secondly, the Beak's letter reached me after being forwarded from Kapuskasing to Montreal, from Montreal to Ruti, from Ruti to Zurich, from Zurich to Montreux. Needless to say from the above one may infer that I obtained the letter rather late, and that I am at present residing in Switzerland.

And since I have nothing better to do, I shall proceed, dear readers, to bore you with an account of my wanderings and sundry adventures. Where shall I begin — ah yes, Kapuskasing, the flower of the Canadian North. Dear old Kap-us-cus-sin', that occupied so much space in the last Stuff & Such. So

After surviving the winter at Kapuskasing (don't try to find it on the map — you won't) by liberal applications of anti-freeze applied internally, I decided I had enough of the frigid north, where men are men and women are scarce, and that a trip to Europe was required for recuperation. So, bidding farewell to three lovely maidens, I was off to Montreal to give the girls there a brief treat. Then, bidding farewell to eight lovely maidens, aboard the TCA North Star for London.

The flight was rather dull. The weather was very cloudy, and though we soon rose above the clouds and flew in the clear bright sunlight, I never caught a glimpse of the ocean beneath that endless sea of tumbled vapour. Damn it, when you cross the ocean you at least expect to see it. Never again will I make

a transatlantic crossing by air. I like to see the sea. I like to smell the sea, to feel the wind, and to see the other passengers leaning against the rail as the craft bobs up and down. At least it is less messy than when they do the same in the seat beside you in an aircraft. The trip was uneventful, as I have already mentioned. I even managed to get a more or less good night's sleep (somewhat foreshortened due to the time change) in spite of the hellish din set up by the four Rolls Royce Merlins, thanks to many night's practise when on night shift in the Kapuskasing mill. There were, however, a few interruptions. The rather airsick young woman with child (perhaps to avoid subsequent confusion the letter "a" should be inserted before child) sitting beside me, kept worrying me with her fears of the plane catching fire, for as the night drew on you could see the exhaust tubes of the engines glowing red hot and spitting flickering flashes of flame. (Get that alliteration) It was no use trying to tell her that this was quite proper and to be expected. Also, her young brat had the very bad and unsanitary habit of thrusting an exploratory finger into my nostril or eye. But, apart from a few nasal stoppages and eye gougings, I slept well.

Morning found us over Ireland, where the clouds parted for a few moments to prove that the Emerald Isle was worthy of the name. It being the 16th of June and hence more or less summer, might have had something to do with it. We landed in rain and fog at Prestwick, Scotland. I stepped from the plane to be confronted by the press and photographers. Though I wondered how they had discovered I was on the aircraft, I nevertheless smiled brightly. To my great amazement, however, I was completely ignored by the press. It seems that they were there to interview and photograph some countess of something or other who was also on the aircraft.

Which just goes to show that class distinction is still so powerful as to eclipse true genius. Ah well, the day will come.

The flight to London was interesting in that you could see what an over-populated country England really is. The whole land looks like one great city from the air. After flights over Northern Ontario, where even an outhouse is a landmark (and a damn convenient one at times), the sight of so many buildings, one city after the other, their suburbs diffusing into each other, was certainly striking.

London I found depressing. There are still long blocks of windowless, shattered houses and great empty squares where the bombs fell. Everything seems to need a coat of paint; even what must be comparatively new buildings look drab and old. Little construction seems to be going on.

The food situation is pitiful. Not only are the rations very low,* but also what little food you can get in the restaurants and hotels is of poor quality and cooked to a tasteless mass. You can get some idea of how bad things are when I tell you that I was treated as if I were visiting royalty because I gave away a few 8 cent 5 cent chocolate bars I had brought from Canada.

The English pubs I found delightful, but the beer, aaagghh! You can almost approximate it's vile taste by taking a bottle of that love in a canoe** beer brewed (or should I say rotted) in Timmins, diluting it with ten parts of stagnant water, and warming it to blood temperature. And yet the poor English assured me that it was very much better than they have had for some time. Cigarettes, too, are poor, small, and cost about 75 cents for a package of 20 miniature Player's Mild.

Incidentally, I nearly (sorry to disappoint you) got killed in London. I stepped off the curb of a sidewalk, carefully looking to the left, and was almost clipped by an omnibus approaching from the right. Those clumsy-looking double-deckers, by the way, are darn fast. The drivers weave them in and out of the traffic as if they were Austins, and with complete disregard of the poor passengers being battered about inside. I thought

the Montreal bus drivers were cowboys, but these English chappies are real bronc lusters.

The trip via Swissair from London to Dubendorf Zurich was bumpy in more ways than one, since yours truly was nearly picked up as a member of an international spy ring, or something. It happened this way. I am a bit of a camera fiend, and like to take photos from the air. So when we were somewhere over the west of France and I noticed a beautiful set of forested hills, and best of all a very lovely formation of cumulus clouds drifting over and casting their shadows on the hills. It looked like an ideal photo to me. I whipped out my Kodak Special, clamped on filters and lenses, and was just about to shoot when a storm broke over my innocent head. It seems you are not allowed to photograph from the air in Europe. Everything quietened down after a while when they discovered I was a Canadian and hence, so I gathered, could not be expected to know better. I made some snide remarks about there being no signs stating that photography was not permitted, and that we at least knew better than to carve up a small land area such as Europe into a bunch of suspicious little countries. Happily, in the end everything turned out all right and the matter was dropped — for a few moments though, I had visions of me with a cloth tied over my eyes jauntily smoking a cigarette while ((Mitty is the name, huh!))

But to continue. . . . The plane landed smoothly at Dubendorf and I was hustled off to the Swiss Customs. I spoke, of course, only English, though I can speak the Swiss-German dialect fluently, for if you speak English at the Swiss customs and hotels, you get much more rapid service. It was rather amusing, though, to hear the Swiss Customs Officer struggling to speak English in his broken Swiss-German. I got through Customs in two minutes flat — the poor fool behind me who spoke German was held up for 20 minutes.

General impressions of Switzerland: The country looks bright and cheerful; the houses are freshly painted, and the streets spotlessly clean. Everywhere there is

* English rations are, per week/person: 3 oz. butter, 3 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. cheese, 2 oz. bacon, 2 oz. tea, 15 cents worth of meat, and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk per day.
** An explanation of this phrase will be sent to the reader on request.

a gear wheel lowered from the engine to engage a toothed rail between the two normal ones. (Contradicting the old saw as to the usefulness of the fifth wheel, as it were.) I kept my fingers crossed and hoped the gear wheel would hold as I saw the houses of Brig dwindle away to tiny flecks below. It would be a fast trip back if the gear ever broke. Up and up the train churns, past the tree line, past glaciers at 10,000 feet or so, then rapidly on a level stretch across the Furka Pass, and down the other side at a speed not designed for mental comfort. Up among the mountain peaks again to cross the Oberalp Pass and up and down to Disentis. Personally, I think they should call it the Overalp instead of the Oberalp, for the train certainly goes over the Alps. It just doesn't seem to give a damn about the terrain, for unless the slope is just short of perpendicular or overhanging, the darn train goes over the mountain and not through a tunnel. And the Furka-Oberalp, it must be remembered, is no stunt railway to haul tourists up a mountain side for the view, but one of the regular lines. I'd hate to foot the construction bill for some of the Swiss railways, with their iron ties, endless bridges and tunnels, and long stretches, cut into the rocky, almost perpendicular sides of the mountains.

Besides travelling, I have been talking to many people from all over Europe, and much of what I have heard has not been pleasant. Swiss fellows who were soldiers on the border guard during the war told me of atrocities committed by the Germans within their sight, while they had to stand helpless on the border and listen to the jeers of the "Schwabe" (a contemptuous Swiss-German expression for Germans: closest translation "swabs") troops. Austrians have told me of the rape, murder and robbery when the Russians entered Vienna. From everywhere, I have heard stories of hunger, misery and privation in the Europe outside that tiny isle of plenty, Switzerland.

And I have seen the effects of that hunger, misery and privation on the children brought into Switzerland by the Swiss Red Cross Children's Aid, which has been operating since '42. Under their program children are brought by the thousands from all over Europe on special trains guarded by Swiss troops, for a

three to six months' stay in Switzerland. They are distributed among Swiss families who feed, clothe and look after them. One had only to look at these children when they arrived, gaunt, frightened, and in filthy tattered clothes, to get a good picture of Europe. They have to be trained not to steal food or scavenge, to sleep in beds, to bathe, not to hate and not to fear. One wealthy family I know of, who took in a small French boy, left him alone in the house one day. On their return, he greeted them at the door, and in smiles told them he had a surprise for them, a fine roast! They entered, and found to their horror, the bloody slaughtered remains of their Irish Setter on the rug, and in the kitchen, sure enough, the skilfully roasted body of the dog. Another young French boy only seven years old, spent each day of his stay in Switzerland marching with a stick: "Bom, bom, le Boche; bom, bom, le Boche." The German children curse the English for bombing them. And can you blame them, for they do not know the horror their elders released upon the world. (In fact, not even the adult Germans believe the crimes they committed.)

After having seen what War has done to the children, and what it's after-effects are still doing, I sometimes wonder if we deserve the name Homo Sapiens. It will take many many years of peace and plenty to straighten the limbs and the warped hate and fear-filled minds of the children of Europe.

I have read many times in Canadian and American publications that the people in Europe are not talking about war as they have had enough of it. Enough of war they have had; they want no more, but from all the people I have met, I have heard of war. Some expect war in two, some in five years. There is a hopelessness over the whole continent, and a fear, the fear of Russia. No one seems to have much faith in the UNO anymore, and though most of them admire the Americans, none have much faith in their policy. They are afraid that America will be too late, as England is no longer strong enough to hold out until the Americans rearm. Russia is so close. Europe doesn't want war, and cannot fight.....but Russia is expanding. I can understand the fear; I have heard enough of Russian methods first-hand from Austrians and others. I

have even spoken to a former Red Army Officer. I will not give his name or rank for obvious reasons. He was originally a Czech Army Officer — and a Communist. He fled from Czechoslovakia to Russia when the Germans overran his country, and joined the Red Army. When the tide turned, and the Russian Army began to roll back the Germans, he was in command of some troops advancing through Hungary. One day, a group of German machine-gun nests blocked his advance up a valley. He had no tank or artillery support, and thus ordered his troops to wait until support arrived. His superior officer came to him an hour later, cursed him for delay, and ordered his troops to move against the machine-gun emplacements. The troops moved forward to be mowed down, wave after wave, until the German machine-guns jammed or ran out of ammunition. The Czech was horrified at the wanton slaughter of his men.

"For God's sake, man," he said, pointing to the masses of dead and wounded spread over the valley floor, "All those men lost."

"Don't worry," said his superior officer, with a smile, "Look behind you — see how many more we have."

Yes, I can pretty well understand the fear in Europe.

What I can understand less well, however, is that no really constructive effort is being made to achieve a permanent peace. It should be obvious, by now, that the UNO will no more assure peace than the League of Nations did. It would seem that the Statesmen of today still have not learned anything from past history, for they still continue on the same old path that has always led to war. This is tragic, not only in that another war can very well lead to the complete destruction of our civilization, if not the complete extinction of Mankind, but also in that it makes one question that superlative intelligence with which Man is supposed to be gifted. Atomic bombing, radioactive dust and bacteriological warfare can easily destroy civilization, and the genetic disturbances due to hard radiations liberated in bombing and dusting with radioactives could very well lead to self-destructive (by self-destructive I mean having something like haemophilia) mutations and the eventual extinction of Mankind. Yet what is being done about it?

Sure, the technicians, engineers, scientists, and even the Stf reader is aware what another war with the weapons now available would mean, and are worried. The statesman and politicians of the world, however, seem to consider the Atomic Bomb just as a bigger and better bomb, and go on in the same old way. The men that we count on to prevent wars are making remarkably few efforts to do so.

Let us see what could be done to prevent another war. Just as we use our past experience (and that of others) to prevent us from making the same mistake too often, we can use history to guide us in the right direction. History is only too studded with wars, and thus we certainly have more than enough examples of factors leading to war.

Now: what are the prerequisites of war? The old adage, "It takes two to make a fight," taken literally, states the matter quite concisely, for obviously, if there is but one nation there is no one to fight. True enough, in the past there has never been just one nation, but due to geographical distances and obstacles, and poor methods of transportation and communication many nations or other social groups have in the past been more or less isolated. Thus, we find in early neolithic times, when neolithic settlements were sparsely scattered over the globe, warfare did not exist. As soon as the population increased, however, and due to inefficient nomadic agricultural techniques the social groups came into contact often, we find warfare cropping up, as evidenced by the fortified villages and weapons that appear in this period.

In the early stages of the urban revolution in Mesopotamia, when the neolithic barbarians settled down by the rivers, and through the discovery of irrigation and fertilization, set up really permanent villages, warfare again, for a time, disappeared, as the necessity of hunting for fresh tracts of virgin soil with the resultant contacts with other groups, vanished. Soon, however, though these barbarians were no longer nomadic, and were becoming civilized, increasing population and better means of communication brought the social groups into close contact, wars again appear.

We find the independant villages and small cities developing into pisé (dig for the dictionary, brothers) walled for-

tress-cities such as Erech, Eridu Lagash, Ummu and Ur, from which the "ishakkus" and later the "lugals" led their armies in the name of their deities against one another. Indeed, warfare was continuous in Mesopotamia until first Lugalzaggizi (known as Ziggi to friends) of Umma conquered a number of the principal cities, and a little later Sargon, a Semitic ruler of a rather insignificant new city Agade achieved a real unification of Mesopotamia which lasted a century. (A feat which was repeated by the kings of Ur, Hammurabi, known as the great Ham, and others.)

The history of Mesopotamia alone pretty well illustrates the causes of war. When there were independant sovereign city-states, warfare was the rule. When they were unified there was peace. When the empire came into contact with other nearby civilizations such as that of Elam, with encroaching barbarians, or when the empire broke down again into city-states, warfare began again, to cease only when unification was achieved.

In other words, when there are independant, self-determined, s o v e r e i g n states in close contact, there is war. When there is one government, peace.

The words "close contact" must be emphasized. There was peace in the Sumerian empire of the third dynasty of Ur until increasing contact with Elam led to war, and peace was achieved only by the conquest of Susa and the adsorption of Elam in the empire. The Sumerians and Akkadians did not, however, war with the people of such advanced cities as Mohenjodaro or Harappa in the valley of the Indus, as contacts were too few. Egypt through its isolation due to surrounding deserts was, when unified under one government, spared from warfare for a long time.

You could go on thus indefinitely. The city states of the Greeks, (who, of all people, should have known better) in spite of long-standing alliances, never cooperated, and quarrelled and warred among each other continuously, until in the long-drawn-out Peloponnesian War they quite exhausted themselves.

Rome, through its expansion, came into contact with more and more nations, and was forced to war continuously until its empire included all the nations that were within the sphere of influence of Rome. True enough, outside of the em-

pire there were still the barbarians, but they had still a neolithic economy and no great organization, and other civilizations such as those of China and India were too far away. For more than 400 years Rome gave the whole Mediterranean Region and even beyond a reign of peace and law and order such as the world had never seen before.

In feudal times, the feudal dukes, barons and knights fought with each other on the slightest excuse until the formation of a central government. In Switzerland, though the cantons had an alliance with each other to resist foreign invaders, they continued to fight one another until they federated under one government.

And the same story can be followed to the present day — put sovereign nations into close contact and the result is war. Nor have treaties or alliances or councils of sovereign states ever prevented wars. The king of Persia signed a perpetual peace treaty with Justinian of the Eastern Roman Empire, and the period is marked by continuous warfare between the two empires. Broken treaties dot history to the present day, and it is somewhat surprising that people still have faith in them. The very close example of Hitler should have been more than enough. Councils of sovereign units have never worked either. In feudal times, the dukes, barons and knights were supposed to be under the king and were supposed to air their differences in councils. Wars, nevertheless, were all too frequent. The League of Nations failed, and the U.N., which is also based on sovereign states, doesn't show much promise of working.

Peace between sovereign nations or social units has occurred only when these nations or units were organized under one government, either forcibly by conquest, or democratically by federation. In the past, empires have fallen apart because they could never include the whole world. The means of transportation and communication were not adequate. Incidentally, Ghengis Khan, who made the best stab at unifying the world, managed to do so in a very large part through a highly efficient "pony express" type of communication, which put the pony express of the old West to shame.

Today, with our rapid systems of communication and transportation, the

nations of the world are in as close contact as the feudal states of France or Italy were in the middle ages. In fact, even closer. We could easily establish world federal government today, but no, we continue to insist on having a large number of sovereign nations, a policy which has always led to war. In fact, through the bull-headedness of our statesmen, we have not used our rapid means of communication and transportation to establish the greater unity and peace which they make possible, but rather to wage war on a world-wide scale.

The cause of war and its prevention is so simple I sometimes wonder what the statesmen of today use to hold their ears apart. "Oh," I hear someone yell, "You have oversimplified the problem — wars start for many more reasons." True, the immediate cause of a war may be varied; it may be due to the abduction of a woman, the sinking of a ship, insult, the desire for more wealth, etc. But these are merely the excuse for starting a war. Two or more sovereign units put together will always lead to war, though the excuses leading to hostilities may vary.

If you put a flame in a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen you always get an explosion. And it makes no difference where, when, and how the O_2 and the H_2 were made, how they were brought together, whether the flame was produced by a match blowtorch, electrically, or by a cigar,

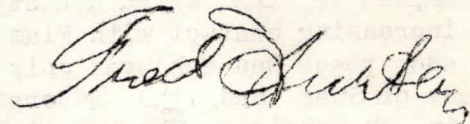
whether the agent applying the flame was an atheist, Mohammedan, Chinese, Christian, or dog, or for what purpose the mixture was made and ignited. The result of $O_2 + H_2 + \text{flame} = \text{explosion}$. Similarly, no matter what the excuse for hostilities, sovereign nation + sovereign nation = war.

It also follows that if you have no oxygen, hydrogen or a flame, or only one of these factors, you cannot have an explosion. Similarly, if there are no sovereign nations, but just one world federal government, you can have no wars.

I see the dear readers are getting bored by now, so I will stop after clearing up just one point. Federation under one government does not mean the loss of liberty or freedom. I'm sure no one feels his freedom impaired because he lets a police officer guard his life and wealth, instead of carrying a weapon himself, or that Ontario feels its freedom is impaired because it is not permitted to have its own standing army.

I'll leave the discussion of the economic advantages of a world government till next time. It will also give me a chance to answer some of the more violent letters that are sure to appear over the above discussion.

Solong for now



By —
Harry B. Moore

SEABROOK ATMOSPHERE

Have you ever read that great exposition of the intimacies of Voodooism — Seabrook's The Magic Isle? Why, natch! What Fan hasn't?

With what wonderful charm — what tact — what pains — did Mr Seabrook gain the confidence of the Mamaloi and the Papaloi! And despite their ingrained suspicion!

And how extensively he travelled! He learned everything! He saw the Papaloi raise a storm. He saw the mysteries and rites!

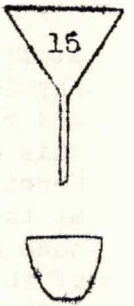
And here's how. The secret of his wonderful powers.

He went to Haiti. (This story is

from a Colonel in the United States Marines, who was in charge of U.S. visitors.) Seabrook registered with him and said he was intending to write a book on Haiti. He then sauntered out to the local bar where all the marines hung out and absorbed — atmosphere — for a week. Then he checked out.

The Colonel said, "What? You came here for only a week and spent all of it listening to the cock-and-bull stories those fellows tell, and you're going to write a book on Haiti?"

"My dear Colonel," replied W.B.S. "I could have written the book without even coming here. But I wanted the atmosphere!"



The Lever Principle

By Professor Beak Taylor

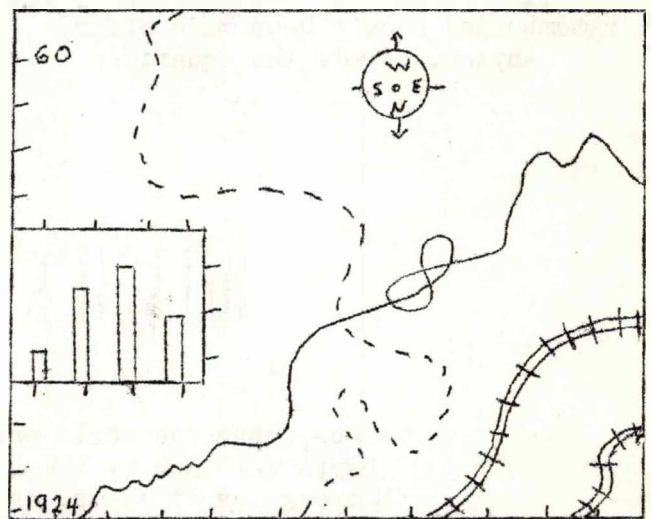
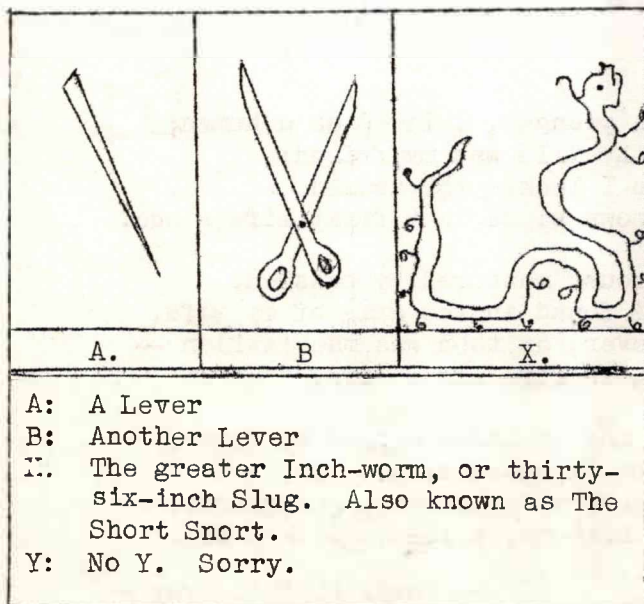
ooo

Now that the war is safely over I think it might be wise if I dispelled some of the myths prevalent in everyday thinking about the Common Lever. This is not to be confused with the common beaver, nor the common Inch-worm, both of which are entirely different. The Inchworm, in particular, has nothing to do with levers and in the best inching circles a comparison is never made.

The lever was first discovered by a half-witted Ichnologist named Buster Floth, who found an impression left by an early lever as it was revolving about its fulcrum in some Paleozoic ooze. After the excitement had died down, Buster

was able to trace development of the creature right down to April 17, 1942, preserving the data in his book "Lever, levere, levebam, levus sum; Quis h a e c fecit?"

Lever history, however, will be old



This shows something pretty graphically. The dark line represents the percentage of Levers per head in the USA since 1924. The dotted line marks the route Byrd took in his trip to the Arctic. The double line at the right is the Canadian National Railway. The inset is left over from last week, but seems to show part of the skyline of Pittsburg, except that there's no smoke. Solutions should be sent to the editor not later than next year.

stuff to those of you who studied at Physics while in High School, so let us get right down to our myth-dispelling. This can be done by obtaining a case of Nerbith's Salts or ordinary Dispibecca at the drug store and taking instead of each meal. (Also good for Inflammation of the Thonk, Distended Flong, and the early stages of Rotting Eyelids.

Myth # One to fall overboard is the widespread belief that levers are democratic. In actuality, there are three distinct classes into which levers have divided themselves, and none of them will have anything to do with the other. It's high time some of you who have such misguided ideas about equality are made to see this situation.

First class levers are a rather snooty lot which will only work if the fulcrum (f) is placed between the applied force (p) and the weight lifted (ugh!). When this condition is fulfilled, then these levers are said to have a Mechanical Advantage and everybody scores six. Someone has even gone so far as to put the thing in a little equation to make it easier to remember, but just what benefits will be forthcoming from remembering hasn't been made clear.

Anyway, here's the equation:

$$W/P = AF/BF.$$

Where W is the weight in shillings and pfennigs, P the Applied Force in Light Years, AF the price of eggs, and BF the Union Representative. All this adds up to FA.

Second and third class levers fall into two general groups:

A: Those which have a Mechanical Advantage of -1.

B: Those which do not.

Neither of these has contributed much to culture. They spend their time cracking nuts, trimming paper, rowing boats, and generally prying into things. Buster Floth attributes present world conditions to them in his poem, "Lever B."

"I lately looked, as oft I would
Upon a Dispeeth, made of wood.

Oh,

Dithygraben, rift and rigid,

Would you were my second digid."

Unless I am greatly mistaken, this poem is not the one I want at all, and belongs in an earlier essay on Neolithic Literature.

Perhaps we should let things stand as they are. I have no doubts that levers will work matters out for themselves in their little organization, "The Mechanical Powers."

WITCH'S CAT

Once, when the world was much younger, I lived as a human;
Egypt was then my home, and the Nile was my friend;
Strange as it seems, as a man I lacked the acumen
Gained in the lives I have known since that first life's end.

Murder! I killed out of jealousy mothered by passion;
Stabbed a young priest whom I found in the arms of my wife.
Cursed by the priesthood forever, as then was the fashion —
Time after time I have lived, in life after life.

Wolf, with my hunger to goad me; or horse doomed to labor;
Poisonous snake; or baboon; or blood-sucking bat;
all of these things I have been; with terror as neighbour;
Doomed through the ages — behold me, a lean, witch's cat!

— James Russell Gray —

THE Maelstrom

NILS H. FROME

Box 3
Fraser Mills, B. C.

Regarding the article on Religion, ((CAN-FAN # 12, The Evolution of Religious Thoughts and Beliefs, Fred Hurter Jr.)) I do not believe that sex worship is a religion. It was a part of ancient cultures which had passed their prime and lapsed into decay and sensual living. It is a religion which is generated in an atmosphere of disillusion, where men have lost their old faiths; it negates all the ideals of a true religion — justice, mercy, honour, etc. Sex worship takes no stock of these. A true religion is one which teaches man a relationship to his fellow men. Sex worship does nothing of the sort.

Sec is only one small phase of life, but in certain individuals, as in certain races, there forms an obsession at times with this one small phase, distorting it out of all perspective until it dwarfs all other things in life. And just what position does fear have with regard to phallic worship? Just of what, Fred, with all due regard, does the fear-inspiring qualities of Eros or Aphrodite consist? It is true, of course, that some of these sexual deities were imputed to have the power of causing "the horrors," which to my mind, could, if they existed, only be some form of psychosis, implying that perhaps even in those ancient times when life was "simple and uncomplicated" people were actually subject to much the same problems as assail we of this hectic 20th Century Atomic Age. But that would still be far from the norm of a healthy, sane society. And if one is to arrive at any conclusions regarding man's religious evolution one cannot base it upon a temporary condition of society. As a final word, I can only

see phallic worship in actual practice as a mere vehicle of indulgence of the grossest kind and as a morbid accentuation.

In the categorical assertion fear is at bottom the basis of all religions, which the instance of its obvious in-application to sex worship, is shown to be false, assuming one were to continue to accept phallic worship as a "religion." I similarly do not believe fears to be the basis of any religion, save in a certain limited sense — fear of remorse. That fear of hell-fire plays any real part in moulding our religious concepts I do not believe.

Superstitious fear is merely the converse of religion, as black is the converse of white, or the negative something which foreshadows the positive — or as evil does with good; pain, pleasure.

VOL MOLESWORTH

160 Beach Street
Coogee, Sidney
N.S.W., Australia

As you are the only Canadian Fan whose address I have, I have taken the liberty of sending you a few copies of the SYDNEY FUTURIAN, announcing the revival of Australian Fandom after the lapse of several years due to the war.

The Futurian Society of Sydney was formed on November 5, 1939, and it held seventy-three meetings until it was shelved owing to war pressure in 1943. Four meetings were held in 1944, but the 78th meeting had to wait until atom bombs and jet propulsion were realities before it could be convened. Science has caught up with some of our earlier ideas. Some of our later ideas are frightening . . . if Science should keep on catching up. . .

I would like to have a few Canadians on the mailing list for our club maga-

zine. Copies have been sent all over Australia, to New Zealand, Tasmania, Great Britain, and (of course) to U.S.A.....and now to Canada. The bulk of the Society's membership will be associates who will correspond and be on the club's mailing list for all publications. Perhaps a dozen active members in Sydney will do the yeoman work. The club organ, at present of small format, will expand and be run along the lines of VOM.....well, not exactly.

We are starved for Stf down here and an occasional Prozine for the club library (which would circulate to quite a few Stf-hungry Fans) would be appreciated.

LEON STONE Librarian, Australian Library
of Amateur Journalism
Elgin Street, GORDON, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA

Rather belated, but thanks a lot for CAN-ADIAN FANDOM (No. 12), which reached me sometime back. I was delighted to have it to read and for my file.

Several other Fanzine Eds., (Yank) have got around to sending me their publications; lately I've had copies of LETHE, FANTASY ADVERTISER, GORGON, NECROMANCER, FANEWS, SUN SPOTS, VAMPIRE — which is most encouraging. Now they know I'm featuring (from KOOLINDA # 5 on which I'm now reading proofs) several pages of LOVECRAFTIANA the Fen are coming thru with their publications.

((Nowhere has the War done more to stifle organized Fandom than Australia — at one time there were not more than three or four Fans active. Publications ceased, Promags and paper were non-existent. The field was barren and sterile. Now, the first signs of life are reappearing.

Those of you who pride yourselves on furthering the aims and endeavours of Science-Fiction must surely heed the plea that is written between the lines of both these letters. We doubt that the effort required to wrap up a Prozine or two, or to drop a copy of your Fanzine in the mailbox, is an overly-taxing one. We suggest that you give these boys a helping hand.

While you're at it, too, get in touch with Captain Kenneth F. Slater, "Riverside," South Brink, WISBECH, Cambs., ENGLAND, the publisher of OPERATION FANTAST, excellent British Zine. This mag is the "Mouth-piece" of the Liason Department of

the British Fantasy Library," is well-produced under difficult conditions. Editor Slater would probably welcome your support in his efforts to keep the fourth-dimensional estate alive over there. Drop him a line.))

THE KELLERS

Cedar Crest Ranch
Bandera, Texas

We liked your PHILCON Report very much — news, humor, etc.; very good and well-gotten-up. Thought you might like the enclosed for your next issue:

" TO A MAID "

There's a Maid in the "Big Town"
"Quite pert."

But here is the low-down —
The dirt,
That someone should tell 'er

To Our Doctor Keller
Goes all of the praise
For coining the phrase
"Unborn babies." *

* See VARIENT, Vol. 1, #3, Convention Ish

JOHN CUNNINGHAM Hq Sq, 6th Fighter Wing
APO 832, %PM., N.O., La

To borrow L. A. Crouch's titling in CF, "As I See It" — times are becoming increasingly turbulent. Browsing through CF for September 1947 one "reads" the feeling of the change after the hectic war — a far-cry from prewar days. Before "War II" Science-fiction and Fandom could well be classed as an outstanding contributor to new ideals and concepts. Is this true today? Reading such "trivia" as Amazing's "Shaver Mystery" stories, one might wonder with alarming clarity — what will it all lead to?

I noted the mention of a "Smear report" initiated at the PHILCON against RA Palmer and his Shaver stories — the "cat-out-of-the-bag" disclosure by one of the signers...who, in a letter to the editor reprinted in the latest A.S., states he signed it in order not to become a "laughing stock" of the others, et al. It is my opinion that such tactics as a "signed smear campaign" are tactics Fandom can well do without. They are coincidental with ideals and ways of the Red Menace of Communism. Certainly, one might shudder

at the thought that in the midst of well-known "Fandom" there may exist a "clique of Communists", who endeavour by their devious means to infiltrate their "subversive literature" into Fan Publications and Prozines. That must never happen, for it is the same questionable matter — before the War being Technocracy on the West Coast, of the Nazi type — made a bad name for Fandom.

As I see it, we of this generation face two great menaces in America, Facism and Communism. Both are materialistic; both are totalitarian; both are anti-religious; both are degrading and inhuman. In fact, they differ little, except that in Communism has spread Fascism and Fascism spawns Communism. Both are the antithesis of American belief in Liberty and Freedom. Let us gird ourselves with the determination as Fans, it cannot penetrate our way of life. That those basic freedoms and spiritual ideals of which so many have sacrificed so much shall not be destroyed from within, let us be steadfast and eternally on guard to defend our constitution and our way of life against the virulent poison of communistic ideology. ((Huzzah! To the bridge, Horatio!))

MOE DINER 445 Mount Pleasant Avenue
Westmount, Quebec

Well, what have we here? Don't tell me it's CANFAN #13! I'll be damned! I felt sure two of your women had got around to comparing notes, or something.

I'm not going to scribble the same sort of hack letter for printing as I did last time. This one is not intended to be printed, so I am going to spread a little. ((Those morally disinclined to participate in this double-cross should cease reading here.))

PHILCON Report was excellent. The account of the Speer-Davis affair had me rolling. I shall be interested to see the interreaction between those lads and staid old Toronto.

Perhaps it was a carryover from that bit of slapstick, but your article seemed really funny this time.

The rest of the material is quite tolerable. Wright's, Brazier's, and Coutch's stuff were at a fairly good routine level. I like Bogg's article: I've always thought it suspicious that most of the stories of Viking penetration

of America came from the heart of the present Svenska districts. I miss Hurter this issue. Lin Carter's poem was likewise okay, though, and Barbara Bovard interjects a welcome bit of sensitivity (feminine) into the midst of the masculine shit-slinging. (There, I've made sure this won't be printed.) (This does not constitute the opening gun of Moe Diner's campaign to woo Barbara Bovard.) ((When did it open, Moe? Could this be another Ackerman-Tigrina episode? May we carry the gruesome details, hmmm?))

Ned ought to sue Anonymous for that profile. It makes him look like a cross between Tyrone Power and Joan Crawford.

CHANDLER DAVIS

Perkins 76
Cambridge 38, Mass

I have just finished reading the Chandler Davis article in the last CANFAN, and I am still thrilled by it. I find it has a quality of beauty strangely lacking in the balance of the issue. It has literary value, it is distinctly beautiful, & I am a hell of a hotshot author.

Nevertheless, your other contributors seem to be able to please their unseen audience. In fact, with or without Davis, this PHILCON issue is a mighty fine one. I liked particularly Speer's convention report and your own Outline of Hysteria, but most of the rest was well enjoyed.

RICHARD FRANK

342 Susquehanna
Williamsport 15, Penna

May I say that your PHILCON account is the finest narrative I've yet seen? Your idea of having numerous people give their views on the convention, instead of just one, is very effective. Gives a much fuller picture. Humor was present in great quantities, particularly in the Davis-Christiansen fable.

Your own Outline of Hysteria was a gem. All around, I think this last issue is one of the most interesting Fanzines to read I've seen in months. Oh yes, Brazier's yarn was provocative, and very well-written. I'm not quite clear on that word substitution angle, but I still enjoyed the story idea.

By the way, if you adopt that "Onto-Tor-Onto" that I used as a closing line in my last letter, which you printed, for the TORCON slogan please do not credit me

with originating it. Give credit where credit is due — to Charles D. Hornig, former managing editor of WONDER STORIES, and editor of the SCIENCE FICTION group of fantasy amgs. He used the phrase in a letter to me when I mentioned that the 1948 Convention would be held in Toronto.

LIN CARTER 1734 Newark Street South
St Petersburg, Florida

Quite the beeg issue thees time, no? And quite a number of better-than-average crud in it.

Best was your Outline of Hysteria, as usual. ((Naturally)) Clever. ((Naturally)) Keep it up. ((Naturally))

The PHILCON Report was the most interesting and inclusive I've read yet. I wish you guys all sorts of luck on the CanCon next year (note vain attempt at being a good sport, since writer entertained mad hope of next Convention being in Miami or Atlantic City.)

Rest of the ish, interesting, especially Boggs and Brazier. Come now, Donn, did it really happen?

Maelstrom was almost the best feature in the whole mag. You know, I kind of like the way you have of putting the writer's name and address in a box, separated from the rest of the letter. Gives a nice, readable look to the page.

Thanx for putting my 'umble poem in. I enjoyed seeing it no end.

S. W. McCOY 951 Harrison Avenue
London, Ontario

Your stupendous issue (# 13) of CANADIAN FANDOM reached me a couple of weeks ago. A loud "excelsior!" (long sawdust) and tiger for a classic issue! Youse is a good kid, Denny.

The personal-but-ample coverage of the PHILCON was engrossing to yours truly, who had intentions of attending that orgy. Only two things stood in my way — mechanical and financial trouble. Of the two, the latter was more formidable, although at the time of the PHILCON my Pontiac was a sitting bull — the aforementioned Mechanical difficulty.

The features were as top-notch as ever; I noticed that, as a change from issue 12, you removed your monogram from the thundermug — shyness, no doubt. I keep hoping Leslie A. Croutch will say

something interesting — this despite the fact that I voted for him in the recent NFFF election; cripes, it's time somebody made him work! Outline of Hysteria had me figuratively if not literally, rolling on the floor — more like that, if you're capable of it. The diagrams especially hilarious.

Tell Barbara Bovard that "Baobab" is spelt "Baobab," and not "Boabab." Tell her to drop in on me, and we'll study my dictionary together. ((Dare say the mistake was mine. Will I do?))

I see that the Sarge in Startling was impressed with Nils Frome's cover, so I hope he's mollified. He has made the Hall of the Immortals. ((This issue, the Hall of the Immorals.))

JAMES BLISH 171 Pelton Avenue
W. New Brighton,
Staten Island, New York

Speer complains that New York wasn't very well represented at the PHILCON, which is nonsense; he wasn't looking. Of course, Taurasi, Wollheim and Sykora weren't there, but Pohl was anything but "represented briefly": offhand I remember seeing Fred, Dave Kyle, Judy Merrill, Ted Sturgeon, Jay Stanton, Eve Anderton, Scott Meredith, Syd Sidney, Searles, Mary Mair, Phil Klass, Al Brown, Willy Ley, Merwin, Ron Christiansen, and there must have been plenty unknown to me by sight. Counting myself, that makes sixteen, which strikes me as a pretty fair showing. Oh, yes; Mort Klass was there too. Seventeen.

((Thanx for your kind comments on Outline of Hysteria, James. Our head is visibly enlarged.))

DOUG HARDING 543 Sherbrooke Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Was very interested in David. H. Keller's letter regarding his book entitled "Life Everlasting and Other Stories." For my money it will be a swell collection, and I firmly believe we Canadian collectors should give Dr Keller our support. He is an excellent writer, and I have yet to read a story written by him that wasn't up to par. Some of his stories are in my list of favorites, as well they deserve to be.

Dr Keller has given many hours of

reading pleasure to those who follow him in the pulps. Let us hope he now gets the support on his new book that he so richly deserves.

CHARLES R. JOHNSTON 5 Needham Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Glad to hear that CANFAN is to become the organ of a Toronto S-F Society. Something may come out of this country yet. ((CANFAN will serve as mouthpiece for a few months, with myself as editor, until the club gets settled down, raises some funds, sees the TORCON successfully concluded, and eventually gets the energy to produce a mag of its own.))

Comments on those bits from the PHILCON.....

Ged, some of those prizes quoted from the auction there make one wonder if Fans are either all Millionaires, or all nuts....at least to a po' high school lad like me.....

Doc Smith writes, quote, "Therefore, neither Fan nor author has any right to question any decision of any editor." Unquote. Seems a little high-handed to me. After all, it's a free country, isn't it?((After the accessories are paid for.))

That Speer-Davis tale reads like a Thorne Smith epic - it rates a good belly

As I See It: Les Croutch is right in there, as always. ((I understand he's into FAMOUS FANTASTIC, now. Our Boy!!)) It requires little comment, and there are some little bits of wisdom tucked away in there, as always. But I do disagree on his argument against CAFF, which is, as I understand it, a sort of Amateur Fantasy Association ((See Editorial)). It would be nice to have a consolidated Canadian Fandom. ((Preferred?))

Say, that cartoon by Hurter really hit me in a funny spot. Where did that arrow come from, anyway. ((Alley Oop's time machine.))

OLIVER E. SAARI Irving Park YMCA
4251 W. Irving Park
Chicago 41, Illinois

Was very much interested in the PHILCON Report in CANFAN.....It somehow contained the "feel" of the Convention, and brought a lot of happy thoughts which are now memories. That was one fine affair, all

around! It cost me \$601 total, including what happened to my car and the \$1 Ned conned off me in N.Y.C. the day before he left, but it was worth every penny of it. Since then I've bought a new car, which ought to last until next summer, anyway. I'll probably be hauling half the middle West up to Toronto.

ALASTAIR CAMERON 7612 S. Constance Ave
Chicago 49, Illinois

PHILCON Report was the highlight of the issue and the best thing you have published yet. Although I saw many of the items in it when I was in Toronto in September, I must especially congratulate you on putting them all together in such an excellent and balanced way. Keeper of the Beast was well done, but under any other style of presentation would have been uninteresting.

The Viking Ship Hoax was a little out of place, I thought. Ever since Palmer entered the business on a grand scale, hoaxes have ceased to be amusing.

Croutch was sincerely thoughtful for a change. Stars and Atoms tried for a big effect in a few words, and didn't quite make it.

753 edch

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ATOMOCRACY

Reprinted from
CAMPUS

By D. J. Morantz

Wide and noisy publicity has been given to the military consequences of the release of atomic energy. Certain economic and political aspects have been studiously avoided. A careful analysis of these factors leads to the conclusion that the capitalist mode of production is incapable of efficiently developing atomic energy for peaceful use. This is a conclusion that is very upsetting to newspaper editors.

I would like to open a discussion on atomic energy with the following questions:

First of all: atomic energy can only be developed by a huge investment. Under capitalism this means monopoly. Big business in the U.S. has its fingers in the atomic pie. This fact should open the eyes of the naive individuals who still believe we have an economy of "free enterprise."

Secondly: even if we reconcile ourselves to the virtues of monopoly capitalism, the free enterprise goes on one higher level. Certain well-established interests (such as coal and oil) cannot afford to tolerate the competition of atomic energy and will oppose and sabotage its development as a powerful source of energy.

Thirdly; there is no profit in it anyway! Large-scale investments must be made before sufficient is known so as to be able to release atomic power for industrial purposes. It is a well-known economic fact (the law of diminishing returns) that the ratio of profit to investment is greater in less developed economies. It is more profitable to invest abroad than to improve local production technique.

Fourthly: there is little or no profit in biological or medical research. This research, such as it is, is mostly government-subsidized. So long as we live under capitalism, the government will be at least as interested in helping profits along as in satisfying the needs of the people. (Need I mention housing, price-

control?) The introduction of atomic technique in biological and medical research is proceeding extremely slowly at present.

Only in a society based on man's welfare, not profit, can long-term fundamental research, irrespective of immediate profit, be adequately subsidized. We have not begun to scratch the surface of the understanding of atomic phenomena. And this is the kind of research that will pay off in utility! Atomic energy used constructively can transform industry and science to new levels of achievement. But research in atomic energy must be unshackled first.

The suppression (in effect) of peaceful atomic development, must occur in a country more interested in investing abroad. The U. S., which is investing heavily in Western Europe and other parts of the world does not, however, neglect research in the atom bomb, for it must "protect" its investments.

Glamorization of the possibilities of the future is significantly lacking today. For this would only add to the indignation of people who contrast what happens to what would happen under a different organization of society, an organization by and for the people. I feel that it is the duty of everyone to study these questions. The problem of atomic energy is the problem of what kind of future for humanity! It is the duty of students to spread knowledge and understanding of these questions for it is certain that the press will not!

((This article is reprinted from a so-called "Journal of student opinion" at the University of Toronto. To us, it represents typical Communistic logic and method of argumentation, rhetorical mudslinging and distortion with attention to one side only. See John Cunningham's letter in Maelstrom, read this article, form your opinions as dictated by your beliefs. What do you think? How shall atomic energy develop?))

MOE DINER'S

MSFS MUTTERINGS

The title of this feature is supposed to be both Gallic and witty. It is a sort of halfway-house between a pun and a double entendre. Experts in French and the writings of C. L. Dodgson are invited to try their luck in unravelling the gag.

When Beak first asked us of the Montreal group to start a feature in CANFAN, he suggested that we use a French title—presumably on the theory that Montreal is the Paree of the New World. (He hasn't been in Montreal very much.) ((I was in Montreal, but didn't see very much of it, inasmuch as I fell in with a French-Canadian taxicab driver, and was unable to put across my intended destination. After driving around in circles for several hours, I became tired, and disappeared into an open wallet, never to be heard of again.)) This suggestion occasioned us a certain amount of difficulty. We looked over the roster of our members to see if there were any French-Canadians who might help us out on the problem of cooking up a French title. On our list was the name de Bretigny. Unfortunately, further investigation revealed the fact that he derives his name presumably from a French Huguenot refugee who fled to England about the year 1700; and that French happens to be about his poorest subject in school. So if the title does not have the correct Parisian flair, please understand and forgive.

But it seems to me that we are putting the cart before the horse. We haven't even told you anything about the Montreal Science Fiction Society (MSFS) yet. On that grand old huckstering principle of using every opportunity to sell your goods, we shall do so at once.

It was on November 15, 1946 (23 Brumaire, An. CLV., French Revolutionary Calendar) that the Holy Trinity assembled to organize the MSFS. Present were the renowned statesman and philatelist, Jack Bowie-Reed; the distinguished mathematician, Basil Rattray; and the eminent biochemist, Moe Diner. These three pro-

ceeded to draft a constitution and elect themselves to the three executive posts of the club: secretary, vice-president and treasurer, and president, respectively. All three being members of McGill University, students that is, it was deemed to be the smart thing to organize the club as one of the students' campus clubs at McGill. This assured us of meeting facilities and also of the use of the McGill Daily to print notices. (Which, it was thought, was the best way of getting us into contact with the large number of Fans and potential Fans who may be found among the student body at McGill.) As far as the Students' Executive Council of McGill knows, the letters SFS mean McGill Science-Fiction Society.

Actually, however, the MSFS is not intended solely as a McGill students affair, but as a nucleus for all Fans in the Montreal Area. Our membership now stands at about 25, and we are committed to a welter of activity for the coming year.

The last meeting was a typical example. Fifteen people turned up, of whom about half were new members or prospective members. We had as our program an overall survey of the next war, in terms of A-bombs, guided missiles, bacteriological warfare, etc. Fred Hurter was leading the discussion, and could hardly keep things in order, inasmuch as there were seldom less than three arguments going on, and often five or six. The mob ~~was~~ pulled in largely because Bowie-Reed had stuck plugs in not only the McGill Daily, but also each of Montreal's three English Daily Newspapers.

As far as Fanzines go, any samples will be appreciated. Plans are in prospect for a Fanzine of our own, probably the revived cadaver, CENSORED, now that Fred is with us again.

Lest the above paragraphs cheese you off this column, let us make haste to say that we do not intend to use it as a mere printing-of-the-minutes of the MSFS. In

— (See bottom of next page) —

BARBARA BOVARD'S

Sky Wandering
GXO

You have all heard the old quotation, "I maka da mon' to buya spaget so I get strong to maka mor' mon' to buya more spaget so I get strong to maka mor' mon', etc." This is the epitome of futility. Of course, no one is going to deny that earning money for your bread and butter is necessary, unless you have been blessed with bounty; none the less, in many cases oblivion and death are preferable to monotony and bare existence. Even bare existence has its excitement in not knowing whether or not you will eat again, whether or not you will survive the winter without freezing to death, whether or not your wife, your husband, your kids, will live long enough to get a decent grasp on life. Tragic as it is, that sort of life is preferable to the one quoted in the opening sentence. Yes, I know storms of protest will arise in answer to that bare statement, but the man that lives the "spaget-money" routine, without attempting to better his condition, has no business living at all. The unfortunate who has to claw and fight his way through life, hanging onto that life with the grim hands of starvation, has more right to live than any other man.

The man that fights for his living knows what "living" means. Being alive and conscious in this world is a privilege, yes, a privilege that few people aside from those already mentioned in the

first issue of this column, seem to realize. Stevenson's "The World is so full of a number of things" is a platitude but a truth. Science-Fiction and its satellite, Fantasy, are developments of that truth. Science Fiction knocks down the walls of your house, brushes aside all known dimensions, and bounces you all over the Universe, physical and psychical.

Man's biggest disease and sole salvation are one and the same thing — him self; his ego, his id and corresponding Anima and Animus. Man could be God-like but he is so busy digging in the gutters of his own nature that he has never heard of the view to be had through his own skylight. Now, heaven forfend that moral preaching be had in these words! Man's moral and spiritual life belong entirely to another subject and we'll let someone with more knowledge do the talking on that. In this column, we are engaged primarily in the actions and reactions of man's nature — what makes him tick, what makes his ticks become ticks and occasionally explode.

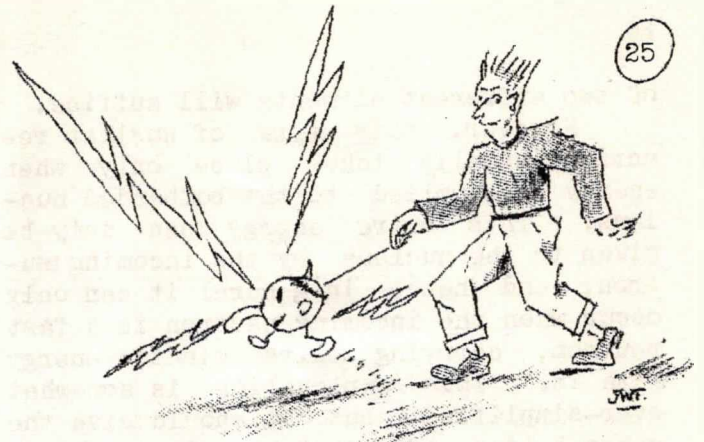
That man could be and do so much and succeeds in doing so little must be the source of cosmic laughter. Like a baby in a grown man's hat several sizes too large for him, mankind sits cowering and laughing in the midst of a civilization that outstripped him 100 years ago.

L A N U I T E B L A N C H E (Continued from Page 23)

future, La Nuite Blanche will be modelled on Crutch's AS I See It and Hurters Stuff & Such. This is just an intro — ductory effort, written in haste, and as

such, is becomingly serious and humble. We hope to show more sprightliness in future. But right now, we'll stop taking up so much of Beak's space.

THE PRODUCTION OF RADIOACTIVE TRACERS



By Alastair Cameron (See Fan Personalities.)

One of the most important of the peace-time applications of atomic energy is the production of radioactive tracers. The application of these is legion; it includes so many fields of study and investigation that I doubt whether any one man can imagine all the possible ways in which they have been used, let alone all the ways in which they might be used. However, this article will be concerned only with the production of tracers, which is a somewhat narrower field.

In fact, I intend to select only a small segment of that field; the production of tracers in a chain-reacting pile. And even here I am going to neglect half the story. I shall not consider the use of fission products as tracers. This is still almost entirely a secret development, and even if it was possible to describe it, it would hardly be possible to do so in a unified way, since the isolation of any particular fission isotope demands special methods which are naturally different for each element.

Thus, we shall consider only what processes occur when some material is placed in a pile and subjected to neutron bombardment. It should be remembered that most of the neutrons in a pile are slow or "thermal" neutrons which carry with them very little energy. Some of the neutrons, however, are fast, and because of the extra energy they possess, will be capable of producing special results.

It will greatly influence the method used to make the tracers whether we wish to have a pure radioactive isotope or whether we are content with a large quantity of some element having a small proportion of its atoms radioactive. In the latter case the "inert" atoms are known as "carriers"; i. e., they go along with the radioactive atoms in any chemical reaction. It is very often desirable to

use a carrier, since in chemical processes usually a small amount of any given material is lost. But if most of the atoms of a given element taking part in a reaction are non-radioactive, then most of the "hot" atoms will be recovered from the reaction when the element is removed. Just as often it is important that no carrier be present.

One other fact should be mentioned in this preliminary survey. It would be useless to attempt to use a tracer which had a very short half-life. After the tracer was produced and before it could be used in an experiment, most of its atoms would have decayed and all our troubles would have been for nothing. It would also be difficult to use a tracer having too long a half-life, as here the quantity of tracer which would have to be produced in order that its radiation could easily be detected would be enormous. There would just be too few atoms decaying in any given second of time.

We consider, then, the different types of reactions which occur when an element is bombarded with neutrons. These can be divided into two important classes.

The first type of reaction is that which occurs when an atom absorbs a neutron and then ejects a charged particle such as a proton or an alpha particle (which is the nucleus of the helium atom). This, of course, will change the bombarded atom from the isotope of one element into the isotope of another, as the charge on its nucleus will be changed, decreasing by one or two units of charge and decreasing the atomic number of the atom by one or two. This new atom will often be unstable, later ejecting another particle. In this case it can be used as a tracer. There is little difficulty in isolating the radioactive atoms so formed, as ordinary chemical methods for the separation

of two different elements will suffice.

However, this type of nuclear reaction usually takes place only when energy is supplied to the bombarded nucleus. This extra energy can only be given to the nucleus by the incoming neutron, and hence in general it can only occur when the incoming neutron is a fast neutron, carrying extra kinetic energy with it. This explanation is somewhat over-simplified, but it should give the general idea of what takes place. Since only a small proportion of the neutrons available in a pile are fast neutrons, tracers produced in this way will be costly. A long period of bombardment will only produce a very small amount of tracer.

An important exception to the above rule is the production of carbon 14, which is of vital importance in the study of organic reactions. This is produced by bombarding ordinary nitrogen with slow neutrons, and has a very favorable "cross-section," which means that the chance of an N^{14} atom absorbing a slow neutron and ejecting a proton to become C^{14} is very good when a slow neutron comes near the N^{14} atom. The C^{14} is, of course, easily separated from the nitrogen. High yields can be obtained from a moderate amount of bombardment even though the half-life of C^{14} is approximately 10,000 years.

The other type of neutron reaction is that in which a nucleus absorbs a neutron and ejects either two or more protons or else just ejects a gamma ray (a type of radiation similar to X-rays). This means that the resulting nucleus is a different isotope of the same element as the original nucleus, since the nuclear charge has not been altered at all. Ordinary chemical methods cannot be used here when it is desired to separate the radioactive atoms produced from the inert ones. Yet the neutron in, gamma ray out, type of reaction takes place most readily with slow neutrons and is hence the most important type of reaction occurring in a pile.

If we want or are satisfied with a large amount of carrier, then we are not worried about the separation difficulties, as we can use the bombarded material directly. However, if we wish to separate the radioactive atoms from the inert ones, it would be useless to attempt to use any of the ordinary physical methods used for the separation of ordinary stable iso-

topes. Such methods all depend for their success on the slight differences in the masses of the isotopes and only work when there are large amounts of the desired isotope in the material being treated. This is why the separation of U^{235} from U^{238} is such a long and costly process. Such conditions do not apply to the separation of tracers, however, since even after very long periods of bombardment there are very few radioactive atoms compared to the large number of inert ones. Hence a special trick is used in the separation of these tracers.

This trick is really a most elegant one. It is known as the "Szilard-Chalmers Reaction." It depends on Newton's third law of motion, which is the principle underlying the operation of a rocket and is sometimes called the "law of conservation of momentum." Suppose the atom we are bombarding is a part of an organic compound and that the molecular forces holding it in place are relatively weak. Thus it will not take much energy (or momentum) for the bombarded atom to break these bonds and leave the molecule. Since the neutron entering the nucleus is slow and does not carry with it much energy or momentum, the transfer of its momentum to the nucleus will merely cause the nucleus to oscillate within the molecule but will not be sufficient to free it. But when the molecule emits the gamma ray, this gamma ray (believe it or not) carries with it a considerable amount of momentum. In order that the momentum be conserved, the nucleus must have an equal amount of momentum in the opposite direction, just as in a rocket the ejected gases have a certain amount of momentum in one direction and the rocket has an equal amount in the opposite direction. The amount of momentum involved here usually represents sufficient energy to cause the "hot" atom to break loose from its molecule. The remaining organic molecules are then easily separated from the free atoms of the bombarded element by chemical methods, and then we have our free radioactive isotope.

The Szilard-Chalmers reaction is most appealing to me intellectually, both for its ingeniousness and for its simplicity. I have a very high regard for the two men who were responsible for it, and I hope that I have succeeded in impressing the reader with something of the simple elegance inherent in this method.

AS I SEE IT

Greetings, all you blatherskates, shall we congregate?

I've had something on my mind for some time now. I didn't know whether I should approach the subject, seeing it has, so far, caused such a lot of ruckus both here and in the U. S.

And that is Ray Palmer and AMAZING.

I, among others, have poked fun at his Shaveresque and his Deros and caves. I, among others, have felt sort of let down at what has been done to AMAZING. I let my feelings be known in no little manner.

However, now that the wind and fury has sort of blown itself out, let's start looking at it from an angle that I haven't run across yet. (Some of you Faneds, especially Ward and Clements (FANDOM SPEAKS) had better send Les your zine)) This is going to shock you and even from here I can hear shouts of "Cad!" "Treason!" and other uncouth and inflammatory phrases.

For, brethren and sistern, I am going to herewith look at the other side of the case and perhaps say a good word for Palmer in the process.

TIME WILL NOW BE DECLARED UNTIL THE AIR CLEARS AND BLOOD PRESSURES HAVE RETURNED TO A STATE OF SOMEWHERE NEAR NORMAL.

To begin with, I am going to point the finger of uplifted eyebrow at Fandom itself. We — I include myself, for I followed the herd for a time — who pride ourselves on our broadmindedness, our live-and-let-live, our tolerance, have shown, I think, one of the saddest cases of intolerance, pig-headedness, and downright infantilism that could be possible.

We, who read avidly of future civilizations; ray guns, men whose brains jump hither and yon like the lowly flea, until the reader is wondering whose body it is now in; of powers from beyond space who keep us under hypnotic rays; means by which we think the stars are millions of

miles off while they are really just next door, spacially speaking; call Palmer all kinds of things because he starts running yarns of people within the earth — demons — good spirits and bad spirits — all their ilk — dwelling in immense caverns.

Why? Can it be that the Fen do not like stories laid in the depths of the earth? It can't be, or else we would never have applauded such stories as Jack Williamson's The Green Girl; we would never have accepted, though perhaps in a lower scale, certain of Edgar Rice Burrough's yarns. Almost every author of note has dwelt on the idea of caverns inhabited by races, human and sub-human. Remember the famous Trogolydes?

No, it can't be that Fandom doesn't like caves. It must be some other reason.

Can it be the idea of evil spirits making us do things we wouldn't if we used the sense God gave a louse? I think only the atheistic crowd might say "Yes." Those that beleive in the Bible do — that is one of the tenets of all religions. As far as I know, anyway. Science-Fiction and Fantasy are crowded with such tales — Lovecraft loved them — The Elder Gods — evil spirits developed to a degree of delightfully lovely elegance in the world of "dirty dugans."

Do I hear a wee small voice shout in spleenish glee that it is because Palmer tries to make out the tales are actually true, based on facts?

How many Science-Fiction classics have started off by saying the author knew no one would believe what he will write — the Bible asks us to believe what is written therein — you can, no doubt, pick out other examples.

Now I, along with others, found the Shaveresque badly written. But was it? Were we coming to that decision because we were comparing his technique with styles used in the past? All experimenters and ushurers in of new methods of doing the same thing are called various

things & their names dragged through the mud of public opinion.

Just because Fandom doesn't like the method the Dero stories are written by, doesn't mean we should consider ourselves arbitrators of what is right and what is wrong and that we should set ourselves up as judges of what people should read and people shouldn't.

The Watch and Warders in Boston!

I don't like the Shaver material. I don't like what Palmer has done to what was once the aristocrat of Science-Fiction. But does that mean that Palmer should change all that just to please me? Does that mean he should, to meet with my approval, change his policies so that I will pay my 25¢ when he can continue as he is and sell many more?

Palmer took a job. He is paid every so often and to him that is bread and butter. What his pay check amounts to I don't know and personally I don't give a damn! But Palmer has done what his boss hired him to do — up his circulation and bring his employer more money. Therefore, he is a success. In an employer's eyes, a good employee is one who works to his benefit. He likes to see his man bring in more money. He wants to see the work put in his charge grow and become more profitable. This is common sense.

If a store keeper had a clerk who was selling at cost just to please a few, what value is that clerk to him? But if he can hire another who can sell differently, or a different product and thereby gain more customers, that new man is worth something. What if he does lose a hundred of his old customers? If, in their place, he adds a thousand new customers, that is to the store's benefit.

As an editor, Palmer is counted a very successful man. AMAZING's circulation is growing. If Fandom fell by the wayside, that is progress, even if it is a sort of lop-sided progress of which we do not approve.

Which is the better — to starve to death in a heatless garret and turn out art, or go out and paint bill posters and make a thousand a month? Oh sure, it's all right to shout "ART!" But if you get hungry, what then?

And after all, AMAZING does have its use. It is valuable. It forms a stepping stone — a link — between the comic

books and the comic strip and the legitimate — as we call them — magazines, such as ASTOUNDING and others. Palmer is catering to a class of kids who have tired of Superman and Buck Rogers, but who haven't the desire for the heavier stuff in ASTOUNDING or TWS. If they aren't catered to, they'll turn to crime mags and love mags and by the time they have grown to where they might like what we read, their taste has vanished and we have lost them. AMAZING keeps them in the fold. They are now reading the printed word instead of looking at pictures. Soon they will get tired of what is offered, and if they want something better, then the legit mags can appeal to them.

And furthermore, nobody can prove Palmer is wrong! It's illogical — but that doesn't mean he is wrong! Nobody has seen a dero, but that doesn't necessarily mean there are none. Nobody has seen God, but that doesn't mean there is none. Millions of people believe in him implicitly. Nobody in the audience has seen Christopher Columbus. Does t.h.i.s mean he is a myth? You can't prove a man a liar by a negative process of reasoning. Nobody has seen a man from Mars, or has proof that there is life on other planets, or, for that matter, that there are actually other worlds. But we Fans all believe there is alien life and alien worlds without number. Nobody saw Cthulhu or Yog Sogoth, but nobody up and called Lovecraft names because he told about them. If Shaver had the skill that Lovecraft had, I'll bet Fandom would be down on its knees shouting praises to the skies and saying what a wonderful imagination he had.

As for Palmer getting soured on Fandom and calling it a lot of names. Well, why shouldn't he? He's human. Don't you want to punch a guy in the nose when he calls you a dirty name? Only children call people dirty names ((!!!!)). We are all children at heart — emotionally. And some of us mentally. But why do we have to keep on with it? By all this squabbling Fandom is only giving itself a black eye. It is usually the name-caller who gets the dirty end of the stick — we are not hurting Palmer — we are perhaps doing him a tremendous service. Now readers who wouldn't read his magazine otherwise, are probably being tempted to do so —

and doing so — just through curiosity. I know many times I haven't had the yen to see a show or read a book until I read so many opinions of it that I had to just to see what all the ruckus was about. And sometimes I've enjoyed what I saw, or read, more than I enjoyed the stuff the critics approved of.

Discuss Palmer and his magazines — sure. That is a healthy sign. Tear him down and criticize what he is doing. This is a free continent. But why go to the lengths some people have? Why print stories that a certain Fan is going to burn AMAZINGS? That is childish — that shows a neurotic state of mind that I consider unhealthy. You are only making a fool of yourself by such actions — nothing is gained and you give a lot of people a lot of laughs. If you don't like the magazine don't buy it; don't read it. Just drop it. Why get worked up about it? It isn't as though it is threatening your peace of mind, or your freedom, or your health. After all, the editor has as much right to print what he likes as you have in picking the magazines you wish to read. You don't burn every book or everything you don't like, do you? You don't call the editor of every magazine you don't approve of a dirty name, do you. You don't expect the readers of that magazine to tell you what to read and what to do. Then why expect to set yourself as judge and jury over them?

What we need in Fandom is more tolerance. What we need is more forbearance, more live-and-let-live. Let the other guy have what he wants. Let's stop fostering these tempests in teapots.

The same goes for the stand taken recently by certain clubs that their publication shall NOT go to Palmer. And the FAPA is printing a ballot on the same subject — those members wishing Palmer's office not to receive their magazines will please sign and return. I refuse to sign this ballot. I refuse on the grounds that no man need tell me what I can do and what I can't do. ((No one was trying to tell you, Les. They were merely giving you the chance to send your m a g where or where not you pleased. Should you have chosen to disassociate your publication from surroundings such as AMAZING would provide, you were allowed to do so. You were not being martyred. The FAPA made a wise move, for otherwise a

serious split might have occurred among those who felt strongly whether or not their publications received reviews by Phillips. Now, while the dissention is still there, an active break seems to have been avoided. And the actual danger in this affair would seem to lie in the fact that there is a possibility of such splits taking place — Fandom divided against itself.))

The late war was fought for freedom — is this freedom, boycotting a man for printing something we don't like? Is it freedom to tell people they run the chance of a similar boycott if they deal with him?

So I stand four-fold for tolerance — let's be broad-minded on this question as we profess to be in our reading habits and our beliefs.

These are MY opinions. I don't ask any of you to agree with me. Do what you wish. But why not examine the question putting aside prejudice and what others have been whispering in your ear. Think it out for yourself. Weigh the matter pro and con. AND THEN DO AS YOU FEEL IS RIGHT!

But above all else — be big-hearted — be mature — don't play the fool and because your friend doesn't agree with you to walk out on him & refuse to call him friend. Life is too short for that — and friends are more precious than some other things.

In closing, let me say I hope to meet all of you at the TORCON this July. I want to shake all my letter-friends by the hand — and I want to meet all those now only the merest names to me — and I want to get to know those who are strangers to me, and those of whom I haven't so far the foggiest notion of existence.

EDITORIAL WE (Cont. From Page 3)

that after the five issues published in 1943, we have averaged only 2 per year since. For the special edification of those who wish to complete back files, etc, we have published a volume index on page 30, in order that they may keep a chronological file. Or is anyone interested?

Pause for a moment now, and adjust yourself to a different time setting. 'Tis
(Continued on page 35)

WEE WILLIE'S WANDERING'S

31

By William D. Grant

The numbers of fine stories turned out by H. P. Lovecraft are legion. Something about Shadow Over Innsmouth, however, sets it apart from all his other works. It is hard to define my own feelings as I reread this classic novelette; the story lives; it is compact, fast-moving, written when the author was turning out his best.

Initially, it appeared in a limited edition, then WEIRD TALES had the honour of reprinting this masterpiece. Thousands have still never read it. I feel sorry for them.

I have attempted to capture part of the greatness of this masterpiece on the stencil, which is, alas, an inferior medium for such an undertaking, difficult as it is in itself. This is the first of the series, Classics of Science-Fantasy and appears on page 32.

THE ARKHAM SAMPLER — Winter '48 — 100 pages; price \$1.00.

The main body of this extremely well gotten-up sampler consists of interesting book reviews, various types of weird fiction, some poems, and a note on Necronimicon by H.P. Lovecraft. The chief attraction, however, is a serial reprint of Lovecraft's Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath, a move motivated by the fact that only 1162 copies of this tale exist (included in Beyond the Wall of Sleep). With the price of the sampler well-within everyone's reach, the circulation of this hard-to-obtain story should be greatly increased.

Statements made about certain books (namely, Zotz) are open for wider discussion. I, for one, disagree with some of the sentiments expressed by Mr Derleth.

For instance, he claims that Zotz is an inferior book by Fantasy standards. Here, I agree. But then he wonders how Book-of-the-month could distribute such a stinker to its members when it could have given them a much better Fantasy publication.

The answer is simple. Book-of-the-Month has been extant for several years; it has some lame horses to its discredit. Yet, Zotz is doing better than average as

far as distribution goes. Mr Derleth forgets that B of M doesn't give a damn about Fantasy fans because they are not in the majority. I, myself, enjoyed Zotz and so did many others, or else they wouldn't have bought the book. After all, satisfaction is the main thing in life, at least as far as concerns B of M.

The Sampler also contains notes about a pocket book edition of First Men on the Moon, by H. G. Wells, published by Dell. This is something to support vigorously, for it may mean issues of additional Science-Fiction greats.

Briefly, the ARKHAM SAMPLER is informative, well-produced on good paper, and excellently set-up inside. A worthy addition to any Fan's library.

ZOTZ, by Walter Karig — Rinehart & Co., (\$2.75 U.S. — \$3.00 Canada)

Mr Adam was the ribbingest tickler of 1948. Now we have Zotz, a Fantasy that will agitate your funny-bone in 1947, Mr Derleth to the contrary.

A quiet old man, it seems, discovers an age-old magic rune. He points his finger, utters the word "Zotz," and his living target dies.

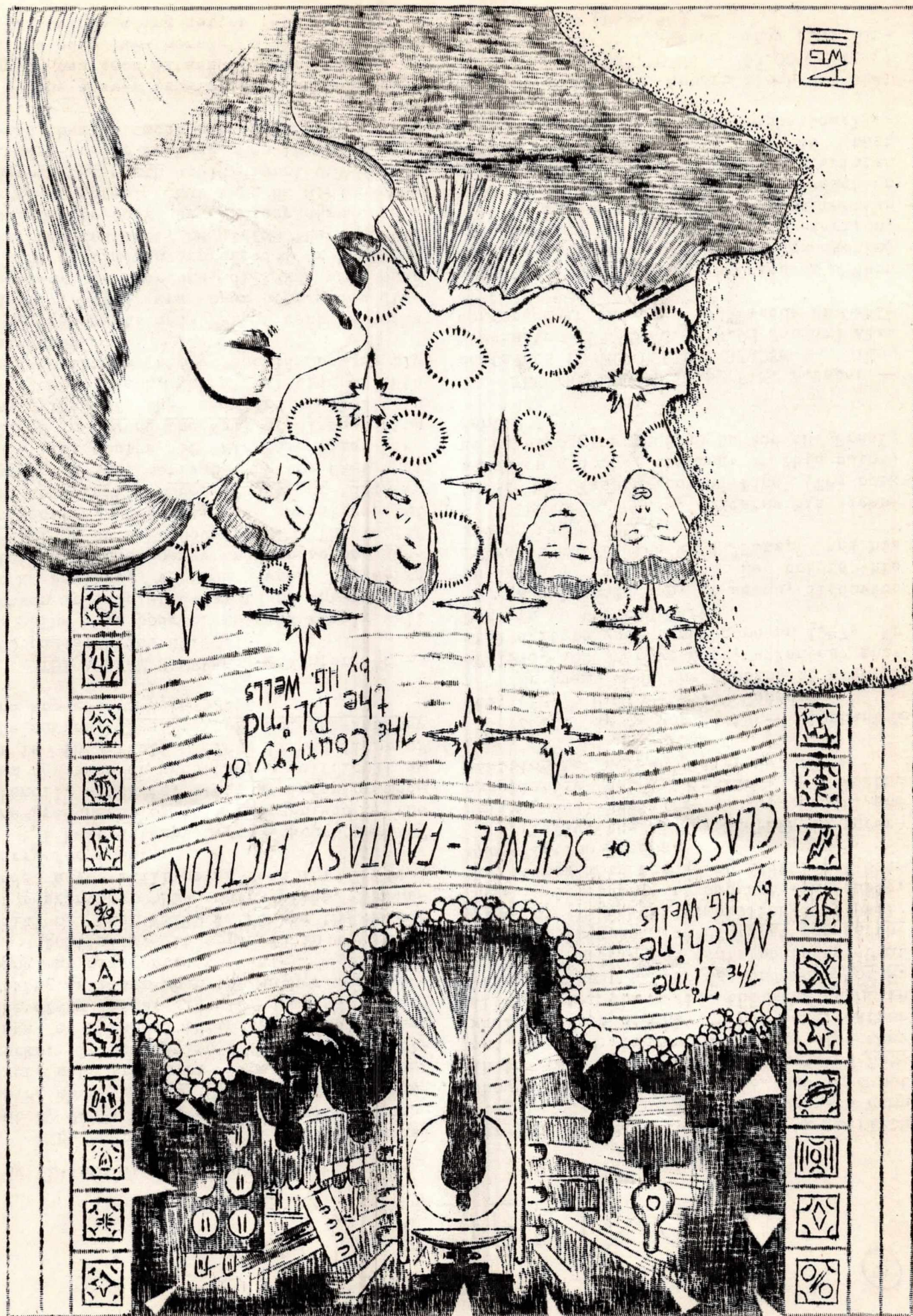
The tale, then, concerns his adventures in Washington Red Tape (The book takes on a double meaning at this point) as he struggles through to see the President.

THE MACHINE STOPS by E.M. Forster — contained in THE HOLIDAY READER — Simon & Schuster (\$3.95 US — \$4.95 Canada) Also condensed in the July '47 issue of OMNI-BOOK. — 35¢

One of the greatest stories of modern Science-Fiction. Set in a super machine age when man has dispensed with exertion, this yarn is a masterpiece of imagination as it moves to its climax. The reaction to the inevitable breakdown is written with sheer melodramatic purpose that drives its point home most emphatically.

THE SCARF by Robert Bloch — Dial Press, 247 pp (\$2.50 US — \$3.00 Canada.)

Mr Bloch brings back many fine memories — (Page 34) —



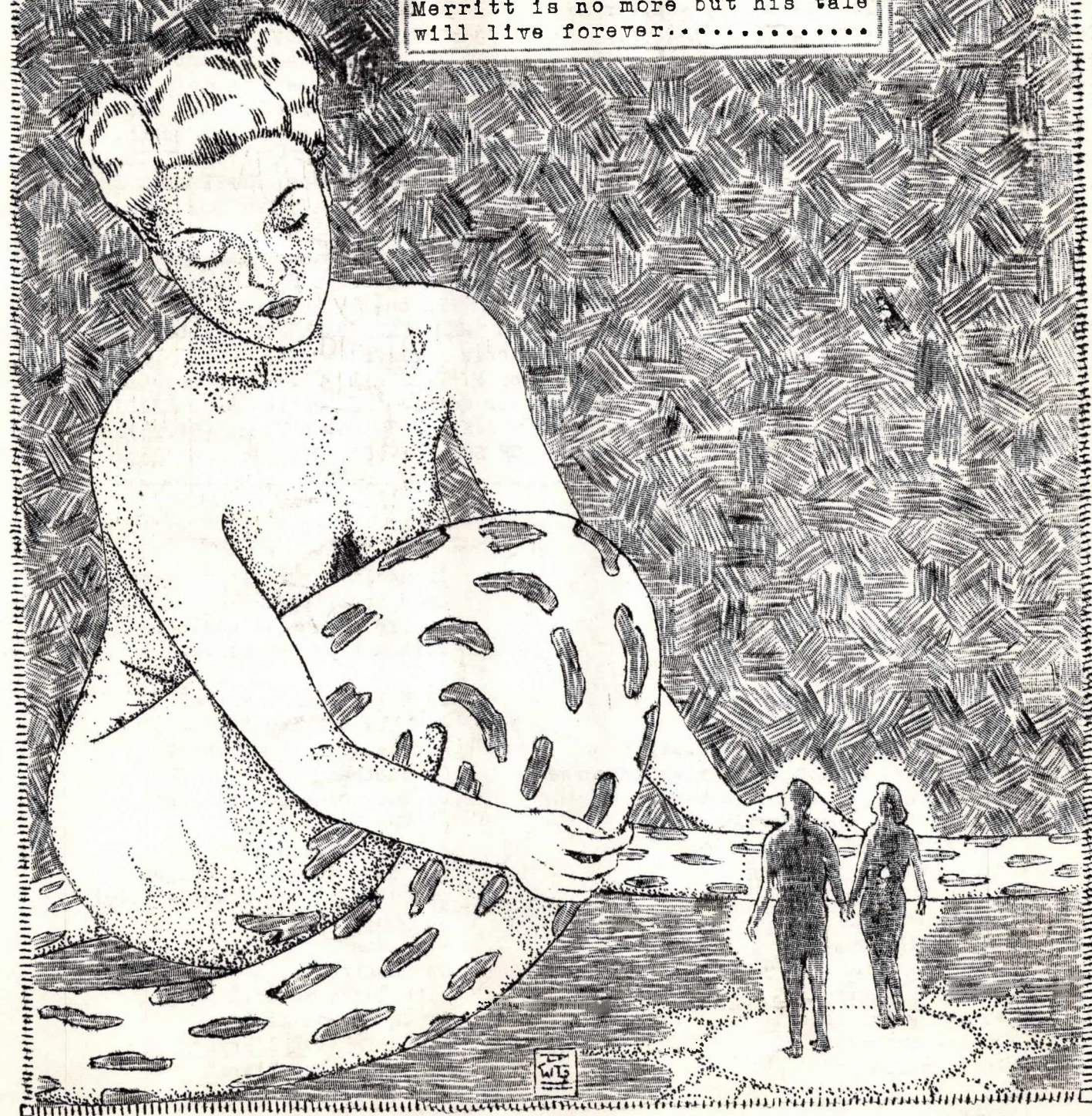
CLASSICS OF SCIENCE - FANTASY FICTION -

The Time Machine
by H.G. Wells

The Country of
the Blind
by H.G. Wells

THE SNAKE MOTHER by A. MERRITT

Remember the fascinating
love story--the unearthly chill
and beauty of the Snake Mother.
Merritt is no more but his tale
will live forever.....



ories here - shades of The Man Who Walked Through Mirrors, (AMAZING, Aug. 1939) and Yours Truly, Jack The Ripper.

Actually, this latest tale is strictly horror, with our so-called hero causing all the trouble as he strangles the women in his life.

This little chiller finally works you into a frenzy as to whether the hero will strangle himself.

JOURNEY BEYOND LIGHT by Walter de Steiguer, October '47 BLUE BOOK (25¢).

BLUE BOOK appears to be well on its way toward carrying a line of Science-Fiction, with its second story from this author. At any rate, this tale lurches a couple of steps beyond Frankenstein. Exciting things transpire before the whole affair winds up in flames. I would like to see AMAZING grab this author up; he's terrific.

As it is now an established fact that few new pulps will be appearing in Canada for quite some time, we begin to scan the book shops, used magazine stocks, and perhaps some friend's collection of old books with a new gleam in our eye.

The pocketbook editions are worth

looking into. Available are:

SUSPENSE STORIES, edited by Alfred Hitchcock — Dell.

BAR THE DOORS, edited by Alfred Hitchcock — Dell.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE by Robert Nathan — Penguin.

MURDER OF THE U.S.A. by Will F. Jenkins — Handi-book Mystery.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION by E. A. Poe — Pocket Book.

POCKET BOOK OF MYSTERY STORIES, Edited by Lee Wright.

The above is a partial sample of what it is possible to obtain at your local magazine store. The AVON FANTASY READER appears every other month.

Copies of ROCKET FLIGHT TO THE MOON by Jules Verne and PLAYTHINGS OF DESIRE by W.H. Hudson sell for 50¢ each, and are printed along the style of a large magazine. Both are obtainable through the Arcade Mail Order Co., Toronto, Ontario.

In the bookstores appear such items as AND THE DARKNESS FALLS, edited by Boris Karloff (\$2.98), THE PURPLE CLOUD by M. P. Sheil (\$1.39), a beautiful Rainbow edition of 20 THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, By Jules Verne (\$1.25), NOVELS OF SCIENCE (\$2.50), and many more.

In the November Fantasy Times, Sam Moskowitz reports that the critics say —

Loquacity, garrulity, verbosity,
Used as device by man
In a search quite frantic
For words pedantic
To describe an
Inconsequentiality.

Loquacity, garrulity, verbosity;
With meter, strophe, asterisk or worse —
Underscoring — Latin-root-words,
French nouns and Spanish verbs
They report of the
Struldbrug of Luggnagg
Or some old hag
Libidinous
And lethiferous.

Loquacity, garrulity, verbosity,
Are not glossophlegia
But are indulged by
Microcephelagia
Who with logarithms
Mighty
Define the Infinit-e.

" KELLER CAN'T WRITE "

Loquacity, garrulity, verbosity
And persiflage
Are for the tale mediocre
With a tinge of ochre.

So Keller can't write?
Can his critics indict
A tale like The Mother?
Or another
Of such courage and gloom
As The Metal Doom?
Symbols "are silly!"
Can they conquer a dragon
Armed only with a wood-lilly?
No Other Man
Ever can
So inspire
With "dish water."
If one would aspire
To shrink a Kelleryarn
Let them then "larn"
Of the lore
Which Keller's mind has stored
By the tome.

— KELLERFAN —

EDITORIAL WE (Cont. From page 29)

96 hours after the first two pages of editorial were written. We have some corrections to make.

First, a printers' strike which had tied up Canadian printing of many prozines has been terminated. On the stands are the two Standard Publications — TWS and STARTLING — plus WEIRD TALES. This is news indeed, and will help ease the ban which still applies as far as publishers sending their mags across the border — these three are printed here. But ASTOUNDING and PLANET are still off the market. F.F.M. and F.N. should be appearing, and we don't give a damn particularly what happens to AS and FA, outside of the fact that we wish to keep our collection complete. But this can be done later.

Secondly, Hurter's Evolution of Religious Thoughts has not arrived, and will miss this issue, since we wish to complete it this afternoon. Diner sends down word that he is at work on it, so we should have it for Number 15. This means, however, that over two pages are unfilled. You'll have to pardon this editorial if it becomes slightly maudlin, for we are now attempting to fill space. Dare say that Fred shot our usual publishing schedule would be adhered to, meaning that he could have his stuff in anywhere within two weeks to a month of stated deadline, and still make the issue. Sorry, Fred, to cross you up like this. We would have liked to know the name of that female you got to do our cover, though. You might offer her our apologies, for it isn't an exceptionally brilliant piece of lithography, inasmuch as a great deal of the detail was too delicate to catch, even by half-tone. Our heading, also, is rather sloppy.

Perhaps the easiest method of inking up a page or two these days is to mention the name of Palmer. We have already run three pages of confused verbosity on the subject by Les Croutch, wherein author Croutch (soon to appear in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES with Eemanu Grows Up, through the courtesy of Mary Gnaedinger) contradicts and repeats himself through several paragraphs, with various types of logic.

Take, for example, his attempts to:

A: Justify Shaver's literary inept-

titude on the basis that his style is new and technique original; that they cannot be compared with past techniques or styles.

B: Prove Shaver's fabrications to be the truth by a counterpart of that simple legal phrase, "A man is innocent until proven guilty."

C: Condone Palmer's actions by maintaining that he is a commercial success, and claiming that he is progressing.

With Les's permission, which I have not got, I shall now attempt to argue a point or two. These are just a few of many; you pick your own.

First, Les, how can you justify the literary quality of Shaver's abortions on the grounds that he is experimenting, or ushering in a new method. Any man, before he can experiment, must first have a complete and thorough knowledge of his subject; his trend towards something new must arise from a dissatisfaction with old ways of doing things, and a desire to improve. Shaver has never shown that he can write. He is purely and simply a hack without literary ability or culture who has stumbled upon an idea that has proven commercial enough to sell. His so-called experimentation with new techniques, as you implied, is actually as poor as it seems, simply because he knows no better way of doing it.

Now, as to the possibility of his Deropics containing truth. First of all, it is not our place to prove him wrong, for he must first prove himself right, or show a possibility that he could be proved right. Logic and scientific deduction, for upon these are based the greater majority of the hypotheses contained in at least the Stf side of our interests as opposed to Fantasy, cannot be handled as if in a court of law. They must be founded upon some sort of a line of deductive reasoning, taking into account past knowledge and scientific laws. Those which are not immediately provable are known as hypotheses, and parallel closely the imaginative speculations of the Stf authors who picture so vividly future civilizations, science, cultures. But no one has the audacity to claim that these are true. Many state that they will perhaps become factual sometime in the future; yet Palmer has claimed that the fantastic

tales told by Shaver are true, and when questioned, has resorted to that line of fortifications known as The Legal Wall — "You can't prove they're not." If you expect Fandom to accept this method of 'reason', then you must picture them as the type of which P.T. Barnum speaks so descriptively — "There's one born every minute." Fandom, I believe, chooses to think things out for itself, wishes to see actual proof, other than the unauthenticated statements made by unknown readers in the columns of Palmer's Mags.

When you claim that because Palmer is making money, he is a success, you involve a complex question of ethics which I couldn't possibly go into here. I'd like to ask, however, if you really feel that Palmer can justify his actions sheerly on their money-making qualities. For if you do, then you can also justify exploitation of individual rights simply because somebody is getting his cut. I'm not trying to imply that Palmer is attempting to exploit anyone, for he's not; I merely use the comparison to question the fact that money is an end in itself, and that the end justifies the means. I don't believe it does. Fortunately, many others feel the same as I. Musically speaking, this is as obvious as Harry James with the Boston Pops. Tin Pan Alley has not justified its music by the fact that it is making money, nor by the fact that it sells a million copies of certain records — for each such success is of the 'here today, gone tomorrow' type. Surely the lasting qualities of the great works of Beethoven and Schubert are far superior to the tinkly schmaltz of such inoffensive ditties as Near You? Surely the writings of Van Vogt and Merritt surpass those of Shaver. Surely the men who produce the former are accomplishing much more than those connected with the latter.

I fail to see the logic involved in your statement that if Fandom falls by the wayside, it is progress. Granted, it is change, but by what line of reasoning do you call it progress?

The danger in the present fight between Fandom and Palmer does not lie in the fight itself. Fandom is strong enough to weather such arguments, which in reality many Fans regard as trivial, and I doubt if Palmer is particularly worried,

even if he is annoyed. The real danger, however, is in the possibility of serious splits occurring. An example has already happened in the LASFS, where relations have undoubtedly been strained. These splits will not destroy Fandom, but they will destroy friendships, and lead to bad blood all around. This tempest in a teapot is not worth the trouble of condemning a fellow Fan simply because he does not entertain similar sentiments about Shaver, because he refuses to send his Mag to AMAZING's Review section, or because he offends your ethical sense. Yet I have seen lists published wherein Fandom has been divided into two sides — those for and those against. The trouble is going to come from here; from this trend towards placing the matter on a personal rather than a theoretical level. When the Fan ceases to look at the matter objectively, and begins to consider his neighbours' arguments, and condemn the author of them because he does not agree then strife will be forthcoming.

Personally, I'm not worried, for we've pulled through such 'wars' before, without the alienation of too much goodwill.

Les, while some of my slams at your article may seem a little insulting, especially where I become rather facetiously sarcastic about your arguments, please don't take them too seriously. I rather suspect that you wrote the thing merely for the angle involved — you wanted to be different, and cause some comment. You've succeeded as far as I'm concerned, evident y.

Fans, examine what Les and I have said, and think about the matter. Criticism will do no harm when founded upon facts. Fandom will not suffer, as long as you remain objective.

This has served its space-filling purpose. We hope that we haven't offended anyone. We'd enjoy hearing a few reactions, so give us a shout on your typewriter, won't you?

Incidentally, have you joined the TORCON Society yet? Send your buck to Ned soon. Second issue of TORQUE will appear shortly, containing all Convention dope.

FAN PERSONALITIES

NO. 7

37

ALASTAIR CAMERON



This is not the face in the abyss. Nor is it the face that launched a thousand ships. You are gazing at the square-jawed pan of Winnipegian Alastair Cameron.

A Stf reader from '39, Al did not make contact with Fandom until 1945, when the ban was lifted on pulps here, and he was able to contact Fans through subscriptions to various Fanzines. During austerity he had kept his interest alive by scalping all the old Proz he could from numerussecond-hand stores (as didn't we all). Luckily for him, Winnipeg had a few good ones, now shadows of their former selves. Studies, however, have kept him from becoming exceedingly active, since he graduated last spring from the University of Manitoba with a B. Sc. in an honours course in Physics and Mathematics.

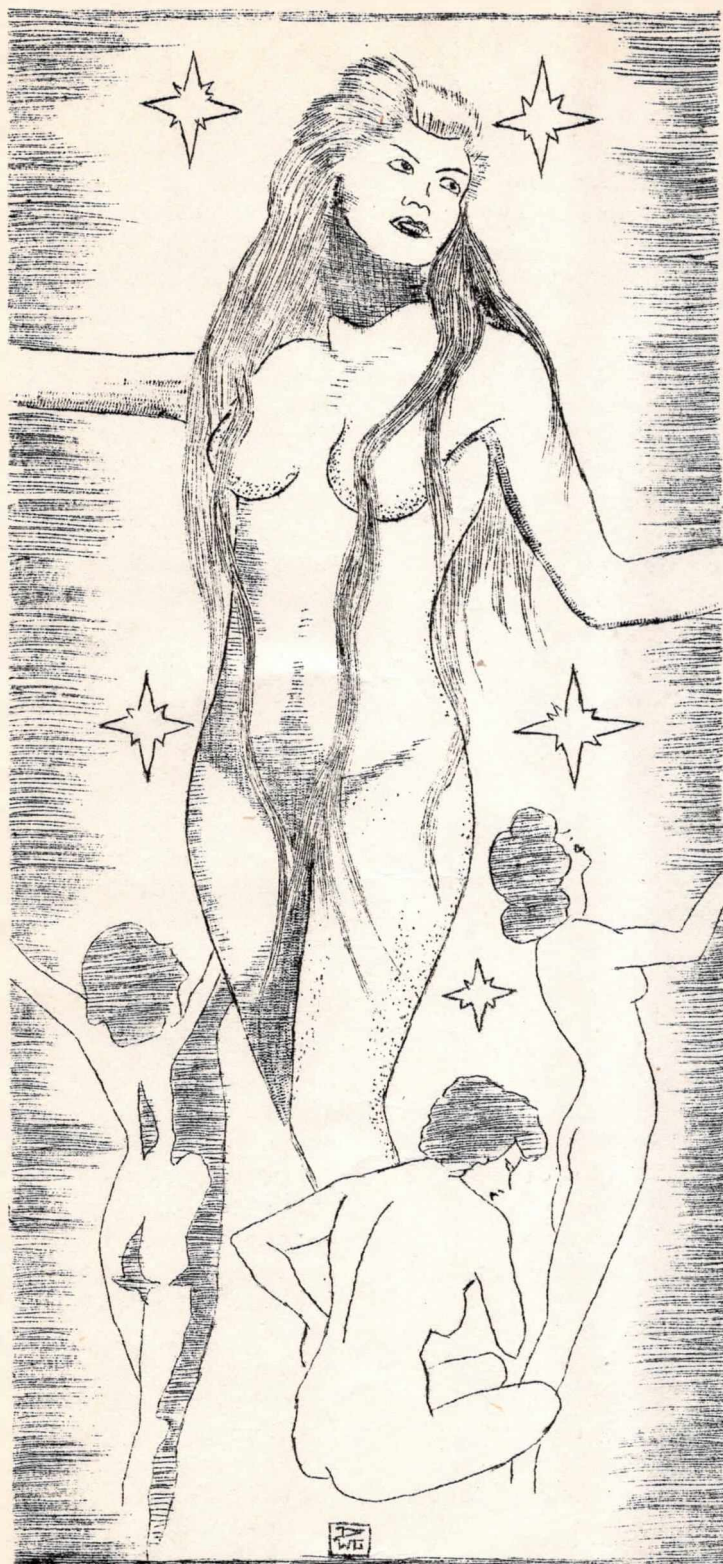
Born on June 21, 1925, Al doesn't remember his exact weight, but suspects that he was not a delicate child. Now his 6' 2" frame plants footprints with 175 lbs of unidentified tissue — less than formerly, since he is attempting to live in that inflationary country southwards, the U.S.A., where he is taking post-graduate work in physics at the University of Chicago. Last summer, Al worked on the Canadian Atomic Energy Project at Chalk River, which he found interesting both from a scientific and a Science-Fictional point of view.

ASTOUNDING now is the only mag that induces Al to drop his studies until he's absorbed the contents. He has a good knowledge of the Science-Fiction of the "good old days", but thinks the modern stuff is better, preferring the fiction in the ASTOUNDING of 1947 to that of 1940. WEIRD TALES leaves him cold, but he really goes for the UNKNOWN type of Fantasy. Other major interest — Astronomy, and that from a theoretical rather than an observational viewpoint. Likes to meet Fans, too, wherever he goes. Sez he, "They're a swell bunch of people."

First CANFAN article appears on page 25. You'll be hearing from this boy.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Anger, Ron R. | 520 Highland Avenue | Ottawa, Ontario |
| 2. Betts, Albert A. | 18 Wascana Avenue | Toronto, Ontario |
| 3. Bowie-Reed, Jack | c/o Arts Building, McGill U. | Montreal, P. Q. |
| *4. Cameron, Alastair | 7612 S. Constance Avenue | Chicago, Ill. |
| 5. Cranston, Greg | 184 Glen Road | Hamilton, Ontario |
| *6. Croutch, Leslie A. | Box 121 | Parry Sound, Ontario |
| 7. de Bretigny, Cecil | 5211 Hingston Avenue | Montreal 28, P.Q. |
| 8. Diner, Moe J. | 445 Mount Pleasant Ave | Westmount, P.Q. |
| 9. Doherty, Jack | 68 Latimer | Toronto, Ontario |
| 10. Fenton, G. B. C. | 185 William Street | Kingston, Ontario |
| 11. Frome, Nils H. | Box 3, | Fraser Mills, B.C. |
| 12. Godfrey, A.E. (?) | 270 Murray Street | Brantford, Ontario |
| 13. Gibson, Robert | 2421 25a Street West | Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| *14. Grant, William D. | 11 Burton Road | Toronto, Ontario |
| 15. Harding, Doug | 563 Sherbrook Street | Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| 16. Hurter, Alfred M. Jr. | 79 Hudson Street | Town of Mount Royal, PQ |
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| 18. Jessop, Ruby | 558 Roanoke Avenue | Kelowna, B.C. |
| 19. Johnson, Charles R. | 5 Needham Street | Halifax, Nova Scotia |
| 20. Joss, Robert A. | 5239 Park Avenue, Apt #1 | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 21. Kenally, Viola L. (?) | 142 Welland Avenue | St Catherines, Ontario |
| 22. Kennedy, Stephen | 3650 Oxenden Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 23. Keys, A. Gordon (?) | R. R. 2 | West Hill, Ontario |
| 24. Lamb, Norman V. (?) | 203 Main Street | Simcoe, Ontario |
| 25. Lank, Helen | Eureka, Fictou County | Nova Scotia |
| 26. Lethbridge, Dennis | 476 Simcoe Street | Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| *27. Logie, John | 2505 Empire Street | Victoria, British Columbia |
| 28. Loosemore, Robert | | Ganges, B. C. |
| 29. MacFadyen, A. B. | 9 Humewood Drive | Toronto, Ontario |
| 30. McCutcheon, Don | 212 Secord Street | Port Arthur, Ontario |
| *31. McKeown, Nedrick | 1398 Mount Pleasant Road | Toronto 12, Ontario |
| 32. Merrifield, L.A. | 119 Madison Avenue | Toronto, Ontario |
| 33. Metchette, Stewart | 3551 King Street | Windsor, Ontario |
| 34. Millard, John | 1298 Yonge Street | Toronto, Ontario |
| *35. McCoy, Sam W. | 951 Harrison Avenue | London, Ontario |
| 36. Paterson, Calvin A. | 4084 Madison Avenue | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 37. Phillips, Gil | Ste 2, Yaeger Blk | Brandon, Manitoba |
| 38. Rattray, Basil | 2037 Metcalfe Street, Apt 2 | Montreal, P. Q. |
| 39. Redman, M.J. | 14 Brentwood Road | Toronto, Ontario |
| 40. Ross, Stanley | 26 Albermarle Avenue | Toronto, Ontario |
| *41. Sloan, Jack | 264 Gerrard Street East | Toronto, Ontario |
| 42. Snell, Dave | | Aurora, Ontario |
| 43. Stamp, J. J. | | Norval, Ontario |
| 44. Stitt, D.F. | | London, Ontario |
| 45. Swanson, Lewis | 581 William Street | Toronto, Ontario |
| *46. Taylor, Joseph W. | 23 Jordan Street | Toronto 5, Ontario |
| 47. Trottier, Leo | 118 St George Street | Windsor, Ontario |
| 48. Tjelios, George | 135 Ellis Street East | Montreal, P.Q. |
| 49. Wakefield, Harold R. (?) | 1887 Sherbrooke Street East | Toronto, Ontario |
| 50. Walker, Mrs Austin D. | 84 Lindsey Avenue | South Frcupine, Ontario |
| 51. Williams, Gerry | Box 23 | Verdun, P.Q. |
| 52. White, Ted (?) | 4711 Verdun Avenue | Toronto, Ontario |
| 53. Young, Peter (?) | 330 Queensdale Avenue | Hamilton, Ontario |
| *54. Brown, George S. | 52 Cannon Street | Niagara Falls, Ontario |
| 55. Hanley, Tom (?) | 2230 Arad Street | Toronto, Ontario |
| | 130 Balmoral | |

Those marked with asterisks are NFFF Members. A question marks indicates that continued activity is doubtful. A few Montreal and Hamilton names are unknown to us, and not included. We'll run addenda and corrections in each issue. Corrections to Beak Taylor.



Yes!

THEY'RE ALL COMING TO THE TORCON

We can't promise that many will be dressed like the bevy on this page, of course. But who knows — we plan to make this the biggest and best Convention yet — this may be just another one of those big surprises we have in store for you.

\$1.00

Sent to — Ned McKeown
1398 Mount Pleasant Road
Toronto 12, Ontario

Brings you your TORCON Membership Card, TORQUE, and the chance to attend the Sixth World Science Fiction Convention in Toronto, from July 3rd to 5th.

"Onto-Tor-Onto"

TORONTO IN '48

