

CANFAN



THE LANDSLIDE by Dr. David H. Keller	MR. DISNEY by Richard Elsberry	GREAT MISTAKE by C. M. Moorhead	WORKS OF VERNE by Charles F. Horne	NIGHT SF ENDED by Russell Spurr	THAT OLD MOVIE BUG by William D. Grant
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THAT OLD MOVIE BUG

PART SIX OF A SERIES

BY WILLIAM D. GRANT

Just recently I witnessed a Warner Bros. two-reeler entitled "When Talkies Were Young". This film included healthy sequences from films that circulated in 1930 and 1933. This short is still in current release and it is quite possible that many of you have seen this capsule review of the past.

The first one was "Sinner's Holiday" (1930) in which we see the up and coming James Cagney in the role of a small time bootlegger, it is hard to see the potential that is yet to come in his later pictures. Then a semi-comical gangster film "20,000 Years In Sing Sing" (1933) with a very young Spencer Tracy, supported by Bette Davis, Louis Calhern and George Bancroft. The sequence used is where Tracy beefs about wearing the ill-fitting uniform. The outcome, of course, is that Tracy is sent to the ice house wearing his trap-door underwear. Then, "Five Star Final" (1931) which turned out to be strictly Edward G. Robinson with Boris Karloff in a supporting role. The next one is more than interesting, "Night Nurse" (1931) with Barbara Stanwyck, who at the time was already established as a big star. In this one Miss Stanwyck is in a wealthy home and is called away from her ward by a slightly alcoholic guest. She comes upon the mistress of the home, who is draped over a couch and practically out cold. Our drunken type (the one still standing) starts chasing Miss Stanwyck around the room. Then the camera shoots down to the floor level, we see a pair of male feet enter the room. There is a thud and Miss Stanwyck's persuer ends up on the floor. Even at this point we only see the back of the stranger, then the surprise, it turns out to be Clark Gable in his first featured screen appearance. After seeing rushes of the film Warners did not renew Gable's contract; still later when the film went into general release Warners found out that they had made a big mistake. From his first talking part female fans started that initial flood of fan mail which was to keep Gable up in the top ten for many years to come. The last film in the group is "Svengali" (1931) and was directed by Archie Mayo. John Barrymore played the title role with Marion Marsh as his victim. The backgrounds of this film are outstanding, in fact, the composition of this film has a European touch which we find in a great

That Old Movie Bug

many 'art' films today. Slightly exaggerated buildings, windows off-centre and other contributing factors that you would find in pure fantasy films. After seeing these tantalising views I can only hope that they do not end up on the Late Show, but then where would I see them under ordinary circumstances?

Last January I made a trek to Davenport, Iowa. This is what some might call a side trip from Bob Tucker's home where I was visiting at the time. The destination was Blackhawk Films, a firm from which I have now purchased over six hundred dollars worth of film and accessories. Blackhawk is actually a division that has grown out of a 16 mm film rental business and from the looks of things I would say that it is the largest operation in the United States catering directly to the consumer or the amateur movie maker. There is no middle-man or dealer rake-off in this operation and the honesty of this firm has been illustrated to me personally many times. There may be others, and I've done business with many, with the same standards, but Blackhawk bends over backwards to correct any mistake or error that comes up.

While there I picked up a gem, "The Vagabond" (1916) with Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance. This one runs around 365 feet in 8mm and retails for \$7.98. The reproduction is excellent considering its vintage. The following is a quote by Robert Payne, who like others considered this particular film as superior film fare:

In THE VAGABOND, the third of the Mutual films, Charlie comes into his own. The story begins with the preliminary flourish which has nothing to do with the main plot--a scene in a barroom with Charlie playing on his fiddle, and no one paying the slightest attention. A German band is playing. Charlie shrugs his shoulders, removes his hat and passes it round. Then the furor Germanicus is awakened, and Charlie has to run for his life. When we next see him he is a thousand miles away, deep in the country, climbing over a fence, with a nail sticking to his trousers. He carefully removes the nail, makes a profoundly horrified face at the impeccability of nails, and then he sees Edna Purviance washing clothes beside a gypsy caravan, a wicked old crone belaboring her. The girl is frightened. Charlie believes it is his task to please her with his fiddle. He plays soulfully, smiles tenderly, assures her that the world is still beautiful, still worth living in, and after he has played "The Honey-suckle and the Bee", he bows politely, applauds himself, bows again, roars with happiness over his own proficiency in fiddling, and then tumbles into the washtub. The old crone returns, and Charlie, horrified by the ugliness and brutality on her face, is about to run, but the girl pulls him back. When the threat has passed, Charlie plays for her again, puts one foot on her lap, smiles confidently, embraces her, is all smiles and sweetness, till the leader of the gypsy band comes running with his whip, and Charlie in sheer fright falls into the tub again. All this is the purest poetry, the most delicate flattery of the mind. The tub, of course, takes the place of the trapdoor in the pantomime; and as he falls in and out, shaking himself like a dog, smiling with the most gentle effrontery at the girl, we are aware of a warmth and intimacy in their lovemaking, of secrets suddenly revealed: it is as though we were watching

real lovers in a fairy-tale. But there must be an end to love, the gypsy caravan departs, Charlie is left alone, and without warning we are shown a grey-haired woman with chocolate-box sweetness gazing at the photograph of her long-lost child.....The caravan has departed, but when we see it again, Charlie has caught up with it. The bully is still striking the girl with the whip. Charlie climbs a tree and lies like a snake on the limb. When the gypsies come out of the caravan, he knocks them out with a club, and when they are all sprawling like rotten fruit at the foot of the tree, Charlie loses his balance and falls among them. Then, with no more than a glance at the defeated, he takes her into the caravan and they drive off. The gypsies come running after, and the old crone, admirably played by Leo White, is bowled over with a sudden kick in the stomach from Charlie--it is one of the most extraordinary pieces of brutality ever committed by the clown, inevitable, effortless and terrifying, for the hag crumples like a doll stuffed with horse-hair, and almost you hear Charlie's wild demented laughter, the laughter of pure triumph and freedom as he rides off with his girl..... The girl sleeps in the caravan. Charlie sleeps in the straw outside, his hands tenderly wrapped around his fiddle. He scratches. He discovers he is sleeping on a cactus, then remakes his bed and then knocks discreetly on the caravan door. She too is scratching herself. Through the woodland comes an artist, the snake in the grass. Charlie sends the girl out with a bucket to fetch water, cracks eggs open with a hammer, prepares their breakfast. Meanwhile the girl is posing for the artist, and Charlie, when he learns of it, makes his own drawing of the girl. His drawing makes her look like a horse.In the peach-bloom atmosphere of a picture gallery the artist's painting is recognised by the girl's mother, who immediately faints. Later she asks the painter where he has seen her daughter. He talks of the caravan, and then the caravan appears in an iris, and we see a car approaching at the same time that Charlie comes into view, balancing some eggs. In the car are the girl's father and mother. They spill out, take the girl in their arms, and Charlie, of course, is delighted with the reconciliation, claps his hands, goes into a little dance, expects to be taken away with them, drops the eggs on the man's foot, smiles, then apologises for smiling, and suddenly the car is rushing away down the slope, and Charlie gazes after it, intense and miserable beyond all expectations of loneliness. In the code to the film as it was shown publicly, the car inexplicably returns and Charlie is joyfully carried away in it. In a more accurate version, which Chaplin has occasionally shown privately, Charlie commits a quiet suicide, having first been rescued by a harridan who brings him to shore, and then, seeing her face, he plunges into the water for the last time.....THE VAGABOND possesses a perfection which was never quite reached by the other great Mutual films. Here the comedy was a swift and clean as a mountain stream. Charlie with his gypsy caravan is in his element. It is his world, as later on he finds a tolerable world in a circus.

(from "The Great God Pan")

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The Blackhawk version contains the happy ending, and there is a slight variation in the middle of the story, which only proves that the version Mr. Payne witnessed and speaks about was a little of something else again.

Also of interest is a reasonable price for a print of "Shoulder Arms". By reasonable I mean \$15.95 for three full 200 foot reels instead of the usual \$30.00 price. On the same listing I noticed another Mutual, namely, "Easy Street" which I immediately ordered for \$10.95.

By the time the next issue comes out I will have a full report on "Easy Street".

For those of you interested the last two titles can be obtained by writing to Megifilms-Box 5803 N.-Washington 14, D. C.

Blackhawk has now taken their initial step into silent features, the first one being "The Americano" (Triangle-1916) with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Alma Rubens. Originally this feature was five (double) reels, but Blackhawk has seen fit to edit about ten minutes from the original theatrical release. Now it runs about 65 minutes or 825 feet jammed onto four 200 foot 8mm reels. In all probability the slightly edited version is a much better film because of this.

Fairbanks is a young engineer, quite stocky in appearance and minus his famous mustache. From what friends tell me Glenn Ford appeared in a remake of the same thing a few years back, so there is not really any point of going into the plot. This film marks the first starring role for Fairbanks, Alma Rubens was already established. The print that this 8mm version was copied from must have been near perfect, reproduction is excellent and all the original sub-titles have been retained. For the collector this is a must. The price is \$19.98.

In New York I purchased an item called "Dancing Mothers" (Paramount-1924) with Alice Joyce, Conway Tearle and Clara Bow. This film was independently produced by a B. P. Shulberg, who evidently saw a star of tomorrow in Clara Bow. While the "It Girl" compelled me in buying this film I found that the performances of Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle more than rewarding. Tearle has played the role of F.D.R. in several sound movies in later years and has appeared in many British films. Miss Joyce is a forgotten name today, her style of acting and appearance could be likened to Kay Francis of the Thirties.

This one is the story of a mother and daughter falling in love with the same man. Each not knowing that it is the same man. Miss Bow executes a scene right out of the flapper era with more gusto than some of the slapstick comedians of that day. In this instance our girl has had a few drinks too many, Tearle is trying to get her out of the apartment before the mother turns up and believe me he is dealing with something quite frantic. This one scene lasts over twenty minutes and everyone is unmasked at its climax.

The reproduction is better than fair on this print. One complaint is that the picture itself is not rock steady. Probably due to strained sprockets on the original print that this was copied from. This very interesting period piece runs about 80 minutes and retails for \$25.00 on 8mm and \$50.00 on 16mm.

For the Western fans there is an outstanding film on William S. Hart made on 8mm and 16mm silent. The labour of love is mounted on four 8mm 200 foot reels (750 feet) and can be purchased from Blackhawk for \$19.98.

Hart was first a Broadway stage actor. He starred in the "Squaw Man" and "The Virginian". His last play was "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and from this he went onto Hollywood. His first film was a two-reeler

called "Two Gun Hicks" directed by the great Thomas H. Ince. Ince made about seven more in 1914 all running around the twenty minute mark and Hart was well on the way to becoming a popular star. In 1915 Ince and Hart came up with their first feature length film, which was released as a Mutual Master film. Then with the forming of Triangle Pictures Hart appeared with Clara Williams in "Hell's Hinges" which firmly established him. The Ince-Hart combination lasted for two fabulous years in the wild heyday of the Triangle Company. The following films are highlighted:

"The Aryan" (Triangle-1916) with Bessie Love
"Square Deal Man" (Triangle-1917)
"The Desert Man" (Triangle-1917)
"Wolf Lowry" (Triangle-1917) being the last film made under the Triangle banner.

Then a young chap by the name of Adolph Zukor formed a firm called Artcraft (the forerunner of Paramount-Famous Players) which acted as a distributor of independent films. The remnants of the Triangle Company switched over to Artcraft.

It was in this period that the Hart-Ince combination really made box office history for the westerns. Ince made fifteen films starring Hart. Some of the notable ones are "Narrow Trail", "Riddle Gawne", "Wolves of the Rail", "John Petticoats" and "Square Deal Sanderson". With this group Hart netted himself over \$900,000 which was quite a pile in those days.

With the money rolling in Zukor and others wanted to get into the act. Thus Artcraft became part of a new company called Paramount. It is to be noted that even after Paramount was formed, the name of the old Artcraft company still appeared on Hart's films. At this point Hart Productions became a reality. Ince left Hart to go into other productions. From then on Hart films were directed by many different directors and all of them destined for box office success. Such films as:

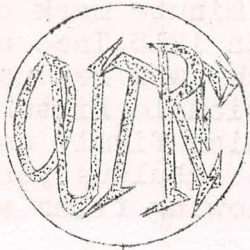
"The Toll Gate" (Artcraft-1920) with Anna Q. Nilsson
"The Testing Block" (Artcraft-fall of 1920)
"O'Malley of the Mounted" (Paramount-winter of 1920-1921)
this one was written by Hart and co-starred Eva Novak.
"Three Word Brand" (Paramount-late 1921) this was the film that broke all existing box office records on Broadway.

These films are all represented in the "Saga of W. S. Hart" and they show a fightin', shootin' star of the times.

After this we get a big sampling of "Wild Bill Hickok", which I'd just seen as a complete film at a recent film society screening. As far as I'm concerned this is the best one of the lot. While the film is a vintage item it stands the test of time much better than the others.

Late in 1924 came the last film for Paramount called "Singer Jim McKee" and frankly I've never heard about this one until I read the titles in the "Saga". His final film came in 1925 and was released by United Artists and is sadly missing as more or less the climax of his career.

It is interesting to note that "Tumbleweeds" was reissued in 1939 with added sound and from what I can gather it was the full length version. This one will probably turn up on television, so when you see it remember that Hart is no longer a young man. WDG



MR Disney AND TRYANSARUS REX

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by RICHARD ELSBERRY

It all began with a search for a starring vehicle to revive the waning popularity of Mickey Mouse.

Early in 1938, Disney had finally realized that Mickey needed something new and different to put him back in first place amongst the cartoon characters. He finally decided to star him in a "silly symphony". By spring, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" had been picked out for Mickey, and Disney contacted Leopold Stokowski and asked him to cooperate in making the film. Stokowski was to conduct the orchestra in the background music by Paul Dukas; but when Stokowski heard about this he became dissatisfied with it in that form. He talked loud and long to Disney about doing something important and revolutionary with the music of Dukas, and other composers. Finally, he asked Disney about the possibility of making a film of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue". Disney told Stokowski to stick to the music and to leave the story to the scenario department, mistaking Toccata and Fugue for a pair of fictional lovers like Romeo and Juliet or Tristan and Isolde.

At last Stokowski's boundless enthusiasm reached Disney. Why, they reasoned, should they devote so much time and energy to a film that would only be used as a "short" or filler on a super-feature bill? Why not make a full length film, presenting an entire concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, with accompanying pictures with Disney to enhance the music? That's exactly what they decided to do.

In the fall of 1938, with "Fantasia" as a working title, they got underway. A "Fantasia" is a free development of a given theme -- and that was certainly what they wanted their movie to be. After it was completed, they considered and rejected over three hundred titles, but found none better than they already had, and so "Fantasia" stuck.

One of the first steps taken was to call in music critic Deems Taylor. Taylor, together with Disney and Stokowski, listened to music for three solid weeks. After that seige they sat down and decided on

the music. The selections chosen were: Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps", Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite", Beethoven's "Symphony Pastorale", Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D", Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain", Schubert's "Ave Maria", and Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours". The three of them worked on the script together, discussed the animation, and analyzed the music. Taylor and Stokowski were familiar figures around the Disney studios for almost three years.

The story department had gotten started early. In the beginning they worked with phonograph records, and then, when the recordings were made in the spring of 1939, with the finished sound film. Disney gave his animators a free hand in their work. Thus, many of the interpretations of the music are not the accepted ones, which is the very way Disney wanted it.

When the news about the picture leaked out the newspaper columnists began to ask questions. "How in the world can you expect to appeal to the masses with esoteric music by Bach, Stravinsky, Dukas, and Beethoven, and with a revolutionary film, sans plot or coherence, the various sections of which are tied together only through the smart remarks of a master of ceremonies (Deems Taylor)?" But this revolutionary movie proved them all wrong. "Fantasia" attracted more than a million customers at two-a-day performances in New York alone, in a period of less than a year. And when it was released nationally the profits far exceeded the original two million dollar investment.

Bach's score offered Disney's animators some difficulty because it was music that evoked no definite pictures, suggested no definite action, and above all, told no story.

Disney couldn't bring himself to make up a story for it, and so the compromise was easy. The music being abstract, let it be projected on the screen in abstract pictures.

As the music begins the picture you see is the thing you might see if you were sitting in a concert hall with your eyes closed, waiting for the concert to begin. First, you become conscious of the orchestra, and as the theme begins you see fantastic ranks of violins, cellos, and basses, flashing before you. The figures of the orchestra members are superimposed, row upon row, on green, blue, and purple shadows. The fugue enters and the images become less distinct. The shapes finally fade out and we see strange cloud shapes floating across the screen like live skywriting. A rippling motion, and a comet flashes across the screen, followed by another and still another. With the last chords of the fugue, gigantic cloud masses explode and the conductor stands silhouetted against the brilliant blaze of light.

When Disney went to work on Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" he saw that the music was just a group of individual dances, with no central theme. Accordingly, he envisioned the musical suite as a whole and decided to put on a ballet of nature with the dances danced by plants and flowers. Because of this view of the music, the first two pieces, Miniature Overture and March, were deleted and the sequences were changed to fit the revised choreography.

In the first scene we see little fairies flitting about spreading dew drops with their magic wands. Two of these collide, and the dust floats down to land on a group of mushrooms which immediately come to life and go through the spirited Chinese Dance. As the mandarins finish we find tiny blossoms drifting slowly down a little stream. These turn out to be a corps de ballet, but all too suddenly the drift over

the edge of a cascade and we are in a deep-green underwater world. Here, goldfish sensuously dance the exotic Arab Dance. At the dance's end, a large bubble rises to the surface and bursts, revealing a group of thistles. The thistles change to cossacks and leap about to the furious leap-frog strains of the Trepack. Soon, a group of Orchids, which look suspiciously like peasant girls, join the cossacks in the dance. In the last dance the fairies return, turning the leaves brown with their wands. The trees are nude, and snowflakes begin to fall, until the ground is completely covered. Winter has arrived.

The third scene is our much-discussed "Sorcerer's Apprentice", the original beginning of the film.

Mickey Mouse is a poor downtrodden sorcerer's apprentice. The master hasn't given him much chance to show what he can do, but now the old sorcerer, being more than slightly bored with his dank cavern, has gone out for a walk and left his magic hat. Cautiously, Mickey approaches the hat and puts it on. Nothing happens. Mickey looks around for something to work on. Then he spots the broom, and an idea comes into his head. Why should he have to carry water all day? Mickey says a few magic words and soon has the broom carrying water from the well. Seeing that the process, once established, is completely automatic, Mickey climbs into the sorcerer's chair and is soon sleeping soundly. He dreams that he is on top of a mountain, conducting comets, lightning, and the sea in a fantastic symphony. But the next thing he realizes he is sitting in a vast pool of water that is almost to the table top. Frantically Mickey tries to stop the broomstick from bringing more water but realizes that he doesn't know the words that will stop it. After several futile attempts to stop it he suddenly sees an axe on the wall. Grabbing it, he smashes the broomstick into a thousand pieces and wearily goes into the cave and closes the door. Then the silence is broken by a new noise; aroused, Mickey looks through the keyhole. To his horror each piece of the broomstick has grown into a smaller duplicate of the original. Each has two buckets and each begins to carry water. The door is trampled down and Mickey is whirling around in a swirling mass of water, as the cavern begins to fill under tons of water being carried by the rogue broomsticks. However, the sorcerer arrives, the water is dispersed, and Mickey is back to carrying it by the bucketful again.

Because of the tremendous emotionalism of Stravinsky's music, it was decided to place it just before the intermission, so that the viewers would have a chance to relax and lose some of the mood of the music. Although the music is uniformly well done throughout, I was a little disgusted by Stokowski's interpretation.

As the first mournful notes of the bassoon cry out from the orchestra you are out in space. It is black, but down in one corner is a bright little ball. You approach it and it turns into a galaxy, and still you continue into varying degrees of smallness until you reach a little, yellow star. Earth is still in its birth pangs. The crust is still semi-fluid and the raging fires are constantly bursting through it, both on land and under the sea. Having witnessed the holocaust going on the surface we descend into the quiet of the ocean bottoms. Here, the first living creatures evolve from single cells, multiply, and over the course of millions of years change into huge beasts.

Then the experiment: the first one climbs out on land. We see the

strange battle for existence in the dense green jungles and on the shallow sea shores. Giant lizards, birds, mammals --- carnivore and vegetarian. This section ends in a tremendous battle during a storm between Tyrannosaurus Rex and Stegosaurus, with the fearful Tyrannosaurus the winner.

Then, somehow, the sun becomes hotter. Vegetation dies out, water holes dry up. Even the ocean itself becomes steamy. The exodus begins --- to anywhere. Anywhere where there is water. Day after day the huge beasts lumber across the hot, dusty sands, poling their noses into the moist mud of what was once a water hole, and fighting amongst themselves to see who will get the last drops.

Hundreds mire themselves in quicksand, bogs, and the sticky mud in their efforts to get water, wallowing until they disappear or die of exhaustion. Still hundreds of others drop in their tracks, too weak to continue the hopeless expedition.

At last, the interior fires, so long quiet, break loose again; the earth erupts in one frightful explosion, throwing up mountains where there were once plains, and sinking other stretches of land below the water. Subterranean volcanoes break loose, causing tital waves; other volcanoes send their streams of lava down to the sea in a hissing rush, where it is solidified with great gasps of steam. Only those few organixms who were deep enough in the ocean to escape the terrible heat and destruction survive. Nature has destroyed all it has created, and once again the Ocean is the custodian of all life on earth.

After the intermission, in which Deems Taylor carries on a light-hearted conversation with a timid vibration, we reach Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. But I really doubt if Beethoven ever dreamed of anything like Disney created when he (Beethoven) wrote the music. Disney's animators take us back to the ancient Greece of mythology.

Centaur's, centaurettes, fauns, unicorns, cupids, and pegasuses adorn the scene, most of them frishing about playfully. Then Bacchus, the god of wine, comes riding into the clearing on a little multicorn, with fauns and centaurettes strewing flowers in front of him. Bacchus tries to join in a merry dance, but succeeds only in falling over himself, and planting a big kiss on his multicorn.

Then the sky becomes dark, and Zeus, high on a cloud, begins to pitch thunderbolts forged by Vulcan. The storm over, Apollo comes riding across the heavens in his golden chariot. The sun descends, and night has fallen on Mount Olympus.

The completely superfluous "Dance of the Hours" follows. It is a ballet, with a hippo as the prima ballerina and elephants for the corps de ballet. We also have a ballet sequence by a group of ostriches and an adagio number between the hippo and the primer danseur, an alligator. The whole thing ends in a 'smash' finale by the whole troupe, but I considered it more of a 'bust'.

Disney tried to think of something that he could place right after the barbaric music of Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain". He finally settled on Shubert's "Ava Maria", knowing that anything else would be a terrific emotional letdown.

The orchestration for "Bald Mountain" was completed by Rimsky-Korsakov after Moussorgsky's death, and its premiere in 1886 was quite successful. "Bald Mountain" attempts to depict the Black Mass of the demons. It is a parody on the Christian Mass, the order of events being: Gathering of the evil spirits, Appearance of Satan, the Mass itself, the Confession, and the Revels.

Mr. Disney and Tryansarus Rex

It is deep night, and a dim moon shines feebly on the tall, sharp peak of Mount Triglaf. Even as you watch, the peak of the mountain moves, revealing the lord of the evil spirits, Chernobog. Slowly he stretches out his hand, and the shadow falls over the sleeping village. Wherever the shadow falls---the jail, the graveyard, the castle, ---ghosts of the long dead float upward. Witches appear riding on broomsticks, boars, goats; the whole ghastly crew flow up the mountain-side to whirl about the Evil One.

Chernobog throws up his arms and a pillar of fire sputters from the tip of the mountain. The demons gather around the crater in dutiful worship. The Evil One scoops up a handful and tosses them into the fire, then brings them out again dripping with flame. With a gesture they turn into dancing devils, then a pig, a wolf, and a goat. Finally the three become six, and Chernobog clenches his fist and tosses the demons back into the crater.

Then, far in the distance, a church bell sounds. Chernobog shudders, the demons cringe back, and the flames die down as the bell sounds again and again. Slowly, painfully, the demons creep back down the mountainside to their graves and houses. Chernobog folds his huge bat-like wings about him and once again he merges into the mountain-top. All is quiet.

Now the music changes. We hear a great choir chanting softly as the mood becomes religious. The mountain is wrapped in a veil of mist, through which we can see flickering little lights. The mists lift and we now see a long procession of worshippers, each carrying a lighted candle; but a much different type of worshipper than those that crept up and down the mountain that night.

Slowly the procession winds its way across a little bridge and into a forest, the tips of the trees of which merge into gothic archways. As the pilgrims pass amid the trees we see a brightness in the distance. Finally the procession emerges into a blaze of morning light from the rising sun. "Once again the powers of life and hope have triumphed over the hosts of death and despair."

And Disney's great experiment was completed.

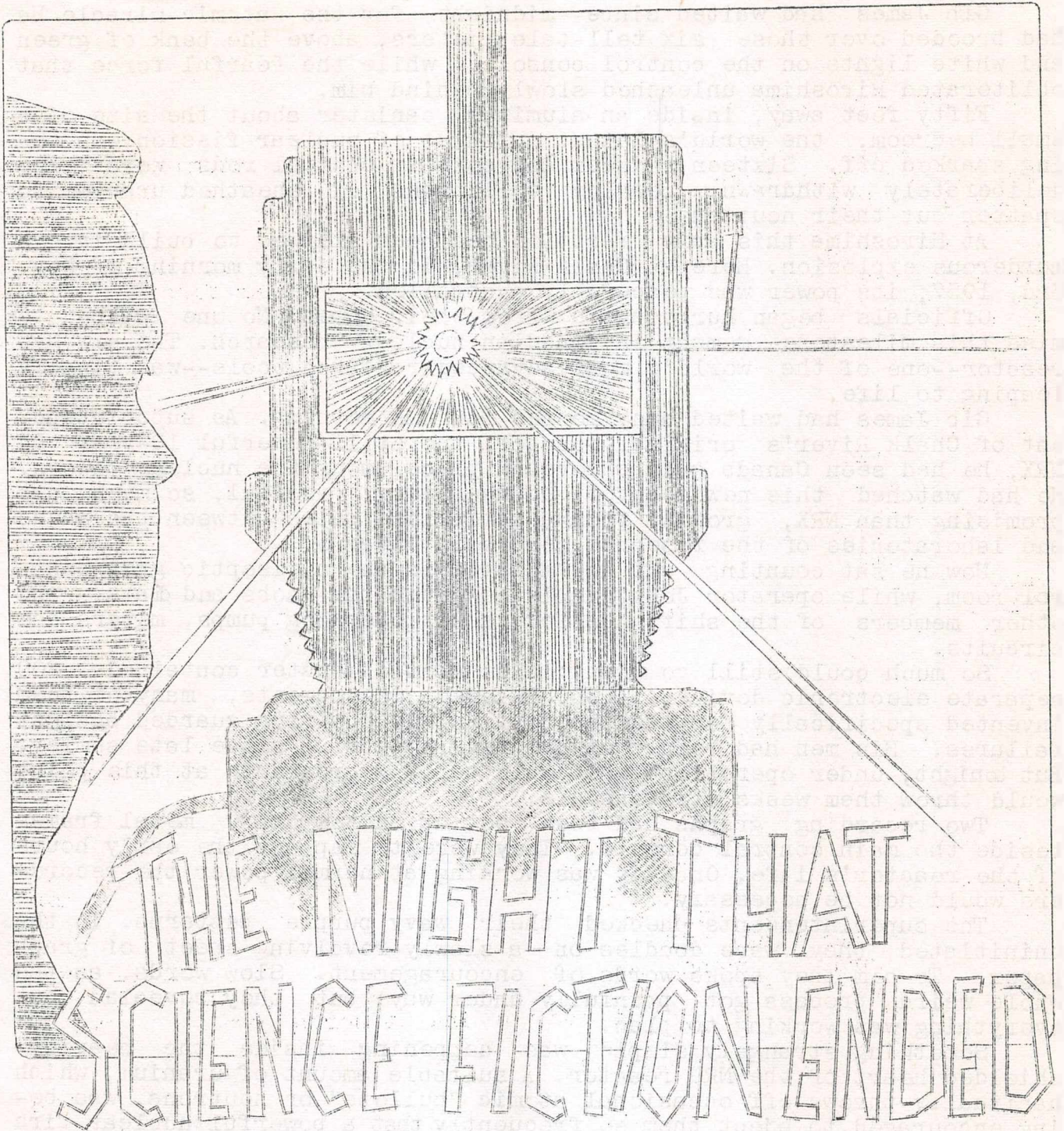
Certainly it will have to be ranked with the greatest of all fantasy films, but who can say that it is the greatest? There are a few too many imperfections for that, two of them being in my estimation "Toccata and Fugue" and "Dance of the Hours". But in the field of cartoons, it has no equal.

I'd like to see a second "Fantasia" but I'm afraid that Disney's production costs would far exceed two million today. However, if such a feature is ever contemplated, I'd like to see some of the following musical scores brought to life: "Scythian Suite" by Prokofieff, "Daphnis et Chloe" by Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussorgsky, "Gayne" by Khachaturian, "Bachianas Brasilieras" by Villa-Lobos, "4th Symphony" by Hansen, "Bolero" by Ravel, and almost any dance suite by Bartok.

Maybe I'm in error, but I think a second "Fantasia" would go over big. The size of a production is no longer important to the theatre goer, besides being big it might also be good. The time is past when movies like "Quo Vadis" and "The Greatest Show On Earth" can get by on their charges of "spectacle". A second "Fantasia" would probably fall into the 'Spectacle' class, but it has a reason for existence. For it would have some of the greatest stories, pictures, and music available today.

I sometimes feel that it is too bad that Stanley Kramer hasn't extended his activities to the cartoon medium. This one is a "natural".

RE



by Russell Spurr

The Night That Science Fiction Ended

Gib James had waited since midnight for the atomic miracle. He had brooded over those six tell-tale meters, above the bank of green and white lights on the control console, while the fearful force that obliterated Hiroshima unleashed slowly behind him.

Fifty feet away, inside an aluminum canister about the size of a small bedroom, the world's latest outburst of nuclear fission was being sparked off. Sixteen cadmium and cobalt control rods were being deliberately withdrawn, leaving 45 lengths of sheathed uranium to spatter out their neutrons.

At Hiroshima this same reaction had been allowed to build into a murderous explosion. Here at Chalk River, in the early morning of Nov. 3rd, 1957, its power was peacefully controlled.

Officials began hurrying in from their homes. No one wanted to miss this milestone moment in Canadian nuclear research. The new NRU reactor--one of the world's most advanced research tools--was finally leaping to life.

Gib James had waited many months for this morning. As superintendent of Chalk River's original reactor, the still-powerful 10-year old NRX, he had seen Canada gain a coveted place among the nuclear powers. He had watched this new reactor, so much more powerful, so much more promising than NRX, grow up from a scaffolded patch between the sheds and laboratories of the research centre in Ontario.

Now he sat counting off the minutes in the antiseptic grey control room, while operator John Inglis adjusted the knobs and dials, and other members of the shift hustled about checking pumps, meters and circuits.

So much could still go wrong: this atomic monster contained 1,200 separate electronic devices, 4,000 different instruments, many of them invented specifically for the reactor. Multiple wiring guarded against failures. His men had been testing and re-testing since late summer. But tonight, under operation--who could tell? A breakdown at this point would throw them weeks off schedule.

Two recording graphs had been set up on temporary metal frames beside the main control console. They were to map out the early hours of the reactor's life. Once it was working at normal power the recorders would not be necessary.

The superintendents checked their wavy purple patterns. To the uninitiated they were doodles on a slowly-revolving sheet of graph paper. To him they spoke words of encouragement. Slow words, as the whole weird process got painfully under way; but they revealed that everything was working to plan.

Something strangely simple was happening inside the heavily-shielded heart of the NRU reactor. A suitable amount of uranium, which habitually throws off occasional atomic "bullets" or neutrons, was being encouraged to eject them so frequently that a powerful nuclear fire was beginning to glow.

The removal of control rods which normally arrest uranium's natural tendency to atomic disintegration was permitting the process; cooled "heavy" water was hustling it along.

Heavy water looks, tastes and feels like ordinary water--you swallow small amounts of it in everything you drink--but the presence of a heavier form of hydrogen gives it extra weight. It is employed in reactors to slow down the hurtling uranium neutrons to a speed which keeps them perpetually jostling and creating heat.

The Night That Science Fiction Ended

This heat is the real force behind nuclear explosions--and the only known source, at present, of nuclear power. In atomic power houses it has to be transmitted to generators. In an experimental reactor like NRU, it is removed by a powerful cooling system.

The 70 tons of heavy water had to be circulated at a rate of 22,000 gallons a minute to prevent it from turning to steam--a vital safeguard at the price of \$56,000 a ton. Pumps shot it into one end of the reactor and out the other, to be cooled off in "jackets" by ordinary water forced in equally fast from 80 feet below the surface of the frozen Ottawa river. Temperature among the uranium rods was thus kept to a maximum of 107 degrees. A pool of melted ice out on the river's face would eventually show how much heat was being drawn away.

Gib James re-checked the drive-head height indicator. The needle rose as the last control rods began leaving the reactor. He re-checked the alarm panel: no warning lights, no signs of faults or failures. The drive-head velocity indicator was falling toward zero. The log-power rate showed steady increase. Within a couple of hours, NRU would be "critical." A continuous, self-sustaining nuclear reaction would be raging inside its heart.

Time to start telephoning. A few senior scientists and officials remained to be called. Particularly Dr. David Keys, the chief scientific adviser.

The famous Canadian physicist had deliberately kept out of the engineers' hair. This was their night. His part of the job was finished long ago. He remembered 1947, when the NRX reactor came to life. He had sat up until dawn playing bridge. As a theorist he felt the application of his work should be left to the men who must manage it. Tonight no bridge. He resolutely went to bed.

But sound sleep would not come. At 3:30 A.M. he switched on the light and made a hasty reckoning. Twenty minutes to withdraw each control rod. They had started at midnight. The reactor was set to work with less than a quarter of its 200 uranium rods. Well, maybe there had been a delay. It might not become critical until 8 A.M. Wearily he sank back on the pillow, just as the phone rang.

It was Don Stewart, operations boss for both NRX and NRU reactors. There was the ring of triumph in his voice as he said: "Doctor, you've just got time to get over here."

David Keys had been a professor at McGill University where Lord Rutherford made his crucial studies of radioactivity. Many years later; in 1947, he came to Chalk River to direct the search for economic nuclear power. He drove now through a sleeping indifferent town to the clearing in the pine forest, past security guards and radiation check points, to watch the abstract research of a lifetime again take practical shape.

Scientists, officials, operators, were gathered about Gib James. They were quiet, confident, impatient. Time was taking leaden steps--after the years of waiting--and there were flashes of irritation as the slow-motion birth pangs of NRU were nudged ponderously along by remote control.

Couldn't they just pull out all the control rods and get the thing going?

Fred Gilbert knew differently. He had been in on this baby, as manager of the operations division, from the first equations on the scientists' pads. He had seen it grow from a batch of ideas in 1950,

The Night That Science Fiction Ended

to mathematical calculations, sketches, plans and, finally, concrete, glass and steel. He knew this final delicate pace would have to be maintained, no matter what the strain, if all they had worked for was to get a fair chance.

There was little sound now, apart from the hum of pumps and motors, and the occasional order or progress report from John Inglis over the control-room loudspeakers. Nothing dramatic occurred; men in surgical white did the same mechanical things they had rehearsed for months. Everyone was calm and unhurried, under the 90-foot vault of glass and pale green concrete, with machines performing all the tasks that men would do if it were not for the deadly atomic rays.

The fearful radiation given off by nuclear fission--once controlled--can be put to a variety of uses. A large section of the Chalk River establishment is devoted to its study. For instance, certain rays can alter the structure of the genes which determine our heredity. The day may come when biologists can even choose in advance the color of a baby's hair.

Radioactive particles called isotopes are already used to control high-speed machines in industry, increase agricultural yields, help diagnose thyroid states and treat cancer. The Colbalt-60 "bomb" has been pioneered in Canada. Fitted into beam-therapy units, it presents a new type of cancer treatment.

But the rays given off by the atomic disintegration now reaching its peak within the NRU reactor can also swiftly kill. At this moment they were biting into the water, steel and concrete shields that build the 11-foot aluminum core into some squat pyramid from a Mayan temple-city. The closest calculations, the costliest safety precautions, ensured that no one could be harmed.

John Inglis spoke again over the loudspeakers. The last control rod was leaving the reactor. Now.....they would see.

The spectators at the control console fell suddenly silent. Operators among their pumps and gauges looked up expectantly. The control-room clock ticked past 6 A.M. As its minute hand advanced, Dr. Keys glanced at his watch.

It had been at 6:13 o'clock that morning 10 years ago when the NRX was born. His colleagues kept a record of its labors on a nearby blackboard throughout the all-night bridge game. The blackboard was photographed, under strict security, before the chalk was erased. Everything was so top secret in those days. Even Cabinet ministers were not fully informed about the goings-on at the "Petawawa Project." Now, if people were interested, there was very little they could not know.

The meters told their own success story. The NRU reactor was on its way, barring some last-second failure. The clock passed 6:07, 6:08, 6:09. The doctor watched and waited.

At 6:10 John Inglis's voice rasped through the hall.

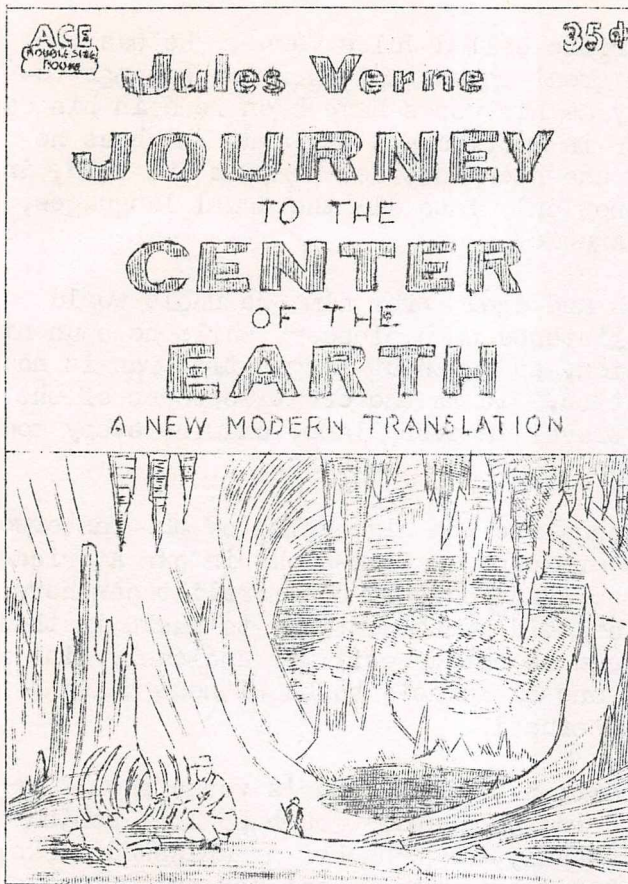
"The reactor is now critical."

There were relaxed smiles and congratulations. But no sighs of relief. It had all gone off too much to plan. Time now for a commemorative photograph for the (non-secret) records. Quick cigarettes and coffee in the canteen.

Dr. Keys had been three minutes short of his coincidence. But he did not care. Happily he got into his car and drove home in the first light of dawn.

RS

(Additional Notes on Page 33)



THE WORKS OF JULES VERNE

by Charles F. Horne

Additional Notes by
P. Howard Lyons

THE WORKS OF JULES VERNE

The expander of horizons, is what a noted critic called Jules Verne. He was the prophet, the foreseer and foreteller of our great mechanical age. He belongs to-day not to France, but to the world. Widely as his works have been read in his own country, their popularity has been yet wider in America and England. Much as he has been honored at home, even higher glory has been accorded him, we are told, in far Japan. His books have been translated not only into all the usual languages, but into Hebrew, Japanese, Polish and even Arabic.

Verne was a universal teacher, both of youth and age. From him the whole world garnered knowledge without effort; for all listened with pleasure while he spun his tales. He was a supreme master of imagination, and without imagination man is nothing; for all greatness is but a phase of imagination. It is the creative force of the world. Under Verne's guidance his readers travel in every land, examine every mode of life and labor, view all the strangest wonders of the universe.

The educators of youth have been swift to recognize the high value of the masterworks of this mighty magician. His simpler tales are used as text-books in our American schools, both in French and English. And the conscience of the moralist can here approve the eager pleasure of the reader, and bid youth continue to bask in this glorious light of wonder and adventure. There is not an evil nor uncleanly line in all the volumes. Never did anyone lay aside one of Verne's books without being a better, nobler human being because of their perusal.

Surely the time is ripe when a definitive edition of the master's works should be given to American readers. Jules Verne died in 1905; and, though he left behind him in the hands of his Paris publishers an unusually large number of unissued works, the last of these has now been given to the public. Moreover we can now estimate his work calmly, unconfused by the tumultuous and very varying opinions pronounced upon it by the French critics of his own day.

Their obituary reviews of his work differed widely as to its value. On the one hand, the noted critic, Morel, in the authoritative "Nouvelle Revue" declared Verne to be the leading educator and perhaps the most read author of the new twentieth century. At the other extreme were the unsigned assaults of those who could only make a mock of what was too open and too honest for them to comprehend.

Verne was no intricate analyst, elaborating such subtleties of thought and ethics as only subtle folk can understand. He spoke for the great mass of men, giving them such tales as they could follow, upholding always such a standard of courage and virtue, simple and high, as each of us can honor for himself and be glad to set before his children.

It is not only "boy's literature" that began with Verne. One might almost say that man's literature, the story that appeals to the business man, the practical man, began then also. The great French "Encyclopedie Universelle" sums up his books by saying, "They instruct a little, entertain much, and overflow with life."

Jules Verne was the establisher of a new species of story-telling, that which interweaves the most stupendous wonders of science with the simplest facts of human life. Our own Edgar Allen Poe had pointed the way; and Verne was ever eager to acknowledge his indebtedness to the earlier master. But Poe died; and it was Verne who went on in book after book, fascinating his readers with cleverly devised mysteries, instructing and astonishing them with the new discoveries of science, inspiring them with the

splendor of man's destiny. When, as far back as 1872, his early works were "crowned" by the French Academy, its Perpetual Secretary, M. Patin, said in his official address, "The well-worn wonders of fairyland are here replaced by a new and more marvelous world, created from the most recent ideas of science."

More noteworthy still is Verne's position as the true, the astonishingly true, prophet of the discoveries and inventions that were to come. He was far more than the mere creator of that sort of scientific fairyland of which Secretary Patin spoke, and with which so many later writers, Wells, Haggard and Sir Conan Doyle, have since delighted us. He himself once keenly contrasted his own methods with those of Wells, the man he most admired among his many followers. Wells, he pointed out, looked centuries ahead and out of pure imagination embodied the unknowable that some day might perchance appear. "While I," said Verne, "base my inventions on a groundwork of actual fact." He illustrated this by instancing his submarine, the Nautilus. "This," said he, "when carefully considered, is a submarine mechanism about which there is nothing wholly extraordinary, nor beyond the bounds of actual scientific knowledge. It rises and sinks by perfectly well-known processes.....Its motive force even is no secret; the only point at which I have called in the aid of imagination is in the application of this force, and here I have purposely left a blank, for the reader to form his own conclusion, a mere technical hiatus."

So it comes that Verne's prophecies already spring to realization on every side. He foresaw and in his vivid way described not only the submarine, but also, in his "Steam-house," the automobile, in his "Robur the Conqueror," the aeroplane. Navigable balloons, huge aerial machines heavier than air, the telephone, moving pavements, stimulation by oxygen, compressed air, compressed food, all were existant among his clear-sighted visions. And to-day as we read those even bolder prophecies, accounts that excited only the laughter of his earlier critics, it is with ever-increasing wonder as to which will next come true.

His influence has been tremendous, not only upon story-telling, but upon life. One French commentator cries with profound admiration that Verne "wholly changed the conversation of the drawing-rooms." Another, with perhaps broader understanding, declares that he revolutionized the thought of the young men of his earlier days. "He taught us that the forces of nature, enemies to man in his ignorance, stood ready to be our servants once we had learned to master and control them."

For a writer so much read, Jules Verne has been very little talked about. His personality became submerged in his work. Moreover he was not a Parisian, not a member of the mutual admiration club which exists perforce in every artistic center, where the same little circle of able men constantly meeting, and writing one about the other, impress all their names upon the public. Verne early withdrew from the turmoil and clamor of the French capital to dwell in peace at Amiens. To ignore Paris, to withdraw deliberately from its already won caresses! Could any crime have been more heinous in Parisian eyes? It explains the rancor of at least some of the French critics in their attitude toward our author.

Known thus only through his books, yet by them known so universally, Verne has already become a myth. Legends have gathered around his form. In Germany writers have ponderously explained--and believed--that he was not a Frenchman at all, but a Jew, a native of Russian Poland. They gave him a birthplace, in the town of Plock, and a name, Olszewitz, of which Vergne or Verne was only a French translation, since both words mean the alder tree. In Italy about 1886 the report became widespread that he was dead, or rather that he had never lived, that he was only a name used in common by an entire syndicate of authors, who contributed their best works and best efforts to popularize the series of books whose profits they shared in common. Even in France itself men learned to say, for the sake of the antithesis, that this,

the greatest of all writers of travel, had gained all his knowledge out of books and never himself had traveled beyond Amiens.

Lest to American readers also, the man, the truly lovable man, Verne, should become wholly lost behind his books, let us make brief record of him here. He was born in Nantes, the chief city of Brittany, on February 8, 1828. His father was a lawyer in good circumstances, and Jules' early training was also for the law. The chief pleasure of his youth lay in a battered old sailing boat, in which he and his brother Paul, taking turns at being captain, played all the storics of the sea, and explored every reach of the River Loire, even down to the mighty ocean. That sloop still echoes through his every book.

Sent to Paris to complete his studies, Jules soon drifted away from the law. He became part and parcel of all the Bohemian life of Paris, a student, artist, author, poet, clerking all day that he might live and dream and scribble all the night. A typical "son of the boulevards," they called him in those days. He became a close friend of the younger Dumas, and was introduced to his friend's yet more celebrated father, the Alexander Dumas of romance. The father guided and advised him; the son collaborated with him in his first literary success--if literary it can be called--a little one act comedy in verse, "Broken Straws," produced at the "Gymnase" in 1850. Then came librettos for comic operas, short stories for little-known story papers; and young Verne was fairly launched upon a career of authorship.

In 1857 he journeyed eighty miles to Amiens, so the story is told, to act as best man at the wedding of a friend. Before this he had long vowed himself to a single life. Art, he said, and woman were two different mistresses, and no man could truly serve both. But at Amiens he arrived late, the bridal party was already gone, and no one was left to receive the laggard but a sister of the bride, a young widow who had stayed at home to keep from casting her gloom upon the festivity. Within the hour both Jules and the young widow, Mme. de Vianne, had abandoned all their former views, and recognized each other as life companions. This sounds like another legend; but it seems well vouched for. Verne married Mme. de Vianne within the year.

In 1860 or shortly after, Verne met the one other person who was most to influence his life, the great Parisian publisher, Hetzel, who had issued the works of Hugo, of Georges Sand, and of Delusset. Hetzel, who had been in exile in Brussels, returned to Paris in 1860: and our author soon began writing for him. The two became warm friends.

Verne's first full length novel or story was issued by Hetzel in 1863. This epoch-making book was "Five Weeks in a Balloon." In it the young author attained for the first time his characteristic vein of explorations into unknown regions, intermingling the new science with adventures and heroism as old as man.

The book was a tremendous success. The whole world read, and was delighted. Hetzel started a "Magazine of Education and Recreation," which was chiefly supported by Verne's writings. Author and publisher made a twenty year contract, under which Verne was to produce two books a year; and being thus assured of financial independence, Verne in 1870 withdrew with his wife to her native Amiens. There he lived in quietude for over thirty-five years, until his death.

The legend that he never quitted Amiens at all is, however, false. Twice at least he journeyed to the British Isles, and once, though before his retirement to Amiens, to America, and once to Scandinavia. Moreover, his youthful love for sailing clung to him. In a little ten ton boat, he cruised much in summer along the French coast; and later in life he owned a handsome hundred foot steam yacht, the "Saint Michel",

in which he visited Mediterranean Africa, Malta and much of the European coast.

Chiefly, however, Verne's later life was devoted to his books, and to the civic world of Amiens. He was a member of the town council, an active and earnest member, who won the devoted regard of his fellow townsmen.

He and the grand cathedral of Amiens were the city's twin celebrities, their pictures standing side by side in shop-windows and decorating postal cards. The Verne homestead was on one of the principal boulevards, a handsome house with, at its rear, a tower, the topmost room of which formed a secluded den where the writer worked.

In this tower room, he continued steadily producing his stories. As far back as 1872 he had been a candidate for the celebrated French Academy, with strong chances of election. But the Academy, while it crowned his individual books, refused membership to their author, though after that first candidacy he in the course of his later life watched the entire membership of the Academy pass and be renewed twice over. His friends, especially his Amiens townfolk, declared that his exclusion was due to Parisian jealousy, and that the Academy lost far more honor than the author by ignoring him. "Paris," said one of them, "had nothing worthy of this great man. He sought a place for work; Paris offers its great men only lounging places."

Yet, in no spirit of unfairness, we must admit that Jules Verne's claim upon the Academy rather decreased with added years. Most of his later books by no means equal his earlier ones. A man over seventy may well be pardoned if he no longer writes with the fresh fancy and confident vigor of thirty-five. To present all Verne's later work to American readers would be fair neither to the fame of the author nor to the pocket of the public. Therefore a labor of selection has been necessary. All the works that have made Jules Verne beloved, all that present his imaginary inventions, his prophecies of the future, every work that honest critics have thought worth preserving, is included in this edition. It presents not only those books crowned by the French Academy, but all those crowned by the verdict of that final judge, that best of judges when long years run full, that judge to whom all our work must be submitted in the end, the general public.

To them this work is dedicated.

VOLUME ONE:

In this volume are included Verne's first masterpiece, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and also all such of his earlier stories as he himself thought worth preserving. These he gathered in later years, and had some of them reissued by his Paris publishers.

"A Drama in the Air", was, as Verne himself tells us, his first published story. It appeared soon after 1850 in a little-known local magazine called the "Museum des Familles." The tale, though somewhat amateurish, is very characteristic of the master's later style. In it we can see, as it were, the germ of all that was to follow, the interest in the new advances of science, the dramatic story, the carefully collected knowledge of the past, the infusion of instruction amid the excitement of the tale.

Similarly we find "A Winter in the Ice" to be a not unworthy predecessor of "The Adventures of Captain Hatteras" and all the author's other great books of adventure in the frozen world. Here, at the first attempt, a vigorous and impressive story introduces us to the northland, thoroughly understood, accurately described, vividly appreciated and pictures forth in its terror and its mystery.

"The Pearl of Lina" opens the way to all those stories of later novelists wherein some ancient kingly race, some forgotten civilization of Africa or America, reasserts itself in the person of some spectacular descendant, tragically matching its obscure and half-

demoniac powers against the might of the modern world. "The Lutincers" inaugurates our author's favorite geographical device. It describes a remarkable and little-known country by having the characters of the story travel over it on some anxious errand, tracing their progress step by step.

Thus, of these five early tales, "The Watch's Soul" is the only one differing sharply from Verne's later work. It is allegorical, supernatural, depending not upon the scientific marvels of the material world, but upon the direct interposition of supernal powers.

"Five Weeks in a Balloon," the last and by far the most important story in this volume, is Verne's first complete and accepted masterpiece. This book, published in 1863 without preliminary display, made the author instantly a central figure in the literary world. Like Byron he awoke one morning and found himself famous.

Verne told his friends that before writing this book, he had no knowledge whatever of practical ballooning. Indeed the balloon was, to his view, quite a secondary part of the tale. Always an omniverous reader of works of travel he conceived the idea of writing into one book the descriptions of parts of Africa gathered from the accounts of the great explorers. Those men he regarded as heroes of the highest type, worthy of the most distinguished honor; and he sought to honor them.

As he worked over the tale, the possibilities of scientific and even more of dramatic interest to be gained from the balloon, appealed to him more and more. To his friends he confided that he had conceived an idea or rather a combination of ideas by the publication of which he hoped he might achieve real fame.

He was right. "Five Weeks in a Balloon" was unique in the literature of the day. Its success was as immediate and tremendous as it was deserved. The book is painstakingly accurate in its following of the descriptions of the explorers, a truly valuable piece of geographical work. It is almost inspired in its deductions as to the probable character of the unknown land beyond their travels, its descriptions of that mysterious heart of Africa which even yet is largely unexplored. In the handling of the fortunes of the balloon and the balloonists, the elements of drama and suspense, the book is an acknowledged masterpiece.

VOLUME TWO:

Having won the attention of the public with "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Jules Verne wrote in rapid succession several truly masterly tales. Of these remarkable inventions of the human mind, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth" was the first to be completed in its present form. It was published in 1864, in a series of books by Verne, denominated "Voyages Extraordinaires." This series, started in that year by the publisher Hetzel, has been continued to the present time.

This particular "Voyage" has sometimes been declared our author's masterpiece. In it he for the first time gives free rein to that bold yet scientifically exact imagination whereby he has constructed for us in fancy the entire universe. There is nothing in all the daring visions of this tale which even to-day our scientists would declare impossible. The interior of the earth is still unknown; and there may well be rifts passages, descending from extinct volcanoes and penetrating far within. There may well be huge cavities, bubbles left in the cooling mass, vast enough to harbor inland seas, and shelter many of the ancient forms of life now extinct upon earth's surface.

The main scientific objection to this, as indeed to most of the more fanciful of Verne's tales, lies in the extravagant means he employs to bring his explorers home again from their reckless ventures. But, as romance obviously demands their return somehow, science discreetly accepts in silence the astonishing accidents and coincidences whereby they escape the doom they have invited.

The other narrative included in the present volume, the first book of "The Adventures of Captain Hatteras," was also published by Hetzel in 1864, being begun even before the "Journey to the Center of the Earth". This vigorous Arctic tale was used to found and introduce a "Magazine of Adventure," which has been continued somewhat irregularly ever since. After the adventures, trials and triumphs of Captain Hatteras had been completed in another tale, the two were revised and republished; and they are here given in their later form.

The first book, "The English at the North Pole," contains an accurate picture of Arctic life and of the Arctic geography known to the world of 1864. The account of the Franklin expedition and of the persistent and heroic search for its relief is carefully studied and complete, only it necessarily fails to include the later investigations of the American expedition under Lieutenant Schwatka. These finally settled the last details of the historic tragedy.

In "The English at the North Pole" as in "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Verne invents little. Here, despite the mis-leading title, the characters do not penetrate beyond known bounds; and their experiences are just such as our author had read in his careful study of the books of the polar explorers. But these adventures are here made intense and living, and are woven by the born story-teller into a thrilling tale.

VOLUME THREE:

The Adventures of Captain Hatteras", made popular by the first half, or book, of the tale, were continued and concluded in the "Magazine of Adventure" by "The Desert of Ice." It is in this second book of Captain Hatteras that Verne struck again the bolder note of imagination and creation. Here the daring explorers are represented as actually attaining the pole; and the bold inventions of what they saw and did, rising to the startling climax of the volcano and the madman's climb, are led up to through such a well-managed, well-constructed and convincing story, that many critics have selected this in its turn as the most powerful of Verne's works.

It is notable that, with the exception of the open sea and the volcano, the world which our author here penetrates in imagination, coincides closely with that which Peary has discovered to exist in reality. Here are the same barren lands, the same weary sledge journey, the same locations of land and sea, the "red snow", the open leads in the ice. Verne's predictions, wild as they sometimes seem, were all so carefully studied that they shoot most close to the truth.

"The Desert of Ice" was followed by the two other remarkable tales contained in the present volume, "A Trip from the Earth to the Moon," and "A Tour of the Moon." These, though published as separate volumes in 1865, really constitute a single story. They are thus like the two books of Captain Hatteras, examples of that peculiar system of nomenclature which makes the titles of our author's books so confusing and misleading. It became quite the publisher's custom, especially among Verne's earlier books, to issue a first volume, wholly incomplete, under one name, then a second section or volume of the tale under another name; and then to reissue the two, or maybe three, combined under a new and entirely different title.

"A Trip from the Earth to the Moon in 97 hours, 13 minutes and 20 seconds," to give the first book of the story its full length original name, plays even more boldly with

science than did the "Journey to the Center of the Earth". Yet the theories back of the great gun which shoots the adventurers into space, are sound. And what a vivid realization is given of the meaning of these vast astronomical distances and forces. Says one of our leading scientific periodicals, speaking of this book, "the time at which the projectile was to be shot out of the cannon is correctly fixed on true astronomical grounds, and the reader who follows its flight will have a more concrete idea of and interest in what gravitation is and does than from half a dozen text-books".

As to the discoveries made by the explorers in the second book of the tale, it is noteworthy that here Verne has again restrained himself, instead of plunging blindly into inventions as a less conscientious romancer might easily have done. His picture of the moon is hard and cold, confined to just what astronomers actually know or closely surmise. He brings the views and visions of the scientist into a field usually abandoned to the fooleries of extravaganzas.

VOLUME FOUR:

The three books gathered under the title "In Search of the Castaways" occupied much of Verne's attention during the three years following 1865. The characters used in these books were afterwards reintroduced in "The Mysterious Island," which was in its turn a sequel to "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Thus this entire set of books form a united series upon which Verne worked intermittently during ten years.

"In Search of the Castaways," which has also been published as "The Children of Captain Grant" and as "A voyage Around the World," is perhaps most interesting in connection with the last of these titles. It is our author's first distinctly geographical romance. By an ingenious device he sets before the rescuers a search which compels their circumnavigation of the globe around a certain parallel of the southern hemisphere. Thus they cross in turn through South America, Australia and New Zealand, besides visiting minor islands.

The three great regions form the sub-titles of the three books which compose the story. In each region the rescuers meet with adventures characteristic of the land. They encounter Indians in America; bushrangers in Australia; and Maoris in New Zealand. The passage of the searching party gives ground,—one is almost tempted to say, excuse,—for a close and careful description of each country and of its inhabitants, step by step. Even the lesser incidents of the story are employed to emphasize the distinctive features of each land. The explorers are almost frozen on the heights of the Andes, and almost drowned in the floods of the Patagonian Pampas. An avalanche sweeps some of them away; a condor carries off a lad. In Australia they are stopped by jungles and by quaguires; they hunt kangaroos. In New Zealand they take refuge amid hot sulphur springs and in a house "tabooed"; they escape by starting a volcano into eruption.

Here then are fancy and extravagance mixed with truth and information. Verne has done a vast and useful work in stimulating the interest not only of Frenchmen but of all civilized nations, with regard to the lesser known regions of our globe. He has broadened knowledge and guided study. During the years following 1865 he even, for a time, deserted his favorite field of labor, fiction, and devoted himself to a popular semi-scientific book, now superseded by later works, entitled "The Illustrated Geography of France and her Colonies."

Verne has perhaps had a larger share than any other single individual in causing the ever-increasing yearly tide of international travel. And because with mutual knowledge among the nations comes mutual understanding and appreciation, mutual brotherhood; hence Jules Verne was one of the first and greatest of those teachers who are now leading us toward International Peace.

VOLUME FIVE:

After the publication of "In Search of the Castaways," Jules Verne may be said to have entered on the second period of his fame. The tale was made the basis of a successful spectacular play, one of the first of those huge scenic panoramas built for the eye rather than for the ear.

While this could add nothing to the literary standing of its author, it placed his name in everybody's mouth. His next book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea", and indeed whatever following books lent themselves to the purpose, were staged with similar splendor. The name of Verne became a household word throughout the world, implying wonder and magnificence.

"Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" was published in 1870. It is the most widely known of all our author's works, perhaps deservedly so. To the mystery of its background, the tremendously impressive appeal of the weird scenery of the ocean's deeps, it added a story, somber, terrifying, stern as some ancient tragedy of Euripides.

Of Verne's works in general it has been said, with some justice, that his stories overshadow his characters, that the latter are but automations of little interest for themselves, unrealized as human beings, mere pegs existing only to hang adventures on. But surely from this criticism we must except, along with some few others, Captain Nemo. This tragic central figure of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" is known to every boy among Verne's readers as a distinct personality, ingenious, inventive, strong and tender, dreaming softly over his organ, praying as a father over the graves of his men in their solemn cemetery under seas, yet grimly unrelenting in his oath of vengeance.

The construction of Captain Nemo's submarine, as has been often pointed out, follows strict mechanical facts. In 1870, when the book was published, such a structure was almost inconceivable except to a man of Verne's genius for imaginative construction. The building of a "Nautilus," still, after more than forty years, lies among the things unachieved, but it is no longer regarded as among things unachievable. Every year of experimentation with our own imperfect submarines brings us nearer to Verne's splendid ideal.

And the under-seas world through which Captain Nemo guides his astounded guests! What a wealth of knowledge our author pours out upon it! How fully, how widely did he know this terrestrial globe! Verne's own voluminous reading of books of travel became more manifest with each new book, he published. Each work of his contained the assimilated and enlivened treasure of a mass of others. His favorite reading during these years as he himself tells us, was the justly celebrated geographical magazine of France, "Le Tour du Monde." He familiarized himself with its every volume from cover to cover. He distilled its heart into his work.

VOLUME SIX:

"The Mysterious Island" is a sequel or conclusion to "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." "Dropped from the Clouds," the first portion of the celebrated tale, appeared in 1870. But it was not until 1875 that the story was finished by the completion of its other two books "The Abandoned" and "The Secret of the Island".

Thus, long before the books were ended, it is probable that every French reader knew that Captain Nemo was the mysterious protector of the American colonists of the story. For Verne himself made no secret to his friends of the very open "mystery".

It was worth noting that in these books Verne for the first time treats American characters with sympathy and appreciation. In his choice of heroes he was always thoroughly cosmopolitan. He early declared that his own countrymen were too excitable to be used

as the central figures of adventure tales. At first he selected Englishmen; because, as he said, "their independence and self-possession in moments of sudden trial make them admirable heroes." To their other national traits he gave little attention, Captain Hatteras for instance being anything but a typical Englishman.

When, in the "Trip to the Moon" Verne for the first time shifted his ground and made Americans the central figures, this was but a natural echo of the European feeling of the moment. Europe was filled with amazement over the marvelous inventions by which during the years 1861 to 1865, American engineers, both North and South, had "transformed the navies of the world." A stupendous invention was to be the heart of Verne's book; naturally the inventors would be American.

Those first Americans of our author's creation were, however, monstrosities, the typical Americans of French imagination in the year 1865, drawn by the author absolutely without personal knowledge to guide him.

But the warm reception of Verne's books in America, stimulated his sympathetic interest in our land. In 1867 he journeyed hither, and as a consequence the Americans of his later books approach more closely to being human. Moreover his youthful admiration of Englishmen was somewhat waning. Scotchmen, resentful and even bitter against their sister kingdom, hold the center of the field in "In Search of the Castaways." Captain Nemo glorifies a yet bitterer foe to England, an East Indian Prince of the great "mutiny".

Hence when in "The Mysterious Island" Verne was again looking for inventiveness and ingenuity, he made all five of his central characters American. Moreover he discriminated them clearly and handled them with appreciation. The sailor Pencroft, to be sure, would scarcely be recognized as an American type; and Cyrus Harding is so completely a walking encyclopedia rather than a man that one almost wonders if Captain Nemo's secret gift to the colonists of a second cyclopedia was not meant in sarcasm rather than in kindness. Yet here and in "The Survivors of the Chancellor" we certainly touch high water in our author's estimate of the American race.

VOLUME SEVEN:

Of the four stories gathered in this volume in the order of their publication, "Round the World in Eighty Days" is the most celebrated. It was issued in 1872 not in the usual form in which Verne's books appeared, in Hetzel's series of "Voyages Extraordinaires," but in "feuilleton." This French method of publication in "feuilleton" not wholly unknown in our own country, consists of publishing a chapter or so each day in some daily paper.

The universal interest which these daily feuilletons of "Round the World in Eighty Days" excited, was absolutely unprecedented. Both English and American reporters telegraphed to their papers each day, the entire daily portion, which was promptly reproduced. So that for once three great nations were reading the same story at the same time, bit by bit.

Seldom has any piece of fiction excited such a furor. Liberal offers were made to the author by various transportation companies, if he would advertise their routes by having his hero travel by them. And when the final passage of the Atlantic from America to England was to be accomplished, the bids for notice by the various transatlantic lines are said to have reached fabulous sums. Verne, with a high sense of professional etiquette and honesty to his readers, refused all these offers.

As to the central idea on which the story is based, the unconscious gaining of a day by circumnavigation eastward, Verne tells us that the thought was suggested to him while reading in a cafe of the new possibility of making the circuit in eighty days. He saw

the difficulty with the meridians, and the possibilities of the story flashed upon him.

"A Floating City," published in 1871, enjoyed in our own country a popularity almost equal to that of "Round the World in Eighty Days." The "Floating City" was the direct result of the trip which the author actually made to America in 1867. He gives us a faithful picture of the natural and usual incidents of an ocean voyage of those days, enlivening these by introducing a romance aboard ship. The pictures of the "Great Eastern", are of course exaggerated, not so much in words themselves as in the impressions they convey. But the pictures of New York and of Niagara are the genuine imprint made upon the great writer by his visit here.

In "The Blockade Runners" he again adopts a theme which is, at least nominally, American. In it he gives a very fair view of the British attitude toward our country during that tragic period of our suffering and trial.

"Dr. Ox's Experiment" was one of those prophetic scientific fantasies which leaped so frequently into the inspired mind of Verne. The remarkably vivifying and enervating effects of pure oxygen, even upon the dying, have now become an established part of medical science. In 1874, when "Doctor Ox" was published, the knowledge of this gas was in its infancy. Verne tells us that the story was suggested by an actual experience of his own in Paris, in which he realized the effects "tres interessante" of the potent gas. The story develops a spirit of mischievous exaggeration and burlesque very different from the author's usually serious and thoughtful attitude toward scientific marvels.

VOLUME EIGHT:

"The Survivors of the Chancellor" was issued in 1875. Shipwrecks occur in other of Verne's tales; but this is his only story devoted wholly to such a disaster. In it the author has gathered all the tragedy, the mystery, and the suffering possible to the sea. All the various forms of disaster, all the possibilities of horror, the depths of shame and agony, are heaped upon these unhappy voyagers. The accumulation is mathematically complete and emotionally unforgettable. The tale has well been called the "imperishable epic of shipwreck."

The idea of the book is said to have originated in the celebrated French painting by Gericault, "the Wreck of the Medusa," now in the Louvre gallery. The Medusa was a French Frigate wrecked off the coast of Africa in 1816. Some of the survivors, escaping on a raft, were rescued by a passing ship after many days of torture. Verne, however, seems also to have drawn upon the terrifying experiences of the British ship Sarah Sands in 1857, her story being fresh in the public mind at the time he wrote. The Sarah Sands caught fire off the African coast while on a voyage to India carrying British troops. There was gunpowder aboard liable to blow up at any moment. Some of it did indeed explode, tearing a huge hole in the vessel's side. A storm added to the terror, and the waters entering the breach caused by the explosion, conated with the fire. After ten days of desperate struggle, the charred and sinking vessel reached a port.

The extreme length of life which Verne allows his people in their starving, thirsting condition is proven possible by medical science and recent "fasting" experiments. The dramatic climax of the tale wherein the castaways find fresh water in the ocean is based upon a fact, one of those odd geographical facts of which the author made such frequent skillful and instructive use.

"Michael Strogoff" which, through its use as a stage play, has become one of the best known books of all the world, was first published in 1876. Its vivid, powerful story has made it a favorite with every red-blooded reader. Its two well-drawn female characters, the courageous heroine, and the stern, enduring, yearning mother, show how well Verne could depict the tenderer sex when he so willed. Though usually the rapid

movement and adventure of his stories leave women in subordinate parts.

As to the picture drawn in "Michael Strogoff" of Russia and Siberia, it is at once instructive and sympathetic. The horrors are not blinked at, yet neither is Russian patriotism ignored. The loyalty of some of the Siberian exiles to their mother country is a side of life there which is too often ignored by writers who dwell only on the darker view.

The Czar, in our author's hands, becomes the hero figure to the erection of which French "hero worship" is ever prone. The sarcasms thrown occasionally at the British newspaper correspondent of the story, show the changing attitude of Verne toward England, and reflect the French spirit of his day.

VOLUME NINE:

Among so many effective and artistic tales, it is difficult to give a preference to one over all the rest. Yet, certainly, even amid Verne's remarkable works, his "Off on a Comet" must be given high rank. Perhaps this story will be remembered when even "Round the World in Eighty Days" and "Michael Strogoff" have been obliterated by centuries of time. At least, of the many books since written upon the same theme as Verne's, no one has yet succeeded in equaling or even approaching it.

In one way "Off on a Comet" shows a marked contrast to Verne's earlier books. Not only does it invade a region more remote than even the "Trip to the Moon," but the author here abandons his usual scrupulously scientific attitude. In order that he may escort us through the depths of immeasurable space, show us what astronomy really knows of conditions there and upon the other planets, Verne asks us to accept a situation frankly impossible. The earth and a comet are brought twice into collision without mankind in general, or even our astronomers, becoming conscious of the fact. Moreover several people from widely scattered places are carried off by the comet and returned uninjured. Yet further, the comet snatches for the convenience of its travelers, both air and water. Little, useful tracts of earth are picked up, and, as it were, turned over and clapped down right side up again upon the comet's surface. Even ships pass uninjured through this remarkable somersault. These events all belong frankly to the realm of fairyland.

If the situation were reproduced in actuality, if ever a comet should come into collision with the earth, we can conceive two scientifically possible results. If the comet were of such attenuation, such almost infinitesimal mass as some of these celestial wanderers seem to be, we can imagine our earth self-protective and possibly unharmed. If on the other hand, the comet had even a hundredth part of the size and solidity and weight which Verne confers upon his monster so as to give his travelers a home--in that case the collision would be unspeakably disastrous--especially to the unlucky individuals who occupied the exact point of contact.

But once granted the initial and the closing extravagance, the departure and return of his characters, the alpha and omega of his tale, how closely the author clings to facts between! How closely he follows, and imparts to his readers, the scientific probabilities of the universe beyond our earth, the actual knowledge so hard won by our astronomers! Other authors who, since Verne, have told of trips through the planetary and stellar universe have given free rein to fancy, to dreams of what might be found. Verne has endeavored to impart only what is known to exist.

In the same year with "Off on a Comet," 1877, was published also the tale variously named and translated as "The Black Indies," "The Underground City," and "The Child of the Cavern". This story, like "Round the World in Eighty Days" was first issued in "feuilleton" by the noted Paris newspaper "Le Temps". Its success did not equal that

of its predecessor in this style. Some critics indeed have pointed to this work as marking the beginning of a decline in the author's power of awaking interest. Many of his best works were, however, still to follow. And, as regards imagination and the elements of mystery and awe, surely in the "Underground City" with its cavern world, its secret, undiscoverable, unrelenting foe, the "Harfang", bird of evil omen, and the "Fire maidens" of the ruined castle, surely with all these "imagination" is anything but lacking.

From the realistic side, the work is painstaking and exact as all the author's works. The sketches of mines and miners, their courage and their dangers, their lives and their hopes, are carefully studied. So also is the emotional aspect of the depths underground, the blackness, the endless wandering passages, the silence, and the awe.

VOLUME TEN:

In 1878 appeared "Dick Sands", the epic of the slave trade. This picture of the wilds of Africa, its adventures and its dangers, the savage hunting both of beasts and men, has always been a favorite among Verne's readers.

It contains no marvels, no inventions, but merely, arid stirring scenes and actions, seeks to convey two truthful impressions. One is the traveler's teaching, the geographical information, the picture of Africa as explorers, botanists, and zoologists have found it. The other is the moral lesson of the awful curse of slavery, its brutalizing, horrible influence upon all who come in touch with it, and the absolutely devastating effect it has had upon Africa itself.

The trade in human flesh has within the past century converted Africa into an unpeopled wilderness "and called it peace". Truly the contact of our modern civilization with so-called barbarians has always been most destructive to the barbarians. It is against this hideous aspect of modern progress that Jules Verne here uplifts a stern and vehement accusing voice.

As to the intense admiration which Verne felt for the explorers of Africa, especially the heroic missionaries, he had given full expression to that sentiment in his previous African tale "Five Weeks in a Balloon". Yet he here returns to the theme once more, bringing into his book an account of the noble work of the most celebrated of African missionaries, David Livingstone. While the story of Livingstone, and his rescue by Henry M. Stanley, has little close connection with the story of Dick Sands and his friends, probably no reader will regret to find the heroic career of Livingstone truthfully and sympathetically interwoven with the more imaginary tale.

In style "Dick Sands" is one of its author's most artistic works, though much of the beauty of the writer's style is necessarily lost in translation. Verne, like most French authors, was far more anxious than are the English about these questions of musical sound, melodious flow, and mechanical form in general. "Dick Sands" is one of the books about which he himself said that he rewrote them six or seven times--"and polished after that".

In the construction of his narratives, their flow of plot and interest of incident, he was even more painstaking, if that be possible. He said once, "It is necessary in writing to demand of oneself with each page, what one is going to put there in order that the reader shall be eager to turn to the following page." In this principle he declared was bound up the entire secret of successful authorship. He certainly followed his own teaching with remarkable skill.

"Measuring a Meridian" is another African tale, first published in 1874 under the cumbersome title "The Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa". The story was afterward revised and reissued under its briefer title. It is a hunting

story, perhaps Verne's very ablest effort in that line. It has aroused many a youthful sportsman's throbbing eagerness for the chase, has given him his first knowledge and his earliest enthusiasm for the heart-stirring excitement to be found in "hunting big game".

VOLUME ELEVEN:

"The Five Hundred Millions of the Begun", published in 1879, is an interesting tale in itself, and in its fancy of the different uses to which untold wealth might be put in the hands of different men.

The moral lesson is also strong. Riches are shown as meaning to the world in general only selfishness and self-indulgence. To the two men who possess the millions, they become, in the hands of one, merely an instrument for gathering more millions. To the other, the altruist, they open a means of uplifting the entire world. Thus we get on the one side Verne's view of a modern Utopia; on the other, his idea of the inferno whither he believes modern centralization of capital and industry is tending. This is the only one of Verne's works in which he turns political economist.

This antagonism, thus drawn between two views of society, the two cities erected by the rivals, is made doubly interesting by the racial bitterness to which in this book Verne for the first time gives vehement expression. It must be remembered that his books, especially with his method of frequently rewriting them, were usually begun several years before the date of their publication. At the close of the war of 1870-71, France lay prostrate and helpless beneath the heel of Germany. Hence Germans, and back of them the whole Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon race, were anathema to this patriotic Frenchman. In "Off on a Comet" he had for the first time chosen a French hero. Hector Servadac is made governor-general of the comet, which is itself called Gallia. Before that, the Frenchmen of his books had all been light and whimsical: Ardan the cedless in the "Trip to the Moon," Paganel the astoundingly absent-minded in "In Search of the Castaways", Passepartout the irresponsible in "Round the World." But Servadac, while he retains his Gallic lightness, is keen and strong and resolute, a true leader of men. As for the Germans, they had figured before only in the extravagant but not ill-natured picture of the professor in "The Center of the Earth." Now, in "Off on a Comet" Verne suddenly depicts with a bitterness new to him the ugliest character he had yet drawn, the trader Hakabut, "a Jew and Agerman". Then in his professor Schultz of "The Five Hundred Millions of the Begun", he outdoes himself in the savage, sneering, impossible picture of the utterly vulgar, selfish, insensate, dull, and yet iron-willed and powerful Schulz. Nevertheless his hideously ugly and unhuman figure undeniably remains grotesquely and suggestively German. It is a masterly piece of satire. It is race antagonism run riot.

From this grim tale it is a relief to turn to the whimsical fantasy, "The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China," issued in the same year. This is assuredly one of Verne's most charming though lightest books. From the philosophical opening conversation on the value of life, it slips easily into the peculiarly topsy-turvy Chinese idea of employing your best friend to slay you secretly. Then comes the mad chase across all China, the pursuing victim resolutely hunting down the reluctant ex-rebel and incompetent assassin, while the victim's two comic guards against himself cling ever at his elbow.

The geographical pictures of China are finished and perfect as all the master's work of this description. The only scientific touch in the whole, the sea-trip in the rubber suits, is not so serious as to be out of keeping with the light-hearted whimsical spirit of the entire tale.

"In "The Giant Raft", Verne started another of those two volumed, double named stories which he had at first preferred. Only the first book "Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon" appears in the present volume. The other "The Cryptogram" follows in Volume 12.

VOLUME TWELVE:

"The Cryptogram", published in 1881, is the second book dealing with "The Giant Raft". The first part, "Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon", had been, as its name suggests, mainly a geographical tale. Readers were this time conducted through the tropical forests and across the boundless prairies of Peru and Brazil.

In "The Cryptogram", however, the geographical interest is almost entirely subordinate to the story. The solving of the cryptogram becomes the central feature, in working out which our author shows a skill scarce inferior to that of Poe himself. Here, for the first time in the body of his works, Verne takes express care to state his fondness for and indebtedness to the work of Poe, whom he denominates "that great analytical genius". He points to Poe's "Gold Bug" as the source of his own tale, calling the earlier story a masterpiece "never to be forgotten". The handling and appreciation of cipher writings in "The Cryptogram" are as different from the superficial explanation of the cipher in Verne's earlier "Center of the Earth", as is the appreciation of a master from that of the most idle amateur.

In addition to his admiration of Poe, Verne in another book expresses equal admiration and indebtedness toward Dickens. He was also an enthusiastic devotee of Victor Hugo and of J. Fenimore Cooper. Surely a sufficiently cosmopolitan grouping of names! Yet it is worth noting that the four men whom Verne turned to, whom he thus perhaps unconsciously grouped together, are the four most extreme of romantic writers who hold yet a grasp on realism. It is to this group that Verne himself belongs.

"The Steam House" is again a two book story belonging among the "Voyages Extraordinaires". In this case the country selected for depiction is India, and the characters, except for the French traveler Maucier, are once more Englishmen. Thus, in a way, Verne had gone back to his first love. His own practical qualities endeared to him this calmly practical race. He was a Breton, a race quite as much English as French in its characteristics. Indeed, Verne himself was called among his confreres "a half Englishman". Certainly the characters of "The Steam House" are appreciatively and even affectionately drawn, especially those of the hunter Captain Hood and his servant Fox.

The events of the great "Indian Mutiny" of 1857 which supply the story of the book, are described with impartiality toward both sides. This warm denunciation of the sufferings and wrongs of Hindoos as well as Englishmen has brought forth more than one protest from British sources.

As for the selection of India as the seat of the story, Verne himself explained that his purpose was to cover, one by one, each of the countries of the globe, more especially those little known, so as to make of his completed works a sort of universal geography. Traveling under his guidance, he meant that we should travel everywhere.

The mechanical invention of the steam house itself is in no way impossible. Such a construction was rather beyond the skill of thirty years ago when the book was written; but almost any good engineering firm to-day would contract to build you such a steam-house if you cared to afford the expense. In fact our automobiles have already quite outdone this somewhat clumsy giant steam-engine, both in power and in speed.

Mainly then "The Steam House", and more especially its second book, "Tigers and Traitors", will be remembered as a thrilling hunting story. "Big game" incidents of the most exciting yet most natural character, such as the invasion of the naturalist's kraal, throng its busy pages.

VOLUME THIRTEEN:

"The Robinson Crusoe School", published in 1882, classes with "The Tribulations of a Chinaman" as a whimsical fantasy, tossed off by Jules Verne in lighter mood, without either the geographical or the scientific purpose, one of which was usually dominant in his books. He jests good-naturedly here, as indeed he does in several of his later books, with the vast fortunes, the "hundred millions" commonly ascribed to Americans.

What could be more grotesque than the contest of the two San Francisco millionaires for possession of a worthless island, for which neither at the moment has any use? So, too, we have the exaggerated picture of the gilded youth, utterly unacquainted with the stern realities of life, pining to be a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island. The deliberate preparation for him of the uncomfortable situation he has desired, along with all the Crusoe incidents, would have in itself been a merry farce. When to this is added the vengeance of the defeated millionaire, turning loose his monsters also upon the solitude, we get an extravaganza mingled with elements of real danger and excitement such as has been seldom equaled.

"The Star of the South" (1884), takes us back to Africa again; but not to the Africa of Verne's first success "Five Weeks in a Balloon", nor of his tragic slave tale "Dick Sands". Those dealt with the Africa of the negro. This tale is of the Africa of the white man. The diamond region and the diamond mines are fully and closely depicted, so are the rough and hard types of men who make their way there.

Among these is presented, in singular contrast, the educated young French engineer, a man, a gentleman, and a scientist. Verne has drawn few better characters than this of Victor Cyprien. Though perhaps one may be permitted to suggest that Cyprien's altruism is scarcely convincing. The love which twice surrenders its beloved, rather than transgress the conventions of a social world with which neither lover is any longer associated, seems to us a rather feeble one. The indifference to wealth which, while watching other men gather diamonds all around, can only puzzle over their desire, and be contemptuous of their madness, is as little French as it is American.

The easy deception of the engineer into the idea that he has manufactured a giant diamond may be accepted by the not too critical reader as the necessary foundation of the story which is certainly bright, mystifying, and interesting in the extreme. Africa had been treated so seriously in the earlier tales, that one is glad to find Verne here playing with it in the scenes where his people ride ostriches and giraffes, are borne aloft by trapped birds, and leave the manufacture of their artificial diamonds to dodge one another murderously across country.

As to "The Purchase of the North Pole" (1889) or as Verne himself first called it literally, "Sense Upside Down", it is a sequel to "A Trip to the Moon," written a quarter of a century before. In its mathematical sincerity and extravagance of analysis it is worthy of the earlier tale. With his mountains of figures the author deliberately plays a joke upon the trusting reader, by pointing out in the end that the figures are all wrong. In its astronomical suggestiveness and impressive form of conveying instruction, this story is again the equal of its predecessor.

VOLUME FOURTEEN:

"Robur the Conqueror" was issued in 1886, coincident with the earliest practical interest which began to stir the world in regard to the "conquest of the air". With his usual boldly scientific imagination Verne, having studied the question thoroughly from all sides, looked into the future, formed a judgment, and pictured the conquering air machine in the style he believed most likely to achieve success.

In his poetical climax Verne declares that Robur is "the spirit of the future"; and it is true that even to-day we can build no airship to match the "Albatross". We have, however, far outdistances the historical account of aviation which Verne gives us in the course of his story, and which necessarily ceases with the early "eighties". The experiments of Professor Langley in Washington in 1896 started the world on toward a true knowledge of the laws of flight. Since then Professor Zeppelin and a dozen others in the "lighter than air" machines, and the Wright brothers and a hundred others in those "heavier than air", have achieved results which scarce any but Verne himself had even dreamed of, when he wrote "Robur the Conqueror."

The contest between the two schools, the lighter and heavier than air, is however by no means so completely decided as Verne assumes. While perhaps a majority side with him on this point to-day, yet many of our most expert scientists believe that the future lies with the dirigible balloon, rather than with the gliding plane. As for Verne's still more radically "heavy" ship, sustained aloft by the direct lift of her screws, nothing in the least practical has yet been achieved in that line. On the contrary, it has been almost abandoned for the other more successful styles.

Nearly twenty years after writing "Robur", Jules Verne turned again to the same theme; and in 1905, the very year of his death, his faithful publishers, the Hetzels, issued "The Master of the World". This, as a sequel to "Robur the Conqueror" is here printed next to it. The sequel clearly evidences that the inventive power of the aged master and his skill in conceiving and portraying a dramatic climax remained unimpaired even to the end.

For the background of this story, Verne returns chiefly to the region of Lake Erie and Niagara, the tremendous cataract which had so impressed him on his visit to it nearly forty years before, and which he had described in "The Floating City".

As to the marvelous machine by which the Master of the World maintains his mastery, it is unlike Verne's earlier imaginative creations in that we are compelled sadly to admit that this last stupendous dream of the great romancer holds no appreciable possibility of ever being realized. Science is to-day as incredulous of the possibility of combining the lightness and superficial area of the airship with the weight and compactness of the submarine, as the supposed police of Washington show themselves in the story. Indeed, in reading it, one can scarce help sympathizing with these unfortunate detectives, brought by the author face to face with a practically impossible problem and summoned to solve it by the workaday laws of common sense.

"The Sphinx of Ice", the third story in the present volume, was published in 1897. Its interest to Americans is much enhanced by the fact that it builds itself upon, is in fact a sequel to, our own Edgar Allan Poe's celebrated tale "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym". In the present issue for Americans the retelling of Poe's tale and the earlier pages of aimless wandering from one Antarctic island to another, have been considerably abridged.

The story itself, once it is fairly launched upon its theme of search and strife and icy mystery is well deserving of remembrance. As to the geography of the Antarctic Pole, however, Verne has been less happy than usual in his guesses. The daring expedition of Lieutenant Shackleton who in 1909 reached within less than a hundred miles of the pole, seems to have established that there is no warmer region such as Verne here describes, no open sea, indeed no polar passage whatsoever. On the contrary, the Southern Pole is surrounded by an icebound continent of unknown extent, and lies upon a mountainous table-land probably ten thousand feet in height.

VOLUME FIFTEEN:

In "The Exploration of the World" we have this brilliant romancer holding his fancy under control and speaking for once in simplest truthfulness. He who had so thoroughly read up in geographies and books of travel that he might make stories from them, was perhaps of all men best fitted for the task of telling in earnest what real men had really done in the demarcation of the world. In these volumes there was no need for the writer to create romance. He had only to appreciate and make visible to others the romance which already existed in overflowing measure in the daring deeds of the great explorers.

The first book of this set, "The World Outlined", was published in 1878, but the final volume did not appear until several years later. Some portions of this history of exploration had been already prepared and written out for Americans in masterly fashion, as for instance the life of Columbus by Washington Irving, the conquests of Mexico and Peru by Prescott. These have been omitted from the present edition.

During the intervals of this work Verne was patiently gathering fresh material for its completion. How seriously and thoroughly the labor of preparation was undertaken he himself points out for us. He says: "In order to give this work all the accuracy possible, I have called in the aid of a man whom I with justice regard as one of the most competent geographers of the present day, M. Gabriel Marcel, attached to the Bibliotheque Nationale. With the advantage of his acquaintance with several foreign languages which are unknown to me, we have been able to go to the fountain-head and to draw all our information from absolutely original documents. Readers will, therefore, render to M. Marcel the credit due to him for his share in a work which will demonstrate what manner of men the great travelers have been, from the time of Hanno and Herodotus down to that of Livingstone and Stanley.

---Charles F. Horne, PH.D., professor of
English, College of the City of New York
Author of, "The Technique of the Novel", etc.

The above is reprinted from THE PRINCE OF WALES EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JULES VERNE. The limitation page in my set says the edition is limited to five hundred numbered copies each. My set is registered as No. 66 and the signature of the registrar is R.C. Lancaster.

The set is bound in red cloth. Unfortunately, volume 4 appears to be from some other edition, even though internally it is obviously the same. This one book is bound in green imitation leather.

I hope someone will read through the above. I just couldn't help re-printing it here, partly because of a childhood enthusiasm for the works of Verne, and partly because of the rather quaint effect of reading this article in 1957. The books were copyrighted in 1911 and the article was probably written in 1910.

There was been some talk lately that the dull and pedantic effect that English readers get from Verne's writing is caused by the poor translations. The translations in this set are quite good. Perhaps they are not as modern as the recent pocket book modernizations, but they have something more of a flavor. Once more, maybe it is that childhood enthusiasm seeping through my subconscious.

In any case, I suggest that anyone purchasing Verne, have a good look around for this set, or one of the related issues. I bought the 15 volumes for \$7.50 in a salvage store, and you got to admit, that's lower than current reissue rates.

---PH Lyons

(Continued from Page 14) ADDITIONAL NOTES

Canadian Scientists have conjured atomic life out of a gigantic \$57 million gadget: the newly-completed NRU reactor at the Chalk River research centre. They now prepare to forge ahead with experiments which will at last make feasible the production of economic electric power. They will also manufacture plutonium bomb fuel, for sale to the United States, develop new uses for atomic by-products in medicine and industry, and speed investigation of the still little-known structure of the atom.

The NRU reactor is one of the most powerful and expensive pieces of experimental equipment in the world. It will maintain Canada's present place in the forefront of international atomic research. So advanced is its design, so elaborate its facilities, that Britain and the USA both seek to hire it for limited test periods to prod along their own research programs.

A glass-and-concrete hall 90 feet high houses the whole weird pyramid of concrete and steel. Somewhere inside, within an aluminum canister no bigger than an ordinary bedroom, 200 uranium rods weighing 12 tons are matched in mutual self-destruction to generate 200,000 kilowatts of potential power. Entry tubes through the heavily-shielded sides enable experimenters to expose materials to the force of radiation. Automatic safety devices, hedged around with multible circuits, guard constantly against mishap.

The concept is entirely Canadian. The use of hydrogen-enriched "heavy" water for setting off the train of atomic fission stems from the first Chalk River experiments early in 1945. Extraction of maximum power from fuel rods--burning uranium more economically than anywhere else in the world--is also peculiar to the research establishment beside the Ottawa river.

Chalk River scientists are now unveiling their own revolutionary design for an atomic power house. They have hesitated so far, since Canada is not under the same economic pressure as Britain, nor the same political pressure as the USA, to come rushing out with an "any price" program. Anything they can devise must compete with cheap coal and hydro power in all but a few scattered parts of the country. Their suggested solution, the NPD prototype powerhouse, will be far from competitive when it starts work in 1961. But it holds enough promise and contains enough innovations to arouse the keenest speculation throughout the world of science.

APOLOGY FROM THE EDITOR: Regarding an article previously announced in the October 1957 issue. The item "A Trip Around Pinewood Studios" with personal comments has been deleted from this issue. The time lapse has made most of the material quite dated. It's a shame too, I have the whole thing set and ready to run, fourteen pages in all.....Also in passing subscribers will note that this issue takes up the cost of two issues. This is due to the number of pages in this issue.....So bear with us. By June we should be back on schedule.....By the way I might as well give the reason for the delay in this present issue. I was on the road for a month, visiting Florida, the Bob Tuckers, Blackhawk in Davenport, Iowa., and Dr. Barrett in Bellefontaine, Ohio. While on this jaunt I considered moving down to Florida. The job situation favorably impressed me. Florida doesn't seem to be the least affected by the present semi-depression going on in the rest of the States.....WDG

THE GREAT MISTAKE

by C M MOORHEAD

TV GUIDE needs a kick in the pants for saying, in connection with "UFO: Enigma of the Skies" that "At last the Air Force reveals the facts behind the mystery of flying saucers. For this special report, they've declassified their files on UFO's for the first time." In the first place the Air Force revealed absolutely NOTHING! We heard the same garbled account we have been reading for years; the same condescension toward the masses; the same supercilious superiority. Not a single new thing was presented by the Army Airforce officer. He simply personafied the strutting, pompous army brass of today and what he said was just too, too pat.

In the second place, the statement, "They've declassified their files on the UFO's for the first time," is sheer bunk. I have a book in my possession entitled "The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects." It further says on the cover of this book, "The only book about FLYING SAUCERS based entirely on OFFICIAL AIR FORCE RECORDS." I have another book, "The Case of the UFO" by M. K. Jessup and the cover has this to say of him: "This is a sober, coldly-reasoned review of the record of UFO analyzed by an eminent astronomer, mathematician and ardhaeologist." I have still another book "Flying Saucers, Fact or Fiction" by Max B. Miller and he uses items from the Air Force reports. So the statement which I have quoted from TV Guide at the top of this paragraph, isn't entirely true.

Ruppelt says in his book, "More than 20% of all sightings are classified as 'Unknown'. These are objects seen in our skies that cannot be identified as balloons, man-made aircraft or meteors, and that cannot be attributed to weather or atmospheric illusions. Neither can they be explained away as hoaxes or hallucinations." Our pompous air force officer said that only 1.9 were classified as unknown. Someone is lying and I am of the opinion that the Air Force is still at it! Ruppelt's book was copyrighted in 1956!, two years ago.

In the third place, I feel nothing but the deepest of contempt for CBS! I have always believed that one of the basic principles of our Constitution was "freedom of speech." It seems we no longer have it. It seems that "gag Rule" holds pre-eminence over the constitution. Seems to me it took a lot of "guts" on the part of CBS to shut Keyhoe off for even 15 seconds! By what constitutional right did they cut him off? Surely what he had to say was no more inflammatory than the mud-slinging that goes on over TV or radio during a presidential campaign, between the two parties. It is indeed odd that charges and counter-charges are permitted then; but what Keyhoe had to say was just too, too bad! The paper says that CBS didn't know what he was going to say. Does CBS or any other broadcasting company, always know what the politician is going to say? By the crud that some of them dish out, I doubt it!

That little job that CBS did, in cutting Keyhoe off for even 15 seconds, went further to prove the actual existence of Flying Saucers than anything that was said or might have been said on the entire program. CBS was afraid to let out the truth! The thing that enraged me was CBS setting itself up as God, deciding who can talk and who can't; cutting off speeches or parts of speeches whenever they went to. CBS, or any other broadcasting company, is a Public Utility, whether they want to admit it or not, and you just can't promiscuously go around cutting off speeches just because they do not agree with the ideas of the promoters. If this sort of thing is allowed to go on and on unchecked, it will finally lead to the end of freedom of speech, and the end of our form of government, for I fear that there was more than CBS behind it all. I am wondering what kind of brain-washing was used on Keyhoe to get him to sign that statement that CBS said was released later?

That astrophysicist was of the same inflexible attitude as that of the Army Airforce or CBS; nobody knows anything except himself; the laity is composed of jackasses. Men that are so inflexible in their own opinions are usually biased, and are blind to all other possibilities save the one they are supporting. He made his statements as factual, when there were merely opinions. There are others, just as intelligent as he, who are not so dogmatic in their assertions. Anyone who will say that 100% of all such sightings are provable physical phenomena is either a conceited ass or terribly naive. There isn't any possibility of human opinion being 100% right against the opposite opinion being 100% wrong. It isn't humanly possible. There is always an element of error in any human endeavor. So our astrophysicist has eliminated himself, as far as I am concerned, in bringing anything really worthwhile into the picture by his inflexible dogmatism. The Air Force with all its arrogance, did not go as far as he did, for it admitted that 1.9% was unknown. Just how bigoted can a man get?

The program did NOTHING to clarify the issue; it is all the more confusing. I dare say, more people believe in the reality of flying saucers now than the ever did before! CMM

The above was sent to the offices of TV GUIDE late in January. For those of you who like to read between the lines there is plenty to work on or dig into.

Obviously censorship does go the other way, take for example the Mike Wallace Interview wherein you sometimes hear the guest say "we didn't talk about this in the warm-up, but I will answer it if I can."

Then take the Randolph Churchill incident that occurred on a New York TV station quite recently. That station wouldn't have cut that exchange of words off the TV screens for all the tea in china.

So whatever CBS has to say about the 15 second blackout looks pretty feeble in the light of policy practiced by other networks.

There are two answers to the statement signed by Keyhoe and later released by CBS as an explanation. First, it could have been made up in advance for just such a situation. Secondly, I think Keyhoe is after money just like anybody else that discovers something topical and lucrative. Keyhoe never struck me as a dedicated man and perhaps the CBS executives took the same attitude.

There is no doubt about it, the Army Airforce did not contribute a thing. They merely sent a representative to take the frosting out of the cake and I think the results went in Mr. Keyhoe's favour. WDG

THE LANDSLIDE

A Fantasy
Classic
by a
Master

by DR. DAVID H. KELLER

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 the 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 on 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 not 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 seemed to be, 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 polish 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 magnify-

The Landslide

ing glass. Finally, he exclaimed: "This is not 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 adviseable to call again on Professor Swenkhauser. The old man was more than pleased to see him.

"Did you see my advertisement in the personal column of the paper?" Swenkhauser 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."

"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, 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't see how 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

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sleep, and tomorrow I will come and see you and give my answer."

Dr. Morgan went back to his bedroom, packed a blanket, flashlight 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 minature 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 seeing 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 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 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 carefully 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."

DHK

★ BEST ON THE QUARTER ★

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 Edited by Walter Willis
 170 Upper Newtownards Rd.
 Belfast, North Ireland

What can one say about an item that is a necessary household commodity. That is the way this missle from across the waves always strikes me.....THE GLASS BUSHEL by Bob Shaw seems to be the featured item. There

is much about a visit with Gregg Calkins contained and some comical sidelights.....Also on tap are Vince Clarke and Mal Ashworth....There is also a listing of letters received that would make most fan editors drool.....Again let me repeat this is a household commodity....

CRIFANAC "6" Jan. 1958
 Edited by Tom Reamy
 4332 Avondale
 Dallas, Texas., USA

This one continues to improve and completely amaze me in the illustration department. If for the excellent reproduction of two Kelly Freas drawings alone it would rate tops, but they also have contents.....There is a fairly

intelligent interview with George Adamski, the word intelligent is directed towards Adamski, who at times makes some doubtful statements. A regular column of this type sets a solid foundation for future operations.....Reamy covers the SF Movie field almost completely. This time the reviews are not so overblown, the remarks are more down to earth. In otherwords there are several films that are passable, the rest are unadulterated garbage and we can thank Reamy for showing us the way. I gather that some of the British epics are a stamp above the US efforts. In passing I recall one with Brian Donlevy that more than surprised me entertainment-wise once I got into the spirit of things.There are faults, Redd Boggs expresses them (as usual) in the letter section, but this one comes out well over on the plus side.....

SIGBO # 5
 Edited by Jerry DeMuth
 1936 Sheridan Road
 Evanston, Ill., USA

This one is loaded. A good letter section, fanzine reviews and crazy illustrations.....There is a complete listing of "Shock" films that have been released to television, invaluable to the Late Show fans.....Alan Dodd covers the

horror and SF films that we will be seeing shortly.....Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker are represented in two short articles.....An interesting issue. The only thing I don't like is the type of reproduction, but this seems very small when you have first rate contributors.....

SKYHOOK # 25 Autumn 1957
 Edited by Redd Boggs
 2209 Highland Place N. E.
 Minneapolis 21, Minnesota
 USA

SKYHOOK BOOKSHELF written by a professional, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Fred Chappell and Don H. Nabours does an excellent job on reporting what is inside the covers of new books.....The Harry Bates article (1st part of 2 parts) has shaped up well; wish it was

all in one issue.....Plus the usual features found in most publications.When Redd sounds off about other fanzines he is usually not far out of line. One just has to look at his own fanzine to see the truth of this statement. Good taste and excellent reproduction all the way..

YANDRO # 60 Fifth Annish
 Edited by the Coulsons
 105 Stitt Street
 Wabash, Indiana., USA

Beautiful cover, lots of crazy illustrations and good reproduction.....Alan Dodd turns up to entertain, while such people as Lupoff, Briney, Corby, Bennett, Stuefloten and Hensley are also around.....Yandro is trying to

keep up to a schedule, I hope they can.....Which brings to mind the weekly effort by Ellik and Carr, brother this is just asking for it..... See you'll in the next issue.....WDG

The Maelstrom

In the last issue of Canfan I covered Chaplin's latest film and the response from Bob Bloch was a pleasant surprise. In fact I took it down and passed it around to the movie folks that I work with. One lady immediately made a photo copy right away quick, so now this has gone into the files of the J. Arthur Rank Organization.....WDG

Bob Bloch
PO Box 362
Weyauwega, Wisconsin
USA

I'm particularly interested in your movie comments concerning Chaplin's new film, A KING IN NEW YORK.....There are, according to critical reports, a number of valid reasons why this film will not and should not be shown in this country.

One: It isn't very funny.

Now as you know, American audiences have a very high standard of screen comedy. The sensibilities of our movie-goers are such that we insist on only the very best. A nation reared on the uproarious antics of Ma and Pa Kettle, Abbott and Costello, Jerry Lewis, and the Bowery Boys is certainly above the cheap comedy of a Chaplin.

Two: Chaplin's personal morals are deplorable.

Again, we Americans are extremely sensitive about this. Let a performer step out of line and he or she immediately vanishes from the screen. We prefer such high types as Errol Flynn, Elvis Presley, etc., and we're particularly disturbed by Chaplin's many marriages; it is for this reason that Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Mickey Rooney, Joan Crawford and Rita Hayworth cannot get any kind of a job down here and are all starving in the gutter.

Three: Chaplin has Communist leanings.

Once again, we have safeguarded ourselves against the Enemy. Such is our distrust of Red Russia that we've destroyed all the Eisenstein and Pudovkin films, and do not allow ourselves to be contaminated with the music of Prokofieff, Khatchaturian, Kabalevsky or Shostakovitch.

Four: Chaplin criticizes the U. S. in his film.

It is well-known that American Democracy is the best and only way of Life -- it is so superior to any other that the moment a Commie gets a chance to sneak over here he comes running. Nobody who has a chance to listen to both sides of the political question ever has any doubts as to which is best. Moreover, we're always willing to admit we have our faults and imperfections -- and it is one of our greatest virtues that we're open-minded enough to permit free speech. Of course, we have to draw the line somewhere, and there's just one thing we won't stand for -- criticism. I mean, freedom of speech and freedom of belief is okay, but we can't go too far; this business of suggesting that there is something wrong with our attitude is a little too much. Besides, no nation, however strong and right, can possibly survive a motion picture containing one or two scenes poking fun at its way of thinking. Undoubtedly, when the American Legion picketed MONSIEUR VERDOUX and LIMELIGHT here they had the same thought in mind -- they realized that a showing of Chaplin's films would result in armed revolution. I'm as much a believer in Democracy as anyone else, but I can't see us showing the new Chaplin picture if it's going to mean that our most sacred heritage is imperilled, and that blood will run in the streets..... I trust this clarifies our position. If you Canadians are willing to subject yourselves to inferior entertainment performed by immoral and politically lunatic actors, that is your business -- I can only warn you that as a result the Dominion of Canada will probably be plunged into the chaos of anarchy before next spring.As for we fair-minded, freedom-loving, right-thinking Americans, we will continue to march forward under the moral entertainment leadership of Liberace, Jayne Mansfield, Anita Ekberg and comparable artists.

Title	Author	1	2	3	Title	Author	1	2	3
Star Shine ----- Brown					The Doomsday Men - Priestley				
Fahrenheit 451 ---- Bradbury					Space Merchants -- Kornbluth				
Takeoff ----- Kornbluth					Adventures in Time & Space -- Healy				
Costigan's Needle ----- Sohl					Martian Chronicles - Bradbury				
Who Goes There? -- Campbell					The Snow Was Black - Simenon				
Currents of Space --- Asimov					Proud Youth ----- Eliot				
Belle ----- Simenon					Man Who Sold The Moon - Heinlein				
Catcher in the Rye -- Salinger					Puppet Masters ---- Heinlein				
Demolished Man ----- Bester					Golden Amazon ----- Fearn				
Jurgen ----- Cabell					Missing H Bomb ----- Brennan				
Space On My Hands ---- Brown					Outpost Mars ----- Judd				
Moon Pool ----- Merritt					Metal Monster ----- Merritt				
The Radio Man ----- Farley					Fight For Life ---- Leinster				
Time Trap ----- Phillips					The Big Eye ----- Ehrlich				
Missing Link ----- Farrere					Nest of Vipers ---- Claymore				
Plunder of The Sun --- Dodge					Adventures of Ideas - Whitehead				
To Catch A Thief ----- Dodge					Haploids ----- Sohl				
Book of Trials --- Humphreys					Alice in Wonderland - Carroll				
Let Out The Beast -- Fischer					Forbidden Planet ---- Stuart				
Hell's Pavement ----- Knight					Deluge ----- da Vinci				
Scarf of Passion ----- Bloch					Gladiator ----- Wylie				
Space Platform ---- Leinster					The Altered Ego ----- Sohl				
Scarab Murder Case - Van Dine					Music Out of Dixie - Sinclair				
Castway ----- Cozzens					Worlds Within ----- Phillips				
The Restless Dead --- Carrol					Green Millennium ---- Leiber				
Revolt of The Triffids - Wyndham					Asylum ----- Seabrook				
Escape To Nowhere ----- Karp					Fear & Trembling - Hitchcock				
Bar The Doors! --- Hitchcock					Suspense ----- Hitchcock				

Any SEVEN of the above pocketbooks for **TWO BUCKS** POST PAID (NAC)

Sinister Barrier --- Russell No. 1	Rat Race ----- Franklin No 10
Legion of Space - Williamson No. 2	City In The Sea ----- Tucker No 11
Prelude To Space ----- Clarke No. 3	House Of Many Worlds - Merwin No 12
The Amphibians ----- Wright No. 4	Seeds Of Life ----- Taine No 13
The World Below ----- Wright No. 5	Three Go Back ----- Mitchell No 15
The Alien ----- Jones No. 6	Jack of Eagles ----- Blish No 19
Empire ----- Simak No. 7	The Black Galaxy -- Leinster No 20
Four Sided Triangle - Temple No. 9	The Humanoids --- Williamson No 21

The above 16 GALAXY NOVELS for one price **FIVE BUCKS** POST PAID (NAC)

Shadow Of Tomorrow ----- Pohl	They Found Atlantis ----- Wheatley
Beyond The End Of Time ----- Pohl	A Night With Jupiter ----- Ford
Crossroads In Time ----- Conklin	25th Anniversary Issue of Weird Tales

We have plenty of this SIX item package deal on hand. Note that the first three titles are collections of short stories now out of print. **TWO BUCKS** POST PAID (NAC)

Sands Of Mars (British) Clarke .50	Torcon Memory Book (rare) 1948 1.00
Black Flame (Harlequin) Weinbaum .50	Canfan-15th Annish (100 pages) .50
Utopia 14 (Bantam) -- Vonnegut .35	The Fox Woman ----- Merritt .25

Title	Author	Publisher	J	M	G	F	P		Lst	2nd	3rd
Step Down, Elder Brother	Niggli	Rinehart	x		x			.50			
Victory of Paul Kent -	Hale	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Rise Up and Walk -----	Walker	Dutton	x	x				.35			
I Love Miss Tillie Bean	Chase	Doubleday	x		x			.50			
Immortal Wife -----	Stone	Doubleday	x	x				1.00			
Years of The Pilgrimage -	Davis	Doubleday	x	x				1.00			
Uncensored France ----	Porter	Dial	x		x			.50			
Washington By-line ---	Furman	Knopf	x		x			.50			
The Heat of Day -----	Bowen	Guild	x	x				1.00			
Europe In The Spring -	Boothe	Knopf	x		x			.50			
Rampart Street -----	Webber	Dutton	x		x			.50			
Pioneer Preacher -----	Berryman	Guild	x	x				.50			
Light In The Window --	Rinehart	Rinehart	x	x				.50			
Innocents of Paris ---	Cesbron	H. M. Co.	x	x				.50			
Strong Citadel -----	Burt	Scribners	x	x				.50			
The Dyess Story -----	Dyess	Longmans	x		x			.35			
Give Us Our Dream ----	Goertz	Guild	x			x		.50			
Everybody Makes Mistakes -	Marble	Rinehart	x	x				.50			
Date With Death -----	Ford	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Trial of Soren Qvist -	Lewis	Doubleday	x	x				.35			
Sir Pagen -----	Colyton	Creative	x		x			.50			
The Living Wood -----	de Wohl	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Guadalcanal Diary ----	Tregaskis	Blue Ribbon	x			x		.35			
Westering Sun -----	Blake	Collins	x		x			1.00			
Mine Own Executioner -	Balchin	Collins	x		x			.50			
An Affair of State ---	Frank	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Middle Aged Men On Trapeze	Thurber	Blue Ribbon	x	x				.50			
Running To Paradise --	Lodwick	Methuen	x	x				1.00			
The Aristocrat -----	Greer	Vanguard	x		x			.50			
7 Times The Leading Man	Hostovsk	Fischer	x		x			.50			
Bizarre Sisters -----	Walz	Duell	x	x				1.00			
Catch a Falling Star -	Van De Water	Duell	x	x				.50			
Man Eathers of Kumaon	Corbett	Oxford	x	x				.50			
Thomas Forty -----	Stanley	Duell	x		x			1.00			
The Outer Edges -----	Jackson	Rinehart	x		x			.50			
Hong Kong Holiday ----	Hahn	Doubleday	x		x			.50			
Bride Of Fortune -----	Kane	Book Club	x	x				1.00			
Death's Old Sweet Song	Stagge	Book Club	x		x			.35			
Plunder Of The Sun ---	Dodge	Book Club	x	x				.50			
When The Snow Was Red	Pentecost	Book Club	x		x			.50			
All Men Are Liars ----	Strange	Book Club	x		x			.35			
Balkan Firebrand -----	Todorov	Ziff-Davis	x	x				1.00			
Wine Of Satan -----	Gay	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Marriage of Josephine	Coryn	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Yours Is The Earth ---	Vail	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Captive Princess -----	Irwin	Clarke	x		x			.50			
The Baited Blonde ----	MacLean	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Fortaste Of Glory ----	Stuart	Dutton	x	x				.50			
3 Roads To Valhalla --	Stewart	Book Club	x	x				.50			

The books above have all been published between the years of 1945 and 1952. Most of them have been once read or not at all and in most cases the price variation is due to the size and weight of the individual volume. There are no SF books in this listing. All prices include Postage.

Title	Author	Publisher	J	M	G	F	P		Lst	2nd	3rd
Mirror For Observers -	Pangborn	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Point Ultimate -----	Sohl	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Double Star -----	Heinlein	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Long Tomorrow -----	Brackett	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Not This August -----	Kornbluth	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Born Leader -----	McIntosh	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Second Foundation ----	Asimov	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Satellitte E One -----	Castle	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Take Off -----	Kornbluth	Book Club	x		x			.50			
The Big Eye -----	Ehrlich	Book Club	x		x			.50			
This Island Earth ----	Jones	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Syndic -----	Kornbluth	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Puppet Masters -----	Heinlein	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Double Jeopardy -----	Pratt	Book Club	x	x				.50			
The Altered Ego -----	Sohl	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Costigan's Needle ----	Sohl	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Double In Space -----	Pratt	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Player Piano -----	Vonnegut	Book Club	x	x				.50			
The Power -----	Robinson	Book Club	x	x				.50			
World Out Of Mind ----	McIntosh	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Ring Around The Sun --	Simak	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Demolished Man -----	Bester	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Abyss Of Wonders -----	Sheehan	Fantasy	x	x				3.00			
Heads Of Cerberus ----	Stevens	Fantasy	x	x				3.00			
Children Of The Lens -	Smith	Fantasy	x	x				2.50			
The Night Side -----	Derleth (E)	Rinehart	x	x				1.00			
White Ben -----	Dane	Doubleday	x		x			3.00			
Doctor To The Dead ---	Bennett	Rinehart	x	x				2.00			
The Purple Cloud -----	Sheil	World	x	x				.65			
The Golden Rooms -----	Fisher	Vanguard	x	x				1.00			
Imitations Of Eve ----	Fisher	Vanguard	x	x				1.00			
And The Darkness Falls	Karloff (E)	World	x	x				2.00			
Great Fog -----	Heard	Vanguard	x		x			1.50			
Star Of The Unborn ---	Werfel	Viking	x	x				.65			
Hercules, My Shipmate	Graves	Creative	x			x		1.00			
Best Of The Haitian Hills	Marcelin	Rinehart	x		x			.65			
Deliver Me From Eva --	Bailey	M & C	x		x			1.00			
Death Of A World -----	Farjeon	Collins	x	x				.50			
Shadow On The Hearth -	Merril	Doubleday	x	x				1.00			
The Croquet Player ---	Wells	Viking	x	x				.65			
Titus Groan -----	Peake	Eyre	x	x				.65			
Titus Groan -----	Peake	Reynal	x		x			1.00			
Jeopardy -----	Conte	Book Club	x	x				.50			
False Face -----	Truss	Book Club	x			x		.50			
Splintered Man -----	Chaber	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Mammoth Book of Ghosts	Parrish (E)	Odhams	x			x		4.00			
Poems Of Sleep & Dream	Stewart (E)	Muller	x		x			1.00			
Reach To The Stars ---	Willingham	Vanguard	x		x			1.00			
The Queens Awards 1947	Queen (E)	Little Brown	x	x				.50			
The Queens Awards 1948	Queen (E)	Little Brown	x	x				.50			
The Queens Awards 1949	Queen (E)	Little Brown	x	x				.50			
Methinks The Lady ----	Endore	D S & P	x			x		2.00			
The Witching Hour ----	Cody	World	x		x			1.50			
The Coming Race -----	Lytton	Belford				x		7.50			

Title	Author	Publisher	J	M	G	F	P	PRICE	1st	2nd	3rd
Portals of Tomorrow	Derleth (E)	Rinehart	x	x				2.50			
Journey to Infinity	Greenberg	Gnome	x	x				1.25			
Assignment Tomorrow	Pohl (E)	Hanover	x	x				1.00			
Timb Bomb -----	Tucker	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Editor's Choice ----	Moskowitz	McBride	x	x				2.00			
Man Who Sold The Moon	Heinlein	Shasta	x	x				2.00			
Weapon Makers -----	van Vogt	Greenberg	x	x				1.50			
Children of Wonder -	Tenn (E)	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Day of the Triffids	Wyndham	Joseph	x	x				1.00			
Great Stories of SF	Leinster	Random	x		x			1.00			
The Black Flame ----	Weinbaum	Fantasy	x	x				2.50			
The 22nd Century ---	Christopher	Grayson	x	x				1.00			
Running Water -----	Sloane	Book Club	x		x			.50			
Don't Inhale It! ---	Balint	Gaer	x		x			.50			
My Best SF Story ---	Friend (E)	Merlin	x		x			1.50			
Slaves of Sleep ----	Hubbard	Shasta	x	x				1.50			
Beyond This Horizon	Heinlein	Fantasy	x	x				3.00			
Johnny Darling -----	Jagendorf	Vanguard	x		x			.75			
Novels of Science --	Wollheim	Viking	x			x		1.50			
Music Makers -----	Coblentz	Ackerman	x		x			2.00			
Who Goes There? ----	Campbell	Shasta	x	x				1.50			
Men Against The Stars	Greenberg	Gnome	x		x			1.50			
Baker St. Irregulars	Boucher	S & S	x			x		1.00			
Travelers of Space -	Greenberg	Gnome	x		x			1.50			
Darker Than You Think	Williamson	Fantasy	x	x				2.50			
Gather Darkness ----	Leiber	P & C	x	x				1.00			
Final Blackout -----	Hubbard	Hadley	x	x				2.50			
Doctor Arnoldi -----	Thayer	Messner			x			4.00			
Long Loud Silence --	Tucker	Book Club	x	x				.50			
Future Tense -----	Crossen	Greenberg	x		x			1.50			
Terror -----	Wollheim	Hanover	x	x				1.50			
Tales From Underwood	Keller	Arkham	x	x				3.00			
Space Merchants ----	Kornbluth	BB	x	x				1.00			
The World Below ----	Wright	Shasta	x		x			1.50			
The Dark Other -----	Weinbaum	FPCI	x		x			1.50			
Astounding SF -----	Campbell	Book Club	x		x			1.00			
Imagination Unlimited	Dikty (E)	Farrar	x	x				2.00			
SF Novels - 1953 ---	Bleiler (E)	Fell	x	x				2.00			
Best Stories SF-1949	Bleiler (E)	Fell	x	x				1.25			
Best Stories SF-1950	& Dikty (E)	Fell	x	x				1.25			
Away & Beyond -----	van Vogt	P & C	x	x				2.50			
The Deep Range -----	Clarke	Harcourt	x		x			1.50			
Space On My Hands --	Brown	Shasta	x	x				1.50			
Green Hills of Earth	Heinlein	Shasta	x	x				1.50			
Adventures Tomorrow	Crossen	Greenberg	x		x			1.00			
Other Side of Moon -	Derleth (E)	P & C	x	x				2.00			
Far Boundaries -----	Derleth (E)	P & C	x	x				2.00			
Topper -----	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Topper Takes a Trip	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Glorious Pool -----	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Rain In The Doorway	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Skin and Bones -----	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Did She Fall -----	Smith	Sun Dial	x			x		.50			
Hard Boiled Omnibus	Black Mask	S & S	x		x			1.00			
Destination Universe	van Vogt	P & C	x	x				3.00			

Title	Author	Publisher	J	M	G	F	P	1st	2nd	3rd
Through Space To Mars	Rockwood	Cupples					x	.50		
Spacehounds of IPC ---	Smith	Fantasy	x	x				5.50		
Masters of Time -----	Van Vogt	Fantasy	x	x				2.50		
Venus Equilateral ----	Campbell	Prime	x		x			2.50		
The World of A (reprint)	Van Vogt	G & D	x			x		.50		
The Last Spaceship ---	Leinster	Fell	x		x			1.50		
Sidewise In Time -----	Leinster	Shasta	x	x				1.50		
Ship of Ishtar -----	Merritt	Borden	x	x				2.50		
Earth Abides -----	Stewart	Random	x			x		1.00		
Greener Than You Think	Moore	Sloane	x			x		1.00		
Mutant -----	Padgett	Gnome	x	x				1.50		
Solitary Hunters -----	Keller	New Era	x		x			1.00		
Donovan's Brain -----	Sidomak	Triangle	x			x		.50		
Mislaidd Charm (signed)	Phillips	Prime	x		x			1.00		
It Happened Tomorrow -	Williams	Abelard	x		x			1.00		
Sign of The Burning Hart	Keller	NFFF	x	x				2.00		
Sixth Column -----	Heinlein	Gnome	x	x				1.50		
The Vicarion -----	Hunting	Unity	x	x				1.50		
Space Hawk -----	Gilmore	Greenberg	x	x				1.00		
The Radio Man -----	Farley	FPCI	x	x				1.50		
Planets of Adventure -	Wells	FPCI	x	x				1.50		
Radium Pool -----	Repp	FPCI	x	x				1.50		
Full Moon -----	Mundy	Appleton	x			x		1.00		
Seetee Shock -----	Stewart	S & S	x		x			1.50		
Four Sided Triangle --	Temple	Fell	x			x		.50		
Other Half of The Planet	Capon	Heinemann	x		x			.50		
Newbury in ORM -----	Williams	Gryphon	x	x				.50		
Man In The Moon Is Talking	Orb	Warwick	x		x			.50		
Other Side of The Sun	Capon	Heinemann	x	x				.50		
Lady From Venus -----	Radcliff	Macdonald	x		x			.50		
Beyond Infinity -----	Carr	Fantasy	x	x				2.50		
Sands of Mars -----	Clarke	Gnome	x	x				1.50		
Waldo and Magic -----	Heinlein	Doubleday	x		x			1.00		
The Flames -----	Stapledon	Secker	x		x			.65		
Zotz -----	Karig	Reinhart	x		x			.50		
Gulliver's Travels ---	Swift	Nelson		x				1.00		
Empty World -----	Stevenson	Jenkins	x		x			1.50		
Eternal Echo -----	Cradock	Dakers	x	x				1.00		
Gateway to Remembrance	Cradock	Dakers	x	x				1.00		
Look Behind You -----	Burks	Shroud	x		x			.65		
Spell For Old Bones --	Linklater	MacMillan	x		x			.50		
Universal Station ----	Brown	Regent	x		x			1.00		
Ballroom In The Skies	Macdonald	Greenberg	x	x				1.00		
Future Imperfect -----	Chetwynd	Hutchinson	x			x		1.00		
Throne of Saturn -----	Wright	Heinemann	x		x			1.50		
Bandersnatch -----	Ryves	Grey	x		x			1.00		
The Torch -----	Bechdolt	Gnome	x				x	.50		
The Avatars -----	Russell	MacMillan		x				2.50		
Adrift in The Stratosphere	Low	Blackie	x			x		.65		
The Homunculus -----	Keller	Prime	x	x				2.00		
Death In The Mind ----	Lockridge	World	x				x	.50		
Humanoids (reprint) --	Williamson	G & S	x				x	.50		
Weir Of Hermiston ----	Stevenson	Nelson		x				1.00		

The preceeding five pages contain a listing of duplicate copies that are being discarded from two large collections. Most of these have been read once and are therefore in mint condition, unless otherwise stated. See the sample line below.

Mark off your first choice and then 2nd and 3rd choices in each grouping. We have made June 15th, 1958 the deadline, so everybody can get into the act.

Upon returning these listings do not send any money. After June 15th we in turn will reply as to the final choice. In some cases this will not hold true, as many of the items are duplicated twice and in extreme cases four and five copies are available.

In the case where we have more than one copy we shall be able to inform you much sooner.

Title	Author	Publisher	Condition					PRICE	1st	2nd	3rd
			J	M	G	F	P				
Mislaid Charm (signed	Phillips	Prime	x		x			1.00			

When you have made your selections please send the listings to:

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